

Burns Revisited Volume 45

1. (Recitativo) The caird prevail'd
2. (Air) I am a bard of no regard
3. (Recitativo) So sang the bard
4. (Air) See the smoking bowl
5. For a' that
6. Merry hae I been teethin' a heckle
7. The Cotter's Saturday night
8. Address to the Deil
9. Scotch drink
10. The auld farmer's New Year morning salutation to his auld mare Maggie

Recitativo

The caird prevail'd

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 Verse 1

The caird pre-vail'd th' un-blush-ing fair in his em-brac-es sunk part-ly wi' love o' - er-come sae sair an'

part-ly she was drunk Si - r Vi - ol - in - o with an air that show'd a man o' spunk wish-'d

un - is - on bet-ween the pair an' made the bot - tle clunk to their health that night Bu - t

Verse 2

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
That play'd a dame a shavie
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft
Behint the chicken cavie
Her lord a wight of Homer's craft
Tho' limpin wi' the spavie
He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night

Verse 3

He was a care defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid
His heart she ever miss'd it
He had no wish but to be glad
Nor want but when he thirsted
He hated nought but to be sad
An' thus the muse suggested
His sang that night

Air

I am a bard

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85
Eb
Verse 1

I am a bard of no re-gard wi' gen-tle folks an' a' that but Ho-me-r like the glow-rin' byke frae
town to town I draw that I ne-ve-r drank the Mus-es' stank Cas-tal-ia's burn an' a' that but
there i-t streams an' rich-ly reams my Hel-i-con I ca' that for a' that an' a' that an'
twice as muck-le's a' that I've lost but ane I've twa be-hin' I've wife en-ough for a' that

Verse 2

Great love I bear to a' the fair
Their humble slave an' a' that
But lordly will I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that
In raptures sweet this hour we meet
Wi' mutual love an' a' that
But for how lang the flie may stang
Let inclination law that

Verse 3

I am a Bard of no regard
Wi' gentle folks an' a' that
But Homer-like the glowrin byke
Frae town to town I draw that
Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft
They've taen me in an' a' that
But clear your decks and here's The Sex
I like the jads for a' that

Chorus

For a' that an' a' that
An' twice as muckle's a' that
My dearest bluid to do them guid
They're welcome till't for a' that

Recitativo

So sang the bard

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

So sang the bard and nan-sie's wa' shook with a thun-der of ap-plause re - ech - o'd from each mouth_ they
 tom'd their pocks they pawn'd their duds they scar cely left to co'er the fuds to quench their low - in drouth_ Then
 owre a gain the jov-ial thrang the pe-et did re quest_ to loose his pack an' wale a sang a bal-lad o' the best he
 ris - ing re - joi - cing be - tween his twa De - bor - ahs_ looks round him a - n'
 found them im - pat - ient for the chor - us

Air

See the smoking bowl

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90
 Verse 1

17

See the smo-king bowl be-fore us mark our jov-ial rag-ged ring round and round take up the cho-rus

20

and in rap-tures let us sing a fig for those by law pro-tec-ted lib-er-ty's a glor-ious feast

23

courts for cow-ards were e-rec-ted chur-ches built to please the priest

Verse 2

Great love I bear to a' the fair
 Their humble slave an' a' that
 But lordly will I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that

Chorus

Verse 3

But there is ane aboon the lave
 Has wit and sense an' a' that
 A bonie lass I like her best
 And wha a crime dare ca' that

Chorus

Verse 4

In rapture sweet this hour we meet
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that
 But for how lang the flie may stang
 Let inclination law that

Chorus

Verse 5

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft
 They've taen me in an' a' that
 But clear your decks and here's The Sex
 I like the jads for a' that

Chorus

For a' that

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 95 B♭

E♭ → Cm F7 → E♭ → B♭ F7 → B♭ E♭

Tho'wom-en's minds like wi-n-te-r winds may shift and turn an' a' that the nob-lest breast a-

6 Cm F7 → E♭ → F7 B♭ → Chorus F B♭

do-res the-m maist a con-sequ-ence I draw that For a' that an' a' that and

10 Cm F7 → B♭ F7 Gm Dm → Cm F B♭

twice as meik-le's a' that the bon-nie lass that I loe best she'll be my ain for a' that Great

