

# Burns Revisited Volume 54

1. On the death of Sir James Hunter Blair
2. To Miss Ferrier
3. Impromptu on Carron iron works
4. Written by somebody on the window
5. The poet's reply to the threat of a censorious critic
6. The libeller's self reproof
7. Verses written with a pencil
8. The humble petition of Bruar Water
9. Lines on the fall of fyers near Loch Ness
10. Epigram on parting with a kind host in the highlands

# On the death of Sir James Hunter Blair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

The lamp of day with ill pres-ag-ing glare dim clou - dy sank be - neath the west-ern wave th'  
in - cons-tant blast howl'd thro' the dar-kening air and hol - low whist-led in the rock-y cave Lone

## Verse 2

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell  
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train  
Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd well  
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane

## Verse 3

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks  
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky  
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks  
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye

## Verse 4

The paly moon rose in the livid east  
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form  
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast  
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm

## Verse 5

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow  
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd  
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe  
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued

## Verse 6

Revers'd that spear redoubtable in war  
Reclined that banner erst in fields unfurl'd  
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar  
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world

## Verse 7

My patriot son fills an untimely grave  
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried  
Low lies the hand oft was stretch'd to save  
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride

## Verse 8

A weeping country joins a widow's tear  
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry  
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier  
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh

## Verse 9

I saw my sons resume their ancient fire  
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow  
But ah how hope is born but to expire  
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low

## Verse 10

My patriot falls but shall he lie unsung  
While empty greatness saves a worthless name  
No every muse shall join her tuneful tongue  
And future ages hear his growing fame

## Verse 11

And I will join a mother's tender cares  
Thro' future times to make his virtues last  
That distant years may boast of other Blairs  
She said and vanish'd with the sweeping blast

# To Miss Ferrier

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

Verse 1a

Na e heath-en name sha-ll I fre-fix frae Pin-dus or Par-nas sus\_ au-ld Ree-kie dings the-m a' to sticks for

4

rhyme ins - pir - ing las - ses\_ Jo - ve's tune - fu' doch - te - rs three times three ma - de

6

Ho-mer deep their deb tor\_ bu - t gi'en the bo - d - y half an e'e nine Fer - ri - ers wad cone bet - ter\_ La-st

*Finish*

Verse 1b

## Verse 2a

Last day my mind was in a bog  
 Down George's Street I stoited  
 A creeping cauld prosaic fog  
 My very sense doited

## Verse 2b

Do what I dought to set her free  
 My saul lay in the mire  
 Ye turned a neuk I saw your e'e  
 She took the wing like fire


## Verse 3a


The mournfu' sang I here enclose  
 In gratitude I send you  
 And pray in rhyme as weel as prose  
 A' gude things may attend you

# Impromptu on Carron Iron Works


Robert Burns


Eddie Cairney



♩ = 80


G
A<sup>7</sup>
D<sup>7</sup>

We cam na here to view your warks in hopes to be mair wise but on-ly lest we gang to hell I may be nae sur prise but

5 
G

when we tir - l'd at your door your por - ter dought na hear us sae 

7 
Bm
Em
A<sup>7</sup>
D<sup>7</sup>
G

may shou'd we to hell's yetts come your bil - ly Sat - an sair us

# Written by somebody on the window

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

Here Stu - arts once in glo - ry reign'd and laws for Scot - land's weal or - dain'd but now un -

3 roof'd their pal - ace stands their scep - tre's fal'n to oth - er hands fal - len in -

5 deed and to the earth whence grove - lling rep - tiles take their birth the in - jur'd

7 Stewart line is gone a race out - lan - dish fills their throne an

9 id - i - ot race to hon - our lost who know them best des - pise them most

Chords: G, D<sup>7</sup>, Em, C, Am, G, Em, A<sup>7</sup>, D<sup>7</sup>, G, D<sup>7</sup>, Em, C, A<sup>7</sup>, G, Am, D<sup>7</sup>, Bm, D<sup>o</sup>, Am, D<sup>7</sup>, G

# The poets reply to the threat of a censorious critic

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60    A                    E    A                    F    E    Am

With Es-op's li-on Burns says sore I feel each oth-er blow but damn that as-s's heel

**rall.** . . . . .

# The libeller's self reproof

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5 Rash mor tal\_ and slan derous po - et thy name shall no lon-ger ap-pear in the re - cords of fame

dost not know that old Mans-field whowrites like the Bib-le says the more 'tis a truth sir the more 'tis a lib-el

# Verses written with a pencil

## A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

  $\text{♩} = 69$   
*D drone* Verse 1

Ad - mir - ing nat ure in her wil - dest grace these nor - thern scenes with wea - ry feet I trace O'er

ma ny a win - ding dale and pain - ful steep th' a - bodes of cov - eyed grouse and tim - id sheep my

sav - age jour - ney cur - i - ous I pur - sue till fam' d Bread - al - bane o - pens to my view the

meet ing cliffs each deep sunk glendiv - ides the woods wild sac - ter' d clothe their am ple sides th'

Refrain

out - stretch - ing lake em bos - omed 'mong the hills Po - et - ic ar - dours in my bos om swell lone

wand' - ring by the her - mit's mos - sy cell the swee - ping theat - re of hang - ing

woods the in - ces - sant roar of head - long tumb - ling floods



# The humble petition of Bruar Water

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

M-y Lord I know your no-ble ear wo-e ne'er as-sails in vain\_\_ e-m-bol-den'd thus I beg you'll hear your

4 hum-ble slave com plain\_\_ ho-w sau-cy Phoebus' scor-ching beams i-n flam-ing sum-mer pride\_\_ dr-y

7 with-erting waste my foam-y streams and drink my crys-tal tide\_\_ Th-e light-ly jump-ing gl ow-ri-n' trouts that

10 thro' my wat-ers play\_\_ i-f in their ran-dom wa-n-to-n sprouts they near the mar-gin stray\_\_ if

13 hap-less chance they li-n-ge-r lang I'm scor-ching up so shal-low\_\_ they-'re

15 left the white-ning sta-nes a-mang in gas-ping death to wal-low\_\_ La-st

Chorus 1

**Verse 2**

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen  
As poet Burns came by  
That to a bard I should be seen  
Wi' half my channel dry  
A panegyric rhyme I ween  
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me  
But had I in my glory been  
He kneeling wad ador'd me

**Chorus 2**

Here foaming down the skelvy rocks  
In twisting strength I rin  
There high my boiling torrent smokes  
Wild roaring o'er a linn  
Enjoying each large spring and well  
As Nature gave them me  
I am altho' I say't mysel'  
Worth gaun a mile to see

**Verse 3**

Would then my noble master please  
To grant my highest wishes  
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees  
And bonie spreading bushes  
Delighted doubly then my lord  
You'll wander on my banks  
And listen mony a grateful bird  
Return you tuneful thanks

**Chorus 3**

The sober lav'rock warbling wild  
Shall to the skies aspire  
The gowdspink Music's gayest child  
Shall sweetly join the choir  
The blackbird strong the lintwhite clear  
The mavis mild and mellow  
The robin pensive Autumn cheer  
In all her locks of yellow

**Verse 4**

This too a covert shall ensure  
To shield them from the storm  
And coward maukin sleep secure  
Low in her grassy form  
Here shall the shepherd make his seat  
To weave his crown of flow'rs  
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat  
From prone descending show'rs

**Chorus 4**

And here by sweet endearing stealth  
Shall meet the loving pair  
Despising worlds with all their wealth  
As empty idle care  
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms  
The hour of heav'n to grace  
And birks extend their fragrant arms  
To screen the dear embrace

**Verse 5**

Here haply too at vernal dawn  
Some musing bard may stray  
And eye the smoking dewy lawn  
And misty mountain grey  
Or by the reaper's nightly beam  
Mild-chequering thro' the trees  
Rave to my darkly dashing stream  
Hoarse swelling on the breeze

**Chorus 5**

Let lofty firs and ashes cool  
My lowly banks o'erspread  
And view deep bending in the pool  
Their shadow's wat'ry bed  
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest  
My craggy cliffs adorn  
And for the little songster's nest  
The close embow'ring thorn

**Chorus 6**

So may old Scotia's darling hope  
Your little angel band  
Spring like their fathers up to prop  
Their honour'd native land  
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken  
To social flowing glasses  
The grace be Athole's honest men  
And Athole's bonie lasses

# Lines on the Fall of Fyers near Loch Ness

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 88 G

A - mong the hea - thy hills and rag - ged woods the roar - ing fyers pours his mos - sy floods till

5 full he dash - es on the rock - y mounds where thro' a shape - less breach his stream re - sounds as

9 high in air the burst - ing tor - rents flow as deep re - coil - ing sur - ges foam be - low prone

13 down the rock the white - ning sheet des - cends and view - less ech - o's ear as - ton - ish'd rends dim -

17 seen through ris - ing mists and cease - less showers the hoa - ry cav ern wide sur - round - ing lowers still

21 thro' the gap the strug - gling riv - er toils and still be - low the hor - rid cauld - ron boils

# Epigram on parting with a kind host in the highlands

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 Eb Bb Ab Cm

When death's dark stream I fer - ry o'er a time that sure - ly shall come in Hea - ven it

6 Gm Ab Eb Fm Bb<sup>7</sup> Eb

self i'll ask no more than just a High - land wel - come