

O'ER THE MUIR.

JEAN CLOVER,

A STROLLING Player. She was born at Kilmarnock in the year 1758, and at a comparatively early age eloped with an actor, and in her future life had a full share of the usual lot of strollers—almost constant poverty, vice, and riot. Burns, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of this song, took it down from her singing. She died suddenly at Letterkenny in Ireland, in 1801.

COMIN' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,

Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.
Ower the muir amang the heather,
Ower the muir amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?
Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the bloomin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I could nae think on ony ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather.

PART III.

From Burns to Motherwell.

THERE WAS A LAD.

ROBERT BURNS,

WAS born on the 25th January, 1759, in a small roadside cottage about two miles southward from Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of "Allo-way's Auld Haunted Kirk," &c. His father at the time was acting as overseer to Mr. Fergusson of Doonholm, from whom he leased a few acres of ground, whereby he added to his income by acting as Nurseryman and Market Gardener. In 1776 he entered upon a lease of the farm of Mount Oliphant, with a view of bettering his position, and above all a wish of personally superintending the education and employment of his children. From that moment began the hard grim battle which William Burness fought with fortune, and from which he only retired when despair and poverty fairly mastered him. He died of consumption in 1784.

In his sixth year Robert was sent to a small village school; afterwards his education was completed by William Murdoch, a young man engaged by William Burness and several of his neighbours to act as teacher, at a small salary, he lodging and boarding in their houses by turns. So far as the rudiments of learning were concerned Robert received a larger share than generally fell to the lot of children of his class. While pursuing his education, however, his help had to be given to the working of the farm. His brother Gilbert has recorded: "To the buffetings of fortune, we could only oppose hard labour and the most rigid economy. We lived very sparing. For several years butchers' meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it in the labours of the farm. My brother at the age of thirteen assisted in threshing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female."

Some short while before the death of their father, observing that affairs were drawing to a crisis, Robert and Gilbert had taken a lease of another farm, and stocked it as well as their means would allow, so as to form a shelter for the family, when the crash came. Mossgiel, as the farm was called, did not however, prove a profitable speculation: the soil was poor and damp, and the crops were constantly turning out failures. Other and foreign troubles now came upon him. He entered with avidity into the miserable theological disputes which then agitated Ayrshire. Auld Light and New Light was the cry of the disputants, and Burns having thrown himself with all his power on the side of the New Lights, succeeded in bringing upon himself all the wrath and bitterness of religious animosity. He struck out vigorously, however, and the Twa Herds, Holy Fair, and above all Holy Willie's prayer, fell with terrific power into the midst of the Auld Lights, accompanied by the laughter and derision of the New. Burns' best friends advised him against continuing the warfare, but his blood was up and he continued the assault, leaving himself as a mark for all the bigots of the country. No fault, however trifling, could

be committed by him without being loudly proclaimed from the housetops. Every form of meanness was resorted to, to punish the satirist, and this retaliation pursued him to the grave, and, it is with shame we record it, his memory even to our own time.

Another trouble. He had met with Jean Armour at a penny wedding in Mauchline, and a mutual passion seems to have sprung up between the two. Promise of marriage doubtless followed, but its consummation was prevented by the failure of his farming speculations. In 1786 he learned that Jean was about to become a mother, and that, irritated at his daughter's treatment, her father had debarred any further correspondence between them. A letter was immediately sent by the poet to Jean acknowledging her as his wife, (constituting a legal marriage under the Scotch Law.) This letter was destroyed by Mr. Armour. "Burns's feelings at this crisis," says Mr. Alexander Smith, "may be imagined. Pride, love, anger, despair, strove for mastery in his heart. Weary of his existence, and seeing ruin staring him in the face at Mossgiel, he resolved to seek better fortune and solace for a lacerated heart in exile." An engagement was secured by him to go to Jamaica and act as book-keeper on an estate there. In order to raise sufficient funds to defray his passage, he was advised to print a volume of his poems by subscription. The idea, once started, was soon worked out, and Johnny Wilson of Kilmarnock commenced printing.

About this time occurs the celebrated episode of Highland Mary. a love passage involved in considerable mystery. The general opinion now is, that, disgusted with the Armours, and bitter at Jean for giving way to her father, he met with Mary Campbell, a servant girl, and fell in love with her with all the ardour and force of his nature. Their marriage was arranged, and Mary gave up her situation, and proceeded to visit her friends in the West Highlands. She died suddenly in Greenock and was buried there. Word was brought to Burns, and its reception was perhaps the deepest grief he ever bore. How he loved her his own words tell, and how he still mourned for her when many years had passed, and other ties had woven round his heart, his beautiful and impassioned lines sufficiently testify. "To Mary in Heaven" is one of the finest laments in the whole realm of poetry.

Jean had become the mother of twins, and her father proceeded to put in execution his right to prosecute Burns for their support, and threatened him with jail till he could find suitable security for the same. Burns was unable to pay, and a jail would only finally ruin him. He therefore skulked about, stealing into Kilmarnock at times to correct his proofs. The volume appeared in July, 1786, and his prospects immediately brightened. "I threw off six hundred copies," he tells, "for which I got subscriptions for three hundred and fifty. My vanity was gratified by the reception I got from the public, and besides I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. * * * As soon as I was master of nine guineas the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde. * * * I had taken the last farewell of my few friends. My chest was on the way to Greenock. I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—"The gloomy night is gathering fast," when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition."

This letter which exercised so powerful an influence on his career was expressive of the writer's deepest admiration, and counselling a visit to Edinburgh, with the view of producing a second and larger edition. Golden words too poured in from all quarters. Professor Dugald Stewart, Dr. Blair, and others, expressed the warmest approbation of the poems, and instead of sailing down the Clyde a desolate and ruined man, he turned to Edinburgh to become the gaze and glory of a fashionable season.

The visit to Edinburgh is the greatest episode in his career: courted, petted, and caressed for a while, the public soon tired of its darling and sought for newer attractions. He did not leave the town, however, without a good slice of the solid pudding which was so necessary to him. The second edition of his poems appeared in 1787, under the auspices of the Caledonian Hunt, and his profits amounted to upwards of £400. From this sum he advanced £200 to his brother Gilbert, who still struggled at Mossiel. This fact is not very prominently remembered by the maligners of his character, but we cannot help thinking that, even in a Christian land, one man, as soon as he has earned a few hundred pounds, giving one half of it to assist a struggling brother is an action seldom heard of. With the rest of the money he leased and stocked the farm of Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire; and having, on the 24th March, 1788, atoned to Jean Armour by making her his wife, he settled down industriously as a farmer.

For a few months all went well. The farm worked pretty fairly, and between his duties in connection with it during the day, and his reading and composing at night, the time passed on, probably the happiest in his life. Johnson's Museum was in course of publication, and for it, as all the world knows, he worked heartily and well. Songs, snatches, and hints were duly posted to Johnson in Edinburgh, and but for his aid that glorious work would have died an untimely death with the first volume.

His family now began to increase, and he found that the farm did not pay extra well. He obtained an appointment in the Excise at a salary of fifty pounds per annum, and as his duties in connection with this office were great, the farm was not properly attended to. Troubles again thickened around him, and disease too, began to add its terrors. After a short struggle he sold his farming stock, and receiving an appointment in the Dumfries division of Excise, at a salary of seventy pounds per annum, he removed to that town in November.

And now begins the most melancholy part of his career. He could not hide from himself that his worldly prospects were dimmed, and his pride waxed stronger. He raved about independence, hurrahed the French Revolutionists, sent them presents of guns, &c., and, above all, entered deeply into the convivial pleasures of which the little country town was full. His duties were regularly performed, but the open garment of republicanism he wore, brought down upon him the resentment of his superiors. He was severely reprimanded for his rashness, but the reprimand only served to make him fairly lose heart, and to hurl him deeper into the mire of dissipation, to hide if possible his position from himself.

His literary work in Dumfries consisted of his contributions to Thomson's Melodies, a sort of Drawing-room Edition of the Songs of Scotland. He had joined the Dumfries Volunteers, and "Does Haughty Gaul invasion threat" inspired his comrades with additional valour and determination to defend their country. The end, however, was fast approaching. In January, 1796, he was seized with a rheumatic fever, and when almost recovered, his own imprudence brought on a relapse. His frame fairly

broke down. Sea-bathing was tried without success, and the hand of death pressed heavily upon him: remorse, grief, and debt added their terrors, till on the 21st July, 1796, he passed beyond their pale.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

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.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be na coof;

I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a'—

We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

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.

ONCE I LOVED A BONNIE LASS.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
An' whilst that honour warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
An mony full as brow;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee,
But without some better qualities,
She's no the lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
An', what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
An' fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel :
 An' then there's something in her gait
 Gars onie dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart ;
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul ;
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.

I DREAMED I LAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
 Gaily in the sunny beam,
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling, crystal stream :
 Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasure I enjoyed ;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

ROBERT BURNS.

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
 Could I describe her shape an' mien ;
 The graces of her weel-faur'd face,
 An' the glancin' of her sparklin' een !
 She's fresher than the morning dawn
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 An' shoots its head above each bush ;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn,
 With flowers so white an' leaves so green,
 When purest in the dewy morn;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
 When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
 That wantons round its bleating dam;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
 That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
 When flow'r reviving rains are past;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
 When shining sunbeams intervene,
 An' gild the distant mountain's brow:
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
 That sings in Cessnock banks unscen,
 While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherrie ripe
 That sunny walls from Boreas screen—
 They tempt the taste an' charm the sight;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 With fleeces newly washen clean,
 That slowly mount the rising steep;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
 That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
 When Phœbus sinks beneath the seas;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
 Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
 But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
 An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

MARY MORISON.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trusty hour!
 Those smiles an' glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor;
 How blythely wad I hide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
 Tho' this was fair, an' that was braw,
 An' yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, an' said amang them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or caust thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
 At least be pity on me shown;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

ROBERT BURNS.

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
 And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;
 He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
 For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth regarding, O.
 Then out into the world my course I did determine, O;
 Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great was charming, O;
 My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my education, O;
 Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend my situation, O.
 In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's favour, O;
 Some cause unseen still stept between to frustrate each endeavour, O.
 Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes by friends
 forsaken, O:
 And when my hope was at the top I still was worst mistaken, O.
 Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last with fortune's vain delusion, O,
 I dropt my schemes like idle dreams, and came to this conclusion, O,
 The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or ill untried, O;
 But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it, O.
 No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to befriend me, O;
 So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to sustain me, O;
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred me early, O;
 For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for fortune fairly, O.
 Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm doom'd to
 wander, O,
 Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber, O.
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain or
 sorrow, O!
 I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in a palace, O,
 Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted
 malice, O;

I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther, O;
 But, as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money, O,
 Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon me, O:
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natur'd folly, O;
 But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour, O,
 The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the
 farther, O:

Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you, O,
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you, O.

NANNIE O.

ROBERT BURNS.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 An' I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

CORN RIGS.

ROBERT BURNS.

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa' to Annie:
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me thro' the barley.
 Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
 And corn rigs are bonnie:
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly;
 I set her down wi' right good will
 Amang the rigs o' barley;
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
 I lov'd her most sincerely;
 I kissed her owre and owre again,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
 Her heart was beating rarely:
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley;
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly!
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear:
 I ha'e been merry drinkin';
 I ha'e been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
 I ha'e been happy thinkin';

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

ROBERT BURNS.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O.
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent amang the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

ROBERT BURNS.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green bras,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES?

ROBERT BURNS.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across the Atlantic's roar?

Oh sweet grow the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
 I ha'e sworn by the heavens to be true;
 And sae may the heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand;
 Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our truth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join,
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!
 The hour and the moment o' time!

HIGHLAND LASSIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care :
 Their titles a' are empty show ;
 Gi'e me my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills an' valleys mine,
 Yon palace an' yon gardens fine !
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 An' I maun cross the raging sea ;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth an' honour's band !
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O !
 Farewell the plain sae rushy, O !
 To other lands I now must go,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

POWERS CELESTIAL.

ROBERT BURNS.

POWERS celestial ! whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While to distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care :
 Let her form sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own,
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast,
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest :
 Guardian angels ! oh protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam ;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home.

HIGHLAND MARY.

ROBERT BURNS.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 An' there the langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my deary ;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary,

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursel's asunder ;
 But, Oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh pale, pale, now, those rosy lips,
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
 An' clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lov'd me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 Oh Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget;
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past—
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
 Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebb'd shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thiek'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
 Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear,
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TURN AGAIN.

ROBERT BURNS.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rue on thy despairing lover!
 Canst thou break his faithful heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended?
 The offence is loving thee:
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
 That thy presence gi'es to me.

FROM THEE ELIZA.

ROBERT BURNS.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore,
 The cruel Fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar:
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more!
 The latest throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang,
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 An' bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
 When, musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
 But woman, nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile;
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

YE BANKS AN' BRAES.

ROBERT BURNS.

YE banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh an' fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 An' I sae weary fu' o' care!
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return!
 Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose an' woodbine twine;
 An' ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 An' fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 An' my fause luvie stole my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

F A R E W E L L.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
 While here I wander prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.
 The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
 By early winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr,

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore :
 Tho' death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear !
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare ;
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr !

OF A' THE AIRTS.

