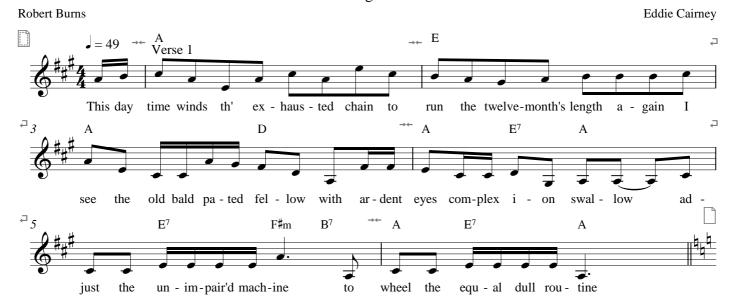
Burns Revisited Volume 61

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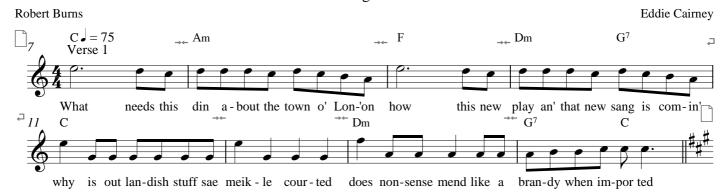
New Year's Day - A Sketch

A Fragment



Scots Prologue for Mrs Sutherland

A Fragment



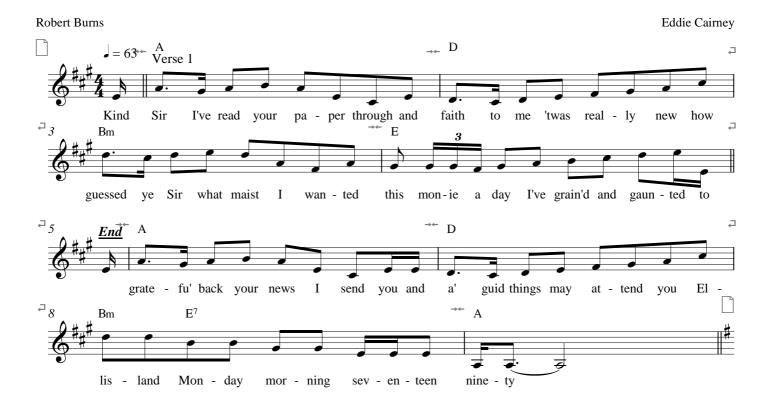
Verse 2

Is there nae poet burning keen for fame Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame For Comedy abroad he need to toil A fool and knave are plants of every soil

Verse 3

Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece To gather matter for a serious piece There's themes enow in Caledonian story Would shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory

To a Gentleman



Verse 2

To ken what French mischief was brewin Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin That vile doup-skelper Emperor Joseph If Venus yet had got his nose off

Verse 3

Or how the collieshangie works Atween the Russians and the Turks Or if the Swede before he halt Would play anither Charles the twalt

Verse 4

If Denmark any body spak o't Or Poland wha had now the tack o't How cut throat Prussian blades were hingin How libbet Italy was singin

Verse 5

If Spaniard Portuguese or Swiss Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss Or how our merry lads at hame In Britain's court kept up the game

Verse 6

How royal George the Lord leuk o'er him Was managing St Stephen's quorum If sleekit Chatham Will was livin Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in

Verse 7

How daddie Burke the plea was cookin If Warren Hasting's neck was yeukin How cesses stents and fees were rax'd Or if bare arses yet were tax'd

Verse 8

The news o' princes dukes and earls Pimps sharpers bawds and opera girls If that daft buckie Geordie Wales Was threshing still at hizzies' tails

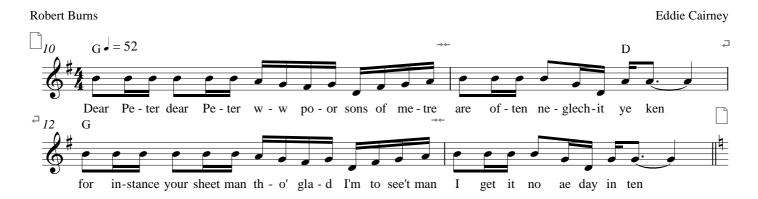
Verse 9

Or if he was grown oughtlins douser And no a perfect kintra cooser A' this and mair I never heard of And but for you I might despair'd of

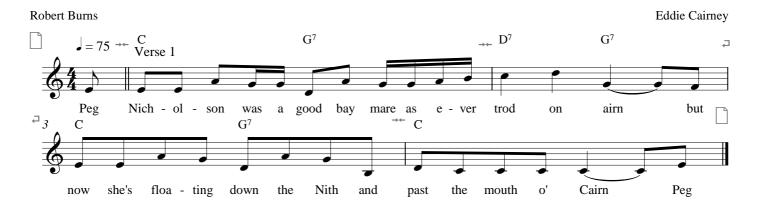
End

So gratefu' back your news I send you And pray a' gude things may attend you Ellisland Monday Morning 1790

Remonstrance on Irregular Delivery



Elegy on Willie Nicol's Mare



Verse 2

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare An' rode thro' thick and thin But now she's floating down the Nith And wanting even the skin

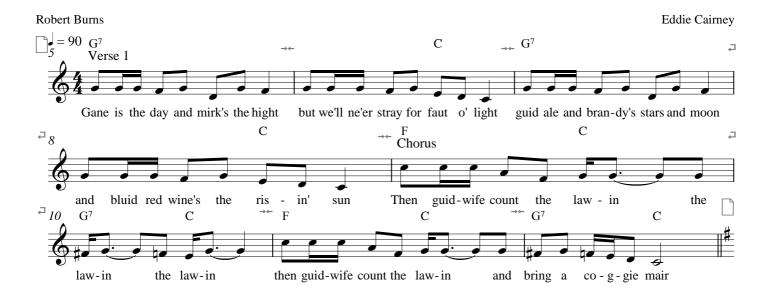
Verse 3

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare And ance she bore a priest But now she's floating down the Nith For Solway fish a feast

Verse 4

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare An' the priest he rode her sair And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was As priest-rid cattle are

Guidwife count the lawin



Verse 2

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen And simple folk maun fecht and fen' But here we're a' in ae accord For ilka man that's drunk's a lord

Chorus

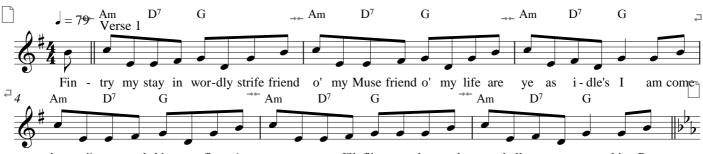
Verse 3

My coggie is a haly pool That heals the wounds o' care and dool And Pleasure is a wanton trout An ye drink it a' ye'll find him out

Chorus

Election Ballad

Robert Burns **Eddie Cairney**



then wi' un-couth kin-tra fleg o'er peg - as - us I'll fling my leg and ye shall see me try him But

Verse 2

But where shall I go rin a ride That I may splatter nane beside I wad na be uncivil In manhood's various paths and ways There's aye some doytin' body strays And I ride like the devil

Verse 3

Thus I break aff wi' a' my birr And down yon dark deep alley spur Where Theologics daunder Alas curst wi' eternal fogs And damn'd in everlasting bogs As sure's the creed I'll blunder

I'll stain a band or jaup a gown Or rin my reckless guilty crown Against the haly door Sair do I rue my luckless fate When as the Muse an' Deil wad hae't I rade that road before

Suppose I take a spurt and mix Amang the wilds o' Politics Electors and elected Where dogs at Court sad sons of bitches Septennially a madness touches Till all the land's infected

All hail Drumlanrig's haughty Grace Discarded remnant of a race Once godlike great in story Thy forbears' virtues all contrasted The very name of Douglas blasted Thine that inverted glory

Hate envy oft the Douglas bore But thou hast superadded more And sunk them in contempt Follies and crimes have stain'd the name But Queensberry thine the virgin claim From aught that's good exempt

Verse 8

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears Who left the all important cares Of princes and their darlings And bent on winning borough touns Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons And kissing barefit carlins

Verse 9

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode Whistling his roaring pack abroad Of mad unmuzzled lions As Queensberry blue and buff unfurl'd And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled To every Whig defiance

Verse 10

But cautious Queensberry left the war Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star Besides he hated bleeding But left behind him heroes bright Heroes in Caesarean fight Or Ciceronian pleading

O for a throat like huge Mons Meg To muster o'er each ardent Whig Beneath Drumlanrig's banners Heroes and heroines commix All in the field of politics To win immortal honours

