

To a Mouse

By Robert Burns

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin,
tim'rous beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy
breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae
hasty,

Wi' bickering 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, whiles, but thou
may thiefe;

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!