Burns Revisited Volume 22

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Here's a health to them that's awa



Verse 4

Here's a health to them that's awa
Here's a health to them that's awa
Here's to Maitland and Wycombe
Let wha doesna like 'em
Be built in a hole in the wa'
Here's fruit that is sound at the core
And may he be that wad turn the buff and blue coat
Be turn'd to the back o' the door

Verse 5

Here's a health to them that's awa
Here's a health to them that's awa
Here's chieftain McLeod a chieftain worth gowd
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed
And wha wad betray old Albions right
May they never eat of her bread

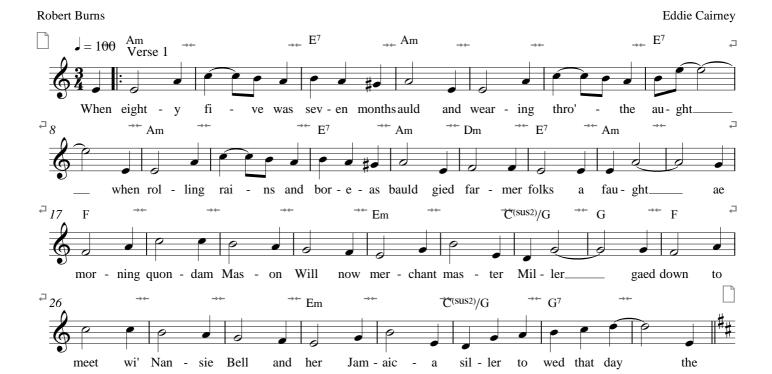
Verse 2

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 has band be but sma'
May liberty meet wi' success
May prudence protect her frae evil
My tyrants and tyranny tine I' the mist
And wander their way to the devil

Verse 3

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 them that wad read
Here's freedom to them that wad write
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard
But they whom the truth would indite

The Mauchline Wedding



Verse 2

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen Was just appearing fairly When Nell andBess got up to dress Seven lang half hours o'er early Now presses clink and drawers jink For linens and for laces But modest muses only think What ladies' underdress is O sic a day

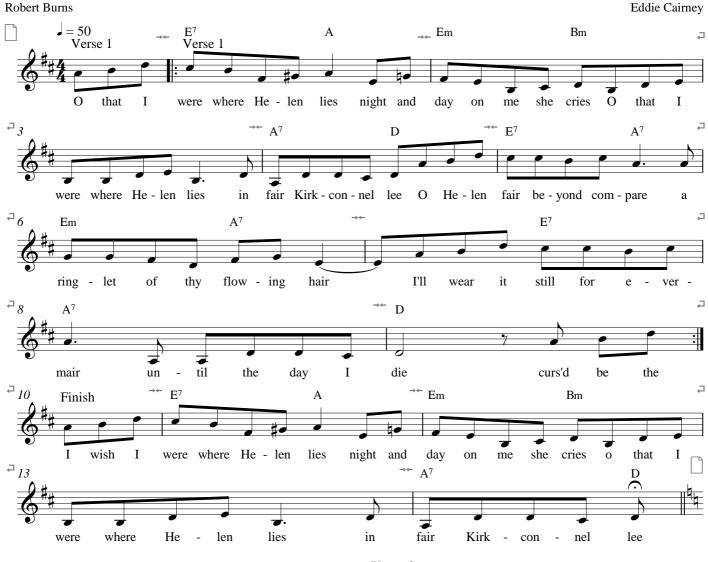
Verse 3

But now the gown wi rustling sound Its silken pomp displays Sure there's no sin in being vain O' siccan bonnie claes Sae jimp the waist the tail sae vast Trouth they were bonnie birdies O Mither Eve ye wad been grieve To see their ample hurdies Sae large that day

Verse 4

Then Sandy wi's red hacket braw Comes whip jee woa about And in he gets the bonnie twa Lord send them safely out And auld John Trot wi' sober phiz As braid and braw's a Bailie His shouthers and his Sunday's jiz Wi' powther and wi' ulzie Weel spear'd that day

Where Helen Lies



Verse 2

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot And curs'd the gun that gave the crack Into my arms bird Helen lap And died for sake o' me O think na ye but my heart was sair My love fell down and spake nae mair There did she swoon wi' meikle care On fair Kirkconnel lee

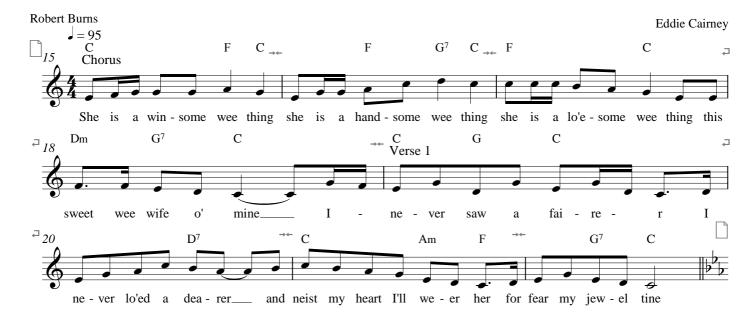
Verse 3

I lighted down my sword did draw I cutted him in pieces sma' I cutted him in pieces sma' On fair Kirkconnel lee O Helen chaste thou wert modest If I were with thee I were blest Where thou lies low and takes thy rest On fair Kirkconnel lee

Verse 4

I wish my grave was growing green A winding sheet put o'er my een And I in Helen's arms lying On fair Kirkconnel lee (Finish)
I wish I were where Helen lies Night and day on me she cries O that I were where Helen lies In fair Kirkconnel lee

The winsome wee thing



Chorus

Verse 2

The warld's wrack we share o't The warstle and the care o't Wi' her I'll blythely bear it And think my lot devine

Chorus

Chorus

To William Stewart



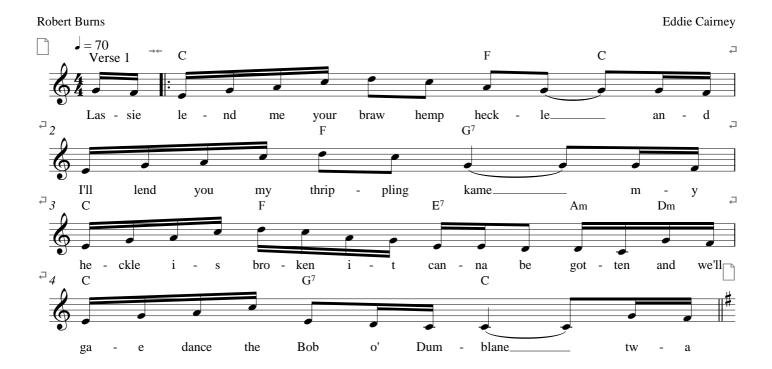
Verse 2

Yestreen alas I was sae fu'
I could but yisk and wink
And now this day sair sair I rue
The weary weary drink
Satan I fear thy sooty claws
I hate thy brunstane stink
And aye I curse the luckless cause
The wicked soup o' drink

Verse 3

In vain I would forget my woes
In idle rhyming clink
for past redemption damn'd in prose
I can do nought but drink
To you my trusty well try'd friend
May heaven still on you blink
And may your life flow to the end
Sweet as a dry man's drink

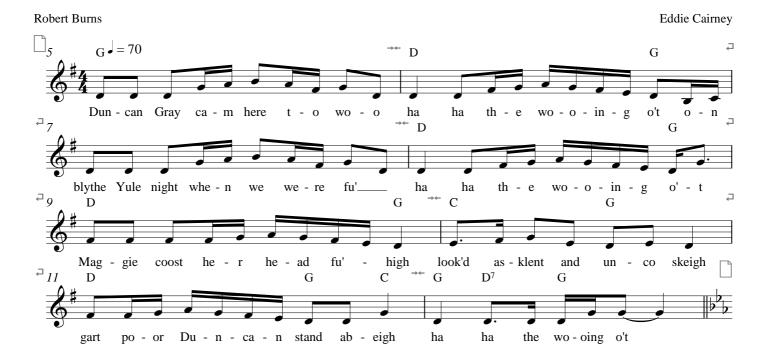
The Bob O' Dumblane



Verse 2

Twa gaed to the wood to the wood to the wood Twa gaed to the wood three cam hame
An't be na weel bobbit weel bobbit well bobbit An't be na weel bobbit we'll bob it again

Duncan Gray



Verse 2

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd Ha ha the wooing o't
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig
Ha ha the wooing o't
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in
Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin'
Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn
Ha ha the wooing o't

Verse 3

Time and chance are but a tide Ha ha the wooing o't Slighted love is sair to bide Ha ha the wooing o't Shall I like a fool quoth he For a haughty hizzie die She may gae to France for me Ha ha the wooing o't

