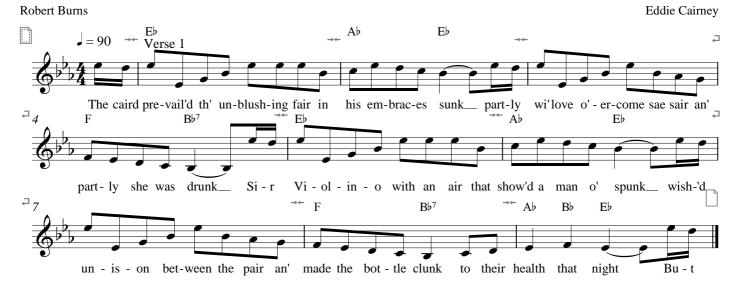
Burns Revisited Volume 45

- 1. (Recitativo) The caird prevail'd
- 2. (Air) I am a bard of no regard
- 3. (Recitativo) So sang the bard
- 4. (Air) See the smoking bowl
- 5. For a' that
- 6. Merry hae I been teethin' a heckle
- 7. The Cotter's Saturday night
- 8. Address to the Deil
- 9. Scotch drink
- 10. The auld farmer's New Year morning salutation to his auld mare Maggie

Recitativo

The caird prevail'd



Verse 2

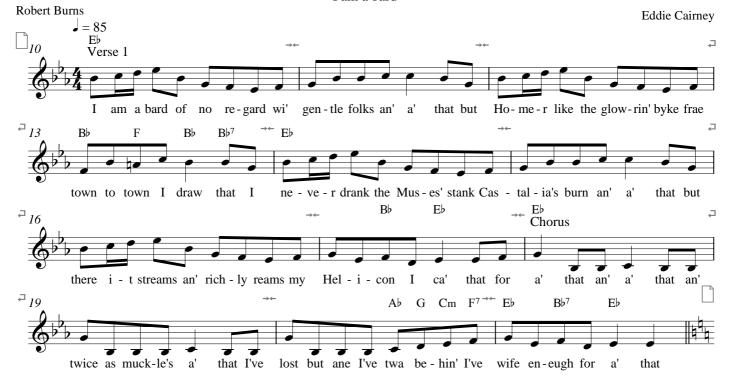
But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft That play'd a dame a shavie The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft Behint the chicken cavie Her lord a wight of Homer's craft Tho' limpin wi' the spavie He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft An' shor'd them Dainty Davie O' boot that night

Verse 3

He was a care defying blade As ever Bacchus listed Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid His heart she ever miss'd it He had no wish but to be glad Nor want but when he thirsted He hated nought but to be sad An' thus the muse suggested His sang that night

Air

I am a bard



Verse 2

Great love I bear to a' the fair Their humble slave an' a' that But lordly will I hold it still A mortal sin to thraw that In raptures sweet this hour we meet Wi' mutual love an' a' that But for how lang the flie may stang Let inclination law that

Verse 3

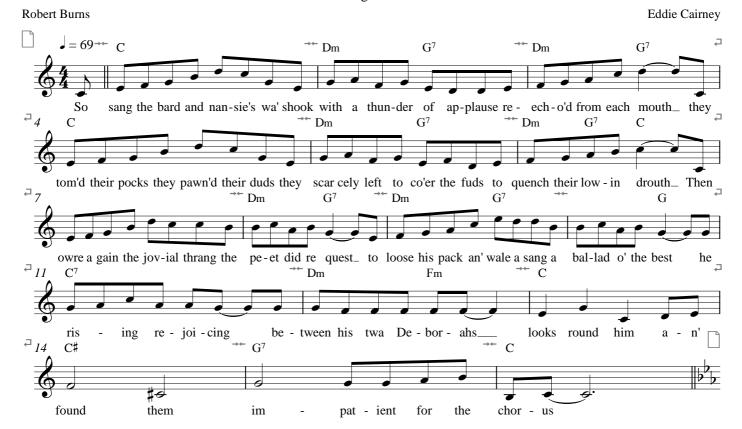
I am a Bard of no regard Wi' gentle folks an' a' that But Homer-like the glowrin byke Frae town to town I draw that Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft They've taen me in an' a' that But clear your decks and here's The Sex I like the jads for a' that

Chorus

For a' that an' a' that An' twice as muckle's a' that My dearest bluid to do them guid They're welcome till't for a' that

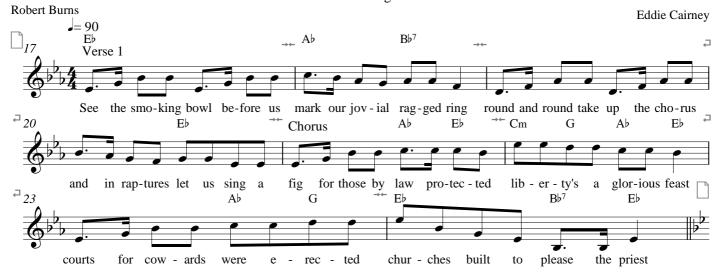
Recitativo

So sang the bard



Air

See the smoking bowl



Verse 2

Great love I bear to a' the fair Their humble slave an' a' that But lordly will I hold it still A mortal sin to thraw that

Chorus

Verse 3

But there is ane aboon the lave Has wit and sense an' a' that A bonie lass I like her best And wha a crime dare ca' that

Chorus

Verse 4

In rapture sweet this hour we meet Wi' mutual love an' a' that But for how lang the flie may stang Let inclination law that

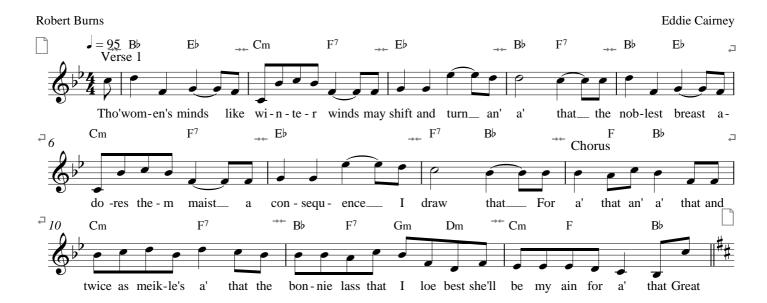
Chorus

Verse 5

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft They've taen me in an' a' that But clear your decks and here's The Sex I like the jads for a' that

Chorus

For a' that



Verse 2

Great love I bear to a' the fair Their humble slave an' a' that But lordly will I hold it still A mortal sin to thraw that

Chorus

Verse 3

But there is ane aboon the lave Has wit and sense an' a' that A bonie lass I like her best And wha a crime dare ca' that

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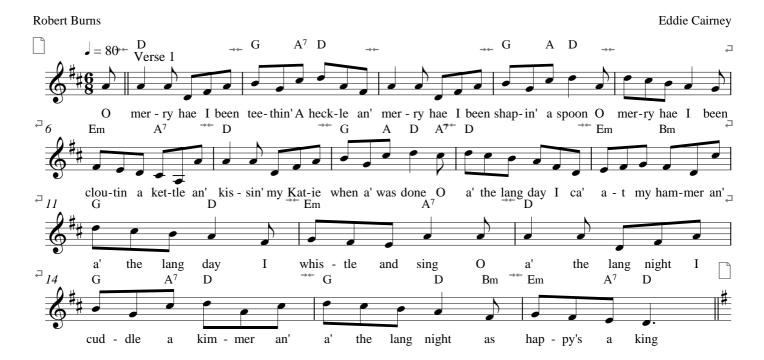
Chorus

Verse 5

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft They've taen me in an' a' that But clear your decks and here's The Sex I like the jads for a' that

Chorus

Merry hae I been teethin' a heckle



Verse 2 Bitter in idol I lickit my winnins O' marrying Bess to gie her a slave Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave Come to my arms my Katie my Katie O come to my arms and kiss me again Drucken or sober here's to thee Katie

An' blest be the day I did it again

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Verse 2a

At length his lonely cot appears in view
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree
Th' expectant weethings toddlin stacher through
To meet their dead wi' flichterin noise and glee
His wee bit ingle blinkin bonilie
His clean hearthstane his thrifty wifie's smile
The lisping infant prattling on his knee
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil

morn in ease and rest to spend and we - ry

Verse 2b

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in At service out amang the farmers roun' Some ca' the pleugh some herd some tentie rin A cannie errand to a neibor town Their eldest hope their Jenny womangrown In youthfu' bloomlove sparkling in her e'e Comes hame perhaps to shew a braw new gown Or deposite her sairwon penny fee To help her parents dear if they in hardship be

Verse 3a

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet And each for other's weelfare kindly speirs The social hours swift wing'd unnotic'd fleet Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears The parents partial eye their hopeful years Anticipation forward points the view The mother wi' her needle and her shears Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new The father mixes a' wi' admonition due

Verse 3h

Their master's and their mistress' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand
And ne'er tho' out o' sight to jauk or play
And O be sure to fear the Lord alway
And mind your duty duly morn and night
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray
Implore His counsel and assisting might
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright

Verse 4a

But hark a rap comes gently to the door Jenny wha kens the meaning o' the same Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor To do some errands and convoy her hame The wily mother sees the conscious flame Sparkle in Jenny's e'e and flush her cheek With heart struck anxious care enquires his name While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake

Verse 41

Wi kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben
A strappin youth he takes the mother's eye
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en
The father cracks of horses pleughs and kye
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy
But blate an' laithfu' scarce can weel behave
The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave

Verse 5a

o'er

O happy love where love like this is found
O heartfelt raptures bliss beyond compare
I've paced much this weary mortal round
And sage experience bids me this declare
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare
One cordial in this melancholy vale
Tis when a youthful loving modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk white thorn that scents the evening gale

the

moor

his

course

Verse 5b

Is there in human form that bears a heart
A wretch a villain lost to love and truth
That can with studied sly ensnaring art
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth
Curse on his perjur'd arts dissembling smooth
Are honour virtue conscience all exil'd
Is there no pity no relenting ruth
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child
Then paints the ruin'd maid and their distraction wild

Verse 6a

But now the supper crowns their simple board The halesome parritch chief of Scotia's food The sowp their only hawkie does afford That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood The dame brings forth in complimental mood To grace the lad her weelhain'd kebbuck fell And aft he's prest and aft he ca's it guid The frugal wifie garrulous will tell How t'was a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell

Verse 6b

The cheerfu' supper done wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big ha'bible ance his father's pride
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales a portion with judicious care
And Let us worship God he says with solemn air

Verse 7a

They chant their artless notes in simple guise They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise Or plaintive Martyrs worthy of the name Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays Compar'd with these Italian trills are tame The tick'ld ears no heartfelt raptures raise Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise

Verse 7b

The priestlike father reads the sacred page How Abram was the friend of God on high Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny Or how the royal bard did groaning lie Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre

Verse 8a

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed
How He who bore in Heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head
How His first followers and servants sped
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land
How he who lone in Patmos banished
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand
And heard great Bab'lon's doom
Pronounc'd by Heaven's command

Verse 81

does

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint the father and the husband prays
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing^1
That thus they all shall meet in future days
There ever bask in uncreated rays
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society yet still more dear
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere

hame - wardbend

At

Verse 9a

Compar'd with this how poor Religion's pride In all the pomp of method and of art When men display to congregations wide Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart The Power incens'd the pageant will desert The pompous strain the sacerdotal stole But haply in some cottage far apart May hear well pleas'd the language of the soul And in His Book of Life the immates poor enroll

Verse 9b

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way
The youngling cottagers retire to rest
The parent pair their secret homage pay
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best
For them and for their little ones provide
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside

Verse 10a

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs That makes her lov'd at home rever'd abroad Princes and lords are but the breath of kings An honest man's the noblest work of God And certes in fair virtue's heavenly road The cottage leaves the palace far behind What is a lordling's pomp a cumbrous load Disguising oft the wretch of human kind Studied in arts of hell in wickedness refin'd

Verse 10b

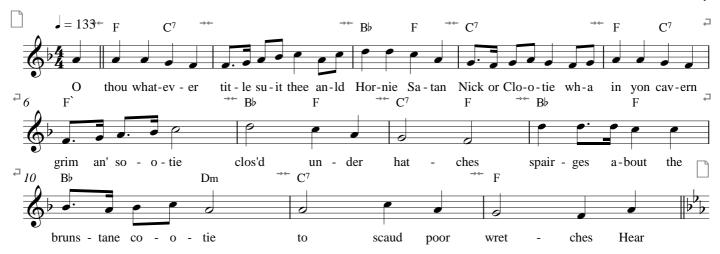
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil Be blest with health and peace and sweet content And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent From luxury's contagion weak and vile Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent A virtuous populace may rise the while And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd isle

Verse 11b

O Thou who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride
Or nobly die the second glorious part
The patriot's God peculiarly thou art
His friend inspirer guardian and reward)
O never never Scotia's realm desert
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise her ornament and guard

Address to the Deil

Robert Burns **Eddie Cairney**



Verse 2

Hear me auld Hangie for a wee An' let poor damned bodies be I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie Ev'n to a deil To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me

An' hear us squeel

Verse 3

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame Far ken'd an' noted is thy name An' tho' yon lowin' heuch's thy hame Thou travels far An' faith thou's neither lag nor lame Nor blate nor scaur

Whiles ranging like a roarin lion For prey a' holes and corners tryin Whiles on the strong-wind'd tempest flyin Tirlin the kirks Whiles in the human bosom pryin Unseen thou lurks

Verse 5

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say In lanely glens ye like to stray Or where auld ruin'd castles grey Nod to the moon Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way Wi' eldritch croon

Verse 6

When twilight did my graunie summon To say her pray'rs douse honest woman Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bummin Wi' eerie drone Or rustlin thro' the boortrees comin Wi' heavy groan

Ae dreary windy winter night The stars shot down wi' sklentin light Wi' you mysel' I gat a fright Ayont the lough Ye like a rash-buss stood in sight Wi' wavin' sough

The cudgel in my nieve did shake Each brist'ld hair stood like a stake When wi' an eldritch stoor quaick quaick Amang the springs Awa ye squatter'd like a drake On whistlin' wings

Verse 9

Let warlocks grim an' wither'd hags Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags Wi' wicked speed And in kirk yards renew their leagues Owre howkit dead

Verse 10

Thence countra wives wi' toil and pain May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain For oh the yellow treasure's ta'en By witchin' skill An' dawtit twal pint hawkie's gane As yell's the bill

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse On young guidmen fond keen an' crouse When the best wark lume i' the house By cantrip wit Is instant made no worth a louse Just at the bit

Verse 12

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord An' float the jinglin' icy boord Then water kelpies haunt the foord By your direction And 'nighted trav'llers are allur'd To their destruction

Verse 13

And aft your moss traversin Spunkies Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is The bleezin curst mischievous monkies Delude his eyes Till in some miry slough he sunk is Ne'er mair to rise

Verse 15

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd An' all the soul of love they shar'd The raptur'd hour Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird In shady bower

Verse 16

Then you ye auld snick drawing dog Ye cam to Paradise incog An' play'd on man a cursed brogue Black be your fa' An' gied the infant warld a shog 'Maist rui'd a'

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz Wi' reekit duds an' reestit gizz Ye did present your smoutie phiz 'Mang better folk An' sklented on the man of Uzz Your spitefu' joke

