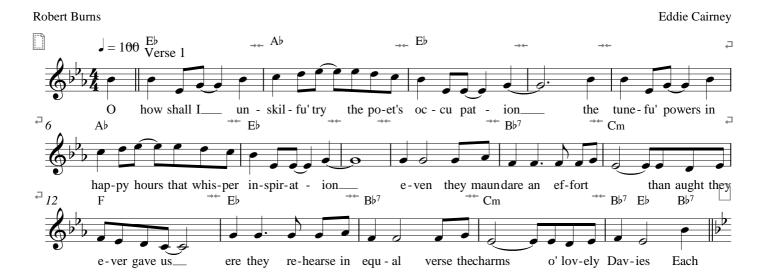
Burns Revisited Volume 63

- 1. The charms of lovely Davies
- 2. The posie
- 3. On Glenriddel's fox breaking its chain
- 4. On pastoral poetry
- 5. The gallant weaver
- 6. Epigram at Brownhill Inn
- 7. O for ane an' twenty Tam
- 8. My Bonnie Bell
- 9. Address to the shade of Thomson
- 10. Nithsdale's welcome hame

The charms of Lovely Davies



Verse 2

Each eye it cheers when she appears
Like Phoebus in the morning
When past the shower and every flower
The garden is adorning
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore
When winter bound the wave is
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming lovely Davies

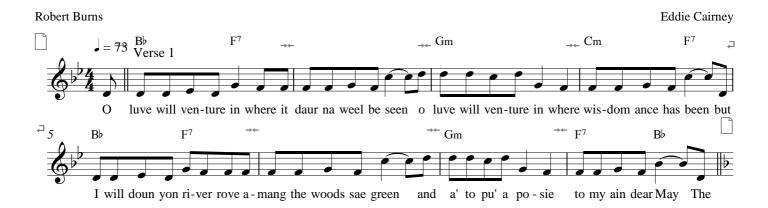
Verse 3

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift
That maks us mair than princes
A sceptred hand a king's command
Is in her darting glances
The man in arms 'gainst female charms
Even he her willing slave is
He hugs his chain and owns the reign
Of conquering lovely Davies

Verse 4

My Muse to dream of such a theme Her feeble powers surrender The eagle's gaze alone surveys The sun's meridian splendour I wad in vain essay the strain The deed too daring brave is I'll drap the lyre and mute admire The charms o' lovely Davies

The Posie



Verse 2

The primrose I will pu' the firstling o' the year And I will pu' the pink the emblem o' my dear For she's the pink o' womankind and blooms without a peer And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 3

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phoebus peeps in view For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 4

The lily it is pure and the lily it is fair And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 5

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray Where like an aged man it stands at break o' day But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 6

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 7

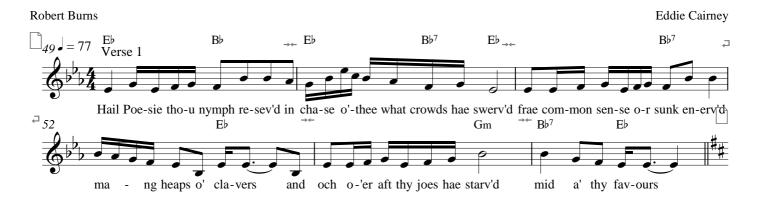
I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luve And I'll place it in her breast and I'll swear by a' above That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May

On Glenriddell's Fox breaking his chain

A Fragment



On pastoral poetry



Verse 2

Say Lassie why thy train amang While loud the trump's heroic clang And sock or buskin skelp alang To death or marriage Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang But wi' miscarriage

Verse 3

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives Wee Pope the knurlin' till him rives Horatian fame In thy sweet sang Barbauld survives Even Sappho's flame

Verse 4

But thee Theocritus wha matches They're no herd's ballats Maro's catches Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches O' heathen tatters I pass by hunders nameless wretches That ape their betters

Verse 5

In this braw age o' wit and lear Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair Blaw sweetly in its native air And rural grace And wi' the far fam'd Grecian share A rival place

Verse 6

Yes there is ane a Scottish callan There's ane come forrit honest Allan Thou need na jouk behint the hallan A chiel sae clever The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan But thou's for ever

Verse 7

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines In thy sweet Caledonian lines Nae gowden stream thro' myrtle twines Where Philomel While nightly breezes sweep the vines Her griefs will tell

Verse 8

In gowany glens thy burnie strays
Where bonie lasses bleach their claes
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes
Wi' hawthorns gray
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day

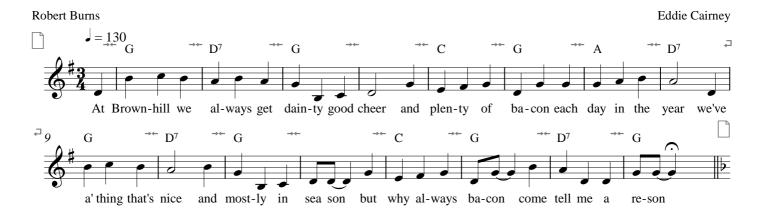
Verse 9

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel'
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell
Nae snap conceits but that sweet spell
O' witchin love
That charm that can the strongest quell
The sternest move

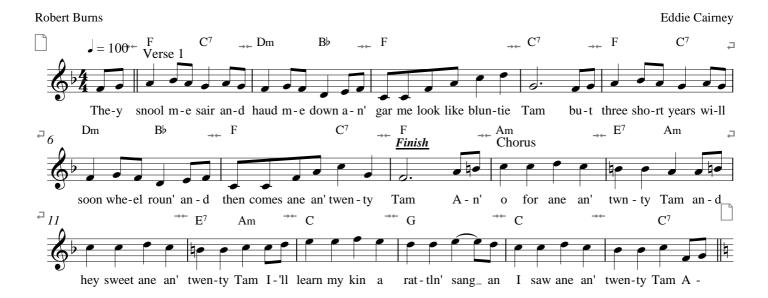
The Gallant Weaver



Epigram at Brownhill Inn



O for ane an' twenty Tam



Verse 2

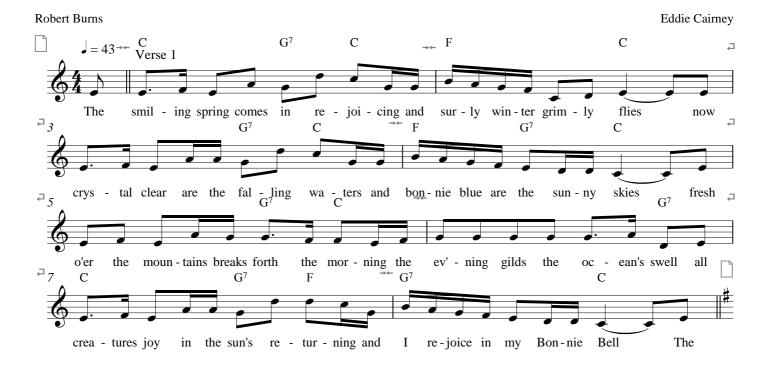
A glieb o' lan' a claut o' gear Was left me by my auntie Tam At kith or kin I need na spier An I saw ane an' twenty Tam

Chorus

Verse 3

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof Tho' I mysel' hae plenty Tam But hear'st thou laddie there's my loof I'm thine at ane an' twenty Tam

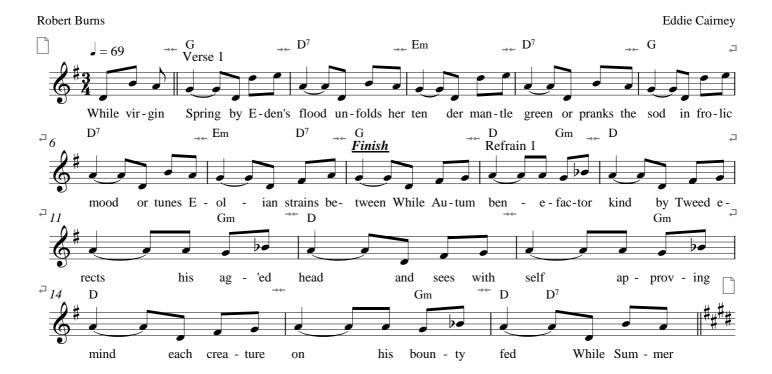
My Bonnie Bell



Verse 2

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer The yellow Autumn presses near Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter Till smiling Spring again appear Thus seasons dancing life advancing Old Time and Nature their changes tell But never ranging still unchanging I adore my bonie Bell

Address to the shade of Thomson



Verse 2

While Summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade Yet oft delighted stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade

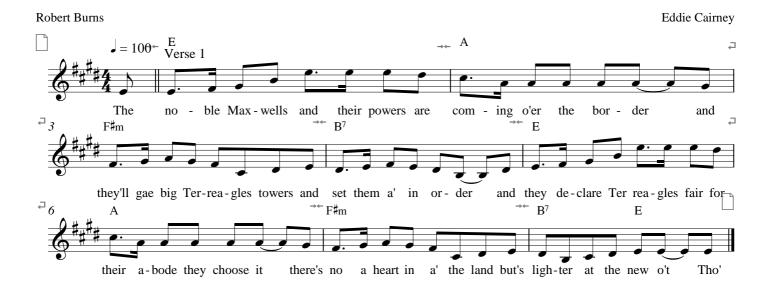
Refrain 2

While maniac Winter rages o'er The hills whence classic Yarrow flows Rousing the turbid torrent's roar Or sweeping wild a waste of snows

Verse 3

So long sweet Poet of the year Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won While Scotia with exulting tear Proclaims that Thomson was her son

Nithsdale's welcome hame



Verse 2

Tho' stars in skies may disappear And angry tempests gather The happy hour may soon be near That brings us pleasant weather The weary night o' care and grief May hae a joyfu' morrow So dawning day has brought relief Fareweel our night o' sorrow