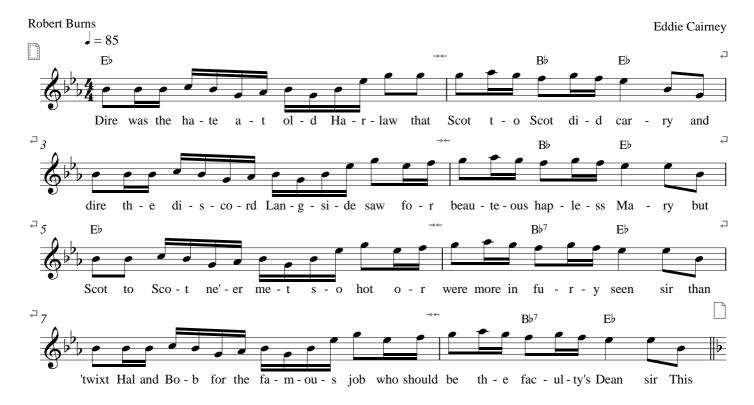
Burns Revisited Volume 36

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The Dean of Faculty - A new ballad



Verse 2

This Hal for genius wit and lore Among the first was number'd But pious Bob 'mid learning's store Commandment the Tenth remember'd Yet simple Bob the victory got And won his heart's desire Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot Tho' the Deil piss in the fire

Verse 3

Squire Hal besides had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy
So their worships of the Faculty
Quite sick of Merit's rudeness
Chose one who should owe it all d'ye see
To their gratis grace and goodness

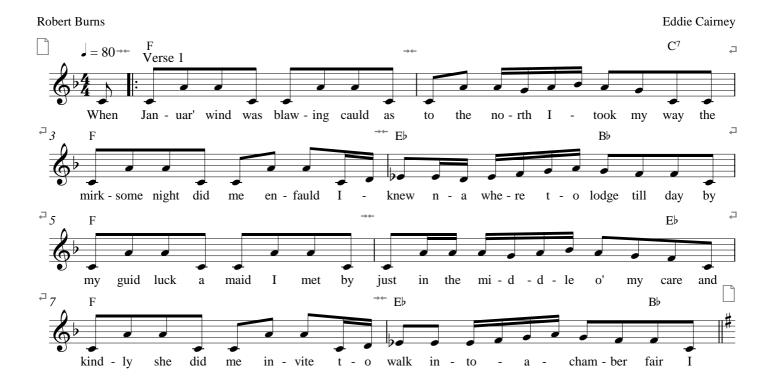
Verse 4

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision
So may be on this Pisgah height
Bob's purblind mental vision
Nay Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him
And swear that he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam

Verse 5

In your heretic sins may ye live and die Ye heretic Eight and Thirty
But accept ye sublime majority
My congratulations hearty
With your honors as with a certain King
In your servants this is striking
The more incapacity they bring
The more they're to your liking

The lass that made the bed to me



Verse 5

Her bosom was the driven snaw Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see Her limbs the polish'd marble stane The lass that made the bed to me I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again And ay she wist na what to say I laid her 'tween me an' the wa' The lassie thocht na lang till day

Verse 6

Upon the morrow when we raise I thank'd her for her courtesie But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd And said ' Alas ye've ruin'd me' I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e I said ' My lassie dinna cry For ye ay shall mak the bed to me'

Verse 7

She took her mither's holland sheets An' made them a' in sarks to me Blythe and merry may she be The lass that made the bed to me The bonie lass made the bed to me The braw lass made the bed to me I'll ne'er forget till the day I die The lass that made the bed to me

Verse 2

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid
And thank'd her for her courtesie
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid
An' bade her mak a bed to me
She made the bed baith larger and wide
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down
She put the cup to her rosy lips
And drank young man now sleep ye soun

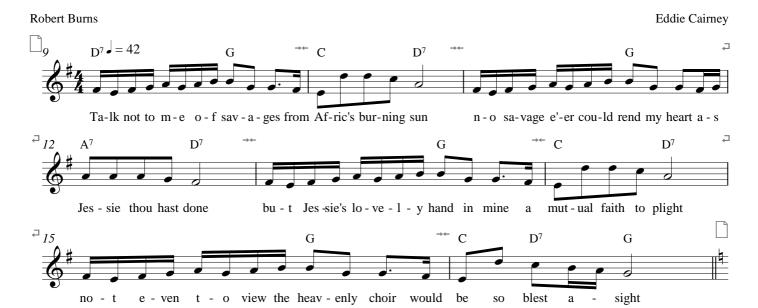
Verse 3

She snatch'd the candle in her hand And frae my chamber went wi' speed But I call'd her quickly back again To lay some mair below my head A cod she laid below my head And served me with due respeck And to salute her wi' a kiss I put my arms about her neck

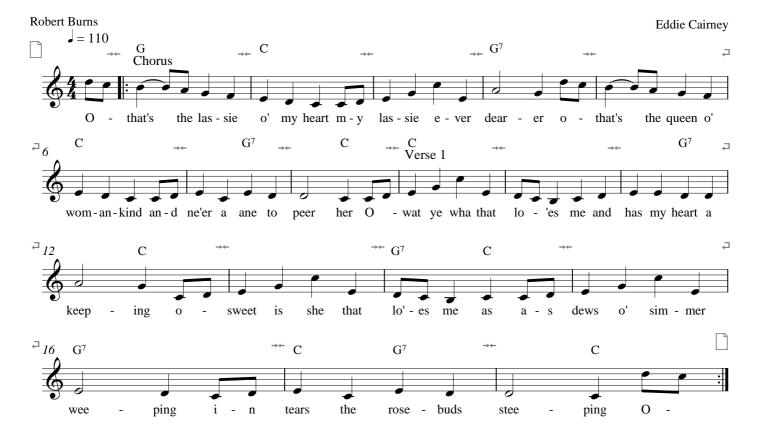
Verse 4

'Haud aff your hands young man' she said
'And dinna sae uncivil be
Gif ye hae onie luve for me
O wrang na my virginitie'
Her hair was like the links o' gowd
Her teeth were like the ivorie
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine
The lass that made the bed to me

The Menagerie



O that's the lassie o' my heart



Chorus

Verse 2

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming
That e'en thy chosen lassie
Erewhile thy breast sae warming
Had ne'er sic powers alarming

Chorus

Verse 3

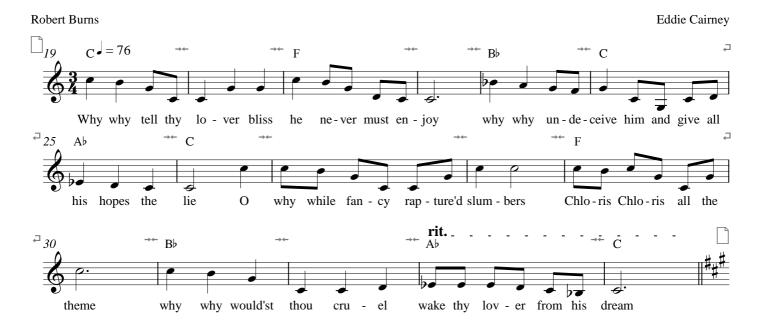
If thou hadst heard her talking And thy attention's plighted That ilka body talking But her by thee is slighted And thou art all delighted

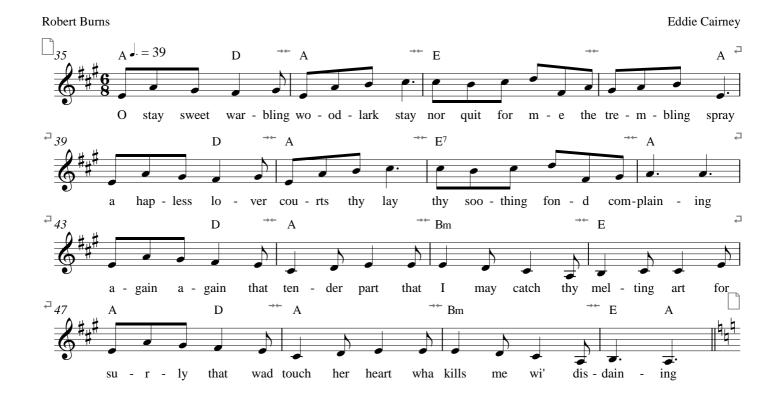
Chorus

Verse 4

If thou hast met this Fair One When frae her thou hast parted If every other Fair One But her thou hast deserted And thou art broken-hearted

Why why tell thy lover





Verse 2
Say was thy little mate unkind
And heard thee as the careless wind
O nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken
Thou tells o' never ending care
O speechless grief and dark despair
For pity's sake sweet bird nae mair

Or my poor heart is broken

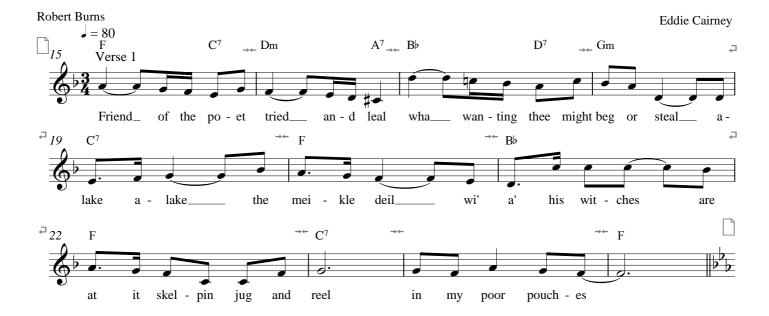
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion



Verse 2

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is
Shrinking from the gaze of day
O then the heart alarming
And all resistless charming
I love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown
Even av'rice would deny
His worshipp'd deity
And feel thro' ev'ry vein love's raptures roll

The collector Mitchell



Verse 2

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it That One-pound-one I sairly want it If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it It would be kind And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd bear't in mind

Verse 3

So may the Auld Year gang out moanin To see the New come laden groanin Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thin Domestic peace and comforts crownin The hale design

Verse 4

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket And by fell Death was nearly nicket Grim loon He got me by the fecket And sair me sheuk But by guid luck I lap a wicket And turn'd a neuk

Verse 5

But by that health I've got a share o't And by that life I'm promis'd mair o't My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't A tentier way Then farewell Folly hide and hair o't For ance and ay

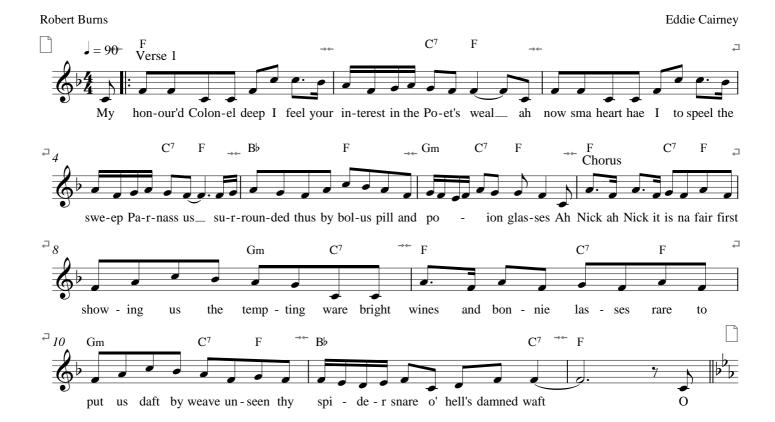
Their groves o' sweet myrtle



Verse 2

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave
Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud place
What are the haunt o' the tyrant and slave
The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain
He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountins
Save love's willing fetters the chains o' his Jean

Poem on Life



Verse 7

Poor Man the flie aft bizzes by And aft as chance he comes thee nigh Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy And hellish pleasure Already in thy fancy's eye Thy sicker treasure

Chorus

Verse 8

Soon heels o'er gowdie in he gangs And like a sheephead on a tangs Thy girnin laugh enjoys his pangs And murdering wrestle As dangling in the wind he hangs A gibbet's tassle.

Chorus

Verse 9

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel
Abjuring a' intentions evil
I quat my pen
The Lord preserve us frae the Devil
Amen Amen

Chorus

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear



Verse 2

I mourn thro' the gay gaudy day As hopeless I muse on thy charms But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber For then I am lockt in thine arms Jessy For then I am lockt in thine arms

Chorus

Verse 3

I guess by the dear angel smile I guess by the love rolling e'e But why urge the tender confession 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree Jessy 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree

Chorus