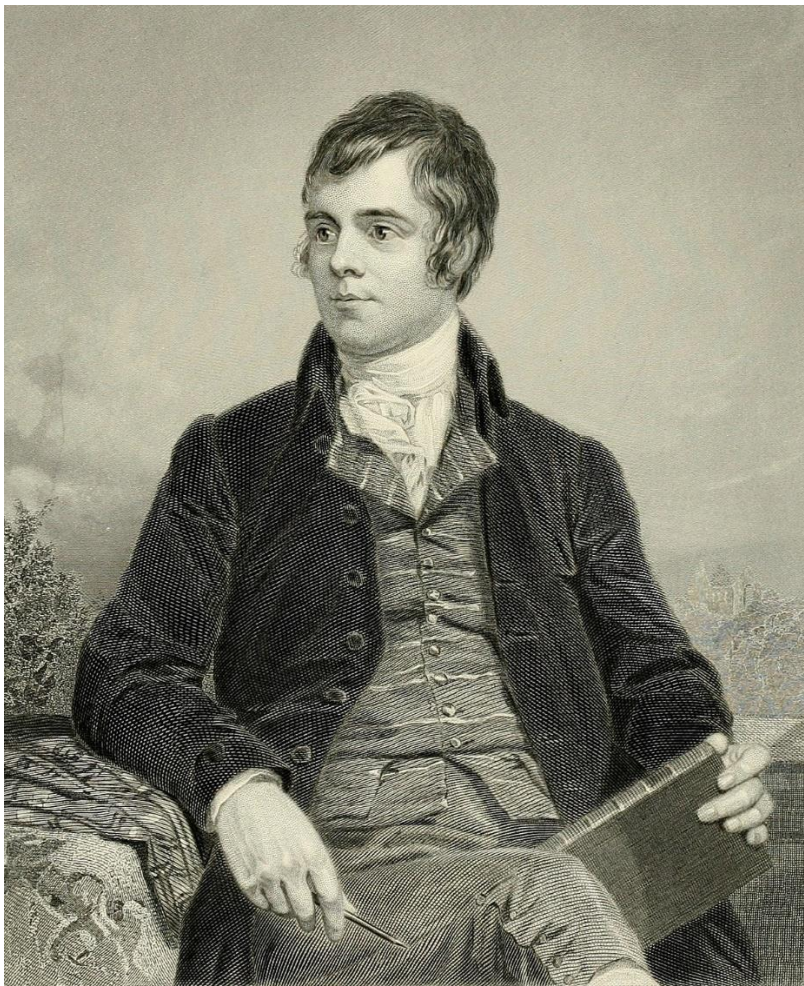


The Anselm Society's
Burns Night

Program Guide



January 25, 2021 marks the 262nd Anniversary of the birth of the
Scottish bard, Robert Burns

Burns Night Music

- **Loch Lomond:** the traditional Scottish tune arranged by Luke Duffy, an Irish pianist and composer living in Reykjavik, Iceland. He created this arrangement for harp, violin and viola especially for the Loch Lomond Trio. You can find his music here: <https://lukeduffy.bandcamp.com>, <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCJ4hLKK93LvXLBUVW28eIQ>
- **Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon:** the lyrics of this beautiful tune were written by Robert Burns. It tells the story of a long lost love in its memorable Scots verse: "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!"
- **Atholl Highlanders / 100 Pipers:** two traditional bagpipe tunes that are very reminiscent of a band of pipers. The Atholl Highlanders are a Scottish ceremonial infantry regiment, the only remaining private army in Europe and guardians of the Duke of Atholl. These tunes will be played as the haggis is brought in ceremoniously.
- **Flow Gently Sweet Afton:** another poem by Robert Burns, this song tells a love story while the sound of the poem mimics the gentle murmuring of the beautiful Afton river which runs through the area near Burns' birthplace: "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."
- **Laoidh Rebecca (Rebecca's Hymn):** this lovely traditional Scottish tune was arranged by the fiddler Bonnie Rideout, and is from her collection of music called "Kindred Spirits," each piece a tribute to a Scottish woman.
- **Lea Rigg / Shepherd's Wife:** two traditional tunes, both about the inevitable story that follows finding a lover out in a field. A "lea rigg" is a grassy ridge, and the words to this (also by Robert Burns) begin: "Although the night were ne'er sae wild, and I were ne'er sae wearie, O, I'd meet the on the lea-rig, my ain kind dearie, O."
- **Oh My Love is Like a Red Rose** - performed as a harp solo: probably the most famous with lyrics by Robert Burns, second only to "Auld Lang Syne," this song tells of the eternal nature of faithful love. The last stanza reads: And fare thee weel, my only Luve, And fare thee weel, a while! And I will come again, my Luve, Tho' it were ten thousand mile.
- **Auld Lang Syne:** Burns worked for the final seven years of his life on projects to preserve traditional Scottish songs for the future. In all, Burns had a hand in preserving over 300 songs for posterity, the most famous being "Auld Lang Syne". Everyone will sing along!

