

Burns Revisited Volume 37

1. □ Handsome Nell
2. □ Handsome Nell_a
3. □ O Tibbie I hae seen the day
4. □ In the character of a ruined farmer
5. □ Tragic fragment
6. □ The Ronalds of the Bennals
7. □ Here's to thy health
8. □ Winter
9. □ Winter_a
10. □ A prayer under the pressure of of violent anguish

Robert Burns

Handsome Nell

Edward Cairney

Verse 1

O once I loved a bon nie lass ay and I love her still and whilst that vir-tue warns my breast I'll love my hand-some Nell as bon-nie las-ses I hae seen and mon-ie full as braw but for a mod-est grace-fu' mien the like I ne-ver saw a-a bon-ne lass I will con-fess is plea-sant to the e'e but with-out some bet-ter qual-it-ies she's no a lass for me but

Refrain

Verse 2

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet
And what is best of a'
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw
She dresses ay sae clean and neat
Both decent and genteel
And then there's something in her gait
Gars onie dress look weel

Refrain

Verse 3

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart
'Tis this in Nelly pleases me
'Tis this enchants my soul
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control

Robert Burns

Handsome Nell_a

Edward Cairney

♩ = 150
Verse 1

O once I loved a bonnie lass ay and I love her still

and whilst that vir - tue war - ms my breast I - ll

love my han - d - som Nell A - s

Verse 2

As bonnie lasses I hae seen
 And monie full as braw
 But for a modest gracefu' mein
 The like I never saw

Verse 3

A bonny lass I will confess
 Is pleasant to the e'e
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me

Verse 4

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet
 And what is best of a'
 Her reputation is complete
 And fair without a flaw

Verse 5

She dresses ay sae clean and neat
 Both decent and genteel
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars onie dress look weel

Verse 6

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart

Verse 7

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me
 'Tis this enchants my soul
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control

O Tibbie I hae seen the day

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 → D Verse 1 E⁷ → A⁷ D ↻

Yest - reen I met you on the moor ye spa - k n - a but gaed by like stour__ ye

↻ 3 E⁷ → A⁷ D *Finish* → G Chorus D ↻

geck at me be-cause I'm poor but fie__ nt a__ hair care I__ O Tib bie I hae seen the day ye

↻ 6 E A⁷ → G D → E A⁷ ↻

wa-d-n-a been sae shy__ for laik o' gear ye light ly me but trow-th I__care na by__when

Verse 2

When coming hame on Sunday last
Upon the road as I cam past
Ye snufft and ga'e your head a cast
But trowth I care't na by

Chorus**Verse 3**

I doubt na lass but ye may think
Because ye hae the name o' clink
That ye can please me at a wink
Whene'er ye like to try

Chorus**Verse 4**

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean
Wha follows onie saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high

Chorus**Verse 5**

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart
If that he want the yellow dirt
Ye'll cast your head anither airt
And answer him fu' dry

Chorus**Verse 6**

But if he hae the name o' gear
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
Be better than the kye

Chorus**Verse 7**

But Tibbie lass tak' my advice:
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice
The deil a ane wad speir your price
Were ye as poor as I

Chorus**Verse 8**

There lives a lass beside yon park
I'd rather hae her in her sark
Than you wi' a' your thousand mark
That gars you look sae high

In the character of a ruined farmer

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75
C

9 Verse 1

The sun he is sunk in the west all crea-tures re tired to rest while here I sit all

14

sore be-set with sor row grief an-d woe and it's O fick-le for-tune O

Verse 2

The prosperous man is asleep
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow
And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 3

There lies the dear partner of my breast
Her cares for a moment at rest
Must I see thee my youthful pride
Thus brought so very low
And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 4

There lie my sweet babies in her arms
No anxious fear their little hearts alarms
But for their sake my heart does ache
With many a bitter throe
And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 5

I once was by Fortune carest
I once could relieve the distress
Now life's poor support hardly earn'd
My fate will scarce bestow
And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 6

No comfort no comfort I have
How welcome to me were the grave
But then my wife and children dear
O wither would they go
And it's O fickle Fortune O

Verse 7

O whither O whither shall I turn
All friendless forsaken forlorn
For in this world Rest or Peace
I never more shall know
And it's O fickle Fortune O

Tragic fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 57 C#m6 C → C#m6 C → G Eb →

5 All vil-lain as I am adamm'd wretcha har-dened stub-born un-re-pen-ting sin ner_ still

8 my heart ments at hum-an wret-ched-ness and with sin-cere but un-a-vai-ling sighs I

11 view the help-less chil-dren of dis-tress with tears in-dig-nant I be-hold the opp_

14 ress - or_ re - joic - ing in the hon - est man's des - truct-ion whose

17 un - sub-mit-ting heart was all his crime ev'n you ye hap-less crew I pi - ty

you ye whom the see-ming good think sin to pi - ty Ye

Verse 2

Ye poor despised abandoned vagabonds
 Whom Vice as usual has turn'd o'er to ruin
 Oh but for friends and interposing Heaven
 I had been driven forth like you forlorn
 The most detested worthless wretch among you
 O injured God Thy goodness has endow'd me
 With talents passing most of my compeers
 Which I in just proportion have abused
 As far surpassing other common villains
 As Thou in natural parts has given me more

Robert Burns

The Ronalds of the Bennals

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1

D Bm D A⁷ D

I - n Tar bol ton ye ken there are pro per young men an d pro - per young las ses and a'

8 Bm D A⁷ D

man bu t ken ye the Ron alds tha t live in the Ben nals the y car - ry the gree frae them a'

16 F^{#7} Bm F^{#7} Bm *Finish*

25 E E⁷ A⁷ E⁷ A A⁷

man their faith - er's a laird and weel he can spare't braid mon ey to tocher them a' man to

pro - per young men he'll clink in the hand gowd guineas a hund red or twa man There's

Verse 2

There's ane they ca' Jean I'll warrant ye've seen
 As bonie a lass or as braw man
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
 And a conduct that beautifies a' man
 The charms o' the min' the langer they shine
 The mair admiration they draw man
 While peaches and cherries and roses and lilies
 They fade and they wither awa man

Verse 3

If ye be for Miss Jean tak this frae a frien'
 A hint o' a rival or twa man
 The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire
 If that wad entice her awa man
 The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed
 For mair than a towmond or twa man
 The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board
 If he canna get her at a' man

Verse 4

Then Anna comes in the pride o' her kin
 The boast of our bachelors a' man
 Sae sonsy and sweet sae fully complete
 She steals our affections awa man
 If I should detail the pick and the wale
 O' lasses that live here awa man
 The faut wad be mine if she didna shine
 The sweetest and best o' them a' man

Verse 5

I lo'e her mysel but darena weel tell
 My poverty keeps me in awe man
 For making o' rhymes and working at times
 Does little or naething at a' man
 Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse
 Nor hae't in her power to say na man
 For though I be poor unnoticed obscure
 My stomach's as proud as them a' man

Verse 6

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride
 And flee o'er the hills like a craw man
 I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed
 Though fluttering ever so braw man
 My coat and my vest they are Scotch o' the best
 O'pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa man
 And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps
 And ne'er a wrang steek in them a' man

Verse 7

My sarks they are few but five o' them new
 Twal'-hundred as white as the snaw man
 A ten-shillings hat a Holland cravat
 There are no mony poets sae braw man
 I never had freens weel stockit in means
 To leave me a hundred or twa man
 Nae weel-tocher'd aunts to wait on their drants
 And wish them in hell for it a' man

Verse 8

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money
 Or claughtin't together at a' man
 I've little to spend and naething to lend
 But devil a shilling I awe man

Here's to thy health

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

33 E_b ♩ = 80 A_b E_b

Here's to thy health my bonnie lass guid night and joy be wi' thee

37 F B_b^7 E_b

I'll come nae ma-ir to thy bower door to tell thee that I lo'e thee o din-na thin-k my

42 A_b E_b

pre-tty pink but I can live with-out thee I vow and swe-ar I

46 C_m F_m G_m F_m B_b^7 E_b

din-na care how lang ye look a-bout ye

Verse 2

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry
 I'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time hae I to tarry
 I ken thy frien's try ilka means
 Frae wedlock to delay thee
 Depending on some higher chance
 But fortune may betray thee

Verse 3

I ken they scorn my low estate
 But that does never grieve me
 For I'm as free as any he
 Sma' siller will relieve me
 I'll count my health my greatest wealth
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it
 I'll fear nae scant I'll bode nae want
 As lang's I get employment

Verse 4

But far off fowls hae feathers fair
 And aye until ye try them
 Tho' they seem fair still have a care
 They may prove waur than I am
 But at twal' at night when the moon shines bright
 My dear I'll come and see thee
 For the man that loves his mistress weel
 Nae travel makes him weary

Winter

9

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

C Dm G⁷ C F C

1 The win - try west ex - tends his blast an - d hail and rai - n do - es blow or the

3 Dm G⁷ Am D⁷ G⁷

5 C Dm G⁷ C F C

7 F C Am Dm G⁷ C

bird and bea - st i - n co - vert re - st an - d pass the hea - rt - le - ss day The

Verse 2

The sweeping blast the sky o'er cast
The joyless winter day
Let others fear to me more dear
Than all the pride of May
The tempest's howl it soothes my soul
My griefs it seems to join
The leafless trees my fancy please
Their fate resembles mine

Verse 3

Thou Pow'r Supreme whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil
Here firm I rest they must be best
Because they are Thy will
Then all I want O do Thou grant
This one request of mine
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny
Assist me to resign

Winter

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 G⁷ C E F

Th - e win - try west ex - tends his blast an - d hail and rain does blaw or the

5 C Am D⁹ Dm G⁷

stor - my north sends dri - ving forth the blin - ding sleet and snaw whi - le

9 C G⁷ C E F

tum - bling brown the burn comes down an - d roars frae bank to brae and

13 C Am Dm D⁷ C

bird and beast in co - vert rest and pass the heart - less day Th - e

Verse 2

The sweeping blast the sky o'ercast
 The joyless winter day
 Let others fear to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May
 The tempest's howl it soothes my soul
 My griefs it seems to join
 The leafless trees my fancy please
 Their fate resembles mine

Verse 3

Thou Pow'r Supreme whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil
 Here firm I rest they must be best
 Because they are Thy will
 Then all I want O do Thou grant
 This one request of mine
 Since to enjoy Thou dost deny
 Assist me to resign

Prayer under the pressure of violent anguish

11


Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

Verse 1


F C7 Dm Gm C7 F C7



O thou great be ing what thou art sur - pas - ses me to know. yet sure I am that known to thee are

4

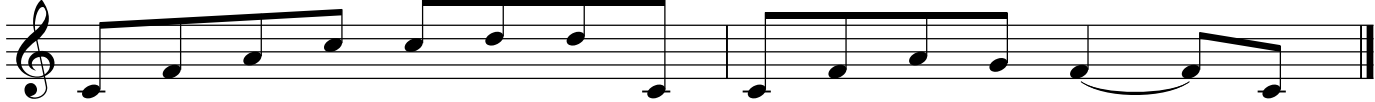
Gm F(sus2) F *Finish* F Refrain Gm C7



all thy works be - low — Thy crea - ture here be fore thee stands all wret - ched and dis trest — yet

7

F Gm C7 F



sure those ills that wring my soul o - bey thy high be - hest — Sure

Verse 2

Sure Thou Almighty canst not act
From cruelty or wrath
O free my weary eyes from tears
Or close them fast in death

Refrain

Verse 3

But if I must afflicted be
To suit some wise design
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine