

**Listen to the poem and fill in the following words:**

'men 'S art art be canna companion cow'rin e'e hasty I'm makes maun  
social thou thy to toucheth wi'

(You can read the whole poem on [www.robertburns.org](http://www.robertburns.org) and also have a translation of the words)

**To A Mouse**

Wee, sleekit, \_\_\_\_\_, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in \_\_\_\_\_ breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae \_\_\_\_\_,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith \_\_\_\_\_ rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

\_\_\_\_\_ truly sorry man's dominion,  
Has broken nature's \_\_\_\_\_ union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
Which \_\_\_\_\_ thee startle  
At me, thy poor, earth-born \_\_\_\_\_,  
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but \_\_\_\_\_ may thieve;  
What then? Poor beastie, thou \_\_\_\_\_ live!  
A daimen icker in a thrave  
\_\_\_\_\_ a sma' request;  
I'll get a blessin \_\_\_\_\_ the lave,  
An' never miss't!

But, Mousie, thou \_\_\_\_\_ no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may \_\_\_\_\_ vain;  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' \_\_\_\_\_  
Gang aft agley,  
An'lea'e us nought but \_\_\_\_\_ an' pain,  
For promis'd joy!

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