

To A Ploughman -- *The mouse's reply to the ploughman, as heard by Nan Weir.*

Great blund'ring awkward bumpkin thou  
What mischief hast thou managed now?  
For thou hast crushed beneath thy plough  
My bonnie hoose.  
Tho sma' and silly, yet, I vow,  
'Twas snug and douce.

For hours I'd nibble, bite and gnaw  
Tae build this shelter in the straw  
And now thou hast tumbled every wa'  
Wi' clumsy pattle.  
And then tried tae defend it a'  
Wi' fancy prattle.

Ah, mannie, thou art no thy lane  
In thinkin' words can ease the pain.  
The best made poems o' ink and pen  
Can no repay  
The damage tae my but and ben  
Thou'st done this day.

I doubtna it was no thy faut;  
Concerned wi' suuff'ring human lot  
Thou stumbled on it, sore distraught  
An' brocht it doon.  
I'll build again and blame thee not.  
(GREAT, CLUMSY LOON!)