

Burns Revisited Volume 57

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Strophe

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

0 $\text{♩} = 70$ D B7 Em

View the with-er'd bel-dam's face can theykeen ins-pect-ion trace aught of hu-man-it-y's sweet mel-ting grace not that

5 A7 D

eye tis rheum o'er flows pi-ty's flood there ne-ver rose see those hands ne'er stretch'd to save hands that

9 D7 G

took but ne-ver gave kee-per of Mam-mon's i-ron chest lo there she goes un-

13 Em A7 D Bm Em A7 D

pit-ied and un-blest she goes but not to realms of ev-er-las-ting rest

Antistrophe

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 $F \text{ } \downarrow = 59$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ C^7 F $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

Plun-der of Ar-mies lift thine eyes a while for-bear ye tor-tur-ing fiends seest thou those step un - wil ling

24 C^7 F $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ C^7 F $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

hith - er bends no fal - len an - gel hurl'd from up - per skies 'tis thy trus - ty

30 Dm $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Gm $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ C^7 Dm G^7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ C^7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ F

quon - dam mate doom'd to share thy fie - r - y fate she tar - dy hell ward plies

Epode

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

35 C $\text{♩} = 83$ G⁷ C F G⁷ C Am D⁷

And are they of no more a-vail ten thou-sand glait-teringpounds a year in o-ther worlds can Mam-mon fail

41 Dm G⁷ C G⁷ Am

om-nip-o tent as he is here o bit ter mock-ery of the pom-pous bier while down the wret-ched vit-al

46 G⁷ C Em G⁷ Dm G⁷ C

part is dri-ven the cave lodg'd beg-gar with a cons-cience clear ex - pires in rags un-known and goes to Hea ven

Pegasus at Wanlockhead

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

0 $\text{♩} = 79$ Verse 1 C G C G → C G C → Dm A Dm A ↻

With Pe-gas - u - s u - pon a day a - pol - lo we - a - ry fly ing thro' fros - ty hi - lls the jour - ney lay on ↻

4 Dm A Dm G7 → C G C G ↻

foot the wa - y was play - ing poor slip - shod gi - d - dy Peg - as - us was ↻

6 C G C → Dm A Dm A → C G C ↻

but a so - r - ry wal ker to Vul - can the - n A - pol - lo gaes to get a fro - s - ty caul ker Ob -

Verse 2

Obliging Vulcan fell to work
 Threw by his coat and bonnet
 And did Sol's business in a crack
 Sol paid him with a sonnet
 Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead
 Pity my sad disaster
 My Pegasus is poorly shod
 I'll pay you like my master

Passion's Cry

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 Verse 1 G = 90 D⁷ Em A⁷ D⁷ G

18 D⁷ Em A⁷ D⁷ G Em Refrain

27 C A⁷ Bridge A⁷

36 C A⁷ C A⁷ C

46 Em D⁷

55 G G^o Am D⁷ C D C G

60

Verse 1

*In vain would Prudence with decorous sneer
Point out a cens'ring world and bid me fear
Above that world on wings of love I rise
I know its worst and can that worst despise*

Refrain

*'Wronged injured shunned unpitied unredrest
The mocked quotation of the scorner's jest'
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall
Clarinda rich reward o'er pays them all*

Bridge

*By all on High adoring mortals know
By all the conscious villain fears below
By what Alas Much more my soul alarms
My doubtful hopes once more to fill thy arms
E'en shouldst thou false forswear each guilty tie
Thine and thine only I must live and die*

Verse 2

*As low-borne mists before the sun remove
So shines so reigns unrivalled mighty love
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose
Chained at his feet they groan Love's vanquished foes*

Verse 3

*In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye
I dare not combat but I turn and fly
Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallowed fire
Love grasps his scorpions stifled they expire*

Refrain**Bridge****Verse 4**

*Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne
Thy dear idea reigns and reigns alone
Each thought intoxicated homage yields
And riots wanton in forbidden fields*

She's fair and fause

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

0 $\text{♩} = 105$ G Verse 1 D^7 G D^7 G

She's fair and fause that caus - es my smart I lo'ed her mei-kle and lang she's bro-ken her
 10 D^7 Am D^7 G D^7
 vow she's bro - ken my heart and I may e'e - n gae hang a coof cam in wi' rou - th o'
 20 G D^7 G
 gear and I hae tint my dea - r - est dear but wom an is but
 27 D^7 Am D^7 G
 wa - r - ld's gear sae let the bon - nie lass gang Wha -

Verse 2

Whae'er ye be that woman love
 To this be never blind
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove
 A woman has't by kind
 O Woman lovely Woman fair
 An angel form's faun to thy share
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair
 I mean an angel mind

Impromptu lines to Captain Riddell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

0 $\text{♩} = 87$ Verse 1 C F G7 C

5

Your news and re-view sir I've re-ad through and through sir with lit-tle ad-mir-ing or blam-ing the
 pa - pers are bar - ren of home new o - r fo-reign no mur-ders or rapes worth the nam-ing Our

Verse 2

Our friends the Reviewers
 Those chippers and hewers
 Are judges of mortar and stone sir
 But of meet or unmeet
 In a fabric complete
 I'll boldly pronounce they are none sir

Verse 3

My goose quill too rude is
 To tell all your goodness
 Bestow'd on your servant the Poet
 Would to God I had one
 Like a beam of the sun
 And then all the world sir should know it

Rhyming reply to a note from Captain Riddell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

0 ♩ = 125 C G⁷ Am Em F C ↻

De-ar Sir at on-ie ti-me o-r tide I-'d ra-ther sit wi' yo-u tha-n ride thought were wi' roy-al Geor-die and

7 Dm G⁷ Am Dm D⁷ C G⁷ C

trowth your kind-ness soon and late aft gars me to my - sel' look blate the Lord in Heav-n re - ward ye

Caledonia

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

0 $\text{♩} = 110$ Verse 1

There was once a time but old time wa-s then young that brave Cal-ed-on-i-a the chief of her line from
 some of your nor-th-er-n de-it-ies sprung who knows not that bra-ve Cal-e-don-ia's di-vine from
 Tweed to the O-r-ca-des was her do-main to hunt or to pas-ture or do-what she would her
 heav-n-ly re-l-at-ions there fixed her reign and pledg'd her their go-d-heads to war-rant it good A

Verse 2

A lambkin in peace but a lion in war
 The pride of her kindred the heroine grew
 Her grandsire old Odin triumphantly swore
 Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn

Verse 3

Long quiet she reigned till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand
 Repeated successive for many long years
 They darken'd the air and they plunder'd the land
 Their pounces were murder and terror their cry
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside
 She took to her hills and her arrows let fly
 The daring invaders they fled or they died

Verse 4

The Cameleon Savage disturb'd her repose
 With tumult disquiet rebellion and strife
 Provok'd beyond bearing at last she arose
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life
 The Anglian lion the terror of France
 Oft prowling ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood
 But taught by the bright Caledonian lance
 He learned to fear in his own native wood

Verse 5

The fell Harpy raven took wing from the north
 The scourge of the seas and the dread of the shore
 The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd
 No arts could appease them no arms could repel
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd
 As Largs well can witness and Loncartie tell

Verse 6

Thus bold independent unconquer'd and free
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun
 Rectangle triangle the figure we'll chuse
 The upright is Chance and old Time is the base
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse
 Then ergo she'll match them and match them always

Beware o' Bonnie Ann

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

0 $\text{♩} = 100$ Verse 1

Ye gal-lants bright i rede you right be - ware o' bon-nie Ann her com-ely face sae fu' o' grace you r

7 heart she will tre - pan her een sae bright li - ke stars by night he - r skin is like the

12 swan sae jimp - ly lac'd her gen - ty waist tha - t sweet - ly ye might span Youth

Verse 2

Youth Grace and Love attendant move
 And pleasure leads the van
 In a' their charms and conquering arms
 They wait on bonie Ann
 The captive bands may chain the hands
 But love enslaves the man
 Ye gallants braw I rede you a'
 Beware o' bonie Ann