

To a Mouse (On turning her up in her nest with the Plough)

Text: Robert Burns
Music: Fiona Linnane

Baritone

mp

1. Wee slee - kit — cow'-rin' tim-o-rous
2. Thy wee bit — hous-ie too in

Piano

mf

B

4

mou-sie, — in!
ru - in!

Oh! What a pa-nic's in thy breas - tie,
It's sil - fy wa's the win's — are stre - win'!

Pno.

B

7

Thou need na start a - way so has - ty, with bick' - ring brat - tle —
An' nae - thing, now, to big — a new ane, O' fog - gage gree - n! —

Pno.

To a mouse

2

B *mp* 10
I wad be laith to run and chase thee, with murd'-ring patt-le!____
An' bleak De - cem - ber winds en - su - in', Baith snell an' kee-n!____

Pno. *mp* 10

B *f* 13
2. I'm tru - ly sor - ry man's do - mi - nion, has
4. But Mou - sie thou art no in thy lane, in

Pno. *mf* 13

B 16
bro - ken nat-ure's so - cial un - ion, An' just - i - fies that ill op -
pro - ving for-sight may be va - in: The best laid sche - mes o' mice and

Pno. 16

B 19
in - ion which makes thee start - le at me, thy poor earth-born com -
men, gang aft a - gley, And lea'e us nought but grief and

Pno. 19