Burns Revisited Volume 27

- 1. Epigram against the Earl of Galloway
- 2. To a gentleman whom he had offended
- 3. Banks of Cree
- 4. Monody on Maria
- 5. Wee Willie Gray
- 6. The lovely lass o Inverness
- 7. O steer her up an' haud her gaun
- 8. Ah Chloris
- 9. Lassie wi the lint white locks
- 10. How lang and dreary is the night

The Lass O' Ecclefechan

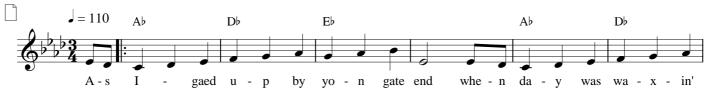


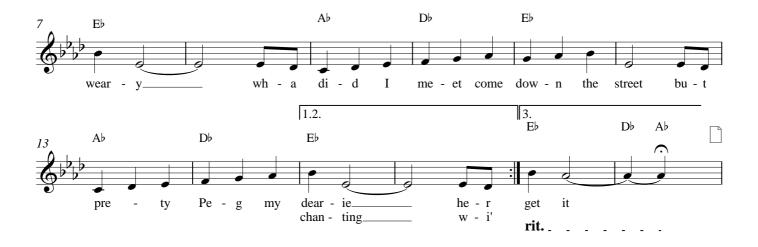
Verse 2

O haud your tongue now Luckie Lang
O haud your tongue and jauner
I held the gate till you I met
Syne I began to wander
I tint my whistle and my sang
I tint my peace and pleasure
But your green graff now Luckie Lang
Wad airt me to my treasure

Pretty Peg

Robert Burns Eddie Cairney





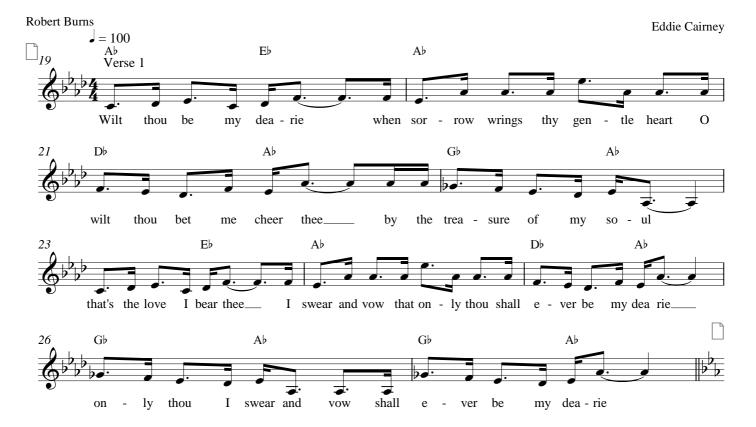
Verse 2

Her air sae sweet an' shape complete Wi' nae proportion wanting The Queen of love did never move Wi' motion mair enchanting

Verse 3

Wi' linked hands we took the sands Adown yon winding river And O that hour and shady bower Can I forget it never

