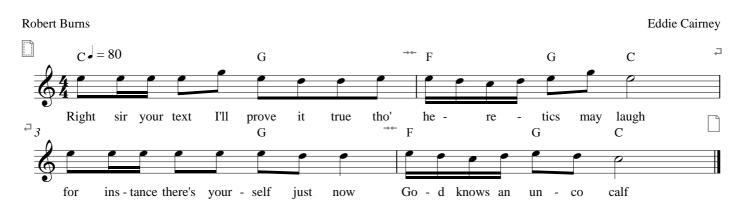
Burns Revisited Volume 50

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- 2. Nature's law
- 3. On Willie Chalmers
- 4. Answer to a trimming epistle received from a tailor
- 5. The brigs of Ayr
- 6. Prayer O thou dread power
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- 9. Address to the toothache
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The Calf



Verse 2

And should some patron be so kind As bless you wi' a kirk I doubt na sir but then we'll find Ye're still as great a stirk

Verse 3

But if the lover's raptur'd hour Shall ever be your lot Forbid it ev'ry heavenly Power You e'er should be a stot

Verse 4

Tho' when some kind connubial dear Your but and ben adorns The like has been that you may wear A noble head of horns

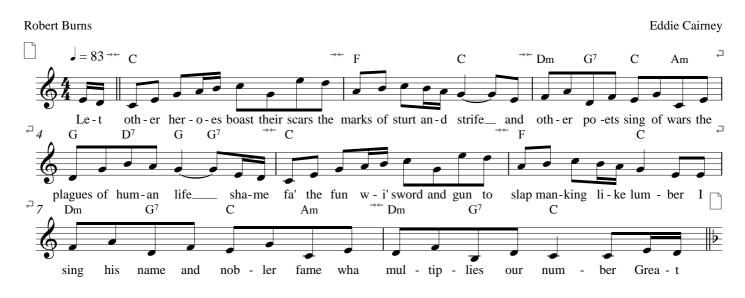
Verse 5

And in your lug most reverend James To hear you roar and rowt Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the nowt

Verse 6

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead Below a grassy hillock With justice they may mark your head Here lies a famous bullock

Nature's Law



Verse 2

Great Nature spoke with air benign Go on ye human race This lower world I you resign Be fruitful and increase The liquid fire of strong desire I've pour'd it in each bosom Here on this had does Mankind stand And there is Beauty's blossom

Verse 3

The Hero of these artless strains A lowly bard was he Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains With meikle mirth an'glee Kind Nature's care had given his share Large of the flaming current And all devout he never sought To stem the sacred torrent

Verse 4

He felt the powerful high behest Thrill vital thro' and thro' And sought a correspondent breast To give obedience due Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs From mildews of abortion And low the bard a great reward Has got a double portion

Verse 5

Auld cantie Coil may count the day As annual it returns The third of Libra's equal sway That gave another Burns With future rhymes an' other times To emulate his sire To sing auld Coil in nobler style With more poetic fire

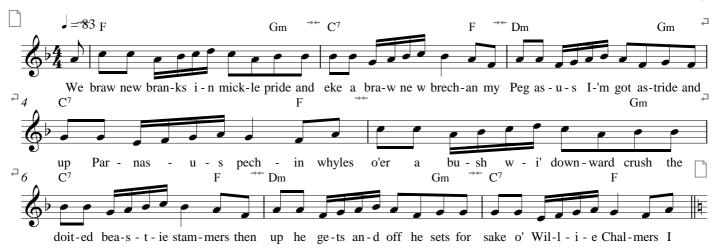
Verse 6

Ye Powers of peace and peaceful song Look down with gracious eyes And bless auld Coila large and long With multiplying joys Lang may she stand to prop the land The flow'r of ancient nations And Burnses spring her fame to sing To endless generations

On Wullie Chalmers



Eddie Cairney



Verse 2

I doubt na lass that weel ken'd name May cost a pair o' blushes I am nae stranger to your fame Nor his warm urged wishes Your bonie face sae mild and sweet His honest heart enamours And faith ye'll no be lost a whit Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers

Verse 3

Auld Truth hersel' might swear yer'e fair And Honour safely back her And Modesty assume your air And ne'er a ane mistak her And sic twa love inspiring een Might fire even holy palmers Nae wonder then they've fatal been To honest Willie Chalmers

Verse 4

I doubt na fortune may you shore Some mim-mou'd pouther'd priestie Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore And band upon his breastie But oh what signifies to you His lexicons and grammars The feeling heart's the royal blue And that's wi' Willie Chalmers

Verse 5

Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird May warsle for your favour May claw his lug and straik his beard And hoast up some palaver My bonie maid before ye wed Sic clumsy witted hammers Seek Heaven for help and barefit skelp Awa wi' Willie Chalmers

Verse 6

Forgive the Bard my fond regard For ane that shares my bosom Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues For deil a hair I roose him May powers aboon unite you soon And fructify your amours And every year come in mair dear To you and Willie Chalmers Robert Burns



Verse 2

What tho' at times when I grow crouse I gie their wames a random pouse Is that enough for you to souse Your servant sae Gae mind your seam ye prick-the-louse An' jag the flea

Verse 3

King David o' poetic brief Wrocht 'mang the lasses sic mischief As filled his after life wi' grief An' bluidy rants An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief O' lang syne saunts

Verse 4

And maybe Tam for a' my cants My wicked rhymes an' drucken rants I'll gie auld cloven's Clootie's haunts An unco slip yet An' snugly sit among the saunts At Davie's hip yet

Verse 5

But fegs the session says I maun Gae fa' upo' anither plan Than garrin lasses coup the cran Clean heels ower body An' sairly thole their mother's ban Afore the howdy

Verse 6

This leads me on to tell for sport How I did wi' the Session sort Auld Clinkum at the inner port Cried three times Robin Come hither lad and answer for't Ye're blam'd for jobbin

Verse 7

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on An' snoov'd awa before the Session I made an open fair confession I scorn't to lee An' syne Mess John beyond expression Fell foul o' me

Verse 8

A fornicator loun he call'd me An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me But what the matter Quo' I I fear unless ye geld me I'll ne'er be better

Verse 9

Geld you quo' he an' what for no If that your right hand leg or toe Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe You should remember To cut it aff an' what for no Your dearest member

Verse 10

Na na quo' I I'm no for that Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't I'd rather suffer for my faut A hearty flewit As sair owre hip as ye can draw't Tho' I should rue it

Verse 11

Or gin ye like to end the bother To please us a' I've just ae ither When next wi' yon lass I forgather Whate'er betide it I'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither An' let her guide it

Verse 12

But sir this pleas'd them warst of a' An' therefore Tam when that I saw I said Gude night an' cam' awa' An' left the Session I saw they were resolved a' On my oppression

The Brigs of Ayr

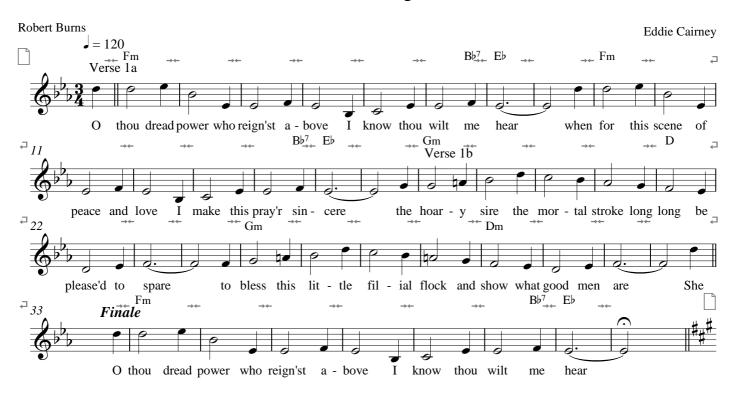
A fragment

Eddie Cairney



Robert Burns

O thou dread power



Verse 2a

She who her lovely offspring eyes With tender hopes and fears O bless her with a mother's joys But spare a mother's tears

Verse 2b

Their hope their stay their darling youth In manhood's dawning blush Bless him Thou God of love and truth Up to a parent's wish

Verse 3a

The beauteous seraph sister band With earnest tears I pray Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand Guide Thou their steps alway

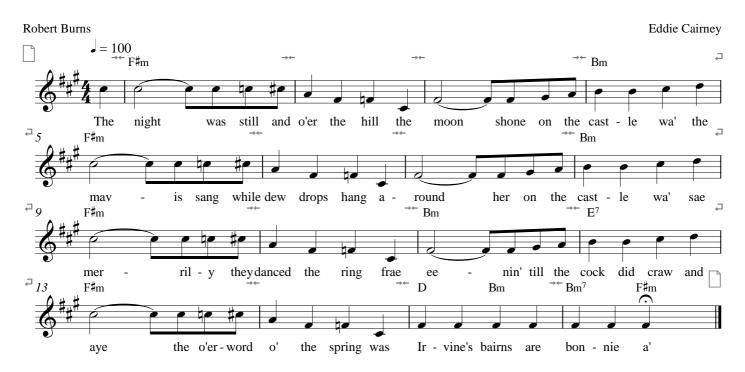
Verse 3b

When soon or late they reach that coast O'er Life's rough ocean driven May they rejoice no wand'rer lost A family in Heaven

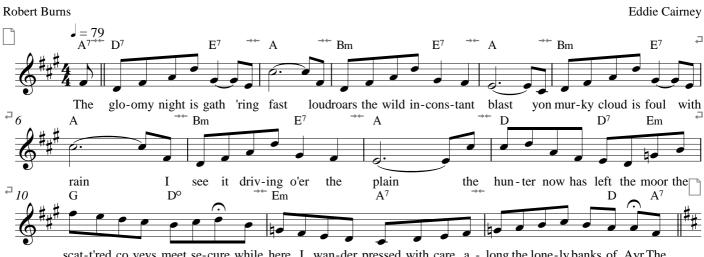
Finale

O thou dread power who reign'st above I know thou wilt me hear

Irvine's Bairns



Farewell song to the Banks of Ayr



scat-t'red co veys meet se-cure while here I wan-der pressed with care a - long the lone-ly banks of Ayr The

Verse 2

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn By early Winter's ravage torn Across her placid azure sky She sees the scowling tempest fly Chill runs my blood to hear it rave I think upon the stormy wave Where many a danger I must dare Far from the bonie banks of Ayr

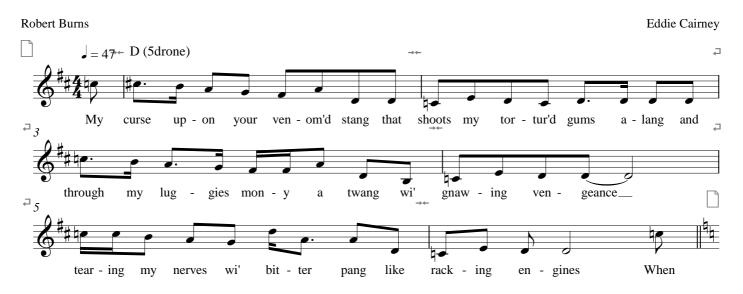
Verse 3

'Tis not the surging billow's roar 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear The wretched have no more to fear But round my heart the ties are bound That heart transpierc'd with many a wound These bleed afresh those ties I tear To leave the bonie banks of Ayr

Verse 4

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales Her healthy moors and winding vales The scenes where wretched Fancy roves Pursuing past unhappy loves Farewell my friends farewell my foes My peace with these my love with those The bursting tears my heart declare Farewell the bonie banks of Ayr

Address to the toothache



Verse 2

When fevers burn or argues freezes Rheumatics gnaw or colics squeezes Our neibor's sympathy can ease us Wi' pitying moan But thee thou hell o' a' diseases Aye mocks our groan

Verse 3

Adown my beard the slavers trickle I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle While round the fire the giglets keckle To see me loup While raving mad I wish a heckle Were in their doup

Verse 4

In a' the numerous human dools Ill hairsts daft bargains cutty stools Or worthy frien's rak'd i' the mools Sad sight to see The tricks o' knaves or fash o'fools Thou bear'st the gree

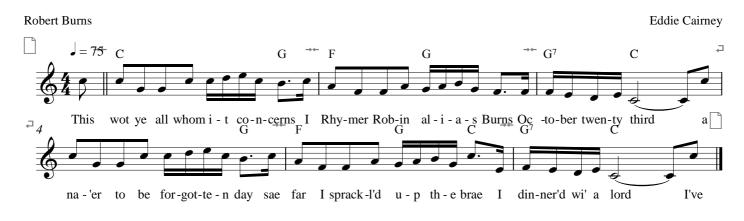
Verse 5

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell Where a' the tones o' misery yell An' ranked plagues their numbers tell In dreadfu' raw Thou Toothache surely bear'st the bell Amang them a'

Verse 6

O thou grim mischief-making chiel That gars the notes o' discord squeel Till daft mankind aft dance a reel In gore a shoe thick Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal A townmond's toothache

On dining with Lord Daer



Verse 2

I've been at drucken writers' feasts Nay been bitch fou 'mang godly priests Wi' rev'rence be it spoken I've even join'd the honour'd jorum When mighty Squireships of the quorum Their hydra drouth did sloken

Verse 3

But wi' a Lord stand out my shin A Lord a Peer an Earl's son Up higher yet my bonnet An' sic a Lord lang Scoth ells twa Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a' As I look o'er my sonnet

Verse 4

But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r An' how he star'd and stammer'd When goavin as if led wi' branks An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks He in the parlour hammer'd

Verse 5

I sidying shelter'd in a nook An' at his Lordship steal't a look Like some portentous omen Except good sense and social glee An' what surpris'd me modesty I marked nought uncommon

Verse 6

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great The gentle pride the lordly state The arrogant assuming The fient a pride nae pride had he Nor sauce nor state that I could see Mair than an honest ploughman

Verse 7

Then from his Lordship I shall learn Henceforth to meet with unconcern One rank as weel's another Nae honest worthy man need care To meet with noble youthful Daer For he but meets a brother