

# Burns Revisited Volume 87

1. Twas na her bonnie blue e'e
2. Their groves o' sweet myrtle
3. Forlorn my love, no comfort near
4. Why why tell thy lover
5. The braw wooer
6. This is no my ain lassie
7. O bonnie was yon rosy brier
8. Now spring has clad the grove in green
9. O that's the lassie o' my heart
10. To Chloris

# 'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 59  
Verse 1

'Twas na her bon - nie blue e' - e was my ru - in fair tho' she be that was  
ne - 'er my un - do - ing 'twas the dear smile when nae - b'dy did mind us  
'twas the be - wit - ching sweet stown gla - nce o' - kind - ness

## Verse 2

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me  
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me  
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever  
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever

## Verse 3

Chloris I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest  
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest 1  
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter  
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter

# Their groves o' sweet myrtle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100      Verse 1

1 Their groves o' sweet myr - tle let for - eign lands reck - on where  
 3 G A7 D A7  
 6 D Em A7 D  
 9 Em A7 D Em  
 12 A7 D  
 15 Em A7 D  
 list' - ning the lin - net aft wan - ders my Jean Tho'

## Verse 2

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys  
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave  
 Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud place  
 What are the haunt o' the tyrant and slave  
 The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain  
 He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountins  
 Save love's willing fetters the chains o' his Jean

# Forlorn my love no comfort near

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95  
17 Verse 1

F Gm → Dm Am → B♭ F → Gm C ↻

For - lorn my love no com - for - t near far far from thee I wan - de - r here

21 F Gm → Dm Am → B♭ F → Gm C<sup>7</sup> F ↻

far far from thee the fate se - vere at whi - ch I most re - pi - ne love

25 Chorus Gm C<sup>7</sup> → F → Gm<sup>7</sup> → A ↻

O wert thou love but near me bu - t near ne - ar near me

29 F Gm → Dm → Gm C<sup>7</sup> → F ↻

how kind - ly thou would - st cheer me and min - gle sighs with mine love

## Verse 2

Around me scowls a wintry sky  
 Blasting each bud of hope and joy  
 And shelter shade nor home have I  
 Save in these arms of thine love

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Cold alter'd friendship's cruel part  
 To poison Fortune's ruthless dart  
 Let me not break thy faithful heart  
 And say that fate is mine love

## Chorus

## Verse 4

But dreary tho' the moments fleet  
 O let me think we yet shall meet  
 That only ray of solace sweet  
 Can on thy Chloris shine love

## Chorus

# Why why tell thy lover

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100  
33 Verse 1

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

Why why tell th - y lo - ver bliss he ne - ver must e - n - joy

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

why why un - de - cieve him and give all his hopes the lie

41 Verse 2 D<sup>7</sup> G C

O why while fan - cy rap - tur'd slum - bers Chlor - is Chlor - is all the theme

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

why why would'st thou cruel wake thy lo - ver fro - m hi - s dream

# The braw wooer

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

D A7 → D G → D E → A7 → D A7 ↵

6 Last May a braw woo-er cam down the glen an-d sair wi' his love he did dea-ve me I said there was nae-thing

D G → D E → A7 → Bm E7 → A7 → D

I ha-ted like men the deuce gae wi'm to bel-ie-ve me bel-ie-ve me the deuce gae wi'm to bel-ie-ve me He

**Verse 2**

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een  
 And vow'd for my love he was diein  
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean  
 The Lord forgie me for liein for liein  
 The Lord forgie me for liein

**Verse 3**

A weelstocket mailen himsel for the laird  
 And marriage aff hand were his proffers  
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it or car'd  
 But thought I might hae waur offers waur offers  
 But thought I might hae waur offers

**Verse 4**

But what wad ye think In a fortnight or less  
 The Deil tak his taste to gae near her  
 He up the Gate Slack to my black cousin Bess  
 Guess ye how the jad I could bear her could bear her  
 Guess ye how the jad I could bear her

**Verse 5**

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care  
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock  
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there  
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock a warlock  
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock

**Verse 6**

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink  
 Lest neebours might say I was saucy  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie dear lassie  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie

**Verse 7**

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet  
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin  
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl'd feet  
 But heavens how he fell a swearin a swearin  
 But heavens how he fell a swearin

**Verse 8**

He begged for gudesake I wad be his wife  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow  
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life  
 I think I maun wed him tomorrow tomorrow  
 I think I maun wed him tomorrow

# This is no my ain lassie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

12  $\text{♩} = 69$  Verse 1

G D → A<sup>7</sup> D G D ↻

I see a form I se - e a face ye we - el may wi' the fair - est place it

14 A<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup> D → G D A<sup>7</sup> D ↻

wa - nt to me the wit - ch - ing grace the ki - nd love that's i - n her e'e O

16 Chorus A<sup>7</sup> → G D ↻

this is no my ain las - sie fair tho' the las - sie be

18 A<sup>7</sup> → G A<sup>7</sup> D ↻

weel ken I my ain las - sie kind love is in her e'e

## Verse 2

She's bonie blooming straight and tall  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall  
 And ay it charms my very saul  
 The kind love that's in her e'e

## Chorus

## Verse 3

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean  
 To steal a blink by a' unseen  
 But gleg as light are lovers' een  
 When kind love is in the e'e

## Chorus

## Verse 4

It may escape the courtly sparks  
 It may escape the learned clerks  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her e'e

## Chorus

# O bonnie was yon rosy brier

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 Verse 1

O - bon - nie was yon ro - sy brier tha - t blooms sae far frae haunt o' man

and bon - nie she and ah how dear it shad - ed frae the e'e - nin sun

## Verse 2

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew  
 How pure among the leaves sae green  
 But purer was the lover's vow  
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen

## Verse 3

All in its rude and prickly bower  
 That crimson rose how sweet and fair  
 But love is far a sweeter flower  
 Amid life's thorny path o' care

## Verse 4

The pathless wild and wimpling burn  
 Wi' Chloris in my arms be mine  
 And I the world nor wish nor scorn  
 Its joys and griefs alike resign

# Now Spring has clad the grove in green

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 59 Verse 1

Now spring has clad the grove in green and strew'd the lea wi' flow'ers the fur-row'd wa-ving corn is seen re-  
 joice in fost-ering show-ers while il-ka thing in Na-ture join their  
 sor-rows to fore-go o why thus all a-lone are mine the wea-ry steps of woe The

**Verse 2**

The trout in yonder wimpling burn  
 That glides a silver dart  
 And safe beneath the shady thorn  
 Defies the angler's art  
 My life was ance that careless stream  
 That wanton trout was I  
 But Love wi' unrelenting beam  
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry

**Verse 3**

That little floweret's peaceful lot  
 In yonder cliff that grows  
 Which save the linnet's flight I wot  
 Nae ruder visit knows  
 Was mine till Love has o'er me past  
 And blighted a' my bloom  
 And now beneath the withering blast  
 My youth and joy consume

**Verse 4**

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs  
 And climbs the early sky  
 Winnowing blythe his dewy wings  
 In morning's rosy eye  
 As little reck'd I sorrow's power  
 Until the flowery snare  
 O'witching Love in luckless hour  
 Made me the thrall o' care

**Verse 5**

O had my fate been Greenland snows  
 Or Afric's burning zone  
 Wi'man and nature leagued my foes  
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known  
 The wretch whose doom is "Hope nae mair"  
 What tongue his woes can tell  
 Within whase bosom save Despair  
 Nae kinder spirits dwell

# O that's the lassie o' my heart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $\text{♩} = 87$  Verse 1 F B $\flat$  F C F B $\flat$  F

O wat ye wh-a that lo'es me and has my hea-rt a kee-ping o sweet is she that lo'es me as dew's o' si-m-mer

16 C B $\flat$  F C $^7$  F Chorus B $\flat$

wee - ping in tears the ro - se-buds stee - ping O that's the las-sie o' my heart my las - sie e - ver

22 F B $\flat$  C $^7$  F

dea-rer o that's the que-en o wo - man-kind and ne'er a a - ne to pe - er her

**Verse 2**

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
 In grace and beauty charming  
 That e'en thy chosen lassie  
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming  
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming

**Chorus****Verse 3**

If thou hadst heard her talking  
 And thy attention's plighted  
 That ilka body talking  
 But her by thee is slighted  
 And thou art all delighted

**Chorus****Verse 4**

If thou hast met this Fair One  
 When frae her thou hast parted  
 If every other Fair One  
 But her thou hast deserted  
 And thou art broken hearted

**Chorus**

# To Chloris

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 → Eb Verse 1 → Bb7 → Eb →

'Tis friend - ship's pledge my young fair friend nor thou the gift re - fuse  
nor with un - wil - ling ear at - tend the mo - r - a - l - is - ing muse Since

## Verse 2

Since thou in all thy youth and charms  
Must bid the world adieu  
A world agenst peace in constant arms  
To join the friendly few Since

## Verse 3

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast  
Chill came the tempest's lour  
And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast  
Did nip a fairer flower

## Verse 4

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more  
Still much is left behind  
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store  
The comforts of the mind

## Verse 5

Thine is the self approving glow  
Of conscious honor's part  
And dearest gift of Heaven below  
Thine Friendship's truest heart

## Verse 6

The joys refin'd of sense and taste  
With every Muse to rove  
And doubly were the Poet blest  
These joys could he improve