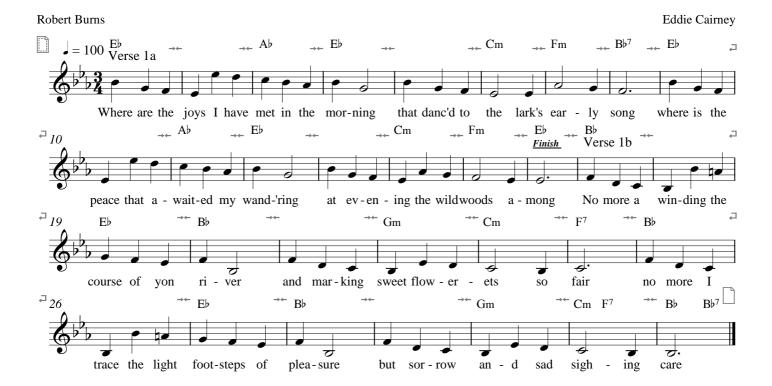
Burns Revisited Volume 78

- 1. Where are the joys I have met
- 2. Deluded swain the pleasure
- 3. Thine am I my faithful fair
- 4. Impromptu on Mrs Riddell's birthday
- 5. My Spouse Nancy
- 6. Epigram on Maria Riddell
- 7. To a gentleman whom he had offended
- 8. Wilt thou be my dearie
- 9. Amang the trees
- 10. As I stood by you roofless tower

Where are the joys I have met



Verse 2a

Is it that Summer's forsaken our vallies And grim surly Winter is near No no the bees humming round the gay roses Proclaim it the pride of the year

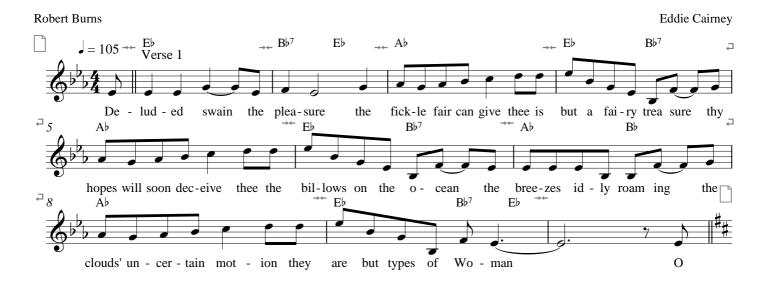
Verse 2b

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover Yet long long too well have I known All that has caused this wreck in my bosom Is Jenny fair Jenny alone

Verse 3a

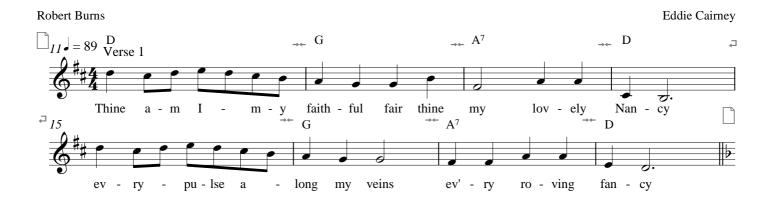
Time cannot aid me my griefs are immortal Nor Hope dare a comfort bestow Come then enamour'd and fond of my anguish Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe

Deluded swain the pleasure



Verse 2
O art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature
If man thou wouldst be named
Despise the silly creature
Go find an honest fellow
Good claret set before thee
Hold on till thou art mellow
And then to bed in glory

Thine am I faithful fair



Verse 2

To thy bosom lay my heart There to throb and languish Tho' despair had wrung its core That would heal its anguish

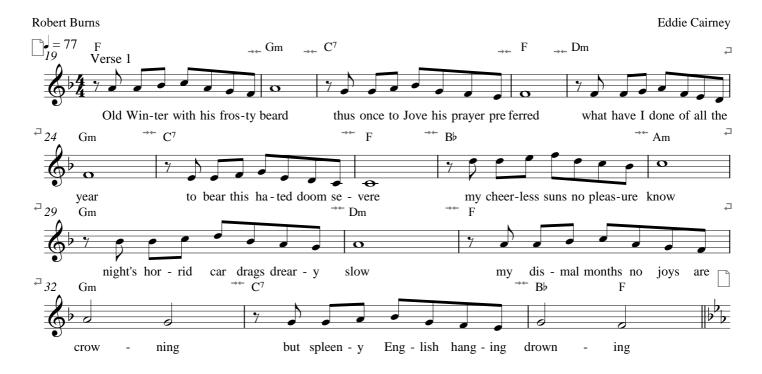
Verse 3

Take away those rosy lips Rich with balmy treasure Turn away thine eyes of love Lest I die with pleasure

