

Burns Revisited Volume 12

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Bonnie Wee Thing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney



Verse

Wish - ful - ly I look and lan - guish in that bon - nie face o' thine and
m - y heart it stounds wi' an - guish lest my wee thing be na mine

Chorus

Bon - nie wee thing can - nie wee thing love - ly wee thing
wert thou mine I wad wear thee
in my bos - om lest my jewel it should tine

Verse 2

Wit and grace and love and beauty
In ae constellation shine
To adore thee is my duty
Goddess o' this soul o' mine

Highland Harry

3

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 Solo & Intro

19 Verse 1

21

23 Chorus

25

27 Solo & Intro

My

but

now

O

O

when

Verse 2

When a' the lave gae to their bed
I wander dowie up the glen
I set me down and greet my fill
And aye I wish him back again

Chorus

Verse 3

O were some villains hangit high
And ilka body had their ain
Then I might see the joyfu' sight
My Highland Harry back again

Chorus

To Mary in Heaven

♩ = 120

Verse 1

Thou ling'-ring star with les-sening ray that lov'st to greet the ear-ly morn a-gain thou ush-er'st

6

Verse 2

in the day my Ma-ry from my soul was torn O Ma-ry dear de-par-ted shade where

11

is thy place of bliss-ful rest see'st thou thy lo-ver low-ly laid hear'st thou the groans that

16

Refrain 1

rend his breast That sac-red hour can I for-get can I for-get the hal-low'd grove where

21

Verse 3

by the win-ding Ayr we met t-o live one day of par-ting love E-ter-nit-y can-

26

not ef-face those re-cords clear of trans-ports past thy im-age at our

30

last em-brace ah lit-tle thought we 'twas our last Ayr

Verse 4

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore
 O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene

Refrain 2

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest
 The birds sang love on every spray
 Till too too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wing'ed day

Verse 5

Still o'er these scenes my men'ry wakes
 And fondly broods with miser care
 Time but th' impression stronger makes
 As streams their channels deeper wear

Verse 6

My Mary dear departed shade
 Where is thy blissful place of rest
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid
 hear'st thou the groans that rend his brest

Verse 1

O - cam ye here the fight to shun o - r herd the sheep wi' me man o - r were ye at the Sher-ra-moor o - r
 did the bat - tle see man I - saw the bat - tle sair and teugh an - d ree-kin red ran mon-ie a sheugh m - y
 heart for fear gaed sough for sough t - o hear the thuds and see the cluds o -
 clans frae woods in tar - tan duds wh - a glaum'd at king - doms three man th - e

Verse 2

'The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
 To meet them were na slaw man
 They rush'd and push'd and bluid outgush'd
 And monie a bouk did fa' man
 The great Argyle led on his files
 I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles
 They hack'd and hash'd while braid-swords clash'd
 And thro' they dash'd and hew'd and smash'd
 Till fey men died awa man

Verse 3

'But had ye seen the philibegs
 And skyrin tartan trews man
 When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs
 And Covenant trueblues man
 In lines extended lang and large
 When baig'nets o'erpower'd the targe
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death till out o' breath
 They fled like frighted dows man'

Verse 4

'O how Deil Tam can that be true
 The chase gaed frae the north man
 I saw mysel they did pursue
 The horseman back to Forth man
 And at Dunblane in my ain sight
 They took the brig wi' a' their might
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight
 But cursed lot the gates were shut
 And monie a huntit poor red-coat
 For fear amaist did swarf man'

Verse 5

'My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me man
 She swoor she saw some rebels run
 To Perth and to Dundee man
 Their left-hand general had nae skill
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neebors' bluid to spill
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose they scar'd at blows
 And hameward fast did flee man

Verse 6

'They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans man
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain
 Or in his en'mies' hands man
 Now wad ye sing this double flight
 Some fell for wrang and some for right
 But monie bade the world guid-night
 Say pell and mell wi' muskets' knell
 How Tories fell and Whigs to Hell
 Flew off in frighted bands man'

Eppie Adair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 49

Verse 1&2

11 Eb Bb Eb Ab Eb

By love and by beau - ty by law and by du - ty I
A' pleas - ure ex - ile me dis - hon - our de - file me if

14 Fm Cm Ab/Bb Eb Bb7 Chorus

swear to be true to my ep - pie A - dair An' O my
e'er I be - guile ye my Ep - pie A - dair

17 Eb G7 Ab

Ep - pie my jewel my Ep - pie wha

20 Ab Eb Bb7 Eb

wad na be hap - py wi' Ep - pie A - dair

Carl an the king come

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 40
Cm
Verse 1



An some - bod - ie were come a - gain then some - bod - ie maun cross the main and eve - ry man shall

