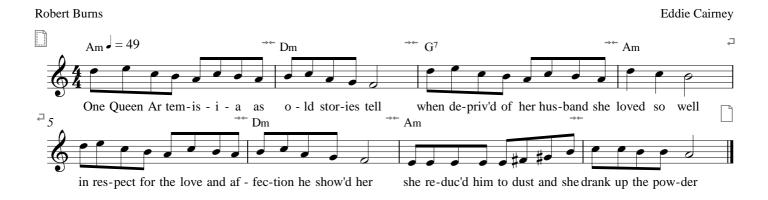
Burns Revisited Volume 41

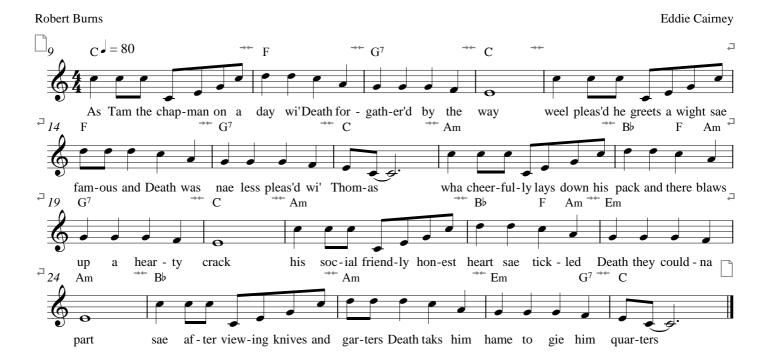
- 1. □ Queen Artemisia
- $2.\Box$ On Tam the Chapman
- 3. □Lines addressed to John Rankine
- 4. □Lines on the author's death
- 5. ☐ Man was made to mourn
- 6. □The twa herds or the holy tulyie
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Queen Artemisia



Verse 2
But Queen Netherplace of a diffrent complexion
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction
Would have eat her dead lord on a slender pretence
Not to show her respect but to save the expense

On Tam the Chapman



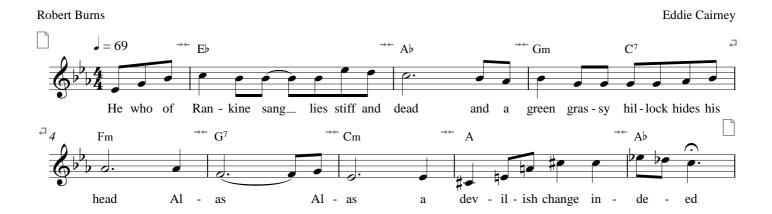
Lines addressed to John Rankine

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney



Three lines to the same



Man was made to mourn



Verse 2

The sun that overhangs yon moors Out-spreading far and wide Where hundreds labour to support A haughty lordling's pride I've seen yon weary winter-sun Twice forty times return And ev'ry time has added proofs That man was made to mourn

Refrain 2

O man while in thy early years How prodigal of time Mis-spending all thy precious hours Thy glorious youthful prime Alternate follies take the sway Licentious passions burn Which tenfold force gives Nature's law That man was made to mourn

Verse 3

Look not alone on youthful prime
Or manhood's active might
Man then is useful to his kind
Supported in his right
But see him on the edge of life
With cares and sorrows worn
Then Age and Want-oh ill-match'd pair
Shew man was made to mourn

Refrain 3

A few seem favourites of fate
In pleasure's lap carest
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest
But oh what crowds in ev'ry land
All wretched and forlorn
Thro' weary life this lesson learn
That man was made to mourn

Verse 4

Many and sharp the num'rous ills Inwoven with our frame More pointed still we make ourselves Regret remorse and shame And man whose heav'n-erected face The smiles of love adorn-Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn

Refrain 4

See yonder poor o'erlabour'd wight So abject mean and vile Who begs a brother of the earth To give him leave to toil And see his lordly fellow-worm The poor petition spurn Unmindful tho' a weeping wife And helpless offspring mourn

Verse 5

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave By Nature's law design'd Why was an independent wish E'er planted in my mind If not why am I subject to His cruelty or scorn Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn

Refrain 5

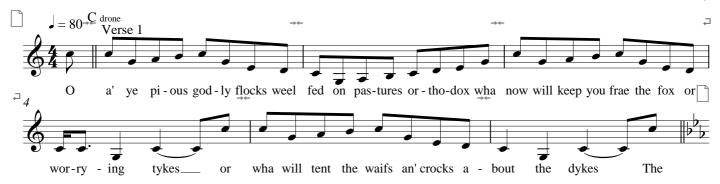
Yet let not this too much my son Disturb thy youthful breast This partial view of human-kind Is surely not the last The poor oppressed honest man Had never sure been born Had there not been some recompense To comfort those that mourn

Verse 6

O Death the poor man's dearest friend The kindest and the best Welcome the hour my aged limbs Are laid with thee at rest The great the wealthy fear thy blow From pomp and pleasure torn But oh a blest relief for those That weary-laden mourn

The twa herds or the Holy Tulyie

Robert Burns Eddie Cairney



Verse 2

The twa best herds in a' the wast The e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast These five an' twenty simmers past Oh dool to tell Hae had a bitter black out-cast

Hae had a bitter black out-cast Atween themsel'

Verse 3

O Moodie man an' wordy Russell How could you raise so vile a bustle Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle An' think it fine

The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle Sin' I hae min'

Verse 4

O sirs whae'er wad hae expeckit Your duty ye wad sae negleckit Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit To wear the plaid But by the brutes themselves eleckit To be their guide

Verse 5

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank Sae hale and hearty every shank Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank He let them taste Frae Calvin's well aye clear drank O sic a feast

Verse 6

The thummart willcat brock an' tod Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood He smell'd their ilka hole an' road Baith out an in An' weel he lik'd to shed their bluid

An' sell their skin

Verse 7
What herd like Russell tell'd his tale
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep ilka tail
Owre a' the height
An' saw gin they were sick or hale

Verse 8

At the first sight

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub Or nobly fling the gospel club And New-Light herds could nicely drub Or pay their skin Could shake them o'er the burning dub Or heave them in

Verse 9

Sic twa O do I live to see't Sic famous twa should disagree't And names like villain hypocrite Ilk ither gi'en While New Light herds wi' laughin spite Say neither's liein

Verse 10

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld There's Duncan deep an' Peebles shaul But chiefly thou apostle Auld We trust in thee That thou wilt work them het an' cauld

Verse 11

Till they agree

Consider sirs how we're beset There's scarce a new herd that we get But comes frae 'mang that cursed set I winna name I hope frae heav'n to see them yet

Verse 12

In fiery flame

Dalrymple has been lang our fae M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae An' that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae And baith the Shaws That aft hae made us black an' blae Wi' vengefu' paws

Verse 13

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief We thought aye death wad bring relief But he has gotten to our grief Ane to succeed him A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef I meikle dread him

Verse 14

And mony a ane that I could tell Wha fain wad openly rebel Forby turn-coats amang oursel' There's Smith for ane I doubt he's but a grey nick quill An' that ye'll fin'

Verse 15

O a' ye flocks o'er a the hills By mosses meadows moors and fells Come join your counsel and your skills To cowe the lairds An' get the brutes the power themsel's To choose their herds

Verse 16

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance An' Learning in a woody dance An' that fell cur ca'd Common Sense That bites sae sair Be banished o'er the sea to France Let him bark there

Verse 17

Then Shaw's an' D'rymple's eloquence M'Gill's close nervous excellence M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense And gude M'Math Wi' Smith wha through the heart can glance May a' pack aff

Epistle to Davie, a brother poet





Verse 2

It's hardly in a body's pow'r To keep at times frae being sour To see how things are shar'd How best o' chiels are whiles in want While coofs on countless thousands rant And ken na how to wair't But Davie lad ne'er fash your head Tho' we hae little gear We're fit to win our daily bread As lang's we're hale and fier Mair spier na nor fear na1 Auld age ne'er mind a feg The last o't the warst o't Is only but to beg

