

Classic Poetry Series

Robert Burns
- poems -

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Robert Burns(1759-1796)

Burns, sometimes known as the 'ploughman poet', was the eldest son of a poverty-stricken farmer. Though his father had moved to Ayrshire, where Burns was born, in order to attempt to improve his fortunes, he eventually died as a bankrupt - after taking on first one farm and then, unsuccessful, moving to another - in 1784. Robert, who had been to school since the age of six, and was also educated at home by a teacher, had, by the age of fifteen, already become the farm's chief labourer. He had also acquired a reading knowledge of French and Latin and had read Shakespeare, Dryden, Milton and the Bible. After his father's death, he and his brother continued farming together, working now at Mossiel.

The poverty of Burns' early life, though far from being overcome, had produced in him a supporter of the French Revolution and a rebel against both Calvinism and the social order of his time. His rebellious nature soon became evident in his acts. Burns' first illegitimate child was borne to him by Elizabeth Paton in 1785. Two sets of twins later followed, and various amorous intrigues, from Jean Amour, whom he afterward married.

It was also during this period that Burns' first achieved literary success. Though he had thought of emigration to Jamaica as a possible way to avoid his mounting problems, he published his Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect on July 31 1786 at Kilmarnock. This volume contained, among others, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night', 'To a Mouse', 'To a Mountain Daisy' and 'The Holy Fair', all of which were written at Mossiel. The volume brought him immediate success.

After 1787 Burns, married in 1788 and having moved to Ellisland with his bride, worked chiefly for James Johnson, whom he met in Edinburgh, and, later, for George Thomson. It was for these men that Burns compiled and added to the two great compilations of Scottish songs: Thomson's Scott's Musical Museum and Johnson's Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice. Alongside this work, which Burns did on an unpaid basis, he also worked, from 1791 onward, as an Excise Officer. This allowed him to give up farming and move to the Dumfries. He died from rheumatic fever just five years later, having also published, again in 1791, his last major work, a narrative poem entitled 'Tom O'Shanter'.

148. To Miss Logan, With Beattie's Poems

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile, and faithless love,
Is charg'd, perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you.

Robert Burns

152. Extempore In The Court Of Session

LORD ADVOCATEHE clenched his pamphlet in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till, in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it:
He gapèd for't, he grapèd for't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINECollected, Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driven hail it did assail'
Or torrents owre a lin, man:
The BENCH sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

Robert Burns

233. Song—O were I on Parnassus Hill

O, WERE I on Parnassus hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee,
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By Heaven and Earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame:
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee!

Robert Burns

314. Song—there'll Never Be Peace Till Jamie Comes Home

BY yon Castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey:
And as he was singing, the tears doon came,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithful and dame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Robert Burns

320. Lines to Sir John Whitefoord, Bart

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved:
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.

Robert Burns

329. Verses on the destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig

AS on the banks o' wandering Nith,
Ae smiling simmer morn I stray'd,
And traced its bonie howes and haughs,
Where linties sang and lammies play'd,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When from the eddying deep below,
Up rose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled, like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sughs the boding wind
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave—
"And come ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool:
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When, glinting thro' the trees, appear'd
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
That, slowly curling, clamb the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its leafy bield for ever gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left

To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare—
Has stripped the cleeding o' your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was't the wil'fire scorch'd their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;
"It blows na here sae fierce and fell,
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sighed—
As through the cliffs he sank him down—
"The worm that gnaw'd my bonie trees,
That reptile wears a ducal crown." 1

Robert Burns

357. A Grace Before Dinner

O THOU who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:
And if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content. Amen

Robert Burns

379. Song—fragment—love For Love

ITHERS seek they ken na what,
Features, carriage, and a' that;
Gie me love in her I court,
Love to love maks a' the sport.

Let love sparkle in her e'e;
Let her lo'e nae man but me;
That's the tocher-gude I prize,
There the luvver's treasure lies.

Robert Burns

381. Song—Fragment—No cold approach

NO cold approach, no altered mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart.

Robert Burns

491. Song—Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks

Chorus.—Lassie wi'the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my Dearie, O?

NOW Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
At sultry noon, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my Lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my Dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the, &c.

Robert Burns

516. Song—I'll aye ca' in by yon town

Chorus—I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden-green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.

THERE'S nane sall ken, there's nane can guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again.
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! she's doubly dear again.
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

Robert Burns

523. Song—The Cooper o' Cuddy

Chorus—We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
Behint the door, behind the door,
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

THE COOPER o' Cuddy came here awa,
He ca'd the girrs out o'er us a';
An' our gudewife has gotten a ca',
That's anger'd the silly gudeman O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' deil hae her! an', deil hae him!
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they sall stan' O.
We'll hide the Cooper, &c.

Robert Burns

89. The Ordination

KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;
Swith to the Ligh Kirk, ane an' a'
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder; 1
But Oliphant 2 aft made her yell,
An' Russell 3 sair misca'd her:
This day Mackinlay 4 taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
And lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the kirk kicks up a stoure;
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham 5 leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger;
Or Phineas 6 drove the murdering blade,
Wi' whore-abhorring rigour;

Or Zipporah, 7 the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
An' bind him down wi' caution,
That stipend is a carnal weed
He taks by for the fashion;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial, rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin;
Spare them nae day.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
An' toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowt out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin!
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin;
Oh, rare to see our elbucks wheep,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin
Fu' fast this day.

Lang, Patronage, with rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin;
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin: 8

Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin;
An' like a godly, elect bairn,
He's waled us out a true ane,
And sound, this day.

Now Robertson 9 harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton 10 repair,
An' turn a carpet weaver
Aff-hand this day.

Mu'trie 11 and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones;
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons,
And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons;
But now his Honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city!
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common-sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel',
Embracing all opinions;

Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions!
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there, they're packed aff to hell,
An' banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys
That heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
And cove her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's—for a conclusion—
To ev'ry New Light 12 mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion!
If mair they deave us wi' their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

Robert Burns

A Bard's Epitaph

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause-and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn the wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit:
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root.

Robert Burns

A Bottle And Friend

There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man,
Fal, la, la, &c.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.

Robert Burns

A Dedication

Expect na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnam'd like His Grace-
Perhaps related to the race:
Then, when I'm tir'd-and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do-maun do, sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
Sae I shall say-an' that's nae flatt'rin-
It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him!
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only-he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgie me;
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just-nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he says, he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
And rascals whiles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang;
As master, landlord, husband, father,

He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a'that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos, and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No-stretch a point to catch a plack:
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal through the winnock frae a whore,
But point the rake that taks the door;
Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstone;
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
No matter-stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant they ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror,
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath.
And in the fire throws the sheath;

When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression:
I maist forgat my Dedication;
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour;
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to you:
Because (ye need na tak it ill),
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your petitioner shall ever-
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say;
For prayin, I hae little skill o't,
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, sir-

"May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the clerk!
May ne'er his genrous, honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizzen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonie lasses round their table,
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their king an' country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee, curlie John's ier-oe,

When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion;
But, whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n-
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my master dear;
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, sir, your hand-my Friend and Brother!

Robert Burns

A Dream

Guid-Mornin' to our Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blisses
On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,
A humble poet wishes.
My bardship here, at your Levee
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord an' lady;
"God save the King" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye:
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your Grace,
Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft and clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.^1

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation:
But faith! I muckle doubt, my sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps wha in barn or byre
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaister,
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester:
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearin' faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, God-sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonie barges
An'boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege; may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, wi' due respect,
May fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

Hail, Majesty most Excellent!

While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment,
A simple poet gies ye?
Thae bonie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

For you, young Potentate o'Wales,
I tell your highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowt's been known,
To mak a noble aiver;
So, ye may doucely fill the throne,
For a'their clish-ma-claver:
There, him² at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver:
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,³
He was an unco shaver
For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Altho' a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog,
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or trowth, ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day!

Young, royal Tarry-breeks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her-
A glorious galley,⁴ stem and stern,

Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal charter;
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An' large upon her quarter,
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as well as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty!
But sneer na British boys awa!
For kings are unco scant aye,
An' German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want aye
On ony day.

Gad bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautit;
But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautit:
An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it.
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautit
Fu' clean that day.

Robert Burns

A Fiddler In The North

Amang the trees, where humming bees,
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O:
'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspeys, and Reels,
She dir'l'd them aff fu' clearly, O:
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws an' queer "ha, ha's,"
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and fyke,
Till we were wae and weary, O:
But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cas'd,
A prisoner, aughteen year awa',
He fir'd a Fiddler in the North,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

Robert Burns

A Fond Kiss

A fond kiss, and then we sever;
A farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never lov'd say kindly,
Had we never lov'd say blindly,
Never met--or never parted--
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest!
Thine be like a joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
A fond kiss, and then we sever;
A farewell, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Robert Burns

A Grace After Dinner

O THOU, in whom we live and move—
Who made the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore;
And, if it please Thee, Power above!
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love—
And we desire no more. Amen!

Robert Burns

A Grace After Dinner

O THOU, in whom we live and move—
Who made the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore;
And, if it please Thee, Power above!
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love—
And we desire no more. Amen!

Robert Burns

A Grace After Meat

LORD, we thank, and thee adore,
For temporal gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more—
Let William Hislop give the spirit.

Robert Burns

A Man's A Man For A' That

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave - we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A price can mak a belted knight,
A marquise, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,

Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Robert Burns

A Mother's Lament For Her Son's Death

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid;
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow.
Now, fond, I bare my breast;
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

Robert Burns

A Poets's Welcome To His Love-Begotten Daughter

Thou's welcome, wean; mishanter fa' me,
If thoughts o' thee, or yet thy mammie,
Shall ever daunt me or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tyta or daddie.

Tho' now they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in countra clatter,
The mair they talk, I'm kend the better,
E'en let them clash;
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash.

Welcome! my bonie, sweet, wee dochter,
Tho' ye come here a wee unsought for,
And tho' your comin' I hae fought for,
Baith kirk and queir;
Yet, by my faith, ye're no unwrought for,
That I shall swear!

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
My funny toil is no a' tint,
Tho' thou cam to the warl' asklent,
Which fools may scoff at;
In my last plack thy part's be in't
The better ha'f o't.

Tho' I should be the waur bestead,
Thou's be as braw and bienly clad,
And thy young years as nicely bred
Wi' education,
As onie brat o' wedlock's bed,
In a' thy station.

Wee image o' my bonie Betty,
As fatherly I kiss and daut thee,
As dear and near my heart I set thee
Wi' as gude will

As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' hell.

Lord grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
An' thy poor, worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins,
'Twill please me mair to see thee heir it,
Than stockit mailens.

For if thou be what I wad hae thee,
And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
I'll never rue my trouble wi' thee -
The cost nor shame o't,
But be a loving father to thee,
And brag the name o't.

Robert Burns

A Prayer In The Prospect Of Death

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good-for such Thou art—
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

Robert Burns

A Prayer Under The Pressure Of Violent Anguish

O THOU Great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distress;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure, Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But, if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine!

Robert Burns

A Red, Red Rose

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only Luve
And fare thee well, a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns

A Rose-Bud By My Early Walk

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnnet fondly prest;
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet Rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

Robert Burns

A Tippling Ballad—when Princes And Prelates, Etc.

WHEN Princes and Prelates,
And hot-headed zealots,
A' Europe had set in a low, a low,
The poor man lies down,
Nor envies a crown,
And comforts himself as he dow, as he dow,
And comforts himself as he dow.

The black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe,
In the braes o' Gemappe,
He fell in a trap,
E'en let him come out as he dow, dow, dow,
E'en let him come out as he dow.
. But truce with commotions,
And new-fangled notions,
A bumper, I trust you'll allow;
Here's George our good king,
And Charlotte his queen,
And lang may they ring as they dow, dow, dow,
And lang may they ring as they dow.

Robert Burns

A Vision

AS I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athwart the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as Minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—"LIBERTIE!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring Dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,

As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wailed his latter times;
But what he said—it was nae play,
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

Robert Burns

A Winter Night

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phoebus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
 Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths upchoked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing
 An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd
 My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Robert Burns

Address Spoken By Miss Fontenelle

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my prologue-business slyly hinted.
'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,
'I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause, and sentimental tears;
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?'

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
'D'ye think,' said I, 'this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!'

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish airs and arts hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

Robert Burns

Address To A Haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive:
Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve,
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
'Bethankit!' hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank, a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;

Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll make it whistle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!

Robert Burns

Address To Beelzebub

LONG life, my Lord, an' health be yours,
Unskaited by hunger'd Highland boors;
Lord grant me nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, and rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as butchers like a knife.

Faith you and Applecross were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight:
I doubt na! they wad bid nae better,
Than let them ance out owre the water,
Then up among thae lakes and seas,
They'll mak what rules and laws they please:
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin;
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them,
Till (God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed),
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to Patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,—
An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance—
To cove the rebel generation,
An' save the honour o' the nation?
They, an' be d—d! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less—to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them?

But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
Your hand's owre light to them, I fear;
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gaylies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,

An' tirl the hallions to the birses;
Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit:
But smash them! crash them a' to spails,
An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
Let wark an' hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,
Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd!
An' if the wives an' dirty brats
Come thiggin at your doors an' yetts,
Flaffin wi' duds, an' grey wi' beas',
Frightin away your ducks an' geese;
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you;
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han' assigned your seat,
'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate:
Or (if you on your station tarrow),
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat, I'm sure ye're well deservin't;
An' till ye come—your humble servant, 1st, Anno Mundi 5790.

Robert Burns

Address To The Devil

1 O thou! whatever title suit thee,--
2 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clottie!
3 Wha in yon cavern, grim an' sootie,
4 Clos'd under hatches,
5 Spairges about the brunstane cootie
6 To scaud poor wretches!

7 Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,
8 An' let poor damned bodies be;
9 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
10 E'en to a deil,
11 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
12 An' hear us squeel!

13 Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
14 Far ken'd an' noted is thy name;
15 An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
16 Thou travels far;
17 An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
18 Nor blate nor scaur.

19 Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
20 For prey a' holes an' corners tryin;
21 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
22 Tirlin' the kirks;
23 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
24 Unseen thou lurks.

25 I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,
26 In lanely glens ye like to stray;
27 Or whare auld ruin'd castles gray
28 Nod to the moon,
29 Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
30 Wi' eldritch croon.

31 When twilight did my graunie summon
32 To say her pray'rs, douce honest woman!
33 Aft yont the dike she's heard you bummin,
34 Wi' eerie drone;

35 Or, rustlin thro' the boortrees comin,
36 Wi' heavy groan.

37 Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
38 The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,
39 Wi' you mysel I gat a fright,
40 Ayont the lough;
41 Ye like a rash-buss stood in sight,
42 Wi' waving sugh.

43 The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
44 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
45 When wi' an eldritch, stoor 'Quaick, quaick,'
46 Among the springs,
47 Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
48 On whistling wings.

49 Let warlocks grim an' wither'd hags
50 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags
51 They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags
52 Wi' wicked speed;
53 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
54 Owre howket dead.

55 Thence, countra wives wi' toil an' pain
56 May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
57 For oh! the yellow treasure's taen
58 By witchin skill;
59 An' dawtet, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
60 As yell's the bill.

61 Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
62 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose;
63 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
64 By cantraip wit,
65 Is instant made no worth a louse,
66 Just at the bit.

67 When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
68 An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
69 Then water-kelpies haunt the foord
70 By your direction,

71 An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd
 72 To their destruction.

73 And aft your moss-traversing spunkies
 74 Decoy the wight that late an drunk is:
 75 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
 76 Delude his eyes,
 77 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 78 Ne'er mair to rise.

79 When Masons' mystic word an grip
 80 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 81 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 82 Or, strange to tell!
 83 The youngest brither ye wad whip
 84 Aff straught to hell!

85 Lang syne, in Eden'd bonie yard,
 86 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 87 An all the soul of love they shar'd,
 88 The raptur'd hour,
 89 Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
 90 In shady bow'r;

91 Then you, ye auld snick-drawin dog!
 92 Ye cam to Paradise incog,
 93 And play'd on man a cursed brogue,
 94 (Black be your fa'!)
 95 An gied the infant warld a shog,
 96 Maist ruin'd a'.

97 D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 98 Wi' reeket duds an reestet gizz,
 99 Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 100 Mang better folk,
 101 An' sklented on the man of Uz
 102 Your spitefu' joke?

103 An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 104 An' brak him out o' house and hal',
 105 While scabs and blotches did him gall,
 106 Wi' bitter claw,

107 An' lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked scaul,
108 Was warst ava?

109 But a' your doings to rehearse,
110 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
111 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
112 Down to this time,
113 Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
114 In prose or rhyme.

115 An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
116 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
117 Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
118 To your black pit;
119 But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
120 An' cheat you yet.

121 But fare you weel, Auld Nickie-ben!
122 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
123 Ye aiblins might--I dinna ken--
124 Still hae a stake:
125 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
126 Ev'n for your sake!

Robert Burns

Address To The Tooth-Ache

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbors' sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan;
But thee -- thou hell o' a' diseases --
 They mock our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
 To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see !
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And rankd plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankiud aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick; --

Gie a' the foes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache!

Robert Burns

Address To The Unco Guid

My Son, these maxims make a rule,
An' lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that ere was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.
Solomon.--Eccles. ch. vii. verse 16

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibours' fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water;
The heapèd happer's ebbing still,
An' still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals:
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences--
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer;
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occassion gave,
That purity ye pride in;
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin.

Think, when your castigated pulse

Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop!
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks a unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' external consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treach'rous inclination--
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,--
The moving Why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,

But know not what's resisted.

Robert Burns

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Robert Burns

Address To Wm. Tytler, Esq., Of Woodhouselee

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected;
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne:
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry:
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us th' Electoral stem?
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground;
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter!

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,

Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night:
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

Robert Burns

Address To the Devil

O thou! whatever title suit thee,-
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie!
Wha in yon cavern, grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie
To scaud poor wretches!
Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!
Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far ken'd an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.
Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-wing' d tempest flyin,
Tirlin' the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.
I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or whare auld ruin'd castles gray
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.
When twilight did my graunie summon
To say her pray'rs, douce honest woman!
Aft yont the dike she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin thro' the boortrees comin,
Wi' heavy groan.
Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklent in light,
Wi' you mysel I gat a fright,

Ayont the lough;
 Ye like a rash-buss stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.
 The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor 'Quaick, quaick,'
 Amang the springs,
 Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
 On whistling wings.
 Let warlocks grim an' wither'd hags
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags
 They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howket dead.
 Thence, countra wives wi' toil an' pain
 May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
 For oh! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witchin skill;
 An' dawtet, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
 As yell's the bill.
 Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By cantraip wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.
 When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
 Then water-kelpie s haunt the foord
 By your direction,
 An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd
 To their destruction.
 And aft your moss-travers ing spunkies
 Decoy the wight that late an drunk is:
 The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.
 When Masons' mystic word an grip
 In storms an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,

Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest brither ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell!
 Lang syne, in Eden'd bonie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 An all the soul of love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
 In shady bow'r;
 Then you, ye auld snick-drawin dog!
 Ye cam to Paradise incog,
 And play'd on man a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa'!)
 An gied the infant warld a shog,
 Maist ruin'd a'.
 D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reeket duds an reestet gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz
 Mang better folk,
 An' sklented on the man of Uz
 Your spitefu' joke?
 An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house and hal',
 While scabs and blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongued, wicked scaul,
 Was warst ava?
 But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.
 An' now, Auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
 A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
 To your black pit;
 But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet.
 But fare you weel, Auld Nickie-ben!
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
 Ye aiblins might-I dinna ken-

Still hae a stake:

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

Robert Burns

Ae Fond Kiss

1 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
2 Ae fareweel, and then forever!
3 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
4 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
5 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
6 While the star of hope she leaves him?
7 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
8 Dark despair around benights me.

9 I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
10 Naething could resist my Nancy;
11 But to see her was to love her;
12 Love but her, and love forever.
13 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
14 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
15 Never met--or never parted--
16 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

17 Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
18 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
19 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
20 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
21 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
22 Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
23 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
24 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Robert Burns

Afton Water

- 1 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
- 2 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
- 3 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
- 4 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

- 5 Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
- 6 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
- 7 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
- 8 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

- 9 How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
- 10 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
- 11 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
- 12 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

- 13 How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
- 14 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
- 15 There oft, as mild Ev'ning sweeps over the lea,
- 16 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

- 17 Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
- 18 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
- 19 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
- 20 As gathering sweet flowrets she stems thy clear wave.

- 21 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
- 22 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
- 23 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
- 24 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

Robert Burns

Ah, Woe Is Me, My Mother Dear

Ah, woe is me, my mother dear!
A man of strife ye've born me:
For sair contention I maun bear;
They hate, revile, and scorn me.

I ne'er could lend on bill or band,
That five per cent. might blest me;
And borrowing, on the tither hand,
The deil a ane wad trust me.

Yet I, a coin-denied wight,
By Fortune quite discarded;
Ye see how I am, day and night,
By lad and lass blackguarded!

Robert Burns

Airlin's Fine Braes

O I've walked o'er yon countries baith early and late
Among Airlin's braw lasses I've had mony a lang seat.
Comin' hame in the mornins, fin I should have been at ease
Fin I wis a plooboy on Airlin's fine braes.

O the first thing I did, fin I gaed hame tae yon toon
Wis to corn my horses, and rub them weel doon.
Then aff tae the bothy and tak aff my claes,
And pull on the rovers o' Airlin's fine braes.

Noo the haill lang days I gaed at the yoke
My mind it was turnin' ow'r some mysterious joke.
Knockin' doon people's haystacks, fin I should have been at ease
Fin I wis a plooboy on Airlin's fine braes.

O it's mony's the nicht I've sat by yon fire,
Sometimes in the barn, sometimes in the byre.
Sittin' the haill nicht lang, fin I should have been at ease
Fin I wis a plooboy on Airlin's fine braes.

And when by their windows I softly did kneel
And when they did hear me, they sprung to their heel.
Comin' doon the stairs half naked, nae pittin on their claes
Sayin', here's wer braw plooboy o' Airlin's fine braes.

Now come a' ye single fellows, take a warnin from me
Keep clear o' those women faure'er they may be,
For they will entice you by puttin' on braw claes
And send you a rover in Airlin's fine braes.

Robert Burns

Anna, Thy Charms

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna
Was naething to my hiney bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye Monarchs take the East and West
Frae Indus to Savannah:
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna!

There I'll despise Imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms,
I give an' take wi' Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting God of Day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna!

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night
(Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrawn a')
And bring an Angel-pen to write
My transports with my Anna!

The Kirk an State may join, an tell
To do sic things I maunna:
The Kirk an State may gae to Hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
To live but her I canna:
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

Another On The Said Occasion

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he show'd her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.
But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
When called on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!

Robert Burns

Apology To Mr. Syme For Not Dining With Him

NO more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

Robert Burns

Auld Farmer's New-Year-Morning

A Guide New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
There could hae gaen like ony staggie,
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
I've seen the dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A bonie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank;
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's mear;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trotting wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie bride:
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!

Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, and snore, an' skreigh
An' tak the road!
Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow:
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle
Might aiblins waurt thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours' gaun,
In guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit;
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' power;

Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' riskit
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer:
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep,
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a',
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin;
For my last fow,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,

Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

Robert Burns

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

Chorus - For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus...

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus...

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us briad hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus...

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus...

Ballad On Mr. Heron's Election—no. 1

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that,
Where is the Laird or belted Knight
The best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
(And wha is't never saw that?)
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that,
Wi' Dukes and Lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to Nobles jouk,
And is't against the law, that?
For why, a Lord may be a gowk,
Wi' ribband, star and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A Lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribband, star and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae mang oursels,
A man we ken, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought and sold,
Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that.

Then let us drink—The Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that.

Robert Burns

Ballad On Mr. Heron's Election—no. 2

FY, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin' there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
And O how the heroes will swear!
And there will be Murray, Commander,
And Gordon, the battle to win;
Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An he get na Hell for his haddin',
The Deil gets na justice ava.
And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane;
But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff;
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped,
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord! what's become o' the head?
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
A wight that will weather damnation,
The Devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,
New christening towns far and near;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissin' the — o' a Peer:
And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's
A house o' great merit and note;
The deil ane but honours them highly—
The deil ane will gie them his vote!

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,
Whose honour is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name in the Firm.
And there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true;
And there will be Buittle's Apostle,
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there will be Logan M'Dowall,
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sogering, gunpowder Blair.
But we winna mention Redcastle,
The body, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.

But where is the Doggerbank hero,
That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk?
Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel,
The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk.
And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
The birkie is gettin' his Questions
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.

But mark ye! there's trusty Kerroughtree,
Whose honor was ever his law;
If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a';
And strang an' respectfu's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Wha's property's paper—not land.

And there, frae the Niddisdale borders,

The Maxwells will gather in droves,
Teugh Jockie, staunch Geordie, an' Wellwood,
That griens for the fishes and loaves;
And there will be Heron, the Major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
HIM, only it's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's gude Knight,
And there will be roarin Birtwhistle,
Yet luckily roars i' the right.
And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie,
(Tak tent how ye purchase a dram!)
And there will be gay Cassencarry,
And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam.

And there'll be wealthy young Richard,
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck,
For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
His merit had won him respect.
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,
(Tho' Nabobs, yet men not the worst,)
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
And Quintin—a lad o' the first.

Then hey! the chaste Interest o' Broughton
And hey! for the blessin's 'twill bring;
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
And hey! for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

Robert Burns

Ballad On Mr. Heron's Election—no. 3

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
O' grace, and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man
Of ony man alive.

In March the three-an'-twentieth morn,
The sun raise clear an' bright;
But oh! I was a waefu' man,
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsmen join'd,
The Murray's noble name.

Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,
And chief o' Broughton's host;
So twa blind beggars, on a string,
The faithfu' tyke will trust.

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And Broughton's wi' the slain,
And I my ancient craft may try,
Sin' honesty is gane.

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there,
Did muster a' their powers.

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud,
Wi' winged spurs did ride,
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade,

He staw upon Nidside.

And there had na been the Yerl himsel,
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinkin' Madeira wine.

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed;
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whase haly priesthood nane could stain,
For wha could dye the black?

And there was grave squire Cardoness,
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan,
My gamesome billie, Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name,

Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christenin' kail-yards.

And there Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore,
Save on a wand'rer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last cam creepin' Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind—
To keep that knave frae scaith.

Robert Burns

Ballad On Mr. Heron's Election—no. 4

WHA will buy my troggin, fine election ware,
Broken trade o' Broughton, a' in high repair?

Chorus.—Buy braw troggin frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—it's thought the gudes were stown—
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's e'e;
Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining, Cardoness' head,
Fine for a soger, a' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset, Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald, so was never worn.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, a sour crab-apple, rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast;

By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle, sprawlin' like a taed.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names;
Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock to get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin? if to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's turnin chapman—he'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Robert Burns

Ballad On The American War

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood
An' did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's Burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
Was kept at Boston-ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-Loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear, a fa', man;
And Sackville dour, wha stood the stour,
The German chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man;
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Granville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While sleet Dundas arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man),
Wi' kindling eyes, cry'd, "Willie, rise!
Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.

Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man;
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' bluid,
To mak it guid in law, man.

Robert Burns

Banks O' Doon, The

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft I rov'd by Bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine:
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
Any my fause luver staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns

Battle Of Sherramuir, The

"O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
Or did the battle see, man?"

"I saw the battle, sair and teugh
And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O clans frae woods in tartan duds
Wha glaum'd at icingdoms three, man.

"The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man!
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clashed,
And thro they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

"But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man;
When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs,
And Covenant trueblues, man!
In lines extended lang and large,
When baig'nets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath and frac the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath.
They fled like frightened dows, man!"

"O, how Deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man!
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horseman back to Forth, man:
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi a' their might

And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man!"

My sister Kate came up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man:
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man!
Their left-hand general had nae skill;
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' bluid to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o brose; they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

"They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Among the Highland clans, man!
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
But monie bade the world guid-night;
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
How Tories feil, and Whigs to Hell
Flew off in frightened bands, man!"

Robert Burns

Behold The Hour, The Boat, Arrive

BEHOLD the hour, the boat, arrive!
My dearest Nancy, O fareweel!
Severed frae thee, can I survive,
Frae thee whom I hae lov'd sae weel?

Endless and deep shall be my grief;
Nae ray of comfort shall I see,
But this most precious, dear belief,
That thou wilt still remember me!

Alang the solitary shore
Where flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wishful eye.

"Happy thou Indian grove," I'll say,
"Where now my Nancy's path shall be!
While thro' your sweets she holds her way,
O tell me, does she muse on me?"

Robert Burns

Birks Of Aberfeldie, The

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldie!

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldie?

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldie!

Bonnie lassie, will ye go...

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldie.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go...

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldie.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go...

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldie.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go...

Robert Burns

Birthay Ode For 31st December, 1787

AFAR 1 the illustrious Exile roams,
Whom kingdoms on this day should hail;
An inmate in the casual shed,
On transient pity's bounty fed,
Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale!
Beasts of the forest have their savage homes,
But He, who should imperial purple wear,
Owns not the lap of earth where rests his royal head!
His wretched refuge, dark despair,
While ravening wrongs and woes pursue,
And distant far the faithful few
Who would his sorrows share.

False flatterer, Hope, away!
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
To prove our loyal truth-we can no more,
And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low adore.

Ye honored, mighty Dead,
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your King, your Country, and her laws,
From great DUNDEE, who smiling Victory led,
And fell a Martyr in her arms,
(What breast of northern ice but warms!)
To bold BALMERINO'S undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim:
Nor unrevenged your fate shall lie,
It only lags, the fatal hour,
Your blood shall, with incessant cry,
Awake at last, th' unsparing Power;
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along
With doubling speed and gathering force,
Till deep it, crushing, whelms the cottage in the vale;

So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd, strong,
Shall with resistless might assail,
Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lay,
And STEWART'S wrongs and yours, with tenfold weight repay.

PERDITION, baleful child of night!
Rise and revenge the injured right
Of STEWART'S royal race:
Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of hell,
Till all the frightened echoes tell
The blood-notes of the chase!
Full on the quarry point their view,
Full on the base usurping crew,
The tools of faction, and the nation's curse!
Hark how the cry grows on the wind;
They leave the lagging gale behind,
Their savage fury, pitiless, they pour;
With murdering eyes already they devour;
See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
His life one poor despairing day,
Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse!
Such havock, howling all abroad,
Their utter ruin bring,
The base apostates to their God,
Or rebels to their King.

Robert Burns

Bonie Doon

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luvè was true.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luvè staw my rose
But left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns

Bonie Jean: A Ballad

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk or market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!

As in the bosom of the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,

Or what wad make her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'ening on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

Robert Burns

Bonie Lesley

O saw ye bonie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he couldna scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face
And say, 'I canna wrang thee!'

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee:
Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonie!

Robert Burns

Bonie Peggy Alison

Tune - "The Braes o' Balquhiddel."

Chor. - And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again:
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near
I evermair defy them, O!
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O!
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

And by thy een sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

Robert Burns

Bonie Wee Thing, The

Chorus:- Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel it should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face o' thine,
And my heart it sounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

[Chorus]

Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee in my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

[Chorus]

Robert Burns

Bonnie Lesley

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As she gaed o'er the Border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
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Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

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Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie!

Robert Burns

Burlesque Lament Fo Wm. Creech's Absence

AULD chuckie Reekie's 1 sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel burnish'd crest,
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best—
Willie's awa!

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco' sleight,
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,—
Willie's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd;
Willie's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools—
Willie's awa!

The brethren o' the Commerce-chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Among them a';
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer;
Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core—
Willie's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;
Mackenzie, Stewart, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa!

Poor Burns ev'n Scotch Drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
Scar'd frae it's minnie and the cleckin,
By hoodie-craw;
Grieg's gien his heart an unco kickin,
Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blellum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
Ilk self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum—
Willie's awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks, now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

May I be Slander's common speech;

A text for Infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

May never wicked Fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed new Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!

Robert Burns

Ca' The Yowes To The Knowes

- 1 Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
2 Ca' them where the heather grows
3 Ca' them where the burnie rows,
4 My bonie dearie.
- 5 Hark! the mavis' evening sang
6 Sounding Cluden's woods amang,
7 Then a-fauldin let us gang,
8 My bonie dearie.
- 9 We'll gae down by Cluden side,
10 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
11 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
12 To the moon sae clearly.
- 13 Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
14 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
15 O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
16 Fairies dance sae cheery.
- 17 Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
18 Thou 'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
19 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
20 My bonie dearie.
- 21 Fair and lovely as thou art,
22 Thou hast stown my very heart;
23 I can die--but canna part,
24 My bonie dearie.

Robert Burns

Caledonia: A Ballad

THERE was once a day, but old Time wasythen young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The Cameleon-Savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore:
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll chuse:
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

Robert Burns

Carigieburn Wood

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakens the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger'
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

Robert Burns

Coming Through The Rye

Coming thro' the rye, poor body,
Coming thro' the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming thro' the rye.

O, Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming thro' the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the warld ken?

Robert Burns

Commemoration Of Rodney's Victory

INSTEAD of a Song, boy's, I'll give you a Toast;
Here's to the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost!—
That we lost, did I say?—nay, by Heav'n, that we found;
For their fame it will last while the world goes round.
The next in succession I'll give you's THE KING!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
And here's the grand fabric, our free CONSTITUTION,
As built on the base of our great Revolution!
And longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
Be ANARCHY curs'd, and TYRANNY damn'd!
And who would to LIBERTY e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman—and he his first trial!

Robert Burns

Complimentary Epigram To Mrs. Riddell

"PRAISE Woman still," his lordship roars,
"Deserv'd or not, no matter?"
But thee, whom all my soul adores,
Ev'n Flattery cannot flatter:

Maria, all my thought and dream,
Inspires my vocal shell;
The more I praise my lovely theme,
The more the truth I tell.

Robert Burns

Cotter's Saturday Night, The

Inscribed to Robert Aiken, Esq.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
(Gray, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard")

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh,
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,--
This night his weekly moil is at an end,--
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,

At service out, among the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor toun:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command
The younkens a' are warn'd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel-pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappin youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;

The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave,
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare--
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjurd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting truth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cud.
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God":
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,--
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

Robert Burns

Craigieburn Wood

SWEET closes the ev'ning on Craigieburn Wood,
And blythely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride o' the spring in the Craigieburn Wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Chorus.—Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee!
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
I daur na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie;
But oh, what will my torment be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' may days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee,
Beyond thee, &c.

Robert Burns

Death And Dr. Hornbook

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true's the Deil's in hell
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whiles, but yet too tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd eye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glowre
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a my pow'r,
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
An' todlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Tho' leeward whiles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither;
An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

"Guid-eeen," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin!" 1
I seem'd to make a kind o' stan'
But naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend! whare ye gaun?
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,—"My name is Death,
But be na fley'd."—"Quoth I, "Guid faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith
See, there's a gully!"

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no designed to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd;
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;

Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks an tak a seat—
Come, gie's your news;
This while ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a house." 2

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near-hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's 3 ta'en up the trade,
And faith! he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Hornbook i' the clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in spleuchan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan 4
And ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
An' pouk my hips.

"See, here's a scythe, an' there's dart,
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
An' cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
D—n'd haet they'll kill!

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;

But deil-ma-care,
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
An' had sae fortify'd the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Just — in a kail-blade, an' sent it,
As soon's he smells 't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

"And then, a' doctor's saws an' whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kind o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina of beans an' pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,

He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd per se;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae."

"Waes me for Johnie Ged's-Hole 5 now,"
Quoth I, "if that thae news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
They'll ruin Johnie!"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says "Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear:
They'll be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
In twa-three year.

"Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,
By loss o' blood or want of breath
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap an' pill.

"An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

"A country laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well:
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was laird himsel'.

"A bonie lass—ye kend her name—
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame;
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d—n'd dirt:

"But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin;
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a goat,
He gets his fairin!"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal',
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel',
And sae did Death.

Robert Burns

Death And Dying Words Of Poor Mailie, The

The Author's Only Pet Yowe

An Unco Mournfu' Tale

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted han's
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, wae's my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep -
O, bid him never tie them mair,
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' aye was guid to me an' mine;
An now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!

But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gates,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets -
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail!
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the shears:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him - what I winna name -
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither meseless, graceless brutes.

"An' neist, my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' closed her een amang the dead!

Robert Burns

Despondency -- An Ode

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
 I set me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear!
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom;
 My woes here shall close ne'er
 But with the closing tomb!

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
 They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same;
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,

A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age!

Robert Burns

Duncan Gray

1 Duncan Gray came here to woo,
2 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
3 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
4 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
5 Maggie coost her head fu high,
6 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
7 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
8 Ha, ha, the woin o't!

9 Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
10 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
11 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
12 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
13 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
14 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
15 Spak o' lowpin owre a linn;
16 Ha, ha, the woin o't!

17 Time and chance are but a tide,
18 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
19 Slighted love is sair to bide,
20 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
21 'Shall I, like a fool,' quoth he,
22 'For a haughty hizzie die?
23 She may gae to--France for me!--
24 Ha, ha, the woin o't!

25 How it comes let doctors tell,
26 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
27 Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
28 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
29 Something in her bosom wrings,
30 For relief a sigh she brings;
31 And O! her een, they spak sic things
32 Ha, ha, the woin o't!

33 Duncan was a lad o' grace,
34 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
35 Maggie's was a piteous case,

36 Ha, ha, the woin o't!
37 Duncan could na be her death,
38 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
39 Now they're crouse and cantie baith;
40 Ha, ha, the woin o't!

Robert Burns

Election Ballad At Close Of Contest For Representing The Dumfries Burghs, 1790

FINTRY, my stay in wordly strife,
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

But where shall I go rin a ride,
That I may splatter nane beside?
I wad na be uncivil:
In manhood's various paths and ways
There's aye some doytin' body strays,
And I ride like the devil.

Thus I break aff wi' a' my birr,
And down yon dark, deep alley spur,
Where Theologics daunder:
Alas! curst wi' eternal fogs,
And damn'd in everlasting bogs,
As sure's the creed I'll blunder!

I'll stain a band, or jaup a gown,
Or rin my reckless, guilty crown
Against the haly door:
Sair do I rue my luckless fate,
When, as the Muse an' Deil wad hae't,
I rade that road before.

Suppose I take a spurt, and mix
Amang the wilds o' Politics—
Electors and elected,
Where dogs at Court (sad sons of bitches!)
Septennially a madness touches,

Till all the land's infected.

All hail! Drumlanrig's haughty Grace,
Discarded remnant of a race
Once godlike-great in story;
Thy forbears' virtues all contrasted,
The very name of Douglas blasted,
Thine that inverted glory!

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore,
But thou hast superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name,
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt!

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes, and their darlings:
And, bent on winning borough touns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons,
And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry blue and buff unfurl'd,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled
To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
Besides, he hated bleeding:
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsaean fight,
Or Ciceronian pleading.

O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows!)
Led on the Loves and Graces:
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, sub rosa, played his part
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core,
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought;
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory;
And Welsh who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopeian fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation!
While Maxwellton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd

With these what Tory warriors clos'd
Surpasses my describing;
Squadrons, extended long and large,
With furious speed rush to the charge,
Like furious devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate,
Amid this mighty tulyie!
Grim Horror girn'd, pale Terror roar'd,
As Murder at his thrapple shor'd,
And Hell mix'd in the brulyie.

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down with crashing rattle;
As flames among a hundred woods,
As headlong foam from a hundred floods,
Such is the rage of Battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers:
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring:
The muffled murderer of Charles
The Magna Charter flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame;
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham;
Auld Covenanters shiver—

Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!
Now Death and Hell engulf thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever.

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken:
For woman's wit and strength o'man,
Alas! can do but what they can;
The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my een were flowing burns!
My voice, a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but melts for good Sir James,
Dear to his country, by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save;
And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave;
And Stewart, bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow,
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe,
And Melville melt in wailing:
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice,
And Burke shall sing, "O Prince, arise!
Thy power is all-prevailing!"

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He only hears and sees the war,
A cool spectator purely!
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,

And sober chirps securely.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
To grind them in the mire!

Robert Burns

Election Ballad For Westerha'

THE LADDIES by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace 1 wi a', Jamie;
But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King—
Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

Chorus.—Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'!

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin wan,
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.
Up and waur them, &c.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There's no a callent tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.
Up and waur them, &c.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue;
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.
Up and waur them, &c.

Robert Burns

Elegy On Captain Matthew Henderson

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn,
By wood and wild,
Where haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neighbours o' the starns,
That proudly cock your creasting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews, calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, we whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our claud shore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!

Oft have ye heard my canty strains;
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, Empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,

Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

Robert Burns

Elegy On Stella

STRAIT is the spot and green the sod
From whence my sorrows flow;
And soundly sleeps the ever dear
Inhabitant below.

Pardon my transport, gentle shade,
While o'er the turf I bow;
Thy earthy house is circumscrib'd,
And solitary now.

Not one poor stone to tell thy name,
Or make thy virtues known:
But what avails to me-to thee,
The sculpture of a stone?

I'll sit me down upon this turf,
And wipe the rising tear:
The chill blast passes swiftly by,
And flits around thy bier.

Dark is the dwelling of the Dead,
And sad their house of rest:
Low lies the head, by Death's cold arms
In awful fold embrac'd.

I saw the grim Avenger stand
Incessant by thy side;
Unseen by thee, his deadly breath
Thy lingering frame destroy'd.

Pale grew the roses on thy cheek,
And wither'd was thy bloom,
Till the slow poison brought thy youth

Untimely to the tomb.

Thus wasted are the ranks of men—
Youth, Health, and Beauty fall;
The ruthless ruin spreads around,
And overwhelms us all.

Behold where, round thy narrow house,
The graves unnumber'd lie;
The multitude that sleep below
Existed but to die.

Some, with the tottering steps of Age,
Trode down the darksome way;
And some, in youth's lamented prime,
Like thee were torn away:

Yet these, however hard their fate,
Their native earth receives;
Amid their weeping friends they died,
And fill their fathers' graves.

From thy lov'd friends, when first thy heart
Was taught by Heav'n to glow,
Far, far remov'd, the ruthless stroke
Surpris'd and laid thee low.

At the last limits of our isle,
Wash'd by the western wave,
Touch'd by thy face, a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely by thy grave.

Pensive he eyes, before him spread
The deep, outstretch'd and vast;
His mourning notes are borne away

Along the rapid blast.

And while, amid the silent Dead
Thy hapless fate he mourns,
His own long sorrows freshly bleed,
And all his grief returns:

Like thee, cut off in early youth,
And flower of beauty's pride,
His friend, his first and only joy,
His much lov'd Stella, died.

Him, too, the stern impulse of Fate
Resistless bears along;
And the same rapid tide shall overwhelm
The Poet and the Song.

The tear of pity which he sheds,
He asks not to receive;
Let but his poor remains be laid
Obscurely in the grave.

His grief-worn heart, with truest joy,
Shall meet he welcome shock:
His airy harp shall lie unstrung,
And silent on the rock.

O, my dear maid, my Stella, when
Shall this sick period close,
And lead the solitary bard
To his belov'd repose?

Robert Burns

Elegy On The Death Of Robert Ruisseaux

NOW Robin 1 lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair;
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care,
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash'd him,
Except the moment that they crush'd him;
For sune as chance or fate had hush'd 'em
Tho' e'er sae short.
Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em,
And thought it sport.

Tho'he was bred to kintra-wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him then!

Robert Burns

Elegy On The Death Of Sir James Hunter Blair

THE LAMP of day, with-ill presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; 1
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well, 2
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane. 3

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east.
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms—she cried;
"Low lies the hand oft was stretch'd to save,

Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride.

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear;
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier;
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh!

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow:
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

"My patriot falls: but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

Robert Burns

Elegy On The Year 1788

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die-for that they're born:
But oh! prodigious to reflec'!
A Towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space,
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou has left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
And my auld toothless, Bawtie's dead:
The tulyie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something dour o' treadin,
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a middin.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupit,
For Eighty-eight, he wished you weel,
An' gied ye a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en monc a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonie lasses, dight your e'en,
For some o' you hae tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was taen,
What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.
Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' daviely they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For E'nburgh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,

An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now hast got thy Daddy's chair;
Nae handcuff'd, mizl'd, hap-shackl'd Regent,
But, like himsel, a full free agent,
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you ry, 1, 1789.

Robert Burns

Elegy On Willie Nicol's Mare

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,
As ever trod on airn;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
An' rode thro' thick and thin;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
An' the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was,
As priest-rid cattle are,—&c. &c.

Robert Burns

Epigram Addressed To An Artist

DEAR ———, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an Angel's kittle wark,
Wi' Nick, there's little danger:
You'll easy draw a lang-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.—R. B.

Robert Burns

Epigram On A Country Laird (Cardoness)

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful, lifted eyes,
Who taught that not the soul alone,
But body too shall rise;
For had He said "the soul alone
From death I will deliver,"
Alas, alas! O Cardoness,
Then hadst thou lain for ever.

Robert Burns

Epigram On A Suicide

EARTH'D up, here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble;
Poor silly wretch, he's damned himsel',
To save the Lord the trouble.

Robert Burns

Epigram On A Swearing Coxcomb

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or "Dem my eyes!"
Who in his life did little good,
And his last words were "Dem my blood!"

Robert Burns

Epigram On An Innkeeper ("The Marquis")

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were sham'd,
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

Robert Burns

Epigram On Andrew Turner

IN se'enteen hunder'n forty-nine,
The deil gat stuff to mak a swine,
An' coost it in a corner;
But wilily he chang'd his plan,
An' shap'd it something like a man,
An' ca'd it Andrew Turner.

Robert Burns

Epigram On Dr. Babington's Looks

THAT there is a falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny:
They tell their Master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

Robert Burns

Epigram On Miss Davies

ASK why God made the gem so small?
And why so huge the granite?—
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it.

Robert Burns

Epigram On Miss Fontenelle

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning Nature, torturing art;
Loves and Graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.

Robert Burns

Epigram On Politics

IN Politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folk hear and see.

Robert Burns

Epigram On Rough Roads

I'M now arrived—thanks to the gods!—
Thro' pathways rough and muddy,
A certain sign that makin roads
Is no this people's study:
Altho' Im not wi' Scripture cram'd,
I'm sure the Bible says
That heedless sinners shall be damn'd,
Unless they mend their ways.

Robert Burns

Epigram On The Said Occasion

O DEATH, had'st thou but spar'd his life,
Whom we this day lament,
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And a' been weel content.
Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't;
Tak thou the carlin's carcass aff,
Thou'se get the saul o'boot.

Robert Burns

Epigram To Miss Ainslie In Church

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant,
Not Angels such as you.

Robert Burns

Epigram To Miss Jean Scott

O HAD each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeanie Scott, as thou art;
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

Robert Burns

Epigram—Divine Service at Lamington

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A cauld kirk, an in't but few:
As cauld a minister's e'er spak;
Ye'se a' be het e'er I come back.

Robert Burns

Epigrams Against The Earl Of Galloway

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind.
———No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts 'll were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
And ended in a mire.
———Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway!
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

Robert Burns

Epigram—thanks For A National Victory

YE hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men and give God thanks!
Desist, for shame!—proceed no further;
God won't accept your thanks for MURDER

Robert Burns

Epigram—the Raptures Of Folly

THOU greybeard, old Wisdom! may boast of thy treasures;
Give me with young Folly to live;
I grant thee thy calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

Robert Burns

Epigram—the Toad-Eater

OF Lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the Dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a Queen!

Robert Burns

Epigram—the True Loyal Natives

YE true "Loyal Natives" attend to my song
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From Envy and Hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of Contempt!

Robert Burns

Epistle From Esopus To Maria

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half, to whore, no more;
Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or, haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms
In Highland Bonnet, woo Malvina's charms;
While sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press;
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war:
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty Colonel leaves the tartan'd lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines:
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display

That veni, vidi, vici, is his way:
The shrinking Bard adown the alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks:
Though there, his heresies in Church and State
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen (e'en worse than Burns' venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,)—
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre-divine
The idiot strum of Vanity bemus'd,
And even the abuse of Poesy abus'd?—
Who called her verse a Parish Workhouse, made
For motley foundling Fancies, stolen or strayed?

A Workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep;
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The Vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls—
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,

A wit in folly, and a fool in wit!
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true!

Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply!

Robert Burns

Epistle On J. Lapraik

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom, in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife;
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?"
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
An' sae about him there I speir't;
Then a' that kent him round declar'd
He had ingine;
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine:

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches—
'Tween Inverness an' Teviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell;
Tho' rude an' rough—
Yet crooning to a body's sel'
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae poet, in a sense;
But just a rhymer like by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence;
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?"
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools—

Your Latin names for horns an' stools?
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shoos,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's the bauld an' slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few;
Yet, if your catalogue be fu',
I'se no insist:
But, gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel,
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends, an' folk that wish me well,

They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as mony still
As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me
At dance or fair;
Maybe some ither thing they gie me,
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline Race, or Mauchline Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather;
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, war'ly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,

My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle,
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

Robert Burns

Epistle To A Young Friend

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind momento:
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and change determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang:
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon my lad;
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
What hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked;
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we shouldna censure;
For still, th'important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae in honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neibor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff-han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel',

Ye scarcely tell to ony:
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' well-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause-
Debar a' side-pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n-
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, ``God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reckon the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

Robert Burns

Epistle To Davie, A Brother Poet

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
An' bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
An' hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
An' spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great-folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker, and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chieles are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't;
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear;
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair spier na, nor fear na," 1
Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
The last o't, the warst o't
Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'

Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile;
An' mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal',
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't we'll time till't,
An' sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in makin' muckle, mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
An' centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,

Wha drudge an' drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heaven or hell;
Esteeming and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state:
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some—
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill:
Tho' losses an' crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
An' joys that riches ne'er could buy,
An' joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,

To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
An' sets me a' on flame!

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
O Thou whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band—
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie, or my Jean!

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin, rank an' file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phoebus an' the famous Nine

Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, an' jimp,
And rin an unco fit:
But least then the beast then
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

Robert Burns

Epistle To Dr. Blacklock

ELLISLAND, 21st Oct., , but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel and cantie?
I ken'd it still, your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye!
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tauld myself by word o' mouth,
He'd tak my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better.

But aiblins, honest Master Heron
Had, at the time, some dainty fair one
To ware this theologic care on,
And holy study;
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fere,
I'm turned a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies;
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
I need na vaunt
But I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whiles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme
(I'm scant o' verse and scant o' time),
To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie,
And eke the same to honest Lucky;
I wat she is a daintie chuckie,
As e'er tread clay;
And gratefully, my gude auld cockie,
I'm yours for T BURNS.

Robert Burns

Epistle To Hugh Parker

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er cross't the Muse's heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles:
A land that Prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it;
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhuskèd by a fog infernal:
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kenn'd face but Jenny Geddes,
Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
And aye a westlin leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
Was it for this, wi' cannie care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
At howes, or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled? —
O had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter with the Sagitarre,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;
Or turn the pole like any arrow;
Or, when auld Phoebus bids good-morrow,
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face;
For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat reek i' my head,

How can I write what ye can read? —
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

Robert Burns

Epistle To J. Lapraik (Excerpt)

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer like by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence;
Yet what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?"
But, by your leave, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools?
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learnin' I desire;
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart....

Robert Burns

Epistle To James Tennant Of Glenconner

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How do you this blae eastlin wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd.
I've sent you here, by Johnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
And in the depth of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wifes and wabsters see and feel.
But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, an' return them quickly:
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce
I pray and ponder butt the house;
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston,
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real gospel-groan:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my e'en up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men:
When bending down wi' auld grey hairs
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him;
His worthy fam'ly far and near,

God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason-billie,
And Auchenbay, I wish him joy,
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither!
And no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An' Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock!
And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy,
An' her kind stars hae airted till her
gA guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects, I sen' it,
To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet:
Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious;
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story,
Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you:
For my sake, this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye'll fin; him just an honest man;
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Your's, saint or sinner,ROB THE RANTER.

Robert Burns

Epistle To John Goldie, In Kilmarnock

O GOWDIE, terror o' the whigs,
Dread o' blackcoats and rev'rend wigs!
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girns an' looks back,
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
May seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition!
Wae's me, she's in a sad condition:
Fye: bring Black Jock, 1 her state physician,
To see her water;
Alas, there's ground for great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gane in a gallopin' consumption:
Not a' her quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Can ever mend her;
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
She'll soon surrender.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
For every hole to get a stapple;
But now she fetches at the thrapple,
An' fights for breath;
Haste, gie her name up in the chapel, 2
Near unto death.

It's you an' Taylor 3 are the chief
To blame for a' this black mischief;
But, could the L—d's ain folk get leave,
A toom tar barrel
An' twa red peats wad bring relief,
And end the quarrel.

For me, my skill's but very sma',
An' skill in prose I've nane ava';
But quietlins-wise, between us twa,
Weel may you speed!
And tho' they sud your sair misca',
Ne'er fash your head.

E'en swinge the dogs, and thresh them sicker!
The mair they squeel aye chap the thicker;
And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
O' something stout;
It gars an owthor's pulse beat quicker,
And helps his wit.

There's naething like the honest nappy;
Whare'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
'Tween morn and morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie,
In glass or horn?

I've seen me dazed upon a time,
I scarce could wink or see a styme;
Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime,—
Ought less is little—
Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
As gleg's a whittle.

Robert Burns

Epistle To John Maxwell, Esq., Of Terraughty

HEALTH to the Maxwell's veteran Chief!
Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half-worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second-sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stour.

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men, and lassies bonie,
May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe, and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the deil, he daurna steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me.

Epistle To John Rankine

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin,
Your dreams and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae saw mony cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes, wha aften wear it—
The lads in black;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing:
It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing
O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by
Frae ony unregenerate heathen,
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyiming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing;
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
An' danc'd my fill!
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king,
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a rovin' wi' the gun,
An' brought a paitrick to the grun'—
A bonie hen;
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't;
But, Deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whissle o' my goath,
An' pay't the fee.

But by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay, o'er muir an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,

An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
Lord, I'se hae sporting by an' by
For my gowd guinea,
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame,
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But pennyworths again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

Robert Burns

Epistle To Major Logan

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
Tho' fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But take it like the unback'd filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When, idly goavin', whiles we saunter,
Yirr! fancy barks, awa we canter,
Up hill, down brae, till some mischanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us; then the scathe an' banter
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl'.
Until you on a crummock driddle,
A grey hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune,
And screw your temper-pins aboon
A fifth or mair
The melancholious, lazy croon
O' cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day,
Nae "lente largo" in the play,
But "allegretto forte" gay,
Harmonious flow,
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule,
But, as the clegs o' feeling stang,
Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace;
Their tuneless hearts,
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts.

But come, your hand, my careless brither,
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,
An' that there is, I've little swither
About the matter;
We, cheek for chow, shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonie squad, priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa';
But still, but still, I like them dearly—
God bless them a'!

Ochone for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers!
The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnin'spite.

By by yon moon!—and that's high swearin—

An' every star within my hearin!
An' by her een wha was a dear ane!
I'll ne'er forget;
I hope to gie the jads a clearin
In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it;
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it;
Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
Some cantraip hour
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted;
Then vive l'amour!

Faites mes baise-mains respectueuses,
To sentimental sister Susie,
And honest Lucky; no to roose you,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple Fate allows ye,
To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth my rhymin ware's nae treasure;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be't light, be't dark,
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Tiel, 30th October, 1786.

Robert Burns

Epistle To Mrs. Scott Of Wauchope House

GUDEWIFE, I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was bardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
An, tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn:
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The tither stoked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

E'en then, a wish, (I mind its pow'r),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise;
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
'Till on that har'st I said before,
May partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain;
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,

That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pawky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle;
I firèd, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I fearèd aye to speak.

Health to the sex! ilk guid chiel says:
Wi' merry dance in winter days,
An' we to share in common;
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither;
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her:
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line:
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Farewell then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa;
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'!R. , 1787

Robert Burns

Epistle To The Rev. John M'Math

WHILE at the stook the shearers cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
Or in gulravage rinnin scowr
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
An anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, country bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin, cantin, grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
Their raxin conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaw'n, misca'd waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus'd him:
And may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've us'd him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed—
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless, skellums,
An' not a muse erect her head
To cove the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what?—to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, owre right and ruth,
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!

Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain,
To join with those
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid liberal band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
(Which gies you honour)
Even, sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane

Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

Robert Burns

Epistle To William Simson

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie
Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it:
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lassies gie my heart a screed—
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain;
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of-isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line:
But Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest;
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best!

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
Whare glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood

But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious died!

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy;
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an light;
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
A down some trottin burn's meander,
An' no think lang:
O sweet to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The war'ly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, an' strive;
Let me fair Nature's face describe,

And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing" brither!
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tools an' taxes;
While moorlan's herds like guid, fat braxies;
While terra firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns;
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTCRIPMY memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this "new-light,"
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie;
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin;
An' shortly after she was done

They gat a new ane.

This passed for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chieles gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk
An' out of' sight,
An' backlins-comin to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The herds and hissels were alarm'd
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better wer inform'd,
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair, it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks;
Till lairds forbad, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe;
Till now, amaist on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some their new-light fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin;
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin;
Mysel', I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some auld-light herds in neebor touns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight;
An' stay ae month amang the moons
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmaist shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them
Just i' their pouch;
An' when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine matter";
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulyie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulyie.

Robert Burns

Epitaph For James Smith

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staid hale weeks awa,
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,—
Perhaps he was your father!

Robert Burns

Epitaph For Mr. Gabriel Richardson, Brewer

HERE Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink,
In upright, honest morals.

Robert Burns

Epitaph For Mr. W. Cruickshank

HONEST 1 Will to Heaven's away
And mony shall lament him;
His fau'ts they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

Robert Burns

Epitaph For Mr. William Michie, Schoolmaster

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schulin o' your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak them!

Robert Burns

Epitaph For Robert Aiken, Esq.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honoured name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

Robert Burns

Epitaph For William Nicol, High School, Edinburgh

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts you've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bit o't's rotten.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On "Wee Johnnie";

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murder'd Johnie;
An' here his body lies fu' low;
For saul he ne'er had ony.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On A Henpecked Squire

AS father Adam first was fool'd,
(A case that's still too common,)
Here lies man a woman ruled,
The devil ruled the woman.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On A Lap-Dog

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now, half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now, half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On A Noisy Polemic

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
Into thy dark dominion!

Robert Burns

Epitaph On A Noted Coxcomb

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His scull will prop it under.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On Holy Willie

Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sur's a gun,
Poor, silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye have nane;
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On James Grieve

HERE lies Boghead amang the dead
In hopes to get salvation;
But if such as he in Heav'n may be,
Then welcome, hail! damnation.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On John Busby, Esq., Tinwald Downs

HERE lies John Bushby—honest man,
Cheat him, Devil—if you can!

Robert Burns

Epitaph On John Dove, Innkeeper

HERE lies Johnie Pigeon;
What was his religion?
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnie Pigeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was memento mori;
But a full-flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On John Rankine

Ae day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad—
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter:
Ashamed himself to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin at the bitches,
"By G—d I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this d—d infernal clan!"
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L—d G—d!" quoth he, "I have it now;
There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On My Ever Honoured Father

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man-to vice alone a foe;
For 'ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'

Robert Burns

Epitaph On The Same

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On William Hood, Senior

HERE Souter Hood in death does sleep;
To hell if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep;
He'll haud it weel thegither.

Robert Burns

Epitaph On William Muir

AN HONEST man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Robert Burns

Extempore Reply To An Invitation

THE KING'S most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' you by an' by;
Or else the Deil's be in it.

Robert Burns

Fareweel To A'Our Scottish Fame

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story!
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O, would or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration:
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Robert Burns

Farewell To Eliza

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,—
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

Robert Burns

Farewell To The Banks Of Ayr

THE GLOOMY night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor.
The scatt'ered coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her healthy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare—
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

Fickle Fortune: A Fragment

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived me,
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far 's I'm able,
But if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

Robert Burns

First Six Verses Of The Ninetieth Psalm Versified, The

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

Robert Burns

For A' That

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,-
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin' grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,-
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show an' a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts an' stares an' a' that,-
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,-
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that;
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,-
(As come it will for a' that),-
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,

Shall bear the gree an' a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,-
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Robert Burns

For A' That And A' That

1 Is there, for honest poverty,
2 That hings his head, an' a' that?
3 The coward slave, we pass him by,
4 We dare be poor for a' that!
5 For a' that, an' a' that,
6 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
7 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
8 The man's the gowd for a' that,

9 What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
10 Wear hoddin-gray, an' a' that;
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13 For a' that, an' a' that,
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26 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
27 But an honest man's aboon his might,
28 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
29 For a' that, an' a' that,
30 Their dignities, an' a' that,
31 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
32 Are higher rank than a' that.

33 Then let us pray that come it may,
34 As come it will for a' that,
35 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,

36 May bear the gree, an' a' that.
37 For a' that, an' a' that,
38 It's coming yet, for a' that,
39 That man to man, the world o'er,
40 Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns

Forlorn, My Love, No Comfort Here

FORLORN, my Love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, Love.

Chorus.—O wert thou, Love, but near me!
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, Love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I;
Save in these arms of thine, Love.
O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, Love.
O wert thou, &c.

But, dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet;
That only ray of solace sweet,
Can on thy Chloris shine, Love!
O wert thou, &c.

Robert Burns

Frae The Friends And Land I Love

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite;
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight:
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care;
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore,
Till Revenge, wi' laurel'd head,
Bring our banished hame again;
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
Cross the seas, and win his ain.

Robert Burns

Fragment Of Song—"My Jean!";

THO' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart,
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains, rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

Robert Burns

Fragment Of Song—the Night Was Still

THE NIGHT was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa';
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her on the castle wa';
Sae merrily they danced the ring
Frae eenin' till the cock did crow;
And aye the o'erword o' the spring
Was "Irvine's bairns are bonie a'";

Robert Burns

Fragment—altho' He Has Left Me

ALTHO' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

Robert Burns

Fragment—her Flowing Locks

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O' what a feast her bonie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner!

Robert Burns

Fragment—wee Willie Gray

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow wand to be him boots and jacket;
The rose upon the breir will be him trews an' doublet,
The rose upon the breir will be him trews an' doublet,

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

Robert Burns

From Lines To William Simson

1 Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
2 She's gotten poets o' her ain--
3 Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
4 But tune their lays,
5 Till echoes a' resound again
6 Her weel-sung praise.

7 Nae poet thought her worth his while
8 To set her name in measur'd style:
9 She lay like some unken'd-of isle
10 Beside New Holland,
11 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
12 Besouth Magellan.

13 Ramsay and famous Fergusson
15 Yarrow and Tweed to mony a tune
16 Owre Scotland rings;
17 While Irvin, Lugar, Ayr an' Doon
18 Naebody sings.

19 Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine
20 Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line;
21 But, Willie, set your fit to mine
22 And cock your crest,
23 We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
24 Up wi' the best!

25 We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
26 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
27 Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
28 Where glorious Wallace
29 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
30 Frae Southron billies.

31 At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
32 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
33 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
34 By Wallace' side,
35 Still pressing onward red-wat-shod,

36 Or glorious dy'd.

37 O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
38 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
39 And jinkin hares in amorous whids
40 Their loves enjoy,
41 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
42 Wi' wailfu' cry!

43 Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
44 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
45 Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
46 Are hoary gray;
47 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
48 Dark'ning the day!

49 O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms
50 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
51 Whether the summer kindly warms
52 Wi' life an' light,
53 Or winter howls in gusty storms
54 The lang, dark night!

55 The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
56 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander
57 Adoun some trottin burn's meander,
58 And no think lang;
59 O sweet to stray and pensive ponder
60 A heart-felt sang!

61 The warly race may drudge and drive,
62 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive:
63 Let me fair nature's face describe,
64 And I wi' pleasure
65 Shall let the busy, grumblin' hive
66 Bum owre their treasure.

Robert Burns

Go Fetch To Me A Pint

Go fetch to me a pint o wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonie lassie:
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar-
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

Robert Burns

Go On, Sweet Bird, And Soothe My Care

FOR thee is laughing Nature gay,
For thee she pours the vernal day;
For me in vain is Nature drest,
While Joy's a stranger to my breast.

Robert Burns

Grace Before And After Meat

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead,
And send us, from thy bounteous store,
A tup or wether head! Amen.———
O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit! Amen.

Robert Burns

Green Grow The Rashes

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on every han'
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
An' warl'ly cares an' warl'ly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Robert Burns

Halloween

Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the cove, to stray and rove,
Among the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

Among the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin' clear,
Where Bruce ance ruled the martial ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, country-folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
And haud their Halloween
Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, and warm, and kin';
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whiles fast at night.

Then, first and foremost, through the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, and graip and wale,
For muckle anes and straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
And wander'd through the bow-kail,
And pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, staught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
The very wee things, todlin', rin,
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther;
And gif the custoc's sweet or sour.
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne cozily, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've placed them
To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks of corn:
But Rab slips out, and jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard and fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kitlin' in the fause-house
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's well-hoordit nits,
Are round and round divided,
And monie lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle coothie, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie ee;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to hersel:
He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part;
Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
And Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,

Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
And Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compared to Willie;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
And her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swore by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel and Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin';
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonny mou',
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel:
She through the yard the nearest taks,
And to the kiln goes then,
And darklins graipit for the bauks,
And in the blue-clue throws then,
Right fear't that night.

And aye she win't, and aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin',
Till something held within the pat,
Guid Lord! but she was quakin'!
But whether 'was the deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She didna wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

Wee Jennie to her grannie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple at the glass

I gat frae Uncle Johnnie:"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notice't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out through that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
I daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune.
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
And lived and died deleeret
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherramoor, --
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I wasna past fifteen;
The simmer had been cauld and wat,
And stuff was unco green;
And aye a rantin' kirn we gat,
And just on Halloween
It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever sturdy fallow:
His son gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That lived in Achmacalla:
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
And he made unco light o't;
But mony a day was by himsel,
He was sae sairly frightened
That very night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
And he swore by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense.
The auld guidman raught down the pock,

And out a hanfu' gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane see'd him,
And try't that night.

He marches through amang the stacks,
Though he was something sturtin;
The graip he for a harrow taks.
And hauls it at his curpin;
And every now and then he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
And her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, and draw thee
As fast this night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march
To keep his courage cheery;
Although his hair began to arch,
He was say fley'd and eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
And then a grane and gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
And tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
And young and auld came runnin' out
To hear the sad narration;
He swore 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till, stop! she trotted through them
And wha was it but grumphie
Aster that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
To win three wechts o' naething;
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
And two red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,

In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That very nicht.

She turns the key wi cannie thraw,
And owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
Syne bauldly in she enters:
A ratton rattled up the wa',
And she cried, Lord, preserve her!
And ran through midden-hole and a',
And pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night;

They hoy't out Will wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice
Was timmer-propt for thrawin';
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black grousome carlin;
And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes cam haulin'
Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlin;
But, och! that night amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin'!
She through the whins, and by the cairn,
And owre the hill gaed scievin,
Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

Among the brackens, on the brae,
Between her and the moon,
The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up and gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool!
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;
but mist a fit, and in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en',
To see them duly changed:
Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock joys
Sin' Mar's year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heaved them on the fire
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
I wat they didna weary;
And unco tales, and funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery;
Till butter'd so'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night.

Robert Burns

Handsome Nell

O, once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Aye, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee,
But without some letter qualities
She's no a lass for me.

But Nellie's looks are blithe and sweet,
And what is best of a'
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

Robert Burns

Here's A Bottle

There's nane that's blest of human kind
But the cheerful and the gay, man.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man!
Believe me, Happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man!

Robert Burns

Here's A Health To Them That's Awa

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa!
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho that his band be sma'!
May Liberty meet wi success,
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and Tyranny tine i' the mist
And wander their way to the Devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norlan' laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the Law!
Here's freedom to thern that wad read,
Here's freedom to them that would write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would indite!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An here's to them that's awa!
Here's to Maitland and Wycombe! let wha does na like 'em
Be built in a hole in the wa'!
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that is sound at the core,
And may he that wad turn the buff and blue coat
Be turn'd to the back o' the door!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,

Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Firth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,
And wha wad betray old Albion's right,
May they never eat of her bread!

Robert Burns

Here's His Health In Water

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water.
O wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie's he could flatter;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter:
But tho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water!

Robert Burns

Here's To Thy Health

Tune - "Laggan Burn."

Here's to thy health, my bonie lass,
Gude nicht and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:
I vow and swear I dinna care,
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me,
Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee,
Nae time hae I to tarry:
I ken thy frien's try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee;
Depending on some higher chance,
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;
For I'm as free as any he;
Sma' siller will relieve me.
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it;
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
And, aye until ye try them,
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care;
They may prove waur than I am.
But at twal' at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee;
For the man that loves his mistress weel,
Nae travel makes him weary.

Here's To Thy Health, My Bonie Lass

HERE'S to thy health, my bonie lass,
Gude nicht and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
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My dear, I'll come and see thee;
For the man that loves his mistress weel,
Nae travel makes him weary.

Hey, The Dusty Miller

HEY, the dusty Miller,
And his dusty coat,
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a goat:
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I gat frae the Miller.

Hey, the dusty Miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck:
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty Miller.

Robert Burns

Highland Mary

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There Simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry:
For there I took the last Fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden Hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my Dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But Oh, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my Flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance,
That dwalt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns

Holy Fair, The

1 Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
2 When Nature's face is fair,
3 I walked forth to view the corn
4 An' snuff the caller air.
5 The risin' sun owre Galston muirs
6 Wi' glorious light was glintin,
7 The hares were hirplin down the furrs,
8 The lav'rocks they were chantin
9 Fu' sweet that day.

10 As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad
11 To see a scene sae gay,
12 Three hizzies, early at the road,
13 Cam skelpin up the way.
14 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
15 But ane wi' lyart linin;
16 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
17 Was in the fashion shining
18 Fu' gay that day.

19 The twa appear'd like sisters twin
20 In feature, form, an' claes;
21 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
22 An' sour as ony slaes.
23 The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
24 As light as ony lambie,
25 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
26 As soon as e'er she saw me,
27 Fu' kind that day.

28 Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
29 I think ye seem to ken me;
30 I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
31 But yet I canna name ye."
32 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
33 An' taks me by the han's,
34 "Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
35 Of a' the ten comman's
36 A screed some day.

37 "My name is Fun--your cronie dear,
38 The nearest friend ye hae;
39 An' this is Superstition here,
40 An' that's Hypocrisy.
41 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
42 To spend an hour in daffin:
43 Gin ye'll go there, you runkl'd pair,
44 We will get famous laughin
45 At them this day."

46 Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't:
47 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
48 An' meet you on the holy spot;
49 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!"
50 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time
51 An' soon I made me ready;
52 For roads were clad frae side to side
53 Wi' monie a wearie body
54 In droves that day.

55 Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
56 Gaed hoddin by their cotters,
57 There swankies young, in braw braidclait
58 Are springin owre the gutters.
59 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
60 In silks an' scarlets glitter,
61 Wi' sweet-milk cheese in mony a whang,
62 An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
63 Fu' crump that day.

64 When by the plate we set our nose,
65 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
66 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
67 An' we maun draw our tippence.
68 Then in we go to see the show:
69 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin,
70 Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,
71 An' some are busy bleth'rin
72 Right loud that day.

...

82 Here some are thinkin on their sins,
83 An' some upo' their claes;
84 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
85 Anither sighs an' prays:
86 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
87 Wi' screw'd-up grace-proud faces;
88 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
89 Thrang winkin on the lasses
90 To chairs that day.

91 O happy is that man and blest!
92 Nae wonder that it pride him!
93 Whase ain dear lass that he likes best,
94 Comes clinkin down beside him!
95 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
96 He sweetly does compose him;
97 Which by degrees slips round her neck,
98 An's loof upon her bosom,
99 Unken'd that day.