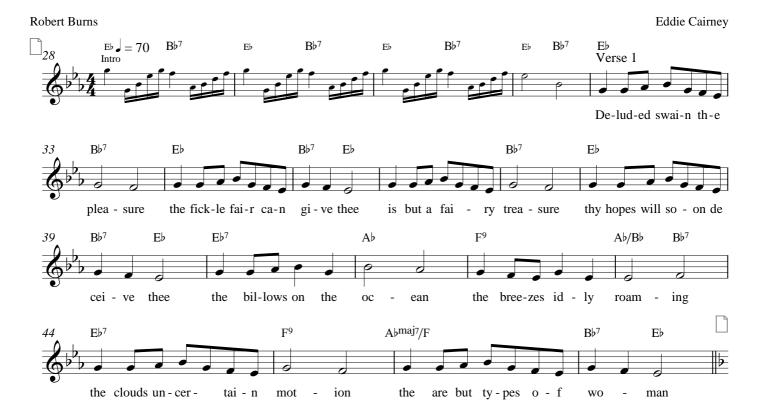
Wilt thou be my dearie



Verse 2

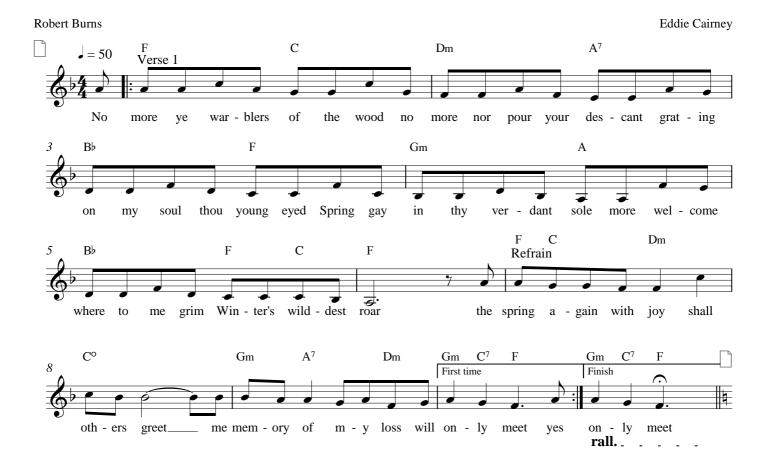
Lassie say thou lo'es me
Or if thou wilt na be my ain
O say na thou'lt refuse me
If it winna canna be
Thou for thine may choose me
Let me lassie quickly die
Trusting that thou lo'es me
Lassie let me quickly die
Trusting that thou lo'es me

Deluded swain the pleasure



Verse 2
O art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature
If man thou wouldst be named
Despise the silly creature
Go find an honest fellow
Good claret set before thee
Hold on till thou art mellow
And then to bed in glory

Sonnet on the death of Robert Riddell



Verse 2

How can ye charm ye flowers with all your dyes Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend How can I to the tuneful strain attend That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddell lies

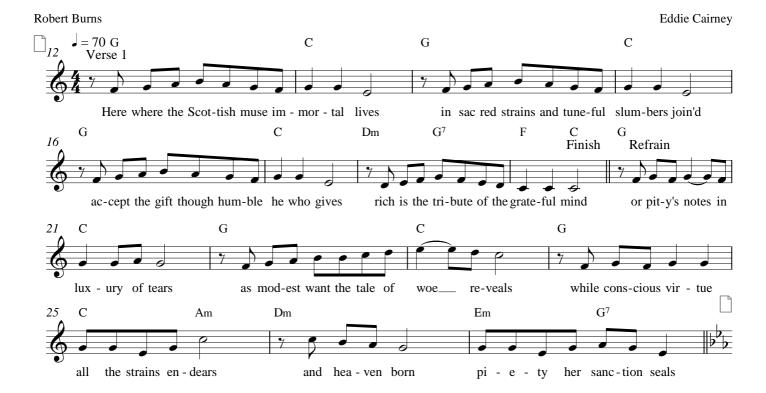
Refrain

Verse 3

Yes pour ye warblers pour the notes of woe And soothe the virtues weeping on this brier The man or worth and has not left his peer Is in his narrow house for ever darkly low

Refrain

Lines written on a copy of Thomson's songs



Verse 2

So may no ruffian feeling in my breast Discordant jar thy bosom chords among But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song

Refrain

Verse 1

Here where the Scottish muse immortal lives In sacred strains and tuneful slumbers join'd Accept the gift though humble he who gives Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind

Logan Braes



Verse 2

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers
The bees hum round the breathing flowers
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye
And evening's tears are tears o' joy
My soul delightless surveys
While Willie's far frae Logan braes

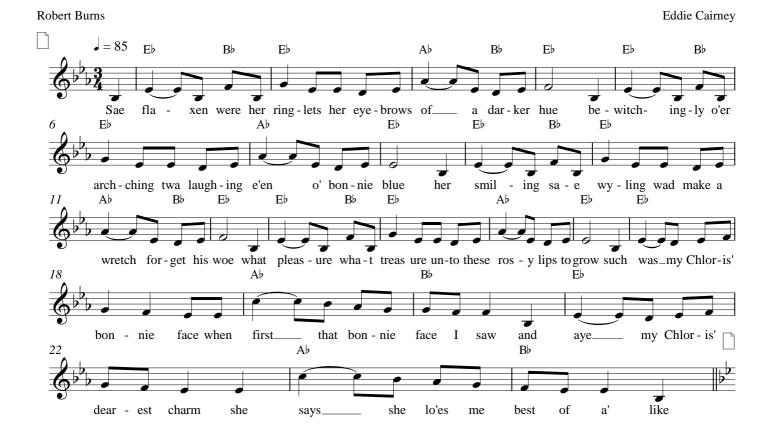
Verse 3

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush Amang her nestlings sits the thrush Her faithfu' mate will share her toil Or wi' his song her cares beguile But I wi' my sweet nurslings here Nae mate to help nae mate to cheer Pass widow'd nights and joyless days While Willie's far frae Logan braes

Verse 4

O wae be to you Men o' State
That brethren rouse to deadly hate
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn
Sae may it on your heads return
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear the orphan's cry
But soon may peace bring happy days
And Willie hame to Logan braes

She says she lo'es me best of a'



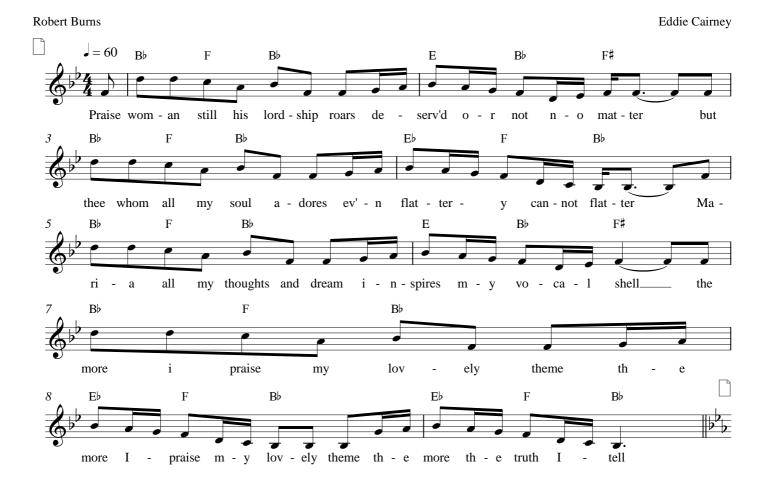
Verse 2

Like harmony her motion
Her pretty ankle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion
Wad make a saint forget the sky
Sae warming sae charming
Her fauteless form and gracefu' air
Ilk feature auld nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair
Hers are the willing chains o' love
By conquering beauty's sovereign law
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm
She says she lo'es me best of a'

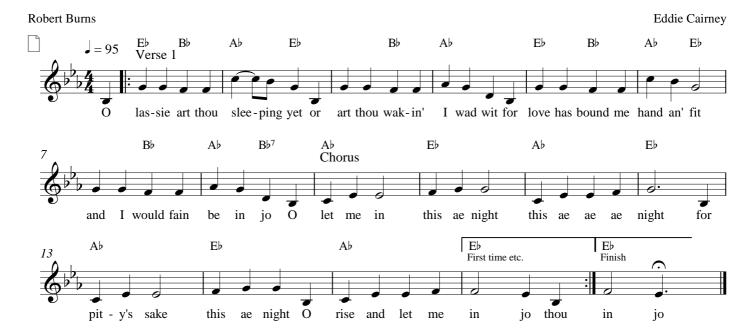
Verse 3

Let others love the city
And gaudy show at sunny noon
Gie me the lonely valley
The dewy eve and rising moon
Fair beaming and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang
While falling recalling
The amorous thrush concludes his sang
There dearest Chloris wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw
And hear my vows o' trush and love
And say thou lo'es me best of a'

Epigram on Maria Riddell



O lassie art thou sleeping yet



Verse 2

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet Tak pity on my weary feet And shield me frae the rain jo

Chorus

Verse 3

The bitter blast that round me blaws Unheeded howls unheeded fa's The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause Of a' my care and pine jo

Chorus

Chorus