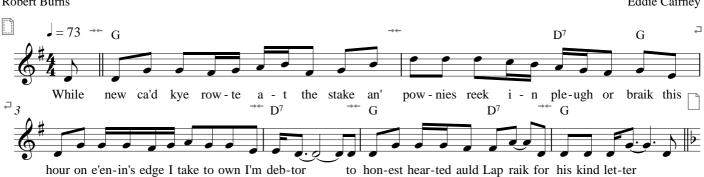
Burns Revisited Volume 42

- 1. Second Epistle to John Larpaik
- 2. Postcript
- 3. One night as I did wander
- 4. Tho' cruel fate should bid us part
- 5. Rantin' rovin' Robin
- 6. Rantin' rovin' Robin
- 7. Elegy on the death of Robert Ruisseaux
- 8. Epistle to John Goldie Kilmarnock
- 9. Third Epistle to John Larpaik
- 10. To the Rev John McMath
- 11. Second Epistle to Davie

Second Epistle to John Larpaik

Robert Burns



Verse 2

Forjesket sair with weary legs Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs Or dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours' bite My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs I would na write

Verse 3

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie She's saft at best an' something lazy Quo' she Ye ken we've been sae busy This month an' mair That trowth my head is grown right dizzie An' something sair

Verse 4

Her dowff excuses pat me mad Conscience says I ye thowless jade I'll write an' that a hearty blaud This vera night So dinna ye affront your trade But rhyme it right

Verse 5

Shall bauld Lapraik the king o' hearts Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes Roose you sae weel for your deserts In terms sae friendly Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts An' thank him kindly

Verse 6

Sae I gat paper in a blink An' down gaed stumpie in the ink Quoth I Before I sleep a wink I vow I'll close it An' if ye winna mak it clink By Jove I'll prose it

Verse 7

Sae I've begun to scrawl but whether In rhyme or prose or baith thegither Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither Let time mak proof But I shall scribble down some blether Just clean aff-loof

Verse 8

My worthy friend ne'er grudge an' carp Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp Come kittle up your moorland harp Wi' gleesome touch Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp She's but a bitch

Verse 9

She 's gien me moniea jirt an' fleg Sin' I could striddle owre a rig But by the Lord tho' I should beg Wi' lyart pow I'll laugh an' sing an' shake my leg As lang's I dow

Verse 10

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer For thus the royal mandate ran I've seen the bud upon the timmer Still persecuted by the limmer Frae year to year But yet despite the kittle kimmer I Rob am here

Verse 11

Do ye envy the city gent Behint a kist to lie an' sklent Or pursue-proud big wi' cent per cent An' muckle wame In some bit brugh to represent A bailie's name

Verse 12

Or is't the paughty feudal thane Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane May in some future carcase howl But lordly stalks While caps and bonnets aff are taen As by he walks

Verse 13

O Thou wha gies us each guid gift Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift Then turn me if thou please adrift Thro' Scotland wide Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift In a' their pride

Verse 14

Were this the charter of our state On pain o' hell be rich an' great Damnation then would be our fate Bevond remead But thanks to heaven that's no the gate We learn our creed

Verse 15

When first the human race began The social friendly honest man Whate'er he be-'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan And none but he

Verse 16

O mandate glorious and divine The ragged followers o' the Nine Poor thoughtless devils yet may shine In glorious light While sordid sons o' Mammon's line Are dark as night

Verse 17

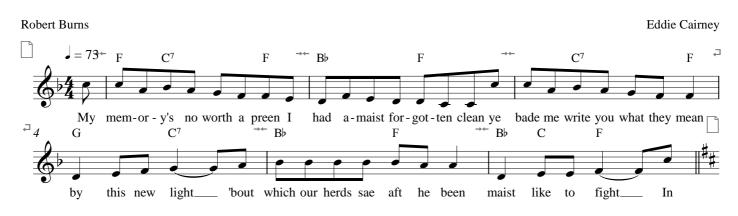
Tho' here they scrape an' squeeze an' growl Their worthless nievefu' of a soul The forest's fright Or in some day-detesting owl May shun the light

Verse 18

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise To reach their native kindred skies And sing their pleasures hopes an' joys In some mild sphere Still closer knit in friendship's ties Each passing year

Eddie Cairney

Postcript



Verse 2

In days when mankind were but callans At grammar logic an' sic talents They took nae pains their speech to balance Or rules to gie But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans Like you or me

Verse 3

In thae auld times they thought the moon Just like a sark or pair o' shoon Wore by degrees till her last roon Gaed past their viewin An' shortly after she was done They gat a new ane

Verse 4

This passed for certain undisputed It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it An' ca'd it wrang An' muckle din there was about it Baith loud an' lang

Verse 5

Some herds weel learn'd upo' the beuk Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk An' out of' sight An' backlins-comin to the leuk She grew mair bright

Verse 6

This was deny'd it was affirm'd The herds and hissels were alarm'd The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd That beardless laddies Should think they better wer inform'd Than their auld daddies

Verse 7

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks An a fallow gat his licks Wi' hearty crunt An' some to learn them for their tricks Were hang'd an' brunt

Verse 8

This game was play'd in monie lands An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands That faith the youngsters took the sands Wi' nimble shanks Till lairds forbad by strict commands Sic bluidy pranks

Verse 9

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd An' some their new-light fair avow Just quite barefac'd

Verse 10

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin Mysel' I've even seen them greetin Wi' girnin spite To hear the moon sae sadly lied on By word an' write

Verse 11

But shortly they will cowe the louns Some auld-light herds in neebor touns Are mind't in things they ca' balloons To tak a flight An' stay ae month amang the moons An' see them right

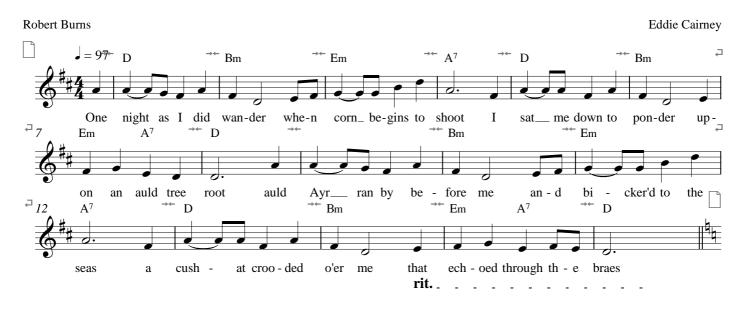
Verse 12

Guid observation they will gie them An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them The hindmaist shaird they'll fetch it wi' them Just i' their pouch An' when the new-light billies see them I think they'll crouch

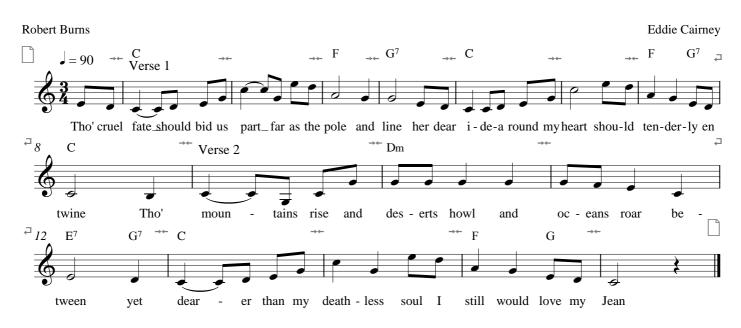
Verse 13

Sae ye observe that a' this clatter Is naething but a moonshine matter But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter In logic tulyie I hope we bardies ken some better Than mind sic brulyie

One night as I did wander

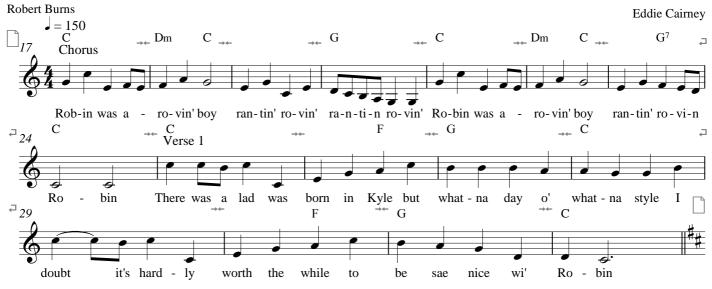


Tho' cruel fate should bid us part



Rantin' Rovin' Robin

Version 1



Chorus

Verse 2

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win' Blew hansel in on Robin

