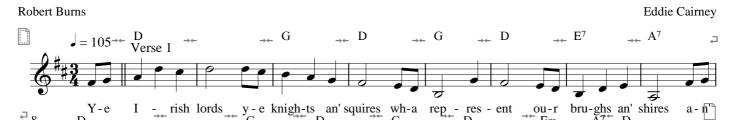
Burns Revisited Volume 46

- 1. The author's earnest cry and prayer
- 2. The ordination
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- 4. The Vision (duan first)
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- 9. Address to the unco guid
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The Author's earnest cray and prayer





to you a sim-ple

Alas my roupit Muse is hearse Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce To see her sittin on her arse Low i' the dust And scriechinhout prosaic verse An like to brust

douc-ely man-age our af-fairs in par-lia-ment

Verse 3

Tell them wha hae the chief direction Scotland an' me's in great affliction E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction On aqua-vitae An' rouse them up to strong conviction An' move their pity

Verse 4 Stand forth an' tell yon Premier youth The honest open naked truth Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth His servants humble The muckle deevil blaw you south If ye dissemble

Verse 5

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom Speak out an' never fash your thumb Let posts an' pensions sink or soom Wi' them wha grant them If honestly they canna come Far better want them

Verse 6

In gath'rin votes you were na slack Now stand as tightly by your tack Ne'er claw your lug an' fidge your back An' hum an' haw But raise your arm an' tell your crack Before them a'

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrissle Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle An' damn'd excisemen in a bussle Seizin a stell Triumphant crushin't like a mussel Or limpet shell

Verse 8

Then on the tither hand present her A blackguard smuggler right behint her An' cheek-for chow a chuffie vintner Colleaguing join Picking her pouch as bare as winter Of a' kind coin

Is there that bears the name o' Scot But feels his heart's bluid rising hot To see his poor auld mither's pot Thus dung in staves An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat By gallows knaves

Verse 10

Alas I'm but a nameless wight Trode i' the mire out o' sight But could I like Montgomeries fight Or gab like Boswell There's some sark necks I wad draw tight An' tie some hose well

Verse 11

God bless your Honours can ye see't The kind auld cantie carlin greet An' no get warmly to your feet An' gar them hear it An' tell them wi'a patriot-heat Ye winna bear it

Some o' you nicely ken the laws To round the period an' pause An' with rhetoric clause on clause To mak harangues Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wrangs

Dempster a true blue Scot I'se warran' Thee aith detesting chaste Kilkerran An' that glib gabbit Highland baron The Laird o' Graham An' ane a chap that's damn'd aulfarran' Dundas his name

Verse 14

Erskine a spunkie Norland billie True Campbells Frederick and Ilay An' Livistone the bauld Sir Willie An' mony ithers Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers

See sodger Hugh my watchman stented If poets e'er are represented I ken if that your sword were wanted Ye'd lend a hand But when there's ought to say anent it Ye're at a stand

Verse 16

Arouse my boys exert your mettle To get auld Scotland back her kettle Or faith I'll wad my new pleugh pettle Ye'll see't or lang She'll teach you wi' a reekin whittle

Verse 17

This while she's been in crankous mood Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid Deil na they never mair do guid Play'd her that pliskie An' now she's like to rin red-wud About her whisky

Verse 18

An' Lord if ance they pit her till't Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt An'durk an' pistol at her belt She'll tak the streets An' rin her whittle to the hilt I' the first she meets

po-et's pray'rs are hum-bly sent

A -

Verse 19

For God sake sirs then speak her fair An' straik her cannie wi' the hair An' to the muckle house repair Wi' instant speed An' strive wi' a' your wit an' lear To get remead

Verse 20

Yon ill tongu'd tinkler Charlie Fox May taunt you wi'his jeers and mocks But gie him't het my hearty cocks E'en cowe the cadie An' send him to his dicing box An' sportin' lady

Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks An' drink his health in auld Nance Tinnock's Nine times a week If he some scheme like tea an' winnocks Was kindly seek

Could he some commutation broach I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch He needna fear their foul reproach Nor erudition Yon mixtie maxtie queer hotch potch The Coalition

Verse 23

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue She's just a devil wi' a rung An' if she promise auld or young To tak their part Tho' by the neck she should be strung She'll no desert

Verse 24

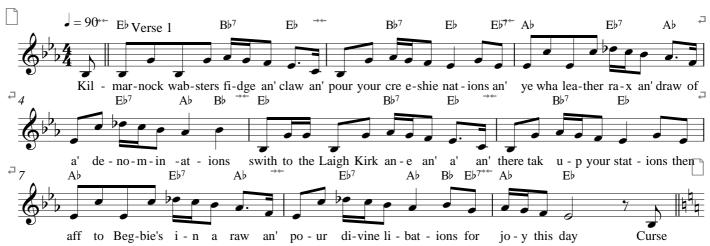
And now ye chosen Five and Forty May still you mither's heart support ye Then tho'a minister grow dorty An' kick your place Ye'll snap your gingers poor an' hearty Before his face

Verse 25

God bless your Honours a' your days Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise In spite o' a' the thievish kaes That haunt St Jamie's Your humble poet sings an' prays While Rab his name is

The Ordination

Robert Burns Eddie Cairney



Verse 2

Curst Common sense that imp o' hell Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder But Oliphant aft made her yell An' Russell sair misca'd her This day Mackinlay taks the flail An' he's the boy will blaud her He'll clap a shangan on her tail An' set the bairns to daud her Wi' dirt this day

Verse 3

Mak haste an' turn King David owre And lilt wi' holy clangor O' double verse come gie us four An' skirl up the Bangor This day the kirk kicks up a stoure Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her For Heresy is in her pow'r And gloriously she'll whang her Wi' pith this day

Verse 4

Come let a proper text be read
An' touch it aff wi' vigour
How graceless Ham leugh at his dad
Which made Canaan a nigger
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade
Wi' whore abhorring rigour
Or Zipporah the scauldin jad
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day

Verse 5

There try his mettle on the creed An' bind him down wi' caution That stipend is a carnal weed He taks by for the fashion And gie him o'er the flock to feed And punish each transgression Especial rams that cross the breed Gie them sufficient threshin Spare them nae day

Verse 6

Now auld Kilmarnock cock thy tail An' toss thy horns fu' canty Nae mair thou'lt rowt out owre the dale Because thy pasture's scanty For lapfu's large o' gospel kail Shall fill thy crib in plenty An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale No gi'en by way o' dainty But ilka day

Verse 7

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep To think upon our Zion And hing our fiddles up to sleep Like baby clouts a dryin Come screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep And o'er the thairms be tryin Oh rare to see our elbucks wheep And a' like lamb tails flyin Fu' fast this day

Verse 8

Lang Patronage with rod o' airn Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin As lately Fenwick sair forfairn Has proven to its ruin Our patron honest man Glencairn He saw mischief was brewin An' like a godly elect bairn He's waled us out a true ane And sound this day

Verse 9

Now Robertson harangue nae mair But steek your gab for ever Or try the wicked town of Ayr For there they'll think you clever Or nae reflection on your lear Ye may commence a shaver Or to the Netherton repair An' turn a carpet weaver Aff hand this day

Verse 14

Come bring the tither mutchkin in And here's for a conclusion To ev'ry New Light mother's son From this time forth Confusion If mair they deave us wi' their din Or Patronage intrusion We'll light a spunk and ev'ry skin We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil some day

Verse 10

Mu'trie and you were just a match We never had sic twa drones Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch Just like a winkin baudrons And aye he catch'd the tither wretch To fry them in his caudrons But now his Honour maun detach Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons Fast fast this day

Verse 11

See see auld Orthodoxy's faes She's swingein thro' the city Hark how the nine tail'd cat she plays I vow it's unco pretty There Learning with his Greekish face Grunts out some Latin ditty And Common sense is gaun she says To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint this day

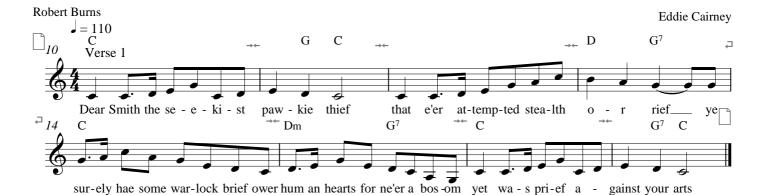
Verse 12

But there's Morality himsel' Embracing all opinions Hear how he gies the tither yell Between his twa companions See how she peels the skin an' fell As ane were peelin onions Now there they're packed aff to hell An' banish'd our dominions Henceforth this day

Verse 13

O happy day rejoice rejoice Come bouse about the porter Morality's demure decoys Shall here nae mair find quarter Mackinlay Russell are the boys That heresy can torture They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse And cowe her measure shorter By th' head some day

To James Smith



Verse 2

For me I swear by sun an' moon An' ev'ry star that blinks aboon Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon Just gaun to see you An' ev'ry ither pair that's done Mair taen I'm wi' you

Verse 3

That auld capricious carlin Nature To mak amends for scrimpit stature She's turn'd you off a human creature On her first plan And in her freaks on ev'ry feature She's wrote the Man

Verse 4

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme My barmie noddle's working prime My fancy yerkit up sublime Wi' hasty summon Hae ye a leisure-moment's time To hear what's comin

Verse 5

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash Some rhyme vain thought for needfu' cash Some rhyme to court the countra clash An' raise a din For me an aim I never fash I rhyme for fun

Verse 6

The star that rules my luckless lot Has fated me the russet coat An' damn'd my fortune to the groat But in requit Has blest me with a random shot O'countra wit

Verse 7

This while my notion's taen a sklent To try my fate in guid black prent But still the mair I'm that way bent Something cries Hooklie I red you honest man tak tent Ye'll shaw your folly

Verse 8

There's ither poets much your betters Far seen in Greek deep men o' letters Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors A' future ages Now moths deform in shapeless tatters Their unknown pages

Verse 9

Then farewell hopes of laurel boughs To garland my poetic brows Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs Are whistlin' thrang An' teach the lanely heights an' howes My rustic sang

Verse 10

I'll wander on wi' tentless heed How never halting moments speed Till fate shall snap the brittle thread Then all unknown I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead Forgot and gone

Verse 11

But why o' death being a tale Just now we're living sound and hale Then top and maintop crowd the sail Heave Care o'er side And large before Enjoyment's gale Let's tak the tide

Verse 12

This life sae far's I understand Is a' enchanted fairy land Where Pleasure is the magic and That wielded right Maks hours like minutes hand in hand Dance by fu' light

Verse 13

The magic wand then let us wield For ance that five an' forty's speel'd See crazy weary joyless eild Wi' wrinkl'd face Comes hostin hirplin owre the field We' creepin pace

Verse 14

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin Then fareweel vacant careless roamin An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin An' social noise An' fareweel dear deluding woman The Joy of joys

Verse 15

O Life how pleasant in thy morning Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning We frisk away Like school boys at th' expected warning To joy an' play

Verse 16

We wander there we wander here We eye the rose upon the brier Unmindful that the thorn is near Among the leaves And tho' the puny wound appear Short while it grieves

Verse 17

Some lucky find a flow'ry spot For which they never toil'd nor swat They drink the sweet and eat the fat But care or pain And haply eye the barren hut With high disdain

Verse 18

With steady aim some Fortune chase Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace Thro' fair thro' foul they urge the race An' seize the prey Then cannie in some cozie place They close the day

Verse 19

And others like your humble servan' Poor wights nae rules nor roads observin To right or left eternal swervin They zig zag on Till curst with age obscure an' starvin They aften groan

Verse 20

Alas what bitter toil an' straining But truce with peevish poor complaining Is fortune's fickle Luna waning E'n let her gang Beneath what light she has remaining Let's sing our sang

Verse 21

My pen I here fling to the door And kneel ye Pow'rs and warm implore Tho' I should wander Terra o'er In all her climes Grant me but this I ask no more Aye rowth o' rhymes

Verse 22

Gie dreepin roasts to countra lairds Till icicles hing frae their beards Gie fine braw claes to fine life guards And maids of honour An' yill an' whisky gie to cairds Until they sconner

Verse 23

A title Dempster merits it A garter gie to Willie Pitt Gie wealth to some be ledger'd cit In cent per cent But give me real sterling wit And I'm content

Verse 24

While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal Be't water brose or muslin kail Wi' cheerfu' face
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace

Verse 25

An anxious e'e I never throws Behint my lug or by my nose I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows As weel's I may Sworn foe to sorrow care and prose I rhyme away

Verse 26

O ye douce folk that live by rule Grave tideless blooded calm an'cool Compar'd wi' you O fool fool fool How much unlike Your hearts are just a standing pool Your lives a dyke

Verse 27

Nae hair-brain'd sentimental traces In your unletter'd nameless faces In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray But gravissimo solemn basses Ye hum away

Verse 28

Ye are sae grave nae doubt ye're wise Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scairum ram stam boys The rattling squad I see ye upward cast your eyes Ye ken the road

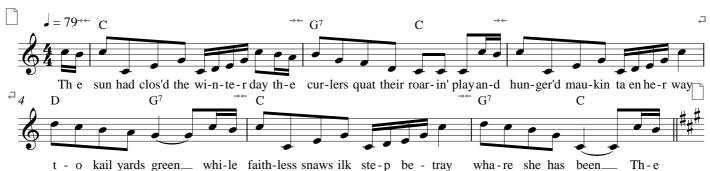
Verse 29

Whilst I but I shall haud me there
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where
Then Jamie I shall say nae mair
But quat my sang
Content wi' you to mak a pair
Whare'er I gang

The Vision

Duan First

Robert Burns Eddie Cairney



Verse 2

The thresher's weary flingin tree
The lee lang day had tired me
And when the day had clos'd his e'e
Far i' the west
Ben i' the spence right pensivelie
I gaed to rest

Verse 3

There lanely by the ingle cheek I sat and ey'd the spewing reek That fill'd wi' hoast provoking smeek The auld clay biggin An' heard the restless rattons squeak About the riggin

Verse 4

All in this mottie misty clime I backward mus'd on wasted time How I had spent my youthfu' prime An' done nae thing But stringing blethers up in rhyme For fools to sing

Verse 5

Had I to guid advice but harkit I might by this hae led a market Or strutted in a bank and clarkit My cash-account While here half mad half fed half sarkit Is a' th' amount

Verse 6

I started mutt'ring blockhead coof And heav'd on high my waukit loof To swear by a' yon starry roof Or some rash aith That I henceforth wad be rhyme proof Till my last breath

Verse 7

When click the string the snick did draw An' jee the door gaed to the wa' An' by my ingle lowe I saw Now bleezin bright A tight outlandish hizzie braw Come full in sight

Verse 8

Ye need na doubt I held my whisht The infant aith half form'd was crusht I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht In some wild glen When sweet like honest Worth she blusht An' stepped ben

Verse 9

Green slender leaf clad holly boughs Were twisted gracefu' round her brows I took her for some Scottish Muse By that same token And come to stop those reckless vows Would soon been broken

Verse 10

A hair brain'd sentimental trace Was strongly marked in her face A wildly witty rustic grace Shone full upon her Her eye ev'n turn'd on empty space Beam'd keen with honour

Verse 11

Down flow'd her robe a tartan sheen Till half a leg was scrimply seen An' such a leg my bonie Jean Could only peer it Sae straught sae taper tight an' clean Nane else came near it

Verse 12

Her mantle large of greenish hue My gazing wonder chiefly drew Deep lights and shades bold mingling threw A lustre grand And seem'd to my astonish'd view A well known land

Verse 13

Here rivers in the sea were lost There mountains to the skies were toss't Here tumbling billows mark'd the coast With surging foam There distant shone Art's lofty boast The lordly dome

Verse 14

Here Doon pour'd down his far fetch'd floods There well fed Irwine stately thuds Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods On to the shore And many a lesser torrent scuds With seeming roar

Verse 15

Low in a sandy valley spread An ancient borough rear'd her head Still as in Scottish story read She boasts a race To ev'ry nobler virtue bred And polish'd grace

Verse 16

By stately tow'r or palace fair Or ruins pendent in the air Bold stems of heroes here and there I could discern Some seem'd to muse some seem'd to dare With feature stern

Verse 17

My heart did glowing transport feel To see a race heroic wheel And brandish round the deep dyed steel In sturdy blows While back-recoiling seem'd to reel Their Suthron foes

Verse 18

His Country's Saviour mark him well Bold Richardton's heroic swell The chief on Sark who glorious fell In high command And he whom ruthless fates expel His native land

Verse 19

There where a sceptr'd Pictish shade Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid I mark'd a martial race pourtray'd In colours strong Bold soldier featur'd undismay'd They strode along

Verse 20

Thro' many a wild romantic grove Near many a hermit fancied cove Fit haunts for friendship or for love In musing mood An aged Judge I saw him rove Dispensing good

Verse 21

With deep struck reverential awe The learned Sire and Son I saw To Nature's God and Nature's law They gave their lore This all its source and end to draw That to adore

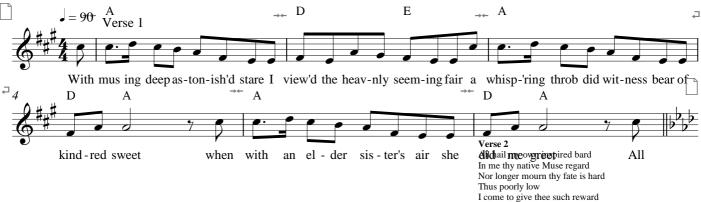
Verse 22

Brydon's brave ward I well could spy Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye Who call'd on Fame low standing by To hand him on Where many a patriot name on high And hero shone

The Vision

Duan Second

Robert Burns **Eddie Cairney**



Verse 10

Some hint the lover's harmless wile Some grace the maiden's artless smile Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil For humble gains And make his cottage scenes beguile His cares and pains

Verse 11

Some bounded to a district space Explore at large man's infant race To mark the embryotic trace Of rustic bard And careful note each opening grace A guide and guard

Verse 12

Of these am I Coila my name And this district as mine I claim Where once the Campbells chiefs of fame Held ruling power I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame Thy natal hour

With future hope I oft would gaze Fond on thy little early ways Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase In uncouth rhymes Fir'd at the simple artless lays Of other times

Verse 14

I saw thee seek the sounding shore Delighted with the dashing roar Or when the North his fleecy store Drove thro' the sky I saw grim Nature's visage hoar Struck thy young eye

Verse 15

Or when the deep green mantled earth Warm cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth And joy and music pouring forth In ev'ry grove I saw thee eye the general mirth With boundless love

Verse 16

When ripen'd fields and azure skies Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys And lonely stalk To vent thy bosom's swelling rise In pensive walk

When youthful love warm blushing strong Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along Those accents grateful to thy tongue Th' adored Name I taught thee how to pour in song To soothe thy flame

Verse 3

As we bestow

Know the great genius of this land Has many a light aerial band Verse 18 I saw thy pulse's maddeninghall beneath his high command Wild send thee Pleasure's Hermoniously Misled by Fancy's meteor Asyarts or arms they understand Their labours ply By passion driven But yet the light that led astray

Was light from Heaven Verse 4 They Scotia's race among them share Some fire the soldier on to dare Verse 19

I taught thy manners pain Sognetiainse the patriot up to bare The loves the ways of simplersuptions's heart

Till now o'er all my wide & comments ach the bard a darling care

The tuneful art Thy fame extends And some the pride of Coila's plains

Become thy friends 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore Verse 20 They ardent kindling spirits pour

Thou canst not learn nor IQuinshothe venal senate's roar

To paint with Thomson's fandycsightdeswstand

Or wake the bosom meltingotmond the honest patriot lore And grace the hand

With Shenstone's art Or pour with Gray the moving flow Warm on the heart Verse 6 And when the bard or hoary sage

Charm or instruct the future age Verse 21 Yet all beneath th' unrival heysbind the wild poetric rage

T e lowly daisy sweetly blanenergy

Tho' large the forest's mortarchoilmtolius inconclusive page

His army shade Full on the eye Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade Verse 7 Adown the glade

Hence Fullarton the brave and young Hence Dempster's zeal inspired tongue Verse 22

Then never murmur nor refine sweet harmonious Beattie sung Strive in thy humble sphe Hiso Minstrel lays'

And trust me not Potosi's Attrore with noble ardour stung
Nor king's regard The sceptic's bays Nor king's regard

Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine A rustic bard Verse 8

To lower orders are assign'd The humbler ranks of human kind To give my counsels all in Tongerustic bard the lab'ring hind

Thy tuneful flame still careful fatisan

Preserve the dignity of Mahll choose as various they're inclin'd With soul erect The various man

With soul erect

And trust the Universal Plan Will all protect Verse 9

When yellow waves the heavy grain The threat'ning storm some strongly rein Verse 24

And wear thou this she so from esteach to meliorate the plain

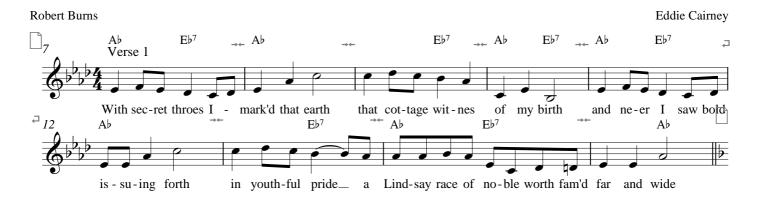
And bound the holly roun With tiblage skill

The polish'd leaves and be Artick southe instruct the shepherd train Blythe o'er the hill

Did rustling play And like a passing thought she fled

In light away

Following the 18th stanza



Verse 2

Where hid behind a spreading wood An ancient Pict built mansion stood I spied among an angel brood A female pair Sweet shone their high maternal blood And father's air

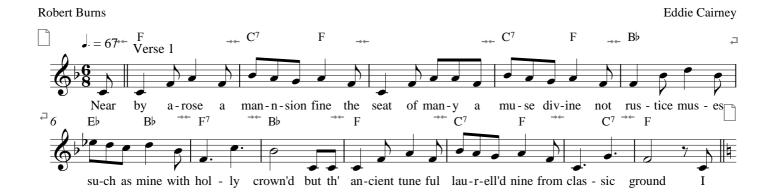
Verse 3

An ancient tower to memory brought How Dettingen's bold hero fought Still far from sinking into nought It owns a lord Who far in western climates fought With trusty sword

Verse 4

Among the rest I well could spy One gallant graceful martial boy The soldier sparkled in his eye A diamond water I blest that noble badge with joy That owned me frater

After 20th stanza of the text



Verse 2

I mourn'd the card that Fortune dealt To see where bonie Whitefoords dwelt But other prospects made me melt That village near There Nature Friendship Love I felt Fond-mingling dear

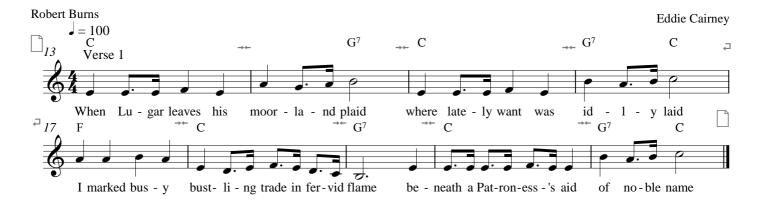
Verse 3

Hail Nature's pang more strong than death Warm Friendship's glow like kindling wrath Love dearer than the parting breath Of dying friend Not ev'n with life's wild devious path Your force shall end

Verse 4

The Power that gave the soft alarms In blooming Whitefoord's rosy charms Still threats the tiny feather'd arms The barbed dart While lovely Wilhelmina warms The coldest heart

After 21st stanza of the text



Verse 2

Wild countless hills I could survey And countless flocks as wild as they But other scenes did charms display That better please Where polish'd manners dwell with Gray In rural ease

Verse 3

Where Cessnock pours with gurgling sound And Irwine marking out the bound Enamour'd of the scenes around Slow runs his race A name I doubly honour'd found With knightly grace

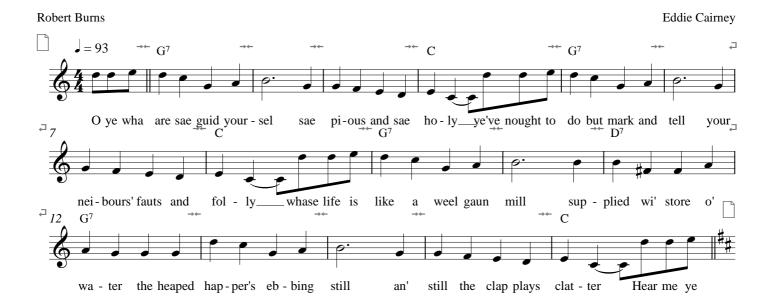
Verse 4

Brydon's brave ward I saw him stand Fame humbly offering her hand And near his kinsman's rustic band With one accord Lamenting their late blessed land Must change its lord

Verse 5

The owner of a pleasant spot Near and sandy wilds I last did note A heart too warm a pulse too hot At times o'erran But large in ev'ry feature wrote Appear'd the Man

Address to the Unco Guid



Verse 2

Hear me ye venerable core As counsel for poor mortals That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door For glaikit Folly's portals I for their thoughtless careless sakes Would here propone defences Their donsie tricks their black mistakes Their failings and mischances

Verse 3

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared And shudder at the niffer But cast a moment's fair regard What maks the mighty differ Discount what scant occasion gave That purity ye pride in And what's aft mair than a' the lave Your better art o' hidin

Verse 4

Think when your castigated pulse Gies now and then a wallop What ragings must his veins convulse That still eternal gallop Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail Right on ye scud your sea way But in the teeth o' baith to sail It maks a unco lee way

Verse 5

See Social Life and Glee sit down All joyous and unthinking Till quite transmugrified they're grown Debauchery and Drinking O would they stay to calculate Th' eternal consequences Or your more dreaded hell to state Damnation of expenses

Verse 6

Ye high exalted virtuous dames
Tied up in godly laces
Before ye gie poor Frailty names
Suppose a change o' cases
A dear lov'd lad convenience snug
A treach'rous inclination
But let me whisper i' your lug
Ye're aiblins nae temptation

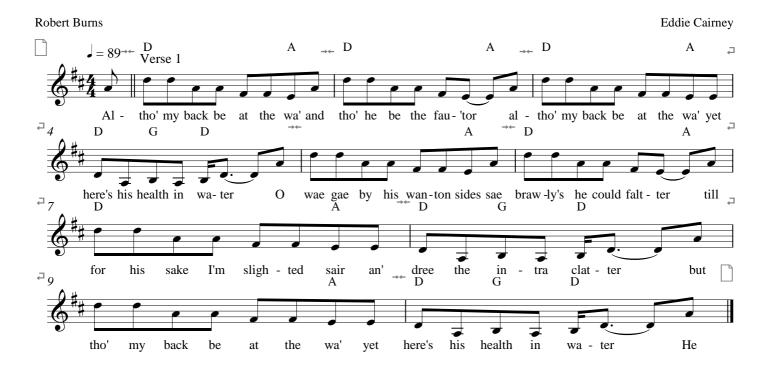
Verse 7

Then gently scan your brother man Still gentler sister woman Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang To step aside is human One point must still be greatly dark The moving Why they do it And just as lamely can ye mark How far perhaps they rue it

Verse 8

Who made the heart 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us He knows each chord its various tone Each spring its various bias Then at the balance let's be mute We never can adjust it What's done we partly may compute But know not what's resisted

Here's his health in water



Verse 2

He follow'd me baith out an' in Thro' a' the nooks o' Killie
He follow'd me baith out an' in
Wi' a stiff stand'in pillie
But when he gat between my legs
We made an unco spatter
An' haith I trow I soupled it
Tho' bauldly he did blatter
But tho' my back is at the wa'
Yet here's his health in water