

Burns Revisited Volume 4

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Rob Mossgiel

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

Verse 1

O-o lea - ve no-vels ye Mauch-line belles ye' re sa-fer at your spin - ing wheel su-ch wit - ching books a-re

Chorus

bai - ted hooks fo - r ra - kish rooks like Rob Moss-giel Be - e ware a tongue that's smooth-ly hung a - a

heart that warm - ly se - ems to - o feel tha - at fee - ling heart but

acts a part tis - ra - k - i - sh art in Rob moss - giel O - o

Verse 2

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons
They make your youthful fancies reel
They heat your brains and fire your veins
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel

Chorus

Verse 3

The frank address the soft caress
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel
The frank address and politesse
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel

Chorus

The Mauchline Lady

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩. = 65 ^A Verse 1

When first I came to Stewart Kyle my mind it was na

4 ^{E7} ^A ^D ^A

stea - dy where - 'er I gaed where - 'er I rade a

7 ^{Bm} ^{E7} ^A Verse 2

mis - tress still I had aye but when I came roun' by

10 ^{Bm} ^{E7} ^A ^{E7}

Mauch - line toun not drea - din on - ie bo - o - o - dy my

13 ^A ^{Bm}

heart was caught be - fore I thought and

15 ^D ^A

by a Mauch - line la - dy

Farewell to Ballochmyle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 135 Ab -- Db -- Eb7 -- Ab -- Eb7 -- Ab ↻

The Cat - rine woods were yel - low seen the flowers de - cay'd on

↻ 7 Bbm -- Eb7 -- Ab -- Db -- Eb7 -- Ab ↻

Cat - rine lea nae lav' - rock san on hil - lock green but

↻ 13 Db -- Ab -- Eb7 -- Ab -- Ab -- Cm ↻

nat - ure sick - en'd on the e'e thro' fa - ded groves Mar-

↻ 19 Fm -- Cm -- Bbm -- -- Ab -- Eb7 -- Ab ↻

i - a sang her - sel in beau - u - ty's bloom the while and aye the

↻ 26 Cm -- Fm -- Cm -- Db -- -- Eb7 -- Ab ↻

wild wood ech - oes rang fare - well the braes of Bal - loch - myle

Verse 2

Low in your wintry beds ye flowers
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair
 Ye birdies dumb in with'ring bowers
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air
 But here alas for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm or floweret smile
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr
 Fareweel fareweel sweet Ballochmyle

Wha is that at my bower door

5

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 150
C
Verse 1

33
Wha is that at my bower door O wha is it but
36
Find - lay when gae your gate ye'se nae be here in -
39
deed maun I quo' Find - lay What mak ye sa - e
42
like a thief O come and see quo Find - lay be -
45
fore the morn ye' - ll work mis - chief in -
47
deed will I quo Find - lay

Verse 2

Gif I rise and let you in
Let me in quo Findlay
Ye'll keep me wauk in wi' your din
Indeed will I quo Findlay
In my bower if ye should stay
Let me stay quo Findlay
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day
Indeed will I quo Findlay

Verse 3

Here this night if ye remain
I'll remain quo Findlay
I dread ye'll learn the gate again
Indeed will I quo Findlay
What my pass within this bower
Let it pass quo Findlay
Ye maun conceal till your last hour
Indeed will I quo Findlay

My Highland Lassie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 55

Verse 1

Nae gen - tle dames tho ne'er sae fair shall e - ver be my muse' - s care their

ti - tles a' are emp - ty show gie me my High - land las - sie O With-

Chorus 1

in the glen sae bu - shy O a - boon the plain sae rash - y O I

set me down wi right guid will to sing my High - land las - sie O O

Verse 2

O were yon hills and vallies mine
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie O

Chorus 1**Verse 3**

But fickle Fortune frowns on me
 And I maun cross the raging sea
 But while my crimson currents flow
 I'll love my Highland lassie O

Chorus 1**Verse 4**

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range
 I know her heart will never change
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow
 My faithful Highland lassie O

Chorus 1**Verse 5**

For her I'll dare the billows' roar
 For her I'll trace a distant shore
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie O

Chorus 1**Verse 6**

She has my heart she has my hand
 My secret troth and honour's band
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low
 I'm thine my Highland lassie O

Chorus 2

Farewell the glen sae bushy O
 Farewell the plain sae rashy O
 To other lands I now must go
 To sing my Highland lassie O

On a Scotch Bard Gone to the West Indies

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩. = 39 Eb Verse 1 Bb7 -- Eb -- Ab -- Eb Bb7 □

5 A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink a' ye wha live by cram-bo clink a' ye wha live and ne-ver think c-ome mourn wi' me our bil-lie's gi'en us

10 Refrain 1

15 a' a jink an' owre the sea La-ment him a' ye ran-tin' core wha dear-ly like a ran-dom splore nae mair he'll join the mer-ry roar

19 in soc-ial key for now he's taen an

21 i-ther shore an ow-re the sea La-

Verse 2

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him
And in their dear petitions place him
The widows wives an' a' may bless him
Wi' tearfu' e'e
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea

Refrain 2

O Fortune they hae room to grumble
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummie
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble
'Twad been nae plea
But he was gleg as onie wumble
That's owre the sea

Verse 3

Auld cantie Kyle may weepers wear
An' stain them wi' the saut saut tear
'Twill mak her poor auld heart I fear
In flinders flee
He was her Laureat monie a year
That's owre the sea

