

XI.

*O wad some powr the Giftie gie us
to see oursels as ithers see us.*

Robert Burns

Noo, lad, I wouldna be thankin me God for tha'.
I doan recall Him hangin a mirror in Paradoise.

Those first twa that He made,
no knowin wha' they wor loike—they moighta been
no finer'n you nor me. But who'd've wanted to whisper
about em behoind a hand? Only the divil, who'd got no limbs.

So they wor free, lad, free to wander this earth
or that'n,
takin thir rest in the movin shade o' the winds

wi'out no notion o' who they druther 'ave been.