Verse 4

What is life when wanting Love Night without a morning Love's the cloudless summer sun Nature gay adorning

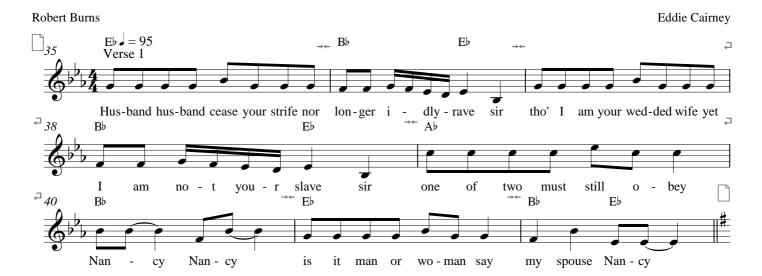
Impromptu on Mrs Riddell's Birthday



Verse 2

Now Jove for once be mighty civil
To counterbalance all this evil
Give me and I've no more to say
Give me Maria's natal day
That brilliant gift will so enrich me
Spring Summer Autumn cannot match me
'Tis done says Jove so ends my story
And Winter once rejoiced in glory

My Spouse Nancy



Verse 2

If 'tis still the lordly word Service and obedience I'll desert my sov'reign lord And so good bye allegiance Sad shall I be so bereft Nancy Nancy Yet I'll try to make a shift My spouse Nancy

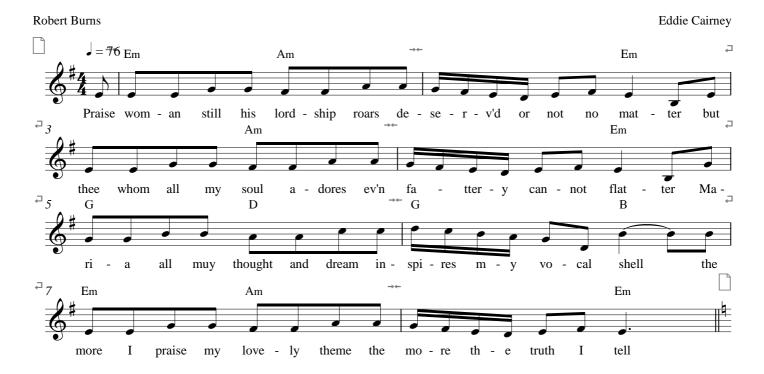
Verse 3

My poor heart then break it must My last hour I am near it When you lay me in the dust Think how you will bear it I will hope and trust in Heaven Nancy Nancy Strength to bear it will be given My spouse Nancy

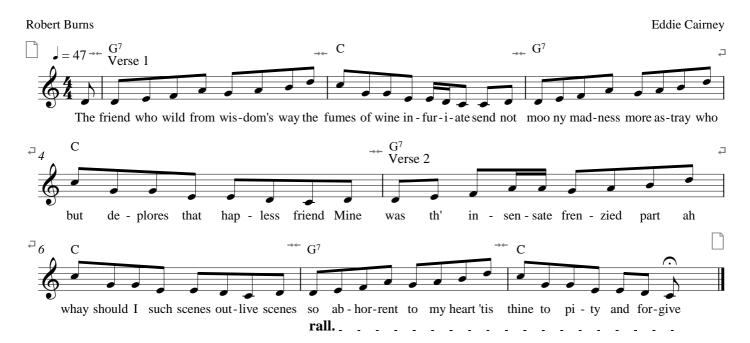
Verse 4

Well Sir from the silent dead Still I'll try to daunt you Ever round your midnight bed Horrid sprites shall haunt you I'll wed another like my dear Nancy Nancy Then all hell will fly for fear My spouse Nancy

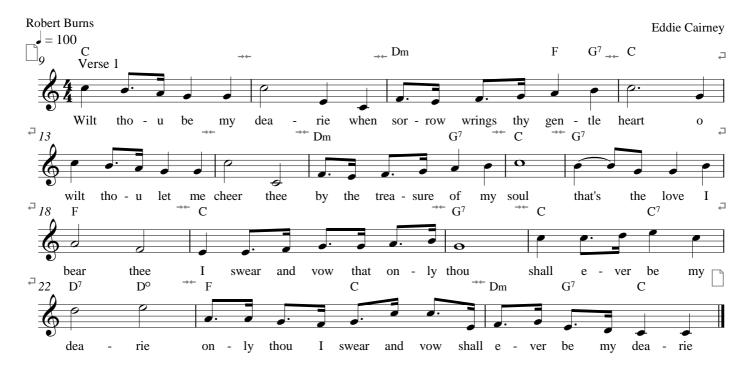
Epigram on Maria Riddell



To a gentleman whom he had offended



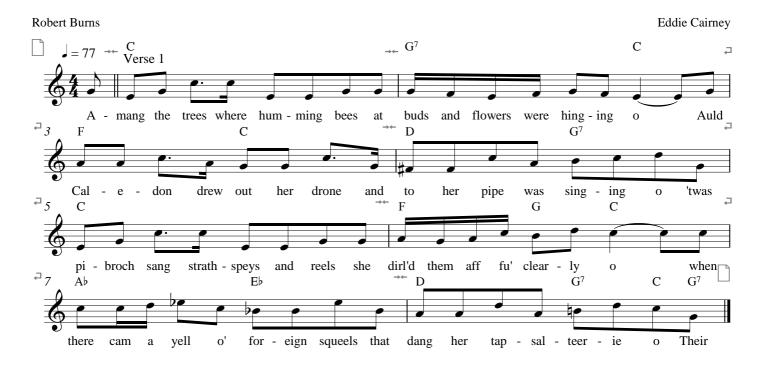
Wilt thou be my dearie



Verse 2

Lassie say thou lo'es me
Or if thou wilt na be my ain
Say na thou'lt refuse me
If it winna canna be
Thou for thine may chuse me
Let me Lassie quickly die
Trusting that thou lo'es me
Lassie let me quickly die
Trusting that thou lo'es me

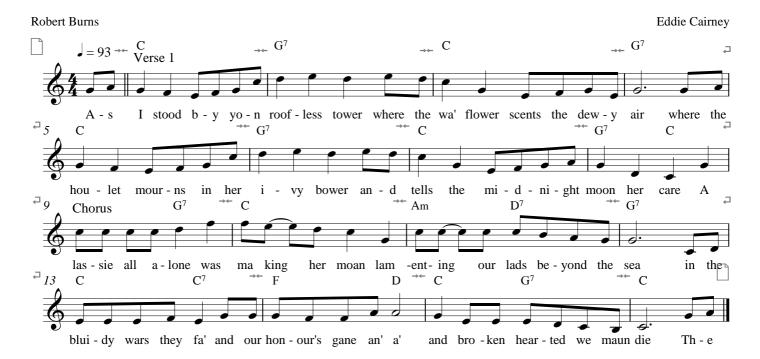
Amang the trees



Verse 2

Their capon craws an' queer ha ha's
They made our lugs grow eerie O
The hungry bike did scrape and fyke
Till we were wae and weary O
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa'
He fir'd a Fiddler in the North
That dang them tapsalteerie O

As I stood by you roofless tower



Verse 2

The winds were laid the air was still The stars they shot alang the sky The tod was howling on the hill And the distant echoing glens reply

Chorus

Verse 3

The burn adown its hazelly path Was rushing by the ruin'd wa' Hasting to join the sweeping Nith Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'

Chorus

Verse 4

The cauld blae north was streaming forth Her lights wi' hissing eerie din Athort the lift they start and shift Like Fortune's favors tint as win

Chorus

Verse 5

Now looking over firth and fauld Her horn the pale fac'd Cynthia rear'd When lo in form of Minstrel auld A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd

Chorus

Verse 6

And frae his harp sic strains did flow Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear But Oh it was a tale of woe As ever met a Briton's ear

Chorus

Verse 7

He sang wi' joy his former day He weeping wail'd his latter times But what he said it was nae play I winna ventur't in my rhymes

Chorus