

Mauchline's Bard

The rafters rang wi sangs an clatter,
Wi cairds an fiddlers fu o patter,
Rhymes an verses ran like watter,
't wis his stage.
In Mauchline scrievin mony a satire,
Kirk in a rage.

For Auld Licht zeal wis bleezin here
An held the countryside in fear
O Satan's pleasures bocht owre dear
By the randy.
But oor bard looed sangs an cheer
An houghmagandie.

For Rab the Rhymer aimed his derts
At Holy Willies sleekit airts,
Bible thumpers playin perts:
The Unco Guid.
Siller lovers wi black herts
In scripture hid.

But Rab ascendit Edina's stage:
In Auld Reekie aw the rage,
Posin as Ayrshire's plooman sage,
Unco fancy,
But he scribbt mony a page
Tae his Nancy.

Burns wis thirled tae the syle
But Ellisland became a jyle;
Aron Dumfries rode mony a mile,
Up wi the lark,
An gaugin work wis often vile.
Wat his sark.

Yet tunes were birlin in his heid,
Lyrics hauntin, tho faur fae deid.
Getherin sangs an tunin his reed
On his trips.
But his mither plantit the seed
Fae her lips.

While Rab Burns wis neer a saunt,
Jean bore pain an mony a taunt,
But wid aye his braw sangs chaunt
Tae their weans.
Rab on his daithbed pale an gaunt,
A rickle o banes.

Wyce folk ken that Burns wis flawed:
Gey mortal ay, an no a god,
But his works we'll aye haud
In oor herts.
Poetic genius we shid laud,
That's for certs.