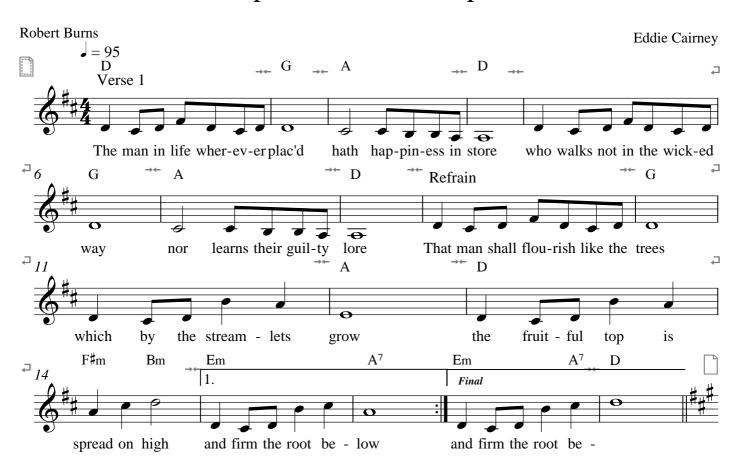
# Burns Revisited Volume 38

- 1. Paraphrase of the first psalm
- 2. The first six verses of the nineteenth psalm
- 3. A prayer in the prospect of death
- 4. Stanzas on the same occasion
- 5. Fickle fortune
- 6. Raging fortune
- 7. I'll go and be a sodger
- 8. No churchman am I
- 9. A stanza added in a Mason Lodge
- 10. My father was a farmer

# Paraphrase of the first psalm



### 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

## Refrain

### 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

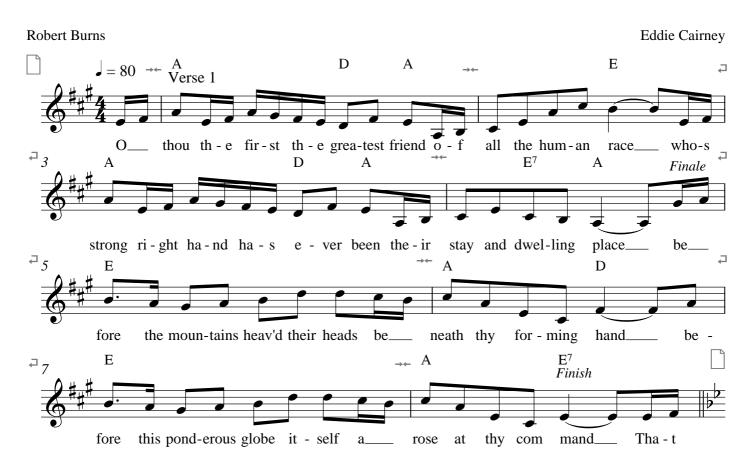
### Refrain

## 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

## Refrain

# The first six verses of the ninetieth psalm



### Verse 2

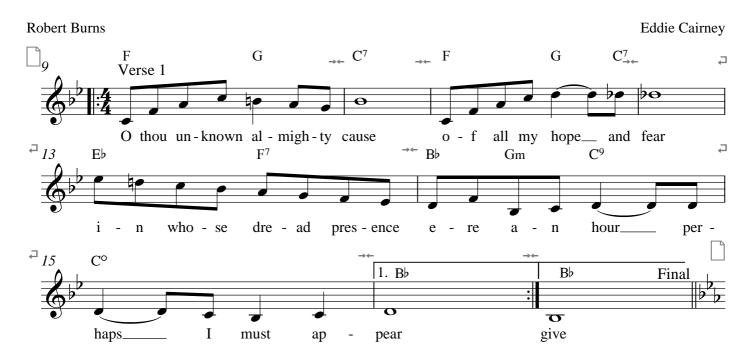
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds This universal frame From countless unbeginning time Was ever still the same Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast Appear no more before Thy sight Than yesterday that's past

### Verse 3

Thou giv'st the word Thy creature man Is to existence brought Again Thou say'st 'Ye sons of men Return ye into nought' Thou layest them with all their cares In everlasting sleep As with a flood Thou tak'st them off With overwhelming sweep

### Finale

They flourish like the morning flow'r In beauty's pride array'd But long ere night cut down it lies All wither'd and decay'd



Verse 2 If I have wander'd in those paths Of life I ought to shun As something loudly in my breast Remonstrates I have done

### Verse 3

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me With passions wild and strong And list'ning to their witching voice Has often led me wrong

### Verse 4

Where human weakness has come short Or frailty stept aside Do Thou All Good for such Thou art In shades of darkness hide

### Verse 5

Where with intention I have err'd No other plea I have But Thou art good and Goodness still Delighteth to forgive

4

# Stanzas on the same occasion



### Verse 2

Fain would I say "Forgive my foul offence" Fain promise never more to disobey But should my Author health again dispense Again I might desert fair virtue's way Again in folly's part might go astray Again exalt the brute and sink the man Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan Who sin so oft have mourn'd yet to temptation ran

### Verse 3

O Thou great Governor of all below If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow Or still the tumult of the raging sea With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me Those headlong furious passions to confine For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be To rule their torrent in th' allowed line O aid me with Thy help Omnipotence Divine

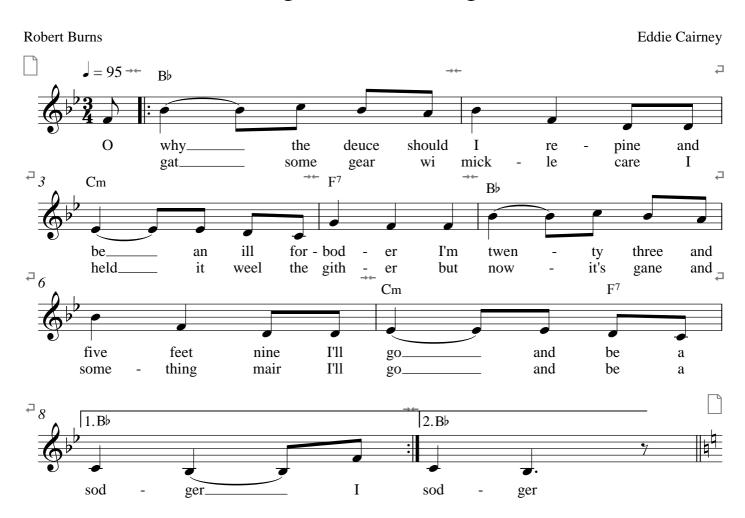
# Fickle fortune - a fragment



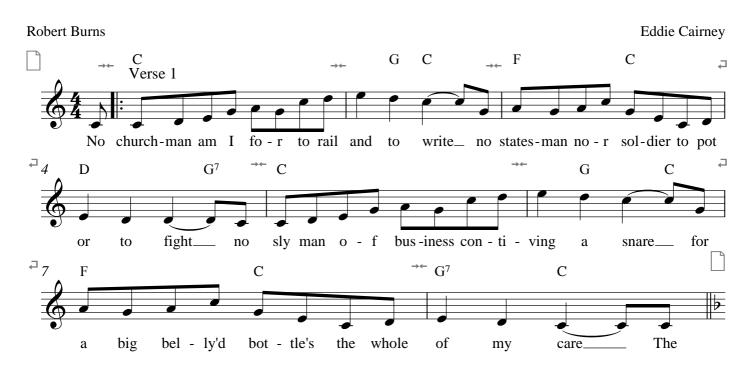
# Raging fortune



# I'll go and be a sodger



# No churchman am I



### Verse 2

The peer I don't envy I give him his bow I scorn not the peasant though ever so low But a club of good fellows like those that are here And a bottle like this are my glory and care

### Verse 3

Here passes the squire on his brother-his horse There centum per centum the cit with his purse But see you the Crown how it waves in the air There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care

### Verse 4

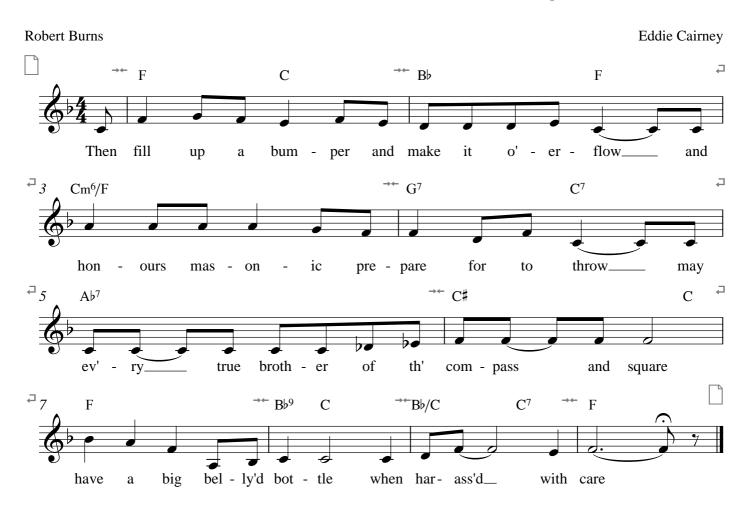
The wife of my bosom alas she did die For sweet consolation to church I did fly I found that old Solomon proved it fair That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care

### Verse 5

I once was persuaded a venture to make A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs With a glorious bottle that ended my cares

### Verse 6

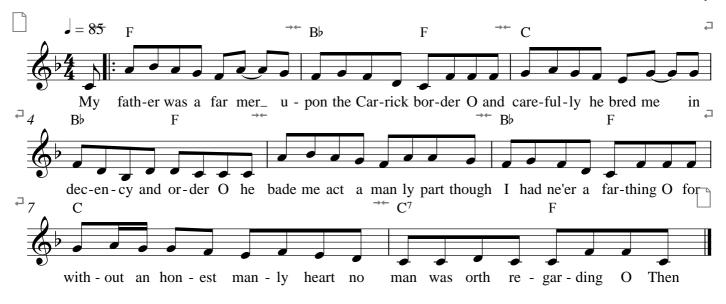
Life's cares they are comforts-a maxim laid down By the Bard what d'ye call him that wore the black gown And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care



# My father was a farmer

### Robert Burns





#### Verse 2

Then out into the world my course I did determine O Tho' to be rich was not my wish yet to be great was charming O My talents they were not the worst nor yet my education O Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend my situation O

#### Verse 3

In many a way and vain essay I courted Fortune's favour O Some cause unseen still stept between to frustrate each endeavour O Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd sometimes by friends forsaken O And when my hope was at the top I still was worst mistaken O

#### Verse 4

Then sore harass'd and tir'd at last with Fortune's vain delusion O I dropt my schemes like idle dreams and came to this conclusion O The past was bad and the future hid its good or ill untried O But the present hour was in my pow'r and so I would enjoy it O

#### Verse 5

No help nor hope nor view had I nor person to befriend me O So I must toil and sweat and moil and labour to sustain me O To plough and sow to reap and mow my father bred me early O For one he said to labour bred was a match for Fortune fairly O

#### Verse 6

Thus all obscure unknown and poor thro' life I'm doom'd to wander O Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber O No view nor care but shun whate'er might breed me pain or sorrow O I live to-day as well's I may regardless of to-morrow O

#### Verse 7

But cheerful still I am as well as a monarch in his palace O Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me down with all her wonted malice O I make indeed my daily bread but ne'er can make it farther O But as daily bread is all I need I do not much regard her O

#### Verse 8

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money O Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon me O Mischance mistake or by neglect or my goodnatur'd folly O But come what will I've sworn it still I'll ne'er be melancholy O

#### Verse 9

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour O The more in this you look for bliss you leave your view the farther O Had you the wealth Potosi boasts or nations to adore you O A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you O