Verse 2

Great love I bear to a' the fair
 Their humble slave an' a' that
 But lordly will I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that

Chorus

Verse 3

But there is ane aboon the lave
 Has wit and sense an' a' that
 A bonie lass I like her best
 And wha a crime dare ca' that

Chorus

Verse 4

In rapture sweet this hour we meet
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that
 But for how lang the flie may stang
 Let inclination law that

Chorus

Verse 5

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft
 They've taen me in an' a' that
 But clear your decks and here's The Sex
 I like the jads for a' that

Chorus

Merry hae I been teethin' a heckle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 80

→ G A⁷ D → → G A D →

6

Em A⁷ → D → G A D A⁷ D → Em Bm

11

G D → Em A⁷ D →

14

G A⁷ D → G D Bm → Em A⁷ D

O mer - ry hae I been tee - thin' A heck - le an' mer - ry hae I been shap - in' a spoon O mer - ry hae I been
 clou - tin a ket - tle an' kis - sin' my Kat - ie when a' was done O a' the lang day I ca' a - t my ham - mer an'
 a' the lang day I whis - tle and sing O a' the lang night I
 cud - dle a kim - mer an' a' the lang night as hap - py's a king

Verse 2

Bitter in idol I lickit my winnins
 O' marrying Bess to gie her a slave
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave
 Come to my arms my Katie my Katie
 O come to my arms and kiss me again
 Drucken or sober here's to thee Katie
 An' blest be the day I did it again

The Cotter's Saturday Night

♩ = 63 → Verse 1a

My lov'd my hon - our'd much re - spec - ted friend no
 mer - cen - ar - y bard hi - s hom - age pays with
 hon - est pride I scorn ea - ch sel - fish end my
 dea - rest meed a friend's es - teem and praise to
 you I sing in sim - ple - Scot - tish lays the
 low - ly train in life's se - ques - ter'd scene the
 na - tive fee - lings strong th - e guile - less ways what
 Ai - ken in a cot - tage would have been ah
 tho' his worth un - known far hap - pi - er then I ween No -
 vem - ber chill blaws loud wi' an - gry sugh th - e
 short' - ning win - ter day is near a close th - e
 mir - y beasts re - treat - ing frae the pleugh th - e
 black' - ning trains o' craws to their re - pose th - e

Verse 1b

Copyright © Eddie Cairney 3rd August 2011

15 G
toil worn Cot - ter frae his lab - our goes thi - s

16 D7 G
night his week - ly moil is at an end col - lects his spades his mat - tocks and his hoes ho - ping the

18 A D7 Am D7 G Finish
morn in ease and rest to spend and we - ry o'er the moor his course does hame - ward bend At

Verse 2a

At length his lonely cot appears in view
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree
Th' expectant weethings toddlin stacher through
To meet their dead wi' flichterin noise and glee
His wee bit ingle blinkin bonilie
His clean hearthstane his thrifty wife's smile
The lispin infant prattling on his knee
Does a' his weary kiahg and care beguile
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil

Verse 2b

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in
At service out among the farmers roun'
Some ca' the pleugh some herd some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town
Their eldest hope their Jenny womangrown
In youthfu' bloomlove sparkling in her e'e
Comes hame perhaps to shew a braw new gown
Or deposite her sairwon penny fee
To help her parents dear if they in hardship be

Verse 3a

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet
And each for other's weelfare kindly speirs
The social hours swift wing'd unnoticed fleet
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears
The parents partial eye their hopeful years
Anticipation forward points the view
The mother wi' her needle and her shears
Gars auld claes look amais't as weel's the new
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due

Verse 3b

Their master's and their mistress' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand
And ne'er tho' out o' sight to jauk or play
And O be sure to fear the Lord alway
And mind your duty duly morn and night
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray
Implore His counsel and assisting might
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright

Verse 4a

But hark a rap comes gently to the door
Jenny who kens the meaning o' the same
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor
To do some errands and convoy her hame
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e and flush her cheek
With heart struck anxious care enquires his name
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake

Verse 4b

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben
A strappin youth he takes the mother's eye
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en
The father cracks of horses pleughs and kye
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy
But blate an' laithfu' scarce can weel behave
The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave

Verse 5a

O happy love where love like this is found
O heartfelt raptures bliss beyond compare
I've paced much this weary mortal round
And sage experience bids me this declare
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale
'Tis when a youthful loving modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk white thorn that scents the evening gale

Verse 5b

Is there in human form that bears a heart
A wretch a villain lost to love and truth
That can with studied sly ensnaring art
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth
Curse on his perjurd arts dissembling smooth
Are honour virtue conscience all exil'd
Is there no pity no relenting ruth
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child
Then paints the ruin'd maid and their distraction wild

Verse 6a

But now the supper crowns their simple board
The halesome parrich chief of Scotia's food
The sowp their only hawkie does afford
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood
The dame brings forth in complimental mood
To grace the lad her weelhaim'd kebbuck fell
And aft he's prest and aft he ca's it guid
The frugal wife garrulous will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell

Verse 6b

The cheerfu' supper done wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big ha'bible ance his father's pride
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales a portion with judicious care
And Let us worship God he says with solem air

Verse 7a

They chant their artless notes in simple guise
They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise
Or plaintive Martyrs worthy of the name
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays
Compar'd with these Italian trills are tame
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise

Verse 7b

The priestlike father reads the sacred page
How Abram was the friend of God on high
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre

Verse 8a

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed
How He who bore in Heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head
How His first followers and servants sped
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land
How he who lone in Patmos banished
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand
And heard great Bab'lon's doom
Pronounc'd by Heaven's command

Verse 8b

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint the father and the husband prays
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing[^]1
That thus they all shall meet in future days
There ever bask in uncreated rays
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society yet still more dear
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere

Verse 9a

Compar'd with this how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart
The Power incens'd the pageant will desert
The pompous strain the sacerdotal stole
But haply in some cottage far apart
May hear well pleas'd the language of the soul
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll

Verse 9b

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way
The youngling cottagers retire to rest
The parent pair their secret homage pay
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best
For them and for their little ones provide
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside

Verse 10a

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her lov'd at home rever'd abroad
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings
An honest man's the noblest work of God
And certes in fair virtue's heavenly road
The cottage leaves the palace far behind
What is a lordling's pomp a cumbrous load
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind
Studied in arts of hell in wickedness refin'd

Verse 10b

O Scotia my dear my native soil
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile
Then how'er crowns and coronets be rent
A virtuous populace may rise the while
And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd isle

Verse 11b

O Thou who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride
Or nobly die the second glorious part
The patriot's God peculiarly thou art
His friend inspirer guardian and reward)
O never never Scotia's realm desert
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise her ornament and guard

Address to the Deil

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 133

F C7 -- Bb F -- C7 -- F C7

O thou what-ev - er tit - le su - it thee an - ld Hor - nie Sa - tan Nick or Clo - o - tie wh - a in yon cav - ern

F Bb F C7 F Bb F

grim an' so - o - tie clos'd un - der hat - ches spair - ges a - bout the

Bb Dm C7 F

bruns - tane co - o - tie to - scaud poor wret - ches Hear

Verse 2

Hear me auld Hangie for a wee
An' let poor damned bodies be
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie
Ev'n to a deil
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me
An' hear us squeel

Verse 3

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame
Far ken'd an' noted is thy name
An' tho' yon lowin' heuch's thy hame
Thou travels far
An' faith thou's neither lag nor lame
Nor blate nor scaur

Verse 4

Whiles ranging like a roarin' lion
For prey a' holes and corners tryin'
Whiles on the strong-wind'd tempest flyin'
Tirlin' the kirks
Whiles in the human bosom pryin'
Unseen thou lurks

Verse 5

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say
In lanely glens ye like to stray
Or where auld ruin'd castles grey
Nod to the moon
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon

Verse 6

When twilight did my graunie summon
To say her pray'rs douse honest woman
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bummin'
Wi' eerie drone
Or rustlin' thro' the boortrees comin'
Wi' heavy groan

Verse 7

Ae dreary windy winter night
The stars shot down wi' sklentlin' light
Wi' you mysel' I gat a fright
Ayont the lough
Ye like a rash-buss stood in sight
Wi' wavin' sough

Verse 8

The cudgel in my nieve did shake
Each brist'ld hair stood like a stake
When wi' an eldritch stoor quaick quaick
Amang the springs
Awa ye squatter'd like a drake
On whistlin' wings

Verse 9

Let warlocks grim an' wither'd hags
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed
And in kirk yards renew their leagues
Owre howkit dead

Verse 10

Thence countra wives wi' toil and pain
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain
For oh the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witchin' skill
An' dawtit twal pint hawkie's gane
As yell's the bill

Verse 11

Thence mystic knots mak' great abuse
On young guidmen fond keen an' crouse
When the best wark lume i' the house
By cantrip wit
Is instant made no worth a louse
Just at the bit

Verse 12

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord
An' float the jinglin' icy boord
Then water kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction
And 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction

Verse 13

And aft your moss traversin' Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is
The bleezin' curst mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes
Till in some miry slough he sunk is
Ne'er mair to rise

Verse 15

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd
An' all the soul of love they shar'd
The raptur'd hour
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird
In shady bower

Verse 16

Then you ye auld snick drawing dog
Ye cam to Paradise incog
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue
Black be your fa'
An' gied the infant warld a shog
'Maist ruid' a'

Verse 17

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz
Wi' reekit duds an' reestit gizz
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk
An' sklent on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke

Verse 18

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall
An' brak him out o' house an' hal'
While scabs and botches did him gall
Wi' bitter claw
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul'
Was warst ava

Verse 19

But a' your doings to rehearse
Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce
Down to this time
Wad ding a Lallan tounge or Erse
In prose or rhyme

Verse 20

An' now auld Cloots I ken ye're thinkin'
A certain bardie's rantin' drinkin'
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit
But faith he'll turn a corner jinkin'
An' cheat you yet

Verse 21

But fare-you-weel auld Nickie ben
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'
Ye aiblins might I dinna ken
Stil hae a stake
I'm wae to think up' yon den
Ev'n for your sake

Scotch Drink

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Let oth-er po-ets rai-se a - fra-cas 'bout vines an' wines an' dru-ck-e - n Bacc-hus an' crab-bit names an' sto - ri-es wrack us an' grate our lug I sing the juice Scotch be-ar ca-n mak us in glass or jug O

Verse 2

O thou my muse guid auld Scotch drink
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink
Or richly brown ream owre the brink
In glorious faem
Inspire me till I lisp an' wink
To sing thy name

Verse 3

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn
An' aits set up their awnie horn
An' pease and beans at e'en or morn
Perfume the plain
Leeze me on thee John Barleycorn
Thou king o' grain

Verse 4

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood
In souple scones the wale o'food
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood
There thou shines chief

Verse 5

Food fills the wame an' keeps us leevin
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin
But oil'd by thee
The wheels o' life gae down-hill screevin
Wi' rattlin glee

Verse 6

Thou clears the head o'doited Lear
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair
At's weary toil
Though even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile

Verse 7

Aft clad in massy siller weed
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head
Yet humbly kind in time o' need
The poor man's wine
His weep drap parritch or his bread
Thou kitchens fine

Verse 8

Thou art the life o' public haunts
But thee what were our fairs and rants
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts
By thee inspired
When gaping they besiege the tents
Are doubly fir'd

Verse 9

That merry night we get the corn in
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in
Or reekin on a New-year mornin
In cog or bicker
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in
An' gusty sucker

Verse 10

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith
O rare to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' luggit caup
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At every chap

Verse 11

Nae mercy then for airn or steel
The brawnie banie ploughman chiel
Brings hard owrehip wi' sturdy wheel
The strong forehammer
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour

Verse 12

When skirling weanies see the light
Though maks the gossips clatter bright
How fumblin' cuiffs their dearies slight
Wae worth the name
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack frae them

Verse 13

When neebors anger at a plea
An' just as wud as wud can be
How easy can the barley brie
Cement the quarrel
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel

Verse 14

Alake that e'er my muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason
But mony daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice
An' hardly in a winter season
E'er Spier her price

Verse 15

Wae worth that brandy burnin trash
Fell source o' mony a pain an' brash
Twins mony a poor doylt drucken hash
O' half his days
An' sends beside auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes

Verse 16

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well
Ye chief to you my tale I tell
Poor plackless devils like mysel'
It sets you ill
Wi' bitter dearthfu' wines to mell
Or foreign gill

Verse 17

May gravels round his blather wrench
An' gouts torment him inch by inch
What twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain
Out owre a glass o' whisky-punch
Wi' honest men

Verse 18

O Whisky soul o' plays and pranks
Accept a bardie's gratfu' thanks
When wanting thee what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses
Thou comes-they rattle in their ranks
At ither's a-s

Verse 19

Thee Ferintosh O sadly lost
Scotland lament frae coast to coast
Now colic grips an' barkin hoast
May kill us a'
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa

Verse 20

Thae curst horse-leeches o' the' Excise
Wha mak the whisky stells their prize
Haud up thy han' Deil ance twice thrice
There seize the blinkers
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor damn'd drinkers

Verse 21

Fortune if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks a scone an' whisky gill
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will
Tak a' the rest
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best

The auld farmer's new year morning salutation to his auld mare maggie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 79

11 Verse 1

A F#m Bm

16 A E7 A Bm E7 A

A guid New Year_ I wish thee Mag-gie hae there's a ripp to thy auld bag-gie tho' thou's how-e
back-it now an' knag-gie I've seen the day_ thou could hae gaen like on-ie stag-gie out owre the lay

Verse 2

Tho' now thou's dowie stiff an' crazy
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie
I've seen thee dappl't sleek an' glaizie
A bonie gray
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee
Ance in a day

Verse 3

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank
A filly buirdly steeve an' swank
An' set weel down a shapely shank
As e'er tread yird
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank
Like onie bird

Verse 4

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year
Sin' thou was my guid-father's mear
He gied me thee o' tocher clear
An' fifty mark
Tho' it was sma' 'twas weel-won gear
An' thou was stark

Verse 5

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny
Ye then was trotting wi' your minnie
Tho' ye was trickie slee an' funnie
Ye ne'er was donsie
But hamely tawie quiet an' cannie
An' unco sonsie

Verse 6

That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride
When ye bure hame my bonie bride
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
Wi' maiden air
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide
For sic a pair

Verse 7

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble
An' wintle like a saumont coble
That day ye was a jinker noble
For heels an' win'
An' ran them till they a' did wauble
Far far behin'

Verse 8

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh
How thou wad prance and snore an' skreigh
An' tak the road
Town's-bodies ran an' stood abeigh
An' ca't thee mad

Verse 9

When thou was corn't an' I was mellow
We took the road aye like a swallow
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow
For pith an' speed
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollowm
Whare'er thou gaed

Verse 10

The sma' droop-rumpl't hunter cattle
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle
But sax Scotch mile thou try't their mettles
An' gar't them whaizle
Nae whip nor spur but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel

Verse 11

Thou was a noble fittie-lan'
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn
Aft thee an' I in aught hours' gaun
In guid March-weather
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han'
For days thegither

Verse 12

Thou never braing't an' fetch't an' fliskit
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket
Wi' pith an' power
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' riskit
An' slypet owre

Verse 13

When frosts lay lang an' snaws were deep
An' threaten'd labour back to keep
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that or simmer

Verse 14

In cart or car thou never reestit
The steyst brae thou wad hae fact' it
Thou never lap an' sten't and breastit
Then stood to blaw
But just thy step a wee thing hastit
Thou snoov't awa

Verse 15

My plough is now thy bairn-time a'
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw
Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa
That thou hast nurst
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa
The vera warst

Verse 16

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought
An' wi' the weary warl' fought
An' mony an anxious day I thought
We wad be beat
Yet here to crazy age we're brought
Wi' something yet

Verse 17

An' think na' my auld trusty servan'
That now perhaps thou's less deservin'
An' thy auld days may end in starvin'
For my last fow
A heapit stimpert I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you

Verse 18

We've worn to crazy years thegither
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd rig
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather
Wi' sma' fatigue