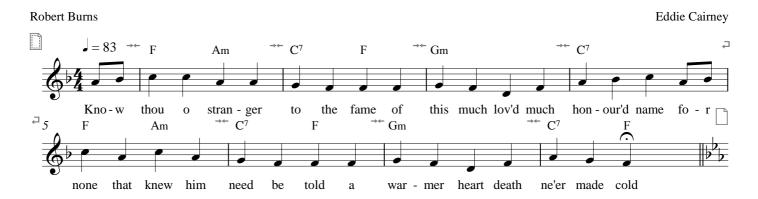
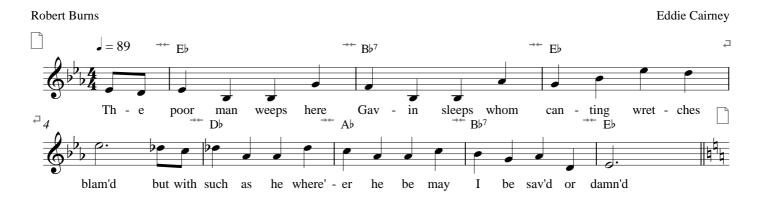
Burns Revisited Volume 49

- 1. For Robert Aiken Esq.
- 2. For Gavin Hamilton Esq.
- 3. On Wee Johnie
- 4. A tale
- 5. Now health forsakes A fragment
- 6. Farewell lines to Mr John Kennedy
- 7. Lines to an old sweetheart
- 8. Lines written on a banknote
- 9. Stazas on naething
- 10. The farewell

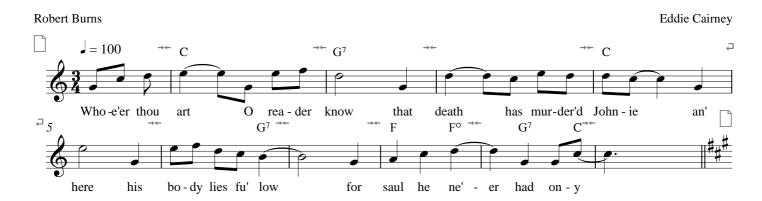
For Robert Aitken Esq.



For Gavin Hamilton esq.

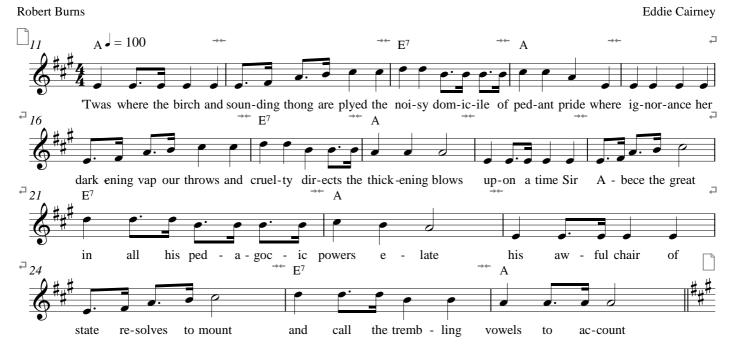


On Wee Johnie'