28 Cm Chorus Am



hae his ain Carl an the King come Carl an the King come Carl an the King come

35 Cm Cm Verse 2



thou shalt dance and I will sing Carl an the King come I trow we swapp'd for the worse

41



we gae the boot and bet - ter horse and that we'll tell them at the cross Carl an the King come

46 Em Refrain Eb6 Em Eb6 Gb G



Cog - gie an the King come Cog - gie an the King come I'se be fou and thou'se be toom

53 Am Fbm Cm Chorus



Cog - gie an the King come Cog - gie an the King come Carl an the King come

59 Am Cm



Carl an the King come thou shalt dance and I will sing Carl an the King come

Willie brew'd a peck o' maut

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110 ← Verse 1 → B♭ → C →

O Wil-lie brew'd a peck o' maut and Rob and Al-lan cam to see three bly-ther hearts that lee lang night ye

↻ 4 Verse 2 → F → F → B♭ →

wad-na found in Chris-ten-die here are we met three mer-ry boys three mer-ry boys I trow are we and

↻ 7 C → C → F → C → Chorus →

mon-ie a night we've mer-ry been and mon-ie mae we hope to be we are na fou we're nae that fou but

↻ 10 C⁷ F → C → C⁷ → F →

just a drap-pie in our e'e the cock may craw the day may daw and aye we'll taste the bar-ley bree It

Verse 3

It is the moon I ken her horn
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee

Verse 4

Wha first whall rise to gang awa
 A cuckold coward loun is he
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa'
 He is the king amang us three

Chorus

Out over the Forth

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩. = 45

Out ov - er the Forth I look to the north but what is the north and its High - lands to me the
south nor the east gie ease to my breast the far for - eign land or the wide rol - ling sea but I
look to the west when I gae to rest that hap - py my dreams and my slum - bers may be for
far in the west lives he I lo'e best the man that is dear to my
bab - ie and me out bab - ie and me

rit.

Elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80
C
Verse 1

18 G G⁷ C Em Dm G⁷
Life ne'er ex - ul - ted in so rich a prize as Bur - net love - ly from her nat - ive skies

22 C G G⁷ C Em Dm G⁷ C
nor en - vious death so tri - umph'd in a blow as that which laid th' accomp - lish'd Bur - net low

26 Dm G⁷ C E Am G⁷
thy form and mind sweetmaid can I for - get in rich - est ore the bright - est jew - el set in thee high hea - ven a - bove

31 C F Dm G⁷ C C Finish G G⁷ C
was truest shown as by his nob - lest work the god - head best is known Life ne'er ex - ul - ted in so rich a prize

36 Em Dm G⁷ C
as Bur - net love - ly from her nat - ive skies nor en - vious death so tri - umph'd

39 G G⁷ C Em Dm G⁷ C
in a blow as that which laid th' accomp - lish'd Bur - net low

Verse 2

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride ye groves
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves
Ye cease to charm Eliza is no more
Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens
Ye mossy streams with sedge and rushes stor'd
Ye rigged cliffs o'erhanging dreamy glens
To you I fly ye with my soul accord

Verse 3

Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail
And thou sweet excellence forsake our earth
And not a muse with honest grief bewail
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride
And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide
Thou left us darkling in a world of tears

Finish

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

No-w nat - ure hangs her man - tle green o - n eve - ry bloom - ing tree an - d spreads her sheets o'

dais - ies while ou - t o'er the gras - sy lea no - w Phoe - bus cheers the crys - tal streams an - d

glads the az - ure skies bu - t nought can glad the wear - y weight tha - t fast in dur - ance lies no - w

Verse 2

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing
The merle in his noontide bower
Makes woodland echoes ring
The mavis wild wi' nonie a note
Sings drowsy day to rest
In love and freedom they rejoice
Wi' care nor thrall opprest

Verse 3

Now blooms the lily by the bank
The primrose down the brae
The hawthorn's budding in the glen
And milk white is the slae
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang
But I the Queen of a' Scotland
Maun lie in prison strang

Verse 4

I was the Queen o' bonnie France
when happy I hae been
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn
As blythe lay down at e'en
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland
And I'm monie a traitor there
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never ending care

Verse 5

But as for thee thou false woman
My sister and my fae
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e

Verse 6

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er wad blink on mine
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes
Or turn their hearts to thee
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
Remember him for me

Verse 7

O soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
wave o'er the yellow corn
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave