

“ Although his eyes be sunk in death,

THE
“ His icy lips be void of breath,

T W A D O W S.

THERE were twa dows, upon a day,
Made wise by want, fatigu'd wi' play,
Sat in a docket ;
The grund was cover'd o'er wi' snaw,
Nae grains o' rye or wheat they saw
As out they looket.

O brither pigeon ! says the tane,
I envy a' the sons o' men,
They are fae canty,
The cozy room, wi' carpet laid,
The pres nae toom, the bed weel made,
An' naething scanty.

Ye filly thing, the ither cries,
Ye're graining temper I despise,
As weel as pity ;

What

What would the King o' Britain gee,
To be as weel as you or me,
A' London city?

For a' the waes that he has felt,
The half o' them has no been telt,
They've weel been hided ;
When spring returns, this little throat
Shall bill in many a plaintive note
How he's been guided.

But yet he has a trusty friend,
Wha's steady mind will never bend,
Frae strictest duty ;
An' heaven knows he has a son,
Wha to the very de'il would run
For female beauty.

But, canny lad, we a' may blefs him,
For you and I would surely miss him,
He's been fae good ;

He's

He's sent as muckle filler here,
 Might had us picking half a year,
 The best o' food.

Then envy not the rich an' great ;
 You'r better in your present state,
 Though but a dow ;
 For they hae griefs ye dinna ken,
 An' aft these noble creatures men
 Do envy you.