

# Burns Revisited Volume 42

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# Second Epistle to John Larpaik

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 73 → G

While new ca'd kye row-te a-t the stake an' pow-nies reek i-n ple-ugh or braik this  
 hour on e'en-in's edge I take to own I'm deb-tor to hon-est hear-ted auld Lap raik for his kind let-ter

## Verse 2

Forjesket sair with weary legs  
 Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs  
 Or dealing thro' amang the naigs  
 Their ten-hours' bite  
 My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs  
 I would na write

## Verse 3

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie  
 She's saft at best an' something lazy  
 Quo' she Ye ken we've been sae busy  
 This month an' mair  
 That trowth my head is grown right dizzie  
 An' something sair

## Verse 4

Her dowff excuses pat me mad  
 Conscience says I ye thowless jade  
 I'll write an' that a hearty blaud  
 This vera night  
 So dinna ye affront your trade  
 But rhyme it right

## Verse 5

Shall bauld Lapraik the king o' hearts  
 Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes  
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts  
 In terms sae friendly  
 Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts  
 An' thank him kindly

## Verse 6

Sae I gat paper in a blink  
 An' down gaed stumpie in the ink  
 Quoth I Before I sleep a wink  
 I vow I'll close it  
 An' if ye winna mak it clink  
 By Jove I'll prose it

## Verse 7

Sae I've begun to scrawl but whether  
 In rhyme or prose or baith thegither  
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither  
 Let time mak proof  
 But I shall scribble down some blether  
 Just clean aff-loof

## Verse 8

My worthy friend ne'er grudge an' carp  
 Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp  
 Come kittle up your moorland harp  
 Wi' gleesome touch  
 Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp  
 She's but a bitch

## Verse 9

She 's gien me moniea jirt an' fleg  
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig  
 But by the Lord tho' I should beg  
 Wi' lyart pow  
 I'll laugh an' sing an' shake my leg  
 As lang's I dow

## Verse 10

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer  
 I've seen the bud upon the timmer  
 Still persecuted by the limmer  
 Frae year to year  
 But yet despite the kittle kimmer  
 I Rob am here

## Verse 11

Do ye envy the city gent  
 Behint a kist to lie an' sklent  
 Or pursue-proud big wi' cent per cent  
 An' muckle wame  
 In some bit brugh to represent  
 A bailie's name

## Verse 12

Or is't the paughty feudal thane  
 Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane  
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane  
 But lordly stalks  
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen  
 As by he walks

## Verse 13

O Thou wha gies us each guid gift  
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift  
 Then turn me if thou please adrift  
 Thro' Scotland wide  
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift  
 In a' their pride

## Verse 14

Were this the charter of our state  
 On pain o' hell be rich an' great  
 Damnation then would be our fate  
 Beyond remead  
 But thanks to heaven that's no the gate  
 We learn our creed

## Verse 15

For thus the royal mandate ran  
 When first the human race began  
 The social friendly honest man  
 Whate'er he be-  
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan  
 And none but he

## Verse 16

O mandate glorious and divine  
 The ragged followers o' the Nine  
 Poor thoughtless devils yet may shine  
 In glorious light  
 While sordid sons o' Mammon's line  
 Are dark as night

## Verse 17

Tho' here they scrape an' squeeze an' growl  
 Their worthless nievefu' of a soul  
 May in some future carcase howl  
 The forest's fright  
 Or in some day-detesting owl  
 May shun the light

## Verse 18

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise  
 To reach their native kindred skies  
 And sing their pleasures hopes an' joys  
 In some mild sphere  
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties  
 Each passing year

# Postscript

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

My mem-or - y's no worth a preen I had a-maist for-got-ten clean ye bade me write you what they mean  
by this new light\_\_\_ 'bout which our herds sae aft he been maist like to fight\_\_\_ In

**Verse 2**

In days when mankind were but callans  
At grammar logic an' sic talents  
They took nae pains their speech to balance  
Or rules to gie  
But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans  
Like you or me

**Verse 3**

In thae auld times they thought the moon  
Just like a sark or pair o' shoon  
Wore by degrees till her last roon  
Gaed past their viewin  
An' shortly after she was done  
They gat a new ane

**Verse 4**

This passed for certain undisputed  
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it  
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it  
An' ca'd it wrang  
An' muckle din there was about it  
Baith loud an' lang

**Verse 5**

Some herds weel learn'd upo' the beuk  
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk  
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk  
An' out of' sight  
An' backlins-comin to the leuk  
She grew mair bright

**Verse 6**

This was deny'd it was affirm'd  
The herds and hissels were alarm'd  
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd  
That beardless laddies  
Should think they better wer inform'd  
Than their auld daddies

**Verse 7**

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks  
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks  
An' a fallow gat his licks  
Wi' hearty crunt  
An' some to learn them for their tricks  
Were hang'd an' brunt

**Verse 8**

This game was play'd in monie lands  
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands  
That faith the youngsters took the sands  
Wi' nimble shanks  
Till lairds forbad by strict commands  
Sic bluidy pranks

**Verse 9**

But new-light herds gat sic a cove  
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe  
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe  
Ye'll find ane plac'd  
An' some their new-light fair avow  
Just quite barefac'd

**Verse 10**

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin  
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin  
Mysel' I've even seen them greetin  
Wi' girnin spite  
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on  
By word an' write

**Verse 11**

But shortly they will cove the louns  
Some auld-light herds in neebor touns  
Are mind't in things they ca' balloons  
To tak a flight  
An' stay ae month among the moons  
An' see them right

**Verse 12**

Guid observation they will gie them  
An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them  
The hindmaist shaird they'll fetch it wi' them  
Just i' their pouch  
An' when the new-light billies see them  
I think they'll crouch

**Verse 13**

Sae ye observe that a' this clatter  
Is naething but a moonshine matter  
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter  
In logic tulyie  
I hope we bardies ken some better  
Than mind sic brulyie

# One night as I did wander

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 97

D Bm Em A<sup>7</sup> D Bm

One night as I did wan-der whe-n corn\_ be-gins to shoot I sat\_ me down to pon-der up-

Em A<sup>7</sup> D Bm Em

7 on an auld tree root auld Ayr\_ ran by be - fore me an - d bi - cker'd to the

A<sup>7</sup> D Bm Em A<sup>7</sup> D

12 seas a cush - at croo - ded o'er me that ech - oed through th - e braes

**rit.** . . . . .

# Tho' cruel fate should bid us part

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

C F G<sup>7</sup> C F G<sup>7</sup>

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part far as the pole and line her dear i - de - a round my heart shou - ld ten - der - ly en

8 Verse 2 Dm

twine Tho' moun - tains rise and des - erts howl and oc - eans roar be -

12 E<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C F G

tween yet dear - er than my death - less soul I still would love my Jean

# Rantin' Rovin' Robin

## Version 1

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 150

17 Chorus

→ Dm C → G C → Dm C → G<sup>7</sup> ↻

Rob-in was a - ro-vin' boy ran-tin' ro-vin' ra-n-ti-n ro-vin' Ro-bin was a - ro-vin' boy ran-tin' ro-vi-n

24 Verse 1

↻ C → F → G → C ↻

Ro - bin There was a lad was born in Kyle but what - na day o' what - na style I

29

↻ F → G → C ↻

doubt it's hard - ly worth the while to be sae nice wi' Ro - bin

### Chorus

### Verse 2

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'  
Blew hansel in on Robin

### Chorus

### Verse 3

The gossip keekit in his loof  
Quo' scho 'wha lives will see the proof  
This waly boy will be nae coof  
I think we'll ca' him Robin

### Chorus

### Verse 4

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma'  
But aye a heart aboon them a'  
He'll be a credit till us a'  
We'll a' be proud o' Robin

### Chorus

### Verse 5

But sure as three times three mak nine  
I see by ilka score and line  
This chap will dearly like our kin'  
So leeze me on thee Robin

### Chorus

### Verse 6

Guid faith quo' scho I doubt you sir  
Ye gar the bonie lasses lie aspar  
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur  
So blessins on thee Robin

# Rantin' Rovin' Robin

Version 2

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 150

33 Chorus

→← Em D →← A →← D →← Em D ↻

Rob-in was a - ro-vin' boy ran-tin' ro-vin' ra-n-ti-n ro-vin' Ro-bin was a - ro-vin' boy

39 Verse 1

↻ A<sup>7</sup> →← D →← D →← Em ↻

ran - tin' ro - vi - n Ro - bin There was a lad was born in kyle but what - na day o'

44

↻ A<sup>7</sup> →← D →← Em →← A<sup>7</sup> →← D ↻

what - na style I doubt it's hard - ly worth the while to be sae nice wi' Ro - bin

## Chorus

### Verse 2

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'  
Blew hansel in on Robin

## Chorus

### Verse 3

The gossip keekit in his loof  
Quo' scho 'wha lives will see the proof  
This waly boy will be nae coof  
I think we'll ca' him Robin

## Chorus

### Verse 4

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma'  
But aye a heart aboon them a'  
He'll be a credit till us a'  
We'll a' be proud o' Robin

## Chorus

### Verse 5

But sure as three times three mak nine  
I see by ilka score and line  
This chap will dearly like our kin'  
So leeze me on thee Robin

## Chorus

### Verse 6

Guid faith quo' scho I doubt you sir  
Ye gar the bonie lasses lie aspar  
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur  
So blessins on thee Robin

# Elegy on the death of Robert Ruisseaux

Robert Burn

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Now Ro-bin lies in his last lair he'll gab-ble rhyme nor sing nae mair cauld pov-er-ty wi' hun-gry stare nae

mair shall fear him nor anx-ious fear nor can-kert care e'er mair come near him\_\_\_\_\_ To

## Verse 2

To tell the truth they seldom fash'd him  
 Except the moment that they crush'd him  
 For sune as chance or fate had hush'd 'em  
 Tho' e'er sae short  
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em  
 And thought it sport

## Verse 3

Tho'he was bred to kintra-wark  
 And counted was baith wight and stark  
 Yet that was never Robin's mark  
 To mak a man  
 But tell him he was learn'd and clark  
 Ye roos'd him then



# Epistle to John Goldie, Kilmarnock

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

O - Gou-die ter - ror o' - th - e whigs dread o' black-coats an - d rev' rend wigs so - ur big - ot - ry on

he - r la - st legs gims an' looks back wish - ing the ten Eg - ypt - ian plagues wad seize you quick Po - or

**Verse 2**

Poor gapin' glowrin' Superstition  
 Wae's me she's in a sad condition  
 Fye bring Black Jock her state physician  
 To see her water  
 Alas there's ground for great suspicion  
 She'll ne'er get better

**Verse 3**

Enthusiasm's past redemption  
 Gane in a gallopin' consumption  
 Not a' her quacks wi' a' their gumption  
 Can ever mend her  
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption  
 She'll soon surrender

**Verse 4**

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple  
 For every hole to get a stapple  
 But now she fetches at the thrapple  
 An' fights for breath  
 Haste gie her name up in the chape  
 Near unto death

**Verse 5**

It's you an' Taylor are the chief  
 To blame for a' this black mischief  
 But could the Lord's ain folk get leave  
 A toom tar barrel  
 An' twa red peats wad bring relief  
 And end the quarrel

**Verse 6**

For me my skill's but very sma'  
 An' skill in prose I've nane ava'  
 But quietlins-wise between us twa  
 Weel may you speed  
 And tho' they sud your sair misca'  
 Ne'er fash your head

**Verse 7**

E'en swinge the dogs and thresh them sicker  
 The mair they squeel aye chap the thicker  
 And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker  
 O' something stout  
 It gars an owthor's pulse beat quicker  
 And helps his wit

**Verse 8**

There's naething like the honest nappy  
 Whare'll ye e'er see men sae happy  
 Or women sonsie saft an' sappy  
 'Tween morn and morn  
 As them wha like to taste the drappie  
 In glass or horn

**Verse 9**

I've seen me dazed upon a time  
 I scarce could wink or see a styme  
 Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime  
 Ought less is little  
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme  
 As gleg's a whittle

## Third epistle to John Larpaik

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 57

Verse 1

11 A E F#m C#m

19 D A Bm

24 C#7 F#m B7 D E A

Guid speed and fur-der to you Joh nie— guid health— hale han's an'weath-er bon- nie—  
 now when ye're nick - in down fu' can - nie the staff o'  
 bread may ye ne're want a stoup o' bran' - y to clear your head

**Verse 2**

May Boreas never thresh your rigs  
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs  
 Sendin the stuff o'er muirs an' hags  
 Like drivin wrack  
 But may the tapmost grain that wags  
 Come to the sack

**Verse 3**

I'm bizzie too an' skelpin at it  
 But bitter daudin showers hae wat it  
 Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it  
 Wi' muckle wark  
 An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it  
 Like ony clark

**Verse 4**

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor  
 For your braw nameless dateless letter  
 Abusin me for harsh ill-nature  
 On holy men  
 While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better  
 But mair profane

**Verse 5**

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells  
 Let's sing about our noble sel's  
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills  
 To help or roose us  
 But browster wives an' whisky stills  
 They are the muses

**Verse 6**

Your friendship Sir I winna quat it  
 An' if ye mak' objections at it  
 Then hand in neive some day we'll knot it  
 An' witness take  
 An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it  
 It winna break

**Verse 7**

But if the beast an' branks be spar'd  
 Till kye be gaun without the herd  
 And a' the vittel in the yard  
 An' theekit right  
 I mean your ingle-side to guard  
 Ae winter night

**Verse 8**

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitae  
 Shall make us baith sae blythe and witty  
 Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty  
 An' be as canty  
 As ye were nine years less than thretty  
 Sweet ane an' twenty

**Verse 9**

But stooks are cowpit wi' the blast  
 And now the sinn keeks in the west  
 Then I maun rin amang the rest  
 An' quat my chanter  
 Sae I subscribe myself in haste  
 Yours Rab the Ranter

# To the Rev. John McMath

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

Ab Eb F Bb7

Whi-le at the sto-ok th-e she-rer-s cow'r to shun the bit-ter - blau-din'-show'r o-r

5 Eb Ab G7 Eb Bb7 Eb

in gul-rav-age rin-nin scow'r to pass the time to you I ded-i-cate the hour in id-le rhyme M-y

**Verse 2**

My musie tir'd wi' mony a sonnet  
On gown an' ban' an' douse black bonnet  
Is grown right eerie now she's done it  
Lest they should blame her  
An' rouse their holy thunder on it  
An anathem her

**Verse 3**

I own 'twas rash an' rather hardy  
That I a simple country bardie  
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy  
Wha if they ken me  
Can easy wi' a single wordie  
Lowse hell upon me

**Verse 4**

But I gae mad at their grimaces  
Their sighin cantin grace-proud faces  
Their three-mile prayers an' half-mile graces  
Their raxin conscience  
Whase greed revenge an' pride disgraces  
Waur nor their nonsense

**Verse 5**

There's Gaw'n misca'd waur than a beast  
Wha has mair honour in his breast  
Than mony scores as guid's the priest  
Wha sae abus'd him  
And may a bard no crack his jest  
What way they've us'd him

**Verse 6**

See him the poor man's friend in need  
The gentleman in word an' deed  
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed  
By worthless skullums  
An' not a muse erect her head  
To cove the blellums

**Verse 7**

O Pope had I thy satire's darts  
To gie the rascals their deserts  
I'd rip their rotten hollow hearts  
An' tell aloud  
Their jugglin hocus-pocus arts  
To cheat the crowd

**Verse 8**

God knows I'm no the thing I should be  
Nor am I even the thing I could be  
But twenty times I rather would be  
An atheist clean  
Than under gospel colours hid be  
Just for a screen

**Verse 9**

An honest man may like a glass  
An honest man may like a lass  
But mean revenge an' malice fause  
He'll still disdain  
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws  
Like some we ken

**Verse 10**

They take religion in their mouth  
They talk o' mercy grace an' truth  
For what o gie their malice skouth  
On some puir wight  
An' hunt him down owre right and ruth  
To ruin straight

**Verse 11**

All hail Religion maid divine  
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine  
Who in her rough imperfect line  
Thus daurs to name thee  
To stigmatise false friends of thine  
Can ne'er defame thee

**Verse 12**

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' mony a stain  
An' far unworthy of thy train  
With trembling voice I tune my strain  
To join with those  
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain  
In spite of foes

**Verse 13**

In spite o' crowds in spite o' mobs  
In spite o' undermining jobs  
In spite o' dark banditti stabs  
At worth an' merit  
By scoundrels even wi' holy robes  
But hellish spirit

**Verse 14**

O Ayr my dear my native ground  
Within thy presbyterial bound  
A candid liberal band is found  
Of public teachers  
As men as Christians too renown'd  
An' manly preachers

**Verse 15**

Sir in that circle you are nam'd  
Sir in that circle you are fam'd  
An' some by whom your doctrine's blam'd  
Which gies you honour  
Even sir by them your heart's esteem'd  
An' winning manner

**Verse 16**

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en  
An' if impertinent I've been  
Impute it not good Sir in ane  
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye  
But to his utmost would befriend  
Ought that belang'd ye

## Second Epistle to Davie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $D = 70$   $Em$   $Bm$

I'm three times doubly owre your deb - tor for your auld far - rant frien' - ly let - ter

11  $Em$   $A^7$   $D$   $G$   $A^7$   $D$   $Em$   $A^7$   $D$   $G$   $A^7$   $D$

tho' I maun say't I doubt ye falt-ter ye speak sae fair\_ for my puir sil-ly rhy-min' clat-ter some less maun sair

**Verse 2**

Hale be your heart hale be your fiddle  
 Lang may your elbuck jink diddle  
 To cheer you thro' the weary widdle  
 O' war'ly cares  
 Till barins' barins kindly cuddle  
 Your auld grey hairs

**Verse 3**

But Davie lad I'm red ye're glaikit  
 I'm tauld the muse ye hae negleckit  
 An gif it's sae ye sud by lickit  
 Until ye fyke  
 Sic haun's as you sud ne'er be faikit  
 Be hain't wha like

**Verse 4**

For me I'm on Parnassus' brink  
 Rivin the words to gar them clink  
 Whiles dazed wi' love whiles dazed wi' drink  
 Wi' jads or masons  
 An' whiles but aye owre late I think  
 Braw sober lessons

**Verse 5**

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man  
 Commen' to me the bardie clan  
 Except it be some idle plan  
 O' rhymin clink  
 The devil haet hat I sud ban  
 They ever think

**Verse 6**

Nae thought nae view nae scheme o' livin  
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin  
 But just the pouchie put the neive in  
 An' while ought's there  
 Then hiltie skiltie we gae scievin'  
 An' fash nae mair

**Verse 7**

Leeze me on rhyme it's aye a treasure  
 My chief amaist my only pleasure  
 At hame a-fiel' at wark or leisure  
 The Muse poor hizzie  
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure  
 She's seldom lazy

**Verse 8**

Haud to the Muse my daintie Davie  
 The warl' may play you mony a shavie  
 But for the Muse she'll never leave ye  
 Tho' e'er sae puir  
 Na even tho' limpin wi' the spavie  
 Frae door tae door