

Burns Revisited Volume 47

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To John Kennedy

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 A

Now Kenned-y if foot or horse e'er bring you in by Mauch-line corse lord man there's las ses there wad force a
her - mi - t's fan - cy an' down the gate in faith they're worse an' mair un - chan-cy But

E7 A E7 A

Verse 2

But as I'm sayin please step to Dow's
An' taste sic gear as Johnie brews
Till some bit callan bring me news
That ye are there
An' if we dinna hae a bouze
I'se ne'er drink mair

Verse 3

It's no I like to sit an' swallow
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow
But gie me just a true good fallow
Wi' right ingine
And spunkie ance to mak us mellow
An' then we'll shine

Verse 4

Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak
An' sklent on poverty their joke
Wi' bitter sneer
Wi' you nae friendship I will troke
Nor cheap nor dear

Verse 5

But if as I'm informed weel
Ye hate as ill's the very deil
The flinty heart that canna feel
Come sir here's to you
Hae there's my haun' I wiss you weel
An' gude be wi' you

To Mr McAdam of Craigen-Gillan

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 165

C → F → C → G⁷ → C → → D → G

Si-r o'er a gill I - gat your card I - trow it made me proud see - wha taks no - ti-ce o' the bard I -

lap and cried fu' loud no - w deil ma care a - bou-t thei-r jaw th - e sense-less gaw - ky

mil - lion I' ll cock my nose a - bune them a' I'm roos'd by Crai-g - e - n Gil - lan Twa-s

Verse 2

Now deil ma care about their jaw
 The senseless gawky million
 I'll cock my nose abune them a'
 I'm roos'd by Craigen Gillan

Verse 3

'Twas noble sir 'twas like yourself
 To grant your high protection
 A great man's smile ye ken fu' well
 Is aye a blest infection

Verse 4

Tho' by his banes wha in a tub
 Match'd Macedonian Sandy
 On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub
 I independent stand aye

Verse 5

And when those legs to gude warm kail
 Wi' welcome canna bear me
 A lee dyke side a sybow tail
 An' barley scone shall cheer me

Verse 6

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O' mony flow'ry simmers
 An' bless your bonie lasses baith
 I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers

Verse 7

An' God bless young Dunaskin's laird
 The blossom of our gentry
 An' may he wear and auld man's beard
 A credit to his country

To a louse

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 C ♩ = 79 D G7 C D

Ha whar ye gaun ye crow' lin fer-lie your im-pud-ence pro-TECTS you sair-ly I can-na say but ye strunt rare-ly

20 G7 C G Am Em F G7 C

ow - re gauze and lace — tho' faith I fear ye dine but spare - ly o - n sic a place

Verse 2

Ye ugly creepin blastit wonner
 Detested shunn'd by saunt an' sinner
 How daur ye set your fit upon her
 Sae fine a lady
 Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
 On some poor body

Verse 3

Swith in some beggar's haffet squattle
 There ye may creep and sprawl and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred jumping cattle
 In shoals and nations
 Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
 Your thick plantations

Verse 4

Now haud you there ye're out o' sight
 Below the fatt'rels snug and tight
 Na faith ye yet ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it
 The verra tapmost tow'rin height
 O' Miss' bonnet

Verse 5

My sooth right bauld ye set your nose out
 As plump an' grey as ony groset
 O for some rank mercurial rozet
 Or fell red smeddum
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't
 Wad dress your droddum

Verse 6

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy
 Or aiblins some bit dubbie boy
 On's wyliecoat
 But Miss' fine Lunardi fye
 How daur ye do't

Verse 7

O Jeany dinna toss your head
 An' set your beauties a' abroad
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin
 Thae winks an' finger ends I dread
 Are notice takin

Verse 8

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as ithers see us
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us
 An' foolish notion
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us
 An' ev'n devotion

Inscribed on a work of Hannah More's

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 C

Tho-u flat-tering mark o-f friend-ship kind still may thy pag-es call to mind the dear the beau-te-ous don-or though

sweet-ly fe - ma-le ev - ery part yet such a head and more the heart does both the sex-es hon - our sh - e

show'd her taste re - fined and just when she sel - ec - ted thee yet dev - i - at - ing own I must for so ap rov - ing me but

kind still I'll mind still the gi - ver in the gift I'll

bless her an' wiss her a friend a - boon the lift

Chords: C, F, C, Am, D, G7, C, F, C, Am, D, G7, C, C, D, G7, Am, F, C, Dm, G7, Am, Dm, G7, E, Dm, G7, Am, G7, C

The Lass of Ballochmyle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 79 Ab Eb7 Ab

1 "Twas e - ven the dew - y fie - lds we - re green on ev - ery blade the pearls hang th - e