A Toast to Absent Friends

By Christina Brown
January 2021

Oh ye who are found oceans apart;
Who leave a longing in our hearts;
A toast to ye, we here impart.

To all the sick, waylaid in bed,
Whose hands we wish we held instead;
A toast, we here impart.

To all those traveling in distant lands,
Whose dreams lie just around the bend;
A toast we here impart.

To all whose wishes bid them stay
In introverted time away;
A toast, we here impart.

To all trapped by anxieties,
We hear you friends – please be at ease;
A toast, we here impart.

To all whom death has whisked away –
Whose expectations, time betrayed;
A toast, we here impart.

To all our friends, both near and far,
Who are bound to the eternal star,
Be emboldened, ye dear hearts:
Remember that the waves will part,
And promised lands will still our hearts.

Selkirk Grace

Original Text:

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat
And sae the Lord be thankit.

Modern Translation:

Some have meat and cannot eat,
And some cannot eat that want it;
But we have meat and we can eat
And so the Lord be thanked.

The Banks O' Doon

(the tune will be played, but no lyrics read)

Burns' Original:

1.

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn!
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

2.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause luvè staw my rose --
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Modern Translation:

You banks and sides of bonny Doon,
How can you bloom so fresh and fair?
How can you chant, you little birds,
And I so weary full of care!
You will break my heart, you warbling bird,
That flies through the flowering thorn!
You remind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Often have I roved by bonny Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And every bird sang of its love,
And fondly so did I of mine.
With lightsome heart I plucked a rose,
Full sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my false lover stole my rose -
But ah! he left the thorn with me.

Address To A Haggis

Burns' Original:

1.

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

2.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hudies 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.

3.

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

4.

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.

5.

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

6.

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

Modern Translation:

Fair full your honest, jolly face,
Great chieftain of the sausage race!
Above them all you take your place,
Stomach, tripe, or intestines:
Well are you worthy of a grace
As long as my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
Your buttocks like a distant hill,
Your pin would help to mend a mill
In time of need,
While through your pores the dews distill
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour wipe,
And cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like any ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm steaming, rich!

Then spoon for spoon, the stretch and strive:
Devil take the hindmost, on they drive,
Till all their well swollen bellies by-and-by
Are bent like drums;
Then old Master of the house, most like to
burst,
'The grace!' hums.

Is there that over his French ragout,
Or olio that would sicken a sow,
Or fricassee would make her throw-up
With perfect disgust,
Looks down with sneering, scornful view
On such a dinner?

Poor devil! see him over his trash,
As feeble as a withered rush,
His thin legs a good whip-lash,
His fist a nut;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit.

Address To A Haggis cont.

7.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wallee niver a blade,
He'll make it whistle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sneed
Like taps o' thistle.

8.

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

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his ample fist a blade,
He will make it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will crop
Like tops of thistle.

You powers, who make mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill of fare,
Old Scotland want no watery ware,
That splashes in small wooden dishes;
But is you wish her grateful prayer,
Give her a Haggis!

Up In The Morning Early

Burns' Original:

Chorus

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

1.

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

2.

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!

Modern Translation:

Chorus

Up in the morning's not for me,
Up in the morning early!
When all the hills are covered with snow.
I am sure it is winter fairly!

Cold blows the wind from east to west,
The drift is driving sorely,
So loud and shrill is I hear the blast -
I am sure it is winter fairly!

The birds sit shivering in the thorn,
All day they fare but sparely;
And long is the night from evening to
morning -
I am sure it is winter fairly!

Sweet Afton

(the tune will be played, but no lyrics read)

Burns' Original:

1.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes!

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise!

My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream

--

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream!

2.

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!

3.

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.

4.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies
below,

Where wild in the woodlands the primrose
blow:

There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the
lea,

The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary
and
me.

Modern Translation:

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among your green
slopes!

Flow gently, I will sing you a song in your
praise!

My Mary is asleep by the murmuring stream -

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream!

You stock dove whose echo resounds
through the glen,

You wild whistling blackbirds in yonder thorny
den

You green crested lapwing, your screaming
forbear -

I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair!

How lofty, sweet Afton, your neighbouring
hills,

Far marked with the courses of clear, winding
rills!

There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cottage in
my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,

Where wild in the woodlands the primrose
blow:

There often, as mild evening weeps over the
lea,

The sweet scented birch trees shades my
Mary and me.

Sweet Afton cont.

5.

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!

6.

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!

Your crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,
And winds by the cottage where my Mary
resides!
How sportive your waters her snowy feet
wash,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy
clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among your green
slopes!
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
poem!
My Mary is asleep by your murmuring stream-
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream!

The Lea-Rig

(the tune will be played, but no lyrics read)

Burns' Original:

The Lea-Rig

1.

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

2.

At midnight hour in mirkest glen
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

3.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher takes the glen
A down the burn to steer, my jo:
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey -
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

Modern Translation:

The Meadow-Ridge

When over the hill the eastern star
Tells folding time is near, my sweetheart,
And oxen from the furrowed field
Return so dull and weary, O,
Down by the brook, where scented birches
With dew are hanging clear, my sweetheart,
I will meet you on the meadow-ridge,
My own kind dear, O.

At midnight hour in darkest glen
I would rove, and never be frightened, O,
If through that glen I went to you,
My own kind dear, O!
Although the night were never so wild,
And I were never so weary, O,
I will meet you on the meadow-ridge,
My own kind dear, O.

The hunter loves the morning sun
To rouse the mountain deer, my sweetheart;
At noon the fisher takes to the glen
Down the brook to rouse, my sweetheart:
Give me the hour of twilight grey -
It makes my heart so cheery, O,
To meet you on the meadow-ridge,
My own kind dear, O.

A Red Red Rose

Burns' Original:

1.
O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O, my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

2.
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

3.
Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
O I will luve thee still, my Dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

4.
And fare thee weel, my only Luve,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

Modern Translation:

O, my love is like a red, red rose,
That is newly sprung in June.
O, my love is like the melody,
That is sweetly played in tune.

As fair are you, my lovely lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love you still, my Dear,
Till all the seas go dry.

Till all the seas go dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun!
O I will love you still, my Dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare you well, my only Love,
And fare you well a while!
And I will come again, my Love,
Although it were ten thousand mile!

A Man's A Man for A' That*

Burns' Original:

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,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
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;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
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!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Modern Translation:

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

What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear rough grey tweed, and all that?
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine -
A man is a man for all that.
For all that, and all that,
Their tinsel show, and all that,
The honest man, though ever so poor,
Is king of men for all that.

You see that fellow called 'a lord',
Who struts, and stares, and all that?
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He is but a dolt for all that.
For all that, and all that,
His ribboned, star, and all that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at all that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and all that!
But an honest man is above his might -
Good faith, he must not fault that
For all that, and all that,
Their dignities, and all that,
The pith of sense and pride of worth
Are higher rank than all that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth over all the earth
Shall take the prize and all that!
For all that, and all that,
It is coming yet for all that,
That man to man the world over
Shall brothers be for all that.

Auld Lang Syne

(Please sing along with verses 1 and 5, in bold.)

1.
**Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne.**

Chorus:
For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne,

2.
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.

Chorus

3.
We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

Chorus

4.
We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

Chorus

5.
**And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right guid willy waught,
For auld lang syne.**

Chorus

6.
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And long, long ago.

Chorus

7.
And for long, long ago, my dear
For long, long ago,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For long, long ago
And surely you'll buy your pint-jug!
And surely I'll buy mine!
And we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For long, long ago.

Chorus

8.
We two have run about the hills
And pulled the daisies fine;
But we've wandered manys the weary
foot
Since long, long ago.

Chorus

9.
We two have paddled in the stream,
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us broad have roared
Since long, long ago.

Chorus

10.
And there's a hand, my trusty friend!
And give us a hand of yours!
And we'll take a deep draught of good-
will
For long, long ago.

Chorus

Source: <https://www.scotland.org/features/the-history-and-words-of-auld-lang-syne>

*Source for 'A Man's A Man for A' That': <https://www.scotsconnection.com/t-forathat.aspx>