

# My Heart's in the Highlands



Selected Poems of  
**Robert Burns**



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## My Heart's in the Highlands

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth ;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd with snow,  
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.



Anna, Thy Charms  
Tune - "*Bonnie Mary.*"

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,  
And waste my soul with care;  
But ah! how bootless to admire,  
When fated to despair!  
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,  
To hope may be forgiv'n;  
For sure 'twere impious to despair,  
So much in sight of Heav'n.

Had I A Cave  
Tune - "*Robin Adair*."

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,  
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;  
There would I weep my woes,  
There seek my lost repose,  
Till grief my eyes should close,  
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,  
All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air!  
To thy new lover hie,  
Laugh o'er thy perjury,  
Then in thy bosom try  
What peace is there!

As I Was A-Wand'Ring

Tune - "*Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*"

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',  
The pipers and youngsters were making their game;  
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,  
Which bled a' the wound o' my dolour again.  
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;  
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;  
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,  
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I could na get sleeping till dawin for greetin',  
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain:  
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,  
For, oh! luvè forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,  
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;  
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow  
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.  
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,  
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;  
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,  
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

A red, red rose

O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O, my luv'e's like the melodie,  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luv'e am I:  
And I will luv'e 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 luv'e thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv'e!  
And fare thee weel a-while!  
And I will come again, my luv'e,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.



Bannockburn.

Robert Bruce's Address To His Army

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour  
See the front o' battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's power  
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Caledonian! on wi' me!

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

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

Behold The Hour  
Tune - "*Oran-gaoil*."

Behold the hour, the boat arrive;  
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!  
Sever'd from thee can I survive?  
But fate has will'd, and we must part.  
I'll often greet this surging swell,  
Yon distant isle will often hail:  
"E'en here I took the last farewell;  
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore  
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,  
Across the rolling, dashing roar,  
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:  
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,  
Where now my Nancy's path may be!  
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,  
O tell me, does she muse on me?

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton  
Tune - "*Afton Water*."

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,  
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.



Come, Let Me Take Thee  
Air - "*Cauld Kail!*"

Come, let me take thee to my breast,  
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;  
And I shall spurn as vilest dust  
The world's wealth and grandeur:  
And do I hear my Jeanie own  
That equal transports move her?  
I ask for dearest life alone,  
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,  
I clasp my countless treasure;  
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,  
Than sic a moment's pleasure:  
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,  
I swear I'm thine for ever!  
And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
And break it shall I never.

O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

O, wert thou in the cauld blast  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.  
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'  
Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Saw black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a Paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
Or were I monarch o the globe,  
Wi thee to reign, wi thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

Eliza

Tune - "*Gilderoy*."

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!



Chloe

Air - "*Daintie Davie.*"

It was the charming month of May,  
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,  
One morning, by the break of day,  
The youthful charming Chloe  
From peaceful slumber she arose,  
Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,  
The youthful charming Chloe.  
Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,  
Perch'd all around, on every tree,  
In notes of sweetest melody  
They hail the charming Chloe;  
Till painting gay the eastern skies,  
The glorious sun began to rise,  
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes  
Of youthful, charming Chloe.  
Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.

## John Anderson my Jo

John Anderson my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint;  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonny brow was brent;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snow;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo.

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

Caledonia

Tune - "*Caledonian Hunt's Delight*."

There was once a day - but old Time then was young  
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
From some of your northern deities sprung,  
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)  
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,  
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:  
Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,  
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,  
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew;  
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore  
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"  
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,  
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;  
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,  
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers  
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:  
Repeated, successive, for many long years,  
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:  
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,

They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;  
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly -  
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,  
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;  
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth  
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore;  
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,  
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;  
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose,  
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;  
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,  
And robb'd him at once of his hope and his life:  
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,  
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood:  
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,  
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,  
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:  
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;  
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:

Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,  
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;  
But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse;  
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them  
always.



## A Bard's Epitaph

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
Let him draw near;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,  
That weekly this area throng,  
O, pass not by!  
But with a frater-feeling strong,  
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,  
Wild as the wave;  
Here pause, and, through the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn and wise to know,

And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And softer flame,  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend, whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
In low pursuit;  
Know, prudent, cautious self-control,  
Is wisdom's root.