3 zeph - yr wan - ton'd rou - nd th - e bean and bore its frag - rant sweets a - lang i - n ev - ery glen the ma - v - i - s sang all

6 nat - ure list' - ning seem'd the while e - x - cept where green - wood e - cho - es rang a -

8 mang the braes o' Bal - loch - myle Wi - th

Verse 2

With careless step I onward stray'd
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy
 When musing in a lonely glade
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy
 Her look was like the morning's eye
 Her air like nature's vernal smile
 Perfection whisper'd passing by
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle

verse 3

Fair is the morn in flowery May
 And sweet is night in autumn mild
 When roving thro' the garden gay
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild
 But woman nature's darling child
 There all her charms she does compile
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle

Verse 4

O had she been a country maid
 And I the happy country swain
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
 With joy with rapture I would toil
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle

Verse 5

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep
 Where fame and honours lofty shine
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep
 Or downward seek the Indian mine
 Give me the cot below the pine
 To tend the flocks or till the soil
 And ev'ry day have joys divine
 With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle

The Holy Fair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

U - pon a sim-mer Sun-day morn when na-ture's face is fair I walk-ed forth to view the corn an'
snuff the cal - ler air the ris - ing sun owre Gals-ton Muirs wi' glor-ious light was glin - tin' the
hares were hirp - lin' down the furs the lav' rocks they were chan - tin' fu' sweet that day As

Verse 2

As lightsomely I glow'd abroad
To see a scene sae gay
Three hizies early at the road
Cam skelpin' up the way
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black
But ane wi' lyart lining
The third that gaed a wee a back
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day

Verse 3

The twa appeared like sisters twin
In feature form an' claes
Their visage wither'd lang an' thin
An' sour as ony lasses
The third cam up hap stap an' lowp
As light as ony lambie
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop
As soon as e'er she saw me
Fu' kind that day

Verse 4

Wi' bonnet aff quoth I 'Sweet lass
I think ye seem to ken me
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face
But yet I canna name ye'
Quo' she an' laughin' as she spak
An' 'taks me by the han's
'Ye for my sake hae gi'en the feck
Of a' the ten comman's
A screed some day

Verse 5

'My name is Fun your crouy dear
The nearest friend ye hae
An' this is Superstition here
An' that's Hypocrisy
I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair
To spend an hour in daffin'
Gin ye'll go there you runkled pair
We will get famous laughin'
At them this day'

Verse 6

Quoth I 'Wi' a' my heart I'll do't
I'll get my Sunday's sark on
An' meet you on the holy spot
Faith we'se hae fine remarkin'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie time
An' soon I made me ready
For roads were clad frae side to side
Wi' mony a wearie bodie
In droves that day

Verse 7

Here farmers gash in ridin' graith
Gaed hoddin' by their cottes
There swankies young in braw braid clath
Are springin' owre the gutters
The lasses skelpin' barefit thrang
In silks an' scarlets glitter
Wi' sweet-milk cheese in mony a whang
An' farls bak'd wi' butter
Fu' crump that day

Verse 8

When by the plate we set our nose
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence
A greedy glow'r Black Bonnet throws
An' we maun draw our tippence
Then in we go to see the show
On ev'ry side they're gath'rin'
Some carryin' deals some chairs an' stools
An' some are busy bleth'rin'
Right loud that day

Verse 9

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs
An' screen our country gentry
There racer Jess an' twa-three whores
Are blinkin' at the entry
Here sits a raw o' titilin' jads
Wi' heavin' breasts an' bare neck
An' there a batch o' wabster lads
Blackguardin' frae Kilmarnock
For fun this day

Verse 10

Here some are thinkin' on their sins
An' some upo' their claes
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins soiled
Another sighs an' prays
On this hand sits a chosen swatch sample
Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces
On that a set o' chaps at watch
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day

Verse 11

O happy is that man an' blest
Nae wonder that it pride him
Whase ain dear lass that he likes best
Comes clinkin' down beside him
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back
He sweetly does compose him
Which by degrees slips round her neck
An's loof upon her bosom
Unkenn'd that day

Verse 12

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation
For Moodie speels the holy door
Wi' tidings o' damnation
Should Hormie as in ancient days
'Mang sons o' God present him
The very sight o' Moodie's face
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day

Verse 13

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin'
Now meekly calm now wild in wrath
He's stampin' an' he's jumpin'
His lengthen'd chin his turned up snout
His eldritch squeal an' gestures
O how they fire the heart devout
Like cantharidian plaisters
On sic a day

Verse 14

But hark the tent has chang'd its voice
There's peace an' rest nae langer
For a' the real judges rise
They canna sit for anger
Smith opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day