Verse 3

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin Is doubtless great distress Yet then content could make us blest Ev'n then sometimes we'd snatch a taste Of truest happiness The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile However Fortune kick the ba' Has aye some cause to smile An' mind still you'll find still A comfort this nae small Nae mair then we'll care then Nae farther can we fa'

What tho' like commoners of air We wander out we know not where But either house or hal' Yet nature's charms the hills and woods The sweeping vales and foaming floods Are free alike to all In days when daisies deck the ground And blackbirds whistle clear With honest joy our hearts will bound To see the coming year On braes when we please then We'll sit an' sowth a tune Syne rhyme till't we'll time till't An' sing't when we hae done

It's no in titles nor in rank It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank To purchase peace and rest It's no in makin' muckle mair It's no in books it's no in lear To make us truly blest If happiness hae not her seat An' centre in the breast We may be wise or rich or great But never can be blest Nae treasures nor pleasures Could make us happy lang The heart aye's the part aye That makes us right or wrang

Verse 6

Think ye that sic as you and I Wha drudge an' drive thro' wet and dry Wi' never-ceasing toil Think ye are we less blest than they Wha scarcely tent us in their way As hardly worth their while Alas how aft in haughty mood God's creatures they oppress Or else neglecting a' that's guid They riot in excess Baith careless and fearless Of either heaven or hell Esteeming and deeming It's a' an idle tale

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce Nor make our scanty pleasures less By pining at our state And even should misfortunes come I here wha sit hae met wi' some An's thankfu' for them yet They gie the wit of age to youth They let us ken oursel' They make us see the naked truth The real guid and ill Tho' losses an' crosses Be lessons right severe There's wit there ye'll get there Ye'll find nae other where

But tent me Davie ace o' hearts To say aught less wad wrang the cartes And flatt'ry I detest) This life has joys for you and I An' joys that riches ne'er could buy An' joys the very best There's a' the pleasures o' the heart The lover an' the frien' Ye hae your Meg your dearest part And I my darling Jean It warms me it charms me To mention but her name It heats me it beets me An' sets me a' on flame

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above O Thou whose very self art love Thou know'st my words sincere The life-blood streaming thro' my heart Or my more dear immortal part Is not more fondly dear When heart-corroding care and grief Deprive my soul of rest Her dear idea brings relief And solace to my breast Thou Being All-seeing O hear my fervent pray'r Still take her and make her Thy most peculiar care

Verse 10

All hail ye tender feelings dear The smile of love the friendly tear The sympathetic glow Long since this world's thorny ways Had number'd out my weary days Had it not been for you Fate still has blest me with a friend In ev'ry care and ill And oft a more endearing band A tie more tender still It lightens it brightens The tenebrific scene To meet with and greet with My Davie or my Jean

Verse 11

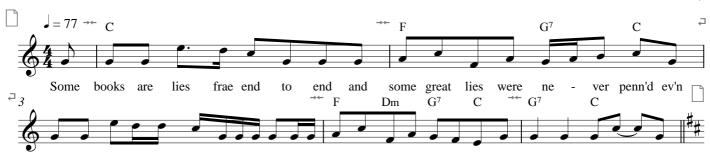
O how that name inspires my style The words come skelpin rank an' file Amaist before I ken The ready measure rins as fine As Phoebus an' the famous Nine Were glowrin owre my pen My spaviet Pegasus will limp Till ance he's fairly het And then he'll hilch and stilt an' jimp And rin an unco fit But least then the beast then Should rue this hasty ride I'll light now and dight now His sweaty wizen'd hide

Epitaph on Holy Willie



Death and Doctor Hornbook

Robert Burns **Eddie Cairney**



min-isters they have been kenn'd in ho-ly rap ture a rou-sing whid at times to vend and nail't wi' Scrip ture_ But

Verse 2

But this that I am gaun to tell Which lately on a night befell Is just as true's the Deil's in hell Or Dublin city That e'er he nearer comes oursel' 'S a muckle pity

