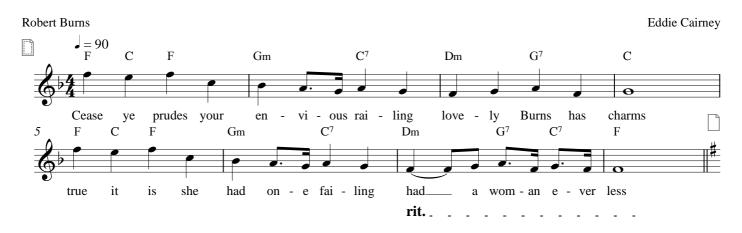
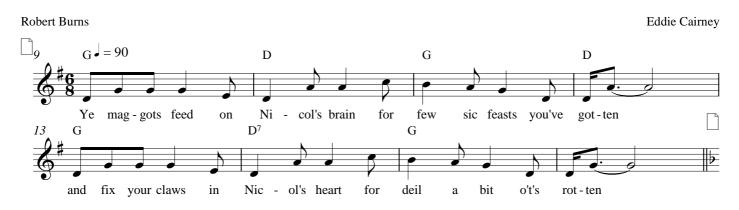
# Burns Revisited Volume 53

- 1. Lines written under Miss Burns picture
- 2. Epitaph for William Nicol of The Hight School, Edinburgh
- 3. Epitaph for Mr William Michie
- 4. Address to William Tytler Esq of Woodhouselee
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- 7. To Mr Renton of Lamerton
- 8. Epigram at Inverary
- 9. Epigram to Miss Jean Scott
- 10. On the death of John Macleod

# Lines written under Miss Burns' Picture

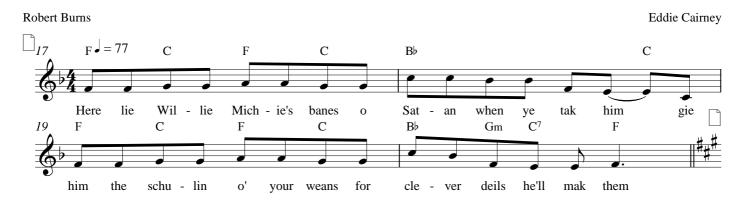


Epitaph for William Nicol

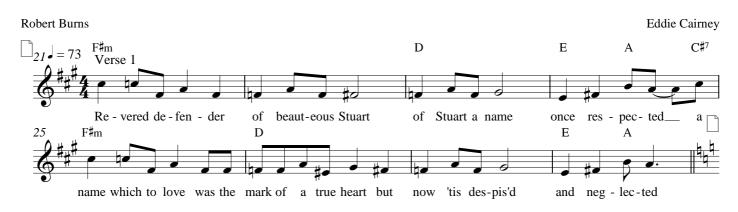


3

# Epitaph for William Michie



### Address to William Tytler



#### Verse 2

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye Let no one misdeem me disloyal A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh Still more if that wand'rer were royal

#### Verse 3

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne My fathers have fallen to right it Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son That name should he scoffingly slight it

#### Verse 4

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join The Queen and the rest of the gentry Be they wise be they foolish is nothing of mine Their title's avow'd by my country

#### Verse 5

But why of that epocha make such a fuss That gave us th' Electoral stem If bringing them over was lucky for us I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them

#### Verse 6

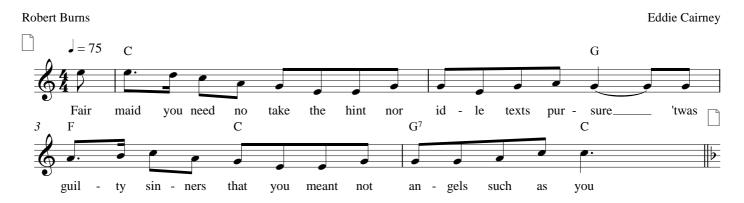
But loyalty truce we're on dangerous ground Who knows how the fashions may alter The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound To-morrow may bring us a halter

#### Verse 7

I send you a trifle a head of a bard A trifle scarce worthy your care But accept it good Sir as a mark of regard Sincere as a saint's dying prayer

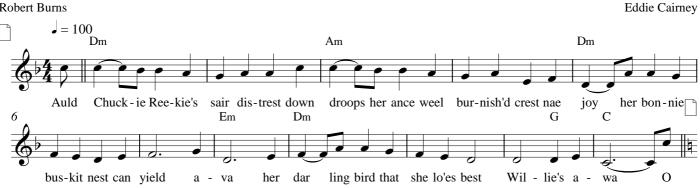
#### Verse 8

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye And ushers the long dreary night But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky Your course to the latest is bright To Miss Ainslie in Church



### Lament for the absence of William Creech

#### Robert Burns



#### Verse 2

O Willie was a witty wight And had o' things an unco' sleight Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight And trig an' braw But now they'll busk her like a fright Willie's awa

#### Verse 3

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd They durst nae mair than he allow'd That was a law We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd Willie's awa

