

Burns Revisited Volume 36

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The Dean of Faculty - A new ballad

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

Dire was the ha - te a - t ol - d Ha - r - law that Scot t - o Scot di - d car - ry and
 dire th - e di - s - co - rd Lan - g - si - de saw fo - r beau - te - ous hap - le - ss Ma - ry but
 Scot to Sco - t ne' - er me - t s - o hot o - r were more in fu - r - y seen sir than
 'twixt Hal and Bo - b for the fa - m - ou - s job who should be th - e fac - ul - ty's Dean sir This

Verse 2

This Hal for genius wit and lore
 Among the first was number'd
 But pious Bob 'mid learning's store
 Commandment the Tenth remember'd
 Yet simple Bob the victory got
 And won his heart's desire
 Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot
 Tho' the Deil piss in the fire

Verse 3

Squire Hal besides had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy
 So their worships of the Faculty
 Quite sick of Merit's rudeness
 Chose one who should owe it all d'ye see
 To their gratis grace and goodness

Verse 4

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision
 So may be on this Pisgah height
 Bob's purblind mental vision
 Nay Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
 Till for eloquence you hail him
 And swear that he has the Angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam

Verse 5

In your heretic sins may ye live and die
 Ye heretic Eight and Thirty
 But accept ye sublime majority
 My congratulations hearty
 With your honors as with a certain King
 In your servants this is striking
 The more incapacity they bring
 The more they're to your liking

The lass that made the bed to me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Verse 1

When Jan - uar' wind was blaw - ing cauld as to the no - rth I - took my way the
 mirk - some night did me en - fauld I - knew n - a whe - re t - o lodge till day by
 my guid luck a maid I met by just in the mi - d - d - le o' my care and
 kind - ly she did me in - vite t - o walk in - to - a - cham - ber fair I

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

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 luve for me
 O wrang na my virginitie'
 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

The Menagerie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 D^7 $\text{♩} = 42$ G C D^7 G

Ta-lk not to m-e o - f sav - a - ges from Af-ric's bur-ning sun n - o sa-vage e'-er cou-ld rend my heart a - s

12 A^7 D^7 G C D^7

Jes - sie thou hast done bu - t Jes - sie's lo - ve - l - y hand in mine a mut - ual faith to plight

15 G C D^7 G

no - t e - ven t - o view the heav - enly choir would be so blest a - sight

O that's the lassie o' my heart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

Chorus

O - that's the las - sie o' my heart m - y las - sie e - ver dear - er o - that's the queen o'

6 Verse 1

wom - an - kind an - d ne'er a ane to peer her O - wat ye wha that lo - 'es me and has my heart a

12

keep - ing o - sweet is she that lo' - es me as a - s dew's o' sim - mer

16

wee - ping i - n tears the rose - buds stee - ping O -

Chorus

Verse 2

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming
That e'en thy chosen lassie
Erewhile thy breast sae warming
Had ne'er sic powers alarming

Chorus

Verse 3

If thou hadst heard her talking
And thy attention's plighted
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted
And thou art all delighted

Chorus

Verse 4

If thou hast met this Fair One
When frae her thou hast parted
If every other Fair One
But her thou hast deserted
And thou art broken-hearted

Why why tell thy lover

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

19 C ♩ = 76

Why why tell thy lo - ver bliss he ne-ver must en - joy why why un - de - ceive him and give all

25 Ab C

his hopes the lie O why while fan - cy rap - ture'd slum - bers Chlo - ris Chlo - ris all the

30 Bb rit. Ab C

theme why why would'st thou cru - el wake thy lov - er from his dream

Address to the Woodlark

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

35 A ♩ = 39 D A E A
O stay sweet war - bling wo - od - lark stay nor quit for m - e the tre - m - bling spray

39 D A E7 A
a hap - less lo - ver cou - rts thy lay thy soo - thing fon - d com - plain - ing

43 D A Bm E
a - gain a - gain that ten - der part that I may catch thy mel - ting art for

47 A D A Bm E A
su - r - ly that wad touch her heart wha kills me wi' dis - dain - ing

Verse 2

Say was thy little mate unkind
And heard thee as the careless wind
O nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken
Thou tells o' never ending care
O speechless grief and dark despair
For pity's sake sweet bird nae mair
Or my poor heart is broken

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70

Verse 1

Ma - rk yon - der pomp of cost - ly fash - ion round the weal - thy tit - led bride — bu - t

then com par'd with re - al pas - sion poor is all that prin - cly pride what are the show - y trea - sures what

are the noi - sy plea - sures the gay gau - dy glare of van - t - ty and art — the pol - ish'd jew - els' blaze — may

draw the wond - 'ring gaze — and court - ly gran - deur bright — the

fan - cy may de - light — but ne - ver ne - ver can come near the heart Bu - b

Finish

Verse 2

But did you see my dearest Chloris
 In simplicity's array
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is
 Shrinking from the gaze of day
 O then the heart alarming
 And all resistless charming
 I love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown
 Even av'rice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity
 And feel thro' ev'ry vein love's raptures roll

The collector Mitchell

9

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

15 Verse 1

C⁷ → Dm A⁷ → B^b D⁷ → Gm

Friend of the po - et tried an - d leal wha wan - ting thee might beg or steal a - lake a - lake the mei - kle deil wi' a' his wit - ches are at it skel - pin jug and reel in my poor pouch - es

19 C⁷ → F → B^b

22 F → C⁷ → F

Verse 2

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it
That One-pound-one I sairly want it
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it
It would be kind
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind

Verse 3

So may the Auld Year gang out moanin
To see the New come laden groanin
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thin
Domestic peace and comforts crownin
The hale design

Verse 4

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket
And by fell Death was nearly nicket
Grim loon He got me by the fecket
And sair me sheuk
But by guid luck I lap a wicket
And turn'd a neuk

Verse 5

But by that health I've got a share o't
And by that life I'm promis'd mair o't
My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't
A tentier way
Then farewell Folly hide and hair o't
For ance and ay

Their groves o' sweet myrtle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩. = 39

Eb Bb Eb Ab Eb
 Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon where bright beaming summers ex

Bb7 Eb Eb Bb Eb
 alt the perfume far dearer to me are yon lone glen o' green breckan wi' the

Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Eb
 burn stealing under the lang yel-low broom for dearer to me are yon

Bb Eb Ab Eb Bb7 Eb
 humble broom bow-ers where the blue-bell and gowan lurk low-ly un-seen for

Eb Bb Eb
 there light-ly tripping among the wild flowers a-

Ab Eb Bb7 Eb
 list'ning the linn-et aft wanders my Jean Tho'

Verse 2

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave
 Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud place
 What are the haunt o' the tyrant and slave
 The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain
 He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountins
 Save love's willing fetters the chains o' his Jean

Poem on Life

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

My hon-our'd Colon-el deep I feel your in-terest in the Po-et's weal— ah now sma heart hae I to speel the

Chorus

swe-ep Pa-r-nass us— su-r-roun-ded thus by bol-us pill and po - ion glas-ses Ah Nick ah Nick it is na fair first

show - ing us the temp - ting ware bright wines and bon - nie las - ses rare to

put us daft by weave un - seen thy spi - de - r snare o' hell's damned waft

O

Verse 7

Poor Man the flie aft bizzes by
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh
Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure
Already in thy fancy's eye
Thy sicker treasure

Chorus

Verse 8

Soon heels o'er gowdie in he gangs
And like a sheephead on a tangs
Thy girnin laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassle.

Chorus

Verse 9

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivell
Abjuring a' intentions evil
I quat my pen
The Lord preserve us frae the Devil
Amen Amen

Chorus

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1
 Al - tho' thou maun ne - ver be mine al - tho' e - ven hope is de - nied
 tis swee - ter for thee des - pair - ing than aught in the world be - side Jes - sy than
Chorus
 aught in the world be - side Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear
 here's a health to ane I lo'e dear thou art sweet as the smile when fond
 lo - vers meet and soft as their par - ting tear
 Jes - sy and soft as their par - ting tear I

Verse 2

I mourn thro' the gay gaudy day
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber
 For then I am lockt in thine arms Jessy
 For then I am lockt in thine arms

Chorus

Verse 3

I guess by the dear angel smile
 I guess by the love rolling e'e
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree Jessy
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree

Chorus