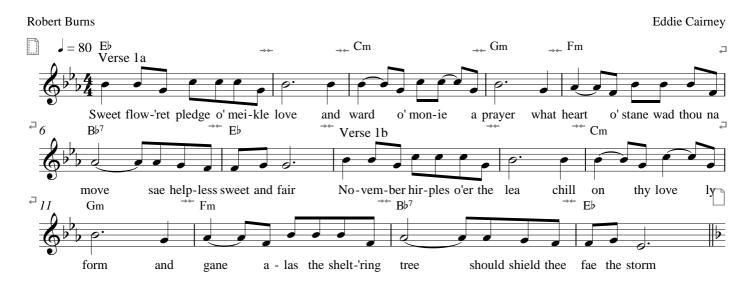
Burns Revisited Volume 62

- 1. On the birth of a posthumous child
- 2. Elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo
- 3. Lament on Mary Queen of Scots
- 4. Lament on Mary Queen of Scots
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On the birth of a posthumous child



Verse 2a

May He who gives the rain to pour And wings the blast to blaw Protect thee frae the driving show'r The bitter frost and snaw

Verse 2b

May He the friend o' Woe and Want Who heals life's various stounds Protect and guard the mother plant And heal her cruel wounds

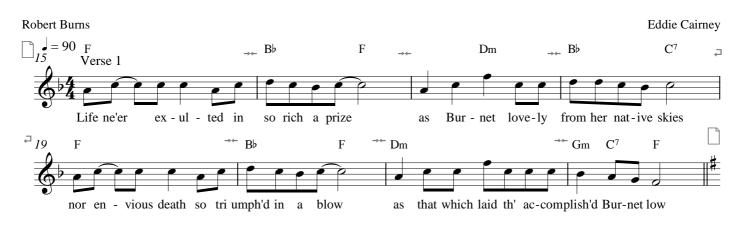
Verse 3a

But late she flourish'd rooted fast Fair in the summer morn Now feebly bends she in the blast Unshelter'd and forlorn

Verse 3b

Blest be thy bloom thou lovely gem Unscath'd by ruffian hand And from thee many a parent stem Arise to deck our land

On the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo



Verse 2

Thy form and mind sweet maid can I forget In richest ore the brightest jewel set In thee high Heaven above was truest shown As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known

Verse 3

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride ye groves Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves Ye cease to charm Eliza is no more

Verse 4

Ye healthy wastes immix'd with reedy fens Ye mossy streams with sedge and rushes stor'd Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens To you I fly ye with my soul accord

Verse 5

Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail And thou sweet Excellence forsake our earth And not a Muse with honest grief bewail

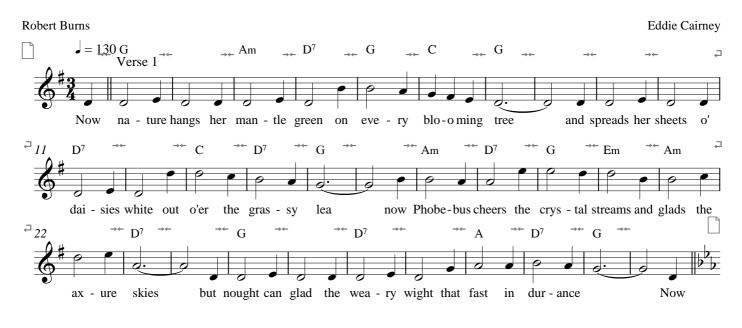
Verse 6

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride And Virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide Thou left us darkling in a world of tears

Verse 7

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee That heart how sunk a prey to grief and care So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree So from it ravish'd leaves it bleak and bare

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots



Verse 2

Now laverocks wake the merry morn Aloft on dewy wing The merle in his noontide bow'r Makes woodland echoes ring The mavis wild wi' mony a note Sings drowsy day to rest In love and freedom they rejoice Wi' care nor thrall opprest

Verse 3

Now blooms the lily by the bank The primrose down the brae The hawthorn's budding in the glen And milk white is the slae The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang But I the Queen of a' Scotland Maun lie in prison strang

Verse 4

I was the Queen o' bonie France Where happy I hae been Fu' lightly raise I in the morn As blythe lay down at e'en And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland And mony a traitor there Yet here I lie in foreign bands And never ending care

Verse 5

But as for thee thou false woman My sister and my fae Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword That thro' thy soul shall gae The weeping blood in woman's breast Was never known to thee Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe Frae woman's pitying e'e

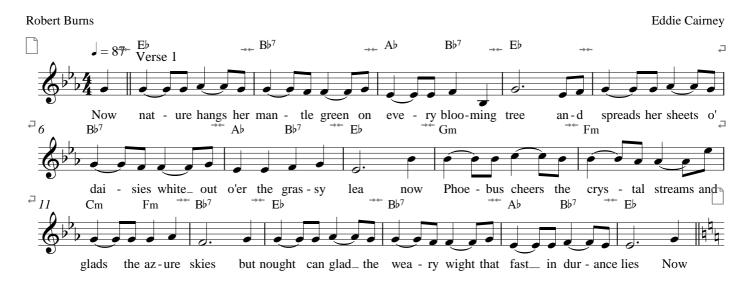
Verse 6

My son my son may kinder stars Upon thy fortune shine And may those pleasures gild thy reign That ne'er wad blink on mine God keep thee frae thy mother's faes Or turn their hearts to thee And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend Remember him for me

Verse 7

O soon to me may Summer suns Nae mair light up the morn Nae mair to me the Autumn winds Wave o'er the yellow corn And in the narrow house of death Let Winter round me rave And the next flow'rs that deck the Spring Bloom on my peaceful grave

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots_a



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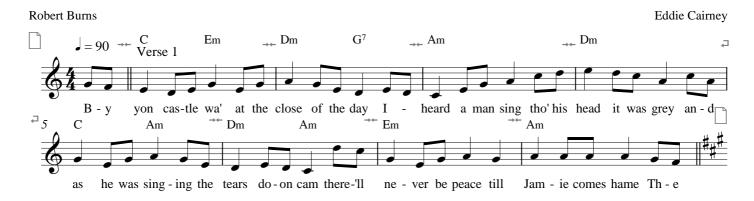
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There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame



Verse 2

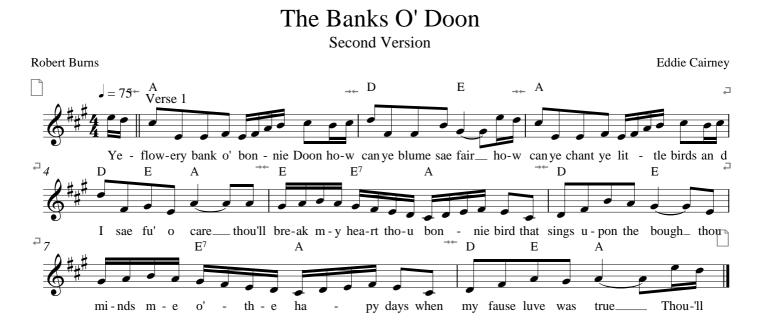
The Church is in ruins the State is in jars Delusions oppressions and murderous wars We dare na weel say't but we ken wha's to blame There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

Verse 3

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd It brak the sweet heart o' my faithful and dame There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

Verse 4

Now life is a burden that bows me down Sin' I tint my bairns and he tint his crown But till my last moments my words are the same There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame



Verse 2

Thou'll break my heart thou bonie bird That sings upon the bough Thou minds me o' the happy days When my fause Luve was true

Verse 3

Thou'll break my heart thou bonie bird That sings beside thy mate For sae I sat and sae I sang And wist na o' my fate

Verse 4

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon To see the woodbine twine And ilka bird sang o' its Luve And sae did I o' mine

Verse 5

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose Upon its thorny tree But my fause Luver staw my rose And left the thorn wi' me

Verse 6

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose Upon a morn in June And sae I flourished on the morn And sae was pu'd or noon

The Banks o' Doon

Third Version

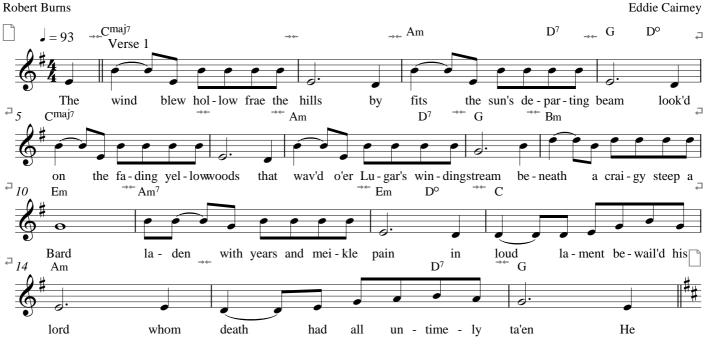


Verse 2

Aft hae I rov'd by Bonie Doon To see the rose and woodbine twine And ilka bird sang o' its Luve And fondly sae did I o' mine Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree And may fause Luver staw my rose But ah he left the thorn wi' me

Lament for James Earl of Glencairn





Verse 2

He lean'd him to an ancient aik Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years His locks were bleached white with time His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears And as he touch'd his trembling harp And as he tun'd his doleful sang The winds lamenting thro' their caves To Echo bore the notes alang

Verse 3

Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing The reliques o' the vernal queir Ye woods that shed on a' the winds The honours of the aged year A few short months and glad and gay Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e But nocht in all revolving time Can gladness bring again to me

Verse 4

I am a bending aged tree That long has stood the wind and rain But now has come a cruel blast And my last hald of earth is gane Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom But I maun lie before the storm And ithers plant them in my room

Verse 5

I've seen sae monie changefu' years On earth I am a stranger grown I wander in the ways of men Alike unknowing and unknown Unheard unpitied unreliev'd I bear alane my lade o' care For silent low on beds of dust Lie a' that would my sorrows share

Verse 6

And last the sum of a' my griefs My noble master lies in clay The flow'r amang our barons bold His country's pride his country's stay In weary being now I pine For a' the life of life is dead And hope has left may aged ken On forward wing for ever fled

Verse 7

Awake thy last sad voice my harp The voice of woe and wild despair Awake resound thy latest lay Then sleep in silence evermair And thou my last best only friend That fillest an untimely tomb Accept this tribute from the Bard Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom

Verse 8

In Poverty's low barren vale Thick mists obscure involv'd me round Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye Nae ray of fame was to be found Thou found'st me like the morning sun That melts the fogs in limpid air The friendless bard and rustic song Became alike thy fostering care

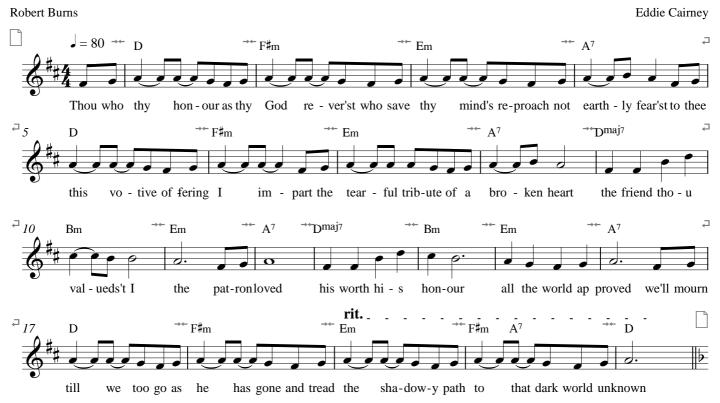
Verse 9

O why has worth so short a date While villains ripen grey with time Must thou the noble gen'rous great Fall in bold manhood's hardy prim Why did I live to see that day A day to me so full of woe O had I met the mortal shaft That laid my benefactor low

Verse 10

The bridegroom may forget the bride Was made his wedded wife yestreen The monarch may forget the crown That on his head an hour has been The mother may forget the child That smiles sae sweetly on her knee But I'll remember thee Glencairn And a' that thou hast done for me

Lines to Sir John Whiteford



Epigram on Miss Davies

