

Burns Revisited Volume 15

1. My native land sae far awa
2. I do confess thou art sae fair
3. The slave's lament
4. On sensibility
5. Thou gloomy December
6. Behold the hour
7. The weary pund o' tow
8. Cock up your beaver
9. Grace before dinner, extempore
10. When she cam ben

My native land sae far awa

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100
F
Verse 1

Am Gm Am Gm C7 F Am Gm

O sad and hea-vy should I part but for her sake sae far a-wa Un - know-ing what my way may

8 Am Gm C7 F Gm Refrain Am Dm Gm

thwart my nat-ive land sae far a - wa how true is love to pure des - ert like mine for

16 C7 F E7 Am D7

her sae far a - wa and nocht can heal my bos - om's

22 Gm C7

smart while oh she is sae far a - wa

Verse 2

Thou that of a' things maker art
That formed his fair sae far awa
Gie body strength then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa

Refrain

Verse 3

Nane other love nane other dart
I feel but her's sae far awa
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's the fair sae far awa

I do confess thou art sae fair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110
 Verse 1

27 D C G D C

I do con - fe - ss thou ar - t sae fair I - wad been o'er the lu - gs in

34 D G D C G D

lu - ve had I - na fou - nd the sli - gh - test prayer that lips could speak thy heart could

41 G Verse 2 D C G D

muve_____ I do con - fe - ss thee swe - et but find thou art sae thri - ft - less

49 C D G D C G

o - thy swe - ets thy fa - v - ours a - re the sil - l - y wind that kis - ses il - ka

56 D G Em Refrain A7 G(sus2)/D Em A7

thi - ng it meets see yon - der rose bud rich in dew am - ang its nat - ive

65 D Em A7 G(sus2)/B D C/D D7 G(sus2)/D

briers sae coy how sune it tines its scent and hue when pu'd and worn a com - mon toy

Verse 3
 Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide
 Though thou may gaily bloom a while
 And sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 like onie common weed and vile

The Slave's Lament

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85
75 Verse 1

It was in sweet Sen - eg - al that my foes did me - en - thral for the lands of Vir - gin - i - a gin - ia o torn from that love - ely shore and must ne - ver see it more

82 C7 F Gm Am

88 Gm C7 F Refrain Bb

and al - as I am wea - ry wea - ry o All on that char - ming coast

95 F C7 F Am Gm C7 F

101 Bb F C7 F

is no bit - ter snow and frost like the lands of Vir - gin - i - a gin - ia - o

105 Am Gm C7 F

there streams for - ev - er flow and flowers for ev - er blow

and a - las I am wea - ry wea - ry o

Verse 2

The burden I must bear while the cruel scourge I fear
 In the lands of Virginia ginia O
 And I think on friends most dear with the bitter bitter tear
 And alas I am weary weary O

Refrain

On Sensibility

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 52

110 Verse 1

Ab Eb → Bb7 Eb F Bb7 → Eb Ab Eb ↻

Sen - si - bil - i - t - y ho - w char - ming dear - est Na - n - c - y thou canst tell but dis - tress with ho - r - ro - rs ar - ming

113 Verse 2

Ab Eb Bb7 Eb → Eb Verse 2 Ab Eb → Bb7 Eb F Bb7 ↻

thou a - las hast known too well Fair - est flower be - ho - ld th - e lil - y bloo - ming i - n th - e sun - ny ray

116 Refrain

Eb Ab Eb → Ab Eb Bb7 Eb → Eb Refrain Ab → Bb Eb ↻

let the blast sweep o' er th - e val - ley see it pros - trate in the clay Hear th - e wood - lark charm - the for - est

120

Ab → Bb Bb7 → Eb Ab → Bb Eb → Ab → Bb7 Eb ↻

tel - lin - g o' er his lit - tle joys but a - las a prey the sur - est to ea - ch pir - ate of the skies

Verse 3

Dearly brought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe

Thou gloomy December

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90
Verse 1&2

126 Eb Bb7 Cm → Ab Eb → → Bb ↻

Ance mair I hail thee thou gloom - y Dec-em - ber ance mair I hail thee wi' sor - row and care
Fond lo-vers' par - ting is sweet pain-ful pleas-ure hope beam-ing mild on the soft par-ting hour

130 Eb Bb7 Cm → Ab Eb → → Bb ↻

sad was the par - ting thou makes me re-mem - ber part - ing wi' Nan - cy oh ne'er to meet mair
but the dire fee - ling O fare-well for ev - er is an-guish un - ming led and ag-ony pure

134 Refrain Eb Ab → Bb7 Eb → Cm F7 → Bb ↻

Wild as the win ter now rear ing the for est till the last leaf o' the sum-mer is flown

138 Eb Ab → Bb7 Eb → Gm Fm → Bb ↻

such is the tem pest has shak en my bos om till my last hope and com fort is gone

142 Gm Finish Fm Bb7 → Eb ↻

till my last hope and com - fort is gone

Verse 3

Still as I hail thee thou gloomy December
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember
Parting wi' Nancy oh ne'er to meet mair

Refrain

Behold the hour

Second version

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

Be - hold the hour th - e boat ar - rive tho - u goest thou dar - ling of my heart sev - ered from thee can

6

Refrain

I sur - vive bu - t fate has willed and we must part a - long the sol - it - ar - y shore while flit - ting se - a - fow - l

12

round me cry a - cross the ro - ll - i - ng dash - ing roar I'll

15

Verse 3 finish

west - ward turn my wist - ful eye I'll tell me does the muse on me

Verse 2

I'll often greet the surging swell
You distant isle will often hail
E'en here I took the last farewell
There latest marked her vanished sail

Refrain

Verse 3

Happy thou Indian grove, I'll say
Where now my Nancy's path shall be
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray
O tell me does the muse on me

The weary pund o' tow

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

F G C G

I bought my wi - fe a stane o' lint a - s guid as e'er did grow and

3 F G C G C

a' that sh - e has made o' that is ae pui - r pund o' tow the

5 C Chorus F C

wear - y pund the wear - y pund the wear - y pund o' tow I -

7 F C G7 C

think my wife will end her life be - fore she spin her tow there

Verse 2

There sat a bottle in a bole
 Beyond the ingle low
 And aye she took the tither souk
 To drouk the stourie tow

Chorus

Verse 3

Quoth I for shame ye dirty dame
 Gae spin your tap o' tow
 She took the rock and wi' a knock
 Se brak it o'er my pow

Chorus

Verse 4

At last her feet I sang to see 't
 Gaed formost o'er the knowe
 And or I wad anither jad
 I'll wallop in a tow

Chorus

Chorus

Cock up your beaver

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Verse

1 F G C7

Whe - n first my brave Joh - nie lad came to this town he had a

2 F G C7 F G

blu - e bon - net that wa - n - ted the crown bu - t now he has got - ten a p ha - t and a feath - er

4 Dm F Chorus Gm C7

hey brave John - ie lad cock up your bea - ver Cock up your bea - ver and cock it fu' sprush we'll

6 F Dm Gm C7

o - ver the bor - der and gi - e them a brush there's

7 F Gm C7 Dm

some - bo - dy there we'll teach bet - ter beh - hav - iour hey brave John - ie lad cock up your bea - ver

A grace before dinner extempore

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

G° → Dm G7 C G° Dm G7 C G°

O thou who kind - ly dost pro - vide for eve - ry creat - ure's want we

5 Dm G7 C G° Dm G7 C G° Dm G7

bless thee god of nat - ure wide for all thy god - dess lent and if it please thee

10 C G° Dm G7 C G° Dm G7

heave - nly guide may ne - ver worse be sent but whe - ther gran - ted

14 C G° Dm G7 C G° F F/G C

or den - ied lord bless us with con - tent A - - - men

rit.

When she cam' ben she bobbed

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 Verse C Dm G⁷ C Am D G⁷

When she ca - m ben sh - e bobbed fu' law when she ca - m ben she bob-bed f - u' law when she

ca - m' ben sh - e kiss'd Cock - pen an - d syne se - nied she did it at a' ev - 'n

Verse 2

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death's tie dissolving portal
But thou omnipotently fond
May'st promise love immortal

Verse 3

Thy wounds such healing powers defy
Such symptoms dire attend them
That last great antihectic try
Marriage perhaps may mend them

Verse 4

Sweet Anna has an air a grace
Divine magnetic touching
She talks she charms but who can trace
The process of bewitching