

# Burns Revisited Volume 53

1. Lines written under Miss Burns picture
2. Epitaph for William Nicol of The Hight School, Edinburgh
3. Epitaph for Mr William Michie
4. Address to William Tytler Esq of Woodhouselee
5. To Miss Ainslie in Church
6. Lament for the absence of William Creech, publisher
7. To Mr Renton of Lamerton
8. Epigram at Inverary
9. Epigram to Miss Jean Scott
10. On the death of John Macleod

# Lines written under Miss Burns' Picture

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

$\text{♩} = 90$

F C F Gm C<sup>7</sup> Dm G<sup>7</sup> C

Cease ye prudes your en - vi - ous rai - ling love - ly Burns has charms

5 F C F Gm C<sup>7</sup> Dm G<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F

true it is she had on - e fai - ling had a wom - an e - ver less

**rit.** . . . . .

# Epitaph for William Nicol

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $G \text{ } \downarrow = 90$  D G D

Ye mag - gots feed on Ni - col's brain for few sic feasts you've got - ten

13 G D<sup>7</sup> G

and fix your claws in Nic - ol's heart for deil a bit o'ts rot - ten

# Epitaph for William Michie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17  $F = 77$  C F C B $\flat$  C

Here lie Wil - lie Mich - ie's banes o Sat - an when ye tak him gie

19 F C F C B $\flat$  Gm C $^7$  F

him the schu - lin o' your weans for cle - ver deils he'll mak them

# Address to William Tytler

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

21  $\text{♩} = 73$  F#m Verse 1

Re - vered de - fen - der of beaut - eous Stuart of Stuart a name once res - pec - ted a  
 25 F#m D E A  
 name which to love was the mark of a true heart but now 'tis des - pis'd and neg - lec - ted

## Verse 2

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye  
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal  
 A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh  
 Still more if that wand'rer were royal

## Verse 3

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne  
 My fathers have fallen to right it  
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son  
 That name should he scoffingly slight it

## Verse 4

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join  
 The Queen and the rest of the gentry  
 Be they wise be they foolish is nothing of mine  
 Their title's avow'd by my country

## Verse 5

But why of that epocha make such a fuss  
 That gave us th' Electoral stem  
 If bringing them over was lucky for us  
 I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them

## Verse 6

But loyalty truce we're on dangerous ground  
 Who knows how the fashions may alter  
 The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound  
 To-morrow may bring us a halter

## Verse 7

I send you a trifle a head of a bard  
 A trifle scarce worthy your care  
 But accept it good Sir as a mark of regard  
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer

## Verse 8

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye  
 And ushers the long dreary night  
 But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky  
 Your course to the latest is bright

# To Miss Ainslie in Church

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Fair maid you need no take the hint nor id - le texts pur - sure 'twas  
 3  
 3 F C G<sup>7</sup> C  
 guil - ty sin - ners that you meant not an - gels such as you

# Lament for the absence of William Creech

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Auld Chuck - ie Ree - kie's sair dis - trest down droops her ance weel bur - nish'd crest nae joy her bon - nie  
 6 bus - kit nest can yield a - va her dar ling bird that she lo'es best Wil - lie's a - wa O

**Verse 2**

O Willie was a witty wight  
 And had o' things an unco' sleight  
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight  
 And trig an' braw  
 But now they'll busk her like a fright  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 3**

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd  
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd  
 They durst nae mair than he allow'd  
 That was a law  
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 4**

Now gawkies tawpies gowks and fools  
 Frae colleges and boarding schools  
 May sprout like simmer paddock stools  
 In glen or shaw  
 He wha could brush them down to mools  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 5**

The brethren o' the Commerce chaumer  
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour  
 He was a dictionar and grammar  
 Among them a'  
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 6**

Nae mair we see his levee door  
 Philosophers and poets pour  
 And toothy critics by the score  
 In bloody raw  
 The adjutant o' a' the core  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 7**

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face  
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace  
 Mackenzie Stewart such a brace  
 As Rome ne'er saw  
 They a' maun meet some ither place  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 8**

Poor Burns ev'n Scotch Drink canna quicken  
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken  
 Scar'd frae it's minnie and the cleckin  
 By hoodie crow  
 Grieg's gien his heart an unco kickin  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 9**

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blellum  
 And Calvin's folk are fit to fell him  
 Ilk self conceited critic skellum  
 His quill may draw  
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 10**

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped  
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed  
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red  
 While tempests blaw  
 But every joy and pleasure's fled  
 Willie's awa

**Verse 11**

May I be Slander's common speech  
 A text for Infamy to preach  
 And lastly streekit out to bleach  
 In winter snaw  
 When I forget thee Willie Creech  
 Tho' far awa

**Verse 12**

May never wicked Fortune touzle him  
 May never wicked men bamboozle him  
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem  
 He canty claw  
 Then to the blessed new Jerusalem  
 Fleet wing awa

# To Mr Renton of Lamerton

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

C Dm G<sup>7</sup> C F C Dm G<sup>7</sup>

Your bil- let sir I grant rec-iept wi' you\_ I'll can-ter on-y\_\_ gate tho"twere a trip to yon blue warl whare

7 C Dm G<sup>7</sup> C Am

bir - kies march on bur - ning\_\_ marl then sir\_\_ God wil - ling

10 Dm F C

I'll\_\_ at - tend ye and to\_\_ his good - ness I com - mend ye



# Epigram at Inverary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Who - e'er he be that so-journs here I pi - ty much his case un - less he comes to wait u - pon the

Lord their god his Grace there's nae - thing here but High - land pride and

High-land scab and hun- ger if prov - id - ence has sent me here 'twas sure - ly in an an - ger

# Epigram to Miss Jean Scott

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

O had each Scot of an - cient times been Jean - ie Scott as thou art the  
 brav - est heart on Eng - lish ground had yiel - ded like a cow - ard

# The death of John Macleod

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5  $\text{♩} = 77$  Verse 1

Sad th - y tale thou i - dle page an - d rue - fu - l thy a - larms death tears the broth - er of her love fro - m

8 Is - a - bell - a's arms sweet - ly deckt with per - ly dew the mor - ning rose may blow - - but

11 cold suc - ces - sive noon - tide blasts may lay its beau - ties low

## Verse 2

Fair on Isabella's morn  
 The sun propitious smil'd  
 But long ere noon succeeding clouds  
 Succeeding hopes beguil'd  
 Fate oft tears the bosom chords  
 That Nature finest strung  
 So Isabella's heart was form'd  
 And so that heart was wrung

## Verse 3

Dread Omnipotence alone  
 Can heal the wound he gave  
 Can point the brimful grief worn eyes  
 To scenes beyond the grave  
 Virtue's blossoms there shall blow  
 And fear no withering blast  
 There Isabella's spotless worth  
 Shall happy be at last