

# Burns Revisited Volume 14

1. My tocher's the jewel
2. Address to the shade of Thomson
3. You're welcome Willie Stewart
4. Oh for ane an twenty Tam
5. The posie
6. Lovely Polly Stewart
7. A grace after dinner
8. O may thy morn
9. Behold the hour
10. The gallant weaver
11. Nithsdale's welcome hame

# My Tocher's the Jewel

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

Verse 1

O - mei - kle thinks my lu - ve o' my beau - ty an - d mei - kle thinks my lu - ve o' my  
kin bu - t lit - tle thinks my lu - ve I ken braw - lie my  
to - ch - er's the jewel has charms for him i - t's a' for the ap - ple he'll  
nour - ish the tree i - t's a' for the hin - ny he'll cher - ish the bee m - y  
lad - die's sa - e mei - kle in luv e wi' the sil - ler h - e  
can - na ha - e luv e to spare for me you - r me

Chords: F, G, C, Bb, F, G, C, Bb, G, C, F, G, C, C

## Verse 2


Your proffer o' luv e's an airle penny  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy  
But an ye be crafty I am cunnin'  
Sae ye wi anither your fortune may try  
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten tree  
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread  
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae not me

# Address to the shade of Thomson

Robert Burns

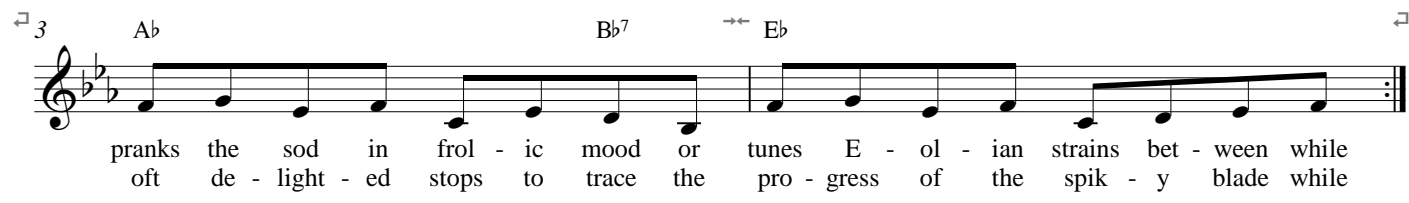
Eddie Cairney

♩ = 77 → ← <sup>E♭</sup> Verses 1&2 → ← F



While vir - gin Spring by Ed - en's flood un - folds her ten - der man - tle green or  
Sum - mer with a mat - ron grace re - treats to Dry - burgh's cool - ing shade yet

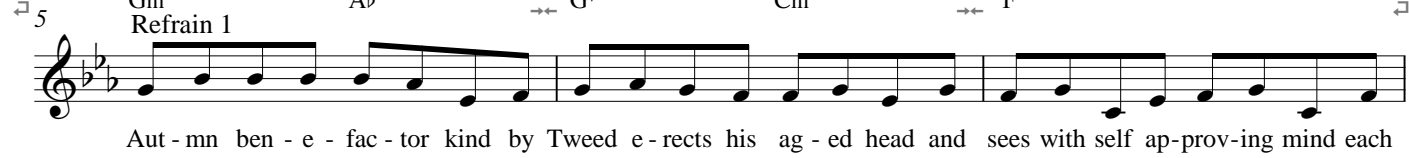
♩ 3 <sup>A♭</sup> <sup>B♭7</sup> → ← E♭



pranks the sod in frolic mood or tunes E - ol - ian strains bet - ween while  
oft de - light - ed stops to trace the pro - gress of the spik - y blade while

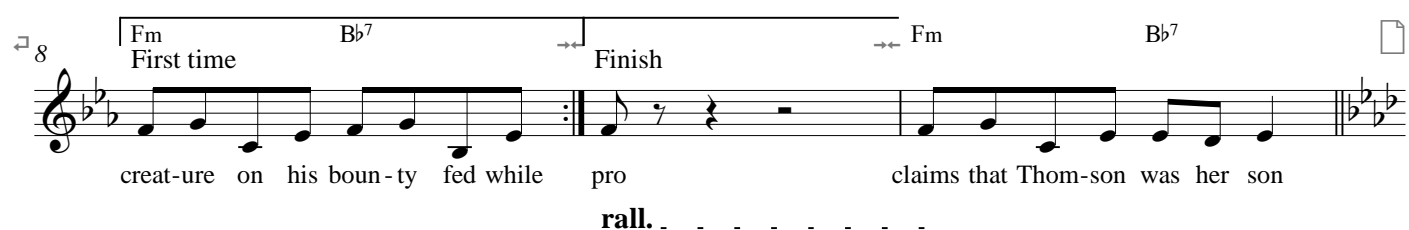
♩ 5 <sup>Gm</sup> <sup>A♭</sup> → ← <sup>G7</sup> <sup>Cm</sup> → ← F

Refrain 1



Aut - mn ben - e - fac - tor kind by Tweed e - rects his ag - ed head and sees with self ap - prov - ing mind each

♩ 8 <sup>Fm</sup> <sup>B♭7</sup> → ← Finish → ← Fm <sup>B♭7</sup>



creat - ure on his boun - ty fed while pro claims that Thom - son was her son  
**rall.** . . . . .

