

14 "You are the light of the world. A city

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that is set on a hill cannot be hidden. 15 Nor do

---

they light a lamp and put it under a basket,

---

but on a lampstand, and it gives light to all

---

who are in the house. 16 Let your light so shine

---

before men, that they may see your good works

---

and glorify your Father in heaven.

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---

O heavenly Father, who hast filled the world

---

with beauty:

---

Open our eyes to behold thy gracious hand in

---

all thy works;

---

that, rejoicing in thy whole creation, we may

---

learn to serve

---

thee with gladness; for the sake of him

---

through whom all

---

things were made, thy Son Jesus Christ our

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Lord. Amen.

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O my Luve is like a red, red rose

---

That's newly sprung in June;

---

O my Luve is like the melody

---

That's sweetly played in tune.

---

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,

---

So deep in luve am I;

---

And I will luve thee still, my dear,

---

Till a' the seas gang dry.

---

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,

---

And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

---

I will love thee still, my dear,

---

While the sands o' life shall run.

---

And fare thee weel, my only luve!

---

And fare thee weel awhile!

---

And I will come again, my luve,

---

Though it were ten thousand mile.

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---

On Turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,

---

November 1785.

---

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,

---

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

---

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

---

Wi' bickerin brattle!

---

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee

---

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

---

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion

---

Has broken Nature's social union,

---

An' justifies that ill opinion,

---

Which makes thee startle,

---

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,

---

An' fellow-mortal!

---

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;

---

What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

---

A daimen-icker in a thrave

---

'S a sma' request:

---

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

---

An' never miss 't!

---

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!

---

It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!

---

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

---

O' foggage green!

---

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,

---

Baith snell an' keen!

---

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,

---

An' weary Winter comin fast,

---

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

---

Thou thought to dwell,

---

Till crash! the cruel coulter past

---

Out thro' thy cell.

---

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble

---

Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!

---

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,

---

But house or hald,

---

To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,

---

An' cranreuch cauld!

---

But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,

---

In proving foresight may be vain:

---

The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men

---

Gang aft a'gley,

---

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,

---

For promis'd joy!

---

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!

---

The present only toucheth thee:

---

But Och! I backward cast my e'e,

---

On prospects drear!

---

An' forward tho' I canna see,

---

I guess an' fear!

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