Refrain 3

He saw Misfortune's cauld norwest
Langmustering up a bitter blast
A jillet brak his heart at last
Ill may she be
So took a birth afore the mast
An' owre the sea

Verse 4

To tremble under Fortune's cummock
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock
Wi' his proud independent stomach
Could ill agree
So row't his hurdies in a hammock
An' owre the sea

Refrain 4

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding
Yet coin his pouches wad nae bide in
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding
He dealt it free
The Muse was a' that he took pride in
That's owre the sea

Verse 5

Jamaica bodies use him weel
An' hap him in a cozie biel
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel
An' fou o' glee
He wad nae wrang'd the vera Deil
That's owre the sea

Refrain 5

Fareweel my rhymecomposing billie
Your native soil was right illwillie
But may ye flourish like a lily
Now bonilie
I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie
Tho' owre the sea

Farewell to Eliza

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

23 Verse C $\text{♩} = 42$ D⁷ → G⁷ C → Dm G⁷ → C → D → G⁷ □

From the E - liz - a I must go and from my na - tive shore the cruel fates be - tween us throw a

29 C → D⁷ → F G⁷ → → C □

boun - dless oc - ean's roar — but bound - less oc - eans roar - ing wide be - tween my love and me — they

35 Am → Dm → G⁷ → C → G⁷ Chorus → C □

ne - ver ne - ver can di - vide my heart and soul from thee Fare - well fare - well E - liz - a dear the

41 F Dm → G⁷ → F → C Am → Dm G⁷ → C □

maid that I a - dore — a bo - ding voi - ce is in mine ear we part to meet no more but the

47 Dm G⁷ → F C → Am Dm → G⁷ □

la - test throbs that leaves my heart while death stands vic - tor by — that

51 C Gm → G⁷ C Am → Dm G⁷ → C □

throbs E - li - za is thy part and thine that la - test sigh

Farewell Song to the Banks of Ayr

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 59 → ← ^{Ab} Verse 1 → ← ^{Bb7}

1 The gloo - my night is gath' - ring fast loud roars the wild in - cons - tant blast yon
3 ^{Eb} ^{Ab} ^{Bb7}

mur - ky cloud is foul with rain I see it dri - ving o'er the plain the
5 ^{Ab} → ← ^{Db}

hun - ter now has left the moor the scat - t'red con - veys meet se - cure while
7 ^F ^{Eb} ^{Ab} → ← ^{Eb} ^{Ab} ^{Bb7} ^{Eb}

here I wan - der pressed with care a - long the lon - ely banks of Ayr

Verse 2

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave
I think upon the stormy wave
Where many a danger I must dare
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr

Verse 3

'Tis not the surging billow's roar
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear
The wretched have no more to fear
But round my heart the ties are bound
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound
These bleed afresh those ties I tear
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr

Verse 4

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales
Her healthy moors and winding vales
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves
Pursuing past unhappy loves
Farewell my friends farewell my foes
My peace with these my love with those
The bursting tears my heart declare
Farewell the bonie banks of Ayr

Yon Wild Mossy Mountains

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80 → Eb Verse 1 → Bb7 → Ab Eb ↻

Yo-n wild mo - ssy moun - tains sa - e lof - ty and wide tha - t nurse in their bos - om th - e
 youth O' the Clyde where the grouse lead their cov - eys through the hea - ther to feed and the
 she - pherd tends his flo - ck as he plays on his reed she is not the fair - est al - tho
 she is fair O - o nice ed - u - cat - ion but sma' is her share he - r
 par - en - ta - ge hum - ble a - s hum - ble can be bu - t
 I lo'e the dear la - ssie be - cause she lo'es me

Verse 2

Not Gowrie's rich valley nor Forth's sunny shores
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors
 For there by a lanely sequester'd stream
 Resides a sweet lassie my thought and my dream

Chorus

Verse 3

Among thae wild mountains shall still be my path
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath
 For there wi' my lassie the lang day I rove
 While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love

Chorus

Verse 4

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize
 In her armour of glances and blushes and sighs
 And when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her darts
 They dazzle our een as they flie to our hearts

Chorus

Verse 5

But kindness sweet kindness in the fond-sparkling e'e
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me
 And the heart beating love as I'm clasped in her arms
 O these are my lassie's all-conquering charms

Chorus

Farewell to the Brethren

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 → G → Am →

Ad - ieu a heart warm fond ad - ieu dear bro - thers of the
mys - tic tie ye fa - voured en - ligh - ten'd few com - pan - ions of my
soc - ial joy tho I to for - eign lands must hie pur - su - ing for - tune's
slidd' - ry ba' with mel - ting heart and brim - full eye I'll
mind you still though far a - wa oft

Verse 2

Of't have I met your social band
And spent the cheerful festive night
Of't honour'd with supreme command
Presided o'er the sons of light
And by that hieroglyphic bright
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa

Verse 3

May Freedom Harmony and Love
Unite you in the grand Design
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above
The glorious Architect Divine
That you may keep th' unerring line
Still rising by the plummet's law
Till Order bright completely shine
Shall be my pray'r when far awa

Verse 4

And you farewell whose merits claim
Justly that highest badge to wear
Heav'n bless your honour'd noble name
To Masonry and Scotia dear
A last request permit me here
When yearly ye assemble a'
One round I ask it with a tear
To him the Bard that's far awa