

Burns Revisited Volume 48

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Despondency - An Ode

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 53

Verse 1

Op-press'd with grief-op-press'd with care a burden more than I can bear I set me down and sigh o' life thou
 are a gal-ling load_ a-long a rough a wea-ry road to wret-ches such as I_ dim-back-ward as I cast my view what
 sick-ning scenes ap-pear_ what sor-rows yet may pierce me through too just-ly I may fear_ still
 car-ing_ des-pair-ing_ must be my bit-ter doom_ my woes my bit-ter ne'er but with the clos-ing tomb_ Hap

Note
 Final verse finish on F#

Verse 2

Happy ye sons of busy life
 Who equal to the bustling strife
 No other view regard
 Ev'n when the wished end's denied
 Yet while the busy means are plied
 They bring their own reward
 Whilst I a hope abandon'd wight
 Unfitted with an aim
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same
 You bustling and justling
 Forget each grief and pain
 I listless yet restless
 Find ev'ry prospect vain

Verse 3

How blest the solitary's lot
 Who all forgetting all forgot
 Within his humble cell
 The cavern wild with tangling roots
 Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits
 Beside his crystal well
 Or haply to his ev'ning thought
 By unfrequented stream
 The ways of men are distant brought
 A faint collected dream
 While praising and raising
 His thoughts to heav'n on high
 As wand'ring meand'ring
 He views the solemn sky

To Gavin Hamilton

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

15 $G = 47$ A $\rightarrow D7$ $\rightarrow G$ A $\rightarrow D7$

I hold it sir my boun den du - ty to warn you how that Mas-ter Too-tie al-ias Laird M' Gaun was

19 G A $\rightarrow D7$ $\rightarrow G$ A $\rightarrow D7$

here to hire yon lad a - way 'bout whome ye spak the ti - ther day an' wad hae don't aff han' but

23 B7 $\rightarrow Em$ $\rightarrow A$ D7

lest he learn the cal - lan tricks a faith I muck-le doubt him like scrap-in' out aluld Crum-mie's nicks an'

26 A D7 $\rightarrow G$ A

tel - lin lies a - bout them as lief then I'd have then your

28 D7 $\rightarrow G$ A $\rightarrow D7$ G

clerk - ship he should sair if sae be ye may be not fit - ted oth - er where

Verse 2

Altho' I say't he's gleg enough
 An' 'bout a house that's rude an' rough
 The boy might learn to swear
 But then wi' you he'll be sae taught
 An' get sic fair example straught
 I hae na ony fear
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk
 An' shore him weel wi' hell
 An' gar him follow to the kirk
 Aye when ye gang yoursel
 If ye then maun be then
 Frae hame this comin' Friday
 Then please sir to lea'e sir
 The orders wi' your lady

Verse 3

My word of honour I hae gi'en
 In Paisley John's that night at e'en
 To meet the warld's worm
 To try to get the twa to gree
 An' name the airles an' the fee
 In legal mode an' form
 I ken he weel a snick can draw
 When simple bodies let him
 An' if a Devil be at a'
 In faith he's sure to get him
 To phrase you and praise you
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns
 The pray'r still you share still
 Of grateful Minstrel Burns

Versified reply to an invitation

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 F C7 Gm C7 F

Yours this mom-ent I u - n - seal an - d faith I'm gay and hear ty__ to tell the truth and

6 C7 Gm C7 Cm F7 Dm

sha-me th-e deil I - am as flu as Bar tie__ bu-t fours-day sir my prom-ise leal ex - pect me o' your

12 G9 Cm F7 Dm G9 Cm F7 Bb

par-tie i - f on a beas-tie I can speel or hurl in a car-tie Yours Rob-ert Burns

Will ye go to the Indies my Mary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

19 $D = 73$
Verse 1a

Will ye go to the In-dies my Ma - ry an - d leave auld Scot-i-a's shore will ye go to the In-dies my Ma - ry

22 G
Verse 1b

a - cross th' At - lan - ti - c roar O sweet grows the lime and the o - r - ange

24

and the ap - ple and the pine but a' the charms o' th - e I - n - dies ca - n ne - ver e - qual thine

Verse 2a

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true
 And sae may the Heavens forget me
 When I forget my vow

Verse 2b

O plight me your faith my Mary
 And plight me your lily white hand
 O plight me your faith my Mary
 Before I leave Scotia's strand

Verse 3a

We hae plighted our troth my Mary
 In mutual affection to join
 And curst be the cause that shall part us
 The hour and the moment o' time