Farewell, Thou Stream

Air - "*Nancy's to the greenwood gane.*"

Farewell, thou stream that winding flows  
Around Eliza's dwelling!  
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes  
Within my bosom swelling:  
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,  
And yet in secret languish,  
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,  
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
I fain my griefs would cover;  
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
Betray the hapless lover.  
I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;  
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer -  
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,  
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;  
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
'Till fears no more had sav'd me:  
The unwary sailor thus aghast,

The wheeling torrent viewing;  
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
In overwhelming ruin.



A Fragment

Tune - "*John Anderson my jo.*"

One night as I did wander,  
When corn begins to shoot,  
I sat me down to ponder,  
Upon an auld tree root:  
Auld Ayr ran by before me,  
And bicker'd to the seas;  
A cushat crooded o'er me,  
That echoed thro' the braes.

Gane Is The Day

Tune - "*Gudewife count the lawin.*"

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,  
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,  
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.  
Then gudewife count the lawin,  
The lawin, the lawin;  
Then gudewife count the lawin,  
And bring a coggie mair!

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

My coggie is a haly pool,  
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;  
And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out  
Then gudewife count the lawin;  
The lawin, the lawin,  
Then gudewife count the lawin,  
And bring a coggie mair!

## Address To Edinburgh.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!  
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,  
As busy Trade his labour plies;  
There Architecture's noble pride  
Bids elegance and splendour rise;  
Here Justice, from her native skies,  
High wields her balance and her rod;  
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,  
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,  
With open arms the stranger hail;  
Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind,  
Above the narrow, rural vale;  
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,  
Or modest merit's silent claim;

And never may their sources fail!  
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,  
Gay as the gilded summer sky,  
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,  
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!  
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,  
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;  
I see the Sire of Love on high,  
And own his work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,  
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar,  
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,  
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:  
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,  
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,  
Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,  
I view that noble, stately dome,  
Where Scotia's kings of other years,  
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:  
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!

Their royal name low in the dust!  
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam,  
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,  
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps  
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:  
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,  
Haply, my sires have left their shed,  
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,  
Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!  
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,  
As on the hanks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here Is The Glen  
Tune - "*Banks of Cree.*"

Here is the glen, and here the bower,  
All underneath the birchen shade;  
The village-bell has told the hour -  
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;  
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,  
Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,  
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!  
So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
His little, faithful mate to cheer,  
At once 'tis music - and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?  
O welcome, dear to love and me!  
And let us all our vows renew  
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

Bonnie Jean

There was a lass, and she was fair,  
At kirk and market to be seen,  
When a' the fairest maids were met,  
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,  
And ay she sang so merrilie:  
The blithest bird upon the bush  
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;

And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,  
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;  
So trembling, pure, was tender love  
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,  
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;  
Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,  
And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
As Robie tauld a tale of love,  
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
The birds sung sweet in ilka grove;  
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
O canst thou think to fancy me!  
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
Or naething else to trouble thee;  
But stray amang the heather-bells,  
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
She had nae will to say him na:  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was ay between them twa.

Highland Mary

Tune - "*Katherine Ogie*:"

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,  
And there the langest tarry;  
For there I took the last farewell  
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 dearie;  
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 oursels 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!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!  
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary!



Lament Of Mary, Queen Of Scots,  
On The Approach Of Spring

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea:  
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The mavis wild wi' mony a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae;  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland

May rove their sweets amang;  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang!

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been;  
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en:  
And I'm the sov'reign o' Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there;  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword  
That thro' thy soul shall gae!  
The weeping blood in woman's breast  
Was never known to thee;  
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe  
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine;  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er wad blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee:  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend  
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn!  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn!  
And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave;  
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring  
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

## A Grace

Lord, we thank and thee adore,  
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;  
At present we will ask no more,  
Let William Hyslop give the spirit.



Meikle Thinks My Luve

Tune - "*My tocher's the jewel!*"

O Meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,  
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;  
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie  
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 luve wi' the siller,  
He canna hae lure to spare for me.

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

Ca' The Ewes

Tune - "*Ca' the ewes to the knowes.*"

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,  
My bonnie dearie!