### Verse 3

While maniac Winter rages o'er  
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows  
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar  
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows

### Refrain 2

so long sweet Poet of the year  
Shall bloom that wreath you well hast won  
While Scotia with exulting tear  
Proclaims that Thomson was her son

# You're welcome Willie Stewart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

**Verse 1**

Ab Eb7 Ab

Come bum pers high ex-press your joy the bowl we maun re-new it the tap - pet hen gae bring her ben to

**Chorus**

Eb7 Ab Ab D♭ Eb7

wel - come Wil - lie Stew - art You're wel - come Wil - lie Stewart\_ you're wel - come Wil - lie Stew - art there's

Fm Ab D♭ Fm

ne'er a flower that blooms in May that's half sae wel - come's thou art may

## Verse 2

May foes be strang and friends be slack  
 Ilk action may he rue it  
 May woman on him turn her back  
 That wrangs the Willie Stewart

## Chorus

# O for ane an' twenty Tam

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

**Verse 1**

They nool me sa - ir an - d haud me down\_ an' gar me look like blun - tie Tam but  
three sho - rt yea - rs wi - ll soon wheel roun'\_ and then comes ane an' twen - ty Tam an'

**Chorus**

O for ane a - n' twen - ty Tam and hey sweet ane a - n' twen - ty Tam\_ I'll  
learn my kin a rat - tlin' sang an I saw ane a - n' twen - ty Tam

## Verse 2

A glieb o' lan' a claut o' gear  
Was left me by my auntie Tam  
At kith or kin I need na spier  
An I saw ane an' twenty Tam

## Chorus

## Verse 3

They'll hae me wed a welthy coof  
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty Tam  
But hear'st thou laddie there's my loof  
I'm thine at ane an' twenty Tam

## Chorus

## The posie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Chorus

G Am F C G<sup>7</sup> C G Am

O - luv will ven-ture i - nwhere it daur na weel be seen O - luv will ven-ture i - n whe re

F G<sup>7</sup> C G Am F Dm G<sup>7</sup>

wis-dom ance has been but I will doun yon ri - ver ro-ve a - mang the woodssae green an - d

C F G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> Verse 1 C F

a' to pu' a pos-ie to my ain dear May the prim-rose I will pu' the first-ling o' the year and I will pu' the pink the

C G<sup>7</sup>

emb - lem o' my dear for she's the pink o' wom - an - kind and

C C F G<sup>7</sup> C

blooms with - out a peer an - d a' to be a pos - ie to my ain dear May

**Chorus****Verse 5**

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near  
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear  
 The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

**Chorus****Verse 6**

I'll tie the posie round wi the silken band o' luv  
 And I'll place it in her breast and I'll swear by a' above  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove  
 and this will be a posie to my ain dear May

**Chorus****Verse 2**

I'll pu' the budding rose when poebus peeps in view  
 For it's like a baummy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou  
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

**Chorus****Verse 3**

The lily it is pure and the lily it is fair  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there  
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

**Chorus****Verse 4**

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller grey  
 Where like an aged man it stands at break o' day  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May

# Lovely Polly Stewart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1

The flower it blaws it fades it fa's and art can ne'er ren-we it but worth and truth e-

Bm E A7 D

Verse 2

ter-nal youth will gie to Pol-ly Stewart may he whase arms shall fauld thy charms pos-

G D Bm E A7

sess a leal and true heart to him be given to ken the heaven he grasps in Pol-ly

D D Chorus G D A

Stewart O love-ly Pol-ly Stew-art O char-ming Pol-ly Stewart there's

D G D A7 D

ne'er a flower that blooms in May that's half so fair's as thou art the

## A grace after dinner

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Gm D7 Gm D7

O - thou in whom we live and move wh - o mad'st the sea and

Gm Cm

shore th - y good - ness cons - tant - ly we prove an - d

Gm D7 Gm D7

grate - ful would a - dore and if it please thee power a - bove sti - ll grant us with such

Gm Cm Gm

store the friend we trust the fair we love an - d we des - ire no more





## Behold the Hour

First version

Robert Burns

Edward Cairney

$\text{♩} = 70$   
Verse 1&2

Be - hold the hour the boat a - a rive my  
End - less and deep shall be m - y grief nae

dear - est Nan - cy O fare - well sever'd frae thee can I sur - vive frae  
ray of com - fort shall I see but this most precious dear be - lief that

1. thee whom I hae lov'd sae weel 2. thou wilt still re - mem - ber me a -

long the sol - i - tar - y shore where flit - ting sea foul round me cry a -

cross the rol - ling dash - ing roar I'll west - ward turn my wist - full eye

## Verse 3

Happy thou Indian grove I'll say  
Where now my Nancy's path shall be  
While thro your sweets she holds her way  
O tell me does she muse on me

# The Gallant Weaver

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120 <sup>F</sup> Verse 1

Where cart rins row - in' to the sea b - y mon - ie a flower and spread - ing tree there lives a lad the

lad for me h - e is a gal - lant wea - ver O I had woo - ers aught or nine the - y

gied me rings and rib - bons fine and I was fear'd my heart wad tine and I gied it to the

Wea - ver m - y dad - die sign'd my toch - er band t - o gie the lad that

has the land bu - t to my heart I'll add my hnd an - d give it to the wea - ver while

<sup>F</sup> Verse 2

**Refrain**

### Verse 3

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers  
 While bees delight in opening flowers  
 While corn grows green in summer showers  
 I love my gallant Weaver

## Nithsdale welcome hame

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85<sup>+</sup> Verse 1

The no - ble Max - wells and their powers are com - ing o' - er th - e bor - der and  
 they'll gae big Ter - eag - les towers and set them a' - i - n or - der an - d  
 they de - clare Ter - eag - les fair fo - r their a - bode they choo - se it there - 's  
 no a heart in a' the land bu - t's ligh - ter at th - e news o't tho'  
 weel our night o' - - sor - - row

Verse 2 Finish

**Verse 2**

Tho' stars in skies my disappear  
 And angry tempests gather  
 The happy hour may soon be near  
 That brings us pleasant weather  
 The weary night o' care and grief  
 May hae a joyfu' morrow  
 So dawning day has brought relief  
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow