

# Burns Revisited Volume 50

1. The calf
2. Nature's law
3. On Willie Chalmers
4. Answer to a trimming epistle received from a tailor
5. The brigs of Ayr
6. Prayer - O thou dread power
7. Irvine's bairns
8. Farewell song to the banks of Ayr
9. Address to the toothache
10. On dining with Lord Daer

# The Calf

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

C♩ = 80

Right sir your text I'll prove it true tho' he - re - tics may laugh

for ins - tance there's your - self just now Go - d knows an un - co calf

## Verse 2

And should some patron be so kind  
As bless you wi' a kirk  
I doubt na sir but then we'll find  
Ye're still as great a stirk

## Verse 3

But if the lover's raptur'd hour  
Shall ever be your lot  
Forbid it ev'ry heavenly Power  
You e'er should be a stot

## Verse 4

Tho' when some kind connubial dear  
Your but and ben adorns  
The like has been that you may wear  
A noble head of horns

## Verse 5

And in your lug most reverend James  
To hear you roar and rowt  
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims  
To rank amang the nowt

## Verse 6

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead  
Below a grassy hillock  
With justice they may mark your head  
Here lies a famous bullock

# Nature's Law

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 83 → C

→ F C → Dm G7 C Am

4 G D7 G G7 → C → F C

7 Dm G7 C Am → Dm G7 C

Le-t oth-er her-o-es boast their scars the marks of sturt an-d strife\_ and oth-er po-ets sing of wars the  
 plagues of hum-an life\_ sha-me fa' the fun w-i'sword and gun to slap man-king li-ke lum-ber I  
 sing his name and nob-ler fame wha mul-tip-lies our num-ber Grea-t

**Verse 2**

Great Nature spoke with air benign  
 Go on ye human race  
 This lower world I you resign  
 Be fruitful and increase  
 The liquid fire of strong desire  
 I've pour'd it in each bosom  
 Here on this had does Mankind stand  
 And there is Beauty's blossom

**Verse 3**

The Hero of these artless strains  
 A lowly bard was he  
 Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains  
 With meikle mirth an'glee  
 Kind Nature's care had given his share  
 Large of the flaming current  
 And all devout he never sought  
 To stem the sacred torrent

**Verse 4**

He felt the powerful high behest  
 Thrill vital thro' and thro'  
 And sought a correspondent breast  
 To give obedience due  
 Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs  
 From mildews of abortion  
 And low the bard a great reward  
 Has got a double portion

**Verse 5**

Auld cantie Coil may count the day  
 As annual it returns  
 The third of Libra's equal sway  
 That gave another Burns  
 With future rhymes an' other times  
 To emulate his sire  
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style  
 With more poetic fire

**Verse 6**

Ye Powers of peace and peaceful song  
 Look down with gracious eyes  
 And bless auld Coila large and long  
 With multiplying joys  
 Lang may she stand to prop the land  
 The flow'r of ancient nations  
 And Burnses spring her fame to sing  
 To endless generations

# On Wullie Chalmers

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 83 F

Gm → C7 F → Dm Gm

4 C7 F → Gm

6 C7 F → Dm Gm → C7 F

We braw new bran-ks i-n mick-le pride and eke a bra-w ne w brech-an my Peg as - u - s I-'m got as-tride and  
 up Par - nas - u - s pech - in whyles o'er a bu - sh w - i' down-ward crush the  
 doit-ed bea-s - t - ie stam-mers then up he ge-ts an-d off he sets for sake o' Wil-l - i - e Chal-mers I

**Verse 2**

I doubt na lass that weel ken'd name  
 May cost a pair o' blushes  
 I am nae stranger to your fame  
 Nor his warm urged wishes  
 Your bonie face sae mild and sweet  
 His honest heart enamours  
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit  
 Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers

**Verse 3**

Auld Truth hersel' might swear yer'e fair  
 And Honour safely back her  
 And Modesty assume your air  
 And ne'er a ane mistak her  
 And sic twa love inspiring een  
 Might fire even holy palmers  
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been  
 To honest Willie Chalmers

**Verse 4**

I doubt na fortune may you shore  
 Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie  
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore  
 And band upon his breastie  
 But oh what signifies to you  
 His lexicons and grammars  
 The feeling heart's the royal blue  
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers

**Verse 5**

Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird  
 May warsle for your favour  
 May claw his lug and straik his beard  
 And hoast up some palaver  
 My bonie maid before ye wed  
 Sic clumsy witted hammers  
 Seek Heaven for help and barefit skelp  
 Awa wi' Willie Chalmers

**Verse 6**

Forgive the Bard my fond regard  
 For ane that shares my bosom  
 Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues  
 For deil a hair I roose him  
 May powers aboon unite you soon  
 And fructify your amours  
 And every year come in mair dear  
 To you and Willie Chalmers

# Answer to a trimming epistle received from a tailor

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Wha - t ails ye now ye lou - si - e bitch to thresh my back at sic a pitch lo - sh  
man hae mer cy wi' your natch your bod-kin's bauld I did-na suf-fer half sae much frae Dad-ie AuldWha-t

**Verse 2**

What tho' at times when I grow crouse  
I gie their wames a random pouse  
Is that enough for you to souse  
Your servant sae  
Gae mind your seam ye prick-the-louse  
An' jag the flea

**Verse 3**

King David o' poetic brief  
Wrocht 'mang the lasses sic mischief  
As filled his after life wi' grief  
An' bluidy rants  
An' yet he's rank'd among the chief  
O' lang syne saunts

**Verse 4**

And maybe Tam for a' my cants  
My wicked rhymes an' drucken rants  
I'll gie auld cloven's Cloutie's haunts  
An unco slip yet  
An' snugly sit among the saunts  
At Davie's hip yet

**Verse 5**

But fegs the session says I maun  
Gae fa' upo' anither plan  
Than garrin lasses coup the cran  
Clean heels ower body  
An' sairly thole their mother's ban  
Afore the howdy

**Verse 6**

This leads me on to tell for sport  
How I did wi' the Session sort  
Auld Clinkum at the inner port  
Cried three times Robin  
Come hither lad and answer for't  
Ye're blam'd for jobbin

**Verse 7**

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on  
An' snoov'd awa before the Session  
I made an open fair confession  
I scorn't to lee  
An' syne Mess John beyond expression  
Fell foul o' me

**Verse 8**

A fornicator loun he call'd me  
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me  
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me  
But what the matter  
Quo' I I fear unless ye geld me  
I'll ne'er be better

**Verse 9**

Geld you quo' he an' what for no  
If that your right hand leg or toe  
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe  
You should remember  
To cut it aff an' what for no  
Your dearest member

**Verse 10**

Na na quo' I I'm no for that  
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't  
I'd rather suffer for my faut  
A hearty flewit  
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't  
Tho' I should rue it

**Verse 11**

Or gin ye like to end the bother  
To please us a' I've just ae ither  
When next wi' yon lass I forgather  
Whate'er betide it  
I'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither  
An' let her guide it

**Verse 12**

But sir this pleas'd them warst of a'  
An' therefore Tam when that I saw  
I said Gude night an' cam' awa'  
An' left the Session  
I saw they were resolved a'  
On my oppression

# The Brigs of Ayr

## A fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5  $\text{♩} = 93$  A E7 A

9 The sim-ple bar-d rou-gh at the rus-tic plough learn-ing his tune-ful tra-de fro-m ev-'ry bough

13 the chan-ting lin-n-e t or the mel-low thrush hail-ing the set-ting sun sweet in the green thorn bush

17 the soar-ing lar-k th-e per-ching red breast shrill or deep ton'd plo-ers grey wild whist-ling o'er the hill

21 shall he nurst i-n th-e peas-ant's low-ly shed to har-dy in-de-pen-dence bra-ve-l-y bred by

26 ear-ly pov-er-ty to hard-ship steel'd and train'd to arms in stern mis-for-tune's field shall he be guil-ty of their hire-ling

31 crimes the ser-vile mer-cen-ar-y Swiss of rhymes or lab-our hard the pane-gy-ric close with

35 all the ven-al soul of ded-ic-at-ing prose no though his ar-t-le-ss strains he rude-ly sings

39 and throws his ha-nd u-n-couth-ly o'er the strings he glows with a-ll th-e spir-it of the bard

43 fame hon-est fa-me hi-s great his dear re-ward still if some pa-t-ro-n's gen-'rous care he trace

48 skill'd in the se-cr-et to bes-tow with grace when Bal-lan-tine be friends his hum-ble name and hands the rus-tic

51 stran-ger up to fame with heart-felt thro-es hi-s grate-ful bos-om swells

the god-like bli-ss t-o give al-one ex-cells

# O thou dread power

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1a

O thou dread power who reign'st a - bove I know thou wilt me hear when for this scene of

11

Verse 1b

peace and love I make this pray'r sin - cere the hoar - y sire the mor - tal stroke long long be

22

please'd to spare to bless this lit - tle fil - ial flock and show what good men are She

33

*Finale*

O thou dread power who reign'st a - bove I know thou wilt me hear

## Verse 2a

She who her lovely offspring eyes  
 With tender hopes and fears  
 O bless her with a mother's joys  
 But spare a mother's tears

## Verse 2b

Their hope their stay their darling youth  
 In manhood's dawning blush  
 Bless him Thou God of love and truth  
 Up to a parent's wish

## Verse 3a

The beauteous seraph sister band  
 With earnest tears I pray  
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand  
 Guide Thou their steps alway

## Verse 3b

When soon or late they reach that coast  
 O'er Life's rough ocean driven  
 May they rejoice no wand'rer lost  
 A family in Heaven

## Finale

O thou dread power who reign'st above  
 I know thou wilt me hear

## Irvine's Bairns

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

F#m

Bm

5 F#m Bm

9 F#m Bm E7

13 F#m D Bm Bm7 F#m

The night was still and o'er the hill the moon shone on the cast - le wa' the  
 mav - is sang while dew drops hang a - round her on the cast - le wa' sae  
 mer - ril - y they danced the ring frae ee - nin' till the cock did crow and  
 aye the o'er - word o' the spring was Ir - vine's bairns are bon - nie a'



# Farewell song to the Banks of Ayr

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 79

The glo-omy night is gath 'ring fast loudroars the wild in-cons-tant blast yon mur-ky cloud is foul with  
 rain I see it driv-ing o'er the plain the hun-ter now has left the moor the  
 scat-t'red co veys meet se-cure while here I wan-der pressed with care a - long the lone-ly banks of Ayr The

## Verse 2

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
 By early Winter's ravage torn  
 Across her placid azure sky  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave  
 I think upon the stormy wave  
 Where many a danger I must dare  
 Far from the bonie banks of Ayr

## Verse 3

'Tis not the surging billow's roar  
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore  
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear  
 The wretched have no more to fear  
 But round my heart the ties are bound  
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound  
 These bleed afresh those ties I tear  
 To leave the bonie banks of Ayr

## Verse 4

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales  
 Her healthy moors and winding vales  
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves  
 Pursuing past unhappy loves  
 Farewell my friends farewell my foes  
 My peace with these my love with those  
 The bursting tears my heart declare  
 Farewell the bonie banks of Ayr

# Address to the toothache

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 47 ← D (5drone) → →

My curse up - on your ven - om'd stang that shoots my tor - tur'd gums a - lang and

through my lug - gies mon - y a twang wi' gnaw - ing ven - geance

tear - ing my nerves wi' bit - ter pang like rack - ing en - gines When

## Verse 2

When fevers burn or argues freezes  
 Rheumatics gnaw or colics squeezes  
 Our neibor's sympathy can ease us  
 Wi' pitying moan  
 But thee thou hell o' a' diseases  
 Aye mocks our groan

## Verse 3

Adown my beard the slavers trickle  
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle  
 While round the fire the giglets keckle  
 To see me loup  
 While raving mad I wish a heckle  
 Were in their doup

## Verse 4

In a' the numerous human dools  
 Ill hairsts daft bargains cutty stools  
 Or worthy frien's rak'd i' the mools  
 Sad sight to see  
 The tricks o' knaves or fash o'fools  
 Thou bear'st the gree

## Verse 5

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell  
 Where a' the tones o' misery yell  
 An' ranked plagues their numbers tell  
 In dreadfu' raw  
 Thou Toothache surely bear'st the bell  
 Amang them a'

## Verse 6

O thou grim mischief-making chiel  
 That gars the notes o' discord squeel  
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
 In gore a shoe thick  
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal  
 A townmond's toothache

# On dining with Lord Daer

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 C G F G G7 C

4 This wot ye all whom i - t co - n - cerns I Rhy - mer Rob - in al - i - a - s Burns Oc - to - ber twen - ty third  
na - 'er to be for - got - te - n day sae far I sprack - l'd u - p th - e brae I din - ner'd wi' a lord I've

**Verse 2**

I've been at drucken writers' feasts  
Nay been bitch fou 'mang godly priests  
Wi' rev'ence be it spoken  
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum  
When mighty Squireships of the quorum  
Their hydra drouth did sloken

**Verse 3**

But wi' a Lord stand out my shin  
A Lord a Peer an Earl's son  
Up higher yet my bonnet  
An' sic a Lord lang Scoth ells twa  
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a'  
As I look o'er my sonnet

**Verse 4**

But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r  
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r  
An' how he star'd and stammer'd  
When goavin as if led wi' branks  
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks  
He in the parlour hammer'd

**Verse 5**

I sidying shelter'd in a nook  
An' at his Lordship steal't a look  
Like some portentous omen  
Except good sense and social glee  
An' what surpris'd me modesty  
I marked nought uncommon

**Verse 6**

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great  
The gentle pride the lordly state  
The arrogant assuming  
The fient a pride nae pride had he  
Nor sauce nor state that I could see  
Mair than an honest ploughman

**Verse 7**

Then from his Lordship I shall learn  
Henceforth to meet with unconcern  
One rank as weel's another  
Nae honest worthy man need care  
To meet with noble youthful Daer  
For he but meets a brother