ROBERT BURNS.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, an' rivers row,
 An' mony a hill between ;
 But day an' night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'rs,
 I see her sweet an' fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

THE WEAVER.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.
 Oh, I had woovers aucht or nine,
 They gi'ed me rings and ribbons fine,
 An' I was fear'd my heart would tinc,
 An' I gi'ed it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
 To gi'e the lad that has the land;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 An' gi'e it to the weaver.
 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

THEIR GROVES OF SWEET MYRTLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell an' gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.
 Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 An' cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean!

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

ROBERT BURNS.

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean, again.
 There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again,
 But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass,
 And stowlins we sall meet again.
 She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin-time draws near again;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 Oh, haith, she's doubly dear again!
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

ROBERT BURNS.

I HA'E a wife o' my ain—
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.
 I ha'e a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody;
 I ha'e naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.
 I am naebody's lord—
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I ha'e a gude braid sword,
 I'll tak' dunts frae naebody.
 I'll be merry an' free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

THE WINSOME WEE THING.

ROBERT BURNS.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer;
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.
 Oh leeze me on my wee thing,
 My bonnie, blythesome wee thing;
 Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing,
 I'll think my lot divine.
 Tho' warld's care we share o't,
 And may see meikle mair o't;
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And ne'er a word repine.

AE FOND KISS.

ROBERT BURNS.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—cr never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest;
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

ROBERT BURNS.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 An' drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair!
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tends thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young an' gay,
 Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
 An' bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

GO FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie :
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

LOGAN'S BRAES.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride ;
 An' years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me an' Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills an' valleys gay ;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers ;
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 An' evening's tears are tears of joy :
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

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

Oh, wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye make many 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,
 An' Willie hame to Logan braes!

YOUNG PEGGIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn the springing grass,
 With early gems adorning:
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them;
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them:
 Her smile is, as the evening, mild,
 When feather'd tribes are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
 Her winning powers to lessen;
 And fretful envy grins in vain
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
 From every ill defend her;
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth,
 The destinies intend her:
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom,
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

ROBERT BURNS.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly, o'er-arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue,
 Her smiling, sae wiling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto those rosy lips to grow;
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 An' aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and graceful air;
 Ilk feature—auld nature
 Declared that she could do nae mair.
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
 An' aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 An' hear my vows o' truth and love,
 An' say thou lo'es me best of a'.

THERE WAS A LASS.

ROBERT BURNS.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 An' she held owre the moors to spin;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.

The moor was driegh, an' Meg was skiegh,
 Her favour Duncan could na win;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 An' aye she shook the temper-pin.
 As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 An' aye she set the wheel between:
 But Duncan swore a haly aith
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
 An' flang them a' out owre the burn.
 We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
 An' we will live like king an' queen,
 Sac blythe an' merry we will be
 When ye sit by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink an' no be drunk;
 A man may fight an' no be slain;
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
 An' aye be welcome back again.

GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

ROBERT BURNS.

GANE is the day, an' mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
 For ale an' brandy's stars an' moon,
 An' bluid-red wine's the rising sun.
 Then gudewife, count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin;
 Then gudewife, count the lawin,
 An' bring a coggie mair.
 There's wealth an' ease for gentlemen,
 An' semple folk maun fecht an' fen;
 But here we're a' in ac accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk 's a lord.
 My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
 An' pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

A BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman or soldier to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare—
 For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
 I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low :
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse :
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse ;
 But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air !
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;—
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a maxim laid down
 By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown ;
 An' faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
 For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n of care.

STANZA ADDED IN A MASON'S LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper an' make it o'erflow,
 An' honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
 May every true brother of the compass an' square,
 Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care !

OH ! TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Oh Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day
 Ye wad na been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na but gaed bye like stoure ;
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean,
 That looks sae proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 An' answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
 Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice;
 The de'il a anc wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wad na gi'e her in her sark,
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
 Ye need na look sae high.

MY LUVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June:
 Oh, my luve's like the melodie,
 That's sweetly played in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I;
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee weel, my only luve!
 And fare thee weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

S O M E B O D Y .

ROBERT BURNS.

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
 My heart is sair for somebody ;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake of somebody.
 Oh-hon, for somebody !
 Oh-hey, for somebody !
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody !
 Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 Oh, sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon, for somebody !
 Oh-hey, for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not !
 For the sake of somebody !

G A L A W A T E R .

ROBERT BURNS.

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Gala Water.
 But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.
 Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I ha'e na meikle tocher ;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.
 It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure :
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 Oh that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

C O N T E N T E D W I' L I T T L E .

ROBERT BURNS.

