

Burns Revisited Volume 52

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Inscription on the Tomb of Fergusson the Poet

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 93 F

No Sculp-tur'd mar-ble here nor pom-pous lay no stor-ied urn nor an-im-at-ed

6 bust this sim-ple stone dir-ects pale Scot-ia's way to pour her sor-rows

9 o'er the Po-et's dust She mourns sweet tune-ful

Verse 2

She mourns sweet tuneful youth thy hapless fate
Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state
And thankless starv'd what they so much admired

Verse 3

This humble tribute with a tear now gives
A brother Bard he can no more bestow
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives
A nobler monument than Art can show

Lines under the portrait of Fergusson

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

1 = 100 C F G⁷ C D G⁷
 Cur-se on un-grate-ful man tha-t can be pleased an-d yet can starve the au-thor of the plea sure O
 9 C F E F C G⁷ C
 thou my el - der broth-er i - n mis - for - tune by far my el - der broth-er in the mus-es
 16 Dm⁷ Em Dm⁷ G⁷ C
 why is the bard un - pit-ied by the world yet has so keen a rel-ish of its plea - sure

Epistle to Mrs Scott

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89

I mind it weel in ear-ly date when I was beard-less young and blate an' first could thresh the barn or haud a
 4 yok-in' at the pleugh an' tho' for-fourth-ten sairen-eugh yet un-co proud to learn when first a-mang the yel-low corn a
 8 man I reck-on'd was an' wi' the lave ilk mer-ry morn could rank my rig and lass still
 11 shear ing and clear ing the tith er stook-ed raw wi' clai-vers an' hai vers_wear -ing the day a - wa E'en

Verse 2

E'en then a wish I mind its pow'r
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
 Some usefu' plan or book could make
 Or sing a sang at least
 The rough burr thistle spreading wide
 Among the bearded bear
 I turn'd the weeder clips aside
 An' spar'd the symbol dear
 No nation no station
 My envy e'er could raise
 A Scot still but blot still
 I knew nae higher praise

Verse 3

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble right an' wrang
 Wild floated in my brain
 'Till on that har'st I said before
 May partner in the merry core
 She rous'd the forming strain
 I see her yet the sonsie quean
 That lighted up my jingle
 Her witching smile her pawky een
 That gart my heart strings tingle
 I fired inspired
 At every kindling keek
 But bashing and dashing
 I feared aye to speak

Verse 4

Health to the sex ilk guid chiel says
 Wi' merry dance in winter days
 An' we to share in common
 The gust o' joy the balm of woe
 The saul o' life the heaven below
 Is rapture-giving woman
 Ye surly sumphs who hate the name
 Be mindfu' o' your mither
 She honest woman may think shame
 That ye're connected with her
 Ye're wae men ye're nae men
 That slight the lovely dears
 To shame ye disclaim ye
 Ilk honest birkie swears

Verse 5

For you no bred to barn and byre
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre
 Thanks to you for your line
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare
 By me should gratefully be ware
 'Twad please me to the nine
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap
 Douce hingin owre my curple
 Than ony ermine ever lap
 Or proud imperial purple
 Farewell then lang hale then
 An' plenty be your fa
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'

Verses intended to be written below a Noble Earl's Picture

Robert Burn

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1
 Whose is that no - b - le daunt - less brow and those that eye of fire___ and those that gen - er - ous prince - ly mien e - ven
 4
 Chorus
 root - ed roes ad - mire Stran - ger to just - ly show that brow and mark that ey - e of fire___ would
 7
 take his hand who - se ver - nal tints his oth - er wor - ks a - d - mire Bright

Verse 2

Bright as a cloudless summer sun
 With stately port he moves
 His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
 The noble Ward he loves

Chorus

Verse 3

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
 That chief thou may'st discern
 Mark Scotia's fond returning eye
 It dwells upon Glencairn

Chorus

Prologue spoken by Mr Woods

Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

When by a gen-erous pub-lic's kind ac-claim that dear-est meed is gran-ted hon-est fame when

5 here your fav-our is the ac-tor's lot nor e-ven the man in pri-vate lofe for-got what

9 breast so dead to heav'n-ly vir-tue's glow but heaves im pas-sioned with the grate-ful throes

rall.

Impromptu at Roslin Inn

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100
 C G⁷ C F C G⁷ C G⁷ C G⁷ C F

My bles-ings on ye hon - est wife I ne'er was here be - fore ye've gi'en us walth for horn and knife nae

7 C G⁷ C Fmaj⁷ E Dm Em⁷

heart could wish for more heav - en keep you free frae care and strife till

13 Dm⁷ G⁷ C G⁷ C F C G⁷ C

far a-yont four - score and while I tod - dle on thro' life I'll ne'er gae by your door

Epigram Addressed to an Artist

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 49

Dear (*I) I'll gie ye some ad-vice you'll tak it no un-civ-il you should-na paint at an-gels mair but

try and paint the dev-il to paint an an-gel's kit-tle wark wi'

auld Nick there's less dan-ger you'll ea-sy draw a lang kent face but no sae weel a stan-ger

rit.

(*I) *Insert chosen name*

The Bookworms

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $C = 67$

Through and through the in - spired leaves ye mag - gots make your win - dings but

O res - pect his lord - ship's taste and spare his gol - den bin - dings

On Elphinstone's translation of Martial's Epigrams

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89

C A Dm

O thou whom Poe - sy ab - hors whom Prose has turned out of doors

5 G⁷ Am F Dm G⁷ C

heard'st thou that groan — pro-ceed no fur-ther 'twas laur - el'd Mar-tial cal-ling mur-ther

A bottle and a friend

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $C = 80$
Verse

Here's a bot-tle and an hon-est friend what wad ye wish for mair man wha kens be - fo-re hi - s life may end what

12 F C C F C

his share ma-y be o' care man then catch the mom-ents as they fly — and use them as ye ought man be -

15 Chorus

lieve me hap-pi-ness is shy — and com-es no - t ay when sought man There's nane that's blest of hum-an kind but the

18 Dm G^7 C Dm G^7 C

cheer-ful and the ga - y man fal la la la fal la la al fal la la la fal la la la