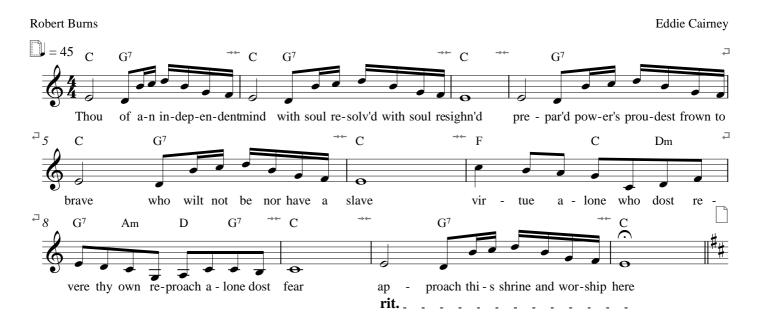
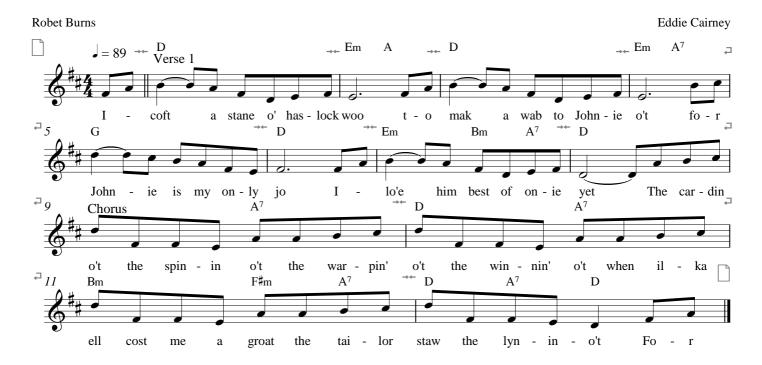
# Burns Revisited Volume 86

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- 2. The Cardin o't the spinnin o't
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# Poetical inscription for an altar of independence



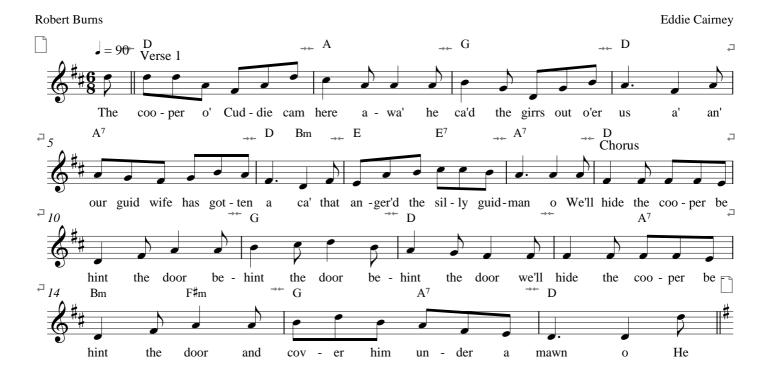
# The cardin o't the spinnin o't



Verse 2
For tho' his locks be lyart grey
And tho' his brow be beld aboon
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen

# Chorus

# The Cooper O' Cuddie



## Verse 2

He sought them out he sought them in Wi' deil hae her and deail hae him But the body he was sae doited and blin He wist na where he was gaun O

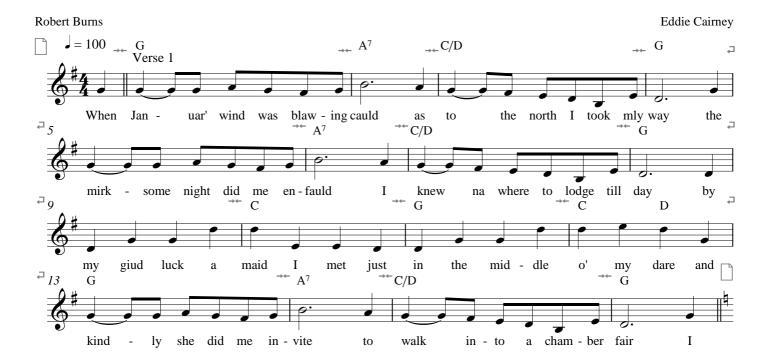
### **Chorus**

## Verse 3

They cooper'd at e'en they cooper'd at morn Till our guidman has gotten the scorn On ilka brow she's planted a horn And swears that there they sall stan' O

# Chorus

# The lass that made the bed to me



# Verse 2

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid
And thank'd her for her courtesie
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid
An' bade her mak a bed to me
She made the bed baith larger and wide
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down
She put the cup to her rosy lips
And drank young man now sleep ye soun