CONTENTED wi' little, an' cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I hear a wail or a sigh,
 I gi'e them a skelp as they're creepin' along,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, an' an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a sodger, an' life is a faught:
 My mirth an' good humour are coin in my pouch,
 An' my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a':
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper an' stoyte on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;
 Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure, or pain,
 My warst word is—"Welcome, an' welcome again!"

OH! WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill!
 Or had of Helicon my fill;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my muse's well,
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r an' spell,
 An' write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By heaven an' earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
 An' aye I muse an' sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run;
 Till then—and then I love thee.

and I will come again, my
 Tho' it were tar.

OH POORTITH CAULD.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH poortith cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
 Oh why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.
 Oh why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 Oh why, &c.

Oh wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 Oh wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 Oh why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate!
 He woos his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 Oh why, &c.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

ROBERT BURNS.

THICKEST night, o'erhangs my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend:
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

ROBERT BURNS.

I'm owre young to marry yet;
 I'm owre young to marry yet;
 I'm owre young—'twad be a sin
 To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
 An' if I gang to your house,
 I'm fley'd 'twill make me eerie, Sir.

Hallowmas is come an' gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
 An' you an' I in ae bed,
 In trowth I dare na venture, Sir.

Fu' loud an' shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

OWER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA'.

ROBERT BURNS.

O! how can I be blythe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is ower the hills and far awa'?
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is ower the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift an' snaw;
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa'.
 But aye the tear come in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they ha'e disown'd me a',
 But I ha'e ane will tak' my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.
 But I ha'e ane will tak' my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.
 A pair o' gloves he ga'e to me,
 An' silken snoods he ga'e me twa,
 An' I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.
 An' I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

THE RED RED ROSE.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, an' me so young,
 Wi' his fause heart an' flatt'ring tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal an' a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef an' his saut,
 For a' his gold an' white monie,
 An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye an' yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens an' knowes;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa-faule as he dow,
 Wi' his teethless gab an' his auld beld pow,
 An' the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd e'e—
 That auld man shall never daunton me.

LAY THY LOOF IN MINE.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be me ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best ;
 But thou art Queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

Oh lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

OH ! OPEN THE DOOR.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Oh ! open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh ! open the door to me, oh !
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh ! open the door to me, oh !

"Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, oh !
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh !

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 An' time is setting with me, oh !
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh !"

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh !

"My true love !" she cried, an' sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, oh !

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

ROBERT BURNS.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
 The fourteenth of November
 She made me weary of my life,
 By one unruly member.
 Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
 And many griefs attended ;
 But to my comfort be it spoke,
 Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one and twenty years,
 A man and wife together;
 At length from me her course she steer'd,
 And gone I know not whither:
 Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave does hide her;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The de'il would ne'er abide her,
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating thunder;
 For why?—methinks I hear her voice
 Tearing the clouds asunder!

TAM GLEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie!
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
 I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow
 In poortith I might make a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?
 There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Guid day, to you, brute!" he comes ben,
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
 My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?
 My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten:
 But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
 Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gi'ed a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
 My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
 And the very gray brecks o' Tam Glen!
 Come counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry—
 I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

OH WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YOU.

ROBERT BURNS.

Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
 Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father an' mither an' a' should gae mad,
 Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 An' come na unless the back yett be a-gee;
 Syne up the back stile, an' let naebody see,
 An' come as ye were na comin' to me.
 An' come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
 Yet look, &c.

Aye vow an' protest that ye care na for me,
 An' whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

DAINTY DAVIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay, green spreading bowers;
 An' now come in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then thro' the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 An' that's my ain dear Davie.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

ROBERT BURNS.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever;
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death only should us sever,
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking:
 Soon my weary een I'll close—never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an' auld man?
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae morning to e'ening',
 He hoasts an' he hirples the weary day lang;
 He's doyl't an' he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
 Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
 He's doyl't an' he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
 Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums an' he hankers, he frets an' he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows:
 Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
 He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows:
 Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cross him, an' wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 An' then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
 I'll cross him, an' wrack him, until I heart-break him
 An' then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

LEEZE ME ON MY SPINNIN' WHEEL.

ROBERT BURNS.

Oh leeze me on my spinnin' wheel,
 Oh leeze me on my rock an' reel;
 Frae tap to tac that cleeds me bien,
 An' haps me fiel an' warm at c'en!
 I'll sit me down an' sing an' spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, an' milk an' meal—
 Oh leeze me on my spinnin' wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 An' meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk an' hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 An' little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 An' echo cons the dolcfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays:
 The craik amang the clover hay,
 The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shield,
 Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, an' less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 Oh wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flarin', idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel?