


Burns Revisited Volume 30

1. Lassie lie near me
2. Had I a cave
3. The highland widow's lament
4. The lover's morning salute to his mistress
5. On Andrew Turner
6. Scots wha hae
7. Phillis the fair
8. The highland balou
9. On a dog of Lord Eglinton's
10. The lass o' Ecclefechan

Lassie lie near me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

 ♩ = 95
Verse 1

C/E → Bb/D F/C → Bb F/A → C/G C → F C/E


Lang hae we par - ted been las - sie my dea - rie now we ar

6 Bb/D F/C → Bb → C7 → F Chorus E7 → Am → F7

met a - gain las - sie lie near me Near m - e near me las - sie lie

12 Bb6 Bb → E7

near me lang ————— hast thou lien

14 Am C/E → C7 F/C → Gm7/C F(sus2) C 

thy lane las - sie lie near me

Verse 2

A' that I hae endur'd
Lassie lie near me
Lang hast thou lien thy lane
Lassie lie near me

Had I a cave

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

17 Verse 1 C → F C → G → F C → F C → F C ↻

Had I a cave on so - me wi - ld dis - tant shore where the winds howl to the waves da - a - shing

24 G → C → C → G → C → F C ↻

roar there would I weep my woes there se - ek m - y lost re - pose till grief my eyes should close

31 Verse 2 F C → G → C → C → G → F C → ↻

ne'er to wake more Fals - est of wom - an - kind can - 'st tho - u de - clare all thy fo - nd

38 F C → F C → G → C → C → G ↻

pligh - ted vows flee - ting as air to thy new lov - er hie lau - gh o'er thy

44 C → F C → F G → C ↻

per - jur - y then in thy bos - om try what peace is there

The Highland Widow's Lament

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 135
49 Verse 1

Ab Eb Bb7 Eb

O I am come to the lo - w coun - trie och - on och - on och - rie with - out a
It was na sae in the High - land hills och - on och - on och - rie nae wo - man

58 Refrain

Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Ab

1. pen - ny i - n my purse to buy a meal to me me Och on O
i - n the cou - n - try wide sae hap - py was as 2.

68 Ab/Bb Eb Cm F9 Bb7

Don ald_ O - O och - on och - on och - rie nae

75 Ab Ab/Bb Eb Cm F9 Ab°/Bb Bb7

wo man_ in the world wide sae wretch - ed now as me

Verse 3

For then I had a score o'kye
Ochon Ochon Ochrie
Feeding on you hill sae high
And giving milk to me

Verse 4

And there I had three score o'yowes
Ochon Ochon Ochrie
Skipping on yon bonie knowes
And casting woo to me

Refrain**Verse 5**

I was the happiest of a' the Clan
Sair sair may I repine
For Donald was the brawest man
And Donald he was mine

Verse 6

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last
Sae far to set us free
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me

Refrain**Verse 7**

Their waefu' fate what need I tell
Right to the wrang did yield
My Donald and his Country fell
Upon Culloden field

The lover's morning salute to his mistress

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95
 Verse 1

83 Eb⁷ → Ab → G → Fm → Fm⁷/Bb Bb⁷ → Eb Ab/Eb

Sleep-'st thou or wauk-'st thou fair - est crea-ture ros - y morn now lifts his eye

90 Eb → Eb → Ab → Fm Bb⁷ → Eb → Ab

num-bering il - ka bud which nat-ure wa-ters wi' the tears o' joy no-w to the stream-ing

96 Eb → F → Bb⁷ → Fm Cm → Fm → Bb⁷ → Eb

foun-tain o - r up the heath-y moun-tain the hart hind and roe free-ly wild-ly wan-ton stray i - n

103 → Ab → Fm Bb⁷ → Eb → Ab → Eb

twin-ing haz - el bow-ers it - s lay the lin - net pours th - e lave-rock to the sk - y a - s -

