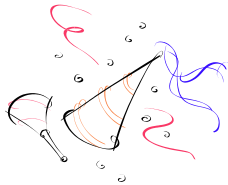


Name: _____ Date: _____ Class period: _____

" Auld Lange Syne" and "To a Mouse"
Robert Burns p. 672-678

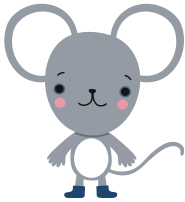
About the Author

1. What is his title?
2. What did he choose deliberately?
3. Why did he begin to write poetry?
4. Why was he a social rebel?
5. What did he seek to preserve?
6. When is "Auld Lang Syne" traditionally sung?



"Auld Lang Syne"

1. What questions are posed in the first stanza?
2. What does "lang syne" mean?
3. What three items does the speaker remember about his friend?
4. What will the speaker take a cup of?
5. What is being praised in this poem?
6. What is theme of this poem?
7. Why do you think this poem is sung on New Year's Eve?
8. Why do you think it remains popular?



"To a Mouse" (the poem is on the back of this sheet)

1. What is the plot of the poem? (i.e what happens)
2. The poet compares his own "hard times" with that of the mouse. Cite one line to prove this.
3. How else is the poet "like" the mouse?
4. What does "the best laid schemes of mice and men often go awry" mean?
5. Examine the last stanza, what is the author's feeling toward the future? Use a line for support.
6. What is the author saying about mice (NATURE) and men? (hint: think technology)

Name: _____ Date: _____ Class period: _____

"To a Mouse" by Robert Burns

Wee, sleekit, cowran, 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, 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!
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!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald.
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou are no thy-lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

Name: _____ Date: _____ Class period: _____

By: Robert Burns

(This is the standard English translation)

Small, sleek, cowering, timorous beast,
O, what a panic is in your breast!
You need not start away so hasty
With hurrying scamper!
I would be loath to run and chase you,
With murdering plough-staff.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth born companion
And fellow mortal!

I doubt not, sometimes, but you may
steal;
What then? Poor beast, you must live!
An odd ear in twenty-four sheaves
Is a small request;
I will get a blessing with what is left,
And never miss it.

Your small house, too, in ruin!
It's feeble walls the winds are scattering!
And nothing now, to build a new one,
Of coarse grass green!
And bleak December's winds coming,
Both bitter and keen!

You saw the fields laid bare and wasted,
And weary winter coming fast,
And cozy here, beneath the blast,
You thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel plough past
Out through your cell.

That small bit heap of leaves and
stubble,
Has cost you many a weary nibble!
Now you are turned out, for all your
trouble,
Without house or holding,
To endure the winter's sleety dribble,
And hoar-frost cold.

But Mouse, you are not alone,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes of mice and men
Go often askew,
And leaves us nothing but grief and pain,
For promised joy!

Still you are blest, compared with me!
The present only touches you:
But oh! I backward cast my eye,
On prospects dreary!
And forward, though I cannot see,
I guess and fear!