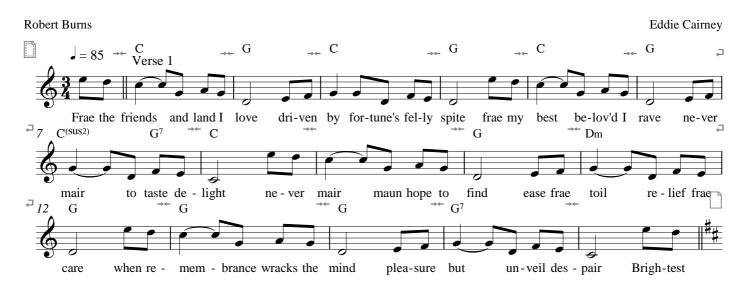
Burns Revisited Volume 64

- 1. Frae the friends and land I love
- 2. Such a parcel of rogues in a nation
- 3. Epistle to John Maxwell
- 4. Third Epistle to Robert Graham
- 5. The song of death
- 6. The toadeater
- 7. The toadeater (another version)
- 8. The lamington Kirk
- 9. The keekin' glass
- 10. A grace before dinner

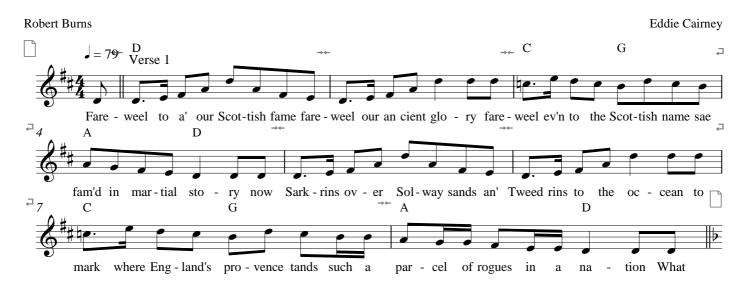
Frae the friends and land I love



Verse 2

Brightest climes shall mirk appear Desert ilka blooming shore Till the Fates nae mair severe Friendship love and peace restore Till Revenge wi' laurel'd head Bring our banished hame again And ilk loyal bonie lad Cross the seas and win his ain

Such a parcel of Rogues in a Nation



Verse 2

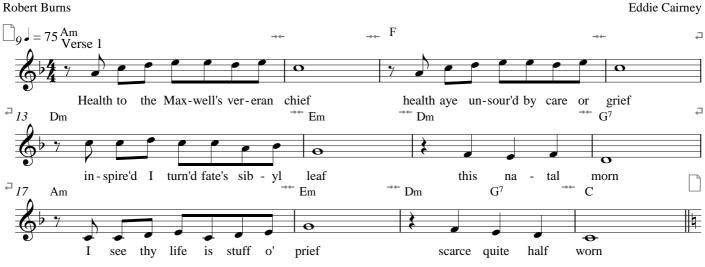
What force or guile could not subdue Thro' many warlike ages Is wrought now by a coward few For hireling traitor's wages The English stell we could disdain Secure in valour's station But English gold has been our bane Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

Verse 3

O would or I had seen the day That Treason thus could sell us My auld grey head had lien in clay Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace But pith and power till my last hour I'll mak this declaration We're bought and sold for English gold Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

Epistle to John Maxwell

Robert Burns



Verse 2

This day thou metes threescore eleven And I can tell that bounteous Heaven The second-sight ye ken is given To ilka Poet On thee a tack o' seven times seven Will yet bestow it

Verse 3

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow Nine miles an hour Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah In brunstane stour

Verse 4

But for thy friends and they are mony Baith honest men and lassies bonie May couthie Fortune kind and cannie In social glee Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny Bless them and thee

Verse 5

Fareweel auld birkie Lord be near ye And then the deil he daurna steer ye Your friends aye love your faes aye fear ye For me shame fa' me If neist my heart I dinna wear ye While Burns they ca' me

Third Epistle to Robert Graham

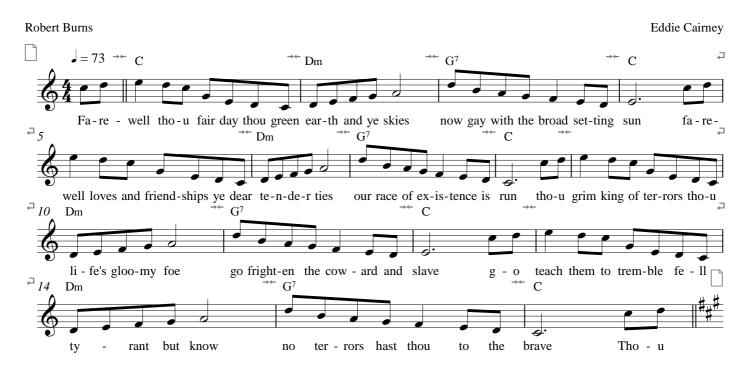
A Fragment

Robert Burns



Eddie Cairney

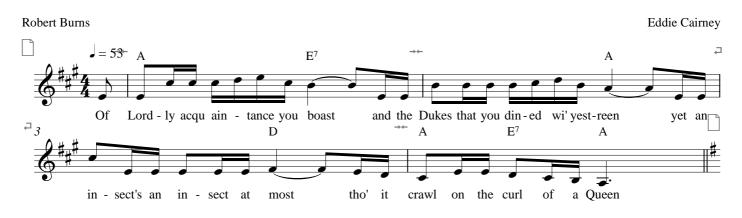
The song of death

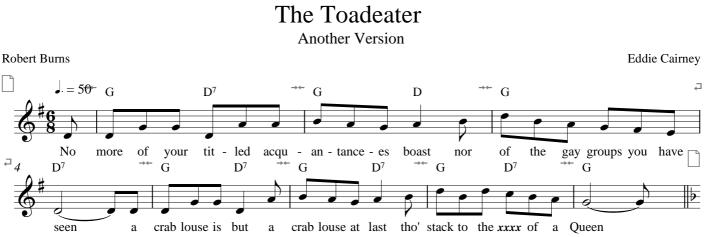


Verse 2

Thou strik'st the dull peasant he sinks in the dark Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name Thou strik'st the young hero a glorious mark He falls in the blaze of his fame In the field of proud honour our swords in our hands Our King and our country to save While victory shines on Life's last ebbing sands O who would not die with the brave

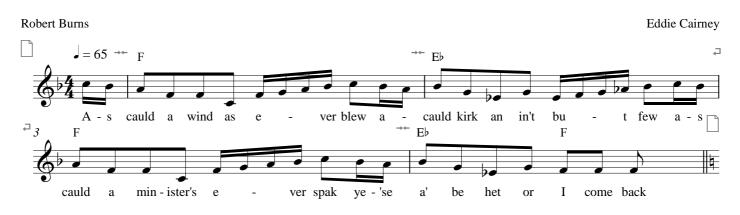
The Toadeater



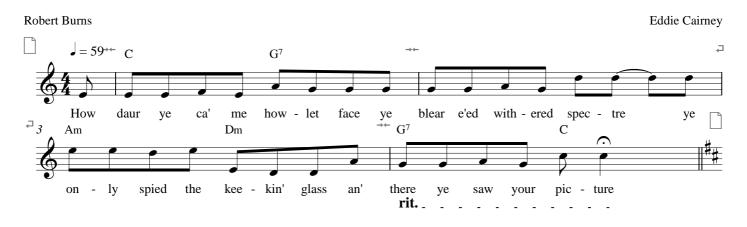


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The Lamington Kirk



The Keekin' Glass



A grace before dinner