100 Now a' the congregation o'er
101 Is silent expectation;
102 For Moodie speels the holy door,
103 Wi' tidings o' salvation.
104 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
105 'Mang sons o' God present him,
106 The vera sight o' Moodie's face
107 To's ain het hame had sent him
108 Wi' fright that day.

109 Hear how he clears the points o' faith
110 Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin!
111 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath
112 He's stampin, an' he's jumpin!
113 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
114 His eldritch squeal and gestures,
115 Oh, how they fire the heart devout
116 Like cantharidian plaisters,
117 On sic a day!

118 But hark! the tent has chang'd its voice:

119 There's peace and rest nae langer;
120 For a' the real judges rise,
121 They canna sit for anger.
122 Smith opens out his cauld harangues,
123 On practice and on morals;
124 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
125 To gie the jars an' barrels
126 A lift that day.

127 What signifies his barren shine
128 Of moral pow'rs and reason?
129 His English style an' gesture fine
130 Are a' clean out o' season.
131 Like Socrates or Antonine
132 Or some auld pagan heathen,
133 The moral man he does define,
134 But ne'er a word o' faith in
135 That's right that day.

136 In guid time comes an antidote
137 Against sic poison'd nostrum;
138 For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
139 Ascends the holy rostrum:
140 See, up he's got the word o' God
141 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
142 While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
143 An's aff, an' up the Cowgate
144 Fast, fast that day.

145 Wee Miller niest the Guard relieves,
146 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
147 Tho' in his heart he weel believes
148 An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
149 But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
150 So cannilie he hums them;
151 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
152 Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him
153 At times that day.

154 Now butt an' ben the change-house fills
155 Wi' yill-caup commentators:
156 Here's cryin out for bakes an gills,

157 An' there the pint-stowp clatters;
158 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
159 Wi' logic an' wi' Scripture,
160 They raise a din, that in the end
161 Is like to breed a rupture
162 O' wrath that day.

163 Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
164 Than either school or college
165 It kindles wit, it waukens lear,
166 It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
167 Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep,
168 Or ony stronger potion,
169 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
170 To kittle up our notion
171 By night or day.

172 The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
173 To mind baith saul an' body,
174 Sit round the table weel content,
175 An' steer about the toddy,
176 On this ane's dress an' that ane's leuk
177 They're makin observations;
178 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
179 An' forming assignations
180 To meet some day.

181 But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
182 Till a' the hills rae rairin,
183 An' echoes back return the shouts--
184 Black Russell is na sparin.
185 His piercing words, like highlan' swords,
186 Divide the joints an' marrow;
187 His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
188 Our vera "sauls does harrow"
189 Wi' fright that day.

190 A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
191 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
192 Whase ragin flame, an' scorching heat
193 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
194 The half-asleep start up wi' fear

195 An' think they hear it roarin,
196 When presently it does appear
197 'Twas but some neibor snorin,
198 Asleep that day.

199 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
200 How mony stories past,
201 An' how they crouded to the yill,
202 When they were a' dismiss:
203 How drink gaed round in cogs an' caups
204 Among the furms an' benches:
205 An' cheese and bred frae women's laps
206 Was dealt about in lunches
207 An' dauds that day.

208 In comes a gausie, gash guidwife
209 An' sits down by the fire,
210 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
211 The lasses they are shyer:
212 The auld guidmen, about the grace
213 Frae side to side they bother,
214 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
215 And gi'es them't like a tether
216 Fu' lang that day.

217 Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
218 Or lasses that hae naething!
219 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
220 Or melvie his braw clathing!
221 O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel
222 How bonie lads ye wanted,
223 An' dinna for a kebbuck-heel
224 Let lasses be affronted
225 On sic a day!

226 Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,
227 Begins to jow an' croon;
228 Some swagger hame the best they dow,
229 Some wait the afternoon.
230 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
231 Till lasses strip their shoon:
232 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,

233 They're a' in famous tune
234 For crack that day.

235 How monie hearts this day converts
236 O' sinners and o' lasses
237 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
238 As saft as ony flesh is.
239 There's some are fou o' love divine,
240 There's some are fou o' brandy;
241 An' monie jobs that day begin,
242 May end in houghmagandie
243 Some ither day.

Robert Burns

Holy Willie's Prayer

'And send the godly in a pet to pray.' - Pope

O Thou, that in the heavens does dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thyself,
Sends ane to heaven an' ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
When thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation,
I wha deserv'd most just damnation
For broken laws,
Sax thousand years ere my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When from my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me deep in hell,
To gnash my gooms, and weep and wail,
In burnin lakes,
Where daned devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to their stakes.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example,
To a' Thy flock.

O Lord, Thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, an' swearers swear,

An' sining here, an' dancin there,
Wi great and sma';
For I am keepit by Thy fear
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust:
An' sometimes, too, in warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd wi' sin.

O Lord! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg -
Thy pardon I sincerely beg;
O! may't ne'er be a livin plague
To my dishonour,
An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Leezie's lass, three times I trow -
But Lord, that Friday I was fou,
When I cam near her;
Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
Wad never steer her.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Buffet Thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre proud and high shou'd turn,
That he's sae gifted:
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until Thou lift it.

Lord, mind Gaw'n Hamilton's deserts;
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin arts,
Wi' great and sma',
Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa.

An' when we chasten'd him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,

An' set the world in a roar
O' laughing at us; -
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against that Presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord make it bare
Upo' their heads;
Lord visit them, an' dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord, my God! that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My vera heart and flesh are quakin,
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' p-'d wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin,
Held up his head.

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him,
Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear them their pray'r,
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
An' dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me an' mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace an' gear may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen!

Robert Burns

How Cruel Are The Parents

HOW cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor Woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile, the hapless Daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant Father's hate—
Become a wretched Wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin,
Awhile her pinions tries;
Till, of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless Falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

Robert Burns

I Dream'D I Lay

I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Tress with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed:
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me-
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me-
I bear a heart shall support me still.

Robert Burns

I Love My Love In Secret

MY Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

Chorus.—My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O;
Tho' the love that I owe
To thee I dare na show,
Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O.

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;
He took a hauf, and gied it to me,
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.
My Sand O, &c.

Robert Burns

I Murder Hate

I MURDER hate by flood or field,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
In wars at home I'll spend my blood—
Life-giving wars of Venus.
The deities that I adore
Are social Peace and Plenty;
I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty.

I would not die like Socrates,
For all the fuss of Plato;
Nor would I with Leonidas,
Nor yet would I with Cato:
The zealots of the Church and State
Shall ne'er my mortal foes be;
But let me have bold Zimri's fate,
Within the arms of Cozbi!

Robert Burns

I'LI Go And Be A Sodger

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine,
I'll go and be a sodger!

I gat some gear wi' mickle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane, and something mair—
I'll go and be a sodger!

Robert Burns

Impromptu Lines To Captain Riddell

YOUR News and Review, sir,
I've read through and through, sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The Papers are barren
Of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the Reviewers,
Those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, sir;
But of meet or unmeet,
In a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir;

My goose-quill too rude is
To tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one
Like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, sir, should know it!

Robert Burns

Impromptu On Carron Iron Works

WE cam na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:
But when we tirl'd at your door
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, shou'd we to Hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

Robert Burns

Impromptu On Dumourier's Desertion Of The French Republican Army

YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier:
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul, I'll dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till Freedom's spark be out,
Then we'll be d—d, no doubt, Dumourier.

Robert Burns

Impromptu On Mrs. Riddell's Birthday

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred:
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.

"Now Jove, for once be mighty civil.
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

Robert Burns

In The Character Of A Ruined Farmer

Tune - "Go from my window, Love, do."

The sun he is sunk in the west,
All creatures retired to rest,
While here I sit, all sore beset,
With sorrow, grief, and woe:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear partner of my breast;
Her cares for a moment at rest:
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lie my sweet babies in her arms;
No anxious fear their little hearts alarms;
But for their sake my heart does ache,
With many a bitter throe:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest:
I once could relieve the distrest:
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd
My fate will scarce bestow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!
How welcome to me were the grave!
But then my wife and children dear-
O, wither would they go!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn!

All friendless, forsaken, forlorn!
For, in this world, Rest or Peace
I never more shall know!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

Robert Burns

Inconstancy In Love

LET not Woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not Woman e'er complain
Fickle Man is apt to rove:
Look abroad thro' Nature's range,
Nature's mighty Law is change,
Ladies, would it not seem strange
Man should then a monster prove!

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow,
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly Man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

Robert Burns

Inscribed On A Work Of Hannah More's

THOU flatt'ring mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor;
Tho' sweetly female ev'ry part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart
Does both the sexes honour:
She show'd her taste refin'd and just,
When she selected thee;
Yet deviating, own I must,
For sae approving me:
But kind still I'll mind still
The giver in the gift;
I'll bless her, an' wiss her
A Friend aboon the lift.

Robert Burns

Inscription At Friars' Carse Hermitage

TO Riddell, much lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Wandr'er, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

Robert Burns

Inscription For An Alter Of Independence

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear—
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

Robert Burns

Inscription For The Headstone Of Fergusson The Poet

NO 1 sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust;"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er the Poet's dust.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS
She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate;
Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admired.

This tribute, with a tear, now gives
A brother Bard-he can no more bestow:
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
A nobler monument than Art can shew.

Robert Burns

Inscription On Mr. Syme's Crystal Goblet

THERE'S Death in the cup, so beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But who can avoid the fell snare,
The man and his wine's so bewitching!

Robert Burns

Inscription To Chloris

'TIS Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst Peace in constant arms)
To join the Friendly Few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour;
(And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind,
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
Of conscious Honour's part;
And (dearest gift of Heaven below)
Thine Friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of Sense and Taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the Poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

Robert Burns

Inscription To Jessie Lewars

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer,
That Fate may, in her fairest page,
With ev'ry kindest, best presage
Of future bliss, enroll thy name:
With native worth and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill—but chief, Man's felon snare;

All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the IES, June 26, 1769.

Robert Burns

It Was A' For Our Rightfu' King

It was a' for our rightfu' king
That we left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain!
My love, and native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu for evermore.

The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main.
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gone and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

Robert Burns

It Was A' For Our Rightful King

1 It was a' for our rightful king
2 That we left fair Scotland's strand;
3 It was a' for our rightful king
4 We e'er saw Irish land,
5 My dear,
6 We e'er saw Irish land.

7 Now a' is done that men can do,
8 And a' is done in vain!
9 My love, and native land, fareweel!
10 For I maun cross the main,
11 My dear,
12 For I maun cross the main.

13 He turn'd him right and round about,
14 Upon the Irish shore,
15 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
16 With, Adieu for evermore,
17 My dear!
18 And adieu for evermore!

19 The soldier frae the war returns,
20 And the merchant frae the main.
21 But I hae parted frae my love,
22 Never to meet again,
23 My dear,
24 Never to meet again.

25 When day is gone and night is come,
26 And a' folk bound to sleep,
27 I think on him that's far awa
28 The lee-lang night, and weep,
29 My dear,
30 The lee-lang night, and weep.

Robert Burns

Jamie, Come Try Me

Chorus.—Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me,
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

IF thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me!
Jamie, come try me, &c.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me!
Jamie, come try me, &c.

Robert Burns

John Anderson My Jo

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was bent;
But now your brow is bled, John,
Your locks are like the straw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

Robert Burns

John Barleycorn: A Ballad

There was three kings unto the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

Robert Burns

Lament For James, Earl Of Glencairn

THE WIND blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods,
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom Death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To Echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques o' the vernal queir!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the agèd year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all-revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending agèd tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane;
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown:
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing, and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left may aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only, friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists obscure involv'd me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date,

While villains ripen grey with time?
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prim
Why did I live to see that day—
A day to me so full of woe?
O! had I met the mortal shaft
That laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

Robert Burns

Lament Of Mary, Queen Of Scots

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea;
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae;
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may Summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the Autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn?
And, in the narrow house of death,
Let Winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the Spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

Robert Burns

Lament Of Mary, Queen Of Scots, On The Approach Of Spring

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daises white
Out o'er the grassy lea
Now Pheebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
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The mavis wild ai' mony a note,
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Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

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Bloom on my peaceful grave!

Robert Burns

Lass Of Cessnock Banks, The

A Song of Similes

Tune - 'If he be a Butcher neat and trim.'

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mein;
Our lasses a' she far excels,
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist,
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her bosom's like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen;
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen;
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish een.

Robert Burns

Lass That Made The Bed To Me, The

When Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na whare to lodge till day:
By my gude luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And Kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
An bade her make a bed to me;
She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it doun;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank - "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

Chorus - The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me,
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head:
A cod she laid below my head,
And served me with due respect,
And, to salute her wi' a kis,
I put my arms about her neck.

Chorus: -...

"Haud aff your hands, young man! she said,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony luv for me,
O wrang ma my virginitie."
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,

Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Chorus: -...

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And aye she wist na what to say:
I laid her 'tween me and the wa';
The lassie thocht na lang till day.

Chorus: -...

Upon the morrow when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas, ye've ruin'd me."
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall make the bed to me."

Chorus: - ...

She took her mither's holland sheets,
An' made them a' in sarks to me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Chorus: -...

Robert Burns

Last May A Braw Wooer

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men:
The deuce gae wi' 'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi' 'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was diein;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean:
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein,
The Lord forgie me for liein!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I ken'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
(The deil tak his taste to gae near her!)
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock.
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shoulder I gae him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet--

But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begg'd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

Robert Burns

Lines Inscribed In A Lady's Pocket Almanack

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till Slave and Despot be but things that were.

Robert Burns

Lines Inscribed Under Fergusson's Portrait

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the Bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

Robert Burns

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Robert Burns

Lines Of John M'Murdo, Esq.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle, furrow'd by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
O may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

Robert Burns

Lines On Meeting With Lord Daer

THIS 1 wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprackl'd up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests—
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken!—
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord!—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!
Up higher yet, my bonnet
An' sic a Lord!—lang Scoth ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
An' how he star'd and stammer'd,
When, goavin, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sidying shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I markèd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care
To meet with noble youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

Robert Burns

Lines On The Author's Death

HE who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed.

Robert Burns

Lines On The Fall Of Fyers

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewles Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding lours:
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils

Robert Burns

Lines On The Fall Of Fyers Near Loch Ness

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lours:
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils -

Robert Burns

Lines To An Old Sweetheart

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.
And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more,
Who, distant, burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

Robert Burns

Lines To John M'Murdo Of Drumlanrig

O COULD I give thee India's wealth,
As I this trifle send;
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest bard's esteem.

Robert Burns

Lines To Mr. John Kennedy

FAREWELL, dear friend! may guid luck hit you,
And 'mang her favourites admit you:
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him,
And ony deil that thinks to get you,
Good Lord, deceive him

Robert Burns

Lines Written On A Bank-Note

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass!
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy curst restriction:
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil;
And for thy potence vainly wished,
To crush the villain in the dust:
For lack o' thee, I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.R. B.

Robert Burns

Lines Written Under The Picture Of Miss Burns

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess:
True it is, she had one failing,
Had a woman ever less?

Robert Burns

Lord Gregory: A Ballad

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou bolt of Heaven that flashest by,
O, wilt thou bring me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see;
But spare and pardon my fause Love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me.

Robert Burns

Love In The Guise Of Friendship

Talk not of love, it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe;
He bound me in an iron chain,
And plung'd me deep in woe.

But friendship's pure and lasting joys,
My heart was form'd to prove;
There, welcome win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
O why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only, one request
You know I will deny?

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.

Robert Burns

Lovely Polly Stewart

Chorus.—O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art!

THE FLOWER it blows, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth, eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart,
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart!
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

Robert Burns

Lovely Young Jessie

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young JESSIE seek Scotland all over;
To equal young JESSIE you seek it in vain,
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily, at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms SHE alone is a stranger;
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

Robert Burns

Mally's Meek, Mally's Sweet

Chorus—Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet;
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

AS I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon;
An' 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon,
Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinklin down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck,
Mally's meek, &c.

Robert Burns

Man Was Made To Mourn: A Dirge

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
Began the rev'rend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miseries of man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;—
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours—
Thy glorious, youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law.
That man was made to mourn.

“Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then Age and Want—oh! ill-match'd pair—
Shew man was made to mourn.

“A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest:
But oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

“Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

“See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

“If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,

By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn!"

Robert Burns

Mary Morison

O Mary, at thy window be!

It is the wish'd the trysted hour.

Those smiles and glances let me see,

That makes the miser's treasure poor.

How blythely wad I bide the stoure,

A weary slave frae sun to sun,

Could I the rich reward secure --

The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string

The dance gaed thro the lighted ha',

To thee my fancy took its wing,

I sat, but neither heard or saw:

Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,

And yon the toast of a'the town,

I sigh'd, and said amang them a' --

"Ye are na Mary Morison!"

O, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace

Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?

Or canst thou break that heart of his

Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gie,

At least be pity to me shown:

A thought ungentle canna be

The thought o' Mary Morison.

Robert Burns

Masonic Song—ye Sons Of Old Killie

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honoured station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion;
A prayer from thee Muse you well may excuse
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind, and the tide,
Who markèd each element's border;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order:—
Within this dear mansion, may wayward Contention
Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly Love be the centre!

Robert Burns

Monody On A Lady, Famed For Her Caprice

HOW cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd;
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on his prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

Robert Burns

Montgomerie's Peggy

Tune - "Galla Water."

Altho' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie;
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready;
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me, -
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

Robert Burns

M'Pherson's Rant

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus:

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring , and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring me to my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Robert Burns

Mr. William Smellie: A Sketch

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came;
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night:
His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting-rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

Robert Burns

Mr. William Smellie: A Sketch

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came;
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night:
His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting-rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

Robert Burns

My Bonie Bell

THE SMILING Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear:
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonie Bell.

Robert Burns

My Eppie Macnab

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
Whate'er thou hast dune, be it late, be it sune,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
She let's thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab!
As light as the air, and as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

Robert Burns

My Father Was A Farmer: A Ballad

MY father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O;
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was charming, O;
My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my education, O:
Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted Fortune's favour, O;
Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate each endeavour, O;
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd, sometimes by friends forsaken, O;
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd and tir'd at last, with Fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to this conclusion, O;
The past was bad, and the future hid, its good or ill untried, O;
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to befriend me, O;
So I must toil, and sweat, and moil, and labour to sustain me, O;
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred me early, O;
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for Fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber, O:
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in his palace, O,
Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted malice, O:
I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther, O:

But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour, I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon me, O;
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my goodnatur'd folly, O:
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther, O:
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O.

Robert Burns

My Girl She's Airy: A Fragment

MY girl she's airy, she's buxom and gay;
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms in May;
A touch of her lips it ravishes quite:
She's always good natur'd, good humour'd, and free;
She dances, she glances, she smiles upon me;
I never am happy when out of her sight.

Robert Burns

My Heart's In The Highlands

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Robert Burns

My Highland Lassie, O

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.

 Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
 I sit me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland Lassie, O.

 Within the glen...

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my highland Lassie, O.

 Within the glen...

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful highland Lassie, O.

 Within the glen...

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.

 Within the glen...

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred troth and honor's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my highland Lassie, O.

 Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!

Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O!

Robert Burns

My Highland Lassie, O

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care:
Their titles a' arc empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Chorus.—Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right guid will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland Lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea!
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
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That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret troth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,

I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rashy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Robert Burns

My Last Farewell To Stirling

Nae lark in transport mounts the sky
Or leaves wi' early plaintive cry,
But I will bid a last good-bye,
My last farewell to Stirling O.

Chorus:

Tho' far awa, ma hert's wi' you.
Our youthful 'oors, upon wings they flew
But I will bid a last adieu
A last farewell to Stirling O.

Nae mair I'll meet ye in the dark
Or gang wi' you to the King's Park
Or raise the hare from oot their flap
When I gae far fae Stirling O.

Nae mair I'll wander through the glen,
Disturb the roost o' the pheasant hen.
Or chase the rabbits tae their den
When I gae far fae Stirling O.

Their one request before I go
And this is to my comrades all:
My dog and gun I'll leave to you
When I gae far fae Stirling O.

So fare thee well my Jeannie dear
For you I'll shed a bitter tear.
I hope you'll find another, dear,
When I gae far fae Stirling O.

So fare thee well, for I am bound
For twenty years to Van Diemen's Land.
But think of me, and what I've done
When I gae far fae Stirling O.

Robert Burns

My Lord A-Hunting He Is Gane

Chorus.—MY lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gone,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude;
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.
My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.
My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie than a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to mak him blest.
My lady's gown, &c.

Robert Burns

My Love, She's But A Lassie Yet

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
My love, she's but a lassie yet!
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet!

I rue the day I sought her, O!
I rue the day I sought her, O!
Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,
But he may say he has bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet!
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a'dry wi' drinkin o't,
We're a'dry wi' drinkin o't!
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife-
He could na preach for thinkin o't!

Robert Burns

My Nannie, O

Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud and shill;
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young:
 Nae artfu' wiles to Will ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 She's spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

Robert Burns

My Spouse Nancy

'Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife
Yet I am not your slave, Sir.'
'One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it Man or Woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?'

'If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good bye, allegiance!'
'Sad shall I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy.'

'My poor heart, then break it must,
My last hour I am near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think how you will bear it.'
'I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy.'

'Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you!'
'I'll wed another like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy.'

Robert Burns

Nature's Law: A Poem

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife:
And other poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life:
Shame fa' the fun, wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name, and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
"Go on, ye human race;
This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase.
The liquid fire of strong desire
I've pour'd it in each bosom;
Here, on this had, does Mankind stand,
And there is Beauty's blossom."

The Hero of these artless strains,
A lowly bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains,
With meikle mirth an'glee;
Kind Nature's care had given his share
Large, of the flaming current;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful, high behest
Thrill, vital, thro' and thro';
And sought a correspondent breast,
To give obedience due:
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs,
From mildews of abortion;
And lo! the bard—a great reward—
Has got a double portion!

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire:
To sing auld Coil in nobler style
With more poetic fire.

Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes;
And bless auld Coila, large and long,
With multiplying joys;
Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flow'r of ancient nations;
And Burnses spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations!

Robert Burns

News, Lassies, News

THERE'S news, lassies, news,
Gude news I've to tell!
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

Chorus.—The wean wants a cradle,
And the cradle wants a cod:
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a man.
The wean, &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o'yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till'd again.
The wean, &c.

Robert Burns

No Churchman Am I

NO churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother-his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air?
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
for sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pury old landlord just waddl'd upstairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair,
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE
Then fill up a bumper and make it
o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;

May ev'ry true Brother of the Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

Robert Burns

Now Spring Has Clad The Grove In Green

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers:
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe?

The trout in yonder wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art --
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the with'ring blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye:
As little reekt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,

Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

Robert Burns

Ny Nannie, O

Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud and shill;
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young:
 Nae artfu' wiles to Will ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 She's spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,

But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

Robert Burns

O Aye My Wife She Dang Me

Chorus—O aye my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith! she'll soon o'er-gang ye.

ON peace an' rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
Sane cursedly miscarried.
O aye my wife, &c.

Some sairie comfort at the last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man,
O aye my wife, &c.

Robert Burns

O Leave Novels!

O LEAVE novels, 1 ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel;
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

Robert Burns

O Thou Dread Power

O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make this prayer sincere.

The hoary Sire - the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The seauteous, seraph sister-band -
With earnest tears I pray -
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er Life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven

Robert Burns

O Tibbie, I Hae Seen The Day

Tune - "Invercauld's Reel, or Strathspey."

Choir. - O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stour;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

When coming hame on Sunday last,
Upon the road as I cam past,
Ye snufft and ga'e your head a cast-
But trowth I care't na by.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But, if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,

Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad speir your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

There lives a lass beside yon park,
I'd rather hae her in her sark,
Than you wi' a' your thousand mark;
That gars you look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

Robert Burns

O, Were My Love

O, were my love yon lilac fair
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing.
How I wad mourn when it was torn
 By Autumn wild and Winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing
 When youthfu May its bloom renew'd.

O, gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel a drap o' dew
 Into her bonie breast to fa',
O, there, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light!

