Wee, sleeket, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, 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!
Its 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!

Notes:
1. sleekit: sleek.
2. bickerin brattle: hurrying scamper.
3. laith: unwilling.
4. pattle: a small long-handled spade.
5. whyles: sometimes.
6. maun: must.
7. daimen: occasional.
8. icker: ear of corn.
9. a thrave: twenty-four sheaves.
10. lave: rest.
11. silly: feeble.
12. big: build.
13. foggage: thick grass.
14. snell: piercing.
16. house or hald: house or habitation
17. thole: put up with.
18. cranreuch: frost.
19. no thy lane: not alone.
20. gang aft a-gley: often go wrong