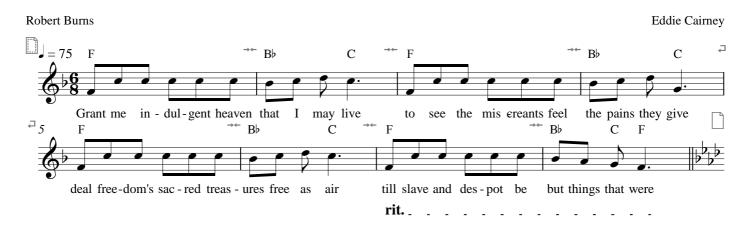
Burns Revisited Volume 68

- 1. Lines inscribed in a Lady's pocket almanac
- 2. The toast
- 3. Thanksgiving for a naval victory
- 4. Lines written on a window
- 5. The Mauchlin wedding
- 6. The hue and cry of John Lewars
- 7. To Miss Isabella Macleod
- 8. To William Stewart
- 9. The tree of liberty
- 10. A sonnet upon sonnets

Lines inscribed in a lady's pocket almanac

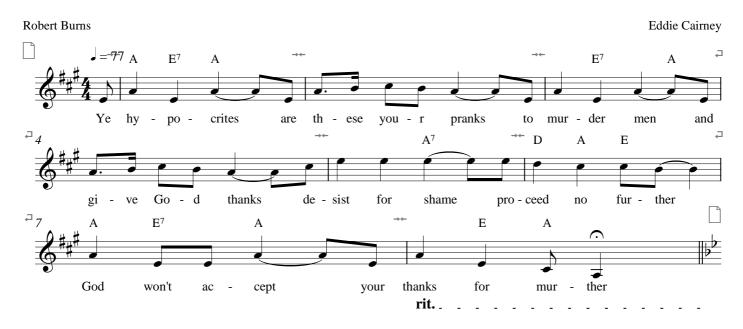


A Toast

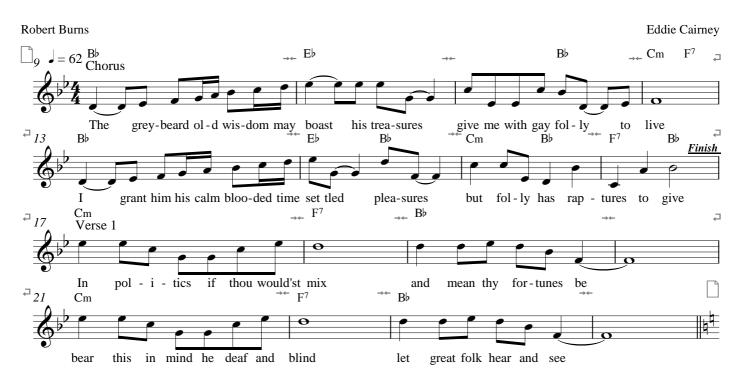


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Thanksgiving for a naval victory



Lines written on a window

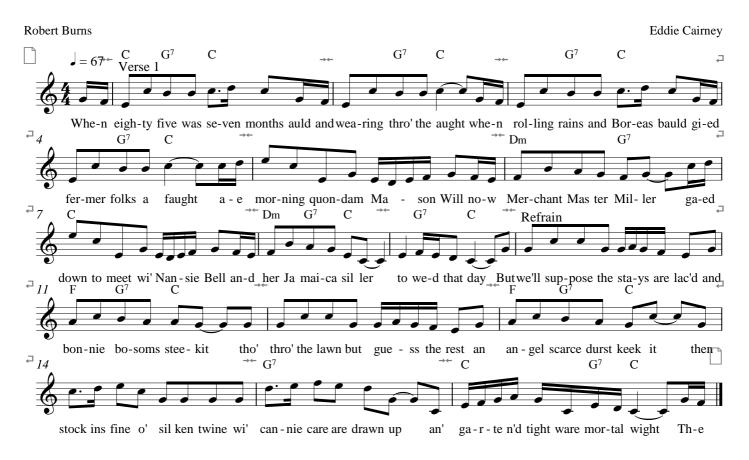


Chorus

Verse 2 In politics if thou would'st mix, And mean thy fortunes be; Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind, Let great folks hear and see.

Chorus

The Mauchline Wedding



Verse 2

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen Was just appearing fairly When Nell and Bess got up to dress Seven lang half hours o'er early Now presses clink and drawers jink For linnens and for laces But modest Muses only think What ladies' underdress is On sic a day

Refrain

But we'll suppose the stays are lac'd And bony bosoms steekit Tho thro the lawn but guess the rest An Angel scarce durst keek it Then stockins fine o silken twine Wi cannie care are drawn up And gartened tight whare mortal wight

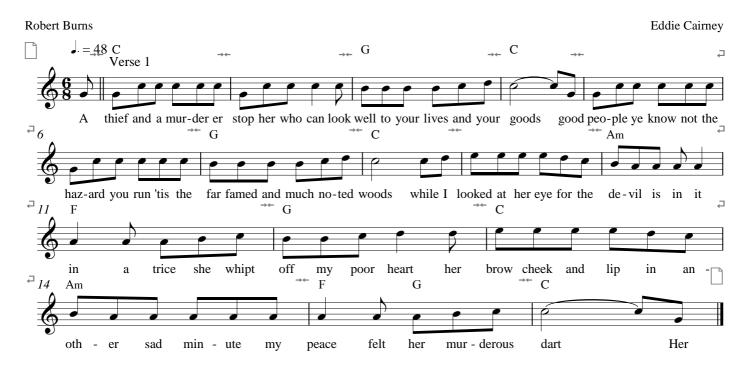
Verse 3

But now the gown wi rustling sound Its silken pomp displays Sure there's no sin in being vain O siccan bony claes Sae jimp the waist the tail sae vast Trouth they were bony Birdies O Mither Eve ye wad been grave To see their ample hurdies Sae large that day

Verse 4

Then Sandy wi's red jacket braw Comes whip jee whoa about And in he gets the bony twa Lord send them safely out And auld John Trot wi sober phiz As braid and braw's a Bailie His shouthers and his Sunday's giz Wi powther and wi ulzie Weel smear'd that day

The hue and cry of John Lewars



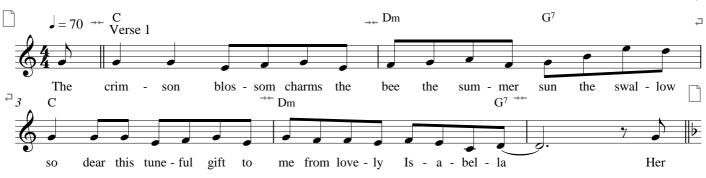
Verse 2

Her features I'll tell you them over but hold She deals with your wizards and books And to peep in her face if but once you're so bold There's witchery kills in her looks But softly I have it her haunts are well known At midnight so slily I'll watch her And sleeping undrest in the dark all alone Good lord The dear thief how I'll catch her 7

To Miss Isabella MacLeod



Eddie Cairney



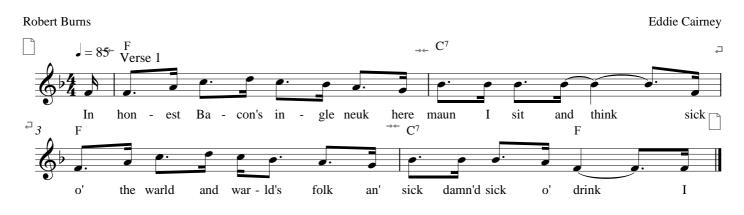
Verse 2

Her portrait fair upon my mind Revolving time shall mellow And mem'ry's latest effort find The lovely Isabella

Verse 3

No Bard nor lover's rapture this In fancies vain and shallow She is so come my soul to bliss The lovely Isabella

To William Stewart



Verse 2

I see I see there is nae help But still down I maun sink Till some day laigh enough I yelp 'Wae worth that cursed drink'

Verse 3

Yestreen alas I was sae fu' I could but yisk and wink And now this day sair sair I rue The weary weary drink

Verse 4

Satan I fear thy sooty claws I hate thy brunstane stink And ay I curse the luckless cause The wicked soup o' drink

Verse 5

In vain I would forget my woes In idle rhyming clink For past redemption damn'd in Prose I can do nought but drink

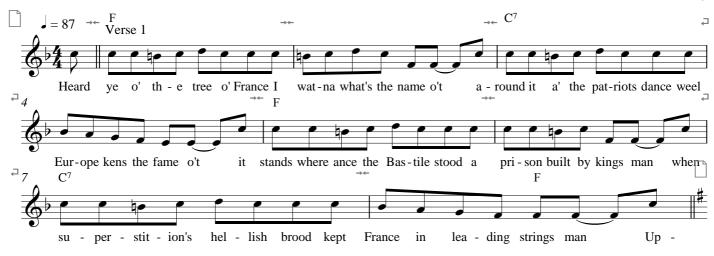
Verse 6

For you my trusty well try'd friend May Heaven still on you blink And may your life flow to the end Sweet as a dry man's drink

The Tree of Liberty







Verse 2

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit Its virtues a' can tell man It raises man aboon the brute It maks him ken himsel man Gif ance the peasant taste a bit He's greater than a lord man And wi' the beggar shares a mite O' a' he can afford man

Verse 3

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth To comfort us 'twas sent man To gie the sweetest blush o' health And mak us a' content man It clears the een it cheers the heart Maks high and low gude friends man And he wha acts the traitor's part It to perdition sends man

Verse 4

My blessings aye attend the chiel Wha pitied Gallia's slaves man And staw a branch spite o' the deil Frae yont tho western waves man Fair Virtue watered it wi' care And now she sees wi' pride man How weel it buds and blossoms there Its branches spreading wide man

Verse 5

But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive man The courtly vermin's banned the tree And grat to see it thrive man King Loui' thought to cut it down When it was unco sma' man For this the watchman cracked his crown Cut aff his head and a' man

Verse 6

A wicked crew syne on a time Did tak a solemn aith man It ne'er should flourish to its prime I wat they pledged their faith man Awa they gaed wi' mock parade Like beagles hunting game man But soon grew weary o' the trade And wished they'd been at hame man

Verse 7

For Freedom standing by the tree Her sons did loudly ca' man She sang a sang o' liberty Which pleased them ane and a' man By her inspired the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel man The hirelings ran-her foes gied chase And banged the despot weel man

Verse 8

Let Britain boast her hardy oak Her poplar and her pine man Auld Britain ance could crack her joke And o'er her neighbours shine man But seek the forest round and round And soon 'twill be agreed man That sic a tree can not be found 'Twixt London and the Tweed man

Verse 9

Without this tree alake this life Is but a vale o' wo man A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife Nae real joys we know man We labour soon we labour late To feed the titled knave man And a' the comfort we're to get Is that ayont the grave man

Verse 10

Wi' plenty o' sic trees I trow The warld would live in peace man The sword would help to mak a plough The din o' war wad cease man Like brethren in a common cause We'd on each other smile man And equal rights and equal laws Wad gladden every isle man

Verse 11

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat Sic halesome dainty cheer man I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet To taste sic fruit I swear man Syne let us pray auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree man And blithe we'll sing and hail the day That gave us liberty man

A Sonnet upon Sonnets