Chorus

Verse 3

The gossip keekit in his loof Quo' scho 'wha lives will see the proof This waly boy will be nae coof I think we'll ca' him Robin

Chorus

Verse 4

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma' But aye a heart aboon them a' He'll be a credit till us a' We'll a' be proud o' Robin

Chorus

Verse 5

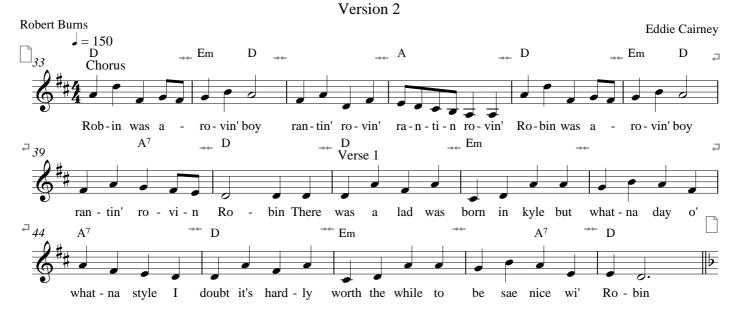
But sure as three times three mak nine I see by ilka score and line This chap will dearly like our kin' So leeze me on thee Robin

Chorus

Verse 6

Guid faith quo' scho I doubt you sir Ye gar the bonie lasses lie aspar But twenty fauts ye may hae waur So blessins on thee Robin

Rantin' Rovin' Robin



Chorus

Verse 2

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win' Blew hansel in on Robin

Chorus

Verse 3

The gossip keekit in his loof Quo' scho 'wha lives will see the proof This waly boy will be nae coof I think we'll ca' him Robin

Chorus

Verse 4

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma' But aye a heart aboon them a' He'll be a credit till us a' We'll a' be proud o' Robin

Chorus

Verse 5

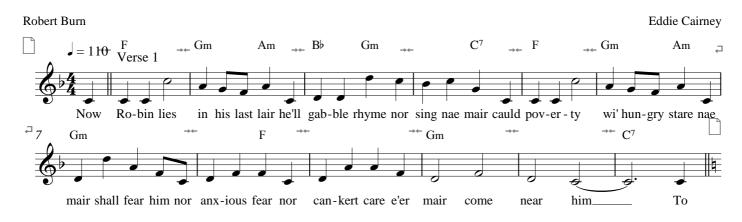
But sure as three times three mak nine I see by ilka score and line This chap will dearly like our kin' So leeze me on thee Robin

Chorus

Verse 6

Guid faith quo' scho I doubt you sir Ye gar the bonie lasses lie aspar But twenty fauts ye may hae waur So blessins on thee Robin

Elegy on the death of Robert Ruisseaux



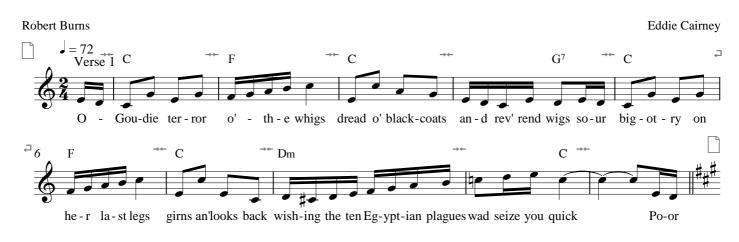
Verse 2

To tell the truth they seldom fash'd him Except the moment that they crush'd him For sune as chance or fate had hush'd 'em Tho' e'er sae short Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em And thought it sport

Verse 3

Tho'he was bred to kintra-wark And counted was baith wight and stark Yet that was never Robin's mark To mak a man But tell him he was learn'd and clark Ye roos'd him then

Epistle to John Goldie, Kilmarnock



Verse 2

Poor gapin' glowrin' Superstition Wae's me she's in a sad condition Fye bring Black Jock her state physician To see her water Alas there's ground for great suspicion She'll ne'er get better

Verse 3

Enthusiasm's past redemption Gane in a gallopin' consumption Not a' her quacks wi' a' their gumption Can ever mend her Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption She'll soon surrender

Verse 4

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple For every hole to get a stapple But now she fetches at the thrapple An' fights for breath Haste gie her name up in the chape Near unto death

Verse 5

It's you an' Taylor are the chief To blame for a' this black mischief But could the Lord's ain folk get leave A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats wad bring relief And end the quarrel

Verse 6

For me my skill's but very sma' An' skill in prose I've nane ava' But quietlins-wise between us twa Weel may you speed And tho' they sud your sair misca' Ne'er fash your head

Verse 7

E'en swinge the dogs and thresh them sicker The mair they squeel aye chap the thicker And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker O' something stout It gars an owthor's pulse beat quicker And helps his wit

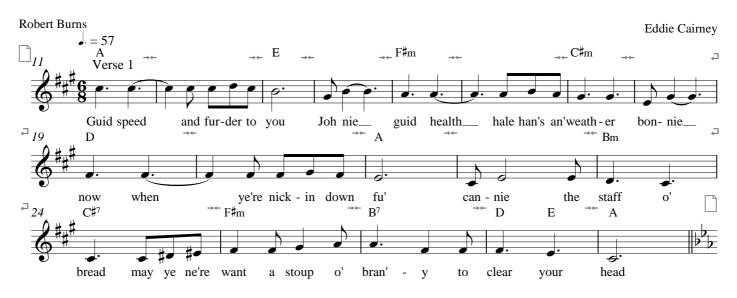
Verse 8

There's naething like the honest nappy Whare'll ye e'er see men sae happy Or women sonsie saft an' sappy 'Tween morn and morn As them wha like to taste the drappie In glass or horn

Verse 9

I've seen me dazed upon a time I scarce could wink or see a styme Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime Ought less is little Then back I rattle on the rhyme As gleg's a whittle

Third epistle to John Larpaik



Verse 2

May Boreas never thresh your rigs Nor kick your rickles aff their legs Sendin the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs Like drivin wrack

But may the tapmost grain that wags Come to the sack

Verse 3

I'm bizzie too an' skelpin at it But bitter daudin showers hae wat it Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark An' took my jocteleg an whatt it Like ony clark

Verse 4

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor For your braw nameless dateless letter Abusin me for harsh ill-nature On holy men While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better But mair profane

Verse 5

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells Let's sing about our noble sel's We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills To help or roose us But browster wives an' whisky stills They are the muses

Verse 6

Your friendship Sir I winna quat it An' if ye mak' objections at it Then hand in neive some day we'll knot it An' witness take An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it It winna break

Verse 7

But if the beast an' branks be spar'd Till kye be gaun without the herd And a' the vittel in the yard An' theekit right I mean your ingle-side to guard Ae winter night

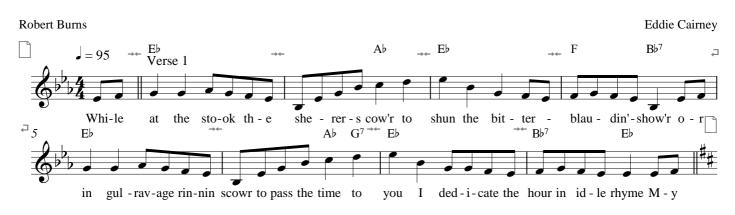
Verse 8

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitae Shall make us baith sae blythe and witty Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty An' be as canty As ye were nine years less than thretty Sweet ane an' twenty

Verse 9

But stooks are cowpit wi' the blast And now the sinn keeks in the west Then I maun rin amang the rest An' quat my chanter Sae I subscribe myself' in haste Yours Rab the Ranter

To the Rev. John McMath



Verse 2

My musie tir'd wi' mony a sonnet On gown an' ban' an' douse black bonnet Is grown right eerie now she's done it Lest they should blame her An' rouse their holy thunder on it An anathem her

Verse 3

I own 'twas rash an' rather hardy That I a simple country bardie Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy Wha if they ken me Can easy wi' a single wordie Lowse hell upon me

Verse 4

But I gae mad at their grimaces Their sighin cantin grace-proud faces Their three-mile prayers an' half-mile graces But mean revenge an' malice fause Their raxin conscience Whase greed revenge an' pride disgraces Waur nor their nonsense

Verse 5

There's Gaw'n misca'd waur than a beast Wha has mair honour in his breast Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus'd him And may a bard no crack his jest What way they've us'd him

Verse 6

See him the poor man's friend in need The gentleman in word an' deed An' shall his fame an' honour bleed By worthless skellums An' not a muse erect her head To cowe the blellums

Verse 7

O Pope had I thy satire's darts To gie the rascals their deserts I'd rip their rotten hollow hearts An' tell aloud Their jugglin hocus-pocus arts To cheat the crowd

Verse 8

Nor am I even the thing I could be But twenty times I rather would be An atheist clean Than under gospel colours hid be Just for a screen

Verse 9

An honest man may like a glass An honest man may like a lass He'll still disdain An' then cry zeal for gospel laws Like some we ken

Verse 10

They take religion in their mouth They talk o' mercy grace an' truth For what o gie their malice skouth On some puir wight To ruin straight

Verse 11

All hail Religion maid divine Pardon a muse sae mean as mine Who in her rough imperfect line Thus daurs to name thee To stigmatise false friends of thine Can ne'er defame thee

Verse 12

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain An' far unworthy of thy train With trembling voice I tune my strain To join with those Who boldly dare thy cause maintain In spite of foes

Verse 13

God knows I'm no the thing I should be In spite o' crowds in spite o' mobs In spite o' undermining jobs In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit By scoundrels even wi' holy robes But hellish spirit

Verse 14

O Ayr my dear my native ground Within thy presbyterial bound A candid liberal band is found Of public teachers As men as Christians too renown'd An' manly preachers

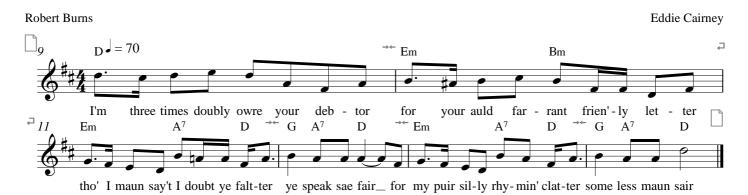
Verse 15

Sir in that circle you are nam'd Sir in that circle you are fam'd An' some by whom your doctrine's blam'd Which gies you honour An' hunt him down owre right and ruth Even sir by them your heart's esteem'd An' winning manner

Verse 16

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en An' if impertinent I've been Impute it not good Sir in ane Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye But to his utmost would befriend Ought that belang'd ye

Second Epistle to Davie



Verse 2

Hale be your heart hale be your fiddle Lang may your elbuck jink diddle To cheer you thro' the weary widdle O' war'ly cares Till barins' barins kindly cuddle Your auld grey hairs

Verse 3

But Davie lad I'm red ye're glaikit I'm tauld the muse ye hae negleckit An gif it's sae ye sud by lickit Until ye fyke Sic haun's as you sud ne'er be faikit Be hain't wha like

Verse 4

For me I'm on Parnassus' brink Rivin the words to gar them clink Whiles dazed wi' love whiles dazed wi' drink Wi' jads or masons An' whiles but aye owre late I think Braw sober lessons

Verse 5

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man Commen' to me the bardie clan Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink The devil haet hat I sud ban They ever think

Verse 6

Nae thought nae view nae scheme o' livin Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin But just the pouchie put the neive in An' while ought's there Then hiltie skiltie we gae scrievin' An' fash nae mair

Verse 7

Leeze me on rhyme it's aye a treasure My chief amaist my only pleasure At hame a-fiel' at wark or leisure The Muse poor hizzie Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure She's seldom lazy

Verse 8

Haud to the Muse my daintie Davie The warl' may play you mony a shavie But for the Muse she'll never leave ye Tho' e'er sae puir Na even tho' limpin wi' the spavie Frae door tae door