

Burns Revisited Volume 39

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John Barleycorn

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Verse 1

There was three kinks in - to the east three kings both great and hi - gh and

they hae sworn a sol - emn oath John Bar - ley - corn should die They

Verse 2

took a plough and plough'd him down putclods u pon his he ad and they hae sworn a sol emn oath John

Refrain

Bar-ley-corn was dead_ But the cheer-ful Spring came kind-ly on and shw'rs be gan to fall_ John

Finish

Bar - ley - corn got up a - gain and sore sur - pris'd them all_ The

Verse 8

They laid him out upon the floor
To work him farther woe
And still as signs of life appear'd
They toss'd him to and fro

Verse 9

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones
But a miller us'd him worst of all
For he crush'd him between two stones

Refrain 3

And they hae taen his very heart's blood
And drank it round and round
And still the more and more they drank
Their joy did more abound

Verse 10

John Barleycorn was a hero bold
Of noble enterprise
For if you do but taste his blood
Twill make your courage rise

Verse 11

Twill make a man forget his woe
Twill heighten all his joy
Twill make the widow's heart to sing
Tho' the tear were in her eye

Refrain 4

Then let us toast John Barleycorn
Each man a glass in hand
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland

Verse 4

The sultry suns of Summer came
And he grew thick and strong
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears
That no one should him wrong

Verse 5

The sober Autumn enter'd mild
When he grew wan and pale
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail

Refrain 2

His colour sicken'd more and more
He faded into age
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage

Verse 6

They've taen a weapon long and sharp
And cut him by the knee
Then tied him fast upon a cart
Like a rogue for forgerie

Verse 7

They laid him down upon his back
And cudgell'd him full sore
They hung him up before the storm
And turned him o'er and o'er

Refrain 3

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim
They heaved in John Barleycorn
There let him sink or swim

Poor Mailie's Elegy

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 78

Verse 1

C F G⁷ C G⁷ C

La - ment in rhyme la - me-nt i - n prose wi sa-ut te ars trick-ling do-wn you r nose ou - r

5 F C G⁷ C

Bar - die's fate is a - t a close past a' re mead the last

8 F C G⁷ C

sad cap - es - tane o' hi - s woes poor Mai - lie - 's dead I - t's

Verse 5

Or if he wanders up the howe
Her living image in her yowe
Comes bleating till him owre the knowe
For bits o' bread
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead

Verse 6

She was nae get o' moorland tips
Wi' tauted ket an' hairy hips
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae 'yont the Tweed
A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie's dead

Verse 7

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile wanchancie thing a raep
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape
Wi' chokin dread
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead

Verse 2

It's no the loss o' warl's gear
That could sae bitter draw the tear
Or mak our Bardie dowie wear
The mourning weed
He's lost a friend an' neebor dear
In Mailie dead

Verse 3

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him
A lang half-mile she could descry him
Wi' kindly bleat when she did spy him
She ran wi' speed
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him
Than Mailie dead

Verse 4

I wat she was a sheep o' sense
An' could behave hersel' wi' mense
I'll say't she never brak a fence
Thro' thievish greed
Our bardie lanely keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead

Verse 8

O a' ye bards on bonie Doon
An' wha on Ayr your chanter's tune
Come join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed
His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie's dead

The Rigs O' Barley

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

11 E_b $\text{♩} = 120$ A_b D_b^9 E_b

17 E_b **Verse 1** D_b/E_b A_b D_b^9

It was_ u pon a Lam mas night when corn rigs are bon nie be - neath the moon's un-

23 E_b D_b/E_b

clou ded light I held a wa to An nie the time flew by wi' tent less heed till 'tween the late and

29 A_b D_b^9 E_b E_b **Chorus**

ear-ly wi' sma' per suas ion she agreed to see me thro' the barley Corn rigs an' bar

35 D_b^9 C_m

- ley rigs an' corn rigs are bon-nie I'll ne'er_ forget that hap-py night a

40 D_b^9 E_b

mang_ therigs wi' An-nie a - mang_ therigs wi' An-nie The

Verse 2

The sky was blue the wind was still
 The moon was shining clearly
 I set her down wi' right good will
 Among the rigs o' barley
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain
 I lov'd her most sincerely
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again
 Among the rigs o' barley

Chorus**Verse 3**

I lock'd her in my fond embrace
 Her heart was beating rarely
 My blessings on that happy place
 Among the rigs o' barley
 But by the moon and stars so bright
 That shone that hour so clearly
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Among the rigs o' barley

Chorus**Verse 4**

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear
 I hae been merry drinking
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear
 I hae been happy thinking
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly
 That happy night was worth them a'
 Among the rigs o' barley

Chorus**Note**

Use intro as short solo
 half way through song

Green Grow the Rashes

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

Verse 1

There's nought but care on ev' ry han' in ev' ry hour that pas-ses O what sig-nif-ies the life o' man an

Chorus

'twere na for the las-ses O Green grow the rash-es O green grow the rash-es O the

swee-test hours that e'er I spent we-re spent a-mang the las-ses O But

Verse 2

The war'ly race may riches chase
 An' riches still may fly them O
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O

Chorus

Verse 3

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en
 My arms about my dearie O
 An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie O

Chorus

Verse 4

For you sae douce ye sneer at this
 Ye're nought but senseless asses O
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
 He dearly lov'd the lasses O

Chorus

Verse 5

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes O
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man
 An' then she made the lasses O

Chorus

Green Grow the Rashes

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1/2

The-re's nought but care on ev'-ry han_ in ev'-ry hour that pas-ses O wha-t
 war - ly race may rich-es chase_ an' rich-es still may fly them O a - n'

5 sig-nif-ies the life o' man_ an 'twere na for the las - ses O Th - e O
 tho at last they catch them fast_ their hearts can ne'er en-joy them

10 Chorus
 Green grow the ra-shes O green grow the rash - e - s O the

14
 swee-test hours that e'er I spent were spent a - mang the las - ses O Th - e

Verse 3

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en
 My arms about my dearie O
 An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie O

Verse 4

For you sae douce ye sneer at this
 Ye're nought but senseless asses O
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
 He dearly lov'd the lasses O

Chorus

Verse 5

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes O
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man
 An' then she made the lasses O

Chorus

Remorse - A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90
18 Verse 1 C G C D⁷ G

Of all the num-erous ills that hurt our peace that press the soul or wring the mind with an-guish be-

22 C G C G C go to finish after verse 5
yond com-par-is-on the worst are those that to our fol-ly that to our fol-ly or our guilt we owe_ In

26 F Finish C G⁷ Am F C G⁷ C
O hap-py hap-py en-vi ab-le man O glor-ious mag-nan-im-it - y of soul

Verse 2

In ev'ry other circumstance the mind
Has this to say "It was no deed of mine"
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added "Blame thy foolish self"

Verse 3

Or worser far the pangs of keen remorse
The torturing gnawing consciousness of guilt
Of guilt perhaps when we've involved others
The young the innocent who fondly lov'd us

Verse 4

Nay more that very love their cause of ruin
O burning hell in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash
Lives there a man so firm who while his heart

Verse 5

Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime
Can reason down its agonizing throbs
And after proper purpose of amendment
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace

Finish

O happy happy enviable man
O glorious magnanimity of soul

Epitaph on James Grieve

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

30 C ♩ = 39

Here lies Bog-head a-mang the dead in hopes to get sal-vat-ion but

32 F G⁷ C

if such as he in Heav'n may be then wel-come hail dam-nat-ion

Epitaph on an innkeeper in Tarbolton

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

34 G $\text{♩} = 70$ G^7 C Cm

Here lies 'mang ith - er use - less mat - ters A.

36 G D^7 C G

Man - sion_____ wi' his end - less calt - ters

Epitaph on William Hood Senior, in Tarbolton

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 53

G D G D G

Here Sou - ter Hood in dea - th do - es sleep to hell if he - 's ga - ne thith - er

3 C G D G

Sa - tan gie him thy ge - ar t - o keep he'll haud it we - el th - e gith - er

Epitaph on William Muir

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

An hon - est man here li - es at rest as e'er God with his im - age blest the

friend of man the fri - nd of truth the friend of age and gui - de of youth few

hearts like his with vir - tue warm'd few heads with know - ledge so in - form'd if

there's an - oth - er world he lives in bliss if

there is none he made the best of this