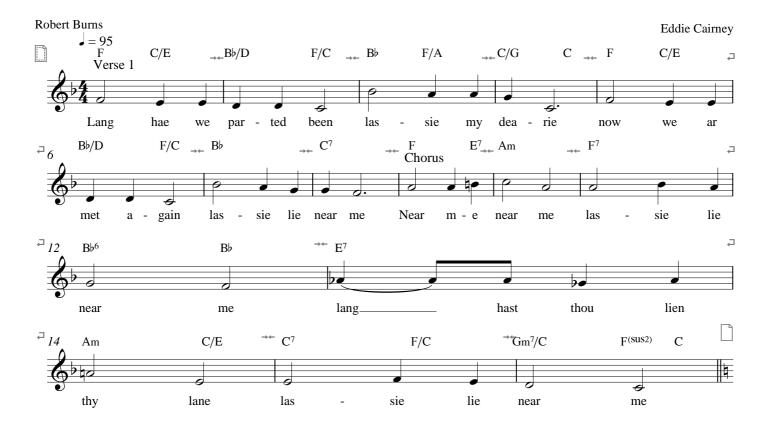
Burns Revisited Volume 30

- 1. Lassie lie near me
- 2. Had I a cave
- 3. The highland widow's lament
- 4. The lover's morning salute to his mistress
- 5. On Andrew Turner
- 6. Scots wha hae
- 7. Phillis the fair
- 8. The highland balou
- 9. On a dog of Lord Eglinton's
- 10. The lass o' Ecclefechan

Lassie lie near me



Verse 2
A' that I hae endur'd
Lassie lie near me
Lang hast thou lien thy lane
Lassie lie near me

Had I a cave



The Highland Widow's Lament



Verse 3

For then I had a score o'kye Ochon Ochon Ochrie Feeding on you hill sae high And giving milk to me

Verse 4

And there I had three score o'yowes Ochon Ochon Ochrie Skipping on yon bonie knowes And casting woo to me

Refrain

Verse 5

I was the happiest of a' the Clan Sair sair may I repine For Donald was the brawest man And Donald he was mine

Verse 6

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last Sae far to set us free My Donald's arm was wanted then For Scotland and for me

Refrain

Verse 7

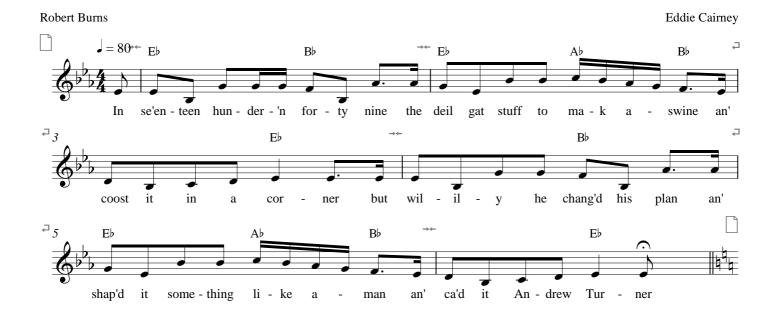
Their waefu' fate what need I tell Right to the wrang did yield My Donald and his Country fell Upon Culloden field

The lover's morning salute to his mistress

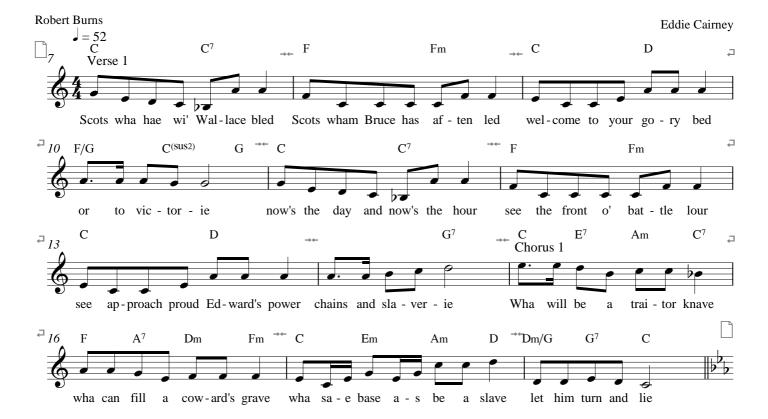


Verse 2

Phoebus gilding the brow of morning
Banishes ilk darksome shade
Nature gladdening and adorning
Such to me my lovely maid
When frae my Chloris parted
Sad cheerless broken-hearted
The night's gloomy shades
Cloudy dark o'ercast my sky
But when she charms my sight
In pride of Beauty's lightWhen thro' my very heart
Her burning glories dart
'Tis then-'tis then I wake to life and joy



