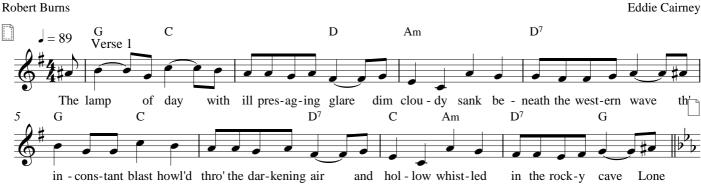
Burns Revisited Volume 54

- 1. On the death of Sir James Hunter Blair
- 2. To Miss Ferrier
- 3. Impromptu on Carron iron works
- 4. Written by somebody on the window
- 5. The poet's reply to the threat of a censorious critic
- 6. The libeller's self reproof
- 7. Verses written with a pencil
- 8. The humble petition of Bruar Water
- 9. Lines on the fall of fyers near Loch Ness
- 10. Epigram on parting with a kind host in the highlands

On the death of Sir James Hunter Blair

Robert Burns



Verse 2

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd well Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane

Verse 3

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky The groaning trees untimely shed their locks And shooting meteors caught the startled eye

Verse 4

The paly moon rose in the livid east And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm

Verse 5

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe The lightning of her eye in tears imbued

Verse 6

Revers'd that spear redoubtable in war Reclined that banner erst in fields unfurl'd That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world

Verse 7

My patriot son fills an untimely grave With accents wild and lifted arms she cried Low lies the hand oft was stretch'd to save Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride

Verse 8

A weeping country joins a widow's tear The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry The drooping arts surround their patron's bier And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh

Verse 9

I saw my sons resume their ancient fire I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow But ah how hope is born but to expire Relentless fate has laid their guardian low

Verse 10

My patriot falls but shall he lie unsung While empty greatness saves a worthless name No every muse shall join her tuneful tongue And future ages hear his growing fame

Verse 11

And I will join a mother's tender cares Thro' future times to make his virtues last That distant years may boast of other Blairs She said and vanish'd with the sweeping blast

To Miss Ferrier



Verse 2a

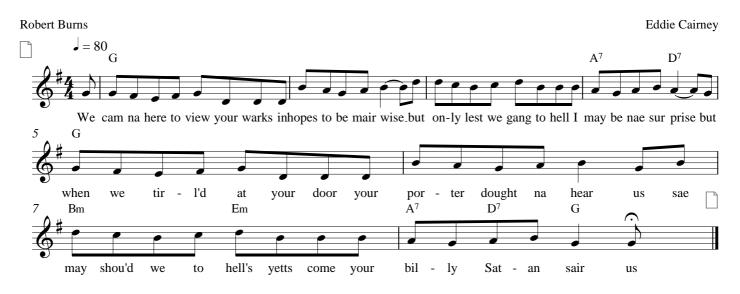
Last day my mind was in a bog Down George's Street I stoited A creeping cauld prosaic fog My very sense doited

Verse 2b

Do what I dought to set her free My saul lay in the mire Ye turned a neuk I saw your e'e She took the wing like fire

Verse 3a

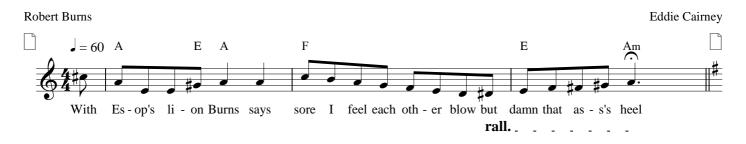
The mournfu' sang I here enclose In gratitude I send you And pray in rhyme as weel as prose A' gude things may attend you Impromptu on Carron Iron Works



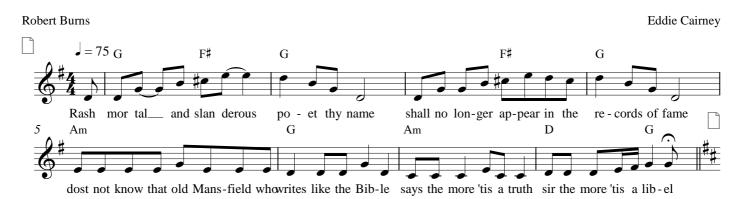
Written by somebody on the window

Robert Burns





The libeller's self reproof



Verses written with a pencil A Fragment



The humble petition of Bruar Water

Robert Burns



Verse 2

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen As poet Burns came by That to a bard I should be seen Wi' half my channel dry A panegyric rhyme I ween Ev'n as I was he shor'd me But had I in my glory been He kneeling wad ador'd me

Chorus 2

Here foaming down the skelvy rocks In twisting strength I rin There high my boiling torrent smokes Wild roaring o'er a linn Enjoying each large spring and well As Nature gave them me I am altho' I say't mysel' Worth gaun a mile to see

Verse 3

Would then my noble master please To grant my highest wishes He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees And bonie spreading bushes Delighted doubly then my lord You'll wander on my banks And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks

Chorus 3

The sober lav'rock warbling wild Shall to the skies aspire The gowdspink Music's gayest child Shall sweetly join the choir The blackbird strong the lintwhite clear The mavis mild and mellow The robin pensive Autumn cheer In all her locks of yellow

Verse 4

This too a covert shall ensure To shield them from the storm And coward maukin sleep secure Low in her grassy form Here shall the shepherd make his seat To weave his crown of flow'rs Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat From prone descending show'rs

Chorus 4

And here by sweet endearing stealth Shall meet the loving pair Despising worlds with all their wealth As empty idle care The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms The hour of heav'n to grace And birks extend their fragrant arms To screen the dear embrace

Verse 5

Here haply too at vernal dawn Some musing bard may stray And eye the smoking dewy lawn And misty mountain grey Or by the reaper's nightly beam Mild-chequering thro' the trees Rave to my darkly dashing stream Hoarse swelling on the breeze

Chorus 5

Let lofty firs and ashes cool My lowly banks o'erspread And view deep bending in the pool Their shadow's wat'ry bed Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest My craggy cliffs adorn And for the little songster's nest The close embow'ring thorn

Chorus 6

So may old Scotia's darling hope Your little angel band Spring like their fathers up to prop Their honour'd native land So may thro' Albion's farthest ken To social flowing glasses The grace be Athole's honest men And Athole's bonie lasses

Robert Burns



thro' the gap the strug-gling riv - er toils and still be - low the hor-rid cauld-ron

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9

Epigram on parting with a kind host in the highlands

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

