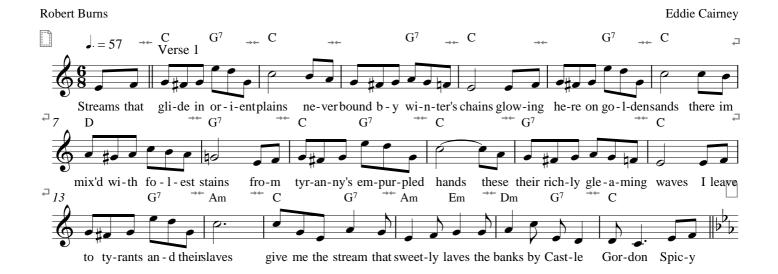
Burns Revisited Volume 55

- 1. Castle Gordon
- 2. On scaring some water fowl in Loch Turit
- 3. Birthday ode for December 1787
- 4. On the death of Robert Dundas
- 5. Sylvander to Clarinda
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- 7. Epistle to Hugh Parker
- 8. I love my Jean
- 9. I love my Jean
- 10. Written in Friars Carse Hermitage, Nithsdale (first version)

Castle Gordon



Verse 2

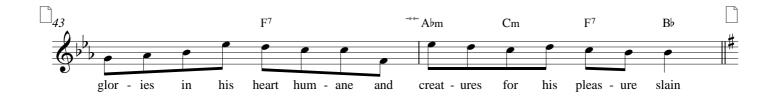
Spicy forests ever gray
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil
Or the ruthless native's way
Bent on slaughter blood and spoil
Woods that ever verdant wave
I leave the tyrant and the slave
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon

Verse 3

Wildly here without control
Nature reigns and rules the whole
In that sober pensive mood
Dearest to the feeling soul
She plants the forest pours the flood
Life's poor day I'll musing rave
And find at night a sheltering cave
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonie Castle Gordon

On scaring some water fowl in Loch Turit





Verse 1

Why ye tenants of the lake
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake
Tell me fellow-creatures why
At my presence thus you fly
Why disturb your social joys
Parent filial kindred ties
Common friend to you and me

Verse 2

Nature's gifts to all are free Peaceful keep your dimpling wave Busy feed or wanton lave Or beneath the sheltering rock Bide the surging billow's shock

Verse 3a

Conscious blushing for our race Soon too soon your fears I trace Man your proud usurping foe Would be lord of all below Plumes himself in freedom's pride Tyrant stern to all beside

Verse 4a

The eagle from the cliffy brow
Marking you his prey below
In his breast no pity dwells
Strong necessity compels
But Man to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n
Glories in his heart humane
And creatures for his pleasure slain

Verse 3b

In these savage liquid plains
Only known to wand'ring swains
Where the mossy riv'let strays
Far from human haunts and ways
All on Nature you depend
And life's poor season peaceful spend

Verse 4b

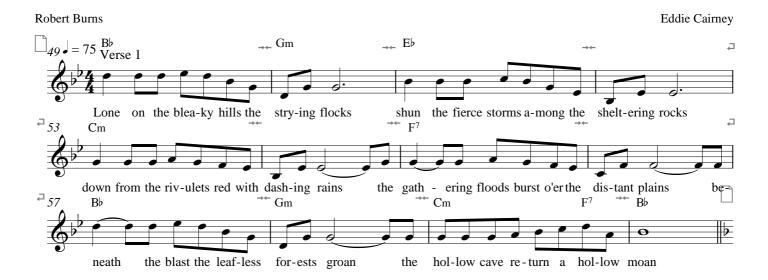
Or if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right
On the lofty ether borne
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn
Swiftly seek on clanging wings
Other lakes and other springs
And the foe you cannot brave
Scorn at least to be his slave

Birthday ode for 31st December 1787

A Fragment



On the death of Robert Dundas



Verse 2

Ye hills ye plains ye forests and ye caves Ye howling winds and wintry swelling waves Unheard unseen by human ear or eye Sad to your sympathetic glooms I fly Where to the whistling blast and water's roar Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore

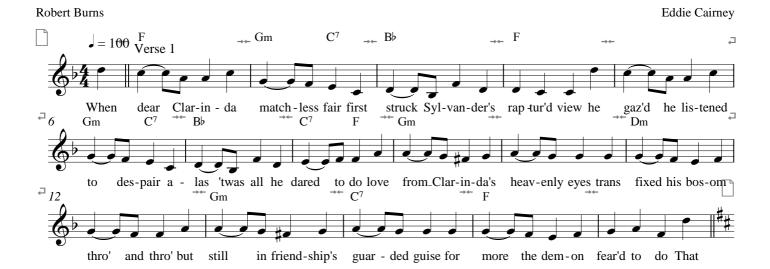
Verse 3

O heavy loss thy country ill could bear A loss these evil days can ne'er repair Justice the high vicegerent of her God Her doubtful balance eyed and sway'd her rod Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow She sank abandon'd to the wildest woe

Verse 4

Wrongs injuries from many a darksome den Now gay in hope explore the paths of men See from his cavern grim Oppression rise And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes Keen on the helpless victim see him fly And stifle dark the feebly bursting cry

Sylvander to Clarinda



Verse 2

That heart already more than lost
The imp beleaguer'd all perdue
For frowning Honour kept his post
To meet that frown he shrunk to do
His pangs the Bard refused to own
Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew
But Anguish wrung the unweeting groan
Who blames what frantic Pain must do

Verse 3

That heart where motley follies blend Was sternly still to Honour true To prove Clarinda's fondest friend Was what a lover sure might do The Muse his ready quill employed No nearer bliss he could pursue That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd Send word by Charles how you do

