

**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'.

## **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 whunstone,  
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 gen'rous, 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 aboot it  
Than did ae day.<sup>^1</sup>

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 cowl's been known,  
To mak a noble aiver;  
So, ye may doucely fill the throne,  
For a'their clish-ma-claver:

There, him<sup>2</sup> at Agincourt wha shone,  
Few better were or braver:  
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,<sup>3</sup>  
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,<sup>4</sup> 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 dirl'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 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 Poets Welcome to His Love-Begotten Daughter

Thou's welcome, wean; mishanter fa' me,  
If thoughts o' thee, or yet thy mammie,  
Shall ever daunton 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 Poets's Welcome to His Love-Begotten Daughter

The first instance that entitled him to the venerable appellation of father.

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Robert Burns

## **A Red, Red Rose**

Oh my luve is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
Oh my luve is like the melodie,  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie 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;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

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

Robert Burns

## A Winter Night

1 When biting Boreas, fell and doure,  
2 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;  
3 When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,  
4 Far south the lift,  
5 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,  
6 Or whirling drift:  
  
7 Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,  
8 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,  
9 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths upchoked,  
10 Wild-eddying swirl,  
11 Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,  
12 Down headlong hurl.  
  
13 List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,  
14 I thought me on the ourie cattle,  
15 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle  
16 O' winter war,  
17 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,  
18 Beneath a scar.  
  
19 Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!  
20 That, in the merry months o' spring,  
21 Delighted me to hear thee sing,  
22 What comes o' thee?  
23 Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing  
24 An' close thy e'e?  
  
25 Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,  
26 Lone from your savage homes exil'd,  
27 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd  
28 My heart forgets,  
29 While pityless the tempest wild  
30 Sore on you beats.

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 the Devil

1 O thou! whatever title suit thee,--  
2 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie!  
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      Amang 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 rank'd 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 Child

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

## **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

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Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!  
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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



## Again Rejoicing Nature Sees

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

## **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

## 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 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.

Robert Burns

## **Anna, thy Charms**

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Robert Burns

**Auld Farmer's New-Year-Morning Salutation to His Auld Mare, Maggie On giving her the accustomed ripp of corn to hansel in the New-Year, The**

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 stimpert, 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...

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 luvver 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

## **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

## **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 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 roved by bonie Doon  
To see the woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,  
And sae did I o' mine.

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

Robert Burns

## **Bonie Peggy Alison**

Tune - "The Braes o' Balquhidder."

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

O SAW ye bonnie 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 bonnie!

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

## 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

## Comin Thro' The Rye

O, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,  
    Jenny's seldom dry:  
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
    Comin thro' the rye!

Comin thro' the rye, poor body,  
    Comin thro' the rye,  
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
    Comin thro' the rye!

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

Gin a body meet a body  
    Comin thro' the glen,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
    Need the warl' ken?

Gin a body meet a body  
    Comin thro' the grain;  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
    The thing's a body's ain.

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&mdash;  
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body  
Coming thro' the glen,  
Gin a body kiss a body&mdash;  
Need the world ken?

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, amang 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 younkers a' are warned 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 maks 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 complimental 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 beats 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 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

## 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 exchange'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

## 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



## 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

## **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&mdash;  
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&mdash;  
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&mdash;  
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

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 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;  
11 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
12 A man's a man for a' that.  
13 For a' that, an' a' that,  
14 Their tinsel show an' a' that;  
15 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
16 Is king o' men for a' that.

17 Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord  
18 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;  
19 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
20 He's but a coof for a' that:  
21 For a' that, an' a' that,  
22 His riband, star, an' a' that,  
23 The man o' independent mind,  
24 He looks and laughs at a' that.

25 A prince can mak a belted knight,  
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

## 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, grumbling hive  
66       Bum owre their treasure.

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 frighted  
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  
Asteer 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 haurlin'  
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 scrievin,  
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

## **Hark! the Mavis**

CA' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
Where at moonshine midnight hours  
O'er the dewy bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;  
Thou'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,  
Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart;  
I can die--but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;  
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,  
Ye shall be my dearie.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes...

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 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.

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 furr,  
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 soft 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 Thysel',  
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 worldly 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

## **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

## **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 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

## 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

## Jean

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie 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 bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns

## John Anderson

John Anderson, my jo John,  
When we were first acquaint  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snow;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson, my jo John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither:  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson my jo.