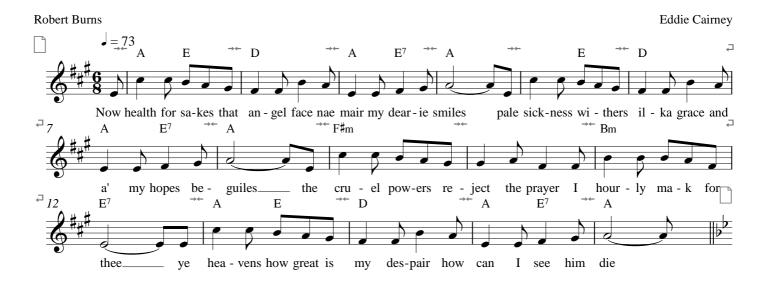


A Tale

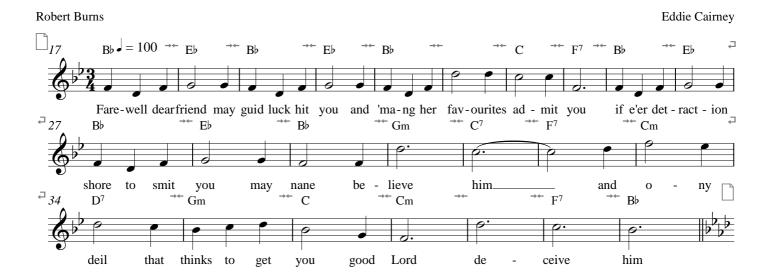
A Fragment



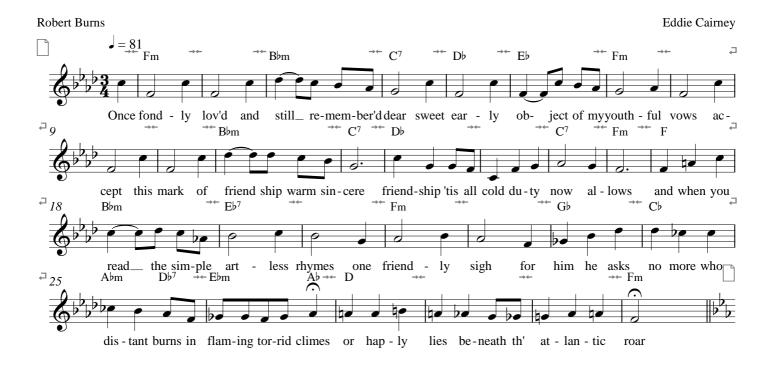
Now health forsakes



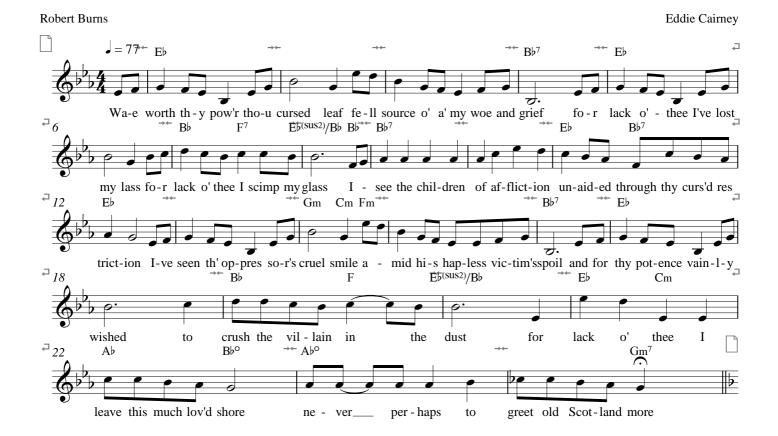
Farewell lines to Mr John Kennedy



Lines to an old sweetheart



Lines written on a banknote



Stanzas on naething

Robert Burns **Eddie Cairney** ₽ = 69 → F C To F pray whip till the pow-nie you Sir this sum-mons I've sent is freath - ing. thing if dem-and what I want I hon - est - ly Ne'er you an - swer you nae-

Verse 2

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me For idly just living and breathing While people of every degree Are busy employed about naething

Verse 3

Poor Centum per centum may fast And grumble his hurdies their claithing He'll find when the balance is cast He's gane to the devil for naething

Verse 4

The courtier cringes and bows Ambition has likewise its plaything A coronet beams on his brows And what is a coronet naething

Verse 5

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown Some quarrel Episcopal graithing But every good fellow will own Their quarrel is a' about naething

Verse 6

The lover may sparkle and glow Approaching his bonie bit gay thing But marriage will soon let him know He's gotten a buskit up naething

Verse 7

The Poet may jingle and rhyme In hopes of a laureate wreathing And when he has wasted his time He's kindly rewarded wi' naething

Verse 8

The thundering bully may rage And swagger and swear like a heathen But collar him fast I'll engage You'll find that his courage is naething

Verse 9

Last night wi' a feminine whig A Poet she couldna put faith in But soon we grew lovingly big I taught her her terrors were naething

Verse 10

Her whigship was wonderful pleased But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing Her fingers I lovingly squeezed And kissed her and promised her naething

Verse 11

The priest anathemas may threat Predicament sir that we're baith in But when honour's reveille is beat The holy artillery's naething

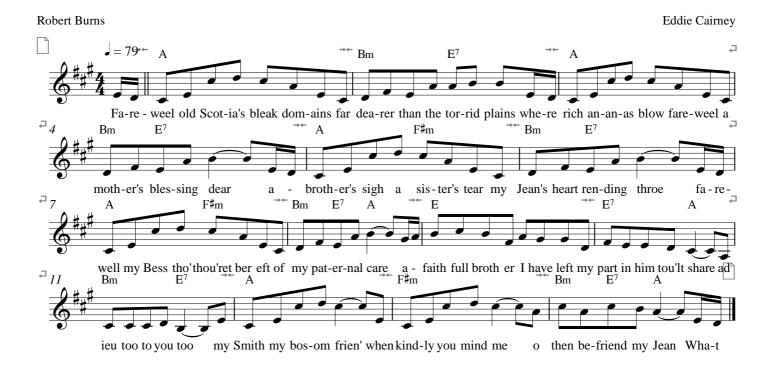
Verse 12

And now I must mount on the wave My voyage perhaps there is death in But what is a watery grave The drowning a Poet is naething

Verse 13

And now as grim death's in my thought
To you sir I make this bequeathing
My service as long as ye've ought
And my friendship by God when ye've naething

The Farewell



Verse 2

What bursting anguish tears my heart
From thee my Jeany must I part
Thou weeping answ'rest No
Alas misfortune stares my face
And points to ruin and disgrace
I for thy sake must go
Thee Hamilton and Aiken dear
A grateful warm adieu
I with a much indebted tear
Shall still remember you
All hail then the gale then
Wafts me from thee dear shore
It rustles and whistles
I'll never see thee more