As I gaed down the water-side,  
There I met my shepherd lad,  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
An' he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water-side,  
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?  
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,  
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,  
And a' the day to sit in dool,  
And naebody to see me.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,  
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,  
And ye shall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,  
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,  
And I shall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;  
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
'Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,  
Ye sall be my dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,  
My bonnie dearie.

O Lassie, Art Thou Sleeping Yet  
Tune - "*Let me in this ae night!*"

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet,  
Or art thou waking, I would wit?  
For love has bound me hand and foot,  
And I would fain be in, jo.  
O let me in this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night;  
For pity's sake this ae night,  
O rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet!  
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet:  
Tak pity on my weary feet,  
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blows,  
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.  
O let me in this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night;  
For pity's sake this ae night,  
O rise and let me in, jo!

Twas Na Her Bonnie Blue Een  
Tune - "*Laddie, lie near me.*"

'Twas na her bonnie blue een was my ruin;  
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:  
'Twas the dear smile when naebody 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.

O Luv Will Venture In  
Tune - "*The Posie*."

O luv will venture in  
Where it daurna weel be seen;  
O luv will venture in  
Where wisdom ance has been.  
But I will down yon river rove,  
Among the wood sae green  
And a' to pu' a posie  
To my ain dear May.

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

I'll pu' the budding rose,  
When Phoebus peeps in view,  
For it's like a baumy kiss  
O' her sweet bonnie mou';  
The hyacinth's for constancy,



Wi' its unchanging blue  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,  
And the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom  
I'll place the lily there;  
The daisy's for simplicity,  
And unaffected air  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear 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  
And 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 her e'en sae clear;

The violet's for modesty,  
Which weel she fa's to wear,  
And a' to be a posie  
To my ain dear May.

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



## Tam O' Shanter - A Tale

When chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late,  
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O' Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;  
That frae November till October,

Ae market-day thou wasna sober;  
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,  
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;  
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
To think how mony counsels sweet,  
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!  
But to our tale:- Ae market night,  
Tam had got planted unco right;  
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;  
They had been fou' for weeks thegither!  
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;  
And ay the ale was growing better:  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;  
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drown'd himself among the nappy!  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white, then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he taks the road in  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;  
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the foord,  
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;  
And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.  
Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
Near and more the thunders roll;  
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;  
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!  
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he car'd nae deils a boddle.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,  
'Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventur'd forward on the light;  
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels:  
A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge;  
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.  
Coffins stood round, like open presses;  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip slight  
Each in its cauld hand held a light,  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name would be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans  
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen,  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,  
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,  
There was a winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear.)  
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That, while a lassie, she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.

Ah! little kenn'd the reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!  
But here my muse her wing maun cour;  
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jade she was and strung,)  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd;  
And thought his very een enrich'd;  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:  
'Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark:  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they darena cross!  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fient a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle,  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain gray tail:  
The carlin claught her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:  
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.

The Smiling Spring  
Tune - "*The Bonnie Bell*."

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,  
And surly Winter grimly flies;  
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,  
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;  
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,  
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;  
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,  
And yellow Autumn presses near,  
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,  
Till smiling Spring again appear.  
Thus Seasons dancing, life advancing,  
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,  
But never ranging, still unchanging,  
I adore my bonnie Bell.

The Banks O' Doon

Tune - "*Caledonian Hunt's Delight*."

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And 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 hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
And my fause luvie stole my rose,  
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



Bonnie Lassie, Will Ye Go  
Tune - "*The birks of Aberfeldy.*"

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 blithely sing,  
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
Or 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,  
And 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 and thee,  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go;  
Bonnie lassie, will ye go  
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

## The Book-Worms

Through and through the inspir'd leaves,  
Ye maggots, make your windings;  
But oh! respect his lordship's taste,  
And spare his golden bindings.

## A Vision

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,  
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower  
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,  
The Stars they shot along the sky;  
The fox was howling on the hill,  
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,  
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,  
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth  
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;  
Athort the lift they start and shift,  
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,  
And, by the moon-beam, shook to see

A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,  
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,  
His darin' look had daunted me;  
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,  
The sacred posy, 'Libertie!'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;  
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,  
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,  
He weeping wail'd his latter times;  
But what he said it was nae play,  
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

The Highland Laddie

Tune - "*If thou'lt play me fair play.*"

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,  
Bonnie Highland laddie.  
On his head a bonnet blue,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;  
His royal heart was firm and true,  
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,  
Bonnie lassie; Lowland lassie;  
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,  
Bonnie Lowland lassie.  
Glory, honour, now invite,  
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,  
For freedom and my king to fight,  
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,  
Bonnie Highland laddie.  
Go, for yourself procure renown,

Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;  
And for your lawful king, his crown,  
Bonnie Highland laddie.



Bess And Her Spinning-Wheel  
Tune - "*The sweet lass that lo'es me.*"

O leeze me on my spinning-wheel,  
O leeze me on the rock and reel;  
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,  
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!  
I'll set me down and sing and spin,  
While laigh descends the simmer sun,  
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal  
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

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

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
And Echo cons the doolfu' 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 shiel,  
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

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

To A Louse,  
On Seeing One In A Lady's Bonnet, At Church

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!  
Your impudence protects you sairly:  
I canna say by ye strunt rarely,  
Owre gauze and lace;  
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely  
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,  
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,  
How dare you set your fit upon her,  
Sae fine a lady!  
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner  
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;  
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle  
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,  
In shoals and nations;  
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle  
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'rells, snug an' tight;  
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right  
'Till ye've got on it,  
The vera topmost, tow'ring height  
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
As plump an' gray as onie grozet;  
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  
Or fell, red smeddum,  
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,  
Wad dross your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy  
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;  
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
On's wyliecoat;  
But Miss's fine Lunardi! Fie!  
How daur ye do't?

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abroad!  
Ye little ken what cursed speed  
The blastie's makin'!

Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
Are notice takin'!

O wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us!  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
An' foolish notion;  
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
And ev'n devotion!

## The Highland Welcome

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,  
A time that surely shall come;  
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more  
Than just a Highland welcome.



Amang The Trees

Tune - "*The King of France, he rade a race.*"

Amang the trees, where humming bees  
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,  
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,  
And to her pipe was singing, O;  
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,  
She dir'l'd them aff fu' clearly, O,  
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,  
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,  
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;  
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,  
'Till we were wae and weary, O;  
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd  
A prisoner aughteen year awa,  
He fir'd a fiddler in the north  
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

A Rose-Bud By My Early Walk  
Tune - "*The Rose-bud*."

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,  
And 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 Jeany fair,  
On trembling string or vocal air,  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tends thy early morning.  
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,

Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.



Poem On Life,  
Addressed To Colonel De Peyster. Dumfries, 1796

My honoured colonel, deep I feel  
Your interest in the Poet's weal;  
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel  
The steep Parnassus,  
Surrounded thus by bolus, pill,  
And potion glasses.

O what a canty world were it,  
Would pain and care and sickness spare it;  
And fortune favour worth and merit,  
As they deserve!  
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;  
Syne, wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,  
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;  
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker  
I've found her still,  
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,  
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,  
Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,  
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on  
Wi' felon ire;  
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on-,  
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,  
First shewing us the tempting ware,  
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,  
To put us daft;  
Syne, weave, unseen, thy spider snare  
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes bye,  
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,  
Thy auld danm'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,  
And hellish pleasure;  
Already in thy fancy's eye,  
Thy sicker treasure!

Soon heels-o'er gowdie! in he gangs,  
And like a sheep head on a tangs,  
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs  
And murd'ring wrestle,

As, dangling in the wind, he hangs  
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,  
To plague you with this draunting drivel,  
Abjuring a' intentions evil,  
I quat my pen:  
The Lord preserve us frae the devil,  
Amen! amen!

Ae Fond Kiss

Tune - "*Rory Dall's Port.*"

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



## On A Wag In Mauchline

Lament him, Mauchline husbands a',  
He aften did assist ye;  
For had ye staid whole weeks awa,  
Your wives they ne'er had missed ye.  
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press  
To school in bands thegither,  
O tread ye lightly on his grass,  
Perhaps he was your father.

To A Mouse,  
On Turning Her Up In Her Nest With The Plough,  
November, 1785

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen icker in a thrave  
'S a sma' request:  
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,  
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin;  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',  
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary winter comin' fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
'Till, crash! the cruel coulter past  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain:  
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,  
Gang aft a-gley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,  
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear.

