

# Burns Revisited Volume 41

1. □ Queen Artemisia
2. □ On Tam the Chapman
3. □ Lines addressed to John Rankine
4. □ Lines on the author's death
5. □ Man was made to mourn
6. □ The twa herds or the holy tulyie
7. □ Epistle to Davie a brother poet
8. □ Epitaph on holy Willie
9. □ Death and Doctor Hornbook
10. □ Epistle to John Larpaik

# Queen Artemisia

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Am ♩ = 49

One Queen Ar tem-is - i - a as o - ld stor-ies tell when de-priv'd of her hus-band she loved so well

5

Dm Am

in res-pect for the love and af - fec-tion he show'd her she re-duc'd him to dust and she drank up the pow-der

## Verse 2

But Queen Netherplace of a diffrent complexion  
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction  
Would have eat her dead lord on a slender pretence  
Not to show her respect but to save the expense

# On Tam the Chapman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 C = 80 F G7 C

As Tam the chap-man on a day wi' Death for - gath-er'd by the way weel pleas'd he greets a wight sae

14 F G7 C Am Bb F Am

fam-ous and Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thom-as wha cheer-ful-ly lays down his pack and there blows

19 G7 C Am Bb F Am Em

up a hear - ty crack his soc-ial friend-ly hon-est heart sae tick - led Death they could - na

24 Am Bb Am Em G7 C

part sae af - ter view-ing knives and gar-ters Death taks him hame to gie him quar-ters

## Lines addressed to John Rankine

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 C → Dm G7 C → D G7 → C → Dm G7 C ↻

7 D → G7 → C → Dm G7 C → D G7 ↻

13 C → G7 Am → Dm G7 → C ↻

19 G7 Am → Dm → G7 → C → D7 → G7 → C ↻

26 Dm G7 C → G C → D7 → F → D7 G7 → C ↻

32 Dm G7 Am → Dm → G7 C ↻

Ae day\_ as Death that Gru- some carl was dri - ving to - the - tith-er warl' a mix - ie max ie mo- tley- squad and  
 mon-ie a guilt be spot ed lad black gowns of each de - nom - in - at - ion and thieves\_ of every rank and stat - ion from  
 him\_ that wears the sta - r an - d gar - ter to him that wintles in a hal - ter ash - am'd\_ him sel' to see the wret - ches he  
 mut ters glow' ring at the bit ches by God I'll not be seen be hint them nor 'mang the sp' - rit - ual core pre ent them with out at least  
 ae - hon est man to grace\_ this damn'd in - fer - nal clan by A - dam - hill a glance he threw Lord God\_ quoth he I  
 ha - ve i - t now there's just the man I want I faith and quick - ly stop - pit Ran kine's breath

# Three lines to the same

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

He who of Ran - kine sang\_ lies stiff and dead and a green gras - sy hil - lock hides his

head Al - as Al - as a dev - il - ish change in - de - ed

# Man was made to mourn

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85  
Eb  
Verse 1

9

12

15

18

21

23

When chill No-vem-ber's sur - ly blast made fields and for-ests bare one ev' - ning as I wan er'd forth a -  
long the banks of Ayr I spied a man whose ag - ed step seem - 'd worn with care his  
face was fur-row'd o'er with years and ho - ry was his hair Young sran-ger whi-ther wan-'rest thou be -  
ban the re' - rend sage does thirst of wealth thy step con - strain't or youth - ful pleas - ure's rage  
or hap - ly prest with cares and woes to soon thou hast be - gan  
to wan - der forth with me to mourn the mis - er - ies of man

Bb Bb Eb Gm7 Ab/F Bb7 Eb Gm7 Eb Bb7

Refrain 1

**Verse 2**

The sun that overhangs yon moors  
Out-spreading far and wide  
Where hundreds labour to support  
A haughty lordling's pride  
I've seen yon weary winter-sun  
Twice forty times return  
And ev'ry time has added proofs  
That man was made to mourn

**Refrain 2**

O man while in thy early years  
How prodigal of time  
Mis-spending all thy precious hours  
Thy glorious youthful prime  
Alternate follies take the sway  
Licentious passions burn  
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law  
That man was made to mourn

**Verse 3**

Look not alone on youthful prime  
Or manhood's active might  
Man then is useful to his kind  
Supported in his right  
But see him on the edge of life  
With cares and sorrows worn  
Then Age and Want-oh ill-match'd pair  
Shew man was made to mourn

**Refrain 3**

A few seem favourites of fate  
In pleasure's lap carest  
Yet think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blest  
But oh what crowds in ev'ry land  
All wretched and forlorn  
Thro' weary life this lesson learn  
That man was made to mourn

**Verse 4**

Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
Inwoven with our frame  
More pointed still we make ourselves  
Regret remorse and shame  
And man whose heav'n-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn-  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn

**Refrain 4**

See yonder poor o'erlabour'd wight  
So abject mean and vile  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil  
And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn  
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn

**Verse 5**

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave  
By Nature's law design'd  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind  
If not why am I subject to  
His cruelty or scorn  
Or why has man the will and pow'r  
To make his fellow mourn

**Refrain 5**

Yet let not this too much my son  
Disturb thy youthful breast  
This partial view of human-kind  
Is surely not the last  
The poor oppressed honest man  
Had never sure been born  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn

**Verse 6**

O Death the poor man's dearest friend  
The kindest and the best  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest  
The great the wealthy fear thy blow  
From pomp and pleasure torn  
But oh a blest relief for those  
That weary-laden mourn

# The twa herds or the Holy Tulyie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80  $\overset{\text{C}}{\text{drone}}$  Verse 1

O a' ye pi-ous god-ly flocks weel fed on pas-tures or - tho-dox wha now will keep you frae the fox or  
wor-ry - ing tykes or wha will tent the waifs an' crocks a - bout the dykes The

**Verse 2**

The twa best herds in a' the wast  
The e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast  
These five an' twenty simmers past  
Oh dool to tell  
Hae had a bitter black out-cast  
Atween themsel'

**Verse 3**

O Moodie man an' wordy Russell  
How could you raise so vile a bustle  
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle  
An' think it fine  
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle  
Sin' I hae min'

**Verse 4**

O sirs whae'er wad hae expeckit  
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit  
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit  
To wear the plaid  
But by the brutes themselves eleckit  
To be their guide

**Verse 5**

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank  
Sae hale and hearty every shank  
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank  
He let them taste  
Frae Calvin's well aye clear drank  
O sic a feast

**Verse 6**

The thummart willcat brock an' tod  
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood  
He smell'd their ilka hole an' road  
Baith out an in  
An' weel he lik'd to shed their bluid  
An' sell their skin

**Verse 7**

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale  
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale  
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep ilka tail  
Owre a' the height  
An' saw gin they were sick or hale  
At the first sight

**Verse 8**

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub  
Or nobly fling the gospel club  
And New-Light herds could nicely drub  
Or pay their skin  
Could shake them o'er the burning dub  
Or heave them in

**Verse 9**

Sic twa O do I live to see't  
Sic famous twa should disagree't  
And names like villain hypocrite  
Ilk ither gi'en  
While New Light herds wi' laughin spite  
Say neither's liein

**Verse 10**

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld  
There's Duncan deep an' Peebles shaul  
But chiefly thou apostle Auld  
We trust in thee  
That thou wilt work them het an' cauld  
Till they agree

**Verse 11**

Consider sirs how we're beset  
There's scarce a new herd that we get  
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set  
I winna name  
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet  
In fiery flame

**Verse 12**

Dalrymple has been lang our fae  
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae  
An' that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae  
And baith the Shaws  
That aft hae made us black an' blae  
Wi' vengefu' paws

**Verse 13**

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief  
We thought aye death wad bring relief  
But he has gotten to our grief  
Ane to succeed him  
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef  
I meikle dread him

**Verse 14**

And mony a ane that I could tell  
Wha fain wad openly rebel  
Forby turn-coats amang oursel'  
There's Smith for ane  
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill  
An' that ye'll fin'

**Verse 15**

O a' ye flocks o'er a the hills  
By mosses meadows moors and fells  
Come join your counsel and your skills  
To cove the lairds  
An' get the brutes the power themsel's  
To choose their herds

**Verse 16**

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance  
An' Learning in a woody dance  
An' that fell cur ca'd Common Sense  
That bites sae sair  
Be banished o'er the sea to France  
Let him bark there

**Verse 17**

Then Shaw's an' D'rymple's eloquence  
M'Gill's close nervous excellence  
M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense  
And gude M' Math  
Wi' Smith wha through the heart can glance  
May a' pack aff

# Epistle to Davie, a brother poet

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120 B♭<sup>o</sup>      →→ A♭<sup>6</sup>      →→ A♭<sup>o</sup>      →→ Cm      →→ Fm

While winds frae aff Ben Lom-ond blaw and bar the doors wi' dri-ving snaw an' hing us owre the

6      →→ B♭<sup>7</sup>      →→ E♭      →→ B♭<sup>o</sup>      →→ A♭<sup>6</sup>      →→ A♭<sup>o</sup>      →→ Cm

in-gle I - set medown to pass the time and spin a verse or twa o' rhyme in hame-ly west-lin jin-gle while

13      Fm      →→      →→ B♭<sup>7</sup>      →→ E♭      →→ B<sup>7</sup>      →→

fros-ty winds blaw in the drift ben to the chim-la lug I grudge a wee the great folk's gift that

19      →→ Fm      →→      →→ Gm

live sae bien an' snug I tent less and want less their

23      A♭      →→ Gm      Fm      →→ A♭<sup>6</sup>      Dm      →→ Cm

roo - my fire side but han - ker and can - ker to see their cur - sed pride It's

**Verse 2**

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

**Verse 3**

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en  
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin  
Is doubtless great distress  
Yet then content could make us blest  
Ev'n then sometimes we'd snatch a taste  
Of truest happiness  
The honest heart that's free frae a'  
Intended fraud or guile  
However Fortune kick the ba'  
Has aye some cause to smile  
An' mind still you'll find still  
A comfort this nae sma'  
Nae mair then we'll care then  
Nae farther can we fa'

**Verse 4**

What tho' like commoners of air  
We wander out we know not where  
But either house or hal'  
Yet nature's charms the hills and woods  
The sweeping vales and foaming floods  
Are free alike to all  
In days when daisies deck the ground  
And blackbirds whistle clear  
With honest joy our hearts will bound  
To see the coming year  
On braes when we please then  
We'll sit an' sowth a tune  
Syne rhyme till't we'll time till't  
An' sing't when we hae done

**Verse 5**

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

**Verse 6**

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

**Verse 7**

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

**Verse 8**

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

**Verse 9**

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

**Verse 10**

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

**Verse 11**

O how that name inspires my style  
The words come skelpin rank an' file  
Amaist before I ken  
The ready measure rins as fine  
As Phoebus an' the famous Nine  
Were glowrin owre my pen  
My spaviet Pegasus will limp  
Till ance he's fairly het  
And then he'll hilch and stilt an' jimp  
And rin an unco fit  
But least then the beast then  
Should rue this hasty ride  
I'll light now and dight now  
His sweaty wizen'd hide

# Epitaph on Holy Willie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

**Verses 1**

Here Ho-ly Wil-lie's sair worn clay taks up its last a bode his saul has ta'en some ith-er way I fear the left hand road

stop there he is as sure's a gun poor sil-ly bod-dy see him nae won-der he's as black's the grun ob-

**Verses 2**

serve wha's stan-ding wi him— Your bruns-tane dev-il-ship I see has got him there be-fore ye but

haud your nine tail cat a wee till ance you've heard my stor-y— your pi-ty I will not im-plore for pi-ty ye have nane

**Finale**

jus-tice a-las has gi'en him o'er and mer-cy's day is ga-ne— but hear me sir deil as ye are look

some-thing to your cre-dit— a coof like him wad stain your name if it were kent ye did it

# Death and Doctor Hornbook

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Some books are lies frae end to end and some great lies were ne - ver penn'd ev'n  
min-isters they hae been kenn'd in ho-ly rap ture a rou-sing whid at times to vend and nail't wi' Scrip ture... But

**Verse 2**

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

**Verse 3**

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

**Verse 4**

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

**Verse 5**

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

**Verse 6**

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

**Verse 7**

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

**Verse 8**

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

**Verse 9**

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

**Verse 10**

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

**Verse 11**

Weel weel says I a bargain be't  
Come gie's your hand an' sae we're gree't  
We'll ease our shanks an tak a seat  
Come gie's your news  
This while ye hae been monie a gate  
At monie a house

**Verse 12**

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

**Verse 13**

Sax thousand years are near-hand fled  
Sin' I was to the butching bred  
An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid  
To stap or scar me  
Till ane Hornbook's3 ta'en up the trade  
And faith he'll waur me

**Verse 14**

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

**Verse 15**

See here's a scythe an' there's dart  
They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart  
But Doctor Hornbook wi' his art  
An' curs'd skill  
Has made them baith no worth a fart  
Damn'd haet they'll kill

**Verse 16**

'Twas but yestreen nae farther gane  
I threw a noble throw at ane  
Wi' less I'm sure I've hundreds slain  
But deil-ma-care  
It just play'd dirl on the bane  
But did nae mair

**Verse 17**

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

**Verse 18**

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

**Verse 19**

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

**Verse 20**

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

**Verse 21**

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

**Verse 22**

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

**Verse 23**

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

**Verse 24**

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

**Verse 25**

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

**Verse 26**

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

**Verse 27**

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

**Verse 28**

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

**Verse 29**

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

**Verse 30**

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

**Verse 31**

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

# Epistle to John Larpaik

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 Verse 1

while briers an' wood-bines bud - ding green an' pait - ricks scraich - in loud at e'en and  
mor-ning poo-ssie whid-dan seen in - spire my Muse this free-dom in an un-know-n frein'I pray ex - cuse\_ On

## Verse 2

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

## Verse 3

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

## Verse 4

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

## Verse 5

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

## Verse 6

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

## Verse 7

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

## Verse 8

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

## Verse 9

I am nae poet in a sense  
But just a rhymmer 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

## Verse 10

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

## Verse 11

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

## Verse 12

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

## Verse 13

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

## Verse 14

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

## Verse 15

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

## Verse 16

I winna blaw about mysel  
As ill I like my fauts to tell  
But friends an' folk that wish me well  
They sometimes roose me  
Tho' I maun own as mony still  
As far abuse me

## Verse 17

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

## Verse 18

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

## Verse 19

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

## Verse 20

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

## Verse 21

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

## Verse 22

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