The clachan yill had made me canty I was na fou but just had plenty I stacher'd whiles but yet too tent aye To free the ditches An' hillocks stanes an' bushes kenn'd eye Frae ghaists an' witches

The rising moon began to glowre The distant Cumnock hills out-owre To count her horns wi' a my pow'r But whether she had three or four

I cou'd na tell

Verse 5

I was come round about the hill An' todlin down on Willie's mill Setting my staff wi' a' my skill To keep me sicker Tho' leeward whyles against my will I took a bicker

Verse 6

I there wi' Something did forgather That pat me in an eerie swither An' awfu' scythe out-owre ae shouther Clear-dangling hang A three-tae'd leister on the ither Lay large an' lang

Verse 7

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa The queerest shape that e'er I saw For fient a wame it had ava And then its shanks They were as thin as sharp an' sma' As cheeks o' branks

Guid-een quo' I Friend hae ye been mawin When ither folk are busy sawin I seem'd to make a kind o' stan' But naething spak At length says I Friend whare ye gaun Will ye go back

Verse 9

It spak right howe my name is Death But be na fley'd quoth I Guid faith Ye're maybe come to stap my breath But tent me billie I red ye weel tak care o' skaith See there's a gully

Gudeman quo' he put up your whittle I'm no designed to try its mettle But if I did I wad be kittle To be mislear'd I wad na mind it no that spittle Out-owre my beard

Verse 11

Weel weel says I a bargain be't Come gie's your hand an' sae we're gree't We'll ease our shanks an tak a seat Come gie's your news This while ye hae been monie a gate

Verse 12

At monie a house

Ay ay quo' he an' shook his head It's e'en a lang lang time indeed Sin' I began to nick the thread An' choke the breath Folk maun do something for their bread An' sae maun Death

Sax thousand years are near-hand fled Sin' I was to the butching bred An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid To stap or scar me Till ane Hornbook's3 ta'en up the trade And faith he'll waur me

Verse 14

Ye ken Hornbook i' the clachan Deil mak his king's-hood in spleuchan He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan And ither chaps

The weans haud out their fingers laughin An' pouk my hips

See here's a scythe an' there's dart They hae pierc'd monie a gallant heart But Doctor Hornbook wi' his art An' cursed skill Has made them baith no worth a fart Damn'd haet they'll kill

Verse 16

'Twas but yestreen nae farther gane I threw a noble throw at ane Wi' less I'm sure I've hundreds slain But deil-ma-care It just play'd dirl on the bane But did nae mair

Verse 17

Hornbook was by wi' ready art An' had sae fortify'd the part That when I looked to my dart It was sae blunt Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart Of a kail-runt

Verse 18

I drew my scythe in sic a fury I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry But yet the bauld Apothecary Withstood the shock I might as weel hae tried a quarry O'hard whin rock

Verse 19

Ev'n them he canna get attended Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it Just shite in a kail blade an' sent it As soon's he smells't Baith their disease and what will mend it At once he tells't

And then a' doctor's saws an' whittles Of a' dimensions shapes an' mettles A' kind o' boxes mugs an' bottles He's sure to hae Their Latin names as fast he rattles

As A B C

Calces o' fossils earths and trees True sal-marinum o' the seas The farina of beans an' pease He has't in plenty Aqua-fontis what you please He can content ye

Verse 22

Forbye some new uncommon weapons Urinus spiritus of capons Or mite-horn shavings filings scrapings Distill'd per se Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings And monie mae

Waes me for Johnie Ged's Hole now Quoth I if that thae news be true His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew Sae white and bonie Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew They'll ruin Johnie

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh And says Ye needna yoke the pleugh Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh Tak ve nae fear They'll be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh In twa-three year

Verse 25

Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae-death By loss o' blood or want of breath This night I'm free to tak my aith That Hornbook's skill Has clad a score i' their last claith By drap an' pill

Verse 26

An honest wabster to his trade Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred Gat tippence-worth to mend her head When it was sair The wife slade cannie to her bed But ne'er spak mair

Verse 27

A country laird had ta'en the batts Or some curmurring in his guts His only son for Hornbook sets An' pays him well The lad for twa guid gimmer-pets Was laird himsel'

