Burns Revisited Volume 56

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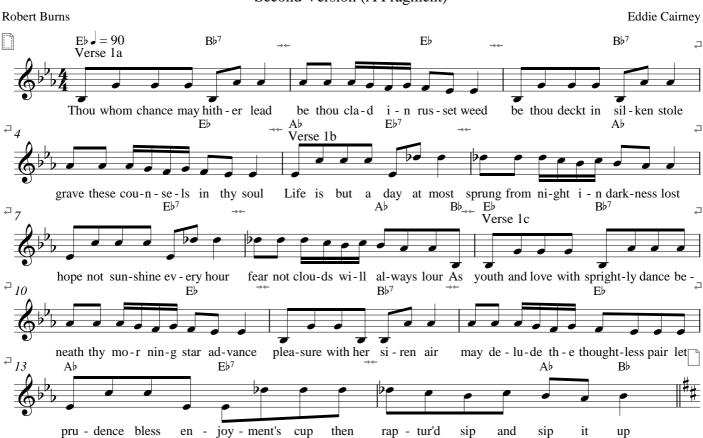
Written in Friars Carse Hermitage Nithsdales

Second Version (A Fragment)

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Verse 2a

As thy day grows warm and high Life's meridian flaming nigh Dost thou spurn the humble vale Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale

Verse 1b

Verse 2c Check thy climbing step elate Evils lurk in felon wait Dangers eagle pinioned bold Soar around each cliffy hold While cheerful Peace with linnet song Chants the lowly dells among

Verse 3a

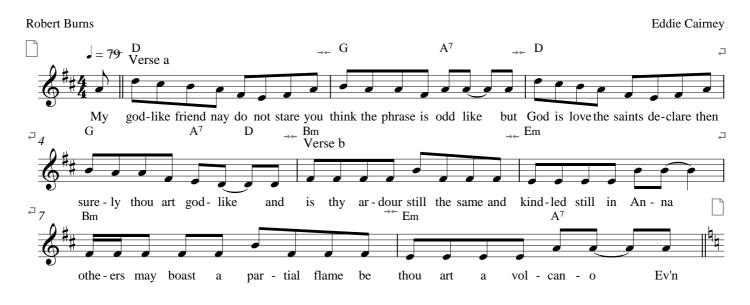
As the shades of ev'ning close Beck'ning thee to long repose As life itself becomes disease Seek the chimney nook of ease

Verse 1b

Verse 3c

There ruminate with sober thought On all thou'st seen and heard and wrought And teach the sportive younkers round Saws of experience sage and sound Say man's true genuine estimate The grand criterion of his fate

To Alex Cunningham



Verse 2a

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond Death's tie dissolving portal But thou omnipotently fond May'st promise love immortal

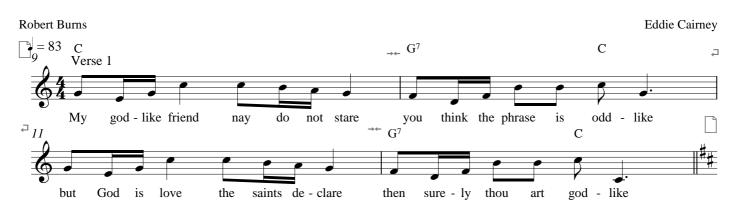
Verse 2b

Thy wounds such healing powers defy Such symptoms dire attend them That last great antihectic try Marriage perhaps may mend them

Verse 3a

Sweet Anna has an air a grace Divine magnetic touching She talks she charms but who can trace The process of bewitching

To Alex Cunningham



Verse 2 And is thy ardour still the same And kindled still at Anna Others may boast a partial flame But thou art a volcano

Verse 3

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond Death's tie dissolving portal But thou omnipotently fond May'st promise love immortal

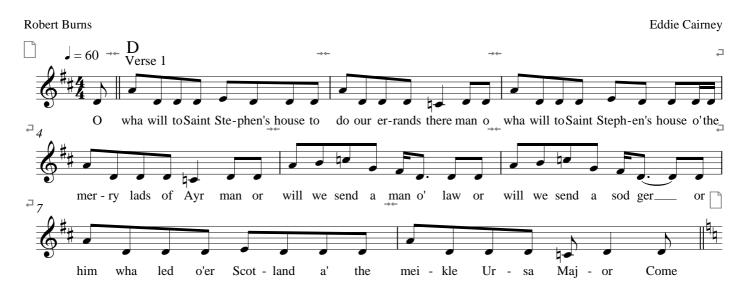
Verse 4

Thy wounds such healing powers defy Such symptoms dire attend them That last great antihectic try Marriage perhaps may mend them

Verse 5

Sweet Anna has an air a grace Divine magnetic touching She talks she charms but who can trace The process of bewitching

The Fete Champetre



Verse 2

Come will ye court a noble lord Or buy a score o'lairds man For worth and honour pawn their word Their vote shall be Glencaird's man Ane gies them coin ane gies them wine Anither gies them clatter Annbank wha guessed the ladies' taste He gies a Fete Champetre

Verse 3

When Love and Beauty heard the news The gay green woods amang man Where gathering flowers and busking bowers They heard the blackbird's sang man A vow they sealed it with a kiss Sir Politics to fetter As their's alone the patent bliss To hold a Fete Champetre

Verse 4

Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing O'er hill and dale she flew man Ilk wimpling burn ilk crystal spring Ilk glen and shaw she knew man She summon'd every social sprite That sports by wood or water On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet And keep this Fete Champetre

Verse 5

Cauld Boreas wi'his boisterous crew Were bound to stakes like kye man And Cynthia's car o' silver fu' Clamb up the starry sky man Reflected beams dwell in the streams Or down the current shatter The western breeze steals thro'the trees To view this Fete Champetre

