

Burns Revisited Volume 41

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Queen Artemisia

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Am ♩ = 49

One Queen Ar tem-is - i - a as o - ld stor-ies tell when de-priv'd of her hus-band she loved so well

5

Dm Am

in res-pect for the love and af - fec-tion he show'd her she re-duc'd him to dust and she drank up the pow-der

Verse 2

But Queen Netherplace of a diffrent complexion
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction
Would have eat her dead lord on a slender pretence
Not to show her respect but to save the expense

On Tam the Chapman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 C $\text{♩} = 80$ F G7 C

As Tam the chap-man on a day wi' Death for - gath-er'd by the way weel pleas'd he greets a wight sae

14 F G7 C Am B♭ F Am

fam-ous and Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thom-as wha cheer-ful-ly lays down his pack and there blows

19 G7 C Am B♭ F Am Em

up a hear - ty crack his soc-ial friend-ly hon-est heart sae tick - led Death they could - na

24 Am B♭ Am Em G7 C

part sae af - ter view-ing knives and gar-ters Death taks him hame to gie him quar-ters

Lines addressed to John Rankine

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 C → Dm G7 C → → D G7 → C → Dm G7 C ↻

7 D → G7 → C → Dm G7 C → → D G7 ↻

13 C → G7 Am → Dm G7 → → → C ↻

19 G7 Am → Dm → G7 → C → D7 → G7 → C ↻

26 Dm G7 C → G C → D7 → F → D7 G7 → C ↻

32 Dm G7 Am → Dm → → → G7 C ↻

Ae day_ as Death that Gru- some carl was dri - ving to - the - tith-er warl' a mix - ie max ie mo- tley- squad and
 mon-ie a guilt be spot ed lad black gowns of each de - nom - in - at - ion and thieves_ of every rank and stat - ion from
 him_ that wears the sta - r an - d gar - ter to him that wintles in a hal - ter ash - am'd_ him sel' to see the wret - ches he
 mut ters glow' ring at the bit ches by God I'll not be seen be hint them nor 'mang the sp' - rit - ual core pre ent them with out at least
 ae - hon est man to grace_ this damn'd in - fer - nal clan by A - dam - hill a glance he threw Lord God_ quoth he I
 ha - ve i - t now there's just the man I want I faith and quick - ly stop - pit Ran kine's breath

Three lines to the same

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

→ Eb → Ab → Gm C7 ↻

He who of Ran - kine sang — lies stiff and dead and a green gras - sy hil - lock hides his

↻ 4 Fm → G7 → Cm → A → Ab ↻

head Al - as Al - as a dev - il - ish change in - de - ed

Man was made to mourn

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85
Eb
Verse 1

9

12

15

18

21

23

When chill No-vem-ber's sur - ly blast made fields and for-ests bare one ev' - ning as I wan er'd forth a -
long the banks of Ayr I spied a man whose ag - ed step seem - 'd worn with care his
face was fur-row'd o'er with years and ho - ry was his hair Young sran-ger whi-ther wan-'rest thou be -
ban the re' - rend sage does thirst of wealth thy step con - strain't or youth - ful pleas - ure's rage
or hap - ly prest with cares and woes to soon thou hast be - gan
to wan - der forth with me to mourn the mis - er - ies of man

Bb Bb Eb Gm7 Ab/F Bb7 Eb Gm7 Eb Bb7

Refrain 1

Verse 2

The sun that overhangs yon moors
Out-spreading far and wide
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return
And ev'ry time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn

Refrain 2

O man while in thy early years
How prodigal of time
Mis-spending all thy precious hours
Thy glorious youthful prime
Alternate follies take the sway
Licentious passions burn
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
That man was made to mourn

Verse 3

Look not alone on youthful prime
Or manhood's active might
Man then is useful to his kind
Supported in his right
But see him on the edge of life
With cares and sorrows worn
Then Age and Want-oh ill-match'd pair
Shew man was made to mourn

Refrain 3

A few seem favourites of fate
In pleasure's lap carest
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest
But oh what crowds in ev'ry land
All wretched and forlorn
Thro' weary life this lesson learn
That man was made to mourn

Verse 4

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret remorse and shame
And man whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn-
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn

Refrain 4

See yonder poor o'erlabour'd wight
So abject mean and vile
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn

Verse 5

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave
By Nature's law design'd
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind
If not why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn

Refrain 5

Yet let not this too much my son
Disturb thy youthful breast
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last
The poor oppressed honest man
Had never sure been born
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn

Verse 6

O Death the poor man's dearest friend
The kindest and the best
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest
The great the wealthy fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn
But oh a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn

The twa herds or the Holy Tulyie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80 $\overset{\text{C}}{\text{drone}}$

Verse 1

O a' ye pi-ous god-ly flocks weel fed on pas-tures or - tho-dox wha now will keep you frae the fox or
wor-ry - ing tykes or wha will tent the waifs an' crocks a - bout the dykes The

Verse 2

The twa best herds in a' the wast
The e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast
These five an' twenty simmers past
Oh dool to tell
Hae had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel'

Verse 3

O Moodie man an' wordy Russell
How could you raise so vile a bustle
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle
An' think it fine
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I hae min'

Verse 4

O sirs whae'er wad hae expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit
To wear the plaid
But by the brutes themselves eleckit
To be their guide

Verse 5

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank
Sae hale and hearty every shank
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank
He let them taste
Frae Calvin's well aye clear drank
O sic a feast

Verse 6

The thummart willcat brock an' tod
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood
He smell'd their ilka hole an' road
Baith out an in
An' weel he lik'd to shed their bluid
An' sell their skin

Verse 7

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep ilka tail
Owre a' the height
An' saw gin they were sick or hale
At the first sight

Verse 8

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub
Or nobly fling the gospel club
And New-Light herds could nicely drub
Or pay their skin
Could shake them o'er the burning dub
Or heave them in

Verse 9

Sic twa O do I live to see't
Sic famous twa should disagree't
And names like villain hypocrite
Ilk ither gi'en
While New Light herds wi' laughin spite
Say neither's liein

Verse 10

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld
There's Duncan deep an' Peebles shaul
But chiefly thou apostle Auld
We trust in thee
That thou wilt work them het an' cauld
Till they agree

Verse 11

Consider sirs how we're beset
There's scarce a new herd that we get
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame

Verse 12

Dalrymple has been lang our fae
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae
An' that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae
And baith the Shaws
That aft hae made us black an' blae
Wi' vengefu' paws

Verse 13

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief
We thought aye death wad bring relief
But he has gotten to our grief
Ane to succeed him
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef
I meikle dread him

Verse 14

And mony a ane that I could tell
Wha fain wad openly rebel
Forby turn-coats amang oursel'
There's Smith for ane
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill
An' that ye'll fin'

Verse 15

O a' ye flocks o'er a the hills
By mosses meadows moors and fells
Come join your counsel and your skills
To cove the lairds
An' get the brutes the power themsel's
To choose their herds

Verse 16

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance
An' Learning in a woody dance
An' that fell cur ca'd Common Sense
That bites sae sair
Be banished o'er the sea to France
Let him bark there

Verse 17

Then Shaw's an' D'rymple's eloquence
M'Gill's close nervous excellence
M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense
And gude M' Math
Wi' Smith wha through the heart can glance
May a' pack aff

Epistle to Davie, a brother poet

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120 B♭^o →→ A♭⁶ →→ A♭^o →→ Cm →→ Fm

While winds frae aff Ben Lom-ond blaw and bar the doors wi' dri-ving snaw an' hing us owre the

6 →→ B♭⁷ →→ E♭ →→ B♭^o →→ A♭⁶ →→ A♭^o →→ Cm

in-gle I - set medown to pass the time and spin a verse or twa o' rhyme in hame-ly west-lin jin-gle while

13 Fm →→ →→ B♭⁷ →→ E♭ →→ B⁷ →→

fros-ty winds blaw in the drift ben to the chim-la lug I grudge a wee the great folk's gift that

19 →→ Fm →→ →→ Gm

live sae bien an' snug I tent less and want less their

23 A♭ →→ Gm Fm →→ A♭⁶ Dm →→ Cm

roo - my fire side but han - ker and can - ker to see their cur - sed pride It's

Verse 2

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep at times frae being sour
To see how things are shar'd
How best o' chiefls are whiles in want
While coofs on countless thousands rant
And ken na how to wair't
But Davie lad ne'er fash your head
Tho' we hae little gear
We're fit to win our daily bread
As lang's we're hale and fier
Mair spier na nor fear na I
Auld age ne'er mind a feg
The last o't the warst o't
Is only but to beg

Verse 3

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin
Is doubtless great distress
Yet then content could make us blest
Ev'n then sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile
However Fortune kick the ba'
Has aye some cause to smile
An' mind still you'll find still
A comfort this nae sma'
Nae mair then we'll care then
Nae farther can we fa'

Verse 4

What tho' like commoners of air
We wander out we know not where
But either house or hal'
Yet nature's charms the hills and woods
The sweeping vales and foaming floods
Are free alike to all
In days when daisies deck the ground
And blackbirds whistle clear
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year
On braes when we please then
We'll sit an' sowth a tune
Syne rhyme till't we'll time till't
An' sing't when we hae done

Verse 5

It's no in titles nor in rank
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank
To purchase peace and rest
It's no in makin' muckle mair
It's no in books it's no in lear
To make us truly blest
If happiness hae not her seat
An' centre in the breast
We may be wise or rich or great
But never can be blest
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang

Verse 6

Think ye that sic as you and I
Wha drudge an' drive thro' wet and dry
Wi' never-ceasing toil
Think ye are we less blest than they
Wha scarcely tent us in their way
As hardly worth their while
Alas how aft in haughty mood
God's creatures they oppress
Or else neglecting a' that's guid
They riot in excess
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heaven or hell
Esteeming and deeming
It's a' an idle tale

Verse 7

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce
Nor make our scanty pleasures less
By pining at our state
And even should misfortunes come
I here wha sit hae met wi' some
An's thankfu' for them yet
They gie the wit of age to youth
They let us ken oursel'
They make us see the naked truth
The real guid and ill
Tho' losses an' crosses
Be lessons right severe
There's wit there ye'll get there
Ye'll find nae other where

Verse 8

But tent me Davie ace o' hearts
To say aught less wad wrang the cartes
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I
An' joys that riches ne'er could buy
An' joys the very best
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart
The lover an' the frien'
Ye hae your Meg your dearest part
And I my darling Jean
It warms me it charms me
To mention but her name
It heats me it beets me
An' sets me a' on flame

Verse 9

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above
O Thou whose very self art love
Thou know'st my words sincere
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart
Or my more dear immortal part
Is not more fondly dear
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast
Thou Being All-seeing
O hear my fervent pray'r
Still take her and make her
Thy most peculiar care

Verse 10

All hail ye tender feelings dear
The smile of love the friendly tear
The sympathetic glow
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days
Had it not been for you
Fate still has blest me with a friend
In ev'ry care and ill
And oft a more endearing band
A tie more tender still
It lightens it brightens
The tenebrific scene
To meet with and greet with
My Davie or my Jean

Verse 11

O how that name inspires my style
The words come skelpin rank an' file
Amaist before I ken
The ready measure rins as fine
As Phoebus an' the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen
My spaviet Pegasus will limp
Till ance he's fairly het
And then he'll hilch and stilt an' jimp
And rin an unco fit
But least then the beast then
Should rue this hasty ride
I'll light now and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide

Epitaph on Holy Willie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

Verses 1

Here Ho-ly Wil-lie's sair worn clay taks up its last a bode his saul has ta'en some ith-er way I fear the left hand road

stop there he is as sure's a gun poor sil-ly bod-dy see him nae won-der he's as black's the grun ob-

Verses 2

serve wha's stan-ding wi him— Your bruns-tane dev-il-ship I see has got him there be-fore ye but

haud your nine tail cat a wee till ance you've heard my stor-y— your pi-ty I will not im-plore for pi-ty ye have nane

Finale

jus-tice a-las has gi'en him o'er and mer-cy's day is ga-ne— but hear me sir deil as ye are look

some-thing to your cre-dit— a coof like him wad stain your name if it were kent ye did it

Death and Doctor Hornbook

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Some books are lies frae end to end and some great lies were ne - ver penn'd ev'n
min-isters they hae been kenn'd in ho-ly rap ture a rou-sing whid at times to vend and nail't wi' Scrip ture... But

Verse 2

But this that I am gaun to tell
Which lately on a night befell
Is just as true's the Deil's in hell
Or Dublin city
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity

Verse 3

The clachan yill had made me canty
I was na fou but just had plenty
I stacher'd whiles but yet too tent aye
To free the ditches
An' hillocks stanes an' bushes kenn'd eye
Frae ghaists an' witches

Verse 4

The rising moon began to glow
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre
To count her horns wi' a my pow'r
I set mysel'
But whether she had three or four
I cou'd na tell

Verse 5

I was come round about the hill
An' todlin down on Willie's mill
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill
To keep me sicker
Tho' leeward whyles against my will
I took a bicker

Verse 6

I there wi' Something did forgather
That pat me in an eerie swither
An' awfu' scythe out-owre ae shouther
Clear-dangling hang
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
Lay large an' lang

Verse 7

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa
The queerest shape that e'er I saw
For fient a wame it had ava
And then its shanks
They were as thin as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks

Verse 8

Guid-eeen quo' I Friend hae ye been mawin
When ither folk are busy sawin
I seem'd to make a kind o' stan'
But naething spak
At length says I Friend whare ye gaun
Will ye go back

Verse 9

It spak right howe my name is Death
But be na fley'd quoth I Guid faith
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath
But tent me billie
I red ye weel tak care o' skaith
See there's a gully

Verse 10

Gudeman quo' he put up your whittle
I'm no designed to try its mettle
But if I did I wad be kittie
To be mislear'd
I wad na mind it no that spittle
Out-owre my beard

Verse 11

Weel weel says I a bargain be't
Come gie's your hand an' sae we're gree't
We'll ease our shanks an tak a seat
Come gie's your news
This while ye hae been monie a gate
At monie a house

Verse 12

Ay ay quo' he an' shook his head
It's e'en a lang lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread
An' choke the breath
Folk maun do something for their bread
An' sae maun Death

Verse 13

Sax thousand years are near-hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred
An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid
To stap or scar me
Till ane Hornbook's3 ta'en up the trade
And faith he'll waur me

Verse 14

Ye ken Hornbook i' the clachan
Deil mak his king's-hood in spleuchan
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan
And ither chaps
The weans haud out their fingers laughin
An' pouk my hips

Verse 15

See here's a scythe an' there's dart
They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart
But Doctor Hornbook wi' his art
An' curs'd skill
Has made them baith no worth a fart
Damn'd haet they'll kill

Verse 16

'Twas but yestreen nae farther gane
I threw a noble throw at ane
Wi' less I'm sure I've hundreds slain
But deil-ma-care
It just play'd dirl on the bane
But did nae mair

Verse 17

Hornbook was by wi' ready art
An' had sae fortify'd the part
That when I looked to my dart
It was sae blunt
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt

Verse 18

I drew my scythe in sic a fury
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
O'hard whin rock

Verse 19

Ev'n them he canna get attended
Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it
Just shite in a kail blade an' sent it
As soon's he smells't
Baith their disease and what will mend it
At once he tells't

Verse 20

And then a' doctor's saws an' whittles
Of a' dimensions shapes an' mettles
A' kind o' boxes mugs an' bottles
He's sure to hae
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C

Verse 21

Calces o' fossils earths and trees
True sal-marinum o' the seas
The farina of beans an' pease
He has't in plenty
Aqua-fontis what you please
He can content ye

Verse 22

Forbye some new uncommon weapons
Urinus spiritus of capons
Or mite-horn shavings filings scrapings
Distill'd per se
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings
And monie mae

Verse 23

Waes me for Johnie Ged's Hole now
Quoth I if that thae news be true
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew
Sae white and bonie
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew
They'll ruin Johnie

Verse 24

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh
And says Ye needna yoke the pleugh
Kirkyards will soon be till'd enugh
Tak ye nae fear
They'll be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh
In twa-three year

Verse 25

Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae-death
By loss o' blood or want of breath
This night I'm free to tak my aith
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claiht
By drap an' pill

Verse 26

An honest wabster to his trade
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head
When it was sair
The wife slade cannie to her bed
But ne'er spak mair

Verse 27

A country laird had ta'en the batts
Or some curmurring in his guts
His only son for Hornbook sets
An' pays him well
The lad for twa guid gimmer-pets
Was laird himsel'

Verse 28

A bonie lass-ye kend her name
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame
She trusts hersel' to hide the shame
In Hornbook's care
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame
To hide it there

Verse 29

That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way
Thus goes he on from day to day
Thus does he poison kill an' slay
An's weel paid for't
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey
Wi' his damn'd dirt

Verse 30

But hark I'll tell you of a plot
Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't
I'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead's a herrin
Neist time we meet I'll wad a groat
He gets his fairin

Verse 31

But just as he began to tell
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal'
Which rais'd us baith
I took the way that pleas'd mysel'
And sae did Death

Epistle to John Larpaik

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 Verse 1

while briers an' wood-bines bud - ding green an' pait - ricks scraich - in loud at e'en and
mor-ning poo-ssie whid-dan seen in - spire my Muse this free-dom in an un-know-n frein'I pray ex - cuse_ On

Verse 2

On Fasten e'en we had a rockin
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin
And there was muckle fun and jokin
Ye need na doubt
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about

Verse 3

There was ae sang among the rest
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast
A' to the life

Verse 4

I've scarce heard ough describ'd sae weel
What gen'rous manly bosoms feel
Thought I Can this be Pope or Steele
Or Beattie's wark
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk

Verse 5

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't
An' sae about him there I speir't
Then a' that kent him round declar'd
He had ingine
That nane excell'd it few cam near't
It was sae fine

Verse 6

That set him to a pint of ale
An' either douce or merry tale
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel
Or witty catches
'Tween Inverness an' Teviotdale
He had few matches

Verse 7

Then up I gat an' swear an aith
Tho' I should pawn my plough an' graith
Or die a cadger pownie's death
At some dyke-back
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack

Verse 8

But first an' foremost I should tell
Amaist as soon as I could spell
I to the crambo-jingle fell
Tho' rude an' rough
Yet crooning to a body's sel'
Does weel enough

Verse 9

I am nae poet in a sense
But just a rhymmer like by chance
An' hae to learning nae pretence
Yet what the matter
Whene'er my muse does on me glance
I jingle at her

Verse 10

Your critic-folk may cock their nose
And say How can you e'er propose
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose
To mak a sang
But by your leaves my learned foes
Ye're maybe wrang

Verse 11

What's a' your jargon o' your schools
Your Latin names for horns an' stools
If honest Nature made you fools
What sairs your grammars
Ye'd better taen up spades and shoos
Or knappin-hammers

Verse 12

A set o' dull conceited hashes
Confuse their brains in college classes
They gang in stirks and come out asses
Plain truth to speak
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek

Verse 13

Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire
That's a' the learning I desire
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At plough or cart
My muse tho' hamely in attire
May touch the heart

Verse 14

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee
Or Fergusson's the bauld an' slee
Or bright Lapraik's my friend to be
If I can hit it
That would be lear enough for me
If I could get it

Verse 15

Now sir if ye hae friends enow
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few
Yet if your catalogue be fu'
I'se no insist
But gif ye want ae friend that's true
I'm on your list

Verse 16

I winna blaw about mysel
As ill I like my fauts to tell
But friends an' folk that wish me well
They sometimes roose me
Tho' I maun own as mony still
As far abuse me

Verse 17

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me
I like the lasses-Gude forgie me
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me
At dance or fair
Maybe some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare

Verse 18

But Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair
I should be proud to meet you there
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care
If we forgather
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware
Wi' ane anither

Verse 19

The four-gill chap we'se gar him clatter
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter
To cheer our heart
An' faith we'se be acquainted better
Before we part

Verse 20

Awa ye selfish war'ly race
Wha think that havins sense an' grace
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch the plack
I dinna like to see your face
Nor hear your crack

Verse 21

But ye whom social pleasure charms
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms
Who hold your being on the terms
Each aid the others
Come to my bowl come to my arms
My friends my brothers

Verse 22

But to conclude my lang epistle
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle
Who am most fervent
While I can either sing or whistle
Your friend and servant