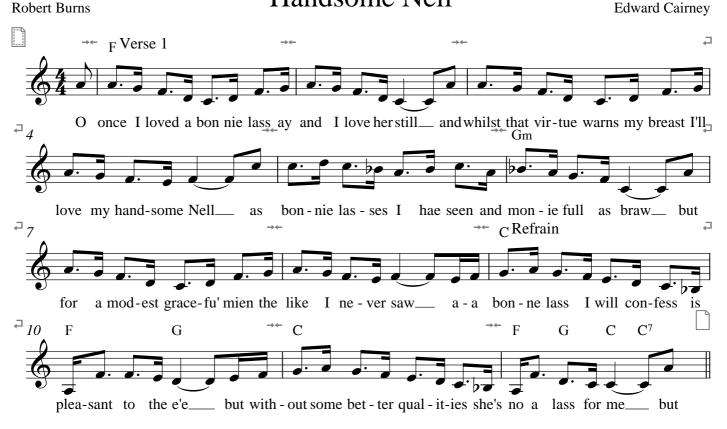
Burns Revisited Volume 37

- 1. Handsome Nell
- 2. Handsome Nell_a
- 3. O Tibbie I hae seen the day
- 4. In the character of a ruined farmer
- 5. Tragic fragment
- 6. The Ronalds of the Bennals
- 7. Here's to thy health
- 8. Winter
- 9. Winter_a
- 10. A prayer under the pressure of of violent anguish



Edward Cairney



Verse 2

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet And what is best of a' Her reputation is complete And fair without a flaw She dresses ay sae clean and neat Both decent and genteel And then there's something in her gait Gars onie dress look weel

Refrain

Verse 3

A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart 'Tis this in Nelly pleases me 'Tis this enchants my soul For absolutely in my breast She reigns without control



3

Verse 2

As bonnie lasses I hae seen And monie full as braw But for a modest gracefu' mein The like I never saw

Verse 3

A bonny lass I will confess Is pleasant to the e'e But without some better qualities She's no a lass for me

Verse 4

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet And what is best of a' Her reputation is complete And fair without a flaw

Verse 5

She dresses ay sae clean and neat Both decent and genteel And then there's something in her gait Gars onie dress look weel

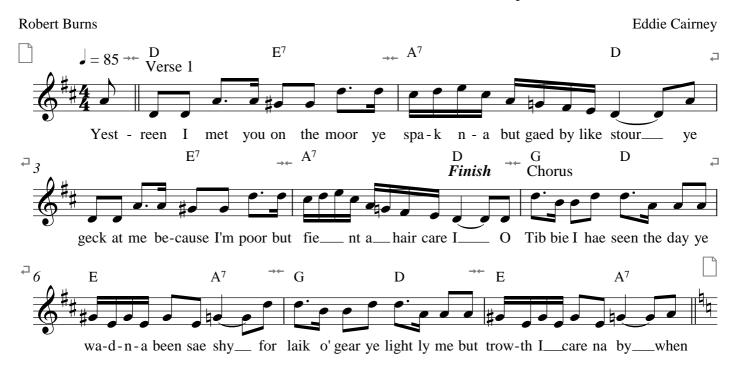
Verse 6

A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart

Verse 7

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me 'Tis this enchants my soul For absolutely in my breast She reigns without control

O Tibbie I hae seen the day



Verse 2

When coming hame on Sunday last Upon the road as I cam past Ye snufft and ga'e your head a cast But trowth I care't na by

Chorus

Verse 3

I doubt na lass but ye may think Because ye hae the name o' clink That ye can please me at a wink Whene'er ye like to try

Chorus

Verse 4

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean Wha follows onie saucy quean That looks sae proud and high

Chorus

Verse 5

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart If that he want the yellow dirt Ye'll cast your head anither airt And answer him fu' dry

Chorus

Verse 6

But if he hae the name o' gear Ye'll fasten to him like a brier Tho' hardly he for sense or lear Be better than the kye

Chorus

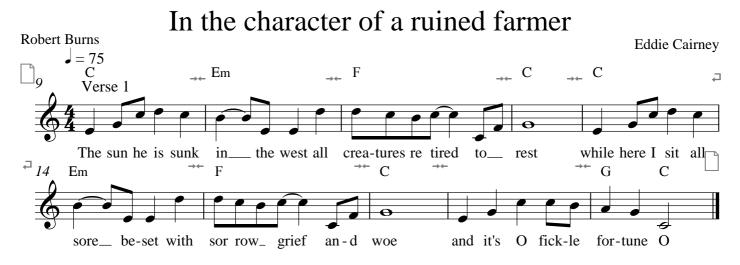
Verse 7

But Tibbie lass tak' my advice: Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice The deil a ane wad speir your price Were ye as poor as I

