

# Burns Revisited Volume 40

1. □ Epitaph on my ever honoured father
2. □ Ballad on the American war
3. □ Reply to an announcement by John Rankine
4. □ Epistle to John Rankine
5. □ A poet's welcome to his love begotten daughter
6. □ My girl she's airy
7. □ The belles of Mauchline
8. □ Epitaph on a noisy polemic
9. □ Epitaph on a henpecked country squire
10. □ Epigram on said occasion

# Epitaph on my ever honoured father

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

C = 100

O ye whose cheek the tear of pi-ty stains draw near with pi-ous rev' rence

7 C C+ Dm

and at-tend here lie the lo-ving hus-band's dear re mains the

13 G7 C C° Dm/G

ten-der fath-er and the gen' rous friend the pit - y-ing heart that felt for hum-an

20 C Am Em Dm C

woe the daunt-less heart that fear'd no hum-an pride the friend of man to

26 F C C F C

vice a - lone a foe for ev'n his fail-ings lean'd to vir-tue's side

# Ballad on the American War

♩ = 69

Verse 1

When Guil-ford good our pi - lo - t stood a - n' did our he - l - l - im thraw man\_ ae  
 night at tea be-ga-n a -plea wi-th - in A-m-er-i - ca man then up they gat the ma-s-ki-n pat an-d  
 in the se-a di-d jaw man an' did nae less in fu-ll co-n-gress tha-n quite re fu-se o-ur law man Then

Refrain

thro' the lakes Mont - go - me - r - y takes I wat he was na slaw man\_ down  
 Low-rie's Burn he to-ok a - turn and Car-le-ton did ca' man but yet what-reck he a-t Que-bec Mon-nt  
 gom-ery li-ke di-d fa' man wisword in hand be-fo-re hi-s band a-m - ang his en' mies - a' man Poor

**Verse 2**

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage  
 Was kept at Boston-ha' man  
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe  
 For Philadelphia man  
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin  
 Guid Christian bluid to draw man  
 But at New York wi' knife an' fork  
 Sir-Loin he hacked sma' man

**Refrain 2**

Burgoyne gaed up like spur an' whip  
 Till Fraser brave did fa' man  
 Then lost his way ae misty day  
 In Saratoga shaw man  
 Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought  
 An' did the Bucksins claw man  
 But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save  
 He hung it to the wa' man

**Verse 3**

Then Montague an' Guilford too  
 Began to fear a fa' man  
 And Sackville dour wha stood the stour  
 The German chief to thraw man  
 For Paddy Burke like ony Turk  
 Nae mercy had at a' man  
 An' Charlie Fox threw by the box  
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw man

**Refrain 3**

Then Rockingham took up the game  
 Till death did on him ca' man  
 When Shelburne meek held up his cheek  
 Conform to gospel law man  
 Saint Stephen's boys wi' jarring noise  
 They did his measures thraw man  
 For North an' Fox united stocks  
 An' bore him to the wa' man

**Verse 4**

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes  
 He swept the stakes awa' man  
 Till the diamond's ace of Indian race  
 Led him a sair faux pas man  
 The Saxon lads wi' loud placads  
 On Chatham's boy did ca' man  
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew  
 Up Willie waur them a' man

**Refrain 4**

Behind the throne then Granville's gone  
 A secret word or twa man  
 While sleet Dundas arous'd the class  
 Be-north the Roman wa' man  
 An' Chatham's wraith in heav'nly graith  
 Inspired bardies saw man)  
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd Willie rise  
 Would I hae fear'd them a' man

**Verse 5**

But word an' blow North Fox and Co  
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba' man  
 Till Suthron raise an' coost their claise  
 Behind him in a raw man  
 An' Caledon threw by the drone  
 An' did her whittle draw man  
 An' swoor fu' rude thro' dirt an' bluid  
 To mak it guid in law man

# Reply to an announcement by John Rankine

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

17 Verse 1

G D<sup>7</sup> G D G

I am a kee - per o - f th - e law in some sma' points al - tho' not a'

19

D G D G

some peo - ple tell me gi - n I - fa' ae way or i - ther the

21

C G Bm D<sup>7</sup> G

brea - king of ae point tho' sma' breaks a' the - gith - er

## Verse 2

I hae been in for't ance or twice  
 And winna say o'er far for thrice  
 Yet never met wi' that surprise  
 That broke my rest  
 But now a rumour's like to rise  
 A whaup's i' the nest

# Epistle to John Rankine

5

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$

O rough rude re - dy wit - ted Ran - kine the wale o' cocks for fun an' drin - kin' there's

3 F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$

mon - ie god - ly folks are thin - kin' your dreams and tricks will send you Kor - ah like

5 a sin - kin straight to auld Nick's Ye

## Verse 2

Ye hae saw mony cracks an' cants  
And in your wicked drucken rants  
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts  
An' fill them fou  
And then their failings flaws an' wants  
Are a' seen thro'

## Verse 3

Hypocrisy in mercy spare it  
That holy robe O dinna tear it  
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it  
The lads in black  
But your curst wit when it comes near it  
Rives't aff their back

## Verse 4

Think wicked Sinner wha ye're skaithing  
It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing  
O' saunts tak that ye lea'e them naething  
To ken them by  
Frae ony unregenerate heathen  
Like you or I

## Verse 5

I've sent you here some rhyming ware  
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair  
Sae when ye hae an hour to spare  
I will expect  
Yon sang ye'll sen't wi' cannie care  
And no neglect

## Verse 6

Tho' faith sma' heart hae I to sing  
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing  
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring  
An' danc'd my fill  
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king  
At Bunker's Hill

## Verse 7

'Twas ae night lately in my fun  
I gaed a rovin' wi' the gun  
An' brought a pairrick to the grun'  
A bonie hen  
And as the twilight was begun  
Thought nane wad ken

## Verse 8

The poor wee thing was little hurt  
I straikeit it a wee for sport  
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for't  
But Deil-ma-care  
Somebody tells the poacher-court  
The hale affair

## Verse 9

Some auld us'd hands had taen a note  
That sic a hen had got a shot  
I was suspected for the plot  
I scorn'd to lie  
So gat the whistle o' my groat  
An' pay't the fee

## Verse 10

But by my gun o' guns the wale  
An' by my pouter an' my hail  
An' by my hen an' by her tail  
I vow an' swear  
The game shall pay o'er muir an' dale  
For this niest year

## Verse 11

As soon's the clockin-time is by  
An' the wee pouts begun to cry  
Lord I'se hae sporting by an' by  
For my gowd guinea  
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye  
For't in Virginia

## Verse 12

Trowth they had muckle for to blame  
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb  
But twa-three draps about the wame  
Scarce thro' the feathers  
An' baith a yellow George to claim  
An' thole their blethers

## Verse 13

It pits me aye as mad's a hare  
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair  
But pennyworths again is fair  
When time's expedient  
Meanwhile I am respected Sir  
Your most obedient

## A poet's welcome to his love begotten daughter

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 Cm

Thou's wel\_come wean mish - an - ter fa' me if thought of thee o - r of thy mam-my shall

e - ver daun - ton me or awe me my sweet\_ wee la - dy or

if I blush when thou shalt ca' me ti - ta or dad - dy Tho'

**Verse 5**

Tho' I should be the waur bestead  
 Thou's be as braw and bienly clad  
 And thy young years as nicely bred  
 Wi' education  
 As ony brat o' wedlock's bed  
 In a' thy station

**Verse 6**

Wee image o' my bonie Betty  
 As fatherly I kiss and daut thee  
 As dear and near my heart I set thee  
 Wi' as gude will  
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee  
 That's out o' hell

**Verse 7**

Lord grant that thou may aye inherit  
 Thy mither's person grace an' merit  
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit  
 Without his failins  
 'Twill please me mair to see thee heir it  
 Than stockit mailens

**Verse 2**

Tho' now they ca' me fornicator  
 An' tease my name in kintry clatter  
 The mair they talk I'm kent the better  
 E'en let them clash  
 An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter  
 To gie ane fash

**Verse 3**

Welcome my bonie sweet wee dochter  
 Tho' ye come here a wee unsought for  
 And tho' your comin' I hae fought for  
 Baith kirk and queir  
 Yet by my faith ye're no unwrought for  
 That I shall swear

**Verse 4**

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint  
 My funny toil is now a' tint  
 Sin' thou came to the warl' asklent  
 Which fools may scoff at  
 In my last plack thy part's be in't  
 The better ha'f o't

**Verse 8**

For if thou be what I wad hae thee  
 And tak the counsel I shall gie thee  
 I'll never rue my trouble wi' thee  
 The cost nor shame o't  
 But be a loving father to thee  
 And brag the name o't

# My Girl she's Airy

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75  
F5 drone

M - y girl she's air - y she's bux - om and gay he - r

2 breath is as sweet as the blos - soms in May a touch of her lips it rav - ish - es quite she's

4 al - ways good nat - ur'd good hum - our'd and free she

5 dan - ces she glan - ces she smiles with a glee her

6 eyes are the light - enings of joy and de - light

# The Belles of Mauchline

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

7  $D = 120$   $A^7$   $D$   $A^7$   $D$   $G$

In Mauch-line there dwells six pro-per young belles the pride of the place and its

13  $E$   $A^7$   $D$   $A^7$   $D$   $A^7$   $D$

neigh-bour-hood a' their car-riage and dress a stran-ger would guess in Lon'on or

20  $G$   $A^7$   $D$   $G$   $D$   $G$

Par-is they'd got-ten it a' Miss Mil-ler is fine Miss Mark-land's de-vine Miss Smith she

28  $D$   $A^7$   $D$   $A^7$   $D$

has wit and Miss Bet-ty is braw there's beau-ty and for-tune to get

34  $A^7$   $D$   $G$   $A^7$   $D$

wi' Miss Mor-ton but Ar-mour's the jewel for me O them a'

# Epitaph on a noisy polemic

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 73  $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b$

Be - low thir stanes lie Jam - ies banes O death it's my op - in - ion\_ thou

ne'er took such a bleth - 'rin bitch in - to thy dark dom - in - ion

# Epitaph on a henpecked country squire

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 59

As fath - er A - dam first was fool'd a case that's still too com - mon here

3

lies a man a wom - an rul'd the de - vil rul'd the wom - an

# Epigram on said occasion

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 47

A<sup>5</sup> →← Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> →← A A<sup>5</sup> ↻

O death had'st thou but spar'd his life whom we this day la - ment\_\_\_ we

↻ 3 Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> →← A A<sup>5</sup>← Bm<sup>7</sup> ↻

free-ly wadex-chang'd the wife and a' been weel con tent\_\_\_ ev'n as he is cauld in his graff the

↻ 6 A maj<sup>7</sup> F#<sup>7</sup> →← Dm<sup>6</sup> →← A ↻

swap we yet will do't tak thou the car-lin's car-case aff thou'se get the saul o' boot