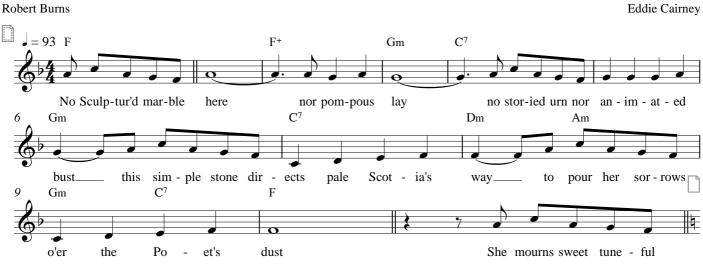
Burns Revisited Volume 52

- 1. Inscription on the tomb of Fergusson the Poet
- 2. Lines under the portrait of Fergusson
- 3. Epistle to Mrs Scott
- 4. Verses intended to be written below a noble Earl's picture
- 5. Prologue spoken by Mr Woods
- 6. Impromptu at Roslin Inn
- 7. Epigram addressed to an artist
- 8. The bookworms
- 9. On Elphinstone's translation of Martial's epigrams
- 10. A bottle and a friend

Inscription on the Tomb of Fergusson the Poet

Robert Burns



Verse 2

She mourns sweet tuneful youth thy hapless fate Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state And thankless starv'd what they so much admired

Verse 3

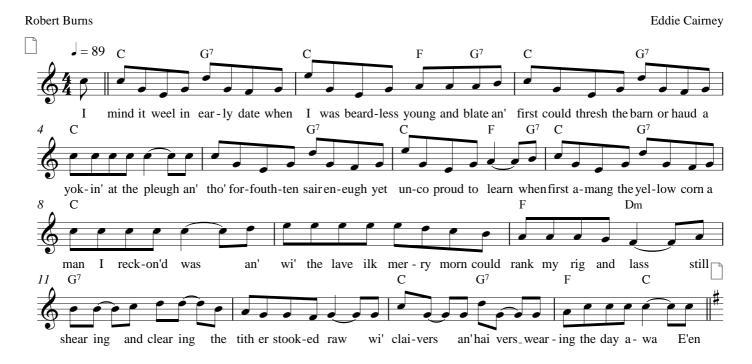
This humble tribute with a tear now gives A brother Bard he can no more bestow But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives A nobler monument than Art can show

Lines under the portrait of Fergusson

Robert Burns



Epistle to Mrs Scott



Verse 2

E'en then a wish I mind its pow'r A wish that to my latest hour Shall strongly heave my breast That I for poor auld Scotland's sake Some usefu' plan or book could make Or sing a sang at least The rough burr thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear I turn'd the weeder clips aside An' spar'd the symbol dear No nation no station My envy e'er could raise A Scot still but blot still I knew nae higher praise

Verse 3

But still the elements o' sang In formless jumble right an' wrang Wild floated in my brain 'Till on that har'st I said before May partner in the merry core She rous'd the forming strain I see her yet the sonsie quean That lighted up my jingle Her witching smile her pawky een That gart my heart strings tingle I fired inspired At every kindling keek But bashing and dashing I feared aye to speak

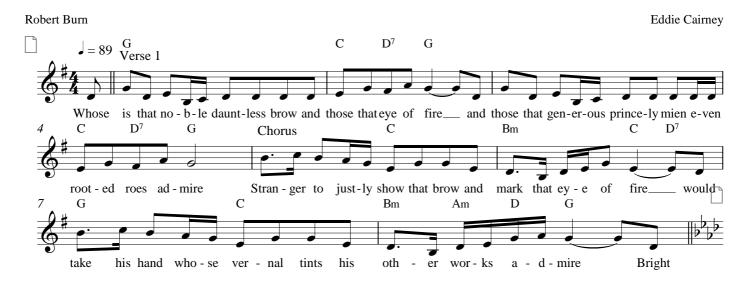
Verse 4

Health to the sex ilk guid chiel says Wi' merry dance in winter days An' we to share in common The gust o' joy the balm of woe The saul o' life the heaven below Is rapture-giving woman Ye surly sumphs who hate the name Be mindfu' o' your mither She honest woman may think shame That ye're connected with her Ye're wae men ye're nae men That slight the lovely dears To shame ye disclaim ye Ilk honest birkie swears