109 F → Bb⁷ → Fm Cm → Fm Bb⁷ → Eb →

cends wi' sangs o' joy - while the sun and thou a - rise to bless the day

Verse 2

Phoebus gilding the brow of morning
 Banishes ilk darksome shade
 Nature gladdening and adorning
 Such to me my lovely maid
 When frae my Chloris parted
 Sad cheerless broken-hearted
 The night's gloomy shades
 Cloudy dark o'er cast my sky
 But when she charms my sight
 In pride of Beauty's light-
 When thro' my very heart
 Her burning glories dart
 'Tis then-'tis then I wake to life and joy

On Andrew Turner

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80 E_\flat

B_\flat E_\flat A_\flat B_\flat

In se'en - teen hun - der - n for - ty nine the deil gat stuff to ma - k a - swine an'

E_\flat B_\flat

coost it in a cor - ner but wil - il - y he chang'd his plan an'

E_\flat A_\flat B_\flat E_\flat

shap'd it some - thing li - ke a - man an' ca'd it An - drew Tur - ner

Scots Wha Hae

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 52

7 Verse 1

C⁷ F Fm C D

Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled Scots wham Bruce has af - ten led wel - come to your go - ry bed

10 F/G C(sus2) G C C⁷ F Fm

or to vic - tor - ie now's the day and now's the hour see the front o' bat - tle lour

13 C D G⁷ C Chorus 1 E⁷ Am C⁷

see ap - proach proud Ed - ward's power chains and sla - ver - ie Wha will be a trai - tor knave

16 F A⁷ Dm Fm C Em Am D Dm/G G⁷ C

wha can fill a cow - ard's grave wha sa - e base a - s be a slave let him turn and lie

Verse 2

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freeman stand or freeman fa'
Let him follow me
By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free

Chorus 2

Lay the proud usurpers low
Tyrants fall in every foe
Liberty's in every blow
Let us do or die

Phyllis the fair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

19 $E\flat$ $\text{♩} = 55$ $B\flat^7$

While larks with lit - tle wing fann'd the pure air tas - ting the brea - thing Spring

22 $E\flat$

forth I did fare gay the sun's gol - den eye peep'd o'er the moun - tains high

25 $B\flat$ $E\flat$

such thy morn did I cry Phil - lis the fair

Verse 2

In each bird's careless song glad I did share
 While yon wild flowers among chance led me there
 Sweet to the opening day
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray
 Such thy bloom did I say Phillis the fair

Verse 3

Down in a shady walk doves cooing were
 I mark'd the cruel hawk caught in a snare
 So kind may fortune be
 Such make his destiny
 He who would injure thee Phillis the fair

The Highland Balou

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

28 Verse 1

Le-eze me on my bon-nie craig-ie a - n thou live thou'll ste-al a nai-gie tra-vel the coun try thro'and thro'_

34 Finish Chorus

an - d bring hame a Ca - rl - isle cow (coo) He - e bal-ou my sweet wee Don - ald pi - c - ture o' the

39

gre - at Clan-ron - ald bra - w - lie kens our wan - ton chie - f wh - a got my wee Hi - gh - land thief

Verse 2

Thro' the Lawlands o'er the border
Weel my babie may thou funder
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie
Synne to the Higlands hame to me

Chorus

Verse 2

On a dog of Lord Eglinton's

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

44 C ♩ = 95 F C G⁷ C F D⁷

I ne-ver barked when out of sea-son I ne-ver bit with-out a rea-son I ne'er in sul ted

49 C F D⁷ C E⁷

weak-er broth-er nor wronged by force or fraud an-oth-er we brutes are

53 Am D F D G⁷ C

placed a rank be-low hap-py for man could he say so

The Lass O' Ecclefechan

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

58 Verse 1

G D7 Em A7 D7 G D7

Gat ye me O ga-t y-e me O ga-t y-e me wi' nae-thing rock an' reel an' spi-n-ni-ng wheel a

61 Em A7 D7 G7 C

mi - ck - le quar - ter ba - sin bye at - tour my gut - cher has a -

63 A D7 G D7 G D7 G

heich house and a laigh ane a' for - bye my bo - n - n - ie sel' the toss O' Ec - cle - fech - an

Verse 2

O haud your tongue now Luckie Lang
O haud your tongue and jauner
I held the gate till you I met
Syne I began to wander
I tint my whistle and my sang
I tint my peace and pleasure
But your green graff now Luckie Lang
Wad airt me to my treasure