Verse 12 M'Murdo and his lovely spouse Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows Led on the Loves and Graces She won each gaping burgess' heart While he sub rosa played his part Amang their wives and lasses

Verse 13

Craigdarroch led a light rm'd core Tropes metaphors and figures pour Like Hecla streaming thunder Glenriddel skill'd in rusty coins Blew up each Tory's dark designs And bared the treason under

Verse 14

In either wing two champions fought Redoubted Staig who set at nought The wildest savage Tory And Welsh who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground High av'd his magnum onum round With Cyclopeian fury

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks The many ounders of the Banks Resistless desolation While Maxwelton that baron bold 'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold And threaten'd worse damnation

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd With these what Tory warriors clos'd Surpasses my descriving Squadrons extended long and large With furious speed rush to the charge Like furious devils driving

Verse 17

What verse can sing what prose narrate The butcher deeds of bloody Fate Amid this mighty tulyie Grim Horror girn'd pale Terror roar'd As Murder at his thrapple shor'd And Hell mix'd in the brulyie

Verse 18

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft When lightnings fire the stormy lift Hurl down with crashing rattle As flames among a hundred woods As headlong foam from a hundred floods Such is the rage of Battle

Verse 19

The stubborn Tories dare to die As soon the rooted oaks would fly Before th' approaching fellers The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar When all his wintry billows pour Against the Buchan Bullers

Verse 20

Lo from the shades of Death's deep night Departed Whigs enjoy the fight And think on former daring The muffled murtherer of Charles The Magna Charter flag unfurls All deadly gules its bearing

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham Auld Covenanters shiver Forgive forgive much rong'd Montrose Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes Thou liv'st on high for ever

Verse 22

Still o'er the field the combat burns The Tories Whigs give way by turns But Fate the word has spoken For woman's wit and strength o'man Alas can do but what they can The Tory ranks are broken

Verse 23

O that my een were flowing burns My voice a lioness that mourns Her darling cubs' undoing That I might greet that I might cry While Tories fall while Tories fly And furious Whigs pursuing

What Whig but melts for good Sir James Dear to his country by the names Friend Patron Benefactor Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save And Hopetoun falls the generous brave And Stewart bold as Hector

Verse 25

Thou Pitt shalt rue this overthrow And Thurlow growl a curse of woe And Melville melt in wailing Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice And Burke shall sing O Prince arise Thy power is all-prevailing

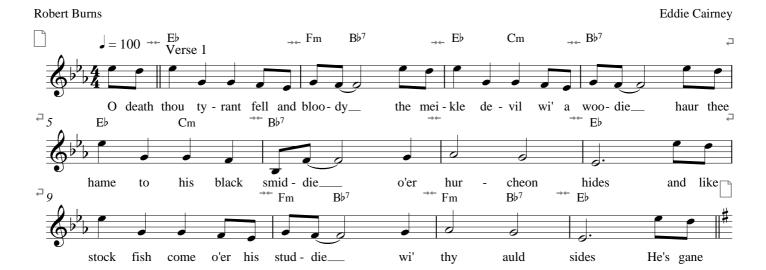
Verse 26

For your poor friend the Bard afar He only hears and sees the war A cool spectator purely So when the storm the forest rends The robin in the hedge descends And sober chirps securely

Verse 27

Now for my friends' and brethren's sakes And for my dear ov'd Land o' Cakes I pray with holy fire Lord send a rough hod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell To grind them in the mire

Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson



Verse 2

He's gane he's gane he's frae us torn The ae best fellow e'er was born Thee Matthew Nature's sel' shall mourn By wood and wild Where haply Pity strays forlorn Frae man exil'd

Verse 3

Ye hills near neighbours o' the starns That proudly cock your cresting cairns Ye cliffs the haunts of sailing earns Where Echo slumbers Come join ye Nature's sturdiest bairns My wailing numbers

Verse 4

Mourn ilka grove the cushat kens Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens Ye burnies wimplin' down your glens Wi' toddlin din Or foaming strang wi' hasty stens Frae lin to lin

Verse 5

Mourn little harebells o'er the lea Ye stately foxgloves fair to see Ye woodbines hanging bonilie In scented bow'rs Ye roses on your thorny tree The first o' flow'rs

Verse 6

At dawn when ev'ry grassy blade Droops with a diamond at his head At ev'n when beans their fragrance shed I' th' rustling gale Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade Come join my wail

Verse 7

Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood Ye grouse that crap the heather bud Ye curlews calling thro' a clud Ye whistling plover And mourn we whirring paitrick brood He's gane for ever

