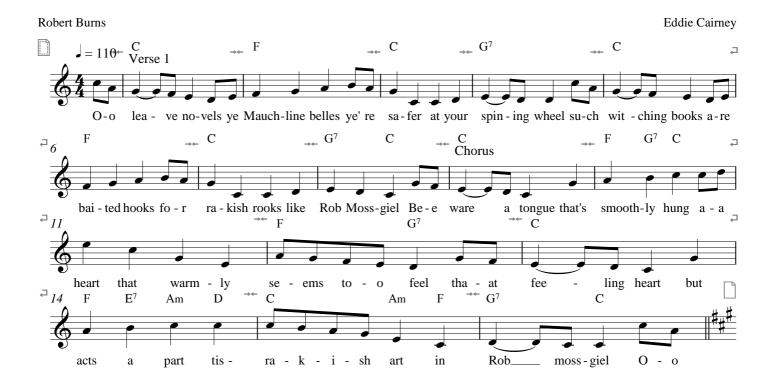
Burns Revisited Volume 4

- 1. Rob Mossgiel
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- 4. Wha is that at my bower door
- 5. My highland lassie o
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- 10. Farewell to the Brethren

Rob Mossgiel



Verse 2

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons They make your youthful fancies reel They heat your brains and fire your veins And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel

Chorus

Verse 3

The frank address the soft caress Are worse than poisoned darts of steel The frank address and politesse Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel

Chorus

The Mauchline Lady



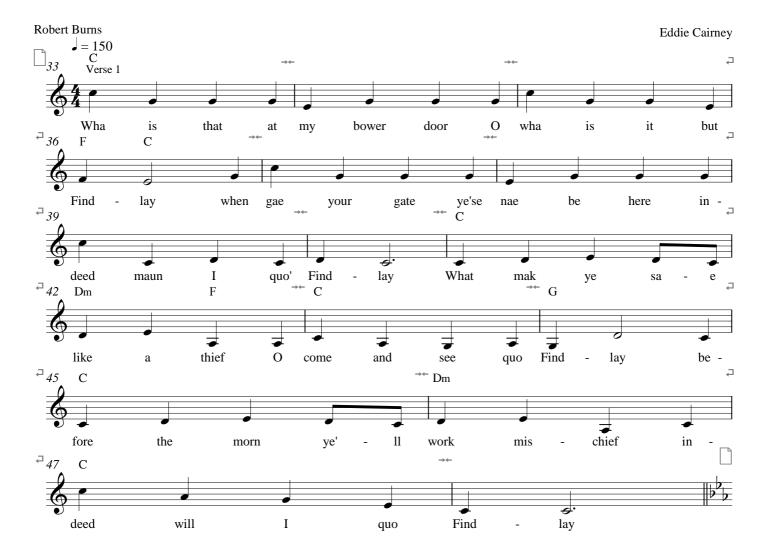
Farewell to Ballochmyle



Verse 2

Low in your wintry beds ye flowers Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair Ye birdies dumb in with'ring bowers Again ye'll charm the vocal air But here alas for me nae mair Shall birdie charm or floweret smile Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr Fareweel fareweel sweet Ballochmyle

Wha is that at my bower door



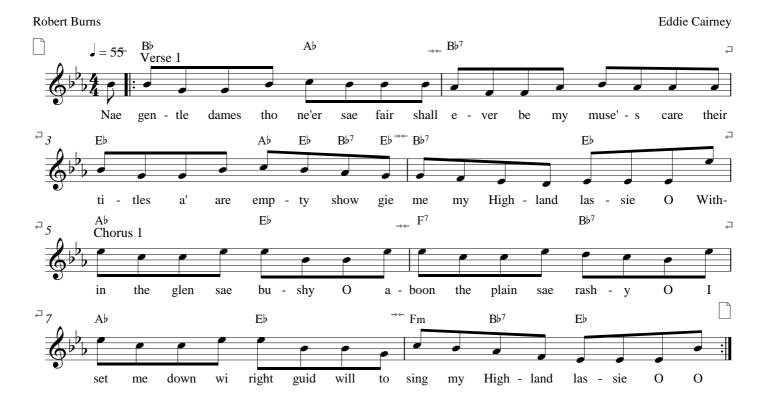
Verse 2

Gif I rise and let you in
Let me in quo Findlay
Ye'll keep me wauk in wi' your din
Indeed will I quo Findlay
In my bower if ye should stay
Let me stay quo Findlay
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day
Indeed will I quo Findlay

Verse 3

Here this night if ye remain
I'll remain quo Findlay
I dread ye'll learn the gate again
Indeed will I quo Findlay
What my pass within this bower
Let it pass quo Findlay
Ye maun conceal till your last hour
Indeed will I quo Findlay

My Highland Lassie



Verse 2

O were yon hills and vallies mine Yon palace and yon gardens fine The world then the love should know I bear my Highland lassie O

Chorus 1

Verse 3

But fickle Fortune frowns on me And I maun cross the raging sea But while my crimson currents flow I'll love my Highland lassie O

Chorus 1

Verse 4

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range I know her heart will never change For her bosom burns with honour's glow My faithful Highland lassie O

Chorus 1

Verse 5

For her I'll dare the billows' roar For her I'll trace a distant shore That Indian wealth may lustre throw Around my Highland lassie O

Chorus 1

Verse 6

She has my heart she has my hand My secret troth and honour's band 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low I'm thine my Highland lassie O

Chorus 2

Farewell the glen sae bushy O Farewell the plain sae rashy O To other lands I now must go To sing my Highland lassie O

On a Scotch Bard Gone to the West Indies



Verse 2

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him And in their dear petitions place him The widows wives an' a' may bless him Wi' tearfu' e'e

For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him That's owre the sea

Refrain 2

O Fortune they hae room to grumble Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummie Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble 'Twad been nae plea But he was gleg as onie wumble That's owre the sea

Verse 3

Auld cantie Kyle may weepers wear An' stain them wi' the saut saut tear 'Twill mak her poor auld heart I fear In flinders flee He was her Laureat monie a year

That's owre the sea

Refrain 3

He saw Misfortune's cauld norwest Langmustering up a bitter blast A jillet brak his heart at last Ill may she be So took a birth afore the mast An' owre the sea

Verse 4

To tremble under Fortune's cummock On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock Wi' his proud independent stomach Could ill agree So row't his hurdies in a hammock An' owre the sea

Refrain 4

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding He dealt it free The Muse was a' that he took pride in That's owre the sea

Verse 5

Jamaica bodies use him weel An' hap him in a cozie biel Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel An' fou o' glee He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil That's owre the sea

Refrain 5

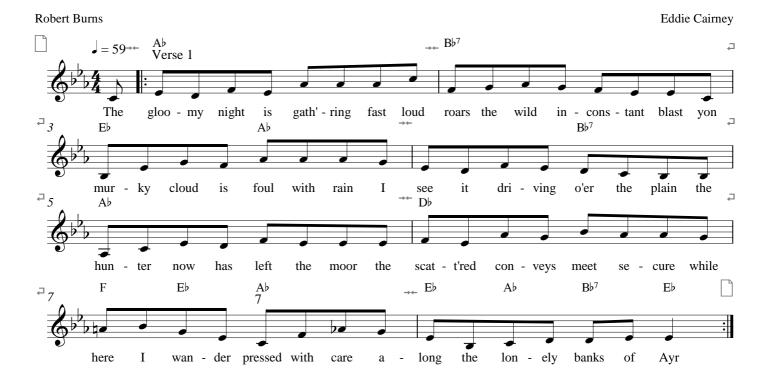
Fareweel my rhymecomposing billie Your native soil was right illwillie But may ye flourish like a lily Now bonilie I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie Tho' owre the sea

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Farewell to Eliza



Farewell Song to the Banks of Ayr



Verse 2

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn By early Winter's ravage torn Across her placid azure sky She sees the scowling tempest fly Chill runs my blood to hear it rave I think upon the stormy wave Where many a danger I must dare Far from the bonie banks of Ayr

Verse 3

'Tis not the surging billow's roar
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear
The wretched have no more to fear
But round my heart the ties are bound
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound
These bleed afresh those ties I tear
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr

Verse 4

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales
Her healthy moors and winding vales
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves
Pursuing past unhappy loves
Farewell my friends farewell my foes
My peace with these my love with those
The bursting tears my heart declare
Farewell the bonie banks of Ayr

Yon Wild Mossy Mountains



Verse 2

Not Gowrie's rich valley nor Forth's sunny shores To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors For there by a lanely sequester'd stream Resides a sweet lassie my thought and my dream

Chorus

Verse 3

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath For there wi' my lassie the lang day I rove While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love

Chorus

Verse 4

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize In her armour of glances and blushes and sighs And when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her darts They dazzle our een as they flie to our hearts

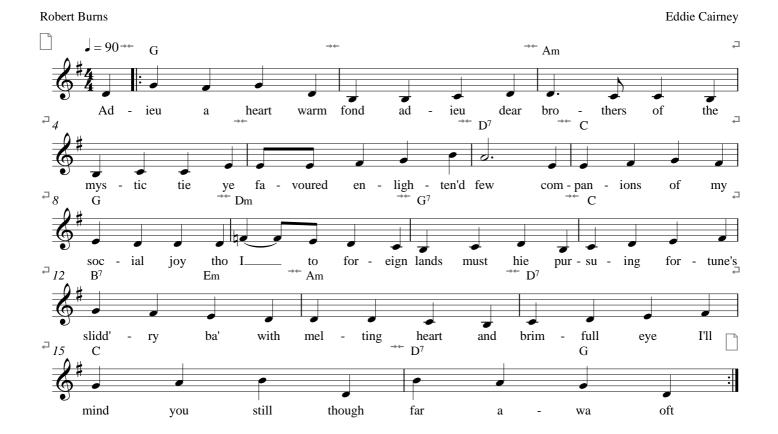
Chorus

Verse 5

But kindness sweet kindness in the fond-sparkling e'e Has lustre outshining the diamond to me And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms O these are my lassie's all-conquering charms

Chorus

Farewell to the Brethren



Verse 2

Oft have I met your social band And spent the cheerful festive night Oft honour'd with supreme command Presided o'er the sons of light And by that hieroglyphic bright Which none but Craftsmen ever saw Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa

Verse 3

May Freedom Harmony and Love Unite you in the grand Design Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above The glorious Architect Divine That you may keep th' unerring line Still rising by the plummet's law Till Order bright completely shine Shall be my pray'r when far awa

Verse 4

And you farewell whose merits claim
Justly that highest badge to wear
Heav'n bless your honour'd noble name
To Masonry and Scotia dear
A last request permit me here
When yearly ye assemble a'
One round I ask it with a tear
To him the Bard that's far awa