Fair Eliza  
*A Gaelic Air*

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,  
Ae kind blink before we part,  
Rue on thy despairing lover!  
Canst thou break his faithfu' 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, hae I offended?  
The offence is loving thee:  
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
Wha for time 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 in his e'e,

Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
That thy presence gies to me.



Wae Is My Heart

Tune - "*Wae is my heart.*"

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;  
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me;  
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,  
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved;  
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved;  
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,  
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were happy, where happy I hae been,  
Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle green;  
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,  
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

Macpherson's Farewell  
Tune - "*M'Pherson's Rant*."

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch's destinie!  
Macpherson's time will not be long  
On yonder gallows-tree.  
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he;  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dar'd his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword;  
And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;  
I die by treacherie:

It burns my heart I must depart,  
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky!  
May coward shame distain his name,  
The wretch that dares not die!  
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he;  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
Below the gallows-tree.

Ye Jacobites By Name

Tune - "*Ye Jacobites by name.*"

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;

Ye Jacobites by name,

Your fautes I will proclaim,

Your doctrines I maun blame

You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the  
law?

What is right and what is wrang, by the law?

What is right and what is wrang?

A short sword, and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a parent's life

Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the  
state;  
Then let your schemes alone in the state;  
Then let your schemes alone,  
Adore the rising sun,  
And leave a man undone  
To his fate.



Address To The Wood-Lark  
Tune - "*Where'll bonnie Ann lie.*"

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;  
A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art;  
For surely that would touch her heart,  
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'g.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, 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!

I Am My Mammy's Ae Bairn  
Tune - "*I'm o'er young to marry yet.*"

I am my mammy's ae bairn,  
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;  
And lying in a man's bed,  
I'm fley'd it make me eerie, Sir.  
I'm o'er young to marry yet;  
I'm o'er young to marry yet;  
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin  
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

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

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind,  
Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir;  
But, if ye come this gate again,  
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.  
I'm o'er young to marry yet;  
I'm o'er young to marry yet;  
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin  
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

## Address To The Toothache

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortur'd gums along;  
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance;  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,  
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;  
Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,  
Wi' pitying moan;  
But thee, thou hell o' a' diseases,  
Ay mocks our groan!

A down my beard the slavers trickle!  
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the giglets keckle,  
To see me loup;  
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle  
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,  
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,  
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,

Sad sight to see!  
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,  
Thou bears't the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,  
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,  
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,  
In dreadfu' raw,  
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell  
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,  
That gars the notes of discord squeel,  
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
In gore a shoe-thick!  
Gie' a' the faes o' Scotland's weal  
A towmond's Toothache.

## A Grace Before Dinner

O thou, who kindly dost provide  
For every creature's want!  
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,  
For all thy goodness lent:  
And if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,  
May never worse be sent;  
But, whether granted or denied,  
Lord bless us with content!  
Amen.



## A Prayer - In The Prospect Of Death

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause  
Of all my hope and fear?  
In whose dread presence, ere an hour  
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun;  
As something, loudly, in my breast,  
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me,  
With passions wild and strong;  
And list'ning to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,  
Or frailty stept aside,  
Do Thou, All-Good! for such thou art,  
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,  
No other plea I have,  
But, Thou art good; and goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive.

## To a Haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,  
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!  
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
Painch, tripe, or thairm:  
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace  
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
Your hurdies like a distant hill,  
Your pin wad help to mend a mill  
In time o' need,  
While thro' your pores the dews distil  
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic-labour dight,  
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,  
Trenching your gushing entrails bright  
Like onie ditch;  
And then, O what a glorious sight,  
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,  
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

'Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve  
Are bent like drums;  
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,  
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,  
Or olio that wad staw a sow,  
Or fricassee wad mak her spew  
Wi' perfect sconner,  
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view  
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,  
As feckless as a wither'd rash,  
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,  
His nieve a nit;  
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,  
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,  
The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,  
He'll mak it whistle;  
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,  
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,  
And dish them out their bill o' fare,  
Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware  
That jaups in luggies;  
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,  
Gie her a Haggis!

## Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu't the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

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

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll take a right guid willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

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



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