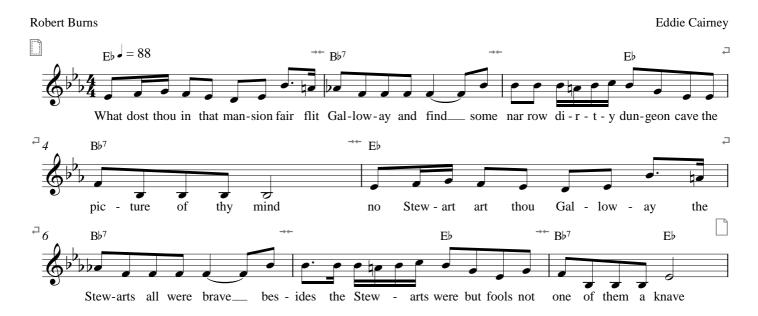
# Burns Revisited Volume 26

- 1. Epigram against the Earl of Galloway
- 2. To a gentleman whom he had offended
- 3. Banks of Cree
- 4. Monody on Maria
- 5. Wee Willie Gray
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- 7. O steer her up an' haud her gaun
- 8. Ah Chloris
- 9. Lassie wi the lint white locks
- 10. How lang and dreary is the night

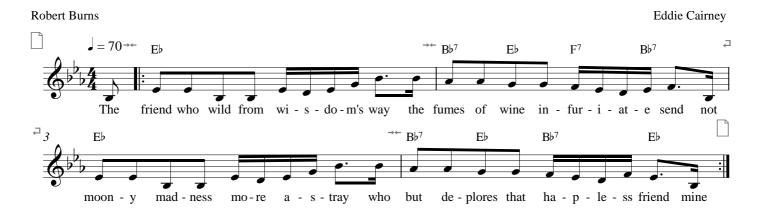
# Epigrams against the Earl of Galloway



### Verse 2

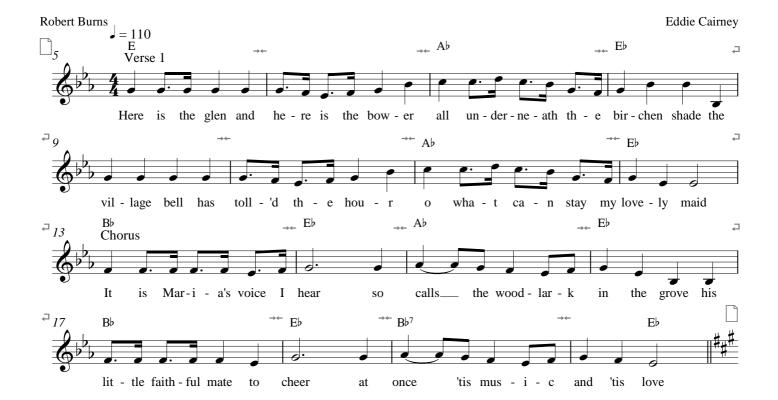
Bright ran thy line O Galloway Thro' many a far fame'd sire So ran the far fam'd Roman way And ended in a mire Spare me thy vengence Galloway In quiet let me liver I ask no kindness at thy hand For thou hast none to give

# To a gentleman whom he had offended



Verse 2
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part
Ah why should I such scenes outlive
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart
'Tis thine to pity and forgive

### Banks of Cree



### Verse 2

'Tis not Maria's whispering call 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale Mixt with some warbler's dying fall The dewy star of eve to hail

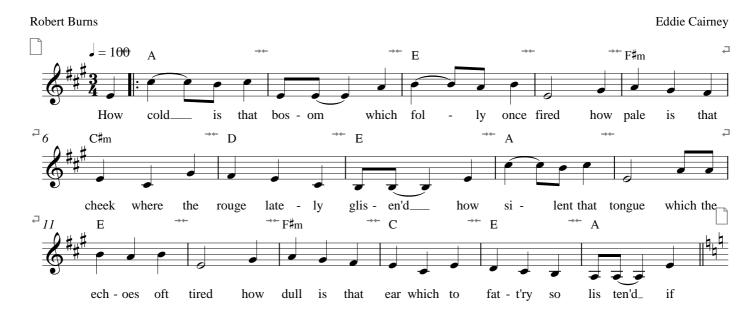
### Chorus

### Verse 3

And art thou come and art thou true O welcome dear to love and me And let us all our vows renew Along the flowery banks of Cree

### Chorus

### Monody on Maria famed for her caprice



### Verse 2

If sorrow and anguish their exit await From friendship and dearest affection remov'd How doubly severer Maria thy fate Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd

### Verse 3

Loves Graces and Virtues I call not on you So shy grave and distant ye shed not a tear But come all ye offspring of Folly so true And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier

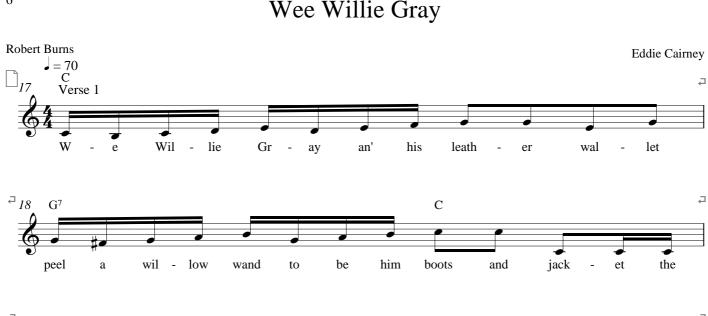
### Verse 4

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed But chiefly the nettle so typical shower For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed deed

### Verse 5

We'll sculpture the marble we'll measure the lay Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre There keen Indignation shall dart on his prey Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire

# Wee Willie Gray

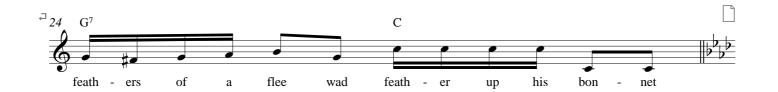






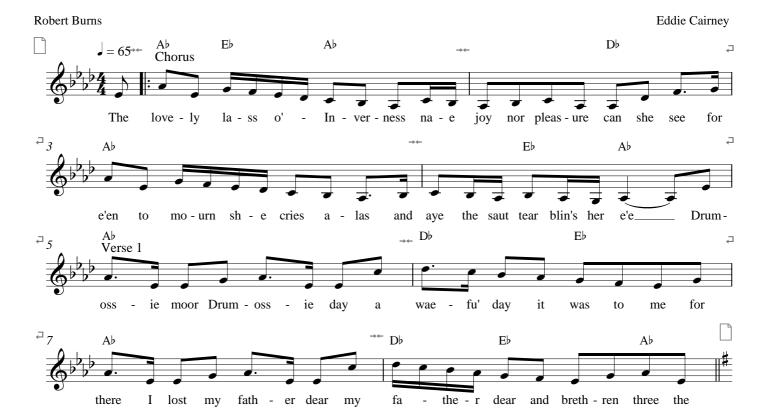






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# The lovely lass o' Inverness



### Chorus

### Verse 2

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay Their graves are growin' green to see and by them lies the dearest lad Theat ever blest a woman's e'e

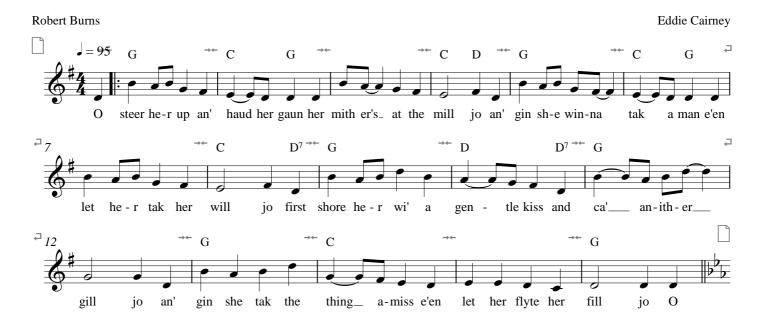
### Chorus

### Verse 3

Now wae to thee thou cruel lord A bluidy man I trow thou be For monie a heart thou has made sair that ne'er did wrang to thine or thee

