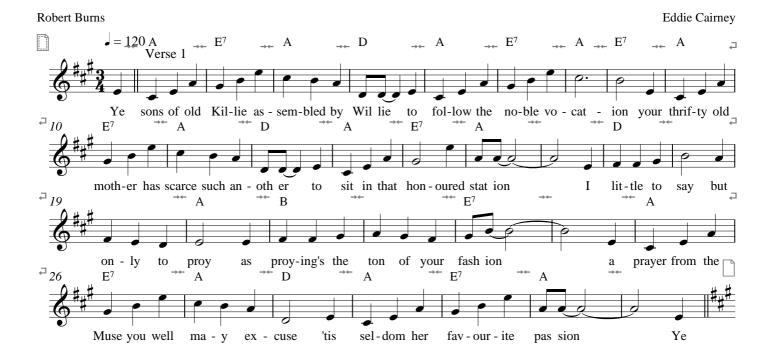
# Burns Revisited Volume 51

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# Masonic Song



### Verse 2

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide Who marked each element's border Who formed this frame with beneficent aim Whose sovereign statute is order Within this dear mansion may wayward Contention Or withered Envy ne'er enter May secrecy round be the mystical bound And brotherly Love be the centre

### Tam Samson's Elegy

Robert Burns Eddie Cairney



### Verse 2

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane An' sigh an' sab an' greet her lane An' cleed her bairns man wife an' wean In mourning weed To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 3

The Brethren o' the mystic level May hing their head in woefu' bevel While by their nose the tears will revel Like ony bead Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 4

When Winter muffles up his cloak And binds the mire like a rock When to the loughs the curlers flock Wi' gleesome speed Wha will they station at the cock Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 5

He was the king o' a' the core To guard or draw or wick a bore Or up the rink like Jehu roar In time o' need But now he lags on Death's hog core Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 6

Now safe the stately sawmont sail And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail And eels weel en'd for souple tail And geds for greed Since dark in Death's fish reel we wail Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 7

Rejoice ye birring paitricks a'
Ye cootie muircocks crousely craw
Ye maukins cock your fud fu' braw
Withouten dread
Your mortal fae is now awa
Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 8

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd Saw him in shooting graith adorn'd While pointers round impatient burn'd Frae couples free'd But och he gaed and ne'er return'd Tam Samson's dead

#### Verse 9

In vain auld age his body batters
In vain the gout his ancles fetters
In vain the burns cam down like waters
An acre braid
Now ev'ry auld wife greetin clatters
Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 10

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit An' aye the tither shot he thumpit Till coward Death behind him jumpit Wi' deadly feid Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 11

When at his heart he felt the dagger He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi' weel aimed heed Lord five he cry'd an' owre did stagger Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 12

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father Yon auld gray stane amang the heather Marks out his head Whare Burns has wrote in rhyming blether Tam Samson's dead

### Verse 13

There low he lies in lasting rest Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest To hatch an' breed Alas nae mair he'll them molest Tam Samson's dead

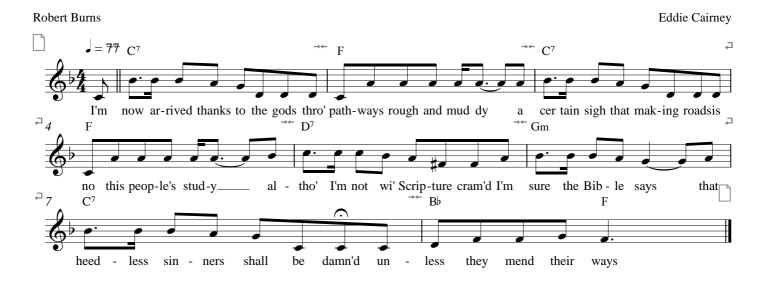
### Verse 14

When August winds the heather wave And sportsmen wander by yon grave Three volleys let his memory crave O' pouther an' lead Till Echo answer frae her cave Tam Samson's dead

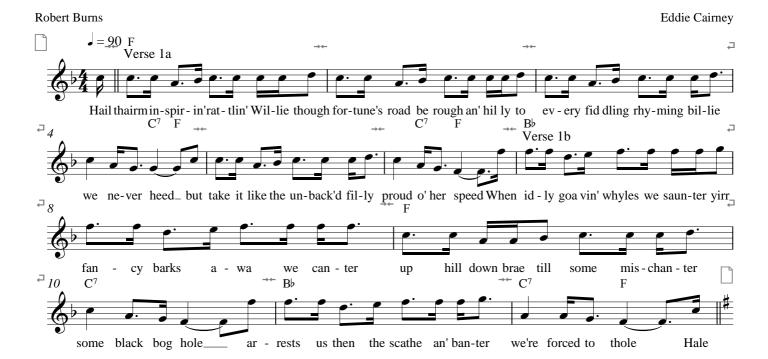
### Verse 15

Heav'n rest his saul whare'er he be Is th' wish o' mony mae than me He had twa fauts or maybe three Yet what remead Ae social honest man want we Tam Samson's dead

# Epigram on rough roads



# Epistle to Major Logan



### Verse 2a

Hale be your heart hale be your fiddle Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle To cheer you through the weary widdle O' this wild warl' Until you on a crummock driddle A grey hair'd carl

### Verse 2b

Come wealth come poortith late or soon Heaven send your heart strings aye in tune And screw your temper pins aboon A fifth or mair The melancholious lazy croon O' cankrie care

### Verse 3a

May still your life from day to day Nae lente largo in the play But allegretto forte gay Harmonious flow A sweeping kindling bauld strathspey Encore Bravo

### Verse 3b

A blessing on the cheery gang Wha dearly like a jig or sang An' never think o' right an' wrang By square an' rule But as the clegs o' feeling stang Are wise or fool

### Verse 4a

My hand waled curse keep hard in chase The harpy hoodock purse proud race Wha count on poortith as disgrace Their tuneless hearts May fireside discords jar a base To a' their parts

### Verse 4b

But come your hand my careless brither I' th' ither warl' if there's anither An' that there is I've little swither About the matter We cheek for chow shall jog thegither I'se ne'er bid better

### Verse 5a

We've faults and failings granted clearly We're frail backsliding mortals merely Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly For our grand fa' But still but still I like them dearly God bless them a'

### Verse 5b

Ochone for poor Castalian drinkers When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers The witching curs'd delicious blinkers Hae put me hyte And gart me weet my waukrife winkers Wi' girnin'spite

### Verse 6a

By by yon moon and that's high swearin An' every star within my hearin An' by her een wha was a dear ane I'll ne'er forget I hope to gie the jads a clearin In fair play yet

### Verse 6b

My loss I mourn but not repent it I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it Ance to the Indies I were wonted Some cantraip hour By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted Then vive l'amour

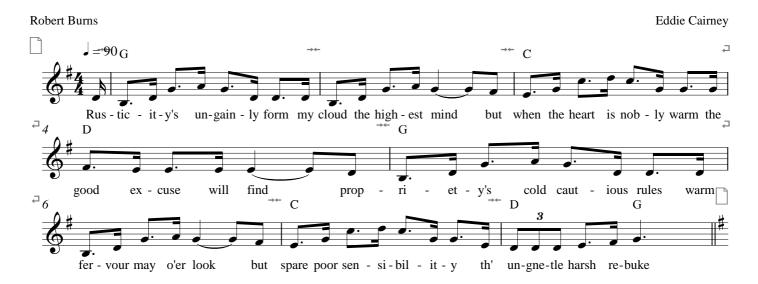
### Verse 7a

Faites mes baissemains respectueuses To sentimental sister Susie And honest Lucky no to roose you Ye may be proud That sic a couple Fate allows ye To grace your blood

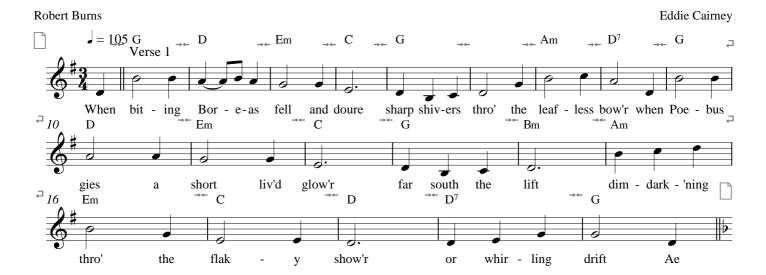
### Verse 7b

Nae mair at present can I measure An' trowth my rhymin ware's nae treasure But when in Ayr some half hour's leisure Be't light be't dark Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure To call at Park

# Rusticity's ungainly form



# A Winter night



### Verse 2

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked While burns wi' snawy wreaths up choked Wild eddying swirl Or thro' the mining outlet bocked Down headlong hurl

### Verse 3

List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle I thought me on the ourie cattle Or silly sheep wha bide this brattle O' winter war And thro' the drift deep lairing sprattle Beneath a scar

### Verse 4

Ilk happing bird wee helpless thing
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing
What comes o' thee
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing
An' close thy e'e

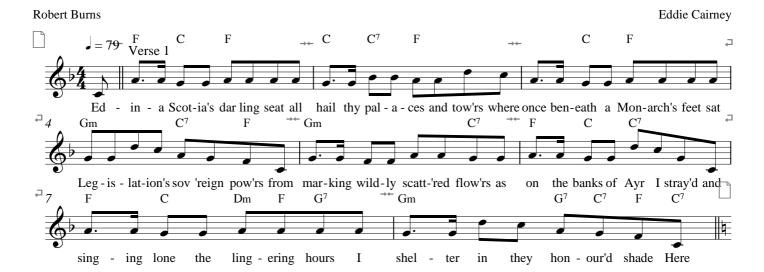
### Verse 5

Ev'n you on murdering errands toil'd Lone from your savage homes exil'd The blood stain'd roost and sheep cote spoil'd My heart forgets While pityless the tempest wild Sore on you beats

### Verse 6

Now Phoebe in her midnight reign Dark muff'd view'd the dreary plain Still crowding thoughts a pensive train Rose in my soul When on my ear this plantive strain Slow solemn stole

### Address to Edinburgh



### Verse 2

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide As busy Trade his labours plies There Architecture's noble pride Bids elegance and splendour rise Here Justice from her native skies High wields her balance and her rod There Learning with his eagle eyes Seeks Science in her coy abode

### Verse 3

Thy sons Edina social kind
With open arms the stranger hail
Their views enlarg'd their liberal mind
Above the narrow rural vale
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail
Or modest Merit's silen't claim
And never may their sources fail
And never Envy blot their name

### Verse 4

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn Gay as the gilded summer sky Sweet as the dewy milk white thorn Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine I see the Sire of Love on high And own His work indeed divine

### Verse 5

There watching high the least alarms Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar Like some bold veteran grey in arms And mark'd with many a seamy scar The pond'rous wall and massy bar Grim rising o'er the rugged rock Have oft withstood assailing war And oft repell'd th' invader's shock

### Verse 6

With awe struck thought and pitying tears I view that noble stately Dome Where Scotia's kings of other years Fam'd heroes had their royal home Alas how chang'd the times to come Their royal name low in the dust Their hapless race wild wand'ring roam Tho' rigid Law cries out 'twas just

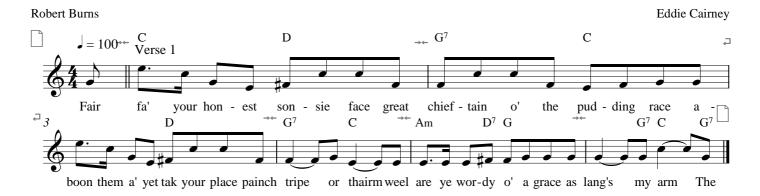
### Verse 7

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps Whose ancestors in days of yore Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Old Scotia's bloody lion bore Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore Haply my sires have left their shed And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar Bold following where your fathers led

### Verse 8

Edina Scotia's darling seat
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign pow'rs
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd
And singing lone the ling'ring hours
I shelter in thy honour'd shade

### Address to a Haggis



### Verse 2

The groaning trencher there ye fill Your hurdies like a distant hill Your pin was help to mend a mill In time o'need While thro' your pores the dews distil Like amber bead

### Verse 3

His knife see rustic Labour dight An' cut you up wi' ready sleight Trenching your gushing entrails bright Like ony ditch And then O what a glorious sight Warm-reekin' rich

### Verse 4

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive Deil tak the hindmost on they drive Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve Are bent like drums Then auld Guidman maist like to rive Bethankit hums

### Verse 5

Is there that owre his French ragout Or olio that wad staw a sow Or fricassee wad make her spew Wi' perfect sconner Looks down wi' sneering scornfu' view On sic a dinner

### Verse 6

Poor devil see him owre his trash As feckles as wither'd rash His spindle shank a guid whip lash His nieve a nit Thro' blody flood or field to dash O how unfit

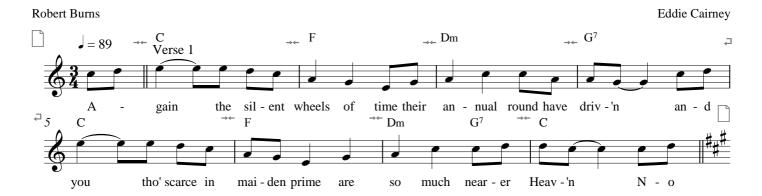
### Verse 7

But mark the Rustic haggis fed The trembling earth resounds his tread Clap in his walie nieve a blade He'll mak it whissle An' legs an' arms an' hands will sned Like taps o' trissle

### Verse 8

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care And dish them out their bill o' fare Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies But if ye wish her gratefu' prayer Gie her a haggis

# To Miss Logan



### Verse 2

No gifts have I from Indian coasts The infant year to hail I send you more than India boasts In Edwin's simple tale

### Verse 3

Our sex with guile and faithless love Is charg'd perhaps too true But may dear maid each lover prove An Edwin still to you

# Extempore in the Court of Session

