Burns Revisited Volume 76

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I murder hate



Verse 2

I would not die like Socrates
For all the fuss of Plato
Nor would I with Leonidas
Nor yet would I with Cato
The Zealots of the Church or State
Shall ne'er my mortal foes be
But let me have bold Zimri's fate
Within the arms of Cosbi

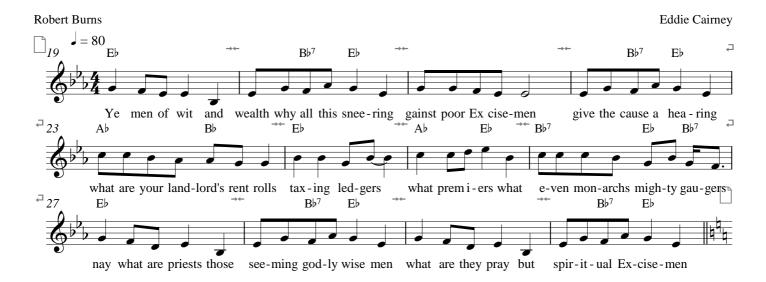
Chorus

Verse 3

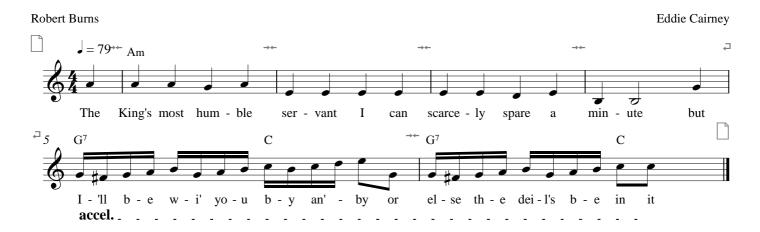
My bottle is a holy pool
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool
And pleasure is a wanton trout
An ye drink it ye'll find him out
In politics if thou would'st mix
And mean thy fortunes be
Bear this in mind be deaf and blind
Let great folks hear and see

Chorus

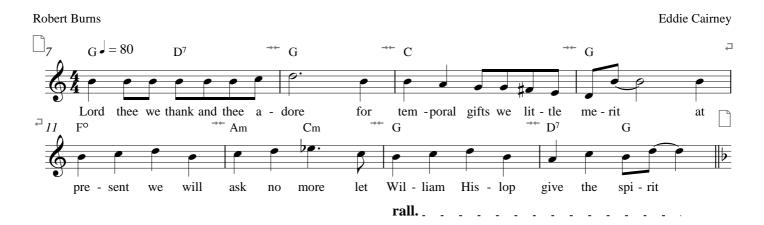
Kirk and State Excisemen



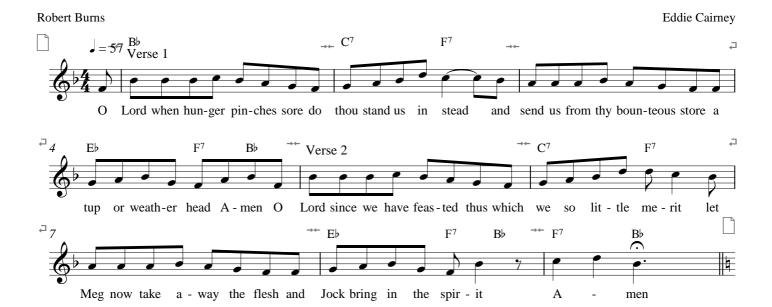
Extempore reply to an invitation



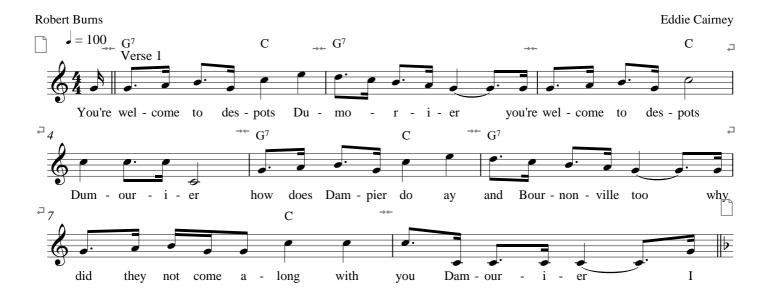
Grace after meat



Grace before and after meat



On General Dumourier's desertion



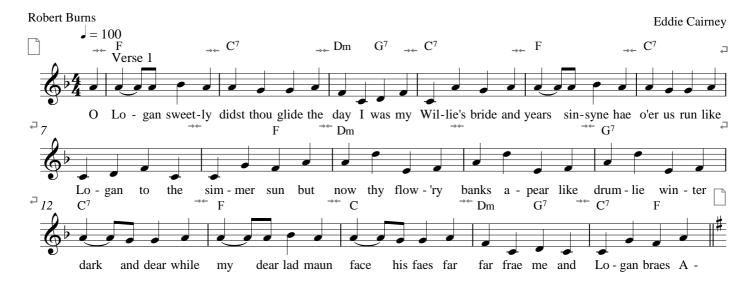
Verse 2

I will fight France with you Dumourier I will fight France with you Dumourier I will fight France with you I will take my chance with you By my soul I'll dance with you Dumourier