### Chorus

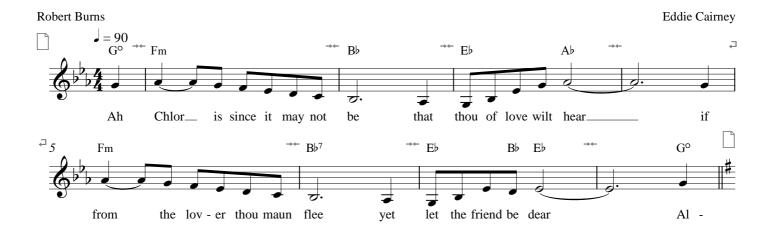
# O steer her up an' haud her gaun



### Verse 2

O steer her up and be na blate
An' gin she tak it ill jo
Then leave the lassie till her fate
And time nae langer spill jo
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute
But think upon it still jo
That gin the lassie winna do't
Ye'll find anither will jo

### Ah Chloris



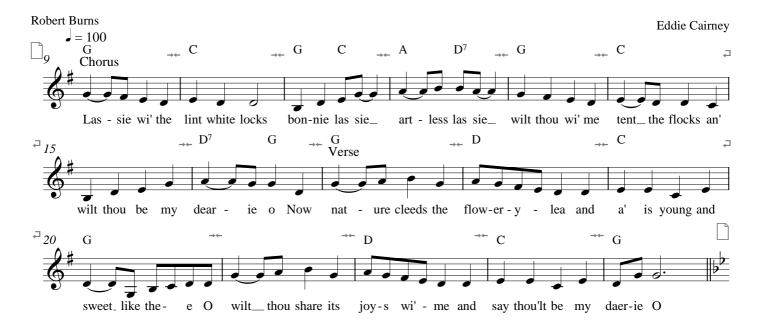
### Verse 2

Altho' I love my Chloris mair Than ever tongue could tell My passion I will ne'er declare I'll say I wish thee well

### Verse 3

Tho' a' my daily care thou art And a' my nightly dream I'll hide the struggle in my heart And say it is esteem

### Lassie wi' the lint white locks



### Chorus

### Verse 2

The primrose bank the wimpling burn The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn The wanton lambs at early morn Shall welcome thee my Dearie O

#### Chorus

#### Verse 3

And when the welcome shower Has cheer'd drooping little flower We'll to the breathing woodbine bower At sultry noon my Dearie O

### Chorus

### Verse 4

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray The weary shearer's hameward way Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray And talk love my Dearie O

#### Chorus

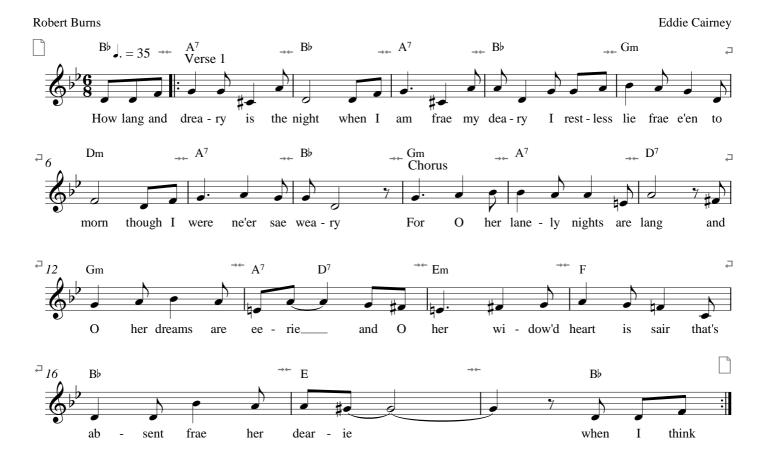
### Verse 5

And when the howling wintry blast Disturbs my Lassie's midnight rest Enclasped to my faithfu' breast I'll comfort thee my Dearie O

### **Chorus**

#### Chorus

### How lang and dreary is the night



### Verse 2

When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee my dearie And now what seas between us roar How can I be but eerie

### Chorus

### Verse 3

How slow ye move ye heavy hours The joyless day how dreary It was na sae ye glinted by When I was wi' my dearie

#### Chorus

### Verse 1

How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my dearie I restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er sae weary Tho' I were ne'er sae weary