Robert Burns A MINI-BIOGRAPHY

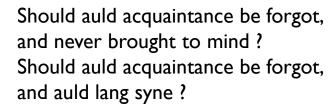
Robert Burns--Life



- 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"



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

0, my luve is like a red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June.0, my love is like a melodie, that's sweetly play'd in tune.

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

And fare the weel, my only luve! 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