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 brent;  
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 dāy, 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 Anderson, My Jo**

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint;  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snow,  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And mony 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

There were three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high,  
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,  
Put clods upon his head;  
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' spring came kindly on,  
And show'rs began to fall;  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong;  
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,  
When he grew wan and pale;  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,  
He faded into age;  
And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en 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 cudgelled him full sore;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turned 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 farther woe,  
And still, as signs of life appeared,  
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,  
The marrow of his bones;

But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en 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

## John Barleycorn: A Ballad

There was three kings unto the east,  
Three kings both great and high,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
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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 Culloden

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
For e'en and morn she cries, 'Alas!'  
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:  
'Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,  
A waefu' day it was to me!  
For there I lost my father dear,  
My father dear and brethren three.

'Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
Their graves are growing green to see;  
And by them lies the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's e'e!  
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
A bluidy man I trow thou be;  
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,  
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.'

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,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The mavis wild ai' mony a note,  
Sings drowsy day to reast  
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 my 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

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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 down;  
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 luve 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 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

## **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

## **Love in the Guise of Frindship**

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 it in that thought;  
Nor cause me from my bosom tear  
The very friend I sought.

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

## 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

## **My Bonnie Mary**

GO fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
An' fill it in a silver tassie,  
That I may drink, before I go,  
A service to my bonnie lassie.  
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,  
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes thick and bloody;  
But it 's no the roar o' sea or shore  
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;  
Nor shout o' war that 's heard afar--  
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

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 Nannie, O

Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,  
    'Mang moors an' mosses many, Ó,  
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

## 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

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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 yon 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 mysel a drap o' dew,  
Into her bonnie 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

## **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.  
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Robert Burns



## **O, Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair**

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Robert Burns

## **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

## 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

## 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 luvè 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 luv am I,  
And I will luv 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 luv thee still, my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare the weel, my only luv!  
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



## 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 distrest;  
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

## 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

## 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

## 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, scrievin,  
    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 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

## 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 blows 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 Brownies and of Bogillies 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 dirl. -  
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 claut 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.

Robert Burns

## Tam O'Shanter

When chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late,  
And folk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit bousin, at the nappy,  
And gettin 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,  
Whare 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 bletherin, blusterin, 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 would be found deep drown'd in Doon;  
Ot 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 an 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 vera brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
And ay the ale was growing better:  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious  
Wi' secret favours, 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 forever;  
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 tether time or 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 show'rs 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 lifted leg,-  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind and rain and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,  
Whiles glowrin round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares.  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;  
And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Whare drucken Charlie brak's neckbane:  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Whare 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 can'st make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquebae 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 cotillion 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 towzie 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 dirl.-  
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, unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutted frae the 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 o' life bereft--  
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name wad 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 linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens!  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!-  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,  
I wad hae gien them aff y hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
Lowping and flinging on a crummock.  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam ken'd what was what fu' brawlie;  
There was ae winsom wench and walie,  
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 cow'r,  
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jad 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 skriech 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 of the brig:  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na 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 aff her master hale  
But left behind her ain grey tail:  
The carlin claught 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 run in your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mear.

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, 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 steyest 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 stimpert, 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 Banks o' 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 bonnie 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 bonnie bird,  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wistna o' my fate.

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

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
Upon a morn in June;  
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,  
And sae was pu'd or' noon.

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

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,  
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

## **The Birks Of Aberfeldy**

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

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 Cotter's Saturday Night

*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, amang 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 younkers a' are warned 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 maks 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 complimental 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 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 Farewell

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, farewell,  
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--  
With, Adieu for evermore!

The sodger 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



## **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 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 down;  
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 luve 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

## 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 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 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

## 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&mdash;  
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 Louse, On Seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan 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, creepan, 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 haffet 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'rels, snug and tight,  
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,  
Till ye've got on it,  
The verra tapmost, towrin 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 surpriz'd to spy  
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;  
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
On's wylecoat;  
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!  
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abroad!  
Ye little ken what cursed speed  
The blastie's makin!  
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us!  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,

An' foolish notion:  
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
And 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 mayst 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 dreaer!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear!

Robert Burns

## To a Mouse, on Turning Up Her Nest With the Plough

Wee, sleeket, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty  
Wi' bickerin brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

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

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst 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!  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin  
Baith snell an' keen!

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

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

But, Mousie, thou 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 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



## 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 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

## 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

## **Wounded Hare, The**

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

## **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 Luv 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 luv 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.

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To see the wood-bine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,  
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Frae aff its thorny tree;  
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Robert Burns