Verse 15

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral pow'rs an' reason
His English style an' gesture fine
Are a' clean out o' season
Like Socrates or Antonine
Or some auld pagan Heathen
The moral man he does define
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day

Verse 16

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum
For Peebles frae the water fit
Ascends the holy rostrum
See up he's got the word o' God
An' meek an' mim has view'd it
While Common Sense has ta'en the road
An' aff an' up the Cowgate
Fast fast that day

Verse 17

Wee Miller neist the Guard relieves
An' Orthodoxy raibles
Tho' in his heart he weel believes
An' thinks it auld wives' fables
An' meek an' mim has view'd it
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins wise o'ercomes him
At times that day

Verse 18

Now butt an' ben the Change-house fills
Wi' yell-caup Commentators
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills
An' there the pint-stowp clatters
While thick an' thrang an' loud an' lang
Wi' logic an' wi' Scripture
They raise a din that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day

Verse 19

Leeze me on drink it gi'es us mair
Than either school or college
It kindles wit it waukens lear
It pangs us fou o' knowledge
Be't whisky gill or penny wheep
Or ony stronger potion
It never fails on drinkin' deep
To kittle up our notion
By night or day

Verse 20

The lads an' lasses blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body
Sit round the table weel content
An' steer about the toddy
On this ane's dress an' that ane's leuk
They're makin' observations
While some are cosy i' the neuk
An' formin' assignations
To meet some day

Verse 21

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts
Till a' the hills are rairin'
An' echoes back return the shouts
Black Russel is na sparlin'
His piercing words like Highlan' swords
Divide the joints an' marrow
His talk o' Hell where devils dwell
Our very 'sauls does harrow'
Wi' fright that day

Verse 22

A vast unbottom'd boundless pit
Fill'd fou o' lowin' brunstane
Whase ragin' flame an' scorchin' heat
Wad melt the hardest whun stane
The half-asleep start up wi' fear
An' think they hear it roarin'
When presently it does appear
'Twas but some neebor snorin'
Asleep that day

Verse 23

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How many stories past
An' how they crowded to the yill
When they were a' dismist
How drink gaed round in cogs an' caups
Among the furms and benches
An' cheese an' bread frae women's laps
Was dealt about in lunches
An' dawds that day

Verse 24

In comes a gawsie gash guidwife
An' sits down by the fire
Syn draws her kebbuck an' her knife
The lasses they are shyer
The auld guidmen about the grace
Frae side to side they bother
Till some are by his bonnet lays
An' gi'es them't like a tether
Fu' lang that day

Verse 25

Waesucks for him that gets nae lass
Or lasses that hae naething
Sma' need has he to say a grace
Or melvie his braw clathing
O wives be mindfu' aince yoursel
How bonnie lads ye wanted
An' dinna for a kebbuck heel
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day

Verse 26

Now Clinkumbell wi' rattlin' tow
Begins to jow an' croon
Some swagger hame the best they dow
Some wait the afternoon
At slaps the billies halt a blink
Till lasses strip their shoon
Wi' faith an' hope an' love an' drink
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day

Verse 27

How many hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses
Their hearts o' static gin night are gane
As saft as ony flesh is
There's some are fou o' love divine
There's some are fou o' brandy
An' mony jobs that day begin
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day

Song composed in Spring

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 130

Verse 1

A - gian re - joic - ing nat - ure sees her robe as - sume its ver - nal hues her lea - fy locks wave

11 in the breeze all fresh - ly steep'd in mor - ning dew and maun I still on Men - ie doat and

21 bear the scorn that's in her e'e for it's jet jet black an' it's

27 like a hawk an' it win - na let a bo - dy be In

Chorus

Verse 2

In vain to me the cowslips blaw
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring
 In vain to me in glen or shaw
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing

Chorus**Verse 3**

The merry ploughboy cheers his team
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks
 But life to me's a weary dream
 A dream of ane that never wauks

Chorus**Verse 4**

The wanton coot the water skims
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry
 The stately swan majestic swims
 And ev'ry thing is blest but I

Chorus**Verse 5**

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shill
 Wi' wild unequal wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill

Chorus**Verse 6**

And when the lark 'tween light and dark
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide

Chorus**Verse 7**

Come winter with thine angry howl
 And raging bend the naked tree
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul
 When nature all is sad like me

Chorus

To a mountain daisy

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

33 Gm $\text{♩} = 10$ Am Gm

Wee mo - dest crim-son tipped flow'r thou's met me in an e - vill hour for I maun crush

43 Am Gm A7 Dm

a-mang the stoure thy slen - der stem to spare thee now is past my pow'r thou bon - nie gem

Verse 2

Alas it's no thy neibor sweet
 The bonie lark companion meet
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat
 Wi' spreckl'd breast
 When upward springing blythe to greet
 The purpling east

Verse 3

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
 Upon thy early humble birth
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form

Verse 4

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane
 Adorns the histie stibble field
 Unseen alane

Verse 5

There in thy scanty mantle clad
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise
 But now the share uptears thy bed
 And low thou lies

Verse 6

Such is the fate of artless maid
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade
 By love's simplicity betray'd
 And guileless trust
 Till she like thee all soil'd is laid
 Low i' the dust

Verse 7

Such is the fate of simple bard
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore
 Till billows rage and gales blow hard
 And whelm him o'er

Verse 8

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n
 He ruin'd sink

Verse 9

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate
 That fate is thine no distant date
 Stern Ruin's plough share drives elate
 Full on thy bloom
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom

To Ruin

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89

A D A

All hail in - ex-or-a - ble lord at whose des- truct- ion breath- ing word the migh- ti- est em- pires fall thy

7 Bm E7 A D

cruel woe de- ligh- ted train the min- is- ters of grief and pain a sul - len wel- come all with stern re- solv' d des

14 A E7 A D

pair- ing eye I see each aimed dart for one has cut my dea- rest tie and qui- vers in my heart then low'- ring and

22 A B E7 A D

pou- ring the storm no more I dread th- o' thick' - ning and black'- ning round my de- vot- ed head and

29 E7 A

thou grim pow' r by life ab- horr' d while life a peas- ure can af - ford oh hear a wretch- 's pray' r nor

35 E7 D A

more_ I shrink ap paull' d a- fraid I court_ I beg thy friend- ly aid to close this scene of care when

41 D F#m B

shall_ my soul in si- lent peace re - sign_ life's joy- less day my wea- ry heart its throb- bing cease cold

47 A C#m F#m Bm

mould- ring in the clay no fear more no tear more to stain my life- less

52 G#7 C#m Bm E7 A

face_ en - clasped and grasped with - in thy cold em - brace

The Lament

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 G C G C G Bm Em A7

O thou pale orb that si-lent shines while care un-troub-led mor-tals sleep thou se-est a wretch who in - ly

8 D7 G C G C G Bm

14 Em A7 D7 Em D7 G

war-ming beam and mourn in lam-en - tat - ion deep how life and love are all a dream I joy-

Verse 2

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly arked distant hill
 I joyless view thy trembling horn
 Reflected in the gurgling rill
 My fondly luttering heart be still
 Thou busy pow'r remembrance cease
 Ah must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning peace

Verse 3

No idly-feign'd poetic pains
 My sad love orn lamentings claim
 No shepherd's pipe rcadian strains
 No fabled tortures quaint and tame
 The plighted faith the mutual flame
 The oft-attested pow'rs above
 The promis'd father's tender name
 These were the pledges of my love

Verse 4

Encircled in her clasping arms
 How have the raptur'd moments flown
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms
 For her dear sake and her's alone
 And must I think it is she gone
 My secret heart's exulting boast
 And does she heedless hear my groan
 And is she ever ever lost

Verse 5

Oh can she bear so base a heart
 So lost to honour lost to truth
 As from the fondest lover part
 The plighted husband of her youth
 Alas life's path may be unsmooth
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress
 Then who her pangs and pains will soothe
 Her sorrows share and make them less

Verse 6

Ye winged hours that o'er us pass'd
 Enraptur'd more the more enjoy'd
 Your dear remembrance in my breast
 My fondly reasur'd thoughts employ'd
 That breast how dreary now and void
 For her too scanty once of room
 Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd
 And not a wish to gild the gloom

Verse 7

The morn that warns th' approaching day
 Awakes me up to toil and woe
 I see the hours in long array
 That I must suffer lingering slow
 Full many a pang and many a throe
 Keen recollection's direful train
 Must wring my soul were Phoebus low
 Shall kiss the distant western main

Verse 8

And when my nightly couch I try
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief
 My toil eat nerves and tear orn eye
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief
 Or if I slumber fancy chief
 Reigns haggard ild in sore affright
 Ev'n day all itter brings relief
 From such a horror reathing night

Verse 9

O thou bright queen who o'er th' expanse
 Now highest reign'st with boundless sway
 Oft has thy silent arking glance
 Observ'd us fondly and ring stray
 The time unheeded sped away
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high
 Beneath thy silver leaming ray
 To mark the mutual indling eye

Verse 10

Oh scenes in strong remembrance set
 Scenes never never to return
 Scenes if in stupor I forget
 Again I feel again I burn
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro'
 And hopeless comfortless I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow