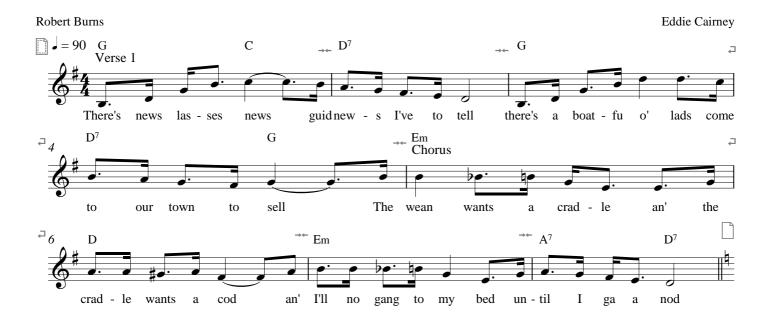
Burns Revisited Volume 88

- 1. There's news lasses news
- 2. Crowdie ever mair
- 3. Mally's meek Mally's sweet
- 4. Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss
- 5. To collector Mitchell
- 6. Postcript (Collector Mitchell)
- 7. The Dean of Faculty a new ballad
- 8. Poem on life
- 9. Hey for a lass wi' a tocher
- 10. Compilmentary versicles to Jessie Lewars

There's news lasses news



Verse 2

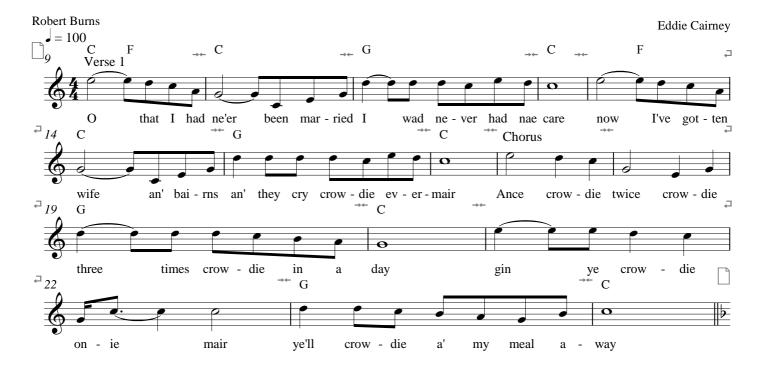
Father quo she mither quo she Do what you can I'll no gang to my bed Until I get a man

Chorus

Verse 3

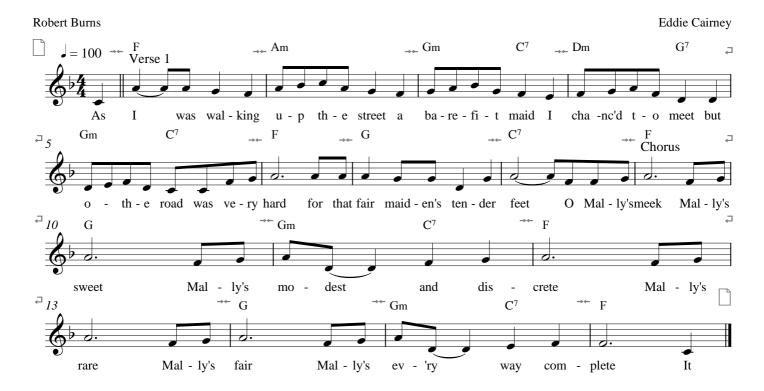
I hae as guid a craft rig As made o' yird and stane And waly fa' the ley crap For I maun till 't again

Crowdie ever mair



Verse 2 Waefu' want and hunger fley me Glowrin by the hallan en' Sair I fecht them at the door But aye I'm eerie they come ben

Mally's meek Mally's sweet



Verse 2

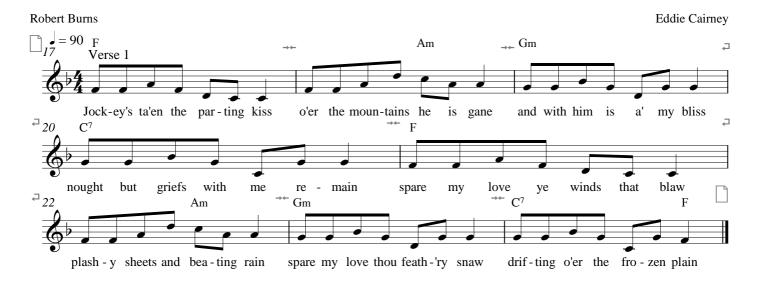
It were mair meet that those fine feet Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon An' twere more fit that she should sit Within yon chariot gilt aboon

Chorus

Verse 3

Her yellow hair beyond compare Comes trinklin' down her swan like neck And her two eyes like stars in skies Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck

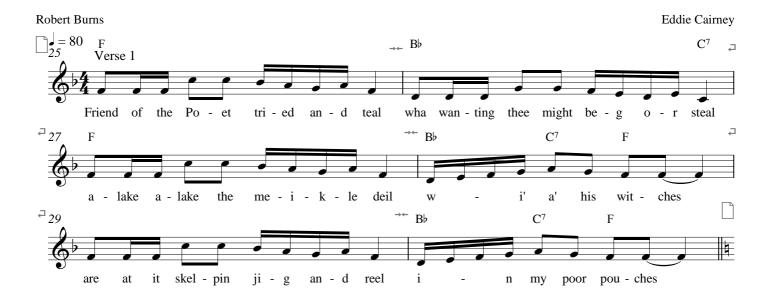
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss



Verse 2

When the shades of evening creep O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e Sound and safely may he sleep Sweetly blythe his waukening be He will think on her he loves Fondly he'll repeat her name For whare 'er he distant roves Jockey's heart is still the same

To Collector Mitchell



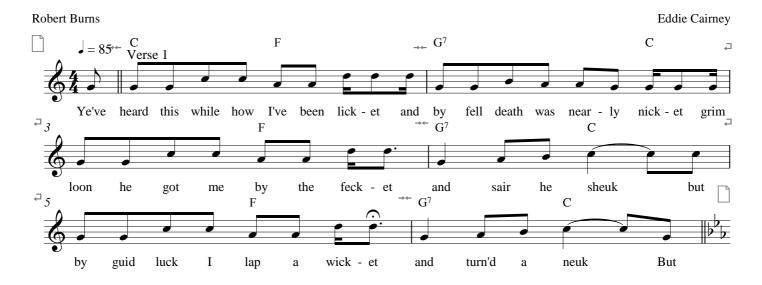
Verse 2

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it
That One pound one I sairly want it
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it
It would be kind
And while my heart wi' life blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind

Verse 3

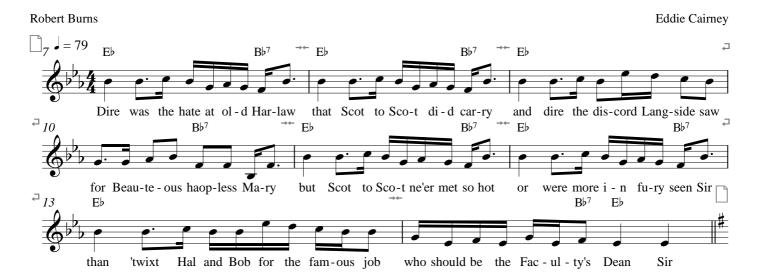
So may the Auld Year gang out moanin To see the New come laden groanin Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thin Domestic peace and comforts crownin The hale design

Postcript - Collector Mitchell



Verse 2
But by that health I've got a share o't
And by that life I'm promis'd mair o't
My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't
A tentier way
Then farewell Folly hide and hair o't
For ance and ay

The Dean of Faculty - a new ballad



Verse 2

This Hal for genius wit and lore Among the first was number'd But pious Bob 'mid learning's store Commandment the Tenth remember'd Yet simple Bob the victory got And won his heart's desire Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot Tho' the Deil piss in the fire

Verse 3

Squire Hal besides had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy
So their worships of the Faculty
Quite sick of Merit's rudeness
Chose one who should owe it all d'ye see
To their gratis grace and goodness

Verse 4

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision
So may be on this Pisgah height
Bob's purblind mental vision
Nay Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him
And swear that he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam

Verse 5

In your heretic sins may ye live and die Ye heretic Eight and Thirty But accept ye sublime majority My congratulations hearty With your honors as with a certain King In your servants this is striking The more incapacity they bring

Poem on Life



Verse 2a

Dame Life tho' fiction out may trick her And in paste gems and frippery deck her Oh flickering feeble and unsicker I've found her still Ay wavering like the willowwicker 'Tween good and ill

Verse 2b

Then that curst carmagnole Auld Satan Watches like baudrons by a ratton Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on Wi' felon ire
Syne whip his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on He's aff like fire

Verse 3a

Ah Nick ah Nick it is na fair First showing us the tempting ware Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare Syne weave unseen thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft O

Verse 3b

Poor Man the flie aft bizzes by And aft as chance he comes thee nigh Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy And hellish pleasure Already in thy fancy's eye Thy sicker treasure

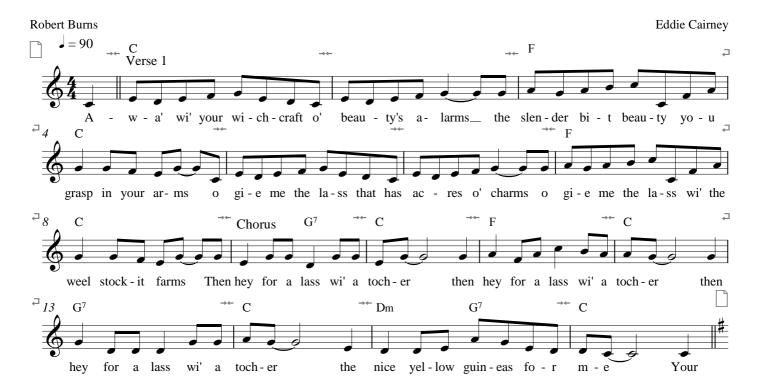
Verse 4a

Soon heels o'er gowdie in he gangs And like a sheephead on a tangs Thy girnin laugh enjoys his pangs And murdering wrestle As dangling in the wind he hangs A gibbet's tassle

Verse 4b

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel
Abjuring a' intentions evil
I quat my pen
The Lord preserve us frae the Devil
Amen Amen

Hey for a lass wi' a tocher



Verse 2

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows And withers the faster the faster it grows But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knows Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes

Chorus

Verse 3

And e'en when this beauty your bosom hath blest The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest The langer ye hae them the mair they're caresst

Compilmentary versicles to Jessie Lewars

The Toast

