

Burns Revisited Volume 42

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Second Epistle to John Larpaik

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

While new ca'd kye row-te a - t the stake an' pow-nies reek i - n ple-ugh or braik this
hour on e'en-in's edge I take to own I'm deb-tor to hon-est hear-ted auld Lap raik for his kind let-ter

Verse 2

Forjesket sair with weary legs
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write

Verse 3

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie
She's saft at best an' something lazy
Quo' she Ye ken we've been sae busy
This month an' mair
That trowth my head is grown right dizzie
An' something sair

Verse 4

Her dowff excuses pat me mad
Conscience says I ye thowless jade
I'll write an' that a hearty blaud
This vera night
So dinna ye affront your trade
But rhyme it right

Verse 5

Shall bauld Lapraik the king o' hearts
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes
Roose you sae weel for your deserts
In terms sae friendly
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
An' thank him kindly

Verse 6

Sae I gat paper in a blink
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink
Quoth I Before I sleep a wink
I vow I'll close it
An' if ye winna mak it clink
By Jove I'll prose it

Verse 7

Sae I've begun to scrawl but whether
In rhyme or prose or baith thegither
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither
Let time mak proof
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof

Verse 8

My worthy friend ne'er grudge an' carp
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp
Come kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp
She's but a bitch

Verse 9

She 's gien me moniea jirt an' fleg
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig
But by the Lord tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow
I'll laugh an' sing an' shake my leg
As lang's I dow

Verse 10

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upon the timmer
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year
But yet despite the kittle kimmer
I Rob am here

Verse 11

Do ye envy the city gent
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent
Or pursue-proud big wi' cent per cent
An' muckle wame
In some bit brugh to represent
A bailie's name

Verse 12

Or is't the paughty feudal thane
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane
But lordly stalks
While caps and bonnets aff are taen
As by he walks

Verse 13

O Thou wha gies us each guid gift
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift
Then turn me if thou please adrift
Thro' Scotland wide
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift
In a' their pride

Verse 14

Were this the charter of our state
On pain o' hell be rich an' great
Damnation then would be our fate
Beyond remead
But thanks to heaven that's no the gate
We learn our creed

Verse 15

For thus the royal mandate ran
When first the human race began
The social friendly honest man
Whate'er he be-
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan
And none but he

Verse 16

O mandate glorious and divine
The ragged followers o' the Nine
Poor thoughtless devils yet may shine
In glorious light
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night

Verse 17

Tho' here they scrape an' squeeze an' growl
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl
The forest's fright
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light

Verse 18

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise
To reach their native kindred skies
And sing their pleasures hopes an' joys
In some mild sphere
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year

Postscript

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

My mem-or - y's no worth a preen I had a-maist for-got-ten clean ye bade me write you what they mean
by this new light___ 'bout which our herds sae aft he been maist like to fight___ In

Verse 2

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar logic an' sic talents
They took nae pains their speech to balance
Or rules to gie
But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans
Like you or me

Verse 3

In thae auld times they thought the moon
Just like a sark or pair o' shoon
Wore by degrees till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane

Verse 4

This passed for certain undisputed
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it
An' ca'd it wrang
An' muckle din there was about it
Baith loud an' lang

Verse 5

Some herds weel learn'd upo' the beuk
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk
An' out of' sight
An' backlins-comin to the leuk
She grew mair bright

Verse 6

This was deny'd it was affirm'd
The herds and hissels were alarm'd
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd
That beardless laddies
Should think they better wer inform'd
Than their auld daddies

Verse 7

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks
An' a fallow gat his licks
Wi' hearty crunt
An' some to learn them for their tricks
Were hang'd an' brunt

Verse 8

This game was play'd in monie lands
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands
That faith the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks
Till lairds forbad by strict commands
Sic bluidy pranks

Verse 9

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd
An' some their new-light fair avow
Just quite barefac'd

Verse 10

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin
Mysel' I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word an' write

Verse 11

But shortly they will cowe the louns
Some auld-light herds in neebor touns
Are mind't in things they ca' balloons
To tak a flight
An' stay ae month among the moons
An' see them right

Verse 12

Guid observation they will gie them
An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them
The hindmaist shaird they'll fetch it wi' them
Just i' their pouch
An' when the new-light billies see them
I think they'll crouch

Verse 13

Sae ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a moonshine matter
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulyie
I hope we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulyie

One night as I did wander

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 97

D Bm Em A⁷ D Bm

One night as I did wan-der whe-n corn_ be-gins to shoot I sat_ me down to pon-der up-

Em A⁷ D Bm Em

7 on an auld tree root auld Ayr_ ran by be - fore me an - d bi - cker'd to the

A⁷ D Bm Em A⁷ D

12 seas a cush - at croo - ded o'er me that ech - oed through th - e braes

rit.

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

C F G⁷ C F G⁷

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part far as the pole and line her dear i-de-a round my heart should tender-ly en-

8 C Verse 2 Dm

twine Tho' moun - tains rise and des - erts howl and oc - eans roar be -

12 E⁷ G⁷ C F G

tween yet dear - er than my death - less soul I still would love my Jean

Rantin' Rovin' Robin

Version 1

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 150

17 **Chorus** C → Dm C → G C → Dm C → G⁷ □

24 **Verse 1** C → C → F → G → C □

29 F → G → C □

Chorus

Verse 2

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin

Chorus

Verse 3

The gossip keekit in his loof
 Quo' scho 'wha lives will see the proof
 This waly boy will be nae coof
 I think we'll ca' him Robin

Chorus

Verse 4

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma'
 But aye a heart aboon them a'
 He'll be a credit till us a'
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin

Chorus

Verse 5

But sure as three times three mak nine
 I see by ilka score and line
 This chap will dearly like our kin'
 So leeze me on thee Robin

Chorus

Verse 6

Guid faith quo' scho I doubt you sir
 Ye gar the bonie lasses lie aspar
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur
 So blessins on thee Robin

Rantin' Rovin' Robin

Version 2

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 150

33 Chorus

Em D A D Em D

Rob-in was a - ro-vin' boy ran-tin' ro-vin' ra-n-ti-n ro-vin' Ro-bin was a - ro-vin' boy

39 Verse 1

A⁷ D Em

ran - tin' ro - vi - n Ro - bin There was a lad was born in kyle but what - na day o'

44

A⁷ D Em A⁷ D

what - na style I doubt it's hard - ly worth the while to be sae nice wi' Ro - bin

Chorus

Verse 2

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin

Chorus

Verse 3

The gossip keekit in his loof
Quo' scho 'wha lives will see the proof
This waly boy will be nae coof
I think we'll ca' him Robin

Chorus

Verse 4

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma'
But aye a heart aboon them a'
He'll be a credit till us a'
We'll a' be proud o' Robin

Chorus

Verse 5

But sure as three times three mak nine
I see by ilka score and line
This chap will dearly like our kin'
So leeze me on thee Robin

Chorus

Verse 6

Guid faith quo' scho I doubt you sir
Ye gar the bonie lasses lie aspar
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur
So blessins on thee Robin

Elegy on the death of Robert Ruisseaux

Robert Burn

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Now Ro-bin lies in his last lair he'll gab-ble rhyme nor sing nae mair cauld pov-er-ty wi' hun-gry stare nae

mair shall fear him nor anx-ious fear nor can-kert care e'er mair come near him_____ To

Verse 2

To tell the truth they seldom fash'd him
 Except the moment that they crush'd him
 For sune as chance or fate had hush'd 'em
 Tho' e'er sae short
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em
 And thought it sport

Verse 3

Tho'he was bred to kintra-wark
 And counted was baith wight and stark
 Yet that was never Robin's mark
 To mak a man
 But tell him he was learn'd and clark
 Ye roos'd him then

Epistle to John Goldie, Kilmarnock

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

O - Gou-die ter - ror o' - th - e whigs dread o' black-coats an - d rev' rend wigs so - ur big - ot - ry on

he - r la - st legs gims an' looks back wish - ing the ten Eg - ypt - ian plagues wad seize you quick Po - or

Verse 2

Poor gapin' glowrin' Superstition
 Wae's me she's in a sad condition
 Fye bring Black Jock her state physician
 To see her water
 Alas there's ground for great suspicion
 She'll ne'er get better

Verse 3

Enthusiasm's past redemption
 Gane in a gallopin' consumption
 Not a' her quacks wi' a' their gumption
 Can ever mend her
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
 She'll soon surrender

Verse 4

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple
 For every hole to get a stapple
 But now she fetches at the thrapple
 An' fights for breath
 Haste gie her name up in the chape
 Near unto death

Verse 5

It's you an' Taylor are the chief
 To blame for a' this black mischief
 But could the Lord's ain folk get leave
 A toom tar barrel
 An' twa red peats wad bring relief
 And end the quarrel

Verse 6

For me my skill's but very sma'
 An' skill in prose I've nane ava'
 But quietlins-wise between us twa
 Weel may you speed
 And tho' they sud your sair misca'
 Ne'er fash your head

Verse 7

E'en swinge the dogs and thresh them sicker
 The mair they squeel aye chap the thicker
 And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
 O' something stout
 It gars an owthor's pulse beat quicker
 And helps his wit

Verse 8

There's naething like the honest nappy
 Whare'll ye e'er see men sae happy
 Or women sonsie saft an' sappy
 'Tween morn and morn
 As them wha like to taste the drappie
 In glass or horn

Verse 9

I've seen me dazed upon a time
 I scarce could wink or see a styme
 Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime
 Ought less is little
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme
 As gleg's a whittle

Third epistle to John Larpaik

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 57

Verse 1

11 A E F#m C#m

19 D A Bm

24 C#7 F#m B7 D E A

Guid speed and fur-der to you Joh nie— guid health— hale han's an'weath-er bon- nie—
 now when ye're nick - in down fu' can - nie the staff o'
 bread may ye ne're want a stoup o' bran' - y to clear your head

Verse 2

May Boreas never thresh your rigs
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs
 Sendin the stuff o'er muirs an' hags
 Like drivin wrack
 But may the tapmost grain that wags
 Come to the sack

Verse 3

I'm bizzie too an' skelpin at it
 But bitter daudin showers hae wat it
 Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark
 An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it
 Like ony clark

Verse 4

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor
 For your braw nameless dateless letter
 Abusin me for harsh ill-nature
 On holy men
 While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better
 But mair profane

Verse 5

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells
 Let's sing about our noble sel's
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help or roose us
 But browster wives an' whisky stills
 They are the muses

Verse 6

Your friendship Sir I winna quat it
 An' if ye mak' objections at it
 Then hand in neive some day we'll knot it
 An' witness take
 An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it
 It winna break

Verse 7

But if the beast an' branks be spar'd
 Till kye be gaun without the herd
 And a' the vittel in the yard
 An' theekit right
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night

Verse 8

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitae
 Shall make us baith sae blythe and witty
 Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty
 An' be as canty
 As ye were nine years less than thretty
 Sweet ane an' twenty

Verse 9

But stooks are cowpit wi' the blast
 And now the sinn keeks in the west
 Then I maun rin amang the rest
 An' quat my chanter
 Sae I subscribe myself in haste
 Yours Rab the Ranter

To the Rev. John McMath

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

Ab Eb F Bb7

Whi-le at the sto-ok th-e she-rer-s cow'r to shun the bit-ter - blau-din'-show'r o-r

5 Eb Ab G7 Eb Bb7 Eb

in gul-rav-age rin-nin scow'r to pass the time to you I ded-i-cate the hour in id-le rhyme M-y

Verse 2

My musie tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown an' ban' an' douse black bonnet
Is grown right eerie now she's done it
Lest they should blame her
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
An anathem her

Verse 3

I own 'twas rash an' rather hardy
That I a simple country bardie
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy
Wha if they ken me
Can easy wi' a single wordie
Lowse hell upon me

Verse 4

But I gae mad at their grimaces
Their sighin cantin grace-proud faces
Their three-mile prayers an' half-mile graces
Their raxin conscience
Whase greed revenge an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense

Verse 5

There's Gaw'n misca'd waur than a beast
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus'd him
And may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've us'd him

Verse 6

See him the poor man's friend in need
The gentleman in word an' deed
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums
An' not a muse erect her head
To cove the blellums

Verse 7

O Pope had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts
I'd rip their rotten hollow hearts
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd

Verse 8

God knows I'm no the thing I should be
Nor am I even the thing I could be
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen

Verse 9

An honest man may like a glass
An honest man may like a lass
But mean revenge an' malice fause
He'll still disdain
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws
Like some we ken

Verse 10

They take religion in their mouth
They talk o' mercy grace an' truth
For what o gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight
An' hunt him down owre right and ruth
To ruin straight

Verse 11

All hail Religion maid divine
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee

Verse 12

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain
An' far unworthy of thy train
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes

Verse 13

In spite o' crowds in spite o' mobs
In spite o' undermining jobs
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit
By scoundrels even wi' holy robes
But hellish spirit

Verse 14

O Ayr my dear my native ground
Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid liberal band is found
Of public teachers
As men as Christians too renown'd
An' manly preachers

Verse 15

Sir in that circle you are nam'd
Sir in that circle you are fam'd
An' some by whom your doctrine's blam'd
Which gies you honour
Even sir by them your heart's esteem'd
An' winning manner

Verse 16

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en
An' if impertinent I've been
Impute it not good Sir in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye

Second Epistle to Davie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $D = 70$ Em Bm

I'm three times doubly owre your deb - tor for your auld far - rant frien' - ly let - ter

11 Em A^7 D G A^7 D Em A^7 D G A^7 D

tho' I maun say't I doubt ye falt-ter ye speak sae fair_ for my puir sil-ly rhy-min' clat-ter some less maun sair

Verse 2

Hale be your heart hale be your fiddle
 Lang may your elbuck jink diddle
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares
 Till barins' barins kindly cuddle
 Your auld grey hairs

Verse 3

But Davie lad I'm red ye're glaikit
 I'm tauld the muse ye hae negleckit
 An gif it's sae ye sud by lickit
 Until ye fyke
 Sic haun's as you sud ne'er be faikit
 Be hain't wha like

Verse 4

For me I'm on Parnassus' brink
 Rivin the words to gar them clink
 Whiles dazed wi' love whiles dazed wi' drink
 Wi' jads or masons
 An' whiles but aye owre late I think
 Braw sober lessons

Verse 5

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man
 Commen' to me the bardie clan
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin clink
 The devil haet hat I sud ban
 They ever think

Verse 6

Nae thought nae view nae scheme o' livin
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin
 But just the pouchie put the neive in
 An' while ought's there
 Then hiltie skiltie we gae scievin'
 An' fash nae mair

Verse 7

Leeze me on rhyme it's aye a treasure
 My chief amaist my only pleasure
 At hame a-fiel' at wark or leisure
 The Muse poor hizzie
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure
 She's seldom lazy

Verse 8

Haud to the Muse my daintie Davie
 The warl' may play you mony a shavie
 But for the Muse she'll never leave ye
 Tho' e'er sae puir
 Na even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
 Frae door tae door