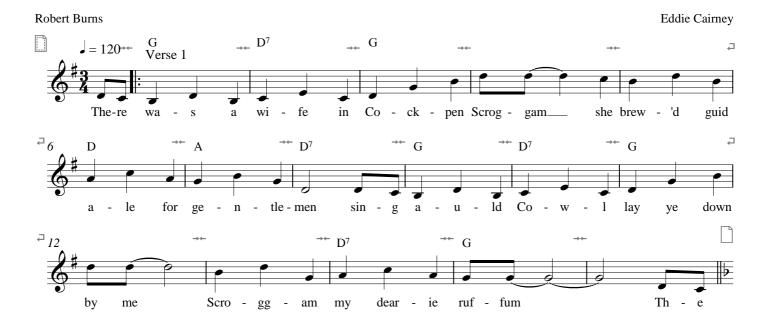
Burns Revisited Volume 16

- 1. Johnie Blunt
- 2. O can ye labour lea
- 3. When first I saw
- 4. Where Helen lies
- 5. The tailor
- 6. The primrose
- 7. We're a noddin
- 8. As I cam down by yon castle wa
- 9. As I went out ae May morning
- 10. There grows a bonnie brier bush

Scroggam my dearie



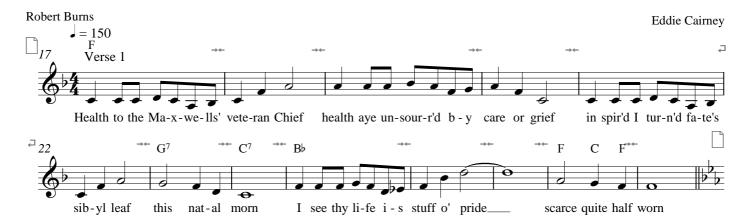
Verse 2

The guidwife's dochter fell in a fever Scroggam The priest o' the parish he fell in anither Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me Scroggam my dearie ruffum

Verse 3

They laid the twa i' the bed the gither Scroggam That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me Scroggam my dearie ruffum

Epistle to John Maxwell



Verse 2

This day thou metes three score eleven And I can tell that bounteous heaven The second sight ye ken is given To ilka poet On thee a tack o' seven times seven Will yet bestow it

Verse 3

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd day on this blest morrow
May desolation's lang teeth'd harrow
Nine miles an hour
Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah
I brunstane stour

Verse 4

But for thy friends and they are monie Baith honest men and lassies bonnie May couthie fortune kind and cannie In social glee Wi'mornings blythe and e'enings funny Bless them and thee

Verse 5

Fareweel auld kirkie Lord be near ye And then the deil he daur na steer ye Your friends aye love your faes aye fear ye For me shame fa' me I neist my heart I dinna wear ye While Burns they ca' me

Eppie Macnab



Verse 2

O come thy ways to me my Eppie Macnab O come thy ways to me my Eppie Macnab Whate'er thou hast done be it late be it soon Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab

Verse 3

What says she my dearie my Eppie Macnab What says she my dearie my Eppie Macnab She let's thee to wit that she has thee forgot And for ever disowns thee her ain Jock Rab

Verse 4

O had I ne'er seen thee my Eppie Macnab O had I ne'er seen thee my Eppie Macnab As light as the air and as fause as thou's fair Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab

Finish

Ae Fond Kiss



Verse 3

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy Naething could resist my Nancy But to see her was to love her Love but her and love for ever

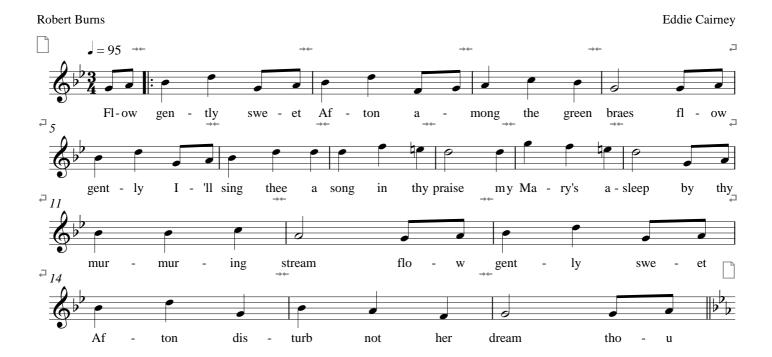
Verse 4

Had we never lov'd sae kindly Had we never lov'd sae blindly Never met or never parted We had ne'er been broken hearted

Verse 5

Fare thee weel thou first and fairest Fare thee weel thou best and dearest Thine be ilka joy and treasure Peace enjoyment love and pleasure

Sweet Afton



Verse 2

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear I charge you disturb not by slumbering fair

Verse 3

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

Verse 4

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me

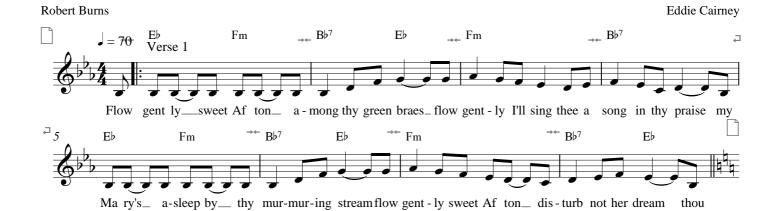
Verse 5

Thy crystal stream Afton how lovely it glides And winds by the cot where my Mary resides How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave

Verse 6

Flow gently sweet Afton among the green braes Flow gently sweet river the theme of my lays My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream Flow gently sweet Afton disturb not her dreams

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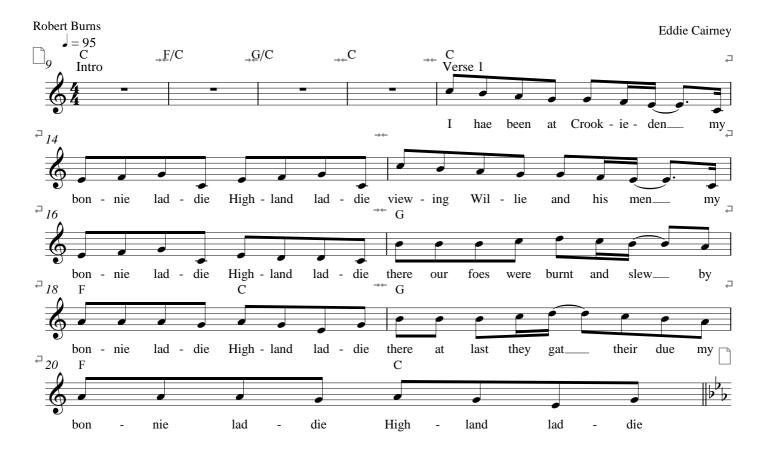
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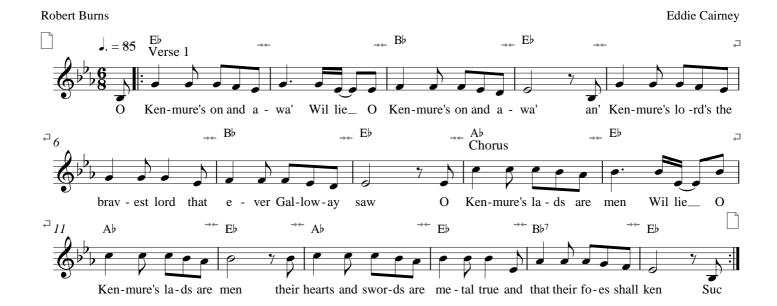
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I hae been at Crookieden



Verse 2
Satan sits in his black neuk
My bonnie laddie Highland laddie
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke
My bonnie laddie Highland laddie
The bloody monster gae a yell
My bonnie laddie Highland laddie
And loud the laugh gied round a' hell
My bonnie laddie Highland laddie

O Kenmure's on and awa Willie



Verse 2

Success to Kenmure's band Willie Success to Kenmure's band There's no a heart that fears a Whig That rides by Kenmure's hand

Chorus

Verse 3

Here's Kenmure's health in wine Willie Here's Kenmure's health in wine There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's bluid Nor yet O' Gordon's line

Chorus

Verse 4

They'll live or die wi' fame Willie They'll live or die wi' fame But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's lord come hame

Chorus

Verse 5

Here's him that's far awa' Willie Here's him that 's far awa' And here's the flower that I lo'e best The rose that's like the snaw

Chorus

Kellyburn Braes





Verse 3

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme But gie me your wife man for her I must have And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 4

O welcome most kindly the blithe carl said Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Refrain 2

The devil has got the auld wife on his back Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 5

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan door Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme Syne bade her gae in for a bitch and a whore And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 6

Then straight he makes fifty the pick o' his band Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme Turn out on her guard in the clap o' hand And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Refrain 3

The carlin gaed thro' them like onie wud bear Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme Whae'er she gat hands on cam ne'er her nae mai And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 7

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa'
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
O help maister help or she'll ruin us a'
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme He pitied the man that was tied to a wife And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Refrain

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme He was not in wedlock thank heav'n but in hell And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

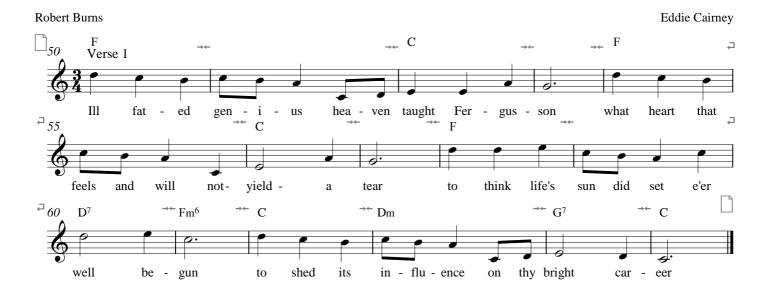
Verse 9

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme And to her auld husband he's carried her back And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 10

I hae been a devil the feck o' my life Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Lines on Fergusson the Poet



Verse 2
O why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of want and woe
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour fortune can bestow