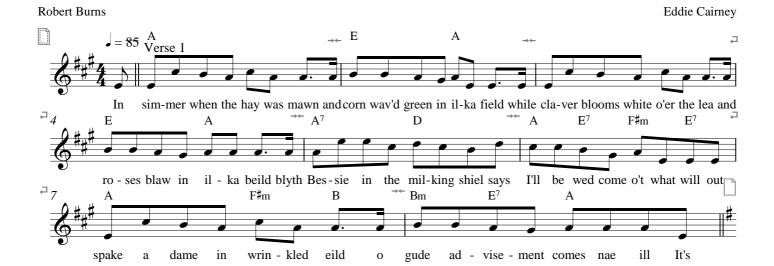
# Burns Revisited Volume 66

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# The country lassie



#### Verse 2

It's ye hae wooers mony ane
And lassie ye're but young ye ken
Then wait a wee and cannie wale
A routhie butt a routhie ben
There's Johnie o' the Buskie glen
Fu' is his barn fu' is his byre
Take this frae me my bonie hen
It's plenty beets the luver's fire

### Verse 3

For Johnie o' the Buskie glen I dinna care a single flie
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye
He has nae love to spare for me
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie len and a' his gear

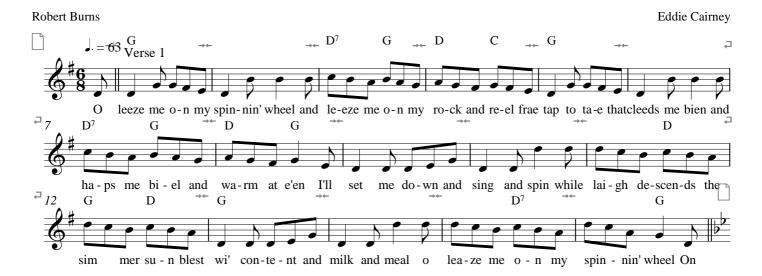
#### Verse 4

Thoughtless lassie life's a faught
The canniest gate the strife is sair
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best
A hungry care's an unco care
But some will spend and some will spare
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will
Syne as ye brew my maiden fair
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill

#### Verse 5

O gear will buy me rigs o' land And gear will buy me sheep and kye But the tender heart o' leesome love The gowd and siller canna buy We may be poor Robie and I Light is the burden love lays on Content and love brings peace and joy What mair hae Queens upon a throne

# Bessy and her spinning wheel



#### Verse 2

On ilka hand the burnies trot
And meet below my theekit cot
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite
Alike to screen the birdie's nest
And little fishes' caller rest
The sun blinks kindly in the beil'
Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel

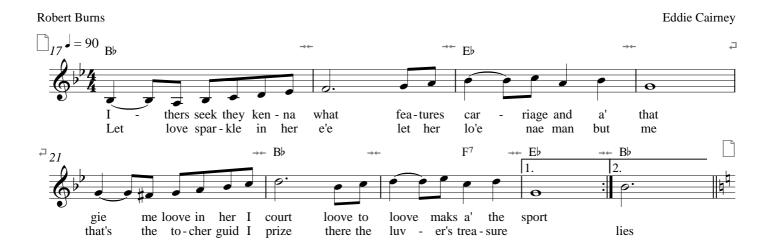
#### Verse 3

On lofty aiks the cushats wail And Echo cons the doolfu' tale The lintwhites in the hazel braes Delighted rival ither's lays The craik amang the claver hay The pairtrick whirring o'er the ley The swallow jinkin' round my shiel Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel

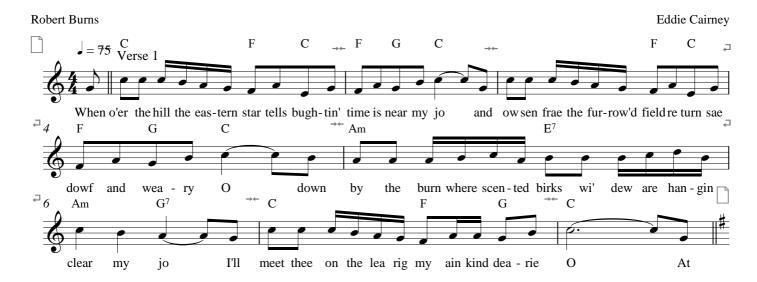
### Verse 4

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy Aboon distress below envy O wha wad leave this humble state For a' the pride of a' the great Amid their flairing idle toys Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys Can they the peace and pleasure feel Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel

# Love for love



# I'll meet thee on the Lea Rig



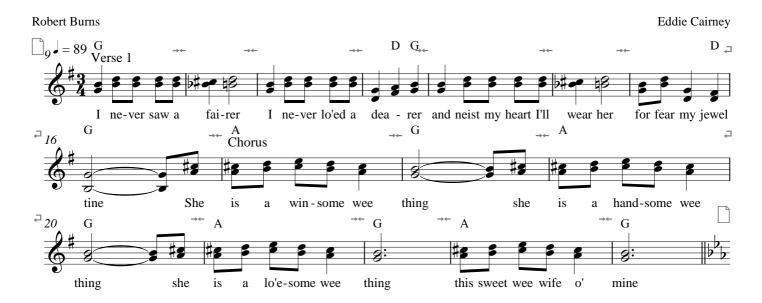
## Verse 2

At midnight hour in mirkest glen I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee
My ain kind Dearie O
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild
And I were ne'er sae weary O
I'll meet thee on the lea rig
My ain kind Dearie O

### Verse 3

The hunter lo'es the morning sun To rouse the mountain deer my jo At noon the fisher seeks the glen Adown the burn to steer my jo Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey It maks my heart sae cheery O To meet thee on the lea rig My ain kind Dearie O

# The winsome wee thing

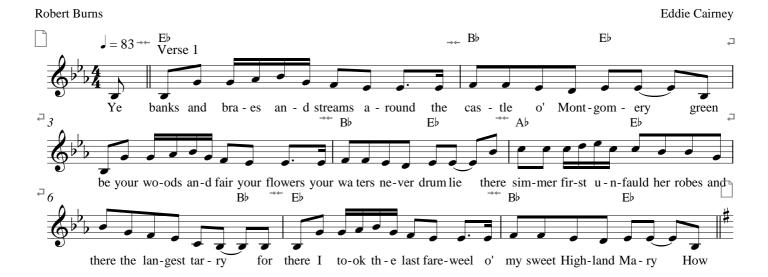


# Verse 2 The warl

The warld's wrack we share o't The warstle and the care o't Wi' her I'll blythely bear it And think my lot divine

# Chorus

# Highland Mary



#### Verse 2

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk How rich the hawthorn's blossom As underneath their fragrant shade I clasp'd her to my bosom The golden Hours on angel wings Flew o'er me and my Dearie For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Mary

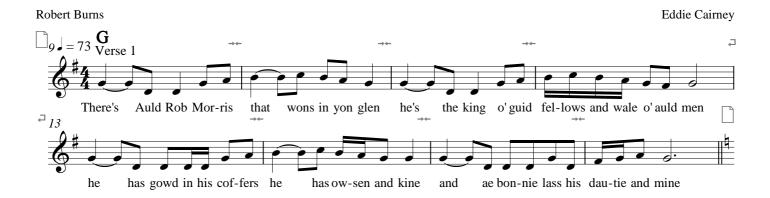
# Verse 3

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace Our parting was fu' tender And pledging aft to meet again We tore oursels asunder But oh fell Death's untimely frost That nipt my Flower sae early Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay That wraps my Highland Mary

# Verse 4

O pale pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly
And mouldering now in sil'ent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary

# **Auld Rob Morris**



### Verse 2

She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e

### Verse 3

But oh she's an Heiress auld Robin's a laird And my daddie has nought but a cot house and yard A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead

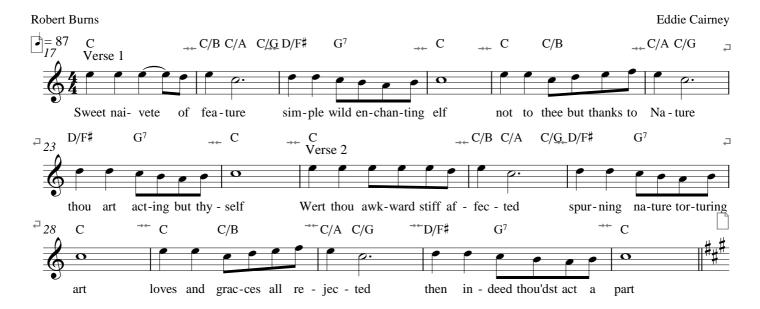
### Verse 4

The day comes to me but delight brings me nane The night comes to me but my rest it is gane I wander my lane like a night troubled ghaist And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast

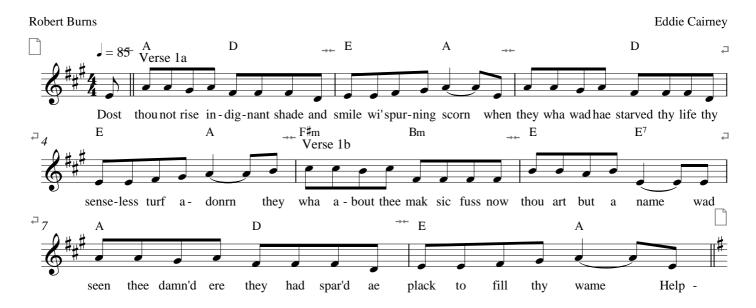
### Verse 5

O had she but been of a lower degree I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me O how past descriving had then been my bliss As now my distraction nae words can express

# Epigram on seeing Miss Fontenelle



# Extempore on some commemorations of Thomson



### Verse 2a

Helpless alane thou clamb the brae Wi' meikle honest toil And claught th' unfading garland there Thy sair-worn rightful spoil

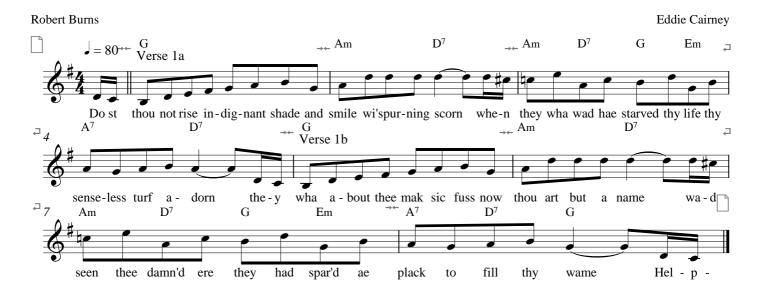
## Verse 2b

And wear it thou and call aloud This axiom undoubted Would thou hae Nobles' patronage First learn to live without it

### Verse 3b

To whom hae much more shall be given Is every Great man's faith But he the helpless needful wretch Shall lose the mite he hath

# Extempore on some commemorations of Thomson



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