Chorus

Verse 8

There lives a lass beside yon park I'd rather hae her in her sark Than you wi' a' your thousand mark That gars you look sae high



Verse 2

The prosperous man is asleep Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep But Misery and I must watch The surly tempest blow And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 3

There lies the dear partner of my breast Her cares for a moment at rest Must I see thee my youthful pride Thus brought so very low And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 4

There lie my sweet babies in her arms No anxious fear their little hearts alarms But for their sake my heart does ache With many a bitter throe And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 5

I once was by Fortune carest I once could relieve the distrest Now life's poor support hardly earn'd My fate will scarce bestow And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 6

No comfort no comfort I have How welcome to me were the grave But then my wife and children dear O wither would they go And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 7

O whither O whither shall I turn All friendless forsaken forlorn For in this world Rest or Peace I never more shall know And it's O fickle Fortune O

Tragic fragment

Eddie Cairney

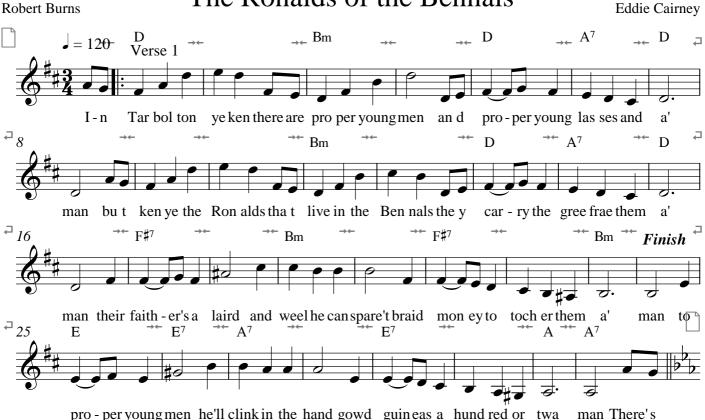


Verse 2

Ye poor despised abandoned vagabonds Whom Vice as usual has turn'd o'er to ruin Oh but for friends and interposing Heaven I had been driven forth like you forlorn The most detested worthless wretch among you O injured God Thy goodness has endow'd me With talents passing most of my compeers Which I in just proportion have abused As far surpassing other common villains As Thou in natural parts has given me more

Robert Burns

The Ronalds of the Bennals



Verse 2

There's ane they ca' Jean I'll warrant ye've seen As bonie a lass or as braw man But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best And a conduct that beautifies a' man The charms o' the min' the langer they shine The mair admiration they draw man While peaches and cherries and roses and lilies They fade and they wither awa man

Verse 3

If ye be for Miss Jean tak this frae a frien' A hint o' a rival or twa man The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire If that wad entice her awa man The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed For mair than a towmond or twa man The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board If he canna get her at a' man

Verse 4

Then Anna comes in the pride o' her kin The boast of our bachelors a' man Sae sonsy and sweet sae fully complete She steals our affections awa man If I should detail the pick and the wale O' lasses that live here awa man The faut wad be mine if she didna shine The sweetest and best o' them a' man

Verse 5

I lo'e her mysel but darena weel tell My poverty keeps me in awe man For making o' rhymes and working at times Does little or naething at a' man Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse Nor hae't in her power to say na man For though I be poor unnoticed obscure My stomach's as proud as them a' man

Verse 6

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride And flee o'er the hills like a craw man I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed Though fluttering ever so braw man My coat and my vest they are Scotch o' the best O'pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa man And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps And ne'er a wrang steek in them a' man

Verse 7

My sarks they are few but five o' them new Twal'-hundred as white as the snaw man A ten-shillings hat a Holland cravat There are no mony poets sae braw man I never had freens weel stockit in means To leave me a hundred or twa man Nae weel-tocher'd aunts to wait on their drants And wish them in hell for it a' man

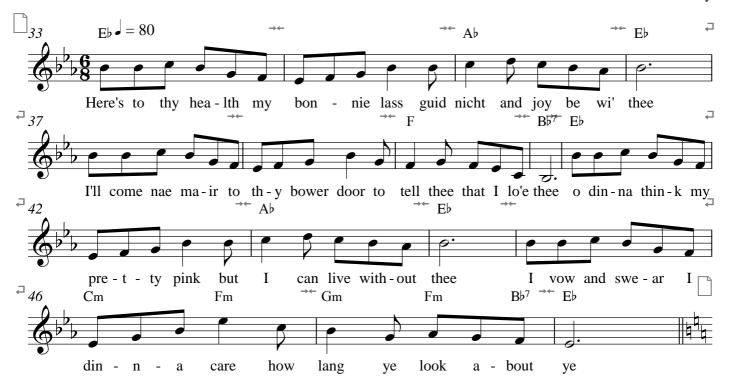
Verse 8

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money Or claughtin't together at a' man I've little to spend and naething to lend But devil a shilling I awe man

