

ROBERT BURNS

His Life and Creative Work



**“ When Scotland
forgets Burns, then
history will forget
Scotland .”**

J. S. Blackie



No other name is more synonymous with the title “The voice of Scotland” than that of the poet Robert Burns.

A farmer and a farmer’s son , Burns was born at Alloway, Scotland. He was the eldest of the seven children of William Burness (spelled until 1786), and spent his early years in the two-room cottage his father had built . He was 7 years old, when his father sold the house and began to work on the farm. Here Burns grew up in poverty and hardship(нужда, лишения).



now it is The Burns Cottage Museum

(you may colour Robert’s cottage



and his family for your mini-projects)

His education was not neglected. Robert had little regular schooling and got much of his education from his father, who taught his children reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history.

A black and white illustration of a woman in a long dress and cloak standing on a rocky shore, looking towards a distant building on a hill. The woman is wearing a dark cloak over a long, light-colored dress. She has a crown or tiara on her head. In the background, there is a large, ornate building with a central tower, possibly a castle or a church, situated on a hill. The scene is set in a landscape with trees and a body of water.

A painting depicting a man kneeling in a wooded setting, offering a red flower to a woman standing before him. The woman is dressed in a yellow bodice and a long red skirt. The man wears a dark brown coat and light-colored breeches. The background shows a dense forest with trees and a soft, hazy light.

His poem (and song) **AULD LANG SYUE** is often sung at the last day of the year. (on the 31st of December) 📢

Then: (video-sing a song-karaoke)

Many poems and songs that remain well – known across the world today, include *A RED,RED ROSE* . It was devoted to his wife Jean Armour.



Robert Burns Wife



(in 1788)

*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.*

ONE FOND KISS

One fond kiss, and then we sever!
One farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I will pledge
you,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves
him?

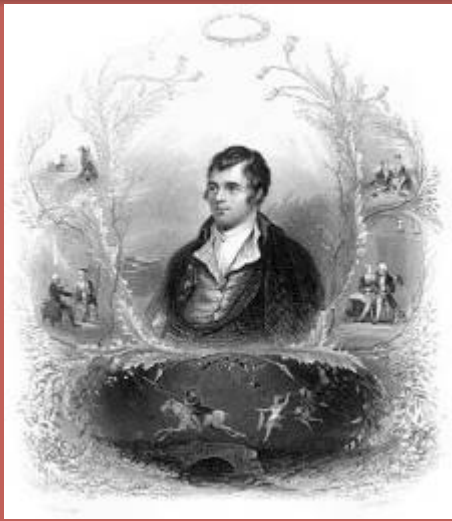
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around overtakes me.

I will never blame my partial fancy:
Nothing could resist my Nancy!
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever

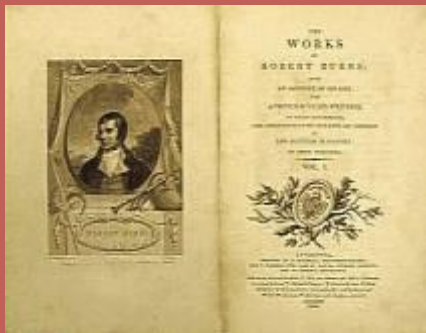
Had we never loved so kindly
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met –or never parted-
We had never been broken-hearted.

(Video red red rose)





In 1786 Burns published 600 copies of a small volume of his verses. The volume was very well received. As a result of this success, his friends advised him to go to Edinburgh .



In Edinburgh he very quickly became known by the leading people in literature .During his two years stay in Edinburgh he visited many other parts of Scotland and published 2 800 poems. In early 1788 Burns returned to Ayrshire, met and married Jean Armour. She is immortalized (увековечена) in many beautiful poems written by the poet.

Чтение стихов из любовной лирики в переводе С Маршака и песня «Ночлег»-поют все ребята.



In 1788 R. Burns returned to his loved
SCOTLAND and wrote his famous poem and song
MY HEART IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe-
My heart's in the highlands, wherever I go

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods

My heart's in the Highlands , my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe-
My hearts in the Highlands, wherever I go.

**In 1791 Robert Burns moved to a small house in Dumfries where he remained for his rest of his short life.
Bad health and shortage of money struck him down.**

On the 21st of July 1796 at the age of thirty seven, Robert died of fever.

**Whenever we speak of Scotland, Robert Burns is always there ,
as the ever-living , never dying symbol of that country.**



“Burns alone is enough to make us everlasting friends with Scotland.”

S. Marshak



In Alloway



Robert Burns grave at St. Michael's Churchyard in Dumfries



Robert Burns