

# Burns Revisited Volume 26

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# Epigrams against the Earl of Galloway

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

What dost thou in that man-sion fair flit Gal-low-ay and find\_\_\_ some nar row di - r - t - y dun-geon cave the

pic - ture of thy mind no Stew - art art thou Gal - low - ay the

Stew-arts all were brave\_\_\_ bes - ides the Stew - arts were but fools not one of them a knave

## Verse 2

Bright ran thy line O Galloway  
Thro' many a far fame'd sire  
So ran the far fam'd Roman way  
And ended in a mire  
Spare me thy vengence Galloway  
In quiet let me liver  
I ask no kindness at thy hand  
For thou hast none to give

# To a gentleman whom he had offended

3

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70 → ← Eb

→ ← Bb7 Eb F7 Bb7

The friend who wild from wi - s - do - m's way the fumes of wine in - fur - i - at - e send not

♩ 3 Eb

→ ← Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb

moon - y mad - ness mo - re a - s - tray who but de - plores that ha - p - le - ss friend mine

## Verse 2

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part  
Ah why should I such scenes outlive  
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart  
'Tis thine to pity and forgive

## Banks of Cree

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

5 Verse 1 E A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

Here is the glen and he - re is the bow - er all un - der - ne - ath th - e bir - chen shade the

9 A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

vil - lage bell has toll - 'd th - e hou - r o wha - t ca - n stay my love - ly maid

13 Chorus B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>

It is Mar - i - a's voice I hear so calls the wood - lar - k in the grove his

17 B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>

lit - tle faith - ful mate to cheer at once 'tis mus - i - c and 'tis love

**Verse 2**

'Tis not Maria's whispering call  
 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale  
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall  
 The dewy star of eve to hail

**Chorus****Verse 3**

And art thou come and art thou true  
 O welcome dear to love and me  
 And let us all our vows renew  
 Along the flowery banks of Cree

**Chorus**

# Monody on Maria famed for her caprice

5

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

A → E → F#m

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired how pale is that

6 C#m → D → E → A →

cheek where the rouge late - ly glis - en'd how si - lent that tongue which the

11 E → F#m → C → E → A

ech - oes oft tired how dull is that ear which to fat - t'ry so lis ten'd if

## Verse 2

If sorrow and anguish their exit await  
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd  
How doubly severer Maria thy fate  
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd

## Verse 3

Loves Graces and Virtues I call not on you  
So shy grave and distant ye shed not a tear  
But come all ye offspring of Folly so true  
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier

## Verse 4

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower  
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed  
But chiefly the nettle so typical shower  
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed deed

## Verse 5

We'll sculpture the marble we'll measure the lay  
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre  
There keen Indignation shall dart on his prey  
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire

## Wee Willie Gray

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70

17 Verse 1

W - e Wil - lie Gr - ay an' his leath - er wal - let

peel a wil - low wand to be him boots and jack - et the

rose up - on the breer will be him trows an' doub - let the

rose up - on the breer will be him trows an' doub - let Wee Wil - lie Gray and his lea - ther wal - let

twice a lil - y flower will be him sark and cra - vat

feath - ers of a flee wad feath - er up his bon - net

feath - ers of a flee wad feath - er up his bon - net

# The lovely lass o' Inverness

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 65

Chorus

The love - ly la - ss o' - In - ver - ness na - e joy nor pleas - ure can she see for

3

e'en to mo - urn sh - e cries a - las and aye the saut tear blin's her e'e Drum -

5

Verse 1

oss - ie moor Drum - oss - ie day a wae - fu' day it was to me for

7

there I lost my fath - er dear my fa - the - r dear and breth - ren three the

## Chorus

## Verse 2

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay  
Their graves are growin' green to see  
and by them lies the dearest lad  
Theat ever blest a woman's e'e

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Now wae to thee thou cruel lord  
A bluidy man I trow thou be  
For monie a heart thou has made sair  
that ne'er did wrang to thine or thee

## Chorus

# O steer her up an' haud her gaun

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

O steer he-r up an' haud her gaun her mith er's\_ at the mill jo an' gin sh-e win-na tak a man e'en

let he - r tak her will jo first shore he - r wi' a gen - tle kiss and ca'\_\_\_ an-ith-er\_\_\_

gill jo an' gin she tak the thing\_\_\_ a-miss e'en let her flyte her fill jo O

## Verse 2

O steer her up and be na blate  
 An' gin she tak it ill jo  
 Then leave the lassie till her fate  
 And time nae langer spill jo  
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute  
 But think upon it still jo  
 That gin the lassie winna do't  
 Ye'll find anither will jo



# Ah Chloris

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90  
G° Fm Bb Eb Ab

Ah Chloris since it may not be that thou of love wilt hear if

5 Fm Bb7 Eb Bb Eb G°

from the lov - er thou maun flee yet let the friend be dear Al -

## Verse 2

Altho' I love my Chloris mair  
Than ever tongue could tell  
My passion I will ne'er declare  
I'll say I wish thee well

## Verse 3

Tho' a' my daily care thou art  
And a' my nightly dream  
I'll hide the struggle in my heart  
And say it is esteem

## Lassie wi' the lint white locks

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

9 **G** Chorus → C → G C → A D<sup>7</sup> → G → C

Las - sie wi' the lint white locks bon-nie las sie\_ art - less las sie\_ wilt thou wi' me tent\_ the flocks an'

15 → D<sup>7</sup> G → G Verse → D → C

wilt thou be my dear - ie o Now nat - ure cleeds the flow-er - y - lea and a' is young and

20 G → D → C → G

sweet\_ like the- e O wilt\_ thou share its joy-s wi' - me and say thou'lt be my daer-ie O

**Chorus****Verse 2**

The primrose bank the wimpling burn  
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn  
The wanton lambs at early morn  
Shall welcome thee my Dearie O

**Chorus****Verse 3**

And when the welcome shower  
Has cheer'd drooping little flower  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
At sultry noon my Dearie O

**Chorus****Verse 4**

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray  
The weary shearer's hameward way  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray  
And talk love my Dearie O

**Chorus****Verse 5**

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my Lassie's midnight rest  
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast  
I'll comfort thee my Dearie O

**Chorus****Chorus**

# How lang and dreary is the night

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Musical score for 'How lang and dreary is the night' in 6/8 time, 35 bpm. The score is written in G minor and consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff is labeled 'Verse 1' and the second staff is labeled 'Chorus'. The lyrics are: 'How lang and drea - ry is the night when I am frae my dea - ry I rest - less lie frae e'en to morn though I were ne'er sae wea - ry For O her lane - ly nights are lang and O her dreams are ee - rie and O her wi - dow'd heart is sair that's ab - sent frae her dear - ie when I think'.

Verse 1

Chorus

## Verse 2

When I think on the lightsome days  
I spent wi' thee my dearie  
And now what seas between us roar  
How can I be but eerie

## Chorus

## Verse 3

How slow ye move ye heavy hours  
The joyless day how dreary  
It was na sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my dearie

## Chorus

## Verse 1

How lang and dreary is the night  
When I am frae my dearie  
I restless lie frae e'en to morn  
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary  
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary