

Burns Revisited Volume 56

1. Written in Friars Carse Hermitage, Nithsdale (second version)
2. To Alex Cunningham
3. To Alex Cunningham
4. The Fete Champetre
5. Epistle to Robert Graham
6. Auld Lang Syne
7. My Bonnie Mary
8. My Bonnie Mary
9. Elegy on the year 1788
10. Elegy on the year 1788

Written in Friars Carse Hermitage Nithsdales

Second Version (A Fragment)

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1a
Thou whom chance may hith-er lead be thou cla-d i - n rus - set weed be thou dect in sil - ken stole

Verse 1b
grave these cou-n - se - ls in thy soul Life is but a day at most sprung from ni-ght i - n dark-ness lost

Verse 1c
hope not sun-shine ev - ery hour fear not clou-ds wi-ll al-ways lour As youth and love with spright-ly dance be -

neath thy mo-r nin-g star ad-vance plea-sure with her si - ren air may de - lu-de th - e thought-less pair let

pru - dence bless en - joy - ment's cup then rap - tur'd sip and sip it up

Verse 2a

As thy day grows warm and high
Life's meridian flaming nigh
Dost thou spurn the humble vale
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale

Verse 1b

Verse 2c

Check thy climbing step elate
Evils lurk in felon wait
Dangers eagle pinioned bold
Soar around each cliffy hold
While cheerful Peace with linnet song
Chants the lowly dells among

Verse 3a

As the shades of ev'ning close
Beck'ning thee to long repose
As life itself becomes disease
Seek the chimney nook of ease

Verse 1b

Verse 3c

There ruminates with sober thought
On all thou'st seen and heard and wrought
And teach the sportive youngers round
Saws of experience sage and sound
Say man's true genuine estimate
The grand criterion of his fate

To Alex Cunningham

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse a
 My god-like friend nay do not stare you think the phrase is odd like but God is love the saints de-clare then

Verse b
 sure - ly thou art god - like and is thy ar - dour still the same and kind - led still in An - na

othe - ers may boast a par - tial flame be thou art a vol - can - o Ev'n

Verse 2a

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond
 Death's tie dissolving portal
 But thou omnipotently fond
 May'st promise love immortal

Verse 2b

Thy wounds such healing powers defy
 Such symptoms dire attend them
 That last great antihectic try
 Marriage perhaps may mend them

Verse 3a

Sweet Anna has an air a grace
 Divine magnetic touching
 She talks she charms but who can trace
 The process of bewitching

To Alex Cunningham

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 83 C Verse 1

My god - like friend nay do not stare you think the phrase is odd - like

but God is love the saints de - clare then sure - ly thou art god - like

G7 C

G7 C

Verse 2

And is thy ardour still the same
 And kindled still at Anna
 Others may boast a partial flame
 But thou art a volcano

Verse 3

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond
 Death's tie dissolving portal
 But thou omnipotently fond
 May'st promise love immortal

Verse 4

Thy wounds such healing powers defy
 Such symptoms dire attend them
 That last great antihectic try
 Marriage perhaps may mend them

Verse 5

Sweet Anna has an air a grace
 Divine magnetic touching
 She talks she charms but who can trace
 The process of bewitching

The Fete Champetre

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□ ♩ = 60 →← **D** Verse 1 →← □

O wha will to Saint Ste-phen's house to do our er-rands there man o wha will to Saint Steph-en's house o'the
 mer-ry lads of Ayr man or will we send a man o' law or will we send a sod ger or
 him wha led o'er Scot-land a' the mei-kle Ur-sa Maj-or Come

Verse 2

Come will ye court a noble lord
 Or buy a score o'lairds man
 For worth and honour pawn their word
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's man
 Ane gies them coin ane gies them wine
 Anither gies them clatter
 Annbank wha guessed the ladies' taste
 He gies a Fete Champetre

Verse 3

When Love and Beauty heard the news
 The gay green woods amang man
 Where gathering flowers and busking bowers
 They heard the blackbird's sang man
 A vow they sealed it with a kiss
 Sir Politics to fetter
 As their's alone the patent bliss
 To hold a Fete Champetre

Verse 4

Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing
 O'er hill and dale she flew man
 Ilk wimpling burn ilk crystal spring
 Ilk glen and shaw she knew man
 She summon'd every social sprite
 That sports by wood or water
 On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet
 And keep this Fete Champetre

Verse 5

Cauld Boreas wi' his boisterous crew
 Were bound to stakes like kye man
 And Cynthia's car o' silver fu'
 Clamb up the starry sky man
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams
 Or down the current shatter
 The western breeze steals thro'the trees
 To view this Fete Champetre

Verse 6

How many a robe sae gaily floats
 What sparkling jewels glance man
 To Harmony's enchanting notes
 As moves the mazy dance man
 The echoing wood the winding flood
 Like Paradise did glitter
 When angels met at Adam's yett
 To hold their Fete Champetre

Verse 7

When Politics came there to mix
 And make his ether stane man
 He circled round the magic ground
 But entrance found he nane man
 He blush'd for shame he quat his name
 Forswore it every letter
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive Fete Champetre

Epistle to Robert Graham

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 C ♩ = 39 F B♭ G

When nat - ure her great mas - ter - piece des - ign'd and fram'd her last best work the hum - an mind

11 C F B♭ G

her eye in - tent on all the ma - zy plan she form'd of var - ious parts the var - ious man

13 C F B♭ G

The use - ful ma - ny first she calls them forth plain plod - ding in - dus - try and sob - er worth

15 C F B♭ G

thence pea - sants far - mers na - tive sons of earth and mer - chan - dise whole gen - us take their birth

17 C G C

each pru - dent cit a warm ex - is - tence finds and all mech - an - ics' ma - ny ap - ron'd kinds

19 C G F G

some oth - er rar - er sorts are wan - ted yet the lead and buoy are need - ful to the net

21 C F B♭ G

the cap - ut mor tu - um of gross des - ires makes a mat - er - ial for mere knights and squires

23 C F B♭ G

the mar - tial phos - phor - us is taught to flow she kneads the lum - pish phil - os - oph - ic dough

25 C F B♭ G

then marks th' un - yiel - ding mass with grave des - igns law phys - ics pol - it - ics and deep div - ines

27 C F B♭ G⁷ C

last she sub - limes th' Aur - or - a of the Poles the flash - ing el - em - ents o - f fe - male souls

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 → D Verse 1 → A⁷ → D⁷ → G → B⁷ ↻

Shou-ld auld acqu-ain-tan ce be for-got and ne-ver brought to mind should auld acqu-ain-tance

↻ 6 E⁷ → A⁷ → D Verse 1b → A⁷ → D⁷ → G ↻

be for-got and au-ld la-ng syne and sure-ly ye'll be your-pint stoup and sure-ly I'll be mine and we'll

↻ 13 B⁷ → E⁷ → A⁷ → D → D A⁷ → D Chorus ↻

tak a cup o' kind ness yet for au-ld la-ng syne fo-r au-ld la-ng syne my dear fo-

↻ 19 G A⁷ → D → A⁷ → B^m E → D A⁷ → D ↻

auld la-ng syne we'll tak a cup o' kind-ness yet for au-ld la-ng syne W-e

Verse 1a

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And auld lang syne*

Verse 1b

*And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne*

Chorus

*For auld lang syne my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne*

Verse 2a

*We twa hae run about the braes
And pou'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne*

Verse 2b

*We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne*

Chorus**Verse 3b**

*And there's a hand my trusty fere
And gie's a hand o' thine
And we'll tak a right gude willie waught
For auld lang syne*

My Bonnie Mary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 80

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine and fill it in a si-ver tas sie that I may drink be-fore I go a
ser-vice to my bon-nie las sie the boat rocks a - t th-e pier o'Leith fu' loud the wi-nd blow-s frae the Fer-ry the
ship rides b - y th - e Ber - wick law and I maun lea - ve m - y bon - nie Ma - ry The

Verse 2

The trumpets sound the banners fly
 The glittering spears are ranked ready
 The shouts o' war are heard afar
 The battle closes deep and bloody
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar
 It's leaving thee my bonie Mary

My Bonnie Mary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 52

F Bbm F Bbm

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine and fill it in a sil-ver tas-sie that I may drink be-fore I go a

4 F Bbm F Bm C7

ser-vice to my bon-nie las-sie the boat rocks at the pier o' Leith fu' loud the wind blows frae the fer-ry the

7 F Bbm F

ship rides by the Ber-wick law and I maun leave my Bon-nie Ma-ry The

Verse 2

The trumpets sound the banners fly
 The glittering spears are ranked ready
 The shouts o' war are heard afar
 The battle closes deep and bloody
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar
 It's leaving thee my bonie Mary

Elegy on the Year 1788

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 85

For lords or kings I din-na mourn e'en let them die for tha-t they-'re born but oh pro-dig-ious to re-flect a
 tow-mont sirs is ga-ne t - o wreck o eigh-ty eight in thy sma' space what dire e-vents hae ta - ke-n place of
 what en - joy - ments thou hast reft us in what a pick - le thou has left us The

Verse 2

The Spanish empire's tint a head
 And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead
 The tulyie's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox
 And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks
 The tane is game a bluidy devil
 But to the hen birds unco civil
 The tither's something dour o' treadin
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a middin

Elegy on the Year 1788

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80
9 Verse 1

C F G⁷ C →← Dm G⁷ →← C F G⁷ C ↻

For lords or kings I - din-na mourn e'en let them die fo-r that they're born but o-h pro-dig-i-ous to ref-lect

12 Am Dm G⁷ C →← F G⁷ C →← Am Dm G⁷ ↻

a tow-mont sirs i - s gane to wreck o eight-y eight i - n thy sma' space what di-re e-vents hae ta - ken place

15 C F E⁷ D⁷ →← C Am Dm G⁷ C

of what en - joy - ments thou hast reft us in what a pick - le thou has left us

Verse 2 □

The Spanish empire's tint a head
 And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead
 The tulyie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox
 And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks
 The tane is game a bluidy devil
 But to the hen birds unco civil
 The tither's something dour o' treadin
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a middin