



Robert Burns

A MINI-BIOGRAPHY

Robert Burns--Life



- Born: 1759 in Alloway, Ayrshire, Scotland
- Scotland's National Poet
- Poet, Bard, Farmer (some of his professions)
- Wrote poems/songs using local dialects
- Jan. 25—Burns Supper
- Died: 1796

Robert Burns—Selected Works

- Books

- *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*
- *The Cotters Saturday Night*

- Poems

- “Tam O’Shanter”
- “Address to a Haggis”

- Songs

- “Auld Lang Syne”

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.

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

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.

“Auld Lang Syne” by Robert
Burns


CHORUS

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
frae morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae
roar'd
sin auld lang syne.

CHORUS

And there's a hand, my trusty
fiere !
and gie's a hand o' thine !
And we'll tak a right gude-willy
waught,
for auld lang syne.

CHORUS



O, my luvve is like a red, red rose,
that's newly sprung in June.
O, my love is like a melodie,
that's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
so deep in luvve am I,
And I will luvve 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!
And I will luvve thee still, my dear,
while the sands of life shall run.

And fare the weel, my only luvve!
And fare the well awhile!
And I will come again, my love.
Tho it were ten thousand mile!

**“A Red, Red Rose” by
Robert Burns**