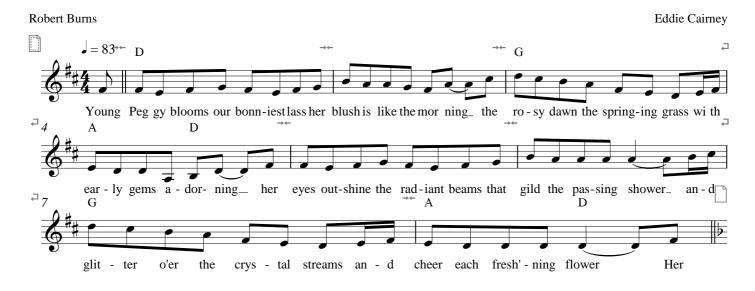
Burns Revisited Volume 43

- 1. Young Peggy blooms
- 2. Farewell to Ballochmyle
- 3. Her flowing locks
- 4. Halloween
- 5. To a mouse
- 6. Epitaph on John Dove, Innkeeper
- 7. Epitaph for James Smith, a Mauchline wag
- 8. Adam Armour's prayer
- 9. (Recitativo) When lyart leaves bestrew the yird
- 10. (Air) I'm a son of mars

Young Peggy Blooms



Verse 2

Her lips more than the cherries bright A richer dye has graced them They charm th' admiring gazer's sight And sweetly tempt to taste them Her smile is as the evening mild When feather'd pairs are courting And little lambkins wanton wild In playful bands disporting

Verse 3

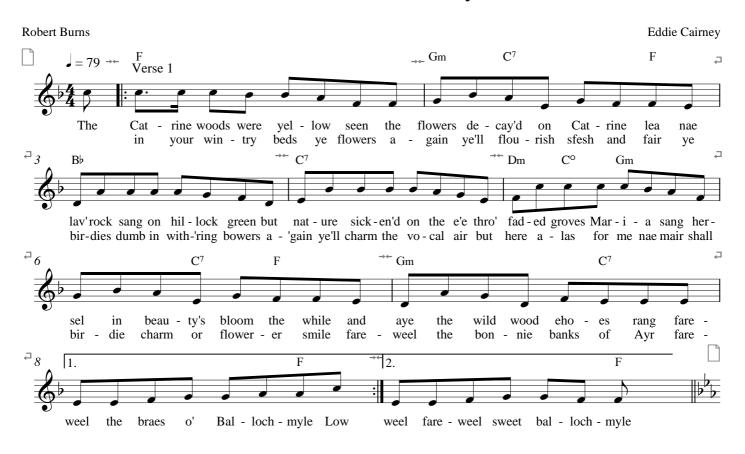
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe Such sweetness would relent her As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly savage Winter Detraction's eye no aim can gain Her winning pow'rs to lessen And fretful Envy grins in vain The poison'd tooth to fasten

Verse 4

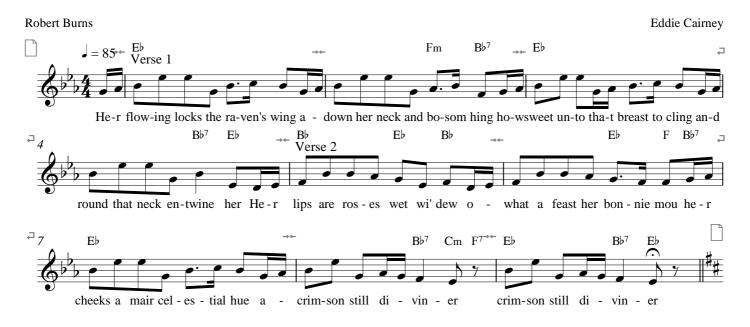
Ye Pow'rs of Honour Love and Truth From ev'ry ill defend her Inspire the highly favour'd youth The destinies intend her Still fan the sweet connubial flame Responsive in each bosom And bless the dear parental name With many a filial blossom

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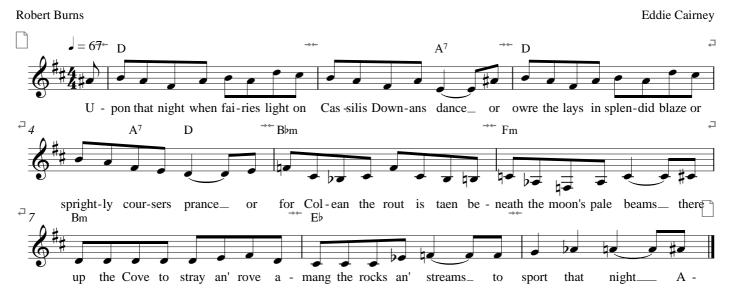
Farewell to Ballochmyle



Her flowing locks



Halloween



Verse 2 Amang the bonie winding banks Where Doon rins wimplin clear Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks An' shook his Carrick spear Some merry friendly countra folks Together did convene To burn their nits an' pou their stocks An' haud their Hallov Fu' blythe that night

Verse 3

The lasses feat an' cleanly neat Mair braw than when they're fine Their faces blythe fu' sweetly kythe Hearts leal an' warm an' kin' The lads sae trig wi' wooer bab Weel knotted on their garten Some unco blate an' some wi' gabs Gar lasses' hearts gang startin Whiles fast at night

Verse 4

Then first an' foremost thro' the kail Their stocks maun a' be sought ance They steek their een and grape an' wale For muckle anes an' straught anes Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift An' wandered thro' the bow kail An' pou't for want o' better shift A runt was like a sow tail Sae bow't that night

Verse 5

Then straught or crooked yird or nane They roar an' cry a' throu'ther The vera wee things toddlin rin Wi'stocks out owre their shouther An' gif the custock's sweet or sour Wi' joctelegs they taste them Syne coziely aboon the door Wi' cannie care they've plac'd them To lie that night

Verse 6

The lassies staw frae 'mang them a' To pou their stalks o' corn But Rab slips out an' jinks about Behint the muckle thorn He grippit Nelly hard and fast Loud skirl'd a' the lasses But her tap pickle maist was lost Whan kiutlin in the fause-house Wi' him that night

Verse 7

The auld guid-wife's weel-hoordit nits Are round an' round dividend An' mony lads an' lasses' fates Are there that night decided Some kindle couthie side by side And burn thegither trimly Some start awa wi's aucy pride An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high that night

Verse 8

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e Wha 'twas she wadna tell But this is Jock an' this is me She says in to hersel' He bleez'd owre her an' she owre him As they wad never mair part Till fuff he started up the lum An' Jean had e'en a sair heart To see't that night

Verse 9 Poor Willie wi' his bow kail runt Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie An' Mary nae doubt took the drunt To be compar'd to Willie Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling An' her ain fit it brunt it While Willie lap and swore by jing 'Twas just the way he wanted To be that night

Verse 10

Nell had the fause house in her min' She pits hersel an' Rob in In loving bleeze they sweetly join Till white in ase they're sobbin Nell's heart was dancin at the view She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't Rob stownlins prie'd her bonie mou' Fu' cozie in the neuk for't Unseen that night

Verse 11 But Merran sat behint their backs Her thoughts on Andrew Bell She lea'es them gashin at their cracks An' slips out by hersel' She thro' the yard the nearest taks An' for the kiln she goes then An' darklins grapit for the bauks And in the blue clue throws then Right fear't that night

Verse 12

An' ay she win't an' ay she swat I wat she made nae jaukin Till something held within the pat Good Lord but she was quaukin But whether 'twas the deil himsel Or whether 'twas a bauken' Or whether it was Andrew Bell She did na wait on talkin To spier that night

Verse 13

Wee Jenny to her graunie says Will ye go wi'me graunie I'll eat the apple at the glass I gat frae uncle Johnie She notic't na an aizle brunt Her braw new worset apron Out thro' that night

Verse 14

Ye little skelpie limmer's face I daur you try sic sportin As seek the foul thief ony place For him to spae your fortune Nae doubt but ye may get a sight Great cause ye hae to fear it For mony a ane has gotten a fright An' liv'd an' died deleerit On sie a night On sic a night

Verse 15

Ae hairst afore the Sherra moor I mind't as weel's yestreen I was a gilpey then I'm sure I was na past fyfteen The simmer had been cauld an' wat An' stuff was unco green An' eye a rantin kirn we gat An' just on Halloween It fell that night

Verse 16 Our stibble rig was Rab M'Graen A clever sturdy fallow His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean That lived in Achmacalla He gat hemp-seed I mind it weel An'he made unco light o't But mony a day was by himsel' He was sae sairly frighted That vera night

Verse 17

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck An' he swoor by his conscience That he could saw hemp seed a peck For it was a' but nonsense For it was a' but nonsense The auld guidman raught down the pock An' out a handfu' gied him Syne bad him slip frae' mang the folk Sometime when nae ane see'd him An' try't that night

Verse 18 He marches thro' among the stacks Tho' he was something sturtin The graip he for a harrow taks An' haurls at his curpin And ev'ry now an' then he says Hemp seed I saw thee An' her that is to be my lass Come after me an' draw thee As fast this night

Verse 19

He wistl'd up Lord Lennox' March To keep his courage cherry Altho' his hair began to arch He was sae fley'd an' eerie Till presently he hears a squeak An' then a grane an' gruntle He by his shouther gae a keek An' tumbled wi' a wintle Out owre that night

Verse 20 He roar'd a horrid murder shout In dreadfu' desperation An' young an' auld come rinnin out An' hear the sad narration He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw Or crouchie Merran Humphie Till stop she trotted thro' them a' And wha was it but grumphie Asteer that night

Verse 21

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen To winn three wechts o' naething But for to meet the deil her lane She pat but little faith in She gies the herd a pickle nits An' twa red cheekit apples To watch while for the barn she sets In hopes to see Tam Kipples That vera night

Verse 22

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw An'owre the threshold ventures But first on Sawnie gies a ca' Syne baudly in she enters A ratton rattl'd up the wa' An' she cry'd Lord preserve her An' ran thro' midden hole an' a' An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour Fu' fast that night

Verse 23

They hoy't out Will wi' sair advice They hecht him some fine braw ane It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice Was timmer propt for thrawin He taks a swirlie auld moss oak For some black grousome carlin An' loot a winze an' drew a stroke Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves that night

Verse 24

A wanton widow Leezie was As cantie as a kittlen But och that night amang the shaws She gat a fearfu' settlin She thro' the whins an' by the cairn An' owre the hill gaed scrievin Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn To dip her left sark sleeve in Was bent that night

Verse 25

Whiles owre a linn the burnie plays Whiles out the glen it wimpl't Whiles round a rocky scar it strays Whiles in a wiel it dimpl't Whiles glitter'd to the nightly rays Wi' bickerin' dancin' dazzle Whiles cookit undeneath the braes Below the spreading hazel Unseen that night

Verse 26

Amang the brachens on the brae Between her an' the moon The deil or else an outler quey Gat up an' ga'e a croon Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool Near lav'rock height she jumpit But mist a fit an' in the pool Out-owre the lugs she plumpit Wi' a plunge that night

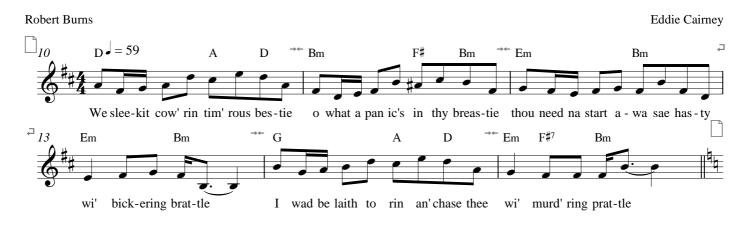
Verse 27

In order on the clean hearth stane The luggies three are ranged An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en To see them duly changed Auld uncle John wha wedlock's joys Sin' Mar's year did desire Because he gat the toom dish thrice He heav'd them on the fire In wrath that night

Verse 28

Wi' merry sangs an' friendly cracks I wat they did na weary And unco tales an' funnie jokes Their sports were cheap an' cheery Till butter'd sowens wi' fragrant lunt Set a' their gabs a steerin Svne wi' a social glass o' strunt They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe that night

To a mouse



Verse 2

I'm truly sorry man's dominion Has broken nature's social union An' justifies that ill opinion Which makes thee startle At me thy poor earth born companion An' fellow-mortal

Verse 3

I doubt na whiles but thou may thieve What then poor beastie thou maun live A daimen icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request I'll get a blessin wi' the lave An' never miss't

Verse 4

Thy wee bit housie too in ruin It's silly wa's the win's are strewin An' naething now to big a new ane O' foggage green An' bleak December's winds ensuin Baith snell an' keen

Verse 5

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste An' weary winter comin fast An' cozie here beneath the blast Thou thought to dwell Till crash the cruel coulter past Out thro' thy cell

Verse 6

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble Has cost thee mony a weary nibble Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble But house or hald To thole the winter's sleety dribble An' cranreuch cauld

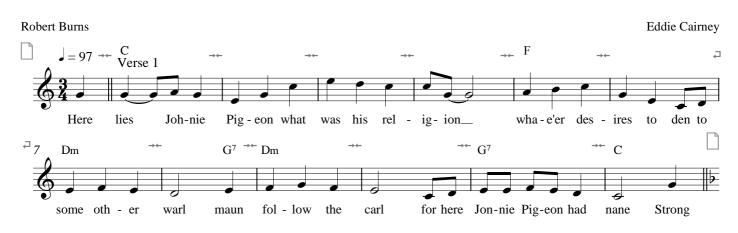
Verse 7

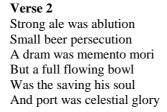
But Mousie thou art no thy lane In proving foresight may be vain The best-laid schemes o' mice an 'men Gang aft agley An'lea'e us nought but grief an' pain For promis'd joy

Verse 8

Still thou art blest compar'd wi' me The present only toucheth thee But Och I backward cast my e'e On prospects drear An' forward tho' I canna see I guess an' fear

Epitaph on John Dove Innkeeper

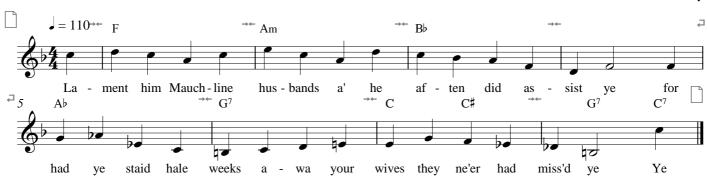




Epitaph for James Smith, a Mauchline Wag

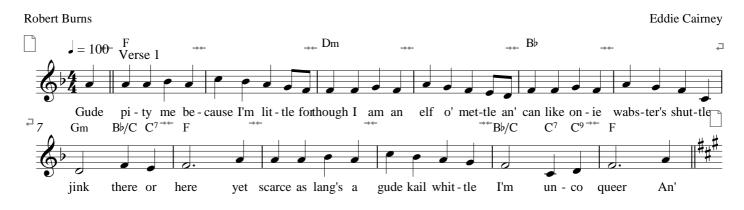
Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney



Verse 2 Ye Mauchline bairns as on ye press To school in bands thegither O tread ye lightly on his grass Perhaps he was your father

Adam Armour's Prayer



Verse 2

An' now Thou kens our waefu' case For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace Because we stang'd her through the place An' hurt her spleuchan For whilk we daurna show our face Within the clachan

Verse 3

An' now we're dern'd in dens and hollows And hunted as was William Wallace Wi' constables thae blackguard fallows An' sodgers baith But Gude preserve us frae the gallows That shamefu' death

Verse 4

Auld grim black-bearded Geordie's sel' O shake him owre the mouth o' hell There let him hing an' roar an' yell Wi' hideous din And if he offers to rebel Then heave him in

Verse 5

When Death comes in wi' glimmerin blink An' tips auld drucken Nanse the wink May Sautan gie her doup a clink Within his yett An' fill her up wi' brimstone drink Red reekin het

Verse 6

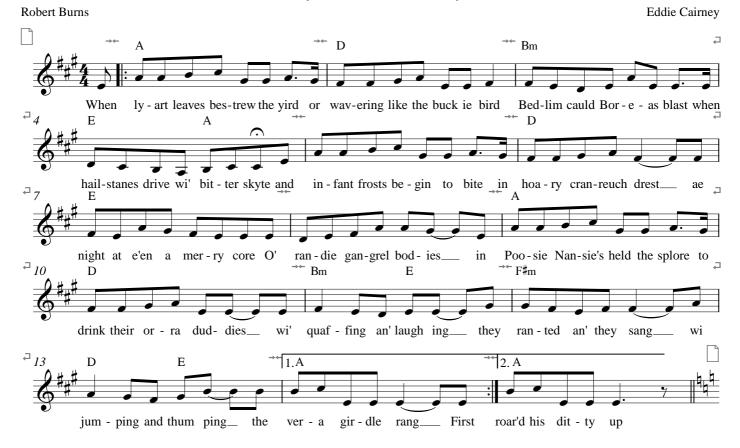
Though Jock an' hav'rel Jean are merry Some devil seize them in a hurry An' waft them in th' infernal wherry Straught through the lake An' gie their hides a noble curry Wi' oil of aik

Verse 7

As for the jurr puir worthless body She's got mischief enough already Wi' stanged hips and buttocks bluidy She's suffer'd sair But may she wintle in a woody If she wh-e mair

Recitativo

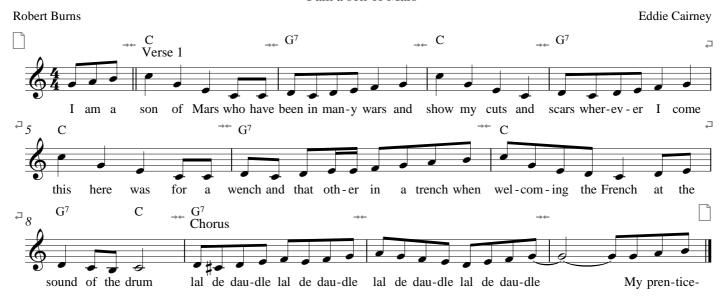
When lyart leaves bestrew the yird



Verse 2

First neist the fire in auld red rags Ane sat weel brac'd wi' mealy bags And knapsack a' in order His doxy lay within his arm Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm She blinkit on her sodger An' aye he gies the tozie drab The tither skelpin' kiss While she held up her greedy gab Just like an aumous dish Ilk smack still did crack still Just like a cadger's whip Then staggering an' swaggering He roar'd this ditty up

Air I am a son of Mars



Verse 2

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram and I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum Lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle

Verse 3

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries And there I left for witness an arm and a limb Yet let my country need me with Elliot to head me I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum Lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle

Verse 4

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my callet As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum Lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle

Verse 5

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home When the t'other bag I sell and the t'other bottle tell I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum Lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle