

# Burns Revisited Volume 77

1. Lines on John McMurdo esq
2. Epigrams against the Earl of Galloway
3. Epigram on the laird of Lagan
4. Phillis the fair
5. Had I a cave
6. By Allan Stream
7. Come let me take thee to my breast
8. Dainty Davie
9. Scots wha hae
10. Down the burn Davie

# Lines on John McMurdo

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 Eb    → Ab    →    → Eb    → Ab    → Eb    →    → Ab    B<sup>b</sup> Eb    ↻

↻ 10    ↻

↻ 18    ↻

son the fath - er's hon - our strain    nor e - ver daugh - ter give the mo - ther pain

**rall.** . . . . .

# Epigrams against the Earl of Galloway

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87 → F<sup>5</sup>

What dost thou in that man - sion fair flit Gal - low - ay and find some  
 nar - row dir - ty dun - geon cave the pic - ture of thy mind No

## Verse 2

No Stewart art thou Galloway  
 The Stewarts all were brave  
 Besides the Stewarts were but fools  
 Not one of them a knave

## Verse 3

Bright ran thy line O Galloway  
 Thro' many a far fam'd sire  
 So ran the far famed Roman way  
 And ended in a mire

## Verse 4

Spare me thy vengeance Galloway  
 In quiet let me live  
 I ask no kindness at thy hand  
 For thou hast none to give

# Epigram on the Laird of Lagan

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $G$   $\text{♩} = 69$   $C$   $G$

When Mor - ine de - ceased to the de - vil went down 'twas no - thing would serve him but

12  $A^7$   $D^7$   $G$

Sa - tan's own crown thy fool's head quoth Sa - tan that crown

14  $C$   $G$   $Em$   $D^7$   $G$

shall wear ne - ver I grant thou'rt as wick - ed but not quite so cle - ver

# Phillis the fair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 79

→← Eb                      →← C

While larks with lit - tle wing fann'd the pure air tas - ting the brea - thing Spring forth

I did fare gay the sun's gol - den eye peep'd o'er the moun - tains hight such

thy morn did I cry Phillis the fair In

## Verse 2

In each bird's careless song  
 Glad I did share  
 While yon wild flowers among  
 Chance led me there  
 Sweet to the opening day  
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray  
 Such thy bloom did I say  
 Phillis the fair

## Verse 3

Down in a shady walk  
 Doves cooing were  
 I mark'd the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare  
 So kind may Fortune be  
 Such make his destiny  
 He who would injure thee  
 Phillis the fair

# Had I a cave

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

10  $\text{♩} = 77$  Verse 1

Had I a cave on so - me wild dis - tant shore where\_ the winds howl to the

waves dash - ing roar there would I weep my woes there

seek my lost re - pose till grief my eyes should close ne'er to wake more

## Verse 2

Falsest of womankind canst thou declare  
 All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air  
 To thy new lover hie  
 Laugh o'er thy perjury  
 Then in thy bosom try  
 What peace is there

# By Allan Stream

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

18 Verse 1

C G7 C F C G7

By Al - lan stream I chanc'd to rove while Phoe-bus sank be yond Ben - led-i the winds were whis-pering

23

C F C F

thro' the grove the yel-low corn was wav ing rea-dy I lis-ten'd to a lov-er's sang an'

28

C F C G7

thought on youth-fu' plea-sures mon-ie and aye the wild wood ech-oes rang o dear-ly do I lo'e thee An-nie

## Verse 2

O happy be the woodbine bower  
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie  
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour  
 The place and time I met my dearie  
 Her head upon my throbbing breast  
 She sinking said I'm thine for ever  
 While monie a kiss the seal imprest  
 the sacred vow we ne'er should sever

## Verse 3

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae  
 The Simmer joys the flocks to follow  
 How cheery thro' her short'ning day  
 As Autumn in her weeds o' yellow  
 But can they ment the glowing heart  
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure  
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart  
 Like meeting her our bosom's treasure

# Come let me take thee to my breast

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 93    Verse 1    G    Bm    G    Bm    D<sup>7</sup>

Co - me let me take thee to my breast an - d pledge we ne'er shall sun - der an - d

I shall spurn as vil - est dust th - ewarld's wealth and gran - deur an - d do I hear my

Jean - ie own tha - t e - qual trans - ports move her I -

ask for dea - rest life a - lone that I may live to love her Thu - s

## Verse 2

Thus in my arms wi' a thy charms  
 I clasp my countless treasure  
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure  
 And by thy een sae bonie blue  
 I swear I'm thine for ever  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow  
 And break it shall I never

# Dainty Davie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60      Verse 1      A<sup>7</sup>

Now ros - - y May comes in wi' flowers to  
deck her gay green sprea - ding bowers and now comes in the hap - py hours to  
wan - der wi' my Da - vie Meet me - on the war - lock knowe  
dain - ty Dav - ie dain - ty Dav - ie there I'll spend the day wi' you  
my ain de - ar dain - ty Dav - ie The

## Verse 2

The crystal waters round us fa'  
The merry birds are lovers a'  
The scented breezes round us blow  
A wandering wi' my Davie

## Chorus

## Verse 3

As purple morning starts the hare  
To steal upon her early fare  
Then thro' the dews I will repair  
To meet my faithfu' Davie

## Chorus

## Verse 4

When day expiring in the west  
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest  
I flee to his arms I loe' the best  
And that's my ain dear Davie

## Chorus

# Scots Wha Hae

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled Scots wham Bruce has af-ten led wel-come to your gor-y bed

or to vic-tor-y now's the day and now's the hour see the front o' bat-tle lour see ap

proach proud Ed-ward's power chains and slav-er-ie Wha will be a trai-tor knave

wha can fill a cow-ard's grave wha sae base as be a slave let him turn and flie Wha for

Refrain 1

## Verse 2

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw  
 Freeman stand or freeman fa'  
 Let him follow me  
 By oppression's woes and pains  
 By your sons in servile chains  
 We will drain our dearest veins  
 But they shall be free

## Refrain 2

Lay the proud usurpers low  
 Tyrants fall in every foe  
 Liberty's in every blow  
 Let us do or die

# Down the burn Davie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

As down the burn they took their way an - d thro' the flow - ery dale his

5 cheek to hers he aft did lay an - d love was aye the tale With

9 Verse 2

Ma - ry when shall we re - turn sic pleas - ure to ren - ew quoth

13 Ma - ry love I like the burn and aye shall fol - low me