Verse 18

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall An' brak him out o' house an hal' While scabs and botches did him gall Wi' bitter claw An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul' Was warst ava

Verse 19

But a' your doings to rehearse Your wilv snares an' fechtin fierce Sin' that day Michael did you pierce Down to this time Wad ding a Lallan tounge or Erse In prose or rhyme

Verse 20

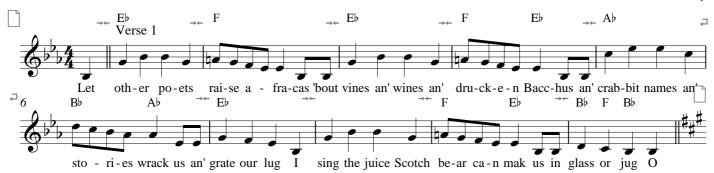
An' now auld Cloots I ken ye're thinkin A certain bardie's rantin drinkin Some luckless hour will send him linkin To your black pit But faith he'll turn a corner jinkin An' cheat you yet

Verse 21

But fare-you-weel auld Nickie ben O wad ye tak a thought an' men' Ye aiblins might I dinna ken Stil hae a stake I'm wae to think up' yon den Ev'n for your sake

Scotch Drink

Robert Burns **Eddie Cairney**



Verse 2

O thou my muse guid auld Scotch drink Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink Or richly brown ream owre the brink In glorious faem Inspire me till I lisp an' wink To sing thy name

Verse 3

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn An' aits set up their awnie horn An' pease and beans at e'en or morn Perfume the plain Leeze me on thee John Barleycorn Thou king o' grain

Verse 4

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood In souple scones the wale o'food Or tumblin in the boiling flood Wi' kail an' beef But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood The brawnie banie ploughman chiel There thou shines chief

Verse 5

Food fills the wame an' keeps us leevin Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin But oil'd by thee

The wheels o' life gae down-hill scrievin Wi' rattlin glee

Verse 6

Thou clears the head o'doited Lear Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair At's weary toil Though even brightens dark Despair Wi' gloomy smile

Verse 7

Aft clad in massy siller weed Wi' gentles thou erects thy head Yet humbly kind in time o' need The poor man's wine His weep drap parritch or his bread Thou kitchens fine

Verse 8

Thou art the life o' public haunts But thee what were our fairs and rants Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts By thee inspired When gaping they besiege the tents Are doubly fir'd

Verse 9

That merry night we get the corn in O sweetly then thou reams the horn in Or reekin on a New-year mornin In cog or bicker An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in An' gusty sucker

Verse 10

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith O rare to see thee fizz an freath I' th' luggit caup Then Burnewin comes on like death At every chap

Verse 11

Nae mercy then for airn or steel Brings hard owrehip wi' sturdy wheel The strong forehammer Till block an' studdie ring an reel Wi' dinsome clamour

Verse 12

When skirling weanies see the light Though maks the gossips clatter bright How fumblin' cuiffs their dearies slight Wae worth the name Nae howdie gets a social night Or plack frae them

Verse 13

When neebors anger at a plea An' just as wud as wud can be How easy can the barley brie Cement the quarrel It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee To taste the barrel

Verse 14

Alake that e'er my muse has reason To wyte her countrymen wi' treason But mony daily weet their weason Wi' liquors nice An' hardly in a winter season E'er Spier her price

Verse 15

Wae worth that brandy burnin trash Fell source o' mony a pain an' brash Twins mony a poor doylt drucken hash O' half his days An' sends beside auld Scotland's cash To her warst faes

Verse 16

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well Ye chief to you my tale I tell Poor plackless devils like mysel' It sets you ill Wi' bitter dearthfu' wines to mell Or foreign gill

Verse 17

May gravels round his blather wrench An' gouts torment him inch by inch What twists his gruntle wi' a glunch O' sour disdain Out owre a glass o' whisky-punch Wi' honest men

Verse 18

O Whisky soul o' plays and pranks Accept a bardie's gratfu' thanks When wanting thee what tuneless cranks Are my poor verses Thou comes-they rattle in their ranks At ither's a-s

Verse 19

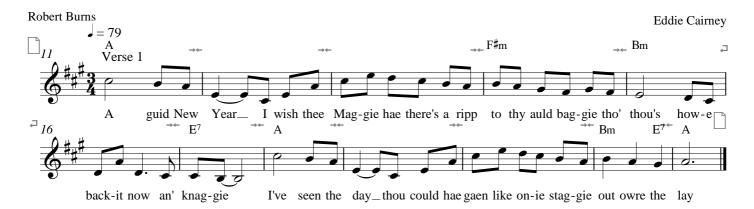
Thee Ferintosh O sadly lost Scotland lament frae coast to coast Now colic grips an' barkin hoast May kill us a' For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast Is ta'en awa

Verse 20

Thae curst horse-leeches o' the' Excise Wha mak the whisky stells their prize Haud up thy han' Deil ance twice thrice There seize the blinkers An' bake them up in brunstane pies For poor damn'd drinkers

Verse 21

Fortune if thou'll but gie me still Hale breeks a scone an' whisky gill An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will Tak a' the rest An' deal't about as thy blind skill Directs thee best



Verse 2

Tho' now thou's dowie stiff an' crazy
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie
I've seen thee dappl't sleek an' glaizie
A bonie gray
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee
Ance in a day

Verse 3

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank A filly buirdly steeve an' swank An' set weel down a shapely shank As e'er tread yird An' could hae flown out-owre a stank Like onie bird

Verse 4

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year Sin' thou was my guid-father's mear He gied me thee o' tocher clear An' fifty mark Tho' it was sma' 'twas weel-won gear An' thou was stark

Verse 5

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny Ye then was trotting wi' your minnie Tho' ye was trickie slee an' funnie Ye ne'er was donsie But hamely tawie quiet an' cannie An' unco sonsie

Verse 6

That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride When ye bure hame my bonie bride An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride Wi' maiden air Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide For sic a pair

Verse 7

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble An' wintle like a saumont coble That day ye was a jinker noble For heels an' win' An' ran them till they a' did wauble Far far behin'

Verse 8

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh How thou wad prance and snore an' skreigh An' tak the road Town's-bodies ran an' stood abeigh

Verse 9

An' ca't thee mad

When thou was corn't an' I was mellow We took the road aye like a swallow At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow For pith an' speed But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollowm Whare'er thou gaed

Verse 10

The sma' droop-rumpl't hunter cattle Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle But sax Scotch mile thou try't their mettle An' gar't them whaizle Nae whip nor spur but just a wattle O' saugh or hazel

Verse 11

Thou was a noble fittie-lan' As e'er in tug or tow was drawn Aft thee an' I in aught hours' gaun In guid March-weather Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han' For days thegither

Verse 12

Thou never braing't an' fetch't an' fliskit But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket Wi' pith an' power Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' riskit An' slypet owre

Verse 13

When frosts lay lang an' snaws were deep An' threaten'd labour back to keep I gied thy cog a wee bit heap Aboon the timmer I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that or simmer

Verse 14

In cart or car thou never reestit
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it
Thou never lap an' sten't and breastit
Then stood to blaw
But just thy step a wee thing hastit
Thou snoov't awa

Verse 15

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a' Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa That thou hast nurst They drew me thretteen pund an' twa The vera warst

Verse 16

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought An' wi' the weary warl' fought An' mony an anxious day I thought We wad be beat Yet here to crazy age we're brought Wi' something yet

Verse 17

An' think na' my auld trusty servan'
That now perhaps thou's less deservin
An' thy auld days may end in starvin
For my last fow
A heapit stimpart I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you

Verse 18

We've worn to crazy years thegither We'll toyte about wi' ane anither Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether To some hain'd rig Whare ye may nobly rax your leather Wi' sma' fatigue