Burns Revisited Volume 15

- 1. My native land sae far awa
- 2. I do confess thou art sae fair
- 3. The slave's lament
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- 5. Thou gloomy December
- 6. Behold the hour
- 7. The weary pund o' tow
- 8. Cock up your beaver
- 9. Grace before dinner, extempore
- 10. When she cam ben

My native land sae far awa



Verse 2

Thou that of a' things maker art That formed his fair sae far awa Gie body strength then I'll ne'er start At this my way sae far awa

Refrain

Verse 3

Nane other love nane other dart I feel but her's sae far awa But fairer never touch'd a heart Than her's the fair sae far awa

I do confess thou art sae fair



Verse 3
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide
Though thou may gaily bloom a while
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside
like onie common weed and vile

The Slave's Lament



Verse 2

The burden I must bear while the cruel scourge I fear In the lands of Virginia ginia O And I think on friends most dear with the bitter bitter tear And alas I am weary weary O

Refrain

On Sensibility



Verse 3
Dearly brought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe

Thou gloomy December

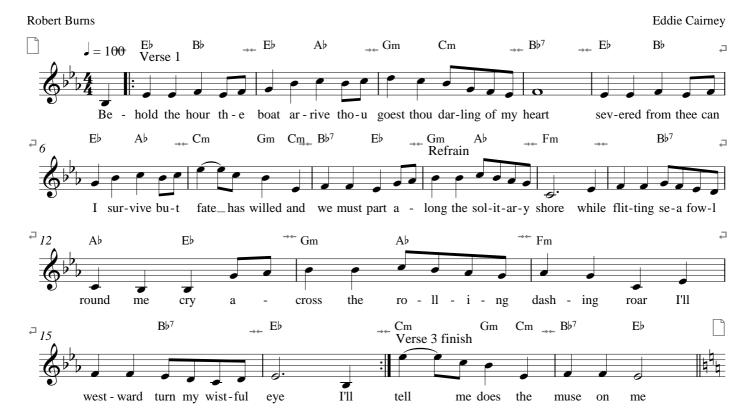


Verse 3
Still as I hail thee thou gloomy December
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember
Parting wi' Nancy oh ne'er to meet mair

Refrain

Behold the hour

Second version



Verse 2

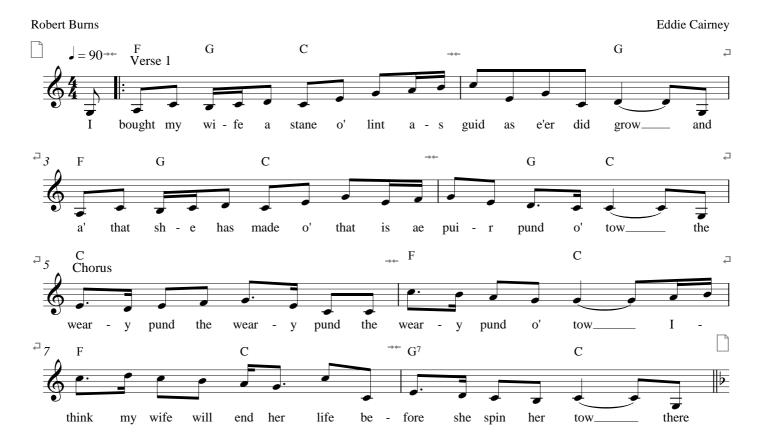
I'll often greet the surging swell You distant isle will often hail E'en here I took the last farewell There latest marked her vanished sail

Refrain

Verse 3

Happy thou Indian grove, I'll say Where now my Nancy's path shall be While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray O tell me does the muse on me

The weary pund o' tow



Verse 2

There sat a bottle in a bole Beyond the ingle low And aye she took the tither souk To drouk the stourie tow

Chorus

Verse 3

Quoth I for shame ye dirty dame Gae spin your tap o' tow She took the rock and wi' a knock Se brak it o'er my pow

Chorus

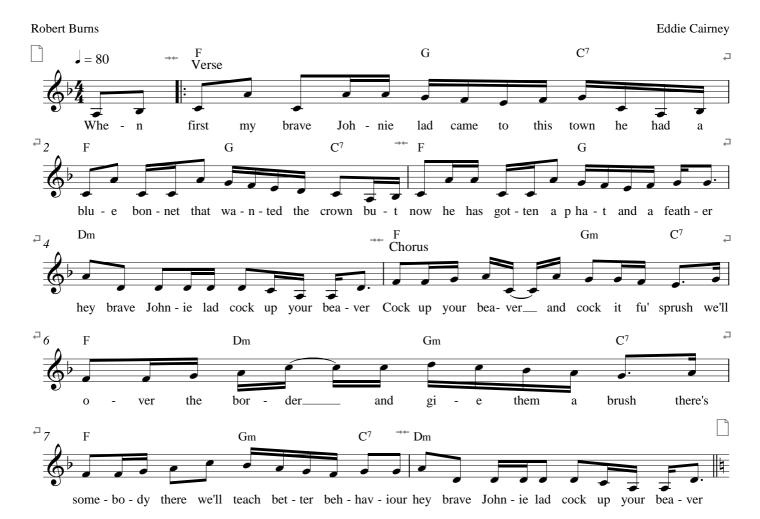
Verse 4

At last her feet I sang to see 't Gaed formost o'er the knowe And or I wad anither jad I'll wallop in a tow

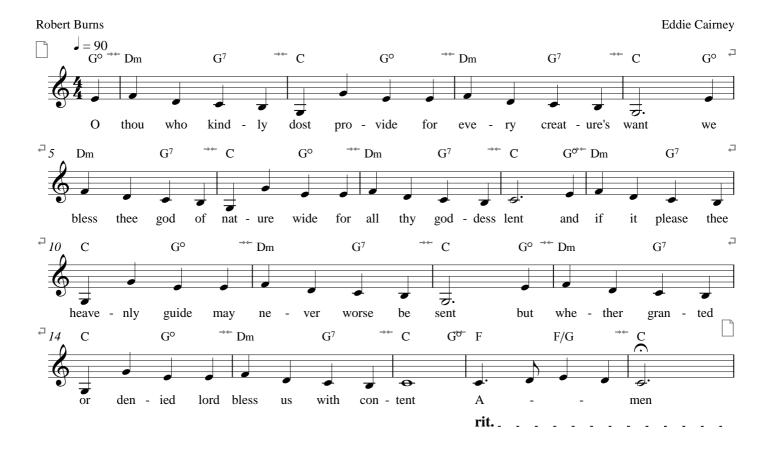
Chorus

Chorus

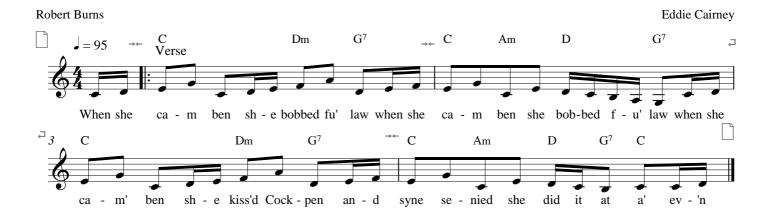
Cock up your beaver



A grace before dinner extempore



When she cam' ben she bobbed



Verse 2

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond Death's tie dissolving portal But thou omnipotently fond May'st promise love immortal

Verse 3

Thy wounds such healing powers defy Such symptoms dire attend them That last great antihectic try Marriage perhaps may mend them

Verse 4

Sweet Anna has an air a grace Divine magnetic touching She talks she charms but who can trace The process of bewitching