#### Verse 4

Now gawkies tawpies gowks and fools Frae colleges and boarding schools May sprout like simmer paddock stools In glen or shaw He wha could brush them down to mools Willie's awa

#### Verse 5

The brethren o' the Commerce chaumer May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour He was a dictionar and grammar Among them a' I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer Willie's awa

#### Verse 6

Nae mair we see his levee door Philosophers and poets pour And toothy critics by the score In bloody raw The adjutant o' a' the core Willie's awa

#### Verse 7

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace Mackenzie Stewart such a brace As Rome ne'er saw They a' maun meet some ither place Willie's awa

#### Verse 8

Poor Burns ev'n Scotch Drink canna quicken He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken Scar'd frae it's minnie and the cleckin By hoodie craw Grieg's gien his heart an unco kickin Willie's awa

#### Verse 9

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blellum And Calvin's folk are fit to fell him Ilk self conceited critic skellum His quill may draw He wha could brawlie ward their bellum Willie's awa

#### Verse 10

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped And Eden scenes on crystal Jed And Ettrick banks now roaring red While tempests blaw But every joy and pleasure's fled Willie's awa

#### Verse 11

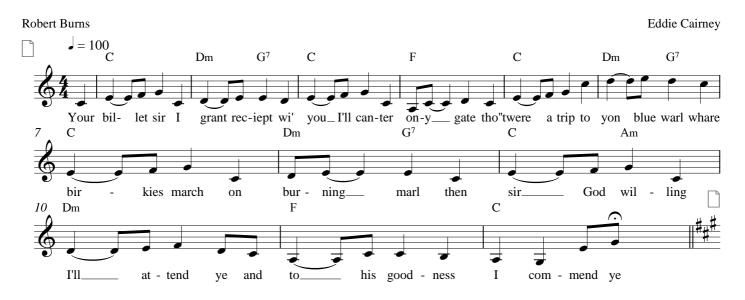
May I be Slander's common speech A text for Infamy to preach And lastly streekit out to bleach In winter snaw When I forget thee Willie Creech Tho' far awa

#### Verse 12

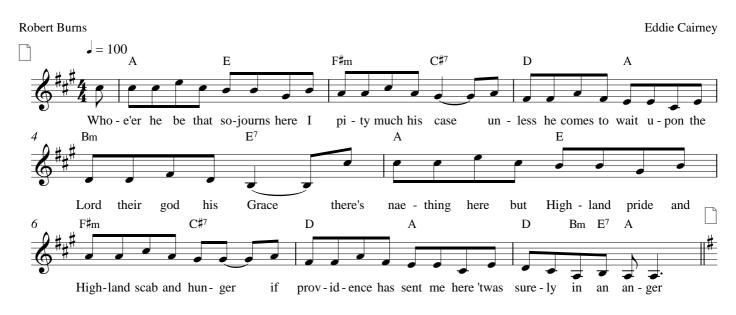
May never wicked Fortune touzle him May never wicked men bamboozle him Until a pow as auld's Methusalem He canty claw Then to the blessed new Jerusalem Fleet wing awa

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# To Mr Renton of Lamerton



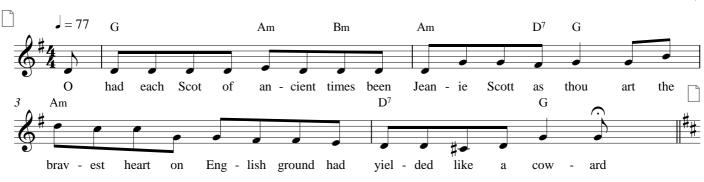
# Epigram at Inverary



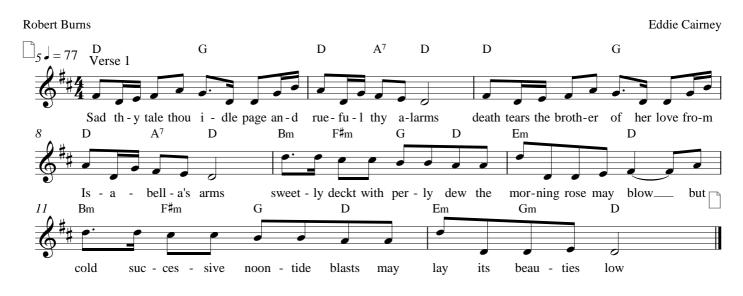
# Epigram to Miss Jean Scott



Eddie Cairney



## The death of John Macleod



#### Verse 2

Fair on Isabella's morn The sun propitious smil'd But long ere noon succeeding clouds Succeeding hopes beguil'd Fate oft tears the bosom chords That Nature finest strung So Isabella's heart was form'd And so that heart was wrung

#### Verse 3

Dread Omnipotence alone Can heal the wound he gave Can point the brimful grief worn eyes To scenes beyond the grave Virtue's blossoms there shall blow And fear no withering blast There Isabella's spotless worth Shall happy be at last