Scots Wha Hae



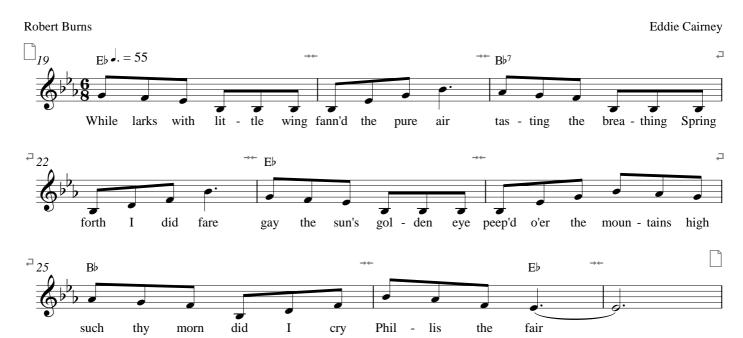
Verse 2

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freeman stand or freeman fa'
Let him follow me
By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free

Chorus 2

Lay the proud usurpers low Tyrants fall in every foe Liberty's in every blow Let us do or die

Phyllis the fair



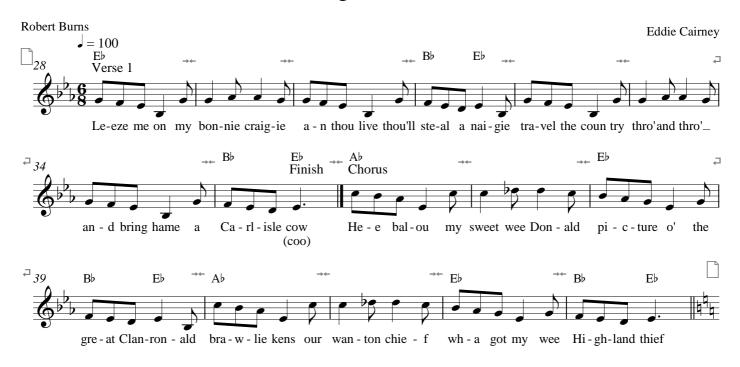
Verse 2

In each bird's careless song glad I did share While you wild flowers among chance led me there Sweet to the opening day Rosebuds bent the dewy spray Such thy bloom did I say Phillis the fair

Verse 3

Down in a shady walk doves cooing were I mark'd the cruel hawk caught in a snare So kind may fortune be Such make his destiny He who would injure thee Phillis the fair

The Highland Balou



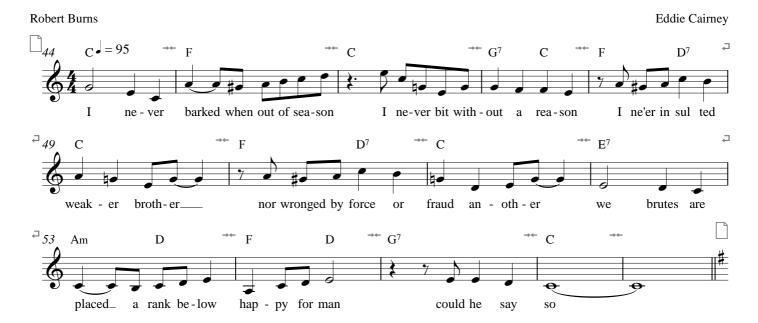
Verse 2

Thro' the Lawlands o'er the border Weel my babie may thou furder Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie Syne to the Higlands hame to me

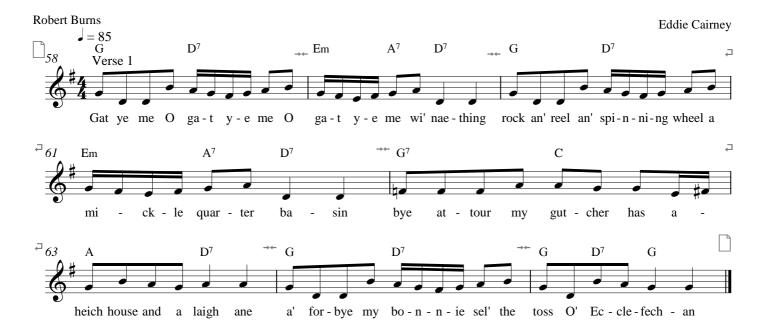
Chorus

Verse 2

On a dog of Lord Eglinton's



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