

14 "You are the light of

the world. A city 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.

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 Lord. Amen

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 luvè am I;

And I will luvè 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.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.

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,

And justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born

companion,

An' fellow-mortals!

I doubt na, whyles, but

thou mayst 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

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 agley,

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 dream!

And forward tho' I canna

see,

I guess an' fear!