# Verse 3

She snatch'd the candle in her hand And frae my chamber went wi' speed But I call'd her quickly back again To lay some mair below my head A cod she laid below my head And served me with due respeck And to salute her wi' a kiss I put my arms about her neck

### Verse 4

'Haud aff your hands young man' she said
'And dinna sae uncivil be
Gif ye hae onie luve for me
O wrang na my virginitie'
Her hair was like the links o' gowd
Her teeth were like the ivorie
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine
The lass that made the bed to me

### Verse 5

Her bosom was the driven snaw
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane
The lass that made the bed to me
I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again
And ay she wist na what to say
I laid her 'tween me an' the wa'
The lassie thocht na lang till day

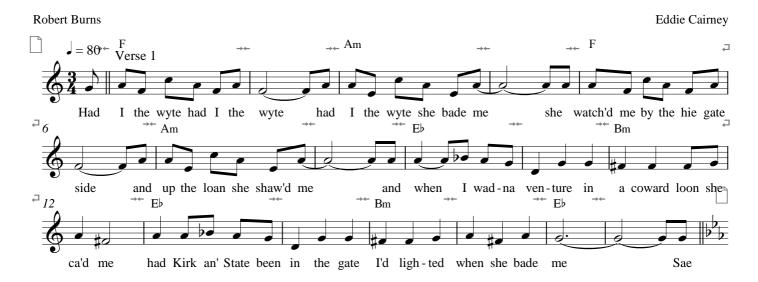
### Verse 6

Upon the morrow when we raise
I thank'd her for her courtesie
But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd
And said 'Alas ye've ruin'd me'
I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne
While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e
I said 'My lassie dinna cry
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me'

### Verse 7

She took her mither's holland sheets An' made them a' in sarks to me Blythe and merry may she be The lass that made the bed to me The bonie lass made the bed to me The braw lass made the bed to me I'll ne'er forget till the day I die The lass that made the bed to me

# Had I the wyte she bade me



### Verse 2

Sae craftilie she took me ben And bade me mak nae clatter 'For our ramgunshoch glum guidman Is o'er ayont the water' Whae'er shall say I wanted grace When I did kiss and dawte her Let him be planted in my place Syne say I was the fauter

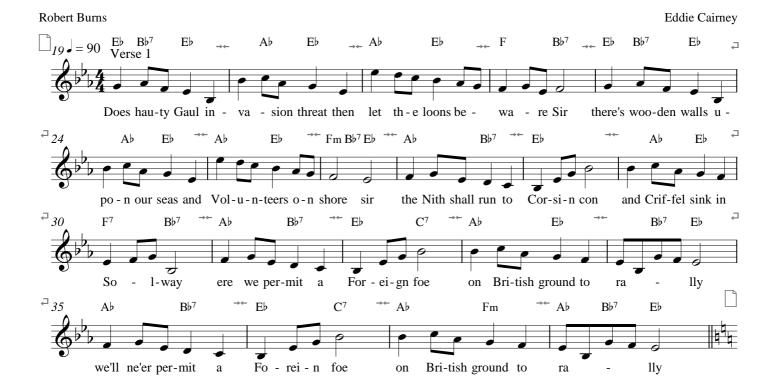
### Verse 3

Could I for shame could I for shame Could I for shame refus'd her And wadna manhood been to blame Had I unkindly used her He claw'd her wi' the rippling kame And blae and bluidy bruis'd her When sic a husband was frae hame What wife but wad excus'd her

# Verse 4

I dighted ay her een sae blue And bann'd the cruel randy And weel I wat her willin mou' Was sweet as sugarcandie At gloaming shot it was I wot I lighted on the Monday But I cam thro' the Tysday's dew To wanton Willie's brandy

# Does haughty Gaul invasion threat



# Verse 2

O let us not like snarling tykes In wrangling be divided Till slap come in an unco loun And wi' a rung decide it Be Britain still to Britain true Amang oursels united For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs be righted