Verse 5

For you no bred to barn and byre Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre Thanks to you for your line The marled plaid ye kindly spare By me should gratefully be ware 'Twad please me to the nine I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap Douce hingin owre my curple Than ony ermine ever lap Or proud imperial purple Farewell then lang hale then An' plenty be your fa May losses and crosses Ne'er at your hallan ca'

Verses intended to be written below a Noble Earl's Picture



Verse 2

Bright as a cloudless summer sun With stately port he moves His guardian Seraph eyes with awe The noble Ward he loves

Chorus

Verse 3 Among the illustrious Scottish sons That chief thou may'st discern

That chief thou may'st discern Mark Scotia's fond returning eye It dwells upon Glencairn

Chorus

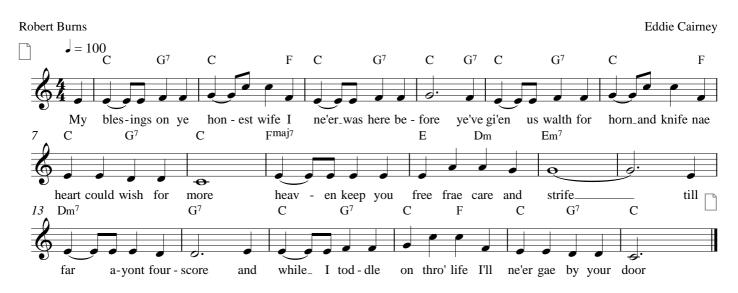
Prologue spoken by Mr Woods Fragment

Eddie Cairney

Robert Burns

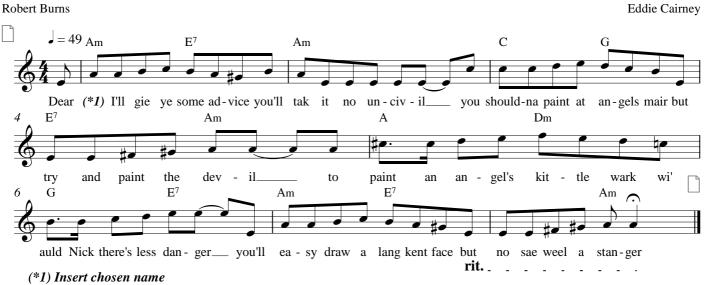


Impromptu at Roslin Inn

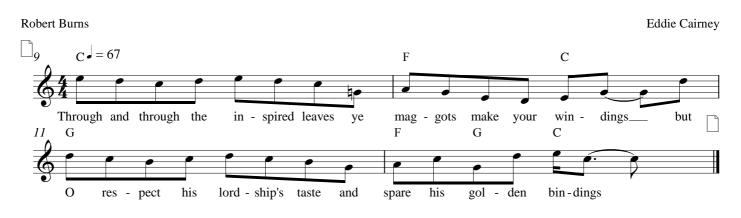


Epigram Addressed to an Artist

Robert Burns



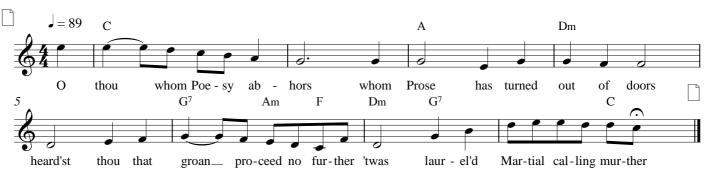
The Bookworms



On Elphinstone's translation of Martial's Epigrams

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney



A bottle and a friend

