ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796), “the Bard of Ayrshire” and the National Poet of Scotland, was born in Alloway, Scotland. A poor farmer's son, he received little formal education and published Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish dialect in 1786. The success of this volume allowed him to join Edinburgh's literary elite and marry his mistress Jean Armour who bore his legitimate children (he also fathered illegitimate children with various women). He also began to collect and write songs (over 500 in number, many still sung today including “Auld Lang Syne” and “Scots Wae Hae”) which he contributed to The Scots Musical Museum and The Melodies of Scotland. Burns lost many friends in the 1790s for his support of the French Revolution and political radicalism (prefiguring modern socialism). Always a drinker, he began to drink more heavily and died at the premature age of 37. Burns is often considered merely a “proto-Romantic” because his poetic style in some ways looks back to earlier 18th Century verse; but his iconoclastic vision and immersion in Scottish folk culture and language make him more authentically “romantic” than many others so styled.

Song--Green Grow The Rashes

Chor.--Green grow the rushes, O; rushes [pondweeds]
Green grow the rushes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

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

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

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

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Sweet Afton

Flow gently, sweet Afton! amang thy green braes, hills
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 stockdove 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 oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me. birch

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 flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang 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.

John Anderson, My Jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquainted;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent; handsome; steep
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;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

A Man's A Man For A' That

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings 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,  
21 shilling coin  
The Man's the gold for a' that.

What though on homely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin' grey, an' a' that;  
homespun  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;  
A Man's a Man for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;  
The honest man, tho' 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;  
Gallant fellow  
He's but a coof for a' that:

For a' that, an' a' that,  
His ribband, star, an' a' that;  
dolt  
The man o' 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 abon his might,  
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!  
Must not fail [to have]

For a' that, an' a' that,  
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,  
Importance  
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
(As come it will for a' that,)  
Attain degree

That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,  
Shall hear the gree, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that,  
That Man to Man, the world o'er,

Shall brothers be for a' that.

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

Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?  
Your impudence protects you sairly;  
I canna say but 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 daur ye 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;

Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle  
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;

Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,  
Till ye've got on it-

The verra tapmost, tow'r'in height  
O' Miss' bonnet.

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

O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  
Or fell, red smeddum,

I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,  
Wad dress your droddum.

I wad na been surpris'd to spy  
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;

Or aiblins some bit dubbie boy,  
On's wyliecoat;

But Miss' fine Lunardi! fye!  
How daur ye do't?

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abread!

Ye little ken what cursed speed  
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 frae mony a blunder free us,  
An' foolish notion:

What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
An' ev'n devotion!

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

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,  
Sleek  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
Scampering

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!  
Unwilling to run

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, whiles, but thou may thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
Must

A daimen icker in a thrave  
Odd stalk in a shock of wheat

'S a sma' request;  
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,  
Rest

An' never miss't!
Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green! grass left standing after mowing
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Both harsh

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 couler past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Stubble 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 sleet and dibble,
Frost-covered cold

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an men
Gang aft agley,
An'n'llea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
And leave us nothing

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me
The present only toucheth thee:
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks a unco lee-way. exceptional lee-way (rough sailing)

Address To The Unco Guid, Or The Rigidly Righteous

My Son, these maxims make a rule,
An' lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that ere was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.

(Solomon.--Eccles. ch. vii. verse 16.)

O ye wha are sae guid yersel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neighbours' faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water;
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
An' still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals

That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals:
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propose defences--
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer;
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in;
And (what's ait mair than a' the lave), oft more; all the rest
Your better art o' hidin.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop!
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop!
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes a unco lee-way. exceptional lee-way (rough sailing)

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown transformed
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treach'rous inclination--
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang a bit
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,--
The moving Why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
Address To The Deil

O Prince! O chief of many throned Pow'rs
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war.
O Thou! whatever title suit thee--
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame;
Far ken'd an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin' heuch's thy hame,
Burning; chasm
Thou travels far;
And faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate, nor scaur.

Whiles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin;
Whiles, on the strong-wind'd tempest flyin,
Striping
Whiles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend granie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruin'd castles grey
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eerie drone;

When twilight did my granie summon,
To say her pray'rs,
Aft'yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
Almost ruined all

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witchin' skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gane
Cow
As yell's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen an' crouse,
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thewes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin' icy boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,
And 'nighted trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversin Spunkies mischievous ghosts
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
Hammered drunk
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Né'er mair to rise.

When masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brither ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell.

Long syne in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
The raptur'd hour,
In shady bower;

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog.
Shake
'Maist rui'd a'.

D'ye mind that day when in a bizz
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
Smoky; scorched wig
'Mang better folk,
An' skelent on the man of Uzz
Cheated; Job
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
While scabs and botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw;
An' loos'd his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul', scold
Was warst ava? of all

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael^2 did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad a Lallan tounge, or Erse, defeat; Scots; Gaelic
In prose or rhyme.

But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—perhaps; know
Stil hae a stake:
I'm wae to think up' yon den, woeful
Ev'n for your sake!

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 bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauled thee weel thou was a skellum, rogue
A blabbering, blustering, drunken blabbermouth; blabbermouth
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilk a melder wi' the Miller, every milling [of grain]
Thou sat as lang as thou had silver; silver
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on every nag was nailed
The Smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday,
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou wad 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, starts my tears
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, fireside
Wi'reaming saats, that drank divinely; foamy brew
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie, shoemaker
His ancient, trusty, drougthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' wi' the Miller's clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might roar and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
As bees fle' hame wi' ladis o' treasure,
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 Rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.--
Nae man can tether Time nor 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 soft sinner was abroad in.

Weel-mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, skipped: puddles

---

"Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke."
Gawin Douglas.

When Chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors, meet;
As market days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate,
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting 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.

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In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin
To your black pit;
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
dodging
An' cheat you yet.

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Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—perhaps; know
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That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on every nag was nailed
The Smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'ert some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glaw'rin round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoord;  
And past the birkis and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the winds, 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 near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

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Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenye, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's heart,
Brew, head,
But Maggie stood, right
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillon, 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 give 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 cantraip sleight)
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, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gabudid gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted:
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled:
A knife, a father's throat had manegled.
Whom his ain son of life bereft,
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft;

Wis' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawful'.

As Tammie glowerd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The Piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew,
The reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they
till
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen, dirty flannel
Been snae-white seventeen hunder linen!--
That ance were plush o' guidle blue hair,
I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burgies! one view; pretty maids
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a crummock. Leaping; wooden club
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam ken what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and waulie pretty
That night enlisted in the core, among the dancers
Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore;
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie 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 ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she soft for her wee Nannie,
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A couple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bithuidh,
And thought his very reason a thegither,
Even Satan glowerd, and fidgetd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
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Till first ae caper, syne anither,
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreich and hollow.  

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy-utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stone o' the brig,  
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey 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 rin in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear;
At too great a cost
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

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,
They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins over Solway sands,
An' 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 traitor's wages.
The English stell we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane-
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
That Treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold-
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Robert Bruce's March to Bannockburn

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,