Robert Burns

Ode For General Washington's Birthday

NO Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake;
'Tis liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
See gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring,
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout—a People freed! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's god-like form?
Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmov'd behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created fury dared to raise?
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the hand that struck th' insulting blow!
Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man!

Alfred! on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And rous'd the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great design,
To make detested tyrants bleed?

Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England in thunder calls, "The tyrant's cause is mine!";
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice
And hell, thro' all her confines, raise the exulting voice,
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia! thy wild heaths among,
Fam'd for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies
Hear it not, WALLACE! in thy bed of death.
Ye babbling winds! in silence sweep,
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as the rock, resistless as the storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing;
Show me that arm which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
Crush'd Usurpation's boldest daring!—
Dark-quench'd as yonder sinking star,
No more that glance lightens afar;
That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.

Robert Burns

Ode On The Departed Regency Bill

DAUGHTER of Chaos' doting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears,
Whether thy airy, insubstantial shade
(The rights of sepulture now duly paid)
Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage
Factions wild with factions wage;
Or under-ground, deep-sunk, profound,
Among the demons of the earth,
With groans that make the mountains shake,
Thou mourn thy ill-starr'd, blighted birth;
Or in the uncreated Void,
Where seeds of future being fight,
With lessen'd step thou wander wide,
To greet thy Mother—Ancient Night.
And as each jarring, monster-mass is past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast:
In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
Hear, Spirit, hear! thy presence I invoke!
By a Monarch's heaven-struck fate,
By a disunited State,
By a generous Prince's wrongs.
By a Senate's strife of tongues,
By a Premier's sullen pride,
Louring on the changing tide;
By dread Thurlow's powers to awe
Rhetoric, blasphemy and law;
By the turbulent ocean—
A Nation's commotion,
By the harlot-caresses
Of borough addresses,
By days few and evil,
(Thy portion, poor devil!)
By Power, Wealth, and Show,
(The Gods by men adored,)
By nameless Poverty,
(Their hell abhorred,)
By all they hope, by all they fear,

Hear! and appear!

Stare not on me, thou ghastly Power!
Nor, grim with chained defiance, lour:
No Babel-structure would I build
Where, order exil'd from his native sway,
Confusion may the REGENT-sceptre wield,
While all would rule and none obey:
Go, to the world of man relate
The story of thy sad, eventful fate;
And call presumptuous Hope to hear
And bid him check his blind career;
And tell the sore-prest sons of Care,
Never, never to despair!
Paint Charles' speed on wings of fire,
The object of his fond desire,
Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand:
Paint all the triumph of the Portland Band;
Mark how they lift the joy-exulting voice,
And how their num'rous creditors rejoice;
But just as hopes to warm enjoyment rise,
Cry CONVALESCENCE! and the vision flies.
Then next pourtray a dark'ning twilight gloom,
Eclipsing sad a gay, rejoicing morn,
While proud Ambition to th' untimely tomb
By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends is borne:
Paint ruin, in the shape of high D[undas]
Gaping with giddy terror o'er the brow;
In vain he struggles, the fates behind him press,
And clam'rous hell yawns for her prey below:
How fallen That, whose pride late scaled the skies!
And This, like Lucifer, no more to rise!
Again pronounce the powerful word;
See Day, triumphant from the night, restored.

Then know this truth, ye Sons of Men!
(Thus ends thy moral tale,)
Your darkest terrors may be vain,
Your brightest hopes may fail.

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(Thus ends thy moral tale,)
Your darkest terrors may be vain,
Your brightest hopes may fail.

Of A' The Airts

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow and rivers row,
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flowers;
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds;
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns

Oh Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast

Oh wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desart were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

Robert Burns

On A Bank Of Flowers

On a bank of flowers in a summer day
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wand'ring thro the wood
Who for her favour oft had sued
He gaz'd, he wish'd He fear'd, he blush'd
And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were sealed in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dyed the rose.
The springing lilies, sweetly Crest,
Wild-wanton kissed her rival breast:
He gaz'd, he wish'd, He fear'd he blush'd
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light-waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, He fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
On fear-inspired wings
So Nelly starting, half-awake
Away affrighted springs.
But Willie, follow'd---as he should
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd, He found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

Robert Burns

On A Scotch Bard, Gone To The West Indies

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie 's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea!

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random splore;
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar;
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore.
An' owre the sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee:
He was her Laureat mony a year,
That's owre the sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a berth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On a scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding;
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in cozie biel:
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
That's owre the sea.

Farewell, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie!
I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea!

Robert Burns

On Chloris Being Ill

Chorus—Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling Fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, long, &c.

Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror,
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
Long, long, &c.

Hear me, Powers Divine!
Oh, in pity, hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, long, &c.

Robert Burns

On Elphinstone's Translation Of Martial's Epigrams

O THOU whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors,
Heard'st thou yon groan?—proceed no further,
'Twas laurel'd Martial calling murther.

Robert Burns

On Glenriddell's Fox Breaking His Chain

THOU, Liberty, thou art my theme;
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has;
Such stale conceits are poor and silly;
I paint thee out, a Highland filly,
A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
As sleek's a mouse, as round's an apple,
That when thou pleasest canst do wonders;
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premised, I sing a Fox,
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained,
How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell! Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Could'st thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature?
How could'st thou, with a heart so good,
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood!)
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?

The staunchest Whig Glenriddell was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
The Rights of Men, the Powers of Women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates

Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates,
With many rueful, bloody stories
Of Tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories:
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley-slaves in hell;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding Slavery's chains on Man;
How fell Semiramis—G—d d-mn her!
Did first, with sacrilegious hammer,
(All ills till then were trivial matters)
For Man dethron'd forge hen-peck fetters;

How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping glory,
Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta;
How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er a bowing world,
And, kinder than they did desire,
Polish'd mankind with sword and fire;
With much, too tedious to relate,
Of ancient and of modern date,
But ending still, how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit,
Has gagg'd old Britain, drain'd her coffer,
As butchers bind and bleed a heifer,

Thus wily Reynard by degrees,
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a College;
Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution,
How fortune wrought us good from evil;
Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
As who should say, 'I never can need him,'
Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.

Robert Burns

On Seeing Mrs. Kemble In Yarico

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
For Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet nor of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

Robert Burns

On Tam The Chapman

AS Tam the chapman on a day,
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd, he greets a wight so famous,
And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,
And there blows up a hearty crack:
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they could na part;
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death taks him hame to gie him quarters.

Robert Burns

On The Birth Of A Posthumous Child

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair?

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form:
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend o' Woe and Want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair in the summer morn,
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

Robert Burns

On The Death Of Robert Dundas, Esq., Of Arniston

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan;
The hollow caves return a hollow moan.
Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic glooms I fly;
Where, to the whistling blast and water's roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod:
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
She sank, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now, gay in hope, explore the paths of men:
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:
Mark Ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times,
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours the unpitied wail!

Ye dark waste hills, ye brown unsightly plains,

Congenial scenes, ye soothe my mournful strains:
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure—
That would degenerate ages cannot cure.

Robert Burns

On The Late Captain Grose's Peregrinations

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's;—
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you takin notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it:

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel;
And wow! he has an unco sleight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches,
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats and auld saut-buckets,
Before the flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass:
A broomstick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nickit Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him:
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And THEN ye'll see him!

Now, by the Pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, "Shame fa' thee!"

Robert Burns

On The Seas And Far Away

HOW can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego—
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

Chorus.—On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun,
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun;
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away,
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.

At the starless, midnight hour
When Winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away,
On the seas and far away,

On stormy seas and far away;
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother Man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet;
Then may heav'n with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

Robert Burns

One Night As I Did Wander

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder
Upon an auld tree root;
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echoed through the braes

Robert Burns

Open The Door To Me, Oh

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
Oh, open the door to me, oh,
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, oh.

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh:
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh.

The wan Moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, oh:
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees the pale corse on the plain, oh:
"My true love!" she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh.

Robert Burns

Paraphrase Of The First Psalm

The man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees,
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore,
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

Robert Burns

Pegasus At Wanlockhead

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo, weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty caulker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod,
I'll pay you like my master.

Robert Burns

Peggy

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather;
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night.
To muse upou my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts tbe lonely dell;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away, the cruel sway!
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,

Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose

O, my luvie is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O, my love is like a melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvie am I,
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare the weel, my only luvie!
And fare the well awhile!
And I will come again, my love.
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

Robert Burns

Ploughman's Life, The

As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring,
I heard a young ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
And as he was singin', thir words he did say, -
There's nae life like the ploughman's in the month o' sweet May.

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
And mount i' the air wi' the dew on her breast,
And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

Robert Burns

Poem On Pastoral Poetry

HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers:
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why, thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin', till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air,
And rural grace;
And, wi' the far-fam'd Grecian, share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtle twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonie lasses bleach their claes,
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays,
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

Robert Burns

Poem On Sensibility

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou alas! hast known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate in the clay.

Hear the wood lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
But alas! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow:
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

Robert Burns

Poor Mailie's Elegy

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears tricklin down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead!
The last, sad cape-stane o' his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend an' neebor dear
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel' wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her livin image in her yowe
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the Tweed.

A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing - a raip!
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon -
His Mailie's dead!

Robert Burns

Prayer, Under The Pressure Of Violent Anguish

O Thou Great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distress;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure, Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But, if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine!

Robert Burns

Prayer—o Thou Dread Power

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make this prayer sincere.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare;
To bless this little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth.
In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band—
With earnest tears I pray—
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps away.

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er Life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven!

Robert Burns

Prologue, Spoken By Mr. Woods At Edinburgh

WHEN, by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
Wae'n here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
But here an ancient nation, fam'd afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war.
Hail, CALEDONIA, name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear?
Where every science, every nobler art,
That can inform the mind or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Here History paints with elegance and force
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
And Harley rouses all the God in man.
When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here!
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name:
Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand

Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
May every son be worthy of his sire;
Firm may she rise, with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;
Still Self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

Robert Burns

Rantin, Rovin Robin

THERE 1 was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Chor.—Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin', rantin', rovin',
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin', rovin', Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun, 2
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hanel in on Robin.
Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof:
I think we'll ca' him Robin."
Robin was, &c.

"He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a',
He'll be a credit till us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."
Robin was, &c.

"But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee! Robin."
Robin was, &c.

"Guid faith," quo', scho, "I doubt you gar
The bonie lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur
So blessins on thee! Robin."
Robin was, &c.

Robert Burns

Remorse: A Fragment

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish
Beyond comparison the worst are those
By our own folly, or our guilt brought on:
In ev'ry other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say, "It was no deed of mine:"
But, when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added, "Blame thy foolish self!"
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse,
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, when we've involvèd others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us;
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs;
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
O happy, happy, enviable man!
O glorious magnanimity of soul!

Robert Burns

Remorseful Apology

THE FRIEND whom, wild from Wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send,
(Not moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!—
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

Robert Burns

Reply To An Announcement By J. Rankine

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';
Some people tell me gin I fa',
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice;
Yet never met wi' that surprise
That broke my rest;
But now a rumour's like to rise—
A whaup's i' the nest!

Robert Burns

Rhyming Reply To A Note From Captain Riddell

DEAR SIR, at ony time or tide,
I'd rather sit wi' you than ride,
Though 'twere wi' royal Geordie:
And trowth, your kindness, soon and late,
Aft gars me to mysel' look blate—
The Lord in Heav'n reward ye!R. ISLAND.

Robert Burns

Rigs O' Barley, The

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held away to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion, she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly:
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain:
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs...

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs...

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gatherin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,

That happy night was worth then a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs...

Robert Burns

Robert Bruce's March To Bannockburn

Scots, what hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power -
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We sill drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

Robert Burns

Ronalds Of The Bennals, The

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's laird, and weel he can spare't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man;
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonie a lass or as braw, man;
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man,

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man;
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man:
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa, man,
The fau't wad be mine if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man;
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man:
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O'pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man;
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Twa' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on their drants,
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin't together at a', man;
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

Robert Burns

Sappho Redivivus: A Fragment

BY all I lov'd, neglected and forgot,
No friendly face e'er lights my squalid cot;
Shunn'd, hated, wrong'd, unpitied, unredrest,
The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest!
Ev'n the poor súpport of my wretched life,
Snatched by the violence of legal strife.
Oft grateful for my very daily bread
To those my family's once large bounty fed;
A welcome inmate at their homely fare,
My griefs, my woes, my sighs, my tears they share:
(Their vulgar souls unlike the souls refin'd,
The fashioned marble of the polished mind).

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
Above the world, on wings of Love, I rise—
I know its worst, and can that worst despise;
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
M[ontgomer]y, rich reward, o'erpays them all!

Mild zephyrs waft thee to life's farthest shore,
Nor think of me and my distress more,—
Falsehood accurst! No! still I beg a place,
Still near thy heart some little, little trace:
For that dear trace the world I would resign:
O let me live, and die, and think it mine!

"I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the crackling flames are borne;"
Now raving-wild, I curse that fatal night,
Then bless the hour that charm'd my guilty sight:
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose,
Chain'd at Love's feet, they groan, his vanquish'd foes.
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye,
I dare not combat, but I turn and fly:
Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallow'd fire,

Love grasps her scorpions—stifled they expire!
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone;
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields.
By all on high adoring mortals know!
By all the conscious villain fears below!
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear,
Not life, nor soul, were ever half so dear!

Robert Burns

Saw You My Dear, My Philly

O SAW ye my Dear, my Philly?
O saw ye my Dear, my Philly,
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new Love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she my dear, my Philly?
What says she my dear, my Philly?
She lets thee to wit she has thee forgot,
And forever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

Robert Burns

Scotch Drink

Let other poets raise a fracas
Bout vines, and wines, an drucken Bacchus,
An crabbit names an stories wrack us,
 An grate our lug:
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
 In glass or Jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch drink!
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
 In glorious faem
Inspire me, till I lisp an wink,
 To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
An aits set up their awnie horn,
An Pease and beans, at e'en or morn,
 Perfume the plain:
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an keeps us livin;
Tho life's a gift no worth receivin
When heavy-dragg'd wi pine an grievin;
 But oil'd by thee
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scievin,
 Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear,
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At 's weary toil;

Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi gentles thou erscts thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine:
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When, gaping, they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn
Or reekin on a New-Year mornin
In cog or bicker,
An just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An ploughmen gather wi their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At every chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel:
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an studdie ring an reel,
Wi dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin coofs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!

Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-brie
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burnin trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken hash
O' half his days;
An sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackless devils like mysel!
It sets you ill
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An gouts torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain
Out owre a glass o' whisky-punch
Wi honest men!

O Whisky! soul o' plays an pranks!
Accept a Bardie's gratefu thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!

Thou comes---they rattle i' their ranks,
At ither's arses!

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an barkin hoast
 May kill us a';
For loyal Eorbes' charter'd boast
 Is taen awa!

They curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whisky stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
 There, seize the blinkers!
An bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breek, a scone, an whisky gill,
An rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak a' the rest,
An deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

Robert Burns

Scots Prologue For Mr. Sutherland

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend, like brandy, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
For Comedy abroad he need to toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece,
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Would shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the Muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!
O for a Shakespeare, or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms:
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut that direst foe—a vengeful woman;
A woman, (tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,)
As able and as wicked as the Devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age:
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land

Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where he justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard, and say The folks hae done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caition,
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time, an' lay him on his back!

For us and for our Stage, should ony spier,
"Whase aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow—
We have the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers shore before ye strike;
And gratefu' still, I trust ye'll ever find us,
For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

Robert Burns

Scots Wha Hae

Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power---
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?---
Let him turn, and flee!
Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain your dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!---
Let us do, or die!

Robert Burns

Scots, Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
Let us do or die!

Robert Burns

Scroggam, My Dearie

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam;
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen;
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam;
The priest o' the parish he fell in anither;
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither;
Sing auld Cowl, lay ye down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

Robert Burns

Second Epistle To J. Lapraik

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite,
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best an' something lazy:
Quo' she, "Ye ken we've been sae busy
This month an' mair,
That trowth, my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jade!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly;
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
An' thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumple in the ink:
Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove, I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither;
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp;
She's but a bitch.

She 's gien me mony a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upon the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,

Behint a kist to lie an' sklent;
Or pursue-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
An' muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal thane,
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks;
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

"O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if thou please, adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride!"

Were this the charter of our state,
"On pain o' hell be rich an' great,"
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to heaven, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began;
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be—
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he."

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers o' the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine

In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night!

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcass howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere;
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
Each passing year!

Robert Burns

Second Epistle To Robert Graham, Esq., Of Fintry

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest):
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain;
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell;
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes—her dreaded spear and darts.

But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still:
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not, Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,

And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name;
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose:

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life:
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointments snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost—
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears):
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

Robert Burns

She's Fair And Fause

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But Woman is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind;
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O Woman lovely, Woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

Robert Burns

Sketch In Verse, Inscribed To The Right Hon. C. J. Fox

HOW wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite,
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white,
How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction,
I sing: If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I—let the Critics go whistle!

But now for a Patron whose name and whose glory,
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem just lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right;
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name, offers fifty excuses.
Good L—d, what is Man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours:
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, Ruling Passion the picture will show him,
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? There's more in the wind;

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature called Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim.
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse:
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?
My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor poet,
Your courage, much more than your prudence, you show it:
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle:
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle:
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He'd up the back stairs, and by G—, he would steal 'em,
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em;
It is not, out-do him—the task is, out-thieve him!

Robert Burns

Sketch—new Year's Day, 1790

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain;
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see, the old bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less,
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow,
(That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow,)
And join with me a-moralizing;
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year has gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then, is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on his frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight:

That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.

Since then, my honour'd first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important now employ,
And live as those who never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale Envy to convulse),
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

Robert Burns

Song—'Indeed Will I,' Quo' Findlay

'WHA is that at my bower-door?'
'O wha is it but Findlay!'
'Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here:'
'Indeed maun I,' quo' Findlay;
'What mak' ye, sae like a thief?'
'O come and see,' quo' Findlay;
'Before the morn ye'll work mischief:'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'Gif I rise and let you in'—
'Let me in,' quo' Findlay;
'Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din,'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay;
'In my bower if ye should stay'—
'Let me stay,' quo' Findlay;
'I fear ye'll bide till break o' day,'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'Here this night if ye remain'—
'I'll remain,' quo' Findlay;
'I dread ye'll learn the gate again,'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.
'What may pass within this bower'—
'Let it pass,' quo' Findlay;
'Ye maun conceal till your last hour:'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

Robert Burns

Song—a Health To Ane I Loe Dear

Chorus—Here's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than ought in the world beside—Jessy.
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thine arms—Jessy.
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst Fortune's fell, cruel decree?—Jessy.
Here's a health, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—anna, Thy Charms

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of heaven.

Robert Burns

Song—behold The Hour, Etc. (Second Version)

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, the darling of my heart;
Sever'd from thee, can I survive,
But Fate has will'd and we must part.
I'll often greet the surging swell,
Yon distant Isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."
Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
"Happy thou Indian grove," I'll say,
"Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!"

Robert Burns

Song—behold, My Love, How Green The Groves

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To Shepherds as to Kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha':
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.

The Princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn!

The shepherd, in the flowery glen;
In shepherd's phrase, will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true!

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But, 'tis na love like mine.

Robert Burns

Song—beware O' Bonie Ann

YE gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan:
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin sae like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace, and Love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man:
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonie Ann!

Robert Burns

Song—blythe Hae I Been On Yon Hill

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me;
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
LESLEY is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

Robert Burns

Song—bonie Dundee: A Fragment

MY blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie!
My blessin's upon thy e'e-brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer, and dearer to me!

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
Whare Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
An' I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

Robert Burns

Song—bonie Peggy Alison

Chor.—And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again:
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

ILK care and fear, when thou art near
I evermair defy them, O!
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O!
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

And by thy een sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—braving Angry Winer's Storms

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks it beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

Robert Burns

Song—braw Lads O' Gala Water

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow-braes,
They rove amang the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure.

Robert Burns

Song—by Allan Stream

BY Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phoebus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds are whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
An' thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
"O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

"O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my Dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, 'I'm thine for ever!'
While mony a kiss the seal imprest—
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever."

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
The Summer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery thro' her short'ning day,
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow;
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

Robert Burns

Song—carle, An' The King Come

Chorus.—Carle, an the King come,
Carle, an the King come,
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
Carle, an the King come.

AN SOMEBODY were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And every man shall hae his ain,
Carle, an the King come.
Carle, an the King come, &c.

I trow we swapp'd for the worse,
We gae the boot and better horse;
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Carle, an the King come.
Carle, an the King come, &c.

Coggie, an the King come,
Coggie, an the King come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom
Coggie, an the King come.
Coggie, an the King come, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—charlie, He's My Darling

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

Chorus.—An' Charlie, he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie, he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonie lass
The window looking through,
An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in.
An' Charlie, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he ken'd the way
To please a bonie lass.
An' Charlie, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
An' down yon scroggie glen,
We daur na gang a milking,
For Charlie and his men,
An' Charlie, &c.

Song—clarina, Mistress Of My Soul

CLARINDA, mistres of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?

We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes,
No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise!

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

Robert Burns

Song—composed In August

NOW westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs on whirring wings
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine,
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow,
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

Robert Burns

Song—Composed in Spring

Again rejoicing nature sees

Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy looks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her ee?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still...

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still...

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still...

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still...

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still...

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!
And maun I still...

Robert Burns

Song—crowdie Ever Mair

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care,
Now I've gotten wife an' weans,
An' they cry "Crowdie" evermair.

Chorus.—Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me,
Glowrin' by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—down The Burn, Davie Love

AS down the burn they took their way,
And thro' the flowery dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale:

With "Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary—"Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."

Robert Burns

Song—fairest Maid On Devon's Banks

Chorus—Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not Love exclaim: "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so."
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—Farewell thou stream that winding flows

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling;
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling.
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, O Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus, aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last,
In overwhelming ruin.

Robert Burns

Song—farewell To The Highlands

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Chorus.—My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—fragment—damon And Sylvia

YON wandering rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower, where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir;
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought no crime, Sir,
The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

Robert Burns

Song—fragment—Johnie Lad, Cock Up Your Beaver

WHEN first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border, and gie them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!

Robert Burns

Song—fragment—leezie Lindsay

WILL ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be.

Robert Burns

Song—fragment—there Was A Bonie Lass

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear;
Till War's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and tear.
Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

Robert Burns

Song—fragment—why Tell The Lover

WHY, why tell thy lover
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?
O why, while fancy, raptur'd slumbers,
"Chloris, Chloris" all the theme,
Why, why would'st thou, cruel—
Wake thy lover from his dream?

Robert Burns

Song—gudewife, Count The Lawin

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light;
Gude ale and bratdy's stars and moon,
And blue-red wine's the risin' sun.

Chorus.—Then gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.
Then gudewife, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—gude Ale Keeps The Heart Aboon

Chorus—O gude ale comes and gude ale goes;
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon!

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,
And they drew a' weel eneugh:
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—
Gude ale keeps the heart aboon!
O gude ale comes, &c.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done—
Gude ale keeps the heart aboon!
O gude ale comes, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—had I A Cave

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the wave's dashing roar:
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind, can'st thou declare
All thy fond, plighted vows fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury;
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

Robert Burns

Song—highland Harry Back Again

MY Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

Chorus.—O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—i Hae A Wife O' My Ain

I HAE a wife of my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll take Cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie Cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody!
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a gude braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
Naebody cares for me,
I care for naebody.

Robert Burns

Song—i Hae Been At Crookieden

I HAE been at Crookieden,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Viewing Willie and his men,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.
There our foes that burnt and slew,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
There, at last, they gat their due,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

Satan sits in his black neuk,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
The bloody monster gae a yell,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.
And loud the laugh gied round a' hell
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

Robert Burns

Song—i'LI Meet Thee On The Lea Rig

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where birken buds
Wi' dew are hangin clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind Dearie O.

At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind Dearie O;
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind Dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun;
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind Dearie O.

