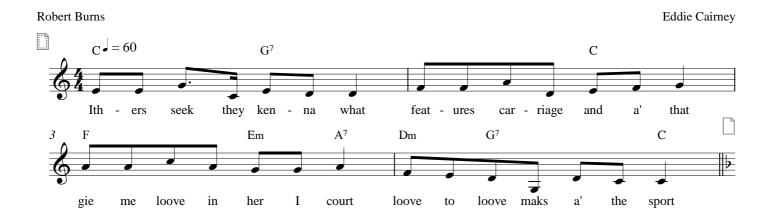
Burns Revisited Volume 23

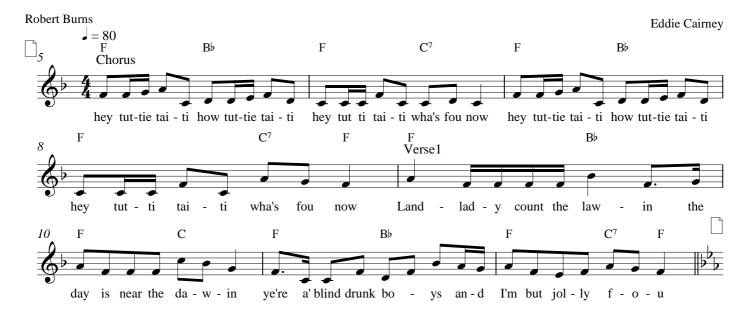
- 1. Love for love
- 2. Landlady count the lawnin
- 3. The rights of woman
- 4. Meg o' the mill
- 5. Wandering Willie
- 6. Mr Pitt's hair powder tax
- 7. Sonnet-on hearing a thrush
- 8. Whistle owre the lave o't
- 9. Auld Rob Morris
- 10. The Campbells are comin

Love for love



Verse 2
Let loove sparkle in her e'e
Let her lo'e nae man but me
That's the tocher guid I prize
There the luver's trasure lies

Landlady count the lawin



Chorus

Verse 2

Cog an ye were aye fou Cog an ye were aye fou I wad sit and sing to you If ye were aye fou

Chorus

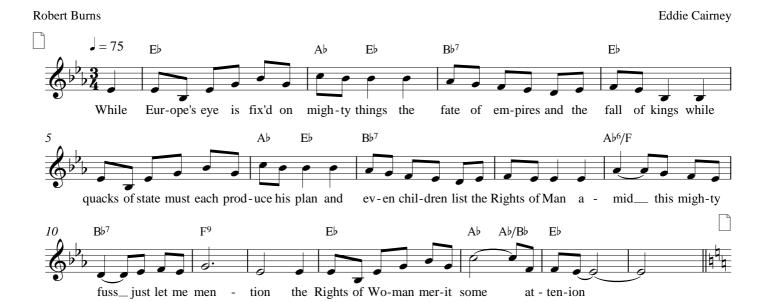
Verse 3

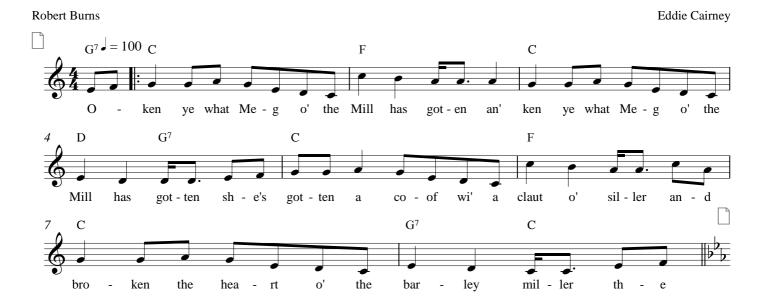
Weel may ye a' be I'll may ye never see God bless the king And the companie

Chorus

Chorus

The rights of woman





Verse 2

The miller was strappin the miller was ruddy A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady The laird was a diddifu' bleerit knurl She's left the guid fellow and taen the churl

Verse 3

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle A whip by her side and a bonnie side saddle

Verse 4

O wae on the siller it is sae prevailing And wae on the love that's fixed on a mailen A tocher's nae world in a true lover's parle But gie me my love and a fig for the warl

Wandering Willie



Verse 2

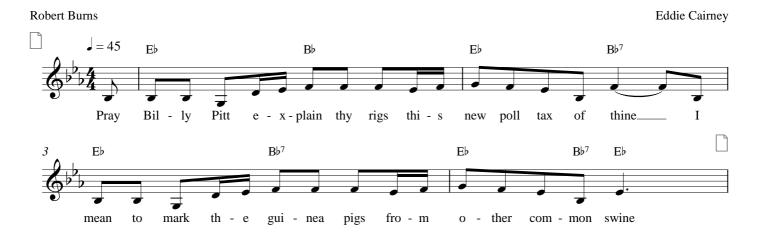
Loud tho' the winter wind blew cauld on our parting 'Twas na the blast brought the tear in my e'e Welcome now simmer and welcome my Willie The simmer to nature my Willie to me

Refrain

Verse 3

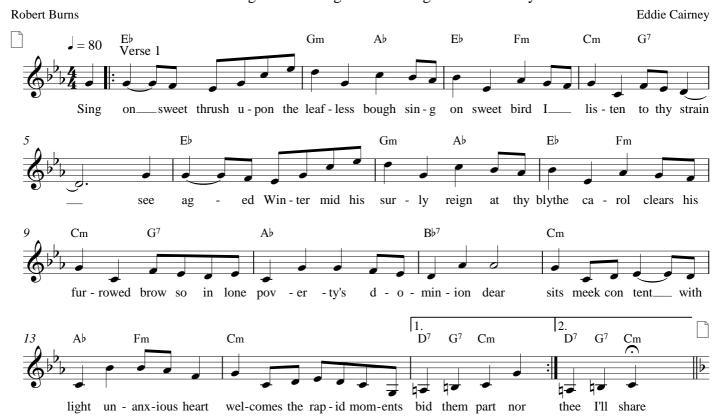
But O if he's faithless and minds na his Nannie Flow still between us thou wide roaring main May I never see it my I never trow it But dying believe that my Willie's my ain

On Mr Pitt's hair powdering tax



Sonnet

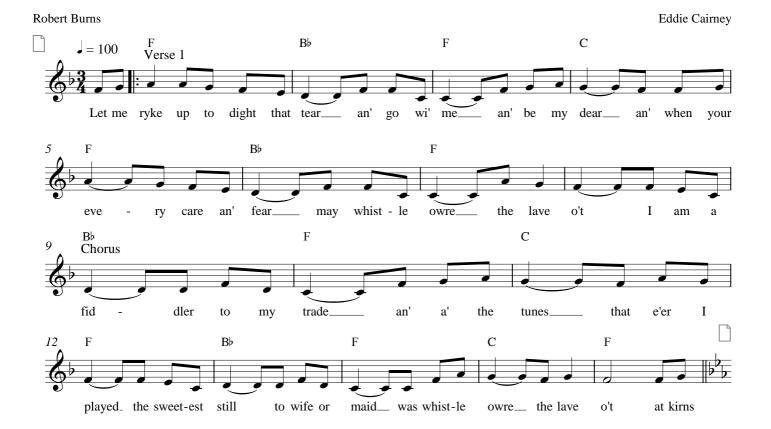
On hearing a thrush sing on a morning walk in January



Verse 2

Nor asks if they bring ough to hope or fear
I thank thee author of this opening day
Thou those bright sun now gilds yon orient skies
Riches denied thy boon was purer joys
What wealth could never give nor take away
But come thou child of poverty and care
The mite high heav'n bestow'd that mite with thee I'll share

Whistle owre the lave o't



Verse 2

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there An' oh sae nicelly's we will fare We'll bowse about till daddie care sing whistle owre the lave o't

Chorus

Verse 3

Sae merrilly the banes we'll pyke An' sun oursel's about the dyke An' at our leisure when ye like We'll whistle owre the lave o't

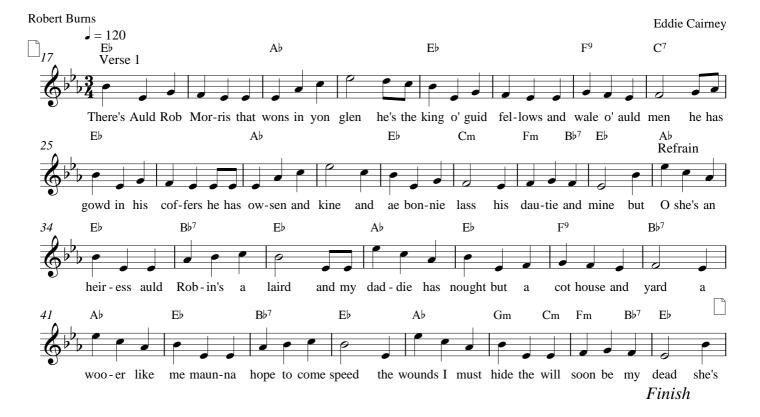
Chorus

Verse 4

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms An' while I kittle hair on thairms Hunger cauld an' a' sic harms May whistle owre the lave o't

Chorus

Auld Rob Morris



Verse 2

She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e

Refrain

Verse 3

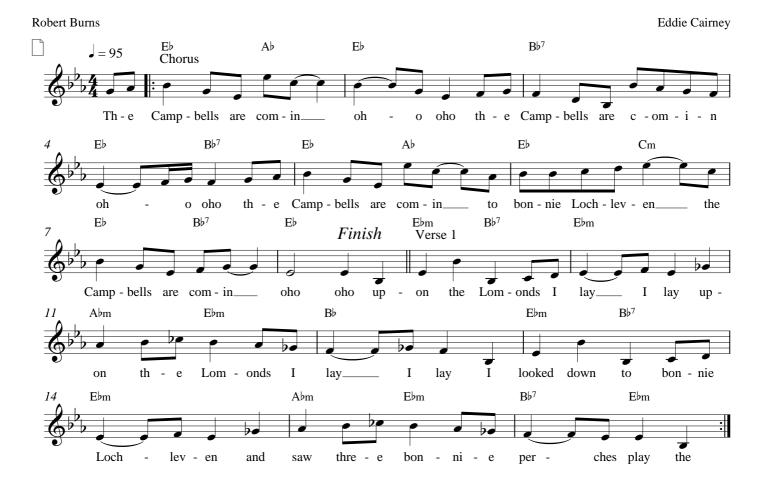
The day comes to me but delight brings me nane the night comes to me but my rest it is gane I wander my lane like a night troubled ghaist And I sigh as my heart it wad bust in my breast

Verse 4

O had she but been of a lower degree I then might hae hop'd she'd ha'e smil'd upon me O how past descriving had then been my bliss As now my distraction nae words can express

Refrain

The Campbells are coming



Verse 2

Great Argyle he goes before He maks his cannons and guns to roar Wi' sound o' trumpet pipe and drum The Campbells are comin oho oho

Chorus

Verse 3

The Campbells they are a' in arms Their loyal faith and truth to show Wi' banners rattling in the wind The Campbells are comin oho oho

Chorus