Verse 8

Mourn sooty coots and speckled teals Ye fisher herons watching eels Ye duck and drake wi' airy wheels Circling the lake Ye bitterns till the quagmire reels Rair for his sake

Mourn clam'ring craiks at close o' day 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay And when ye wing your annual way Frae our claud shore

Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay Wham we deplore

Verse 10

Ye houlets frae your ivy bow'r In some auld tree or eldritch tow'r What time the moon wi' silent glow'r Sets up her horn Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour

Till waukrife morn

Verse 11

O rivers forests hills and plains Oft have ye heard my canty strains But now what else for me remains But tales of woe And frae my een the drapping rains Maun ever flow

Verse 12

Mourn Spring thou darling of the year Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear Thou Simmer while each corny spear Shoots up its head Thy gay green flow'ry tresses shear For him that's dead

Verse 13

Thou Autumn wi' thy yellow hair In grief thy sallow mantle tear Thou Winter hurling thro' the air The roaring blast Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost

Mourn him thou Sun great source of light Mourn Empress of the silent night And you ye twinkling starnies bright My Matthew mourn For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight Ne'er to return

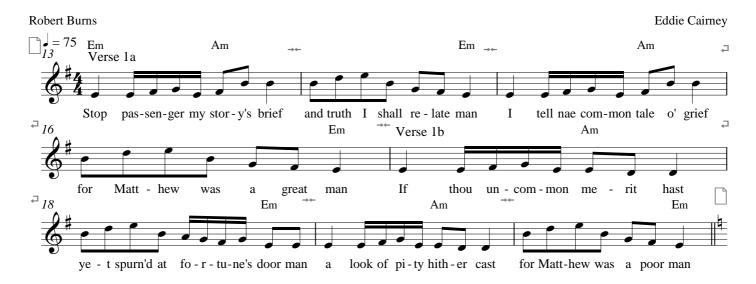
Verse 15

O Henderson the man the brother And art thou gone and gone for ever And hast thou crost that unknown river Life's dreary bound Like thee where shall I find another The world around

Verse 16

Go to your sculptur'd tombs ye Great In a' the tinsel trash o' state But by thy honest turf I'll wait Thou man of worth And weep the ae best fellow's fate E'er lay in earth

The Epitaph



Verse 2a

If thou a noble sodger art
That passest by this grave man
There moulders here a gallant heart
For Matthew was a brave man

Verse 2b

If thou on men their works and ways Canst throw uncommon light man Here lies wha weel had won thy praise For Matthew was a bright man

Verse 3a

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign man Thy sympathetic tear maun fa' For Matthew was a kind man

Verse 3b

If thou art staunch without a stain Like the unchanging blue man This was a kinsman o' thy ain For Matthew was a true man

Verse 4a

If thou hast wit and fun and fire And ne'er guid wine did fear man This was thy billie dam and sire For Matthew was a queer man

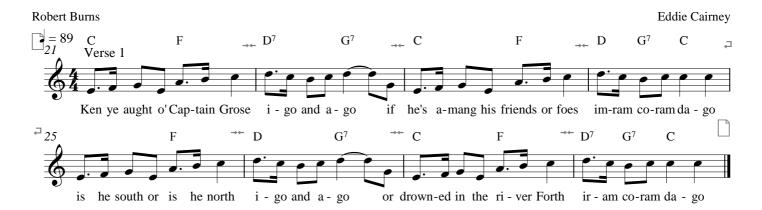
Verse 4b

If ony whiggish whingin' sot To blame poor Matthew dare man May dool and sorrow be his lot For Matthew was a rare man

Verse 5a

But now his radiant course is run For Matthew's was a bright one His soul was like the glorious sun A matchless Heavenly light man

Verses on Captain Grose



Verse 2

Is he slain by Hielan' bodies
Igo and ago
And eaten like a wether haggis
Iram coram dago
Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane
Igo and ago
Or haudin Sarah by the wame
Iram coram dago

Verse 3

Where'er he be the Lord be near him Igo and ago
As for the deil he daur na steer him Iram coram dago
But please transmit th' enclosed letter Igo and ago
Which will oblige your humble debtor Iram coram dago

Verse 4

So may ye hae auld stanes in store Igo and ago The very stanes that Adam bore Iram coram dago So may ye get in glad possession Igo and ago The coins o' Satan's coronation Iram coram dago