Robert Burns

Song—i'M O'Er Young To Marry Yet

Chorus.—I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

I AM my mammny's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

My mammie coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir,
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud an' shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again;
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—in The Character Of A Ruined Farmer

THE SUN he is sunk in the west,
All creatures retir'd to rest,
While here I sit, all sore beset,
With sorrow, grief, and woe:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear partner of my breast;
Her cares for a moment at rest:
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lie my sweet babies in her arms;
No anxious fear their little hearts alarms;
But for their sake my heart does ache,
With many a bitter throe:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest:
I once could relieve the distress:
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd
My fate will scarce bestow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!
How welcome to me were the grave!
But then my wife and children dear—
O, wither would they go!

And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn!
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn!
For, in this world, Rest or Peace
I never more shall know!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

Robert Burns

Song—it Was A' For Our Rightfu' King

IT was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

Robert Burns

Song—kellyburn Braes

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburn Braes,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
He met with the Devil, says, "How do you fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"For, savin your presence, to her ye're a saint,"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"O welcome most kindly!" the blythe carl said,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan door,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
Syne bade her gae in, for a b—, and a w—,

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme:
Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa',
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"O help, maister, help, or she'll ruin us a'!"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n, but in hell,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
And to her auld husband he's carried her back,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life,
Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife,"

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Robert Burns

Song—kenmure's On And Awa, Willie

O KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa:
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine!
There's ne'er a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie;
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But sune, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa!
And here's the flower that I loe best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

Robert Burns

Song—kissing My Katie

O MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,
An' merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
O merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,
An' kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie;
O come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
An' blest be the day I did it again.

Robert Burns

Song—lady Mary Ann

O LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the Castle wa',
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower amang them a',
My bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet,
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue,
And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie and bloomin' and straught was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen,
But far better days I trust will come again;
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

Robert Burns

Song—lady Onlie, Honest Luckie

A' THE lads o' Thorniebank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky.

Chorus.—Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean
I wat she is a daintie chuckie;
And cheery blinks the ingle-gleed
O' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—mary Morison

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely was I bide the stour,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Robert Burns

Song—montgomerie's Peggy

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie;
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready;
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,—
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

Robert Burns

Song—m'Pherson's Farewell

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus.—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring me to my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Song—my Collier Laddie

WHARE live ye, my bonie lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye;
My name, she says, is mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier laddie.
My name, she says, &c.

See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie;
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
They a' are mine, &c.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
And ane to wait, &c.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie.
I wad turn my back, &c.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
An' spen't at night fu' brawlie:
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.
And make my bed, &c.

Love for love is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier laddie!

And the world before me, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—my Hoggie

WHAT will I do gin my Hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was voggie!
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie;
The tod reply'd upon the hill,
I trembled for my Hoggie.
When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke, lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie!

Robert Burns

Song—my Nanie, O!

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true;
As spotless as she's bonie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hands his pleugh,

An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by;
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O:
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O

Robert Burns

Song—my Nanie's Awa

NOW in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er her braes;
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violetes bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

Robert Burns

Song—my Native Land Sae Far Awa

O SAD and heavy, should I part,
But for her sake, sae far awa;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That formed this Fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert!
Like mine for her sae far awa;
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh, she is sae far awa!

Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but her's sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair, sae far awa.

Robert Burns

Song—my Wife's A Winsome Wee Thing

Chorus.—She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This dear wee wife o' mine.

I NEVER saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine,
She is a winsome, &c.

The world's wrack we share o't;
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.
She is a winsome, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—o May, Thy Morn

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
As the mirk night o' December!
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum!
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er 'em!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

Robert Burns

Song—o Were My Love You Lilac Fair

O WERE my love yon Lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By Autumn wild, and Winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I myself a drap o' dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'!
O there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light!

Robert Burns

Song—of A' The Airts The Wind Can Blaw

OF 1 a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between:
But day and night my fancys' flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns

Song—on A Bank Of Flowers

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued;
He gaz'd, he wish'd
He fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lip, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dyed the rose;
The springing lilies, sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton kissed her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He mear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light-waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace;
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd,
He fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs;
But Willie follow'd-as he should,
He overtook her in the wood;

He vow'd, he pray'd,
He found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

Robert Burns

Song—out Over The Forth

OUT over the Forth, I look to the North;
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.

But I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I loe best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

Robert Burns

Song—phillis The Fair

WHILE larks, with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing Spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad I did share;
While yon wild-flowers among,
Chance led me there!
Sweet to the op'ning day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

Robert Burns

Song—poortith Cauld And Restless Love

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wrack my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Chorus.—O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

The world's wealth, when I think on,
It's pride and a' the lave o't;
O fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

Her e'en, sae bonie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the simple cotter's fate!
He woos his artless dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make him eerie,
O why, &c.

Song—raging Fortune: A Fragment

O RAGING Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O!
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O!

But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O!
But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O!

Robert Burns

Song—sic A Wife As Willie Had

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster gude,
Could stown a clue wi' ony body:
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her!

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her!

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shin'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a lump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her!

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her!

Song—stay My Charmer

STAY my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me;
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go!
Cruel charmer, can you go!

By my love so ill-requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not liave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

Robert Burns

Song—such A Parcel Of Rogues In A Nation

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
An' Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English stell we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
That Treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Robert Burns

Song—talk Of Him That's Far Awa

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heav'n in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whispering spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

Robert Burns

Song—tam Glen

MY heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen!

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller—
"Gude day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen!

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen!

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten';
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written "Tam Glen"!

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house staukin,

And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Robert Burns

Song—the Banks O' Doon (First Version)

SWEET are the banks—the banks o' Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair,
And everything is blythe and glad,
But I am fu' o' care.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true:
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka birds sang o' its Luve,
And sae did I o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause Luver staw my rose
And left the thorn wi' me:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon!

Robert Burns

Song—the Battle Of Sherramuir

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
Or did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.
La, la, la, la, &c.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords, clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.
La, la, la, la, &c.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant True-blues, man:
In lines extended lang and large,
When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened dows, man!
La, la, la, la, &c.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysel, they did pursue,
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
And mony a huntit poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man!"
La, la, la, la, &c.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth unto Dundee, man;
Their left-hand general had nae skill;
The Angus lads had nae gude will
That day their neibors' blude to spill;
For fear, for foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.
La, la, la, la, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man!
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man,
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the world gude-night;
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew off in frightened bands, man!
La, la, la, la, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—the Bonie Moor-Hen

THE HEATHER was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

Chorus.—I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men,
I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men;
Take some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet-brushing the dew from the brown heather bells
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlustr'd the pride o' the spring
And O! as she wanton'd sae gay on the wing.
I rede you, &c.

Auld Phoebus himself, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he tried his skill;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
I rede you, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.
I rede you, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—the Bonie Wee Thing

Chorus.—Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel it should tine.

WISHFULLY I look and languish
In that bonie face o' thine,
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonie wee thing, &c.

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonie wee thing, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—the Braes O' Killiecrankie

WHERE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?

Chorus.—An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
I' the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O;
But I met the devil an' Dundee,
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—the Captive Ribband

DEAR Myra, the captive ribband's mine,
'Twas all my faithful love could gain;
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain?

Go, bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
Go, bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim.

The ribband shall its freedom lose—
Lose all the bliss it had with you,
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace;
And at its fortune if you grieve,
Retrieve its doom, and take its place.

Robert Burns

Song—the Charms Of Lovely Davies

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation?
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration;
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,
Like Phoebus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning:
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart, when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances;
The man in arms 'gainst female charms
Even he her willing slave is,
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse, to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender:
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour.
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Song—the Dumfries Volunteers

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir:
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a Foreign Foe
On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit a Foreign Foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it!
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselves united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
No! never but by British hands
Shall British wrangs be righted!

The Kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca'a nail in't.
Our father's blude the Kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the Mob aboon the Throne,

May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE!
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget THE PEOPLE!

Robert Burns

Song—the Gallant Weaver

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant Weaver.

O, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the Weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant Weaver.

Robert Burns

Song—the Highland Balou

HEE balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,
An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou funder!
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

Robert Burns

Song—the Lass Of Cessnock Banks

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mein;
Our lasses a' she far excels,
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist,
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;

An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her bosom's like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen;
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen;
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,

An' chiefly in her roguish een.

Robert Burns

Song—the Rigs O' Barley

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie;
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, &c.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;

I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—the Winter It Is Past

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the breer, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

Robert Burns

Song—the Winter Of Life

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa;
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of Age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh, Age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain:
Thou golden time, o' Youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again!

Robert Burns

Song—the Young Highland Rover

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon!

The trees, now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing;
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon.

Robert Burns

Song—to Daunton Me

THE BLUDE-RED rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.
Refrain.—To daunton me, to daunton me,
And auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you shall never see,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
And auld men shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e;
That auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—wandering Willie (Revised Version)

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
Welcome nowh Simmer, and welcome, my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me!

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

Robert Burns

Song—whistle And I'll Come To You

Chorus.—O WHISTLE, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
O whistle an' I'll come, &c.

Robert Burns

Song—will Ye Go To The Indies, My Mary?

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

Robert Burns

Song—yonder Pomp Of Costly Fashion

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
Mark yonder, &c. (four lines repeated).

What are the showy treasures,
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewels' blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze;
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day,
But did you see, &c.

O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Ev'n Avarice would deny,
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

Robert Burns

Sonnet On The Author's Birthday

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol, clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys—
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

Robert Burns

Sonnet On The Death Of Robert Riddell

NO more, ye warblers of the wood! no more;
Nor pour your descant grating on my soul;
Thou young-eyed Spring! gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddell lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers! pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
The man of worth—and hath not left his peer!
Is in his "narrow house," for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring! again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

Robert Burns

Sonnet To R. Graham, Esq., On Receiving A Favour

I CALL no Goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns:
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gifts still dearer, as the giver you.
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,
Then roll to me along your wand'rig spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!
I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
And grateful would, but cannot speak the rest.

Robert Burns

Stanzas On Naething

TO you, sir, this summons I've sent,
Pray, whip till the pownie is freathing;
But if you demand what I want,
I honestly answer you—naething.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
For idly just living and breathing,
While people of every degree
Are busy employed about—naething.

Poor Centum-per-centum may fast,
And grumble his hurdies their claithing,
He'll find, when the balance is cast,
He's gane to the devil for—naething.

The courtier cringes and bows,
Ambition has likewise its plaything;
A coronet beams on his brows;
And what is a coronet—naething.

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
Some quarrel Episcopal graithing;
But every good fellow will own
Their quarrel is a' about—naething.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
Approaching his bonie bit gay thing:
But marriage will soon let him know
He's gotten—a buskit up naething.

The Poet may jingle and rhyme,
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time,

He's kindly rewarded wi'—naething.

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger and swear like a heathen;
But collar him fast, I'll engage,
You'll find that his courage is—naething.

Last night wi' a feminine whig—
A Poet she couldna put faith in;
But soon we grew lovingly big,
I taught her, her terrors were naething.

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing,
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her, and promised her—naething.

The priest anathèmas may threat—
Predicament, sir, that we're baith in;
But when honour's reveillé is beat,
The holy artillery's naething.

And now I must mount on the wave—
My voyage perhaps there is death in;
But what is a watery grave?
The drowning a Poet is naething.

And now, as grim death's in my thought,
To you, sir, I make this bequeathing;
My service as long as ye've ought,
And my friendship, by God, when ye've naething.

Robert Burns

Stanzas, On The Same Occasion

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between—
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms,
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms:
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence,"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's part might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

Robert Burns

Suppressed Stanzas Of "The Vision";

WITH secret throes I marked that earth,
That cottage, witness of my birth;
And near I saw, bold issuing forth
In youthful pride,
A Lindsay race of noble worth,
Famed far and wide.

Where, hid behind a spreading wood,
An ancient Pict-built mansion stood,
I spied, among an angel brood,
A female pair;
Sweet shone their high maternal blood,
And father's air. 1

An ancient tower 2 to memory brought
How Dettingen's bold hero fought;
Still, far from sinking into nought,
It owns a lord
Who far in western climates fought,
With trusty sword.

Among the rest I well could spy
One gallant, graceful, martial boy,
The soldier sparkled in his eye,
A diamond water.
I blest that noble badge with joy,
That owned me frater. 3

After 20th stanza of the text (at "Dispensing good;"):—Near by arose
a mansion fine 4
The seat of many a muse divine;
Not rustic muses such as mine,
With holly crown'd,
But th' ancient, tuneful, laurell'd Nine,
From classic ground.

I mourn'd the card that Fortune dealt,
To see where bonie Whitefoords dwelt; 5
But other prospects made me melt,
That village near; 6
There Nature, Friendship, Love, I felt,
Fond-mingling, dear!

Hail! Nature's pang, more strong than death!
Warm Friendship's glow, like kindling wrath!
Love, dearer than the parting breath
Of dying friend!
Not ev'n with life's wild devious path,
Your force shall end!

The Power that gave the soft alarms
In blooming Whitefoord's rosy charms,
Still threatens the tiny, feather'd arms,
The barbed dart,
While lovely Wilhelmina warms
The coldest heart. 7

After 21st stanza of the text (at "That, to adore"):—Where Lugar
leaves his moorland plaid, 8
Where lately Want was idly laid,
I markèd busy, bustling Trade,
In fervid flame,
Beneath a Patroness' aid,
Of noble name.

Wild, countless hills I could survey,
And countless flocks as wild as they;
But other scenes did charms display,
That better please,
Where polish'd manners dwell with Gray,
In rural ease. 9

Where Cessnock pours with gurgling sound; 10
And Irwine, marking out the bound,
Enamour'd of the scenes around,
Slow runs his race,
A name I doubly honour'd found, 11
With knightly grace.

Brydon's brave ward, 12 I saw him stand,
Fame humbly offering her hand,
And near, his kinsman's rustic band, 13
With one accord,
Lamenting their late blessed land
Must change its lord.

The owner of a pleasant spot,
Near and sandy wilds, I last did note; 14
A heart too warm, a pulse too hot
At times, o'erran:
But large in ev'ry feature wrote,
Appear'd the Man.

Robert Burns

Sweet Afton

FLOW gently, sweet Afton! amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Robert Burns

Sweet Tibbie Dunbar

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But sae that thou'lt hae me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

Robert Burns

Sylvander To Clarinda

WHEN dear Clarinda, 1 matchless fair,
First struck Sylvander's raptur'd view,
He gaz'd, he listened to despair,
Alas! 'twas all he dared to do.

Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes,
Transfix'd his bosom thro' and thro';
But still in Friendships' guarded guise,
For more the demon fear'd to do.

That heart, already more than lost,
The imp beleaguer'd all perdue;
For frowning Honour kept his post—
To meet that frown, he shrunk to do.

His pangs the Bard refused to own,
Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew;
But Anguish wrung the unwee'ting groan—
Who blames what frantic Pain must do?

That heart, where motley follies blend,
Was sternly still to Honour true:
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend,
Was what a lover sure might do.

The Muse his ready quill employed,
No nearer bliss he could pursue;
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd—
"Send word by Charles how you do!"

The chill behest disarm'd his muse,
Till passion all impatient grew:
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,

'Twas, 'cause "he'd nothing else to do."

But by those hopes I have above!
And by those faults I dearly rue!
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
For thee that deed I dare uo do!

O could the Fates but name the price
Would bless me with your charms and you!
With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,
If human art and power could do!

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,
(Friendship, at least, I may avow;)
And lay no more your chill command,—
I'll write whatever I've to NDER.

Robert Burns

Tam Glen

1 My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
2 Some counsel unto me come len';
3 To anger them a' is a pity,
4 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

5 I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
6 In poortith I might mak a fen':
7 What care I in riches to wallow,
8 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

9 There's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller,
10 "Guid-day to you,"--brute! he comes ben:
11 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
12 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

13 My minnie does constantly deave me,
14 And bids me beware o' young men;
15 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
16 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

17 My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
18 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
19 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
20 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

21 Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
22 My heart to my mou gied a sten:
23 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
24 And thrice it was written, "Tam Glen"!

25 The last Halloween I was waukin
26 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken:
27 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
28 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

29 Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
30 I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
31 Gif ye will advise me to marry
32 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Robert Burns

Tam O' Shanter

A Tale

"Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this Buke."

Gawin Douglas.

When Chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors neibors meet;
As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate,
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the Miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on
The Smith and thee gat roarin fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday;
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: - Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by the ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white - then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the Rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. -

Nae man can tecther Time nor Tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;

And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel-mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnett,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge.
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirle. -
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses;
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light.
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted:
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled:
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son of life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which even to name was be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The Piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen! -
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That aince were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wud hae gien them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and waulie
That night enlisted in the core,
Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear);
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd:
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,

Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreich and hollo.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare ne cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tale:
The carlin clought her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Tam Samson's Elegy

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?
Or great Mackinlay 1 thravn his heel?
Or Robertson 2 again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
"Na' waur than a'! cries ilka chiel,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane—
Tam Samson's dead!

The Brethren, o' the mystic level
May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel;
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the "cock?"
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar,
In time o' need;
But now he lags on Death's "hog-score"—
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels, weel-ken'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since, dark in Death's fish-creel, we wail
Tam Samson's dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie muircocks, crouselly craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa;
Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd,
Saw him in shooting graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples free'd;
But och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters,
In vain the gout his ancles fetters,
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An' aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feid;
Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger,
Wi' weel-aimed heed;
"L—d, five!" he cry'd, an' owre did stagger—
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head;
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

There, low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest
To hatch an' breed:
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his memory crave,
O' pouter an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Heav'n rest his saul whare'er he be!
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH
Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies
Ye canting zealots, spare him!

If honest worth in Heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRAGo, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie; 3
Tell ev'ry social honest billie
To cease his grievin';
For, yet unskaited by Death's gleg gullie.
Tam Samson's leevin'!

Robert Burns

Tarbolton Lasses, The

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy;
She kens her father is a laird,
And she forsooth's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune:
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courtin'.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak a look o' Mysie;
She's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny;
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense-
She kens hersel she's bonie.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,
Speir in for bonie Bessy;
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonie, nane sae guid,
In a' King George' dominion;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this-
It's Bessy's ain opinion!

Robert Burns

Tear-Drop, The

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang lang Joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Of, if I were - where happy I hae been -
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis' e'e

Robert Burns

The Auld Farmer's New-Year-Morning Salutation To His Auld Mare , Maggie

A Guide New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
There could hae gaen like ony staggie,
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
I've seen the dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A bonie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank;
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's mear;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trotting wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, sleet, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie bride:

An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, and snore, an' skreigh
An' tak the road!
Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow:
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle
Might aiblins waurt thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours' gaun,
In guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit;
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,

An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' power;
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' riskit
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer:
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep,
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a',
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin;
For my last fow,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;

Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

Robert Burns

The Author's Earnest Cry And Prayer

YE Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple poet's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupit Muse is hearse!
Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin on her arse
Low i' the dust,
And sciechinh out prosaic verse,
An like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aqua-vit&æ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth an' tell yon Premier youth
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle deevil blaw you south
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant them;
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack:
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whistle;
An' d—mn'd excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin a stell,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussel,
Or limpet shell!

Then, on the tither hand present her—
A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner
Colleaguin join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight?
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
Or gab like Boswell, 2
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honours! can ye see't—

The kind, auld cantie carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi'a patriot-heat
Ye winna bear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, 3 a true blue Scot I'se warran';
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran; 4
An' that glib-gabbit Highland baron,
The Laird o' Graham; 5
An' ane, a chap that's damn'd aulfarran',
Dundas his name: 6

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie; 7
True Campbells, Frederick and Ilay; 8
An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie; 9
An' mony ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

See sodger Hugh, 10 my watchman stented,
If poets e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend a hand;
But when there's ought to say anent it,
Ye're at a stand.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,

Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her whisky.

An' Lord! if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An'durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' the first she meets!

For God sake, sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit an' lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cove the cadie!
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin' lady.

Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's, 11
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nance Tinnock's 12
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,

Was kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He needna fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

And now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still you mither's heart support ye;
Then, tho'a minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your gingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honours, a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
That haunt St. Jamie's!
Your humble poet sings an' prays,
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPTLET half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne're envies,
But, blythe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their whisky.

What tho' their Phoebus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms,
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves;
Or, hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves!

Their gun's a burden on their shouter;
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a'throw'ther,
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe!
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi'bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season;
But tell me whisky's name in Greek
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!

Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till, whare ye sit on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom an' whisky gang thegither!
Take aff your dram!

Robert Burns

The Banks Of The Devon

HOW pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!
But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn;
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose:
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Robert Burns

The Bard At Inverary

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he comes to wait upon
The Lord their God, His Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger:
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.

Robert Burns

The Battle Of Sherramuir

"O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
Or did the battle see, man?"
"I saw the battle, sair and teugh
And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O clans frae woods in tartan duds
Wha glaum'd at icingdoms three, man.

"The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man!
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clashed,
And thro they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

"But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man;
When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs,
And Covenant trueblues, man!
In lines extended lang and large,
When baig'nets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath and frac the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath.
They fled like frightened dows, man!"

"O, how Deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man!
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horseman back to Forth, man:
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi a' their might

And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man!"

My sister Kate came up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man:
She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man!
Their left-hand general had nae skill;
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' bluid to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o brose; they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

"They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man!
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
But monie bade the world guid-night;
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
How Tories feil, and Whigs to Hell
Flew off in frightened bands, man!"

Robert Burns

The Belles Of Mauchline

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris, they'd gotten it a'.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

Robert Burns

The Birks Of Aberfeldy

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldie!
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldie?

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldie!
Bonnie lassie, will ye go...

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, will ye go...

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, will ye go...

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, will ye go...

Robert Burns

The Bold Princess Royal

O on the fourteenth day of February we sailed from the land
In the bold Princess Royal bound for Newfoundland.
We had forty bright sailors for our ship's companie,
And boldly from the eastward to the westward sailed we.

We had not been sailing scarce days two or three
When our man from the masthead a sail he did see.
She bore down upon us to see what we were,
When from under her mizzen black colours she wore.

My God cries our Captain what shall we do now
For there comes a bold pirate to rob us I know.
O no, cries our chief mate it cannot be so
For we'll spread out our reef boys and from her we'll go.

And when this bold pirate came up alongside
Through a loudspeaking trumpet he said 'Who are you?'
Our Captain walked the quarterdeck and he answered him so
'We come from fair London and we're bound for Cairo.'

Then draw up your courses and heave your ship to
For I've got a letter. I'll send on by you.
We'll draw up our courses and heave our ship to
But it will be in some harbour not alongside of you.

He chased us to windward for all that long day
He chased us to windward and night and a day
He chased us to windward but could not prevail
Whilst the bold Princess Royal did show them her tail.

Thank God cries our captain, since the pirate has gone
'Bring a cask of good brandy, fore and aft let it run.
Go down to your grog boys, and be of good cheer,
As long as we've sea-room my boys never fear

Robert Burns

The Bonie Lass Of Albany

MY 1 heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens green
An' the bonie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
But oh, alas! for her bonie face,
They've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
The time may come, with pipe an' drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

Robert Burns

The Bonie Wee Thing

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face o' thine,
And my heart it sounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

[Chorus] Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel it should tine.

Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee in my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
[Chorus]

Robert Burns

The Bookworms

THROUGH and through th' inspir'd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But O respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

Robert Burns

The Brigs Of Ayr

THE SIMPLE Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he—nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd.
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When Ballantine befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

————— 'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snuggèd up frae skaith
O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:

(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gosamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor-simplicity's reward!—
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's 1 wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where or why:)
The drowsy Dungeon-clock 2 had number'd two, and Wallace Tower 3 had sworn
the fact was true:
The tide-swoln firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
All else was hush'd as Nature's closèd e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air;
Swift as the gos 4 drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The other flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly dexcried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,

And even the very deils they brawly ken them).
"Auld Brig" appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
"New Brig" was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got;
In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neibor took his e'e,
And e'en a vexed and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-e'en:—

AULD BRIG"I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshank,
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see—
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle."

NEW BRIG "Auld Vandal! ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense:
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonie brigs o' modern time?
There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat stream, 5
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you."