Verse 3

Then let us fight about Dumourier
Then let us fight about Dumourier
Then let us fight about
Till freedom's spark is out
Then we'll be damn'd no doubt Dumourier

Logan Braes



Verse 2

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers
The bees hum round the breathing flowers
Blythe Morning lifts his rosy eye
And Evening's tears are tears o' joy
My soul delightless a' surveys
While Willie's far frae Logan braes

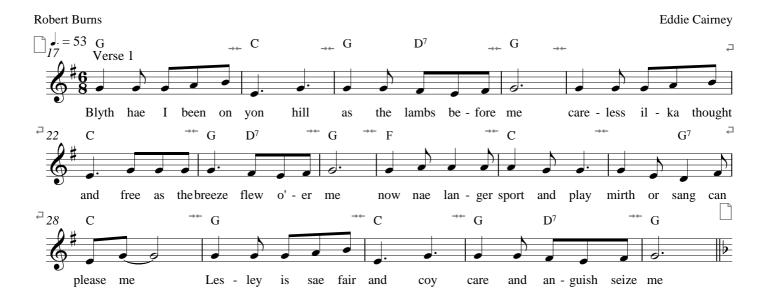
Verse 3

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush Amang her nestlings sits the thrush Her faithfu' mate will share her toil Or wi' his song her cares beguile But I wi' my sweet nurslings here Nae mate to help nae mate to cheer Pass widow'd nights and joyless days While Willie's far frae Logan braes

Verse 4

O wae upon you Men o' State
That brethren rouse to deadly hate
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn
Sae may it on your heads return
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear the orphan's cry
But soon may peace bring happy days
And Willie hame to Logan braes

Blyth hae I been

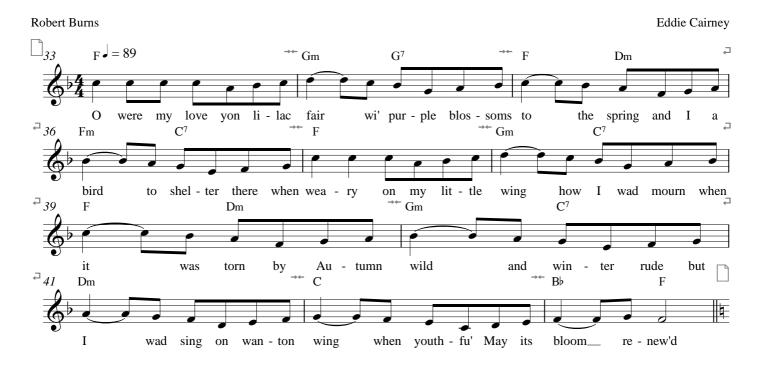


Heavy heavy is the task Hopeless love declaring Trembling I dow nocht but glowr Sighing dumb despairing If she winna ease the thraws In my bosom swelling

Underneath the grass green sod Soon maun be my dwelling

Verse 2

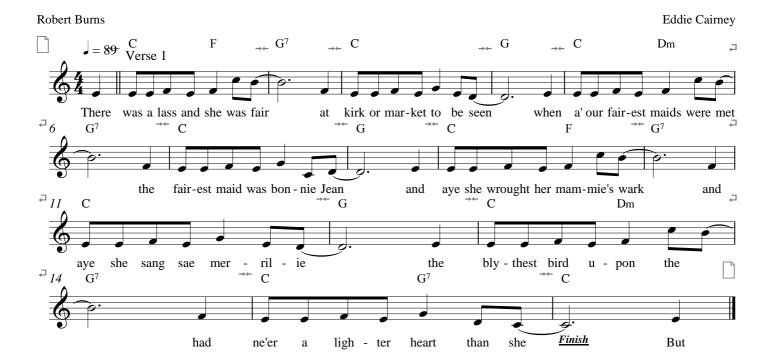
O were my love yon lilac fair



Verse 2

O gin my love were yon red rose That grows upon the castle wa' And I mysel a drap o' dew Into her bonnie breast to fa' O there beyond expression blest I'd fast on beauty a' the night Seal'd on her silk saft faulds to rest Till fley'd awa by Phoebus light

Bonnie Jean



Verse 2

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest
And frost will blight the fairest flowers
And love will break the soundest rest
Young Robie was the brawest lad
The flower and pride of a' the glen
And he had owsen sheep and kye
And wanton naigies nine or ten

Verse 3

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist
Her heart was tint her peace was stown
As in the bosom o' the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en
So trembling pure was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean

Verse 4

And now she works her Mammie's wark
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain
Yet wist na what her ail might be
Or what wad make her weel again
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light
And did na joy blink in her e'e
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'ening on the lily lea

Verse 5

The sun was sinking in the west
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove
His cheek to hers he fondly laid
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love
O Jeanie fair I loe thee dear
O canst thou think to fancy me
Or wilt thou leave thy Mammie's cot
And learn to tent the farms wi' me

Verse 6

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge Or naething else to trouble thee But stray amang the heather bells And tent the waving corn wi' me Now what could artless Jeanie do She had nae will to say him na At length she blush'd a sweet consent And love was aye between them twa