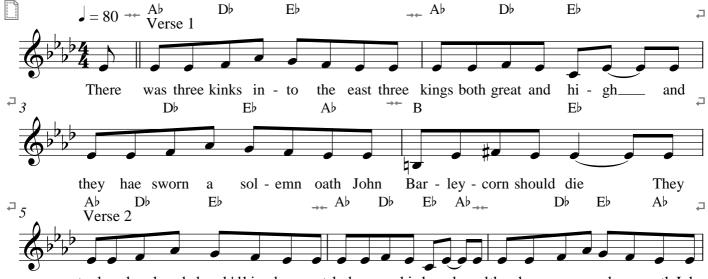
# Burns Revisited Volume 39

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### John Barleycorn

Robert Burns Eddie Cairney



took a plough and plough'dhim down putclods u pon his he ad\_andthey hae sworn a sol emn oath John



Bar-ley-corn was dead\_ But thecheer-ful Spring came kind-ly on and shw'rs be gan to fall\_\_John



### Verse 8

They laid him out upon the floor To work him farther woe And still as signs of life appear'd They toss'd him to and fro

### Verse 9

They wasted o'er a scorching flame The marrow of his bones But a miller us'd him worst of all For he crush'd him between two stones

### Refrain 3

And they hae taen his very heart's blood And drank it round and round And still the more and more they drank Their joy did more abound

### Verse 10

John Barleycorn was a hero bold Of noble enterprise For if you do but taste his blood Twill make your courage rise

### Verse 11

Twill make a man forget his woe Twill heighten all his joy Twill make the widow's heart to sing Tho' the tear were in her eye

### Refrain 4

Then let us toast John Barleycorn Each man a glass in hand And may his great posterity Ne'er fail in old Scotland

### Verse 4

The sultry suns of Summer came And he grew thick and strong His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears That no one should him wrong

### Verse 5

The sober Autumn enter'd mild When he grew wan and pale His bending joints and drooping head Show'd he began to fail

### Refrain 2

His colour sicken'd more and more He faded into age And then his enemies began To show their deadly rage

### Verse 6

They've taen a weapon long and sharp And cut him by the knee Then tied him fast upon a cart Like a rogue for forgerie

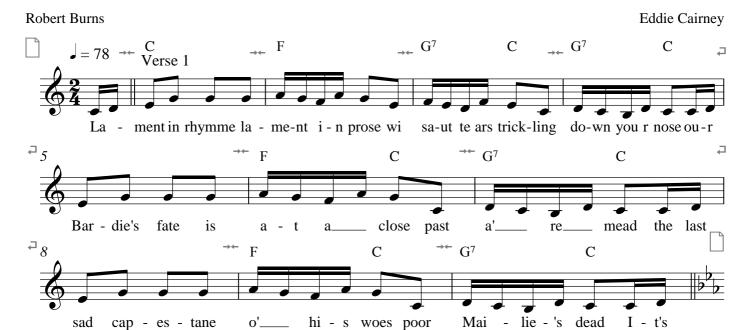
### Verse 7

They laid him down upon his back And cudgell'd him full sore They hung him up before the storm And turned him o'er and o'er

### Refrain 3

They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim They heaved in John Barleycorn There let him sink or swim

## Poor Mailie's Elegy



### Verse 5

Or if he wanders up the howe Her living image in her yowe Comes bleating till him owre the knowe For bits o' bread An' down the briny pearls rowe For Mailie dead

### Verse 6

She was nae get o' moorland tips Wi' tauted ket an' hairy hips For her forbears were brought in ships Frae 'yont the Tweed A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips Than Mailie's dead

### Verse 7

Wae worth the man wha first did shape That vile wanchancie thing a raep It maks guid fellows girn an' gape Wi' chokin dread An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape For Mailie dead

### Verse 2

It's no the loss o' warl's gear
That could sae bitter draw the tear
Or mak our Bardie dowie wear
The mourning weed
He's lost a friend an' neebor dear
In Mailie dead

### Verse 3

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him
A lang half-mile she could descry him
Wi' kindly bleat when she did spy him
She ran wi' speed
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him
Than Mailie dead

### Verse 4

I wat she was a sheep o' sense An' could behave hersel' wi' mense I'll say't she never brak a fence Thro' thievish greed Our bardie lanely keeps the spence Sin' Mailie's dead

### Verse 8

O a' ye bards on bonie Doon An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune Come join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed His heart will never get aboon His Mailie's dead Robert Burns Eddie Cairney



### Verse 2

The sky was blue the wind was still The moon was shining clearly I set her down wi' right good will Amang the rigs o' barley I ken't her heart was a' my ain I lov'd her most sincerely I kiss'd her owre and owre again Amang the rigs o' barley

### Verse 3

I lock'd her in my fond embrace Her heart was beating rarely My blessings on that happy place Amang the rigs o' barley But by the moon and stars so bright That shone that hour so clearly She aye shall bless that happy night Amang the rigs o' barley

### Chorus

### Chorus

### Verse 4

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear
I hae been merry drinking
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear
I hae been happy thinking
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs o' barley

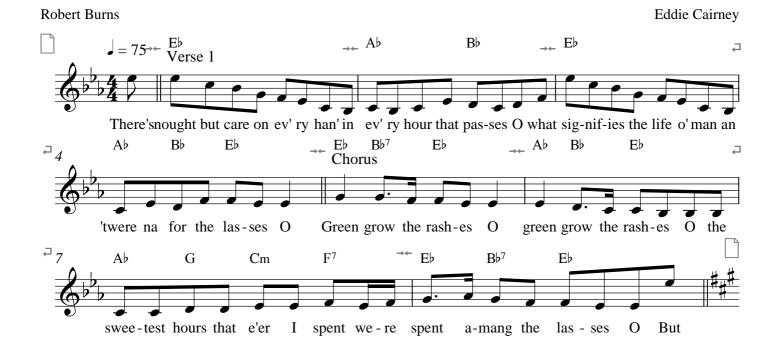
### Note

Use intro as short solo half way through song

### Chorus

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### Green Grow the Rashes



### Verse 2

The war'ly race may riches chase An' riches still may fly them O An' tho' at last they catch them fast Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O

### Chorus

### Verse 3

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en My arms about my dearie O An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men May a' gae tapsalteerie O

### **Chorus**

### Verse 4

For you sae douce ye sneer at this Ye're nought but senseless asses O The wisest man the warl' e'er saw He dearly lov'd the lasses O

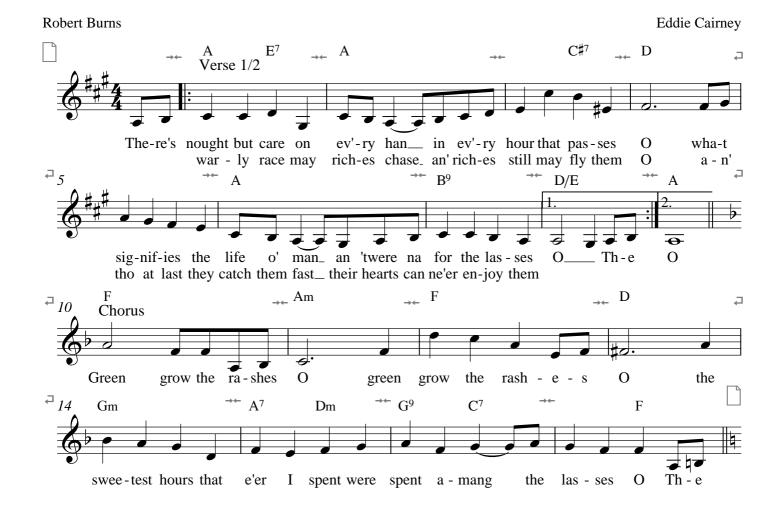
### **Chorus**

### Verse 5

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes O Her prentice han' she try'd on man An' then she made the lasses O

### **Chorus**

### Green Grow the Rashes



### Verse 3

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en My arms about my dearie O An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men May a' gae tapsalteerie O

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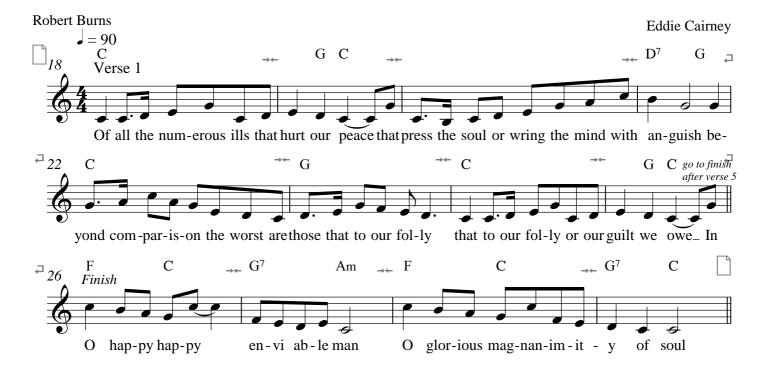
### Chorus

### Verse 5

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes O Her prentice han' she try'd on man An' then she made the lasses O

### Chorus

## Remorse - A Fragment



### Verse 2

In ev'ry other circumstance the mind Has this to say "It was no deed of mine" But when to all the evil of misfortune This sting is added "Blame thy foolish self"

### Verse 3

Or worser far the pangs of keen remorse The torturing gnawing consciousness of guilt Of guilt perhaps when we've involved others The young the innocent who fondly lov'd us

### Verse 4

Nay more that very love their cause of ruin O burning hell in all thy store of torments There's not a keener lash Lives there a man so firm who while his heart

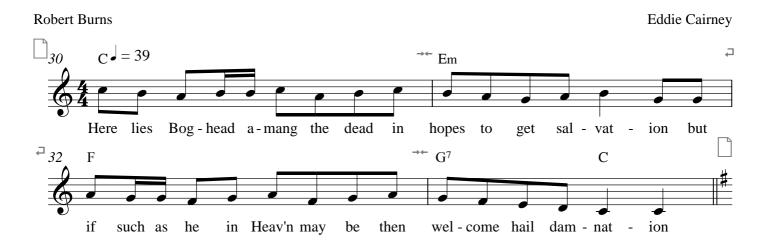
### Verse 5

Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime Can reason down its agonizing throbs And after proper purpose of amendment Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace

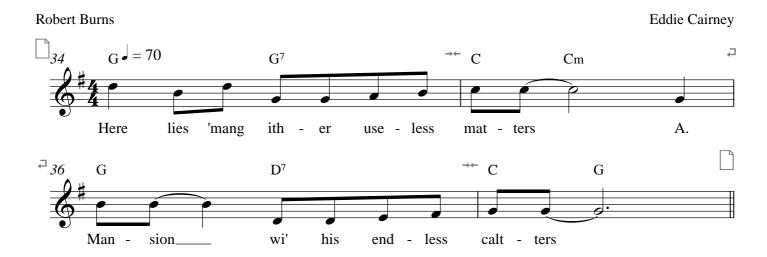
### **Finish**

O happy happy enviable man O glorious magnanimity of soul

# Epitaph on James Grieve



# Epitaph on an innkeeper in Tarbolton



# Epitaph on William Hood Senior, in Tarbolton



## Epitaph on William Muir