AULD BRIG "Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,

But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil;
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course.
 Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
 Aroused by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
 While crashing ice, borne on the rolling spate,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from Glenbuck, 6 down to the Ratton-key, 7
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea—
 Then down ye'll hurl, (deil nor ye never rise!)
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies!
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!"

NEW BRIG "Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't,
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves;
 Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be free;
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea!
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast:
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest wi' resurrection!"

AULD BRIG "O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners
Ye godly Councils, wha hae blest this town;
ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange), ye godly Writers;
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degen'rate race!
Nae langer rev'rend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story;
Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—'d new brigs and harbours!"

NEW BRIG "Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal;
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops and raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins:
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,

And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them."

What farther clish-ma-claver aight been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but, all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright;
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

O had M'Lauchlan, 8 thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye;
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow:
Next followed Courage with his martial stride,

From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide; 9
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair; 10
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode: 11
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of death:
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

Robert Burns

The Calf

RIGHT, sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Tho' heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yourself just now,
God knows, an unco calf.

And should some patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, sir but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a stirk.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a stot!

Tho' when some kind connubial dear
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns.

And, in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowt,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the nowt.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
With justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous bullock!"

Robert Burns

The Captain's Lady

Chorus.—O mount and go, mount and make you ready,
O mount and go, and be the Captain's lady.

WHEN the drums do beat, and the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state, and see thy love in battle:
When the drums do beat, and the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state, and see thy love in battle.
O mount and go, &c.

When the vanquish'd foe sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go, and in love enjoy it:
When the vanquish'd foe sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go, and in love enjoy it.
O mount and go, &c.

Robert Burns

The Charming Month Of May

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay.
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe—
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes—
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Chorus.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

Robert Burns

The Cotter's Saturday Night

<i>Inscribed to Robert Aiken, Esq.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

(Gray, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard")</i>

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh,
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,--
This night his weekly moil is at an end,--
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,

At service out, among the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor toun:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command
The younkens a' are warn'd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel-pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappin youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;

The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave,
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare--
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjurd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting truth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cud.
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God":
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,--
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

Robert Burns

The Dean Of Faculty: A New Ballad

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job,
Who should be the Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment the tenth remember'd:
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And wan his heart's desire,
Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Tho' the devil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy;
For talents, to deserve a place,
Are qualifications saucy.
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind mental vision—
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be opened yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear that he has the angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
Ye heretic Eight-and-Tairty!
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your honours, as with a certain king,
In your servants this is striking,
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

Robert Burns

The Death And Dying Words Of Poor Mailie

The Author's Only Pet Yowe

An Unco Mournfu' Tale

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted han's
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, wae's my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my Master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep -
O, bid him never tie them mair,
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' aye was guid to me an' mine;
An now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!

But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gates,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets -
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail!
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the shears:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him - what I winna name -
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither meseless, graceless brutes.

"An' neist, my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' closed her een amang the dead!

Robert Burns

The Epitaph On Captain Matthew Henderson

STOP, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man;
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou, at Friendship's sacred ca',
Wad life itself resign, man:
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch, without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,

For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish, whingin' sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

But now, his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's was a bright one!
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heavenly light, man.

Robert Burns

The Fall Of The Leaf

THE LAZY mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear!
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain,
How little of life's scanty span may remain,
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn,
What ties cruel Fate, in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
Life is not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

Robert Burns

The Farewell To The Brethren Of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu;
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favourèd, enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy;
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba';
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes, when far awa.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the grand Design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine,
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till Order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim
Justly that highest badge to wear:
Heav'n bless your honour'd noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,—
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,

To him, the Bard that's far awa.

Robert Burns

The Fête Champêtre

O WHA will to Saint Stephen's House,
To do our errands there, man?
O wha will to Saint Stephen's House
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
Or will we send a man o' law?
Or will we send a sodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major? 1

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o'lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, 2 man.
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter:
Annbank, 3 wha guessed the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay green woods amang, man;
Where, gathering flowers, and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man:
A vow, they sealed it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter;
As their's alone, the patent bliss,
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man:
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man,
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man:
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals thro'the trees,
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
What sparkling jewels glance, man!
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man.
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter,
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man!
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man:
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forsook it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

Robert Burns

The First Six Verses Of The Ninetieth Psalm Versified

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

Robert Burns

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Robert Burns

The Five Carlins: An Election Ballad

THERE was five Carlins in the South,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town,
To bring them tidings hame.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honor baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh;
And Marjory o' the mony Lochs,
A Carlin auld and teugh.

And blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side;
And whisky Jean, that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide.

And auld black Joan frae Crichton Peel, 1
O' gipsy kith an' kin;
Five wighter Carlins were na found
The South countrie within.

To send a lad to London town,
They met upon a day;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae.

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,

O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted Knight,
Bred of a Border band; 2
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say;
And ilka ane about the court
Wad bid to him gude-day.

The neist cam in a Soger youth, 3
Who spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to London town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to chuse, and wham refuse,
At strife thir Carlins fell;
For some had Gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the Soger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld Gudeman o' London court 4
She didna care a pin;
But she wad send the Soger youth,

To greet his eldest son. 5

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border Knight,
Though she should vote her lane.

"For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried the Border Knight,
And I'll try him yet again."

Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
A Carlin stoor and grim.
"The auld Gudeman or young Gudeman,
For me may sink or swim;

For fools will prate o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
But the Soger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn."

Then whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld gudeman o' London court,
His back's been at the wa';

"And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup
Is now a fremit wight;
But it's ne'er be said o' whisky Jean—
We'll send the Border Knight."

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,

Her auld Scots bluid was true;

"There's some great folk set light by me,
I set as light by them;
But I will send to London town
Wham I like best at hame."

Sae how this mighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell;
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to himsel.

Robert Burns

The Gardener Wi' His Paidle

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa',
The merry bards are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare;
Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

Robert Burns

The Gloomy Night Is Gath'Ring Fast

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is filled with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'ered coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave:
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not the fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends! Farewell my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those--
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, my bonie banks of Ayr.

Robert Burns

The Gowden Locks Of Anna

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the East and West
Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me, within my straining grasp,
The melting form of Anna:

There I'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take wi' Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting God of Day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk Star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna!

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
(Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrawn a';)
And bring an angel-pen to write
My transports with my Anna!

POSTSCRIPTThe Kirk an' State may join an' tell,
To do sic things I maunna:
The Kirk an' State may gae to hell,

And I'll gae to my Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
To live but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

Robert Burns

The Hairst O' Rettie

I hae seen the hairst o' Rettie, lads,
And twa-three aff the throne.
I've heard o sax and seven weeks
The hairsters girn and groan.
But wi' a covie Willie Rae
A monthie an' a day
Sends a' the jolly hairsters
Singin' blithely doon the brae.

In a monthie an' a day, my lads,
The like was never seen;
It beats to sticks the fastest strips
O' Vickers' best machine.
The Speedwell she taks up the rear,
The Victory clears the way;
And twenty acres daily yields,
Laid doon tae Willie Rae.

He drives them roond and roond the field
At sic an awfu' rate:
Yet guides them gently oot and in
At mony's a kittle gate.
And wiles them gently ow'r the steens
And mony a hidden hole,
And he'll come by nae mishanter
If ye leave him wi' a pole.

O he sharps their teeth tae gar them bite;
He taps them on the jaws,
And if he sees them dowie-like,
He'll brawly ken the cause:
A boltie here, or a pinnie there,
Tae keep them aye in tune;
He'll quickly stop their wild career,
And bring the clishack doon.

O he whittles aff the corners,
And makes crookit bitties straucht,
He likes to see that man and beast

Are equal in a draucht,
An' a' the corners neat an' square
And nae a shafe agley;
And he'll coont wi' ony dominie
Frae the Deveron tae the Spey.

Noo he's nae made up wi' mony words
Or kent tae puff and lee,
But just as keen a little chap
As ony you will see.
And if you're in search o hairvest work
Upon a market day,
Take my advice, be there in time
And look for Willie Rae.

Noo he hae got it in aboot,
An' a wer things be ticht,
We'll gaiter roond the festal board
Tae spend a joyfae nicht;
Wi' Scottish sangs and mutton broth
Tae charm our cares away;
We'll drink success tae Rettie,
And my bandster Annie Maclean.

Noo afore I end my hamely screed,
I canna weel forget
The gentle dames that guards the hoose
And keeps the folk in maet.
Lang may they bile the kail
And stir the porridge weel.
An may never need or want for nail
Tae keep the timmer hale.

Noo here's tae a' ye Rettie blades,
A ringin' cheer - Hurra!
A better lot o' workin' chaps
A gaffer never saw.
They're aye sae willin' for tae pairt,
And eager for the fray
It was them that made the boatie row,
That was steer'd by Willie Rae.

The Henpecked Husband

Chorus.—Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him.
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I GAED up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden,
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin:
Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick,
An' me the El'er's dochter!
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Guse-feathers and a whittle!
Robin shure, &c.

Robert Burns

The Holy Fair

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn
An' snuff the caller air.
The risin' sun owre Galston muirs
Wi' glorious light was glintin,

The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way.
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart linin;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes.

The tird cam up, hap-step-an'
-lowp,

As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;

I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
But yet I canna name ye.'

Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
An' taks me by the han's,

'Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
Of a' the ten comman's

A screed some day.

'My name is Fun-your cronie dear,

The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstitionhere,
An' that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
To spend an hour in daffin:
Gin ye'll go there, you runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin
At them this day.'
Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't:
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time

An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad frae side to side
Wi' monie a wearie body
In droves that day.
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cotters,
There swankies young, in braw braidclaith
Are springin owre the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter,
Wi' sweet-milk cheese in mony a whang,
An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.
When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show:
On ev'ry side they're gath'rin,
Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy bleth'rin
Right loud that day.

...

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays:

On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day.
O happy is that man and blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whase ain dear lass that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which by degrees slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unken'd that day.
Now a' the congregation
o'er
Is silent expectation;
For Moodie speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' salvation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.
Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin!

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeal and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout
Like cantharidian
plaisters,
On sic a day!

But hark! the tent has chang'd its voice:
There's peace and rest nae langer;
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.
Smith opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;

An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.
 What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral pow'rs and reason?
 His English style an' gesture fine
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.
 In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;
 For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the word o' God
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
 An's aff, an' up the Cowgate
 Fast, fast that day.
 Wee Miller niest the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
 But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,
 So cannilie he hums them;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-wi
 e o'ercomes him
 At times that day.
 Nw butt an' ben the change-house
 fills
 Wi' yill-caup commentators:
 Here's cryin out for bakes an gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' logic an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.
 Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair

Than either school or college
It kindles wit, it waukens lear,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep,

Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table weel content,
An' steer about the toddy,
On this ane's dress an' that ane's leuk
They're makin observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' forming assignations

To meet some day.
But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills rae rairin,
An' echoes back return the shouts-
Black Russell is na sparin.
His piercing words, like highlan' swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
Our vera 'sauls does harrow'
Wi' fright that day.
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
Whase ragin flame, an' scorching heat
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half-asleep start up wi' fear
An' think they hear it roarin,
When presently it does appear
'Twas but some neibor snorin,
Asleep that day.
'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How mony stories past,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismiss:
How drink gaed round in cogs an' caups

Amang the furms an' benches:
An' cheese and bred frae women's laps
Was dealt about in lunches
An' dauds that day.
In comes a gausie, gash guidwife
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The lasses they are shyer:
The auld guidmen, about the grace
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
And gi'es them't like a tether
Fu' lang that day.
Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw clathing!
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna for a kebbuck-heel

Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!
Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.
How monie hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
As soft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine,
There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in houghmagandi
e
Some ither day.

Robert Burns

The Humble Petition Of Bruar Water

MY lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phoebus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide. 1

The lightly-jumping, glowrin' trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As poet Burns came by.
That, to a bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry;
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was, he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying each large spring and well,
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir;
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs;
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
From prone-descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet, endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds, with all their wealth,
As empty idle care;
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms,
The hour of heav'n to grace;
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,

Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadow's wat'ry bed:
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonie lasses!"

Robert Burns

The Inventory

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.
My hand-afore 's a guid auld has-been,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been:
My hand-ahin 's a weel gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie. 2
An' your auld borough mony a time
In days when riding was nae crime.
But ance, when in my wooing pride
I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d pardon a' my sins, an' that too!)
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My furr-ahin 's a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced.
The fourth's a Highland Donald hustle,
A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie!
Foreby a cowl, o' cowts the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail:
Gin he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.
Wheel-carriages I ha'e but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for ranting an' for noise;

A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t' other:
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.
I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely;
An' aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the Questions targe them tightly;
Till, faith! wee Davock's grown sae gleg,
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female servant station,
(L—d keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
I hae nae wife-and thay my bliss is,
An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;
An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the deevils darena touch me.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted!
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddy in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace;
But her, my bonie, sweet wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already;
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d, ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin:
Frae this time forth, I do declare
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
I've sturdy bearers, Gude the thankit!
The kirk and you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna put me in your beuk,
Nor for my ten white shillings leuk.

This list, wi' my ain hand I wrote it,
The day and date as under noted;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT IEL, February 22, 1786.

Robert Burns

The Jolly Beggars: A Cantata

Recitativo
WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poesie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies;
Wi' quaffing an' laughing,
They ranted an' they sang,
Wi' jumping an' thumping,
The vera girdle rang,

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm;
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm
She blinkit on her sodger;
An' aye he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumous dish;
Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip;
Then staggering an' swaggering
He roar'd this ditty up—

AirTune—"Soldier's Joy."
I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram:
And I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

And now tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of a drum.

RecitativoHe ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
An' seek the benmost bore:
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out, encore!
But up arose the martial chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar.

AirTune—"Sodger Laddie."I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie,
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch;
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church:
He ventur'd the soul, and I risked the body,
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I askèd no more but a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met old boy in a Cunningham fair,
His rags regimental, they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Recitativo
Poor Merry-Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler-hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy:
At length, wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up an' made a face;
Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AirTune—“Auld Sir Symon.”
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;

He's there but a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
An' I held awa to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck;
A hizzie's the half of my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffin;
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
For towsing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad,—
It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry;
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Guid L—d! he's far dafter than I.

Recitativo Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin;

For mony a pursie she had hooked,
An' had in mony a well been douked;
Her love had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AirTune—"O, an ye were dead, Guidman." A Highland lad my love was
born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Chorus Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he fearèd none,—
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea.
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast:
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return:
The comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

Recitativo
A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trystes an' fairs to driddle.
Her strappin limb and gausy middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an arioso key,
The wee Apoll
Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga solo.

AirTune—"Whistle owre the lave o't."
Let me ryke up to dight that
tear,
An' go wi' me an' be my dear;
An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

Chorus I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
An' O sae nicely's we will fare!
We'll bowse about till Daddie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursel's about the dyke;
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Recitativo
Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
An' draws a roosty rapier—
He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
An' so the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler prest her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the caird address'd her:

AirTune—"Clout the Cauldron." My bonie lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station:
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've taen the gold, an' been enrolled
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
To go an' clout the cauldron.
I've taen the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
With a' his noise an' cap'rin;
An' take a share with those that bear
The budget and the apron!
And by that stowp! my faith an' houp,
And by that dear Kilbaigie, 2
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
And by that stowp, &c.

RecitativoThe caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk;
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk:
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie—
The fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft, 3
Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed!
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart, she ever miss'd it.
He had no wish but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
An' thus the muse suggested
His sang that night.

AirTune—"For a' that, an' a' that."I am a Bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowrin byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

Chorus For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it streams an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love Idbear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,

Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've taen me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, and here's—"The Sex!"
I like the jads for a' that.

Chorus For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

Recitativo So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth!
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowin drouth:
Then owre again, the jovial thrang
The poet did request
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best;
He rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus.

Air Tune—"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses." See the smoking bowl
before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing—

Chorus A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,

Churches built to please the priest.

What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!
A fig for, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig for, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig for, &c.

Life is al a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have character to lose.
A fig for, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train.
Here's our ragged brats and callets,
One and all cry out, Amen!

Chorus A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

The Kirk Of Scotland's Alarm: A Ballad

ORTHODOX! orthodox, who believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:
A heretic blast has been blown in the West,
That what is no sense must be nonsense,
Orthodox! That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac! Doctor Mac, you should streek on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror:
To join Faith and Sense, upon any pretence,
Was heretic, damnable error,
Doctor Mac! 1 'Twas heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr! town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing, 2
Provost John 3 is still deaf to the Church's relief,
And Orator Bob 4 is its ruin,
Town of Ayr! Yes, Orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild! D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save you, auld Satan must have you,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa,
D'rymple mild! 5 For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John! rumble John, mount the steps with a groan,
Cry the book is with heresy cramm'd;
Then out wi' your ladle, deal brimstone like aidle,
And roar ev'ry note of the D—'d.
Rumble John! 6 And roar ev'ry note of the D—'d.

Simper James! simper James, leave your fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view:
I'll lay on your head, that the pack you'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few,

Simper James! 7 For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawnie! singet Sawnie, are ye huirdin the penny,
Unconscious what evils await?

With a jump, yell, and howl, alarm ev'ry soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Singet Sawnie! 8 For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Poet Willie! poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your "Liberty's Chain" and your wit;

O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Poet Willie! 9 Ye but smelt man, the place where he sh-t.

Barr Steenie! Barr Steenie, what mean ye, what mean ye?

If ye meddle nae mair wi' the matter,

Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,

Wi' people that ken ye nae better,

Barr Steenie! 10 Wi' people that ken ye nae better.

Jamie Goose! Jamie Goose, ye made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;

But the Doctor's your mark, for the Lord's holy ark,

He has cooper'd an' ca'd a wrang pin in't,

Jamie Goose! 11 He has cooper'd an' ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Davie Bluster! Davie Bluster, for a saint ye do muster,
The core is no nice o' recruits;

Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,

If the Ass were the king o' the brutes,

Davie Bluster! 12 If the Ass were the king o' the brutes.

Cessnock-side! Cessnock-side, wi' your turkey-cock pride
Of manhood but sma' is your share:

Ye've the figure, 'tis true, ev'n your foes will allow,

And your friends they dare grant you nae mair,

Cessnock-side! 13 And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock! muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock,
To crush common-sense for her sins;
If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance,
Muirland Jock! 14 To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Andro Gowk! Andro Gowk, ye may slander the Book,
An' the Book nought the waur, let me tell ye;
Tho' ye're rich, an' look big, yet, lay by hat an' wig,
An' ye'll hae a calf's-had o' sma' value,
Andro Gowk! 15 Ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma value.

Daddy Auld! daddy Auld, there'a a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Tho' ye do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
For gif ye canna bite, ye may bark,
Daddy Auld! 16 Gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Holy Will! holy Will, there was wit in your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant when ye're taen for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour,
Holy Will! 17 Ye should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons! Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff will be powder enough,
And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead,
Calvin's sons! Your skulls are a storehouse o' lead.

Poet Burns! poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelpin turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gipsy, yet were she e'en tipsy,
She could ca'us nae waur than we are,

Poet Burns! She could ca'us nae waur than we are.

PRESENTATION STANZAS TO CORRESPONDENTS
Factor John! Factor John, whom
the Lord made alone,
And ne'er made anither, thy peer,
Thy poor servant, the Bard, in respectful regard,
He presents thee this token sincere,
Factor John! He presents thee this token sincere.

Afton's Laird! Afton's Laird, when your pen can be spared,
A copy of this I bequeath,
On the same sicker score as I mention'd before,
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith,
Afton's Laird! To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

Robert Burns

The Laddie's Dear Sel'

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity
That he from our lassies should wander awa';
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd witha',
An' his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.

His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue,
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted an' braw;
But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.

There's Meg wi' the mailen that fain wad a haen him,
And Susie, wha's daddie was laird o' the Ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
But the laddie's dear sel', he loes dearest of a'.

Robert Burns

The Lament

O THOU pale orb that silent shines
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch who inly pines.
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream!

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked, distant hill;
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim:
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame.
The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
The oft-attested pow'rs above,
The promis'd father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown!
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And, must I think it! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us pass'd,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd:
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn, that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe;
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow:
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, were Phoebus, low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse

Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow!

Robert Burns

The Lass Of Cessnock Banks

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells,
 Could I describe her shape and mien!
Our lasses a' she far excels---
 An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
 When rising Phoebus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn---
 An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh---
 An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
 With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn---
 An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her looks are like the vernal May,
 When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray---
 An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her hair is like the curling mist,
 That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past---
 An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
 When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow---
 An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
 The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem---
 An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her bosom's like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow---
An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen:
They tempt the taste and charm the sight
An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep---
An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas---
An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush---
An she has twa sparkling, rogueish een!

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho matching Beauty's fabled Queen:
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace---
An chiefly in her rogueish een!

Robert Burns

The Lass That Made The Bed To Me

When Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na whare to lodge till day:
By my gude luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And Kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
An bade her make a bed to me;
She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it doun;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank - "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

Chorus - The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me,
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head:
A cod she laid below my head,
And served me with due respect,
And, to salute her wi' a kis,
I put my arms about her neck.

Chorus: -...

"Haud aff your hands, young man! she said,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony luv for me,
O wrang ma my virginity."
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,

Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Chorus: -...

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.
I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And aye she wist na what to say:
I laid her 'tween me and the wa';
The lassie thocht na lang till day.

Chorus: -...

Upon the morrow when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas, ye've ruin'd me."
I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall make the bed to me."

Chorus: - ...

She took her mither's holland sheets,
An' made them a' in sarks to me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Chorus: -...

Robert Burns

The Libeller's Self-Reproof

RASH 1 mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame;
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel!

Robert Burns

The Lover's Morning Salute To His Mistress

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
Now, to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
In twining hazel bowers,
Its lay the linnet pours,
The laverock to the sky
Ascends, wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phoebus gilding the brow of morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature, gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'er-cast my sky:
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of Beauty's light—
When thro' my very heart
Her burning glories dart;
'Tis then—'tis then I wake to life and joy!

Robert Burns

The Mauchline Lady: A Fragment

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye.

But when I came roun' by Mauchline toun,
Not dreadin anybody,
My heart was caught, before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

Robert Burns

The Muckin' O' Geordie's Byre

At a relic aul' croft upon the hill,
Roon the neuk frae Sprottie's mill,
Tryin' a' his life tae jine the kill
Lived Geordie MacIntyre.
He had a wife as sweir's himsel'
An' a daughter as black's Auld Nick himsel'.
There wis some fun - haud awa' the smell-
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.

Chorus:

For the graip was tint, the besom was deen,
The barra widna row its leen,
An'siccan a soss it never was seen
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.

For the daughter had to strae and neep
The auld wife started to swipe the greep
When Geordie fell sklite on a rotten neep
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.
Ben the greep cam' Geordie's soo
She stood up ahint the coo
The coo kickit oot an' o whit a stew
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre. (Chorus)

For the aul' wife she was booin' doon -
The soo was kickit on the croon
It shoved her heid in the wifie's goon
Then ben through Geordie's byre.
The daughter cam thro the barn door
An' seein' her mother let oot a roar,
To the midden she ran an' fell ower the boar
At the muckin' of Geordie's byre. (Chorus)

For the boar he lap the midden dyke
An' ower the riggs wi' Geordie's tyke.
They baith ran intil a bumbee's byke
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.
The cocks an' hens began to craw
When Bidy astride the soo they saw

The postie's shelty ran awa'
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre. (Chorus)

O a hunder' years are passed an mair
Whaur Sprottie's wis, the hill is bare;
The croft's awa', sae ye'll see nae mair
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre.
His folks a' deid an' awa' lang syne
In case his memory we should tyne,
Whistle this tune tae keep ye in min'
At the muckin' o' Geordie's byre. (Chorus)

Robert Burns

The Ploughman's Life

As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring,
I heard a young ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
And as he was singin', thir words he did say, -
There's nae life like the ploughman's in the month o' sweet May.