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Here's to thy health

Eddie Cairney



Verse 2

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry I'll be as free informing thee Nae time hae I to tarry I ken thy frien's try ilka means Frae wedlock to delay thee Depending on some higher chance But fortune may betray thee

Verse 3

I ken they scorn my low estate But that does never grieve me For I'm as free as any he Sma' siller will relieve me I'll count my health my greatest wealth Sae lang as I'll enjoy it I'll fear nae scant I'll bode nae want As lang's I get employment

Verse 4

But far off fowls hae feathers fair And aye until ye try them Tho' they seem fair still have a care They may prove waur than I am But at twal' at night when the moon shines bright My dear I'll come and see thee For the man that loves his mistress weel Nae travel makes him weary

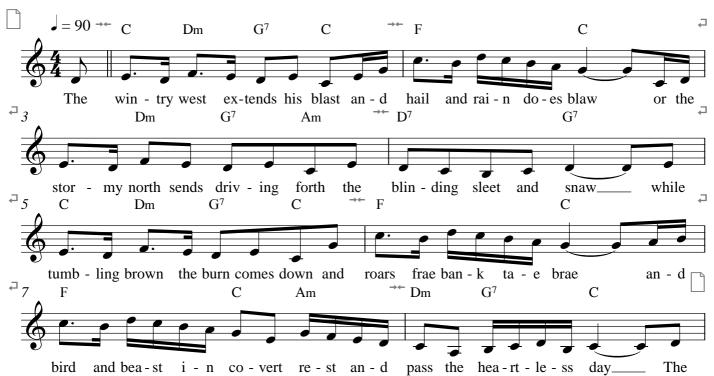
Robert Burns

Winter

Robert Burns



9



Verse 2

The sweeping blast the sky o'ercast The joyless winter day Let others fear to me more dear Than all the pride of May The tempest's howl it soothes my soul My griefs it seems to join The leafless trees my fancy please Their fate resembles mine

Verse 3

Thou Pow'r Supreme whose mighty scheme These woes of mine fulfil Here firm I rest they must be best Because they are Thy will Then all I want O do Thou grant This one request of mine Since to enjoy Thou dost deny Assist me to resign

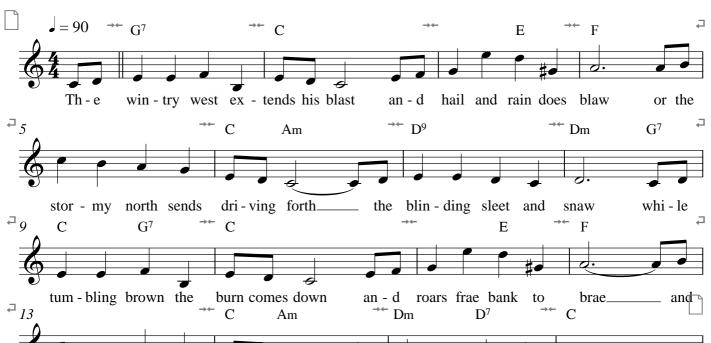
Winter

Robert Burns

bird

and beast

in



and

Verse 2

co-vert rest

The sweeping blast the sky o'ercast The joyless winter day Let others fear to me more dear Than all the pride of May The tempest's howl it soothes my soul My griefs it seems to join The leafless trees my fancy please Their fate resembles mine

the

pass

heart - less

day

Verse 3

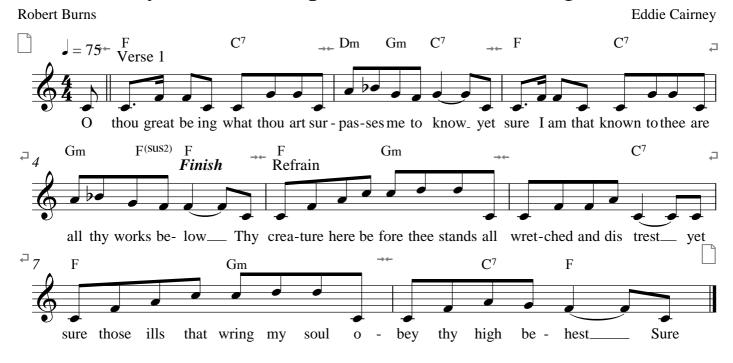
Thou Pow'r Supreme whose mighty scheme These woes of mine fulfil Here firm I rest they must be best Because they are Thy will Then all I want O do Thou grant This one request of mine Since to enjoy Thou dost deny Assist me to resign

10

Th - e

Prayer under the pressure of violent anguish

11



Verse 2 Sure Thou Almighty canst not act From cruelty or wrath O free my weary eyes from tears Or close them fast in death

Refrain

Verse 3 But if I must afflicted be To suit some wise design Then man my soul with firm resolves To bear and not repine