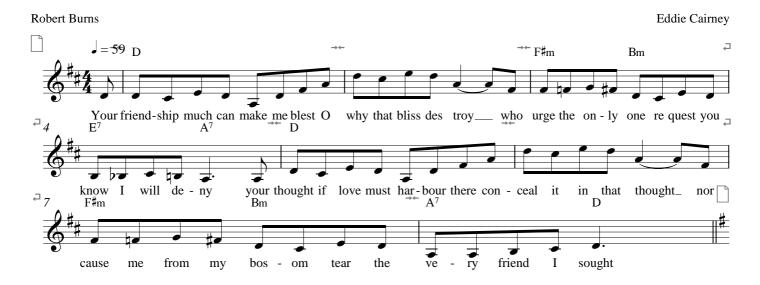
Verse 4

The chill behest disarm'd his muse Till passion all impatient grew He wrote and hinted for excuse 'Twas 'cause he'd nothing else to do But by those hopes I have above And by those faults I dearly rue The deed the boldest mark of love For thee that deed I dare uo do

Verse 5

O could the Fates but name the price Would bless me with your charms and you With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice If human art and power could do Then take Clarinda friendship's hand Friendship at least I may avow And lay no more your chill command I'll write whatever I've to do

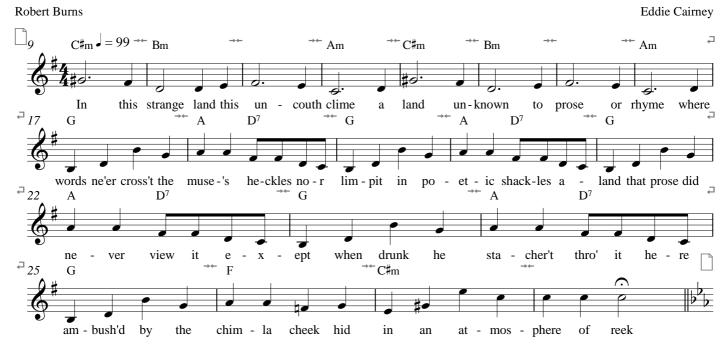
Love In The Guise Of Friendship



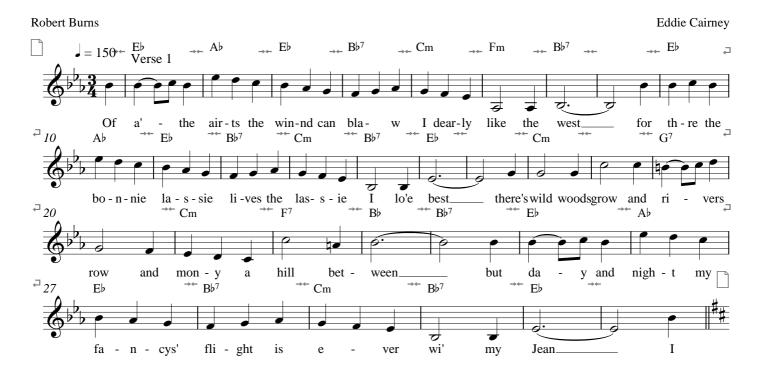
Verse 2
Your thought if Love must harbour there
Conceal it in that thought
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought

Epistle to Hugh Parker

A Fragment



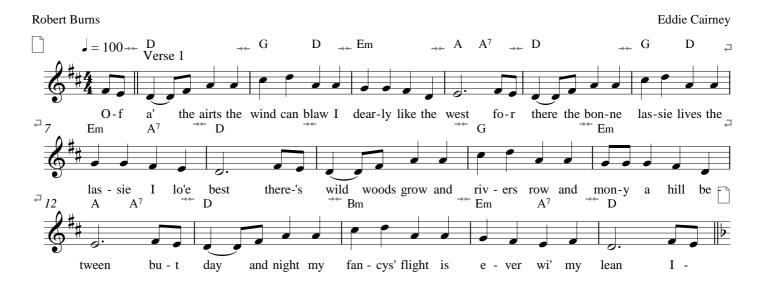
I Love my Jean



Verse 2

I see her in the dewy flowers
I see her sweet and fair
I hear her in the tunefu' birds
I hear her charm the air
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain shaw or green
There's not a bonie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean

I Love my Jean

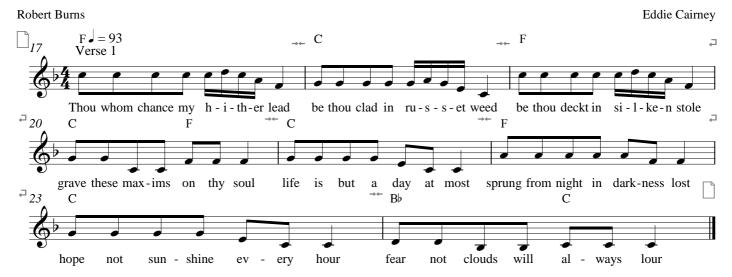


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Written in Friars Carse Hermitage Nithsdale

First Version



Verse 2

Happiness is but a name
Make content and ease thy aim
Ambition is a meteor gleam
Fame an idle restless dream
Peace the tend'rest flow'r of spring
Pleasures insects on the wing
Those that sip the dew alone
Make the butterflies thy own

Verse 3

Those that would the bloom devour Crush the locusts save the flower For the future be prepar'd Guard wherever thou can'st guard But thy utmost duly done Welcome what thou can'st not shun Follies past give thou to air Make their consequence thy care

Verse 4

Keep the name of Man in mind And dishonour not thy kind Reverence with lowly heart Him whose wondrous work thou art Keep His Goodness still in view Thy trust and thy example too Stranger go Heaven be thy guide Quod the Beadsman of Nidside