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
And mount i' the air wi' the dew on her breast,
And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

Robert Burns

The Poet's Progress

THOU, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The peopled fold thy kindly care have found,
The hornèd bull, tremendous, spurns the ground;
The lordly lion has enough and more,
The forest trembles at his very roar;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The puny wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings defend, controul devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power:
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure:
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog, in their robes, are snug:
E'en silly women have defensive arts,
Their eyes, their tongues—and nameless other parts.
But O thou cruel stepmother and hard,
To thy poor fenceless, naked child, the Bard!
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still:
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun:
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, true to Mammon's foot,
Or grunting, grub sagacious, evil's root:
The silly sheep that wanders wild astray,
Is not more friendless, is not more a prey;
Vampyre-booksellers drain him to the heart,
And viper-critics cureless venom dart.
Critics! appll'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame,
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes,
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose:
By blockhead's daring into madness stung,
His heart by wanton, causeless malice wrung,
His well-won ways—than life itself more dear—
By miscreants torn who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,

The hapless Poet flounces on through life,
 Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
 Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
 He heeds no more the ruthless critics' rage.
 So by some hedge the generous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd, snarling curs a dainty feast;
 By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
 Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.
 A little upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight;
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets;
 Much specious lore, but little understood,
 (Veneering oft outshines the solid wood),
 His solid sense, by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the Scottish ell!
 A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
 Learn'd "vive la bagatelle et vive l'amour;"
 So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin-nay, sigh for ladies' love!
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.
 Crochallan came,
 The old cock'd hat, the brown surtout—the same;
 His grisly beard just bristling in its might—
 'Twas four long nights and days from shaving-night;
 His uncomb'd, hoary locks, wild-staring, thatch'd
 A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
 Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting-rude,
 His heart was warm, benevolent and good.
 O Dulness, portion of the truly blest!
 Calm, shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams;
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober, selfish ease they sip it up;
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder "some folks" do not starve!
 The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.

When disappointment snaps the thread of Hope,
When, thro' disastrous night, they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care;"
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell!

Robert Burns

The Rantin Dog, The Daddie O'T

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the faut?
O wha will buy the groanin maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

Robert Burns

The Rights Of Women—spoken By Miss Fontenelle

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of Empires and the fall of Kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the Sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is, protection.—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of Fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways,
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay even thus invade a Lady's quiet.

Now, thank our stars! those Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest;
Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs;

'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares,
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms—
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

Robert Burns

The Rigs O' Barley

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held away to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion, she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly:
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain:
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs...

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs...

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gatherin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,

That happy night was worth then a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs...

Robert Burns

The Ronalds Of The Bennals

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals,
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's laird, and weel he can spare't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man;
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonie a lass or as braw, man;
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man,

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man;
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man:
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa, man,
The fau't wad be mine if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man;
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae't in her power to say na, man:
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O'pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man;
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Twa' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
Nae weel-tocher'
d aunts, to wait on their drants,
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin't together at a', man;
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

Robert Burns

The Slave's Lament

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall
For the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more,
And alas! I am weary, weary O!
Torn from &c.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary O!
There streams &c.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
And I think on friends most dear with the bitter, bitter tear,
And Alas! I am weary, weary O!
And I think &c.

Robert Burns

The Soldier's Return: A Ballad

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander:
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge-the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like only lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By him who made yon sun and sky!
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

Robert Burns

The Solemn League And Covenant

THE SOLEMN League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer

Robert Burns

The Song Of Death

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!
Thou grim King of Terrors; thou Life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;
He falls in the blaze of his fame!
In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our King and our country to save;
While victory shines on Life's last ebbing sands,—
O! who would not die with the brave!

Robert Burns

The Tarbolton Lasses

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy;
She kens her father is a laird,
And she forsooth's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune:
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courtin'.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak a look o' Mysie;
She's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny;
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense-
She kens hersel she's bonie.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,
Speir in for bonie Bessy;
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonie, nane sae guid,
In a' King George' dominion;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this-
It's Bessy's ain opinion!

Robert Burns

The Tear-Drop

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang lang Joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Of, if I were - where happy I hae been -
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis' e'e

Robert Burns

The Twa Dogs

A Tale

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld King Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearin' thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Caesar,
Was keepit for His Honor's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' al tinkler-gipsy's messin:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie-
A rhymin, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in freak had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland Sang,
Was made lang syne,-Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his touzie back

Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdie's wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
And unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whiles snuff'd an' snowkit;
Whiles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whiles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin' weary grown
Upon a knowe they set them down.
An' there began a lang digression.
About the 'lords o' the creation.'

Caesar

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en, it's nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee, blasted wonner,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant-man
His Honour has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,

I own it's past my comprehension.

Luath

Trowth, Caesar, whiles they're fash't eneugh:

A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like;
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger:
But how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

Caesar

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit!
Lord man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkin brock.

I've notic'd, on our laird's court-day, -
An' mony a time my heart's been wae, -
Poor tenant bodies, scant o'cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches!

Luath

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think.
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gives them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided:
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whiles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy:
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantin kirns,
When rural life, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house-

My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
There's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin-

Caesar

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it:
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him:
An' saying ay or no's they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn bon ton, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna, or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,

Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then bowses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel look fair an' fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.

For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

Luath

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' country sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Feint haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin of a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk,

But will ye tell me, Master Caesar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't need na fear them.

Caesar

Lord, man, were ye but whiles whare I am,
The gentles, ye wad ne'er envy them!

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat:
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsel's to vex them;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,

Her dizzen's dune, she's unco weel;
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n-down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless.

An'ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run-deils an' jads thegither.
Whiles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out of sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night;
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they werena men but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

The Twa Herds; Or, The Holy Tulyie

O A' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes?
Or wha will tent the waifs an' crocks,
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
The e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast
These five an' twenty simmers past—
Oh, dool to tell!
Hae had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel'.

O, Moddie, 1 man, an' wordy Russell, 2
How could you raise so vile a bustle;
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle,
An' think it fine!
The L—'s cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O, sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit
To wear the plaid;
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank?—
Sae hale and hearty every shank!
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank
He let them taste;
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, drank,—
O, sic a feast!

The thummart, willcat, brock, an' tod,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole an' road,
Baith out an in;
An' weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
An' sell their skin.

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale;
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the L—'s sheep, ilka tail,
Owre a' the height;
An' saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa-O! do I live to see't?—
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
And names, like "villain," "hypocrite,"
Ilk ither gi'en,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin spite,
Say neither's liein!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's Duncan 3 deep, an' Peebles 4 shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld, 5
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, het an' cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset;

There's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,
I winna name;
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple 6 has been lang our fae,
M'Gill 7 has wrought us meikle wae,
An' that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae, 8
And baith the Shaws, 9
That aft hae made us black an' blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow 10 lang has hatch'd mischief;
We thought aye death wad bring relief;
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chield wha' 11 soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain wad openly rebel,
Forby turn-coats amang oursel',
There's Smith 12 for ane;
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks o'er a, the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come, join your counsel and your skills
To cowe the lairds,
An' get the brutes the power themsel's
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
An' Learning in a woody dance,
An' that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,

That bites sae sair,
Be banished o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's an' D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close nervous excellence
M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
An' guid M'Math,
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

Robert Burns

The Vision

THE SUN had clos'd the winter day,
The curless quat their roarin play,
And hunger'd maukin taen her way,
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree,
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae thing,
But stringing blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarkit
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit.
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, "blockhead! coof!"
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I henceforth wad be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw;
An' jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like honest Worth, she blusht,
An' steppèd ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly markèd in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,

Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
An' such a leg! my bonie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight an' clean—
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew:
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were toss't:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace. 2

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,

I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race heroic 3 wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel,
In sturdy blows;
While, back-recoiling, seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes.

His Country's Saviour, 4 mark him well!
Bold Richardton's heroic swell,; 5
The chief, on Sark who glorious fell, 6
In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, 7
I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
In colours strong:
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, 8
Near many a hermit-fancied cove
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
In musing mood),
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck, reverential awe,
The learned Sire and Son I saw: 9
To Nature's God, and Nature's law,
They gave their lore;
This, all its source and end to draw,

That, to adore.

Brydon's brave ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye:
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND
With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired bard!
In me thy native Muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low;
I come to give thee such reward,
As we bestow!

"Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share:
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard—a darling care—
The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-lore,
And grace the hand.

And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence, sweet, harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays';
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

Some hint the lover's harmless wile;

Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

“Some, bounded to a district-space
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

“Of these am I—Coila my name:
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling power:
I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

“With future hope I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely, caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes;
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

“I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

“Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth

In ev'ry grove;
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

“When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
In pensive walk.

“When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adorèd Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

“I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

“I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

“Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow

Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan:
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

Robert Burns

The Whistle: A Ballad

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North.
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish King,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"The Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell:
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea;
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw
Craigdarroch, so famous for with, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Downrightly to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,

And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Downrightly replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe, or his friend;
Said, "Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,"
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But, for wine and for welcome, not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er:
Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,

And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine;
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend!
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phoebus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

Robert Burns

The Winter It Is Past

THE WINTER it is past, and the summer comes at last
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the breer, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

Robert Burns

The Wounded Hare

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted by thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor never pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little of life that remains!
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now of dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom Crest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

Robert Burns

The Wounded Hare

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wand'rer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee a home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe;
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow!

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

Robert Burns

Thine Am I, My Faithful Fair

THINE am I, my faithful Fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish;
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure!
What is life when wanting Love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

Robert Burns

Thou Gloomy December

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember—
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Anguish unmingled, and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

Robert Burns

Thou Lingering Star

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherast in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace---
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest
The birds sang love on every spray
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns

Tibbie Dunbar

O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money,
I care na thy kin
Sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt ha'e me
For better for waur—
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

Robert Burns

To A Kiss

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infants' play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
Ling'ring lips, -- no more to join!
What words can ever speak affection
Thrilling and sincere as thine!

Robert Burns

To A Louse

On Seeing One on a Lady's Bonnet at Church

Ha! whare ye gaun' ye crowlin ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
 Owre gauze and lace,
Tho faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her---
 Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith! in some beggar's hauffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle;
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle;
 In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there! ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an tight,
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
 Till ye've got on it---
The vera tapmost, tow'rin height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an grey as onie grozet:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
 Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy

Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fye!
How daur ye do't?

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,
An set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae winks an finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An foolish notion:
What airs in dress an gait wad lea'es us,
An ev'n devotion!

Robert Burns

To A Mountain Daisy

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreck'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High shelt'ring woods an' wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie-bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd
And guileless trust;

Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink;
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine--no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

Robert Burns

To A Mouse

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, 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,
What makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, 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' waste,
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 mony 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 art 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!

Robert Burns

To Alex. Cunningham, Esq., Writer, Edinburgh

MY godlike friend—nay, do not stare,
You think the phrase is odd-like;
But "God is love," the saints declare,
Then surely thou art god-like.

And is thy ardour still the same?
And kindled still at ANNA?
Others may boast a partial flame,
But thou art a volcano!

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death's tie-dissolving portal;
But thou, omnipotently fond,
May'st promise love immortal!

Thy wounds such healing powers defy,
Such symptoms dire attend them,
That last great antihectic try—
MARRIAGE perhaps may mend them.

Sweet Anna has an air-a grace,
Divine, magnetic, touching:
She talks, she charms-but who can trace
The process of bewitching?

Robert Burns

To Gavin Hamilton, Esq., Mauchline, Recommending A Boy

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han';
But lest he learn the callan tricks—
An' faith I muckle doubt him—
Like scrapin out auld Crummie's nicks,
An' tellin lies about them;
As lieve then, I'd have then
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be ye may be
Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' 'bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear;
But then, wi' you, he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
I hae na ony fear.
Ye'll catechise him, every quirk,
An' shore him weel wi' hell;
An' gar him follow to the kirk—
Aye when ye gang yoursel.
If ye then maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday,
Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the world's worm;
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles an' the fee,

In legal mode an' form:
I ken he weel a snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him:
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him.
To phrase you and praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns:
The pray'r still you share still
Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

Robert Burns

To John Kennedy, Dumfries House

NOW, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchlin corse,
(Lord, man, there's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy;
An' down the gate in faith they're worse,
An' mair unchancy).

But as I'm sayin, please step to Dow's,
An' taste sic gear as Johnie brews,
Till some bit callan bring me news
That ye are there;
An' if we dinna hae a bouze,
I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow;
But gie me just a true good fallow,
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie ance to mak us mellow,
An' then we'll shine.

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
An' sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you nae friendship I will troke,
Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
Ye hate as ill's the very deil
The flinty heart that canna feel—
Come, sir, here's to you!
Hae, there's my haun', I wiss you weel,
An' gude be wi' . IEL, 3rd March, 1786.

To Mary In Heaven

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherast in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
15 Thy image at our last embrace--
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest
The birds sang love on every spray
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
O Mary! dear departed shade! 30
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns

To Miss Ferrier, Enclosing Elegy On Sir J. H. Blair

NAE heathen name shall I prefix,
Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
Made Homer deep their debtor;
But, gien the body half an e'e,
Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I stoited;
A creeping cauld prosaic fog
My very sense doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire;
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—
She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you,
And pray, in rhyme as weel as prose,
A' gude things may attend you!

Robert Burns

To Miss Jessie Lewars

The sun lies clasped in amber cloud
Half hidden in the sea,
And o'er the sands the flowing tide
Comes racing merrilee.

The hawthorn hedge is white with bloom
The wind is soft and lown
And sad and still you watch by me
Your hand clasped in my own.

Oh, let the curtain bide, Jessie
And lift my head a wee,
And let the bonnie setting sun
Glint in on you and me.

The world seems fair and bright, Jessie
Near loving hearts like you,
But poonith's blast sifts simmer love,
And makes leal friendships few.

How aften in the dreary night,
I clasp my burning hands
Upon those throbbing sleepless lids,
O'er eyes like glowing brands,
And ponder in my weary brain,
If haply when I'm dead
My old boon friends for love of me
Will give my bairnies bread.

Oh, did the poor not help the poor,
Each in their simple way,
With humble gift and kindly love,
God pity them I say.
For many a man who clasped my hand
With friendship o'er the bowl
When the wine halo had passed away
Proved but a niggard soul.

Oh, blessed hope 'midst our distress,

There is a promise made,
That in the day the rough wind blows,
The east wind shall be stayed.
A few short years and those I love
Will come again to me,
In that bright land without a sun,
That land without a sea.

Oh, wilt thou gang o'nights, Jessie,
To my forsaken hearth,
And be as thou has been to me,
The truest friend on earth.
So sweetly in your linnets voice,
You'll sing my weans to rest,
While Jessie leans her weary head,
Upon thy loving breast.

Oh, what is fame? Its wealth of lays
Cools not the fevered brow,
Wilt tell his name in future days
Who whistled at the plough
And wrote a simple song or two,
For happier hearts to sing
Among the shining sheaves of corn
Or round the household ring.

Yet would I praise the bubble fame
If but my artless lays
Brought thy true worth and lovingness
For future time to praise.
True friend I bless the poet skill
Which won a friend like thee,
Whose love 'twixt hopes of home and heaven
Is with me constantly.

Robert Burns

To Mr. M'Adam, Of Craigen-Gillan

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud;
"See wha taks notice o' the bard!"
I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I'll cock my nose abune them a',
I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan!

'Twas noble, sir; 'twas like yourself',
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile ye ken fu' well
Is aye a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye,—

And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me,
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
An' barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers!
An' bless your bonie lasses baith,
I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers!

An' God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry!
An' may he wear and auld man's beard,

A credit to his country.

Robert Burns

To Ruin

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimèd dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

And thou grim Pow'r by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
Nor more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day—
My weary heart is throbbing cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclaspèd, and grasped,
Within thy cold embrace!

Robert Burns

To The Beautiful Miss Eliza J——n, On Her Principles Of Liberty And Equality

HOW, Liberty! girl, can it be by thee nam'd?
Equality too! hussey, art not asham'd?
Free and Equal indeed, while mankind thou enchainest,
And over their hearts a proud Despot so reignest.

Robert Burns

To The Wood-Lark

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art,
For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but lobve and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!

Robert Burns

Tragic Fragment

All devil as I am-a damned wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere but unavailing sighs
I view the helpless children of distress:
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime. -
Ev'n you, ye hapless crew! I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity;
Ye poor, despised, abandoned vagabonds,
Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
Oh! but for friends and interposing Heaven,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!
O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
With talents passing most of my compeers,
Which I in just proportion have abused-
As far surpassing other common villains
As Thou in natural parts has given me more.

Robert Burns

Under The Pressure Of Violent Anguish

O Thou Great Being! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distress;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure, Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But, if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine!

Robert Burns

Up In The Morning Early

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud shrill`s I hear the blast,
I`m sure it`s winters fairly.

CHORUS: Up in the morning`s no for me,
Up in the mornings early;
When a` the hills are cover`d wi` snaw,
I`m sure it`s winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering on the the thorn,
A` day they fare but sparely;
And lang`s the night frae e`en to morn,
I`m sure it`s winter fairly.

CHORUS: Up in the morning`s no for me,
Up in the mornings early;
When a` the hills are cover`d wi` snaw,
I`m sure it`s winter fairly.

Robert Burns

Verses Inscribed Under A Noble Earl's Picture

WHOSE 1 is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous princely mien,
E'en rooted foes admire?

Stranger! to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
The noble Ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern,
Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye,—
It dwells upon Glencairn.

Robert Burns

Verses On A Parting Kiss

HUMID seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss!

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of future day!

Sorrowing joy, Adieu's last action,
(Lingering lips must now disjoin),
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine!

Robert Burns

Verses On Captain Grose

KEN ye aught o' Captain Grose?—Igo, and ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?—Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane?—Igo, and ago,
Or haudin Sarah by the wame?—Iram, coram dago.

Is he south or is he north?—Igo, and ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?—Iram, coram dago.

Is he slain by Hielan' bodies?—Igo, and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis?—Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!—Igo, and ago,
As for the deil, he daur na steer him.—Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,—Igo, and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.—Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,—Igo, and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore.—Iram, coram, dago,

So may ye get in glad possession,—Igo, and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!—Iram coram dago.

Robert Burns

Verses On Castle Gordon

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There immix'd with foulest stains
From Tyranny's empurpled hands;
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gray,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil;
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood:
Life's poor day I'll musing rave
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonie Castle Gordon.

Robert Burns

Verses To Clarinda

Fair Empress of the poet's soul,
And Queen of poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses:

And fill them up with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge them to the generous toast,
"The whole of human kind!"

"To those nwho love us!" second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us -
A third - "To thee and me, love!"

Robert Burns

Verses To Collector Mitchell

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it skelpin jig and reel,
In my poor pouches?

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That One-pound-one, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the Auld year gang out moanin'
To see the New come laden, groanin',
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin',
To thee and thine:
Domestic peace and comforts crownin'
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPTYe've heard this while how I've been lickit,
And by fell Death was nearly nickit;
Grim loon! he got me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
But by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and wee, I'll tak a care o't,
A tentier way;
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye!

Verses Written With A Pencil At The Inn At Kenmore

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side,
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste,
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noontide beam—
· · · · · Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—
· · · · · Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortunes lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

Robert Burns

Versicles On Sign-Posts

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to a tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission,
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to he, his dear friend's secrets tell,
Who dreads a certain lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

Robert Burns

Versified Note To Dr. Mackenzie, Mauchline

FRIDAY first's the day appointed
By the Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession;
To get a blad o' Johnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels
I' the way of our profession.
The Master and the Brotherhood
Would a' be glad to see you;
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If Death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin,
Inform him, and storm him,
That Saturday you'll fecht him.

Robert Burns

Versified Reply To An Invitation

SIR, Yours this moment I unseal,
And faith I'm gay and hearty!
To tell the truth and shame the deil,
I am as fou as Bartie:
But Foorsday, sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your partie,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie.
YOURS, ROBERT LIN, Monday night, 10 o'clock.

Robert Burns

Wee Willie Gray

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow wand to be him boots and jacket;
The rose upon the breir will be him trews an' doublet,
The rose upon the breir will be him trews an' doublet,

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

Robert Burns

Wha Is That At My Bower-Door

'Wha is that at my bower-door?'
'O wha is it but Findlay!'
'Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here:'
'Indeed maun I,' quo' Findlay;
'What mak' ye, sae like a thief?'
'O come and see,' quo' Findlay;
'Before the morn ye'll work mischief:'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'Gif I rise and let you in'-
'Let me in,' quo' Findlay;
'Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay;
'In my bower if ye should stay'-
'Let me stay,' quo' Findlay;
'I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'Here this night if ye remain'-
'I'll remain,' quo' Findlay;
'I dread ye'll learn the gate again;'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.
'What may pass within this bower'-
'Let it pass,' quo' Findlay;
'Ye maun conceal till your last hour:'
'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

Robert Burns

What Can A Young Lassie Do Wi' An Auld Man?

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan'.
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doylt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,—
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doylt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him do a' that I can;
He's peevish an' jealous o' a' the young fellows,—
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish an' jealous o' a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him an' wrack him, until I heartbreak him
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan,
I'll cross him an' wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

Robert Burns

Where Are The Joys I Have Met

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild-woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair,
No more I trace the light footsteps of Pleasure,
But Sorrow and sad-sighing Care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly Winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long, too well have I known;
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor Hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

Robert Burns

Whistle Ow'R The Lave O'T

My mither sent me tae the moss
For to gaither peats and dross.
I cowpit the cairt and hanged the horse
An whistle ow'r the lave o't.

My mither sent me tae the well
Better her had gaen hersel'.
I fell ower and broke my pail,
An' whistle ow'r the lave o't.

My mither sent me tae the sea
For tae gaither mussels three,
A sailor lad fell in wi' me
An' whistle ow'r the lave o't.

My mither sent me tae the moss
For tae gaither peats and dross.
I cowpit the cairt and hanged the horse,
And whistle ow'r the lave o't.

Robert Burns

Willie Brew'D A Peck O' Maut

O WILLIE 1 brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allen cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.

Chorus.—We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three.
We are na fou, &c.

Note 1. Willie is Nicol, Allan is Masterton the writing-master. The scene is between Moffat and the head of the Loch of the Lowes. Date, August-September, 1789.—Lang. [back]

Robert Burns

Willie Wastle

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie.
Willie was a wabster guid
Could stown a clue wi onie body.
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither!
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e (she has but ane),
The cat has twa the very colour,
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-toungue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shin'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o that upon her shouther:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An wi her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her frunzie wi a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Robert Burns

Winter: A Dirge

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless winter day
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here firm I rest; they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want-O do Thou grant
This one request of mine!-
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

Robert Burns

Written By Somebody On The Window Of An Inn At Stirling

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
Fallen indeed, and to the earth
Whence groveling reptiles take their birth.
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne;
An idiot race, to honour lost;
Who know them best despise them most.

Robert Burns

Written In Friars' Carse Hermitage (Second Version)

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night,—in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold!
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease;
There ruminat with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought,
And teach the sportive youngers round,

Saws of experience, sage and sound:
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not,—Arth thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to Vice is giv'n,
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise—
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep,—
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.
Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nithside.

Robert Burns

Ye Banks And Braes O'Bonnie Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luvie staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns

Ye Flowery Banks

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my false love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the wood-bine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pulled a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my false luvver stole my rose
But left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns

Ye Flowery Banks (Bonnie Doon)

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my false love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the wood-bine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pulled a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my false luvver stole my rose
But left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns

Ye Jacobites By Name

Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear!
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame - you shall hear, you shall hear!
Your doctrines I maun blame - you shall hear!

What is right, and what is wrong, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrong, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrong?
A short sword and a long,
A weak arm and a strong, for to draw, for to draw!
A weak arm and a strong, for to draw!

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi bluidy war, wi bluidy war!
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi bluidy war!

Then let your schemes alone, in the State, in the State!
Then let your schemes alone, in the State!
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man alone, to his fate, to his fate!
And leave a man alone, to his fate!

Robert Burns

Yon Wild Mossy Mountains

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o'yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequestered stream,
Besides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o'love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

Robert Burns

You'Re Welcome, Willie Stewart

Chorus.—You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art!

COME, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it,
The tappet hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, &c.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack
Ilk action, may he rue it,
May woman on him turn her back
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, &c.

Robert Burns