

A 6/1

POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Tune - Maggie Lauder.

I. 0

I married with a scolding wife
the fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.

II. k

Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
and many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

III.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steered,
And gone I know not whither.

IV.

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.

V.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her sould is not in hell -
The de'il could ne'er abide her.

VI.

I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why - methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

- - - - -

BEWARE OF BONNIE ANN.

Tune - "Ye Gallants Bright".

I.

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware of bonnie Ann;
Her comely face, sae fu o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan
Sae jimply laced her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

II.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The Captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a', *Advised*
Beware of Bonnie Ann.

TO MARRY IN HEAVEN.

Tune - "Death of Captain Cook".

I.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou they lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

/II.

II.

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayre, 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!

III.

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray -
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

IV.

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?
Seest thou they lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fooled,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled -
The Devil ruled the woman.

So - a - hand - - - - -

TO A LOUSE

On seeing one on a Lady's bonnet at Church

6/1 8

Ha' whaur ye gaun, ye ^{crawling} crowlin' ^{wonder, marvel} ferlie?

Your impudence protects you ^{surely} sairly;

I canna say but ye ^{strut} strut rarely,

Owre gauze and lace;

Tho', faith! I fear ye dine but sparely

On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit ^{marvel} wonner,

Detested, shunn'd by ^{saint} saunt an' sinner,

How ^{clare} daur ye set your ^{foot} fit upon her -

Sae fine a lady?

Gae somewhere else an' seek your dinner

On some poor body.

off. - Quick

Swith! in some beggar's ^{Temple sprawl} haffet squattle;

There ye may cre_{ep}, an' ^{struggle - scramble.} sprawl, an' sprattle,

Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,

In shoals and nations;

Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle

Your thick plantations.

Now ^{hold} haud you there, ye're out o' sight,

Below the ^{trimmings} fatt'rels, snug and tight;

Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,

Till ye've got on it -

The verra tapmost, tow'rin height

O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right ^{bold} bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' grey as ony ^{gooseberry} groset:

O for some rank, mercurial ^{Rosin (or ointment)} rozet,
Or fell, ^{destructive} red ^{powder} smeddum,

I'd gie you sic a hearty dose O't
Wad dress your ^{breech} droddum. (Such as would dress
your breech for ye).

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's ^{flannel cap.} flainen toy;

Or ^{perhaps} aiblins some bit ^{ragged} duddie boy,

On's ^{vest/undervest} wyliecoat;

But Miss's fine ^{balloon bonnet} Lunardi! fye!

How daur ye do't?

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,

An' set your beauties A' ^{abroad} abroad!

Ye little ken what cursed speed

^{swatches} The blastie's makin:

Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,

Are notice takin.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us

To see oursels as ithers see us!

It wad ^{from} frae mony a blunder free us,

An' foolish notion:

What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us

An' ev'n devotion!.

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