

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

ROBERT BURNS.

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
 Oh, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 Oh, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass with a
 tocher.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher—the nice yellow guineas
 for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

ROBERT BURNS.

Oh meikle thinks my luvè o' my beauty,
 An' meikle thinks my luvè o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luvè I ken brawly
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
 My laddie's sae meikle in luvè wi' the siller,
 He canna ha'e luvè to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvè's an arle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
 Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

OH! FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

ROBERT BURNS.

AND oh, for ane-and-twenty, Tam,
 And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam,
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
 But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

UP IN THE MORNING.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

OH this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be;
 Oh weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
 It wants to me the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae paukie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in her e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

ROBERT BURNS.

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
 An' listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap an' primrose our woodlands adorn,
 An' violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—an' Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
 An' thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow an' gray,
 An' soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;
 The dark, dreary winter, an' wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOER.

ROBERT BURNS.

LAST May a braw woer cam' down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 I said there was naething I hated like men—
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean—
 The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel-stockit mailen, himsel' for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
 But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less—
 The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her.
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 An' wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
 Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
 But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
 But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begg'd, for guidsake, I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
 So e'en to preserve the puir body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

ROBERT BURNS.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet,
 We'll let her stand a year or two,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 An' could na preach for thinking o't.

BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blythely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 O'er lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 An' rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love an' thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

ROBERT BURNS.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is beld John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 An' mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 An' sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

OH WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT,

ROBERT BURNS.

OH, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 An' Rob an' Allan cam' to pree:
 Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.
 We are na fou', we're nae that fou',
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
 An' mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!

OII! LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Oh luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen;
 Oh luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae green—
 An' a' to ' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 An' I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer—
 An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
 The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—
 An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, an' the lily it is fair,
 An' in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity, an' unaffected air—
 An' a' to be a posie to my ain kind May.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day;
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak' away—
 An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
 And the diamond drops o' dew shall be here e'en sae clear:
 The violets for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie a posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 An' gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 An' mony a widow mourning,
 I left the lines an' tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 An' for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy;
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill, an' trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
 Down by her mother's dwelling !
 An turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, " Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 Oh ! happy happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom !
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 An' fain wad be thy lodger ;
 I've serv'd my king an' country lang—
 Take pity on a sodger ! "

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
 An' lovelier was than ever ;
 Quo' she, " A sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never :
 Our humble cot an' hamely fare
 Ye freely shall partake o't ;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't. "

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily ;
 She sank within my arms, an' cried,
 " Art thou my ain dear Willie ? "
 " By him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man ; an' thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

" The wars are o'er, an' I'm come hame,
 An' find thee still true-hearted !
 Tho' poor in gear we're rich in love,
 An' mair we'se ne'er be parted. "
 Quo' she, " My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
 An' come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly. "

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour.
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger ;
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day an' hour of danger.

FOR A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that!
 Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show an' a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His riband, star, an' a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he manna fa' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES.

ROBERT BURNS.

FAREWEE! to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory,
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story.
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.
 What force or guile could not subdue,
 Thro' many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station;
 But English gold has been our bane—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.
 Oh would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lein in clay,
 Wi' Bruce an' loyal Wallace!
 But pith an' power, till my last hour,
 I'll make this declaration;
 We're bought and sold for English gold—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

SCOTS WHA HA'E.

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!
 Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and Slavery!
 Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!
 Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do, or die!

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL.

ROBERT BURNS.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir;
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 An' volunteers on shore, Sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 An' Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
 Fall de rall, &c.

Oh, let us not, like snarling tykes,
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till, slap, come in an unco loon,
 An' wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among oursel's united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
 Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o'the kirk an' state,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
 An' wha wad dare to spoil it,
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it.
 Fall de rall, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 An' the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
 May they be damned together!
 Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
 Will hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People.

AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' days o' auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
 An' pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.

An' here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 An' gi'e's a hand o' thine;
 An' we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.

An' surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
 An' surely I'll be mine;
 An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

WILLIE WASTLE.

ROBERT BURNS.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they called it Linkum-doddie;
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Could stown a clew wi' ony body.
 He had a wife was dour an' din,
 Oh Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller

A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose an' chin they threaten ither—
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She's bough-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 Ae limp'in' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter;
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouthor;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin';
 But Willie's wife is na sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gi'e a button for her.

I GAED A WAEFU GATE YESTREEN.

ROBERT BURNS.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frac twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd;
 She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
 An' aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

ROBERT BURNS.

“HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.”

“ One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy ?”

“ If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so good-bye allegiance !”

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy.”

“ My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.”

“ I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy,
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy.”

“ Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.”

“ I'll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy.”

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHORUS.

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
An' a' is young an' sweet like thee:
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
An' say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

An' when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.

An' when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo;
 An' owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae dowf an' weary, O;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, an' ne'er be earie, O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Altho' the night was ne'er sae wild,
 An' I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo:
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;
 Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
 To meet thee on the lea rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

OH SAW YE BONNIE LESLIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH saw ye bonnie Lesley,
 As she gaed owre the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 An' love but her for ever;
 For nature made her what she is,
 An' never made anither!
 Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee;
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.
 The de'il he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 An' say, "I canna wrang thee!"
 The powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
 Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag, we ha'e a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

MENIE.

ROBERT BURNS.

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees,
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
 An' maun I still on Menie doat,
 An' bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' like a hawk,
 An' winna let a body be.
 In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis an' the lintwhite sing.
 The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
 The wanton coot the water skims,
 Amang the reeds the ducklins cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 An' every thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
 An' owre the moorland whistles shrill;
 Wi' wild unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

An' when the lark, 'tween light an' dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 An' mounts an' sings on fluttering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 An' raging bend the naked tree:
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me!

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
 An' danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
 The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
 He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
 He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman!

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
 We'll dance, an' sing, an' rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il
 That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.
 The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
 He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
 He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
 Was—the de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman,
 The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
 He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
 He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.

THE DEVON.

ROBERT BURNS.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair;
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

Oh spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn;
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded Lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud Rose;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

MALLY'S MEEK.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
 Mally's modest and discreet,
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
 Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
 But oh the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
 An' 'twere more fit that she should sit
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck:
 An' her two eyes, like stars in skies,
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

BONNIE WEE THING.

ROBERT BURNS.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look an' languish
 In that bonnie face of thine;
 An' my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.
 Wit, an' grace, an' love, an' beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine!

'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

ROBERT BURNS.

'T WAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
 'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.
 Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.
 Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

NITH.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand;
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command:
 When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear!
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here?
 How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorn's gaily bloom!
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far frae thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!

MARK YONDER POMP.

ROBERT BURNS.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride :
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures ?
 What are the noisy pleasures ?
 The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.
 But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In simplicity's array ;
 Lovely as yonder sweet op'ning flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.
 Oh then the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown,
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity,
 And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

ROBERT BURNS.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven I thought was in her air ;
 Now we're married—spier nae mair—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Meg was meek, an' Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child ;
 Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.
 How we live, my Meg an' me,
 How we love, an' how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.