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TO A ROBIN RIDBRUST

At e sa i'th Kirk at Sarvice Time.

Lile Robin, thou hes maunder'd whear
Thou'll nut finnd mich to please, I fear,
For thou, like maar beside,
Wod raather flee to triflin cares,
Thinkin at sarmon, psalms and prayers
Nout else bud ill betide.

But its a pelsy day without,
The snaw ligs deep an blaws about,
Thou gangs toth' bank to perk;
Thus thou, like rakes, when troubles press,
As the girt refuge i' distress,
Taks bield i' Mother Kirk.

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Thou thinks our prayers lile else bud whims,
Thou reckons nout o' psauts ner hymns,
They nobbut mak te freetn'd;
And flackerin here and thear to flee
The sun lets fall his leet on thee
Wi' au thy feathers breeten'd.

Thou cannot gaum ner understand,
Each yan thy lytle een hes scann'd
Seea lowly kneeled afore the,
Dis seea——for, strang i' faith he dreams
Of *bein* au, at thou bud *seams*,
A seraph wing'd i' glory!

