

Burns Revisited Volume 43

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Young Peggy Blooms

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 83 D G

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass her blush is like the morning the rosy dawn the springing grass with

4 A D G A D

ear - ly gems a - dor - ning her eyes out - shine the rad - iant beams that gild the pas - sing shower an - d

7 G A D

glit - ter o'er the crys - tal streams an - d cheer each fresh - ning flower Her

Verse 2

Her lips more than the cherries bright
 A richer dye has graced them
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight
 And sweetly tempt to taste them
 Her smile is as the evening mild
 When feather'd pairs are courting
 And little lambkins wanton wild
 In playful bands disporting

Verse 3

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe
 Such sweetness would relent her
 As blooming spring unbends the brow
 Of surly savage Winter
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning pow'rs to lessen
 And fretful Envy grins in vain
 The poison'd tooth to fasten

Verse 4

Ye Pow'rs of Honour Love and Truth
 From ev'ry ill defend her
 Inspire the highly favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame
 Responsive in each bosom
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom

Farewell to Ballochmyle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 79 Verse 1

F **Gm** **C7** **F**

The Cat - rine woods were yel - low seen the flowers de - cay'd on Cat - rine lea nae
 in your win - try beds ye flowers a - gain ye'll flou - rish sfesh and fair ye

Bb **C7** **Dm** **C°** **Gm**

lav'rock sang on hil - lock green but nat - ure sick-en'd on the e'e thro' fad - ed groves Mar - i - a sang her -
 bir - dies dumb in with - ring bowers a - 'gain ye'll charm the vo - cal air but here a - las for me nae mair shall

C7 **F** **Gm** **C7**

sel in beau - ty's bloom the while and aye the wild wood eho - es rang fare -
 bir - die charm or flower - er smile fare - weel the bon - nie banks of Ayr fare -

F **F**

1. weel the braes o' Bal - loch - myle Low 2. weel fare - weel sweet bal - loch - myle

Her flowing locks

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□ ♩ = 85 ^{E♭}
 Verse 1 →← Fm B♭⁷ →← E♭ □

He-r flow-ing locks the ra-ven's wing a - down her neck and bo-som hing ho-wsweet un-to tha-t breast to cling an-d

B♭⁷ E♭ →← B♭ E♭ B♭ →← E♭ F B♭⁷ □

□ 4 →← E♭ B♭⁷ Cm F⁷→← E♭ B♭⁷ E♭ □

round that neck en-twine her He-r lips are ros-es wet wi' dew o - what a feast her bon-nie mou he-r

cheeks a mair cel-es-tial hue a - crim-son still di-vin-er crim-son still di-vin-er

Halloween

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

U - pon that night when fai-ries light on Cas - silis Down - ans dance_ or owre the lays in splen - did blaze or
spright - ly cour - sers prance_ or for Col - ean the rout is taen be - neath the moon's pale beams_ there
up the Cove to stray an' rove a - mang the rocks an' streams_ to sport that night_ A -

Verse 2

Among the bonie winding banks
Where Doon rins wimplin clear
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks
An' shook his Carrick spear
Some merry friendly countra folks
Together did convene
To burn their nits an' pou their stocks
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night

Verse 3

The lasses feat an' cleanly neat
Mair braw than when they're fine
Their faces blythe fu' sweetly kythe
Hearts leal an' warm an' kin'
The lads sae trig wi' wooer babs
Weel knotted on their garten
Some unco blate an' some wi' gabs
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin
Whiles fast at night

Verse 4

Then first an' foremost thro' the kail
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance
They steek their een and grape an' wale
For muckle anes an' straight anes
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift
An' wandered thro' the bow kail
An' pou't for want o' better shift
A runt was like a sow tail
Sae bow't that night

Verse 5

Then straught or crooked yird or nane
They roar an' cry a' thro' their
The vera wee things toddlin rin
Wi' stocks out owre their shouter
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour
Wi' jotelegs they taste them
Syne cozieily aboon the door
Wi' cannie care they've plac'd them
To lie that night

Verse 6

The lassies staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn
But Rab slips out an' jinks about
Behint the muckle thorn
He grippit Nelly hard and fast
Loud skirl'd a' the lassies
But her tap pickle maist was lost
Whan kiutlin in the fause-house
Wi' him that night

Verse 7

The auld guid-wife's weel-hoortit nits
Are round an' round dividend
An' mony lads an' lasses' fates
Are there that night decided
Some kindle couthie side by side
And burn thegither trimly
Some start awa wi' saucy pride
An' jump out owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night

Verse 8

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e
Wha 'twas she wadna tell
But this is Jock an' this is me
She says in to hersel'
He bleez'd owre her an' she owre him
As they wad never mair part
Till fuff he started up the lum
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night

Verse 9

Poor Willie wi' his bow kail runt
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie
An' Mary nae doubt took the drunt
To be compar'd to Willie
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling
An' her ain fit it brunt it
While Willie lap and swore by jing
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night

Verse 10

Nell had the fause house in her min'
She pits hersel an' Rob in
In loving bleeze they sweetly join
Till white in ase they're sobbin
Nell's heart was dancin at the view
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't
Rob stownlins prie'd her bonie mou'
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't
Unseen that night

Verse 11

But Merran sat behint their backs
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks
An' slips out by hersel'
She thro' the yard the nearest taks
An' for the kiln she goes then
An' darklins grapit for the bauks
And in the blue clue throws then
Right fear't that night

Verse 12

An' ay she win't an' ay she swat
I wat she made nae jaukin
Till something held within the pat
Good Lord but she was quaukin
But whether 'twas the deil himself
Or whether 'twas a bauken'
Or whether it was Andrew Bell
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night

Verse 13

Wee Jenny to her graunie says
Will ye go wi' me graunie
I'll eat the apple at the glass
I gat frae uncle Johnie
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt
In wrath she was sae vap'rin
She notic't na an aizle brunt
Her braw new worsted apron
Out thro' that night

Verse 14

Ye little skelpie limmer's face
I daur you try sic sportin
As seek the foul thief ony place
For him to spae your fortune
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight
Great cause ye hae to fear it
For mony a ne has gotten a fright
An' liv'd an' died deleerit
On sic a night

Verse 15

Ae hairst afore the Sherra moor
I mind't as weel's yestreen
I was a gilpey then I'm sure
I was na past fyfteen
The simmer had been cauld an' wat
An' stuff was unco green
An' eye a rantin kirm we gat
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night

Verse 16

Our stibble rig was Rab M'Graen
A clever sturdy fallow
His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean
That lived in Achmacalla
He gat hemp-seed I mind it weel
An' he made unco light o't
But mony a day was by himsel'
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night

Verse 17

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck
An' he swoor by his conscience
That he could saw hemp seed a peck
For it was a' but nonsense
The auld guidman raught down the pock
An' out a handfu' gied him
Syne bad him slip frae' mang the folk
Sometime when nae ane see'd him
An' try't that night

Verse 18

He marches thro' 'mang the stacks
Tho' he was something sturtin
The graip he for a harrow taks
An' hauls at his curpin
And ev'ry now an' then he says
Hemp seed I saw thee
An' her that is to be my lass
Come after me an' draw thee
As fast this night

Verse 19

He wist'd up Lord Lennox' March
To keep his courage cherry
Altho' his hair began to arch
He was sae fley'd an' eerie
Till presently he hears a squeak
An' then a grane an' gruntle
He by his shouter gae a keek
An' tumbled wi' a wintle
Out owre that night

Verse 20

He roar'd a horrid murder shout
In dreadfu' desperation
An' young an' auld come rinnin out
An' hear the sad narration
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw
Or crouchie Merran Humphie
Till stop she trotted thro' them a'
And wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night

Verse 21

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen
To winn three wechts o' naething
But for to meet the deil her lane
She pat but little faith in
She gies the herd a pickle nits
An' twa red cheekit apples
To watch while for the barn she sets
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night

Verse 22

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw
An' owre the threshold ventures
But first on Sawmie gies a ca'
Syne bauldly in she enters
A ratton rattl'd up the wa'
An' she cry'd Lord preserve her
An' ran thro' midden hole an' a'
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour
Fu' fast that night

Verse 23

They hoy't out Will wi' sair advice
They hecht him some fine brow ane
It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice
Was timmer propt for thrawin
He taks a swirlie auld moss oak
For some black grousome carlin
An' loot a winze an' drew a stroke
Till skin in blypes cam haulrin
Aff's nieves that night

Verse 24

A wanton widow Leezie was
As cantie as a kittlen
But och that night among the shaws
She gat a fearfu' settlin
She thro' the whins an' by the cairn
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin
Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn
To dip her left sark sleeve in
Was bent that night

Verse 25

Whiles owre a linn the burnie plays
As thro' the glen it wimpl't
Whiles round a rocky scar it strays
Whiles in a wiew it dimpl't
Whiles glitter'd to the nightly rays
Wi' bickerin' dancin' dazzle
Whiles cookit undeneath the braes
Below the spreading hazel
Unseen that night

Verse 26

Amang the brachens on the brae
Between her an' the moon
The deil or else an outler quey
Gat up an' ga'e a croon
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool
Near lav'rock height she jumpit
But mist a fit an' in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit
Wi' a plunge that night

Verse 27

In order on the clean hearth stane
The luggies three are ranged
An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed
Auld uncle John wha wedlock's joys
Sin' Mar's year did desire
Because he gat the toom dish thrice
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night

Verse 28

Wi' merry sangs an' friendly cracks
I wat they did na weary
And unco tales an' funnie jokes
Their sports were cheap an' cheery
Till butter'd sowens wi' fragrant lunt
Set a' their gabs a steerin
Syne wi' a social glass o' strunt
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night

