

Burns Revisited Volume 35

1. Now spring has clad the grove in green
2. Does haughty gaul invasion threat [2]
3. Ballad second-election day
4. Poetic inscription for an altar of independence
5. The cooper o' Cuddie
6. This is no my ain lassie
7. The lass that made the bed to me [1]
8. The cardin o't the spinnin o't
9. To Chloris
10. The braw wooer

Now Spring has clad the grove in green

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 55 →← Eb Verse 1 Ab →← Bb7 Eb ↻

Now spring has clad the grove in green and strew'd the lea wi' flow - ers the
 fur - row'd wa - ving corn is seen re - joice in fos - tering show - ers while
 il - ka thing in nat - ure join their sor - rows to fo - r - go o
 why thus all a - lone are mine the wea - ry steps o - f woe The

Verse 4

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
 And climbs the early sky
 Winnowing blythe his dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye
 As little reck'd I sorrow's power
 Until the flowery snare
 O'witching Love in luckless hour
 Made me the thrall o' care

Verse 5

O had my fate been Greenland snows
 Or Afric's burning zone
 Wi'man and nature leagued my foes
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known
 The wretch whose doom is "Hope nae mair"
 What tongue his woes can tell
 Within whase bosom save Despair
 Nae kinder spirits dwell

Verse 2

The trout in yonder wimpling burn
 That glides a silver dart
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art -
 My life was ance that careless stream
 That wanton trout was I
 But Love wi' unrelenting beam
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry

Verse 3

That little floweret's peaceful lot
 In yonder cliff that grows
 Which save the linnet's flight I wot
 Nae ruder visit knows
 Was mine till Love has o'er me past
 And blighted a' my bloom
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume

Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat

3

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 → Verse 1

Does haugh - ty Gaul in - va - s - io - n threat then let the loons be - ware sir there's
woo - den walls u - po - n - ou - r seas and vol - un - teers on shore sir the Nith shall run to Cor - si - n - con and
Crif - fel sink in Sol - way ere we per - mit a fo - r - ei - n foe on Bri - tish ground to ral - ly we'll
ne'er per - mit a fo - rei - gn foe on Bri - tish ground to ral - ly O

Verse 2

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided
Till slap come in a unco loun
And wi' a rung decide it
Be Britain still to Britain true
Amang oursels united
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted

Verse 3

The kettle o' the Kirk and State
Perhaps a clout may fail in't
But Deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't
Our father's blude the kettle bought
And wha wad dare to spoil it
By Heav'n's the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it

Verse 4

The wretch that would a tyrant own
And the wretch his true-sworn brother
Who would set the mob above the throne
May they be damn'd together
Who will not sing God save the King
Shall hang as high's the steeple
But while we sing God save the King
We'll ne'er forget the People

Ballad second - election day

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Ab Eb Ab

Fy let us a' to Kirk-cud-bright for there will b - e bick-er-in' there for Mur-ray's light horse are to mus-ter

and o how the h-roes will swear... and there will b - e Mur-ray co man-der a - nd Gor-don the bat-tle to win like

bro - thers they'll stand by each o - ther sae knit in al - li - ance and kin And

Verse 2

And there will be black nebbit Johnie
 The tongue o' the trump to them a'
 An he get na Hell for his haddin'
 The Deil gets na justice ava
 And there will be Kempleton's birkie
 A boy no sae black at the bane
 But as to his fine Nabob fortune
 We'll e'en let the subject alane

Verse 3

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff
 Dame Justice fu brawly has sped
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby
 But Lord what's become o' the head
 And there will be Cardoness Esquire
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes
 A wight that will weather damnation
 The Devil the prey will despise

Verse 4

And there will be Douglasses doughty
 New christening towns far and near
 Abjuring their democrat doings
 By kissin' theo' a Peer
 And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's
 A house o' great merit and note
 The deil ane but honours them highly
 The deil ane will gie them his vote

Verse 5

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous
 Whose honour is proof to the storm
 To save them from stark reprobation
 He lent them his name in the Firm
 And there will be lads o' the gospel
 Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true
 And there will be Buittle's Apostle
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue

Verse 6

And there will be Logan M'Dowall
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there
 And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway
 Sogering gunpowder Blair
 But we winna mention Redcastle
 The body e'en let him escape
 He'd venture the gallows for siller
 An 'twere na the cost o' the rape

Verse 7

But where is the Doggerbank hero
 That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk
 Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel
 The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk
 And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant
 Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return
 The birkie is gettin' his Questions
 To say in Saint Stephen's the morn

Verse 8

But mark ye there's trusty Kerroughtree
 Whose honor was ever his law
 If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel
 His worth might be sample for a'
 And strang an' respectfu's his backing
 The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand
 Nae gipsylike nominal barons
 Wha's property's papernet land

Verse 9

And there frae the Niddisdale borders
 The Maxwells will gather in droves
 Tough Jockie staunch Geordie an' Wellwood
 That griens for the fishes and loaves
 And there will be Heron the Major
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other
 Him only it's justice to praise

Verse 10

And there will be maiden Kilkerran
 And also Barskimming's gude Knight
 And there will be roarin Birtwhistle
 Yet luckily roars i' the right
 And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie
 Tak tent how ye purchase a dram
 And there will be gay Cassencarry
 And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam

Verse 11

And there'll be wealthy young Richard
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck
 For prodigal thriftless bestowing
 His merit had won him respect
 And there will be rich brother nabobs
 Tho' Nabobs yet men not the worst
 And there will be Collieston's whiskers
 And Quintina lad o' the first

Poetical inscription for an altar of independence

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 45 C G F C →← Dm G⁷ C →← G G⁷ □

□ 4 C →← G F C □

□ 6 Dm G⁷ Dm →← G⁷ C □

Thou of an in-de-pen-dent mind with soul re-solv'd with soul res-ighn'd pre-par'd powers prou-dest frown to brave who
wilt not be nor have a slave vir - tue a - lone who dost re - vere thy
own re - proach a - lone dost fear ap - proach this shrine and wor - ship here

The Cooper O' Cuddie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

Chorus

We -ll hide the coo-per be - hint the door be - hi - nt th - e door be - hi - nt the door we -ll

hide the coo - per be - hint the door and co - ver him un - der a mawn O The

Verse 1

coo - per o' Cud - die ca - m here a - wa' he ca'd the gir - rs ou - t o'er us a'

an' our guid wi - fe ha - s got - ten a ca' that a - n - ger'd the sil - ly go - od man O H - e

Chorus

Verse 2

He sought them out he sought them in
 Wi' deil hae her and deail hae him
 But the body he was sae doited and blin
 He wist na where he was gaun O

Chorus

Verse 3

They cooper'd at e'en they cooper'e at morn
 Till our guidman has gotten the scorn
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn
 And swears that there they sall stan' O

This is no my ain lassie

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

F G C

I see a form I see a face ye weel may wi' the fai - rest place it wants to me the wit-ching grace the

4 F G C F Chorus

kind love that's in her e'e O this is no my ai - n las - sie

6 C F C G

fair tho' the las - sie be weel ken I my ai - n las - sie kind love is in her e'e She's

9 F Last line C G7 C

weel ken I my ai - n las - sie kind love is in her e'e

Verse 2

She's bonnie blooming straight and tall
And lang has had my hearth in thrall
And aye it charms my very saul
The kind love that's in her e'e

Chorus

Verse 3

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean
To steal a blink by a' unseen
But gleg as light are lover's een
When kind love is in her e'e

Chorus

Verse 4

It may escape the courtly sparks
I may escape the learned clerks
But well the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her eye

Chorus

The lass that made the bed to me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

11 $F \text{ } \downarrow = 105$ $B\flat$ F C F

When Jan-u-ur' wind was blaw-ing cauld as to the North I took my way the mirk-some night

20 $B\flat$ F C F $B\flat$ F Gm C

did me en-fauld I knew na where to lodge till day by my guid luck a maid I met just in the

29 F $B\flat$ $C7$ F

mid-dle o' my care and kind-ly she did me in-vite to walk in-to a cham-ber fair

Verse 2

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid
 And thank'd her for her courtesie
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid
 An' bade her mak a bed to me
 She made the bed baith larger and wide
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down
 She put the cup to her rosy lips
 And drank young man now sleep ye soun