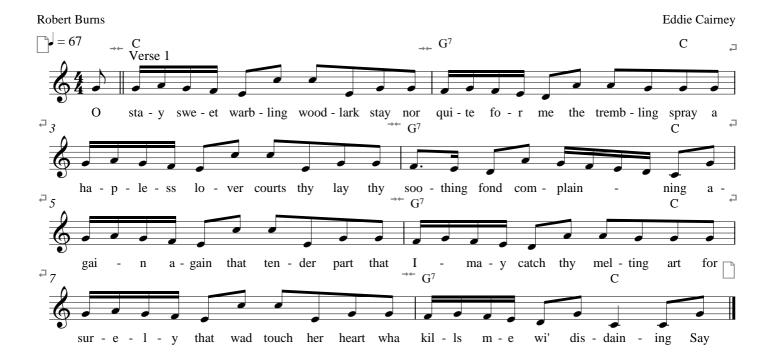
## Verse 3

The kettle o' the Kirk and State Perhaps a clout may fail in't But Deil a foreign tinkler loon Shall ever ca' a nail in't Our father's blude the kettle bought And wha wad dare to spoil it By Heav'ns the sacrilegious dog Shall fuel be to boil it

## Verse 4

The wretch that would a tyrant own And the wretch his true sworn brother Who would set the mob above the throne May they be damn'd together Who will not sing God save the King Shall hang as high's the steeple But while we sing God save the King We'll ne'er forget the People

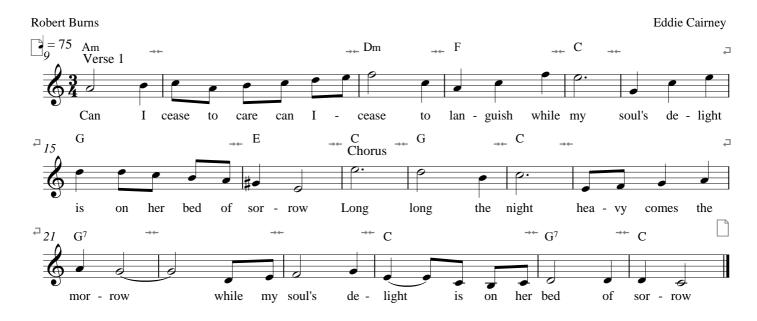
# Address to the woodlark



# Verse 2

Say was thy little mate unkind And heard thee as the careless wind O nocht but love and sorrow join'd Sic notes o' woe could wauken Thou tells o' never ending care O speechless grief and dark despair For pity's sake sweet bird nae mair Or my poor heart is broken

# On Chloris being ill



# Verse 2

Every hope is fled Every fear is terror Slumber ev'n I dread Every dream is horror

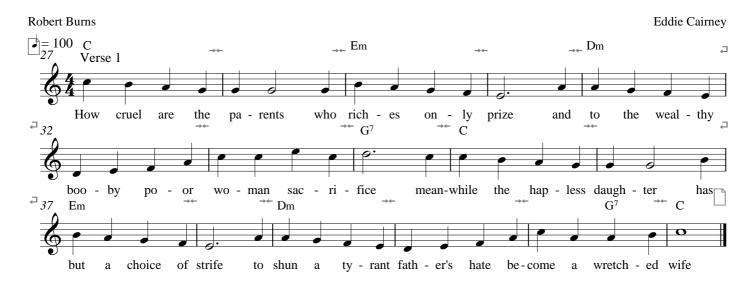
# Chorus

# Verse 3

Hear me powers divine O in pity hear me Take aught else of mine But my Chloris spare me

# Chorus

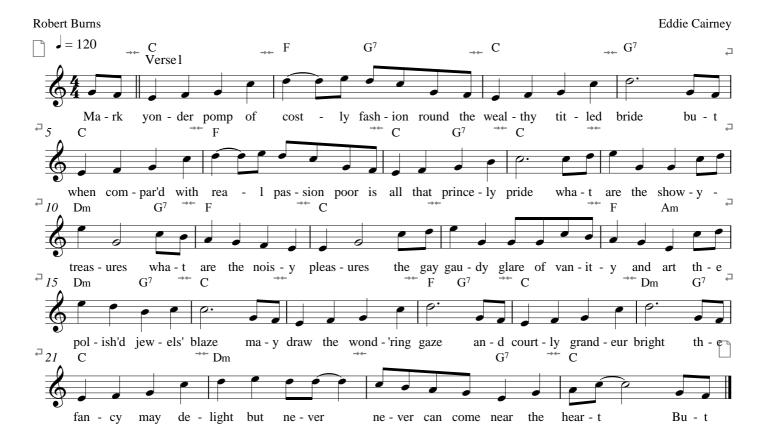
# How cruel are the parents



# Verse 2

The ravening hawk pursuing
The trembling dove thus flies
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries
Till of escape despairing
No shelter or retreat
She trusts the ruthless falconer
And drops beneath his feet

# Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion



## Verse 2

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is
Shrinking from the gaze of day
O then the heart alarming
And all resistless charming
I love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown
Even av'rice would deny
His worshipp'd deity
And feel thro' ev'ry vein love's raptures roll