Verse 4

How it comes let doctors tell
Ha ha the wooing o't
Meg grew sick as he grew hale
Ha ha the wooing o't
Something in her bosom wrings
For relief a sigh she brings
And o her een they spak sic things
Ha ha the wooing o't

Verse 5

Duncan was a lad o' grace
Ha ha the wooing o't
Maggie 's was a piteous case
Ha ha the wooing o't
Duncan couldna be her death
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath
Now they're crouse and canty baith
Ha ha the wooing o't

Young Jessie



Verse 2

Fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning
And sweet is the lily at evening close
But in the fair presence o' lovely young jessie
Unseen is the lily unheaded the rose
Love sits in her smile a wizard ensnaring
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law
And still to her charms she alone is the stranger
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'

The Tree of Liberty





Verse 7

Fair Freedom standing by the tree Her sons did loudly ca' man She sang a sang o' Liberty Which pleas'd them ane and a' man By her inspir'd the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel man The hirelings ran - her foes gied chase And bang'd the despot weel man

Verse 8

Let Britain boast her hardy oak
Her poplar and her pine man
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke
And o'er her neighbours shine man
But seek the forest round and round
And soon 'twill be agreed man
That sic a tree can not be found
Twixt London and the Tweed man

Verse 9

Without this tree alake this life Is but a vale o' woes man A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife Nae real joys we know man We labour soon we labour late To feed the titled knave man And a' the comfort we're to get Is that ayont the grave man

Verse 10

Wi' plenty o' sic trees I trow
The warld would live in peace man
The sword would help to mak' a plough
The din o' war wad cease man
Like brethren in a common cause
We'd on each other smile man
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle man

Verse 11

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat Sic halesome dainty cheer man I'd gie the shoon frae aff my feet To taste the fruit o't here man Syne let us pray Auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree man And blythe we'll sing and herald the day That gives us liberty man

Verse 2

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit Its virtues a' can tell man It raises man aboon the brute It mak's him ken himsel' man Gif ance the peasant taste a bit He's greater than a lord man And wi' the beggar shares a mite O' a' he can afford man

Verse 3

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth To comfort us 'twas sent man To gie the sweetest blush o' health And mak us a' content man It clears the een it cheers the heart Mak's high and low guid friends man And he wha acts the traitor's part It to perdition sends man

Verse 4

My blessings ay attend the chiel Wha pitied Gallia's slaves man And staw a branch spite o' the Deil Frae 'yont the western waves man Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care And now she sees wi' pride man How weel it buds and blossoms there Its branches spreading wide man

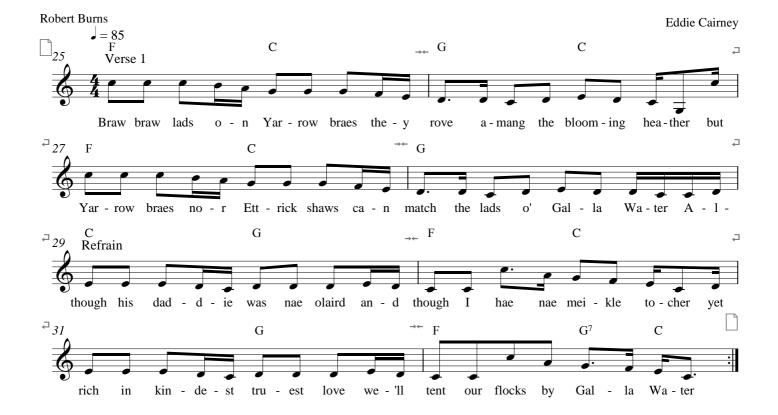
Verse 5

But vicious folk ay hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive man
The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree
And grat to see it thrive man
King Louis thought to cut it down
When it was unco sma' man
For this the watchman crack'd his crown
Cut aff his head and a' man

Verse 6

A wicked crew syne on a time Did tak' a solemn aith man It ne'er should flourish to its prime I wat they pledg'd their faith man Awa they gaed wi' mock parade Like beagles hunting game man But soon grew weary o' the trade And wish'd they'd been at hame man

Braw lads o' Galla Water



Verse 2

But there is ane a secret ane Aboon them a' I lo'e him better And I'll be his and he'll be mine The bonnie lad o' Galla Water

Refrain

Verse 3

It ne'er was wealth it ne'er was wealth That coft contentment peace or pleasure The bands and bliss o' nutual love O that 's the chiefest warld's treasure