Verse 3

She snatch'd the candle in her hand
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed
 But I call'd her quickly back again
 To lay some mair below my head
 A cod she laid below my head
 And served me with due respect
 And to salute her wi' a kiss
 I put my arms about her neck

Verse 4

'Haud aff your hands young man' she said
 'And dinna sae uncivil be
 Gif ye hae onie luv for me
 O wrang na my virginity'
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd
 Her teeth were like the ivorie
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine
 The lass that made the bed to me

Verse 5

Her bosom was the driven snaw
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane
 The lass that made the bed to me
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again
 And ay she wist na what to say
 I laid her 'tween me an' the wa'
 The lassie thocht na lang till day

Verse 6

Upon the morrow when we raise
 I thank'd her for her courtesie
 But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd
 And said 'Alas ye've ruin'd me'
 I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne
 While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e
 I said 'My lassie dinna cry
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me'

Verse 7

She took her mither's holland sheets
 An' made them a' in sarks to me
 Blythe and merry may she be
 The lass that made the bed to me
 The bonie lass made the bed to me
 The braw lass made the bed to me
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die
 The lass that made the bed to me

The cardin' o't the spinnin' o't

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110 C Chorus

The car - din' o - 't the spin - nin' o't the war - pin' o't the win - nin' o't when
 5 il - ka e - ll cost me a goat the tai - lor swaw the ly - nin' o't I
 9 Verse 1
 coft a sta - ne o' ha - lock wo - o to mak' a wa - b to John - ie o't for
 13 Joh - nie i - s my on - ly jo - - I
 15 lo'e him be - st of on - ie yet The

Chorus

Verse 2

For tho' his locks be lyart grey
 And tho' his brow be beld aboon
 Yet I hae seen him on a day
 The pride of a' the parishen

Chorus

To Chloris

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Eb $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Bb7 Eb $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

3 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Bb7 Eb $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

5 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Bb $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

7 Eb $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Bb Eb $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

Ti-s friend - ship's pledge my young fair friend nor th - ou th - e gift re - fuse___ no - r
 with un - wil - ling ear at - tend the mo - r - a - l - is - ing muse___ sin - ce
 tho - u i - n a - ll th - y youth and charms must bi - d th - e world a - dieu___ a
 world a - ge - nst peace in cons - tant arms to join the friend - ly few___ Sin - ce

Verse 2

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast
 Chill came the tempest's lour
 And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower
 Since life's gay scenes must charm no more
 Still much is left behind
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store
 The comforts of the mind

Verse 3

Thine is the selfapproving glow
 Of conscious honor's part
 And dearest gift of Heaven below
 Thine Friendship's truest heart
 The joys refin'd of sense and taste
 With every Muse to rove
 And doubly were the Poet blest
 These joys could he improve

The braw wooer

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

Las-t May a braw woo - er cam dow - n th - e lan - g glen an - d sair wi' his
 love he did deave me I - said there was nae thing I ha t - e - d li - ke men th - e
 deuce gae wi' - m' to be - lieve me be - lieve me th - e deuce gae wi' - m' to be - lieve me H - e

Verse 2

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een
 And vow'd for my love he was diein
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean
 The Lord forgie me for liein for liein
 The Lord forgie me for liein

Verse 3

A weelstocket mailen himsel for the laird
 And marriage aff-hand were his proffers
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it or car'd
 But thought I might hae waur offers waur offers
 But thought I might hae waur offers

Verse 4

But what wad ye think In a fortnight or less
 The Deil tak his taste to gae near her
 He up the Gate Slack to my black cousin Bess
 Guess ye how the jad I could bear her could bear her
 Guess ye how the jad I could bear her

Verse 5

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock a warlock
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock

Verse 6

But owre my left shouter I gae him a blink
 Lest neebours might say I was saucy
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie dear lassie
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie

Verse 7

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl'd feet
 But heavens how he fell a swearin a swearin
 But heavens how he fell a swearin

Verse 8

He begged for gudesake I wad be his wife
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life
 I think I maun wed him tomorrow tomorrow
 I think I maun wed him tomorrow