To a mouse

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

10 $D = 59$ A D \leftrightarrow Bm F# Bm \leftrightarrow Em Bm

We slee-kit cow' rin tim' rous bes-tie o what a pan ic's in thy breas-tie thou need na start a - wa sae has-ty

13 Em Bm \leftrightarrow G A D \leftrightarrow Em F#7 Bm

wi' bick-ering brat-tle I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee wi' murd' ring prat-tle

Verse 2

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me thy poor earth born companion
An' fellow-mortal

Verse 3

I doubt na whiles but thou may thieve
What then poor beastie thou maun live
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave
An' never miss't

Verse 4

Thy wee bit housie too in ruin
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin
An' naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green
An' bleak December's winds ensuin
Baith snell an' keen

Verse 5

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste
An' weary winter comin fast
An' cozie here beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell
Till crash the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell

Verse 6

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble
But house or hald
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld

Verse 7

But Mousie thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley
An'lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy

Verse 8

Still thou art blest compar'd wi' me
The present only toucheth thee
But Och I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear
An' forward tho' I canna see
I guess an' fear

Epitaph on John Dove Innkeeper

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1
 Here lies Joh-nie Pig-eon what was his rel - ig- ion_ wha-e'er des - ires to den to
 some oth - er warl maun fol - low the carl for here Jon-nie Pig-eon had nane Strong

Verse 2

Strong ale was ablution
 Small beer persecution
 A dram was memento mori
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul
 And port was celestial glory

Epitaph for James Smith, a Mauchline Wag

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

La - ment him Mauch - line hus - bands a' he af - ten did as - sist ye for
 had ye staid hale weeks a - wa your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye Ye

Verse 2

Ye Mauchline bairns as on ye press
 To school in bands thegither
 O tread ye lightly on his grass
 Perhaps he was your father

Adam Armour's Prayer

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 Verse 1

Gude pi - ty me be - cause I'm lit - tle fo'though I am an elf o' met - tle an' can like on - ie wabs - ter's shut - tle
 jink there or here yet scarce as lang's a gude kail whit - tle I'm un - co queer An'

Verse 2

An' now Thou kens our waefu' case
 For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace
 Because we stang'd her through the place
 An' hurt her spleuchan
 For whilk we daurna show our face
 Within the clachan

Verse 3

An' now we're dern'd in dens and hollows
 And hunted as was William Wallace
 Wi' constables thae blackguard fallows
 An' sodgers baith
 But Gude preserve us frae the gallows
 That shamefu' death

Verse 4

Auld grim black-bearded Geordie's sel'
 O shake him owre the mouth o' hell
 There let him hing an' roar an' yell
 Wi' hideous din
 And if he offers to rebel
 Then heave him in

Verse 5

When Death comes in wi' glimmerin blink
 An' tips auld drucken Nanse the wink
 May Sautan gie her doup a clink
 Within his yett
 An' fill her up wi' brimstone drink
 Red reekin het

Verse 6

Though Jock an' hav'rel Jean are merry
 Some devil seize them in a hurry
 An' waft them in th' infernal wherry
 Straught through the lake
 An' gie their hides a noble curry
 Wi' oil of aik

Verse 7

As for the jurr puir worthless body
 She's got mischief enough already
 Wi' stanged hips and buttocks bluidy
 She's suffer'd sair
 But may she wintle in a woody
 If she wh-e mair

Recitativo

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

When ly - art leaves bes-trew the yird or wav-ering like the buck ie bird Bed-lim cauld Bor - e - as blast when
 hail-stanes drive wi' bit - ter skyte and in - fant frosts be - gin to bite in hoa - ry cran-reuch drest__ ae
 night at e'en a mer - ry core O' ran-die gan-grel bod - ies__ in Poo-sie Nan-sie's held the splore to
 drink their or - ra dud- dies__ wi' quaf - fing an' laugh ing__ they ran - ted an' they sang__ wi
 jum - ping and thum ping__ the ver - a gir - dle rang__ First roar'd his dit - ty up

Verse 2

First neist the fire in auld red rags
 Ane sat weel brac'd wi' mealy bags
 And knapsack a' in order
 His doxy lay within his arm
 Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm
 She blinkit on her sodger
 An' aye he gies the tozie drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aymous dish
 Ilk smack still did crack still
 Just like a cadger's whip
 Then staggering an' swaggering
 He roar'd this ditty up

Air

I am a son of Mars

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

I am a son of Mars who have been in man-y wars and show my cuts and scars wher-ev - er I come

this here was for a wench and that oth - er in a trench when wel - com - ing the French at the

Chorus

sound of the drum lal de dau-dle lal de dau-dle lal de dau-dle lal de dau-dle My pren-tice-

Verse 2

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram
 and I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd
 And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum
 Lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle

Verse 3

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb
 Yet let my country need me with Elliot to head me
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum
 Lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle

Verse 4

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum
 I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my callet
 As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum
 Lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle

Verse 5

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home
 When the t'other bag I sell and the t'other bottle tell
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum
 Lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle lal de daudle