Verse 6

How many a robe sae gaily floats What sparkling jewels glance man To Harmony's enchanting notes As moves the mazy dance man The echoing wood the winding flood Like Paradise did glitter When angels met at Adam's yett To hold their Fete Champetre

Verse 7

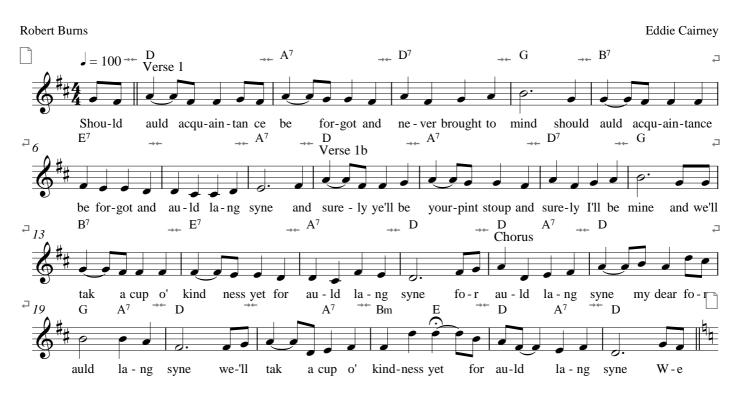
When Politics came there to mix And make his ether stane man He circled round the magic ground But entrance found he nane man He blush'd for shame he quat his name Forswore it every letter Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fete Champetre

Epistle to Robert Graham

A Fragment



Auld Lang Syne



Verse 1a

Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to mind Should auld acquaintance be forgot And auld lang syne

Verse 1b

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp And surely I'll be mine And we'll tak a cup o'kindness yet For auld lang syne

Chorus

For auld lang syne my dear For auld lang syne We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne

Verse 2a

We twa hae run about the braes And pou'd the gowans fine But we've wander'd mony a weary fit Sin' auld lang syne

Verse 2b

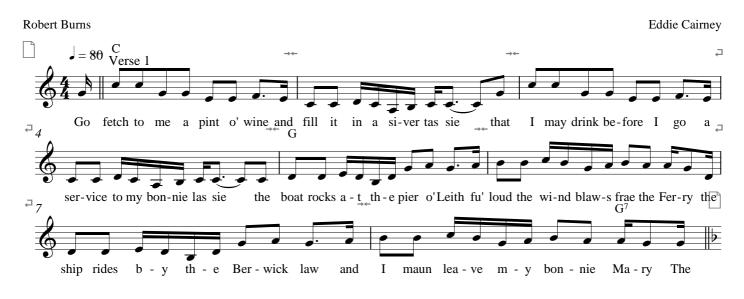
We twa hae paidl'd in the burn Frae morning sun till dine But seas between us braid hae roar'd Sin' auld lang syne

Chorus

Verse 3b

And there's a hand my trusty fere And gie's a hand o' thine And we'll tak a right gude willie waught For auld lang syne

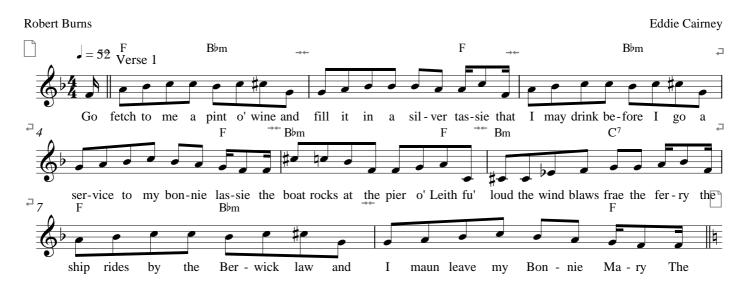
My Bonnie Mary



Verse 2

The trumpets sound the banners fly The glittering spears are ranked ready The shouts o' war are heard afar The battle closes deep and bloody It's not the roar o' sea or shore Wad mak me langer wish to tarry Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar It's leaving thee my bonie Mary

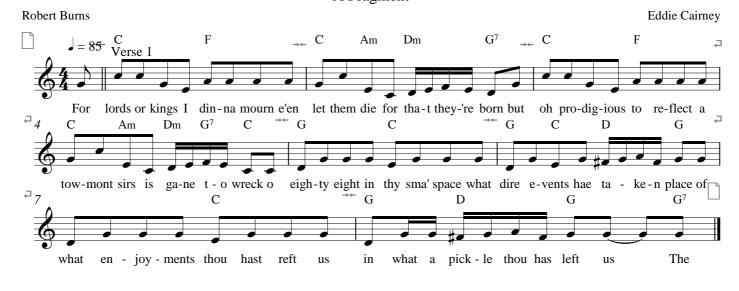
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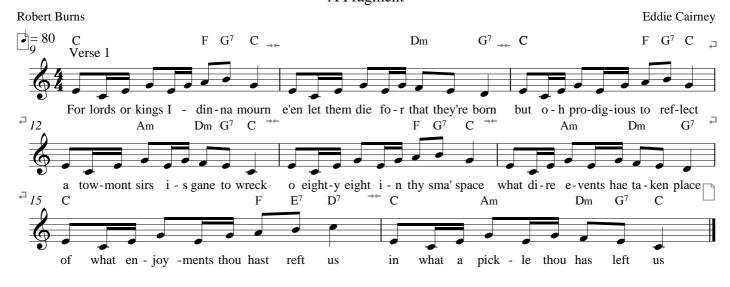
Elegy on the Year 1788 A Fragment



Verse 2

The Spanish empire's tint a head And my auld teethless Bawtie's dead The tulyie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks The tane is game a bluidy devil But to the hen birds unco civil The tither's something dour o' treadin But better stuff ne'er claw'd a middin

Elegy on the Year 1788 A Fragment



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