A bonie lass-ye kend her name Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame She trusts hersel' to hide the shame In Hornbook's care Horn sent her aff to her lang hame To hide it there

Verse 29

That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way Thus goes he on from day to day Thus does he poison kill an' slay An's weel paid for't Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey Wi' his damn'd dirt

Verse 30

But hark I'll tell you of a plot Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't I'll nail the self-conceited sot As dead's a herrin Neist time we meet I'll wad a groat He gets his fairin

But just as he began to tell The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell Some wee short hour ayont the twal' Which rais'd us baith I took the way that pleas'd mysel' And sae did Death

Epistle to John Larpaik

Robert Burns Eddie Cairney



mor-ning poo-ssie whid-dan seen in-spire my Muse this free-dom in an un-know-n frein'I pray ex- cuse_ On

Verse 2

On Fasten e'en we had a rockin To ca' the crack and weave our stockin And there was muckle fun and jokin Ye need na doubt At length we had a hearty yokin At sang about

Verse 3

There was ae sang amang the rest Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best That some kind husband had addrest To some sweet wife It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast A' to the life

Verse 4

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel What gen'rous manly bosoms feel Thought I Can this be Pope or Steele Or Beattie's wark They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel About Muirkirk

Verse 5

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't An' sae about him there I speir't Then a' that kent him round declar'd He had ingine That nane excell'd it few cam near't It was sae fine

Verse 6

That set him to a pint of ale
An' either douce or merry tale
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel
Or witty catches
'Tween Inverness an' Teviotdale
He had few matches

Verse 7

Then up I gat an' swoor an aith Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith Or die a cadger pownie's death At some dyke-back A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith To hear your crack

Verse8

But first an' foremost I should tell Amaist as soon as I could spell I to the crambo-jingle fell Tho' rude an' rough Yet crooning to a body's sel' Does weel eneugh

Verse 9

I am nae poet in a sense But just a rhymer like by chance An' hae to learning nae pretence Yet what the matter Whene'er my muse does on me glance I jingle at her

Verse 10

Your critic-folk may cock their nose And say How can you e'er propose You wha ken hardly verse frae prose To mak a sang But by your leaves my learned foes Ye're maybe wrang

Verse 11

What's a' your jargon o' your schools Your Latin names for horns an' stools If honest Nature made you fools What sairs your grammars Ye'd better taen up spades and shools Or knappin-hammers

Verse 12

A set o' dull conceited hashes Confuse their brains in college classes They gang in stirks and come out asses Plain truth to speak An' syne they think to climb Parnassus By dint o' Greek

Verse 13

Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire That's a' the learning I desire Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire At pleugh or cart My muse tho' hamely in attire May touch the heart

Verse 14

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee Or Fergusson's the bauld an' slee Or bright Lapraik's my friend to be If I can hit it That would be lear eneugh for me If I could get it

Verse 15

Now sir if ye hae friends enow Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few Yet if your catalogue be fu' I'se no insist But gif ye want ae friend that's true I'm on your list

Verse 16

I winna blaw about mysel As ill I like my fauts to tell But friends an' folk that wish me well They sometimes roose me Tho' I maun own as mony still As far abuse me

Verse 17

There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me I like the lasses-Gude forgie me For mony a plack they wheedle frae me At dance or fair Maybe some ither thing they gie me They weel can spare

Verse 18

But Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair I should be proud to meet you there We'se gie ae night's discharge to care If we forgather An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware Wi' ane anither

Verse 19

The four-gill chap we'se gar him clatter An' kirsen him wi' reekin water Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter To cheer our heart An' faith we'se be acquainted better Before we part

Verse 20

Awa ye selfish war'ly race Wha think that havins sense an' grace Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch the plack I dinna like to see your face Nor hear your crack

Verse 21

But ye whom social pleasure charms Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms Who hold your being on the terms Each aid the others Come to my bowl come to my arms My friends my brothers

Verse 22

But to conclude my lang epistle As my auld pen's worn to the gristle Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle Who am most fervent While I can either sing or whistle Your friend and servant