Epistle to a young friend

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 93 Verse 1

I - lang hae thought m-y you-th- fu' friend a some-thing to have sent you tho' it should serve na-e

i - ther end_ than just a kind mo - men - to but how the sub - ject theme may gang let

time and chance det - er - mine per - haps it may turn out a sang per - haps turn out a ser - mon Ye-'ll

Verse 2

Ye'll try the world soon my lad
 And Andrew dear believe me
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad
 And muckle they may grieve ye
 For care and trouble set your thought
 Ev'n when your end's attained
 And a' your views may come to nought
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained

Verse 3

I'll no say men are villains a'
 The real harden'd wicked
 Wha hae nae check but human law
 Are to a few restrictred
 But Och mankind are unco weak
 An' little to be trusted
 If self the wavering balance shake
 It's rarely right adjusted

Verse 4

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife
 Their fate we shouldna censure
 For still th' important end of life
 They equally may answer
 A man may hae an honest heart
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him
 A man may tak a neibor's part
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him

Verse 5

Aye free aff han' your story tell
 When wi' a bosom crony
 But still keep something to yoursel'
 Ye scarcely tell to ony
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man
 Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection

Verse 6

The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love
 Luxuriantly indulge it
 But never tempt th' illicit rove
 Tho' naething should divulge it
 I waive the quantum o' the sin
 The hazard of concealing
 But Och it hardens a' within
 And petrifies the feeling

Verse 7

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile
 Assiduous wait upon her
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honour
 Not for to hide it in a hedge
 Nor for a train attendant
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent

Verse 8

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order
 But where ye feel your honour grip
 Let that aye be your border
 Its slightest touches instant pause
 Debar a' side pretences
 And resolutely keep its laws
 Uncaring consequences

Verse 9

The great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature
 But still the preaching cant forbear
 And ev'n the rigid feature
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range
 Be complaisance extended
 An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended

Verse 10

When ranting round in pleasure's ring
 Religion may be blinded
 Or if she gie a random sting
 It may be little minded
 But when on life we're tempest driv'n
 A conscience but a canker
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
 Is sure a noble anchor

Verse 11

Adieu dear amiable youth
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting
 May prudence fortitude and truth
 Erect your brow undaunting
 In ploughman phrase God send you speed
 Still daily to grow wiser
 And may ye better reckon the rede
 Then ever did th' adviser

A Dream

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

C G7 C G7 C G7

Gu- id mor- nin' to your Maj- es- ty may Hea- ven au- g- me- nt you- r blis- ses o- n ev- ry new birth day ye see a

7 C G7 C Em B

hum- m- ble po- e- t wish- es m- y bard- ship here a- t your le- vee on sic a day as

12 Em G7 C G7 C G7 C

this is i- s sure an un couth sight to see a mang thae birth- day dres ses sae fine this day I -

Verse 2

I see ye're complimented thrang
By mony a lord an' lady
God save the King 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye
The poets too a venal gang
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd an' ready
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang
But aye unerring steady
On sic a day

Verse 3

For me before a monarch's face
Ev'n there I winna flatter
For neither pension post nor place
Am I your humble debtor
So nae reflection on your Grace
Your Kingship to bespatter
There's mony waur been o' the race
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day

Verse 4

Tis very true my sovereign King
My skill may weel be doubted
But facts are chieles that winna ding
An' downa be disputed
Your royal nest beneath your wing
Is e'en right reft and clouted
And now the third part o' the string
An' less will gang about it
Than did ae day

Verse 5

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation
Or say ye wisdom want or fire
To rule this mighty nation
But faith I muckle doubt my sire
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps wha in barn or byre
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day

Verse 6

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace
Her broken shins to plaister
Your sair taxation does her fleece
Till she has scarce a tester
For me thank God my life's a lease
Nae bargain wearin' faster
Or faith I fear that wi' the geese
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day

Verse 7

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt
When taxes he enlarges
An' Will's a true guid fallow's get
A name not envy spairges
That he intends to pay your debt
An' lessen a' your charges
But God sake let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonie barges
An'boats this day

Verse 8

Adieu my Liege may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck
And gie her for dissection
But since I'm here I'll no neglect
In loyal true affection
To pay your Queen wi' due respect
May fealty an' subjection
This great birthday

Verse 9

Hail Majesty most Excellent
While nobles strive to please ye
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye
Thae bonie bairntime Heav'n has lent
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss till fate some day is sent
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day

Verse 10

For you young Potentate o'Wales
I tell your highness fairly
Down Pleasure's stream wi' swelling sails
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely
But some day ye may gnaw your nails
An' curse your folly sairly
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales
Or ratt'l'd dice wi' Charlie
By night or day

Verse 11

Yet aft a ragged cowl's been known
To mak a noble aiver
So ye may doucely fill the throne
For a'their clash ma laver
There him at Agincourt wha shone
Few better were or braver
And yet wi' funny queer Sir John
He was an unco shaver
For mony a day

Verse 12

For you right rev'rend Os naburg
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter
Altho' a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter
Then swith an' get a wife to hug
Or trowth ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day

Verse 13

Young royal Tarry reeks I learn
Ye've lately come athwart her
A glorious galley stem and stern
Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter
But first hang out that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter
Then heave aboard your grapple arm
An' large upon her quarter
Come full that day

Verse 14

Ye lastly bonie blossoms a'
Ye royal lasses dainty
Heav'n mak you guid as well as braw
An' gie you lads a lenty
But sneer na British boys awa
For kings are unco scant aye
An' German gentles are but sma'
They're better just than want aye
On ony day

Verse 15

Gad bless you a' consider now
Ye're unco muckle dautit
But ere the course o' life be through
It may be bitter sautit
An' I hae seen their coggie fou
That yet hae tarrow't at it
But or the day was done I trow
The laggen they hae clautit
Fu' clean that day

A Dedication

Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Ex - pect na Sir in this nar-rat-ion a flee chin fleth-'rin de - d - i-cat-ion to roose you up an ca' you guid an'
 sprung o' great an' nob - le bluid be - cause ye're sur-nam'd like his Grace per - haps re-lat - ed t - o th - e race then
 when I'm tir'd and sae are ye wi' mon - ie a ful - some sin - fu' lie set
 up a face how I stop short for fear your mo - des - ty be hurt

To Dr Mackenzie, Mauchline

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

11 $\text{D} \text{♩} = 90$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ G $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ D $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

16 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ A $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ E7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ A $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ D $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

21 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ G $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ D $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ A $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ E7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ A $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

27 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ D $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Em $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Bm $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ A7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ D $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

33 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ G $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ F#7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Bm $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ E9 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ G/A $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ D $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

Fri- day first's the day ap-poin-ted by our right Worsh-ip-ful an - oin-ted to hold our grand pro-
ces-sion to get a blade o'John-nie's mor - als and taste a swatch o'Man-sion's bar - rels
I' the way of our pro - fes-sion the Mas - ter an-d th - e Broth-er-hood would a' be glad to see you for me I
would be mair and proud to share the mer-cies wi' you if Death then wi' skaith then some
mor - tal in - form him and storm him that Sat - ur-day you'll fecht him

The farewell to the brethren

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 43 Am

Ad - ieu a heart warm fond ad - ieu dear broth - ers of the mys - tic tie ye fav oured e - n - ligh - ten'd few com -

pan - ions of my soc - ial joy tho' I to for - eigh land must hie pur - su - ing for - tune's slid - d'ry ba' with

mel - ting heart and brim - ful eye I'll mind you still tho' far a - wa Oft

Final bar finish on Em

Verse 2

Oft have I met your social band
 And spent the cheerful festive night
 Oft honour'd with supreme command
 Presided o'er the sons of light
 And by that hieroglyphic bright
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa

Verse 3

May Freedom Harmony and Love
 Unite you in the grand Design
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above
 The glorious Architect Divine
 That you may keep th' unerring line
 Still rising by the plummet's law
 Till Order bright completely shine
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa

Verse 4

And you farewell whose merits claim
 Justly that highest badge to wear
 Heav'n bless your honour'd noble name
 To Masonry and Scotia dear
 A last request permit me here
 When yearly ye assemble a'
 One round I ask it with a tear
 To him the Bard that's far awa

A Bard's Epitaph

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $\text{♩} = 73$ F C⁷ F B^b F G C⁷

Is there a whim i - n - spi - red fool owre fast for thought owre ho - t fo - r rule

11 F C⁷ F C⁷ F

owre blate to seek ow - re proud to snool let him dra - w near and

13 C⁷ F C⁷ F

owre this gras - s - y heap sing dool and dra - p a - tear Is

Verse 2

Is there a bard of rustic song
 Who noteless steals the crowds among
 That weekly this area throug
 O pass not by
 But with a frater feeling strong
 Here heave a sigh

Verse 3

Is there a man whose judgment clear
 Can others teach the course to steer
 Yet runs himself life's mad career
 Wild as the wave
 Here pause and thro' the starting tear
 Survey this grave

Verse 4

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn the wise to know
 And keenly felt the friendly glow
 And softer flame
 But thoughtless follies laid him low
 And stain'd his name

Verse 5

Reader attend whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
 In low pursuit
 Know prudent cautious self-control
 Is wisdom's root