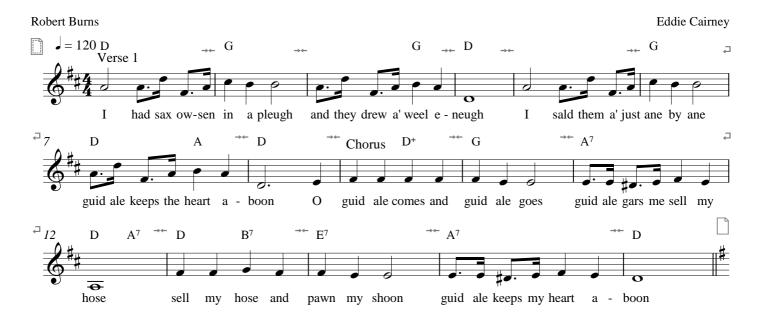
Burns Revisited Volume 85

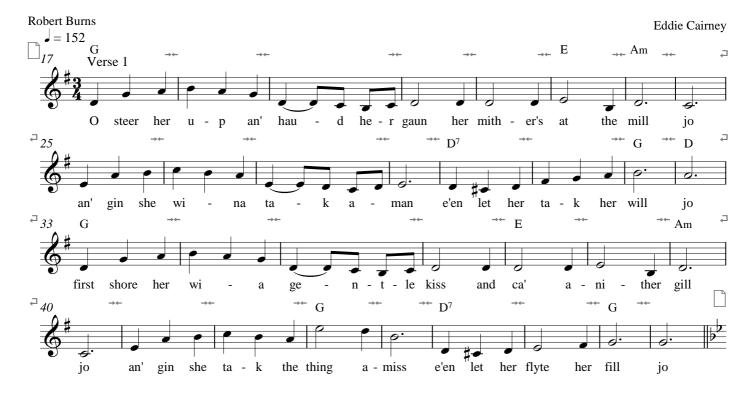
- 1. Guid ale keeps the heart aboon
- 2. O steer her up an' haud her gaun
- 3. The lass o' Ecclefechan
- 4. O lassie art thou sleeping yet
- 5. I'll aye ca' in by yon town
- 6. O' wat ye wha's in yon town
- 7. Ballads on Mr Heron's Election 1795
- 8. Ballad second election day
- 9. Ballad third John Bushby's lamentation
- 10. Heron election ballad fourth

Guid ale keeps the heart aboon



Verse 2
Guid ale hauds me bare and busy
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie
Stand i' the stool when I hae dune
Guid ale keeps the heart aboon

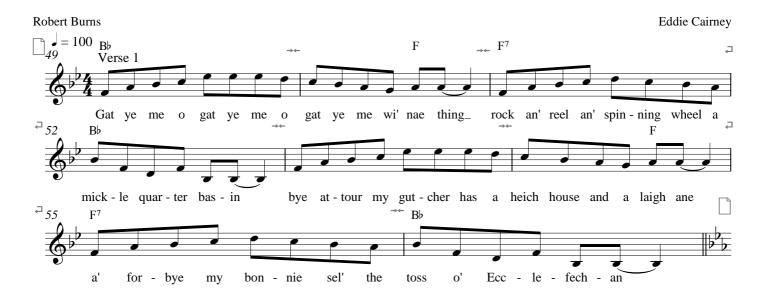
O steer her up an' haud her gaun



Verse 2

O steer her up and be na blate An' gin she tak it ill jo Then leave the lassie till her fate And time nae langer spill jo Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute But think upon it still jo That gin the lassie winna do't Ye'll find anither will jo

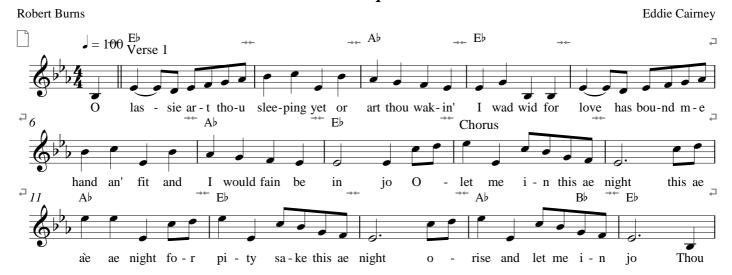
The Lass O' Ecclefechan



Verse 2

O haud your tongue now Luckie Lang
O haud your tongue and jauner
I held the gate till you I met
Syne I began to wander
I tint my whistle and my sang
I tint my peace and pleasure
But your green graff now Luckie Lang
Wad airt me to my treasure

O lassie art thou sleeping yet His Request

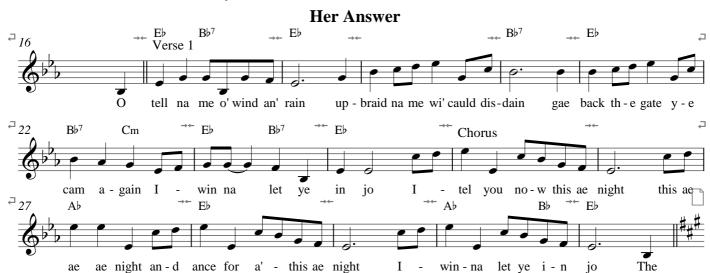


Verse 2

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet Tak pity on my weary feet And shield me frae the rain jo

Verse 3

The bitter blast that round me blaws Unheeded howls unheeded fa's The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause Of a' my care and pine jo



Verse 2

The snellest blast at mirkest hours That round the pathless wand'rer pours Is nocht to what poor she endures That's trusted faithless man jo

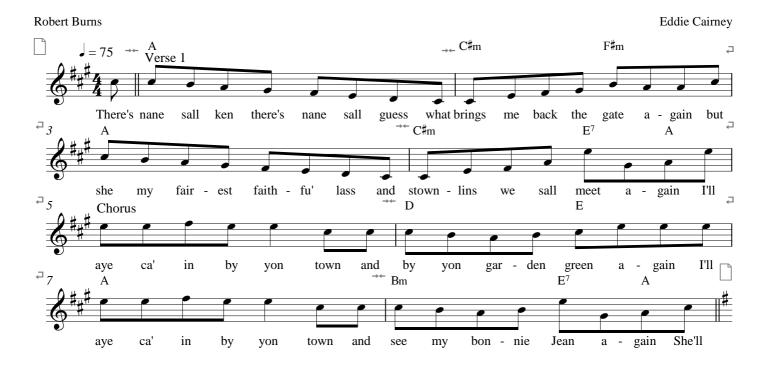
Verse 3

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead Now trodden like the vilest weed Let simple maid the lesson read The weird may be her ain jo

Verse 4

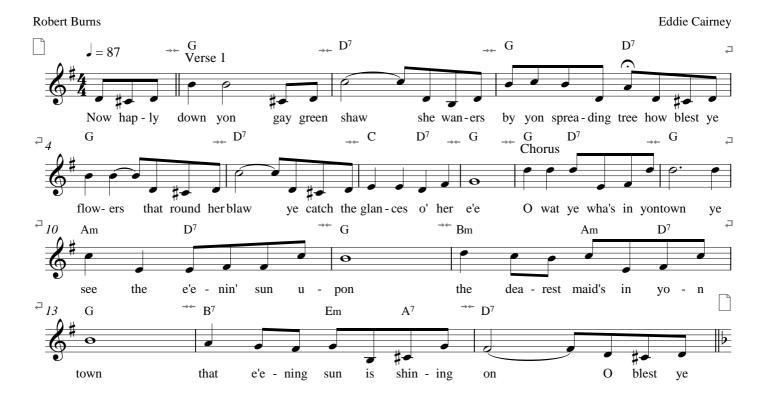
The bird that charm'd his summer day Is now the cruel fowler's prey Let that to witless woman say How aft her fate's the same jo

I'll aye ca' in by yon town



Verse 2
She'll wander by the aiken tree
When trystin' time draws near again
And when her lovely form I see
O haith she's doubly dear again

O wat ye wha's in yon town



Verse 2.

How blest ye birds that round her sing, And welcome in the blooming year! And doubly welcome be the Spring, The season to my Jeanie dear!

Chorus

Verse 3.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town, Among the broomy braes sae green; But my delight in yon town, And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

Chorus

Verse 4.

Without my Love, not a' the charms O' Paradise could yield me joy; But gie me Jeanie in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

Chorus

Verse 8.

For, while life's dearest blood is warm, Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart, And she, as fairest is her form, She has the truest, kindest heart.

Chorus

Verse 5.

My cave wad be a lover's bower, Tho' raging Winter rent the air, And she a lovely little flower, That I wad tent and shelter there.

Chorus

Verse 6.

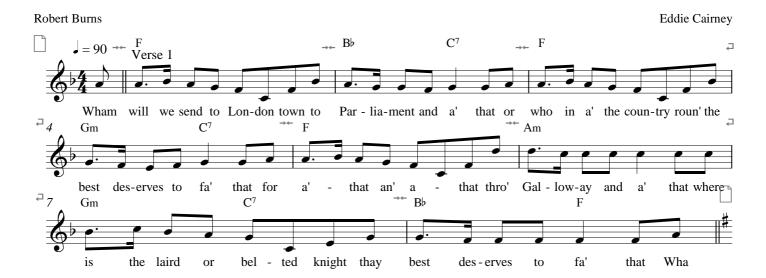
O, sweet is she in yon town The sinkin sun's gane down upon! A fairer than's in yon town His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

Chorus

Verse 7.

If angry Fate be sworn my foe, And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear, I'd careless quit aught else below, But spare, O, spare me Jeanie dear!

Ballads on Mr Heron's Election 1795



Verse 2

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett And wha is't never saw that Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met And had a doubt of a' that For a' that and a' that Here's Heron yet for a' that The independent patriot The honest man and a' that

Verse 3

Tho' wit and worth in either sex Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that Wi' Lords and Dukes let Selkirk mix And weel does Selkirk fa' that For a' that and a' that Here's Heron yet for a' that An independent commoner Shall be the man for a' that

Verse 4

But why should we to Nobles jeuk And it against the law that And even a Lord may be a gowk Wi' ribban star and a' that For a' that and a' that Here's Heron yet for a' that A Lord may be a lousy loon Wi' ribban star and a' that

Verse 5

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills Wi' uncle's purse and a' that But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels A man we ken and a' that For a' that and a' that Here's Heron yet for a' that We are na to be bought and sold Like nowte and naigs and a' that

Verse 6

Then let us drink 'The Stewartry Kerroughtree's laird and a' that Our representative to be' For weel he's worthy a' that For a' that and a' that Here's Heron yet for a' that A House of Commons such as he They wad be blest that saw that

Ballad second election day



Verse 2

And there will be black nebbit Johnie The tongue o' the trump to them a' An he get na Hell for his haddin' The Deil gets na justice ava And there will be Kempleton's birkie A boy no sae black at the bane But as to his fine Nabob fortune We'll e'en let the subject alane

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff Dame Justice fu brawly has sped She's gotten the heart of a Bushby But Lord what's become o' the head And there will be Cardoness Esquire Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes A wight that will weather damnation The Devil the prey will despise

And there will be Douglasses doughty New christening towns far and near Abjuring their democrat doings By kissin' theo' a Peer And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's A house o' great merit and note The deil ane but honours them highly The deil ane will gie them his vote

Verse 5

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous Whose honour is proof to the storm To save them from stark reprobation He lent them his name in the Firm And there will be lads o' the gospel Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true And there will be Buittle's Apostle Wha's mair o' the black than the blue

And there will be Logan M'Dowall Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway Sogering gunpowder Blair The body e'en let him escape He'd venture the gallows for siller An 'twere na the cost o' the rape

Verse 7 But where is the Doggerbank hero That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return The birkie is gettin' his Questions To say in Saint Stephen's the morn

Verse 8

But mark ye there's trusty Kerroughtree Whose honor was ever his law If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel His worth might be sample for a And strang an' respectfu's his backing The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand Nae gipsylike nominal barons Wha's property's papernot land

Verse 9

And there frae the Niddisdale borders The Maxwells will gather in droves Teugh Jockie staunch Geordie an' Wellwood That griens for the fishes and loaves And there will be Heron the Major Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other Him only it's justice to praise

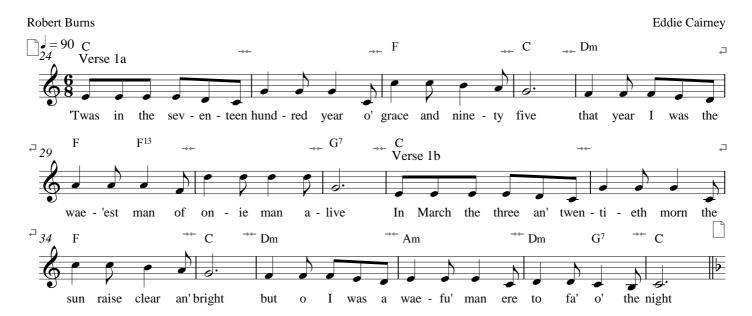
Verse 10 And there will be maiden Kilkerran And also Barskimming's gude Knight And there will be roarin Birtwhistle Yet luckily roars i' the right And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie Tak tent how ye purchase a dram And there will be gay Cassencarry And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam

And there'll be wealthy young Richard Dame Fortune should hing by the neck For prodigal thriftless bestowing His merit had won him respect And there will be rich brother nabobs Tho' Nabobs yet men not the worst And there will be Collieston's whiskers And Quintina lad o' the first

Verse 12

Then hey the chaste Interest o' Broughton And hey for the blessin's 'twill bring It may send Balmaghie to the Commons In Sodom 'twould make him a king And hey for the sanctified Murray Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd He founder'd his horse among harlots But gied the auld naig to the Lord

Ballad third John Bushby's Lamentation



Verse 2a

Earl Galloway lang did rule this land Wi' equal right and fame Fast knit in chaste and holy bands With Broughton's noble name

Verse 2b

Earl Galloway's man o' men was I And chief o' Broughton's host So two blind beggars on a string The faithfu' tyke will trust

Verse 3a

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke And Broughton's wi' the slain And I my ancient craft may try Sin' honesty is gane

Verse 3b

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee Beside Kirkcudbright's towers The Stewart and the Murray there Did muster a' their powers

Verse 4a

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud Wi' winged spurs did ride That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade He staw upon Nidside

Verse 4b

An' there had na been the Yerl himsel O there had been nae play But Garlies was to London gane And sae the kye might stray

Verse 5a

And there was Balmaghie I ween -In front rank he wad shine But Balmaghie had better been Drinkin' Madeira wine

Verse 5b

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid A chief o' doughty deed In case that worth should wanted be O' Kenmure we had need

Verse 6a

And by our banners march'd Muirhead And Buittle was na slack Whase haly priesthood nane could stain For wha could dye the black

Verse 6b

And there was grave Squire Cardoness Look'd on till a' was done Sae in the tower o' Cardoness A howlet sits at noon

Verse 7a

And there led I the Bushby clan My gamesome billie Will And my son Maitland wise as brave My footsteps follow'd still

Verse 7b

The Douglas and the Heron's name We set nought to their score The Douglas and the Heron's name Had felt our weight before

Verse 8a

But Douglasses o' weight had we The pair o' lusty lairds For building cot houses sae fam'd And christenin kail-yards

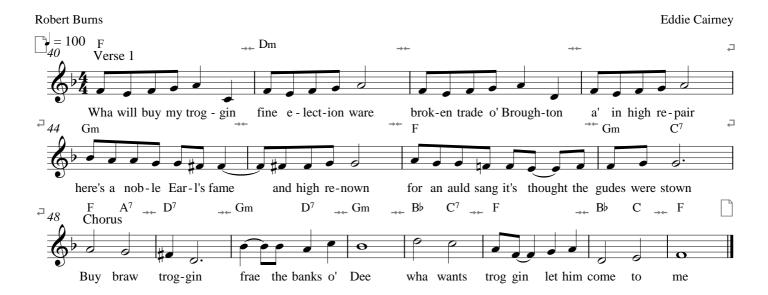
Verse 8b

And then Redcastle drew his sword That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore Save on a wand'rer lame and blind To drive him frae his door

Verse 9a

At last cam creepin Collieston Was mair in fear than wrath Ae knave was constant in his mind -To keep that knave frae scaith

Heron Election Ballad Fourth



Verse 2

Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's e'e Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie Here's its stuff and lining Cardoness' head Fine for a soger a' the wale o' lead

Chorus

Verse 3

Here's a little wadset Buittle's scrap o' truth Pawn'd in a ginshop quenching holy drouth Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn Frae the downs o' Tinwald so was never worn

Chorus

Verse 4

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr The crest a sour crab apple rotten at the core Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost

Chorus

Verse 5

Here is Satan's picture like a bizzard gled Pouncing poor Redcastle sprawlin' like a taed Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes

Chorus

Verse 6

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands Gifted by black Jock to get them aff his hands Saw ye e'er sic troggin if to buy ye're slack Hornie's turnin chapman he'll buy a' the pack