

Burns Revisited Volume 61

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New Year's Day - A Sketch

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 49 Verse 1 E

This day time winds th' ex - haus - ted chain to run the twelve-month's length a - gain I

see the old bald pa - ted fel - low with ar - dent eyes com - plex i - on swal - low ad -

just the un - im - pair'd mach - ine to wheel the equ - al dull rou - tine

A D A E⁷ A

E⁷ F[#]m B⁷ A E⁷ A

Scots Prologue for Mrs Sutherland

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

7 Verse 1 C = 75

Am F Dm G7

What needs this din a-bout the town o' Lon'on how this new play an' that new sang is com-in'

11 C Dm G7 C

why is out lan-dish stuff sae meik-le cour-ted does non-sense mend like a bran-dy when im-por ted

Verse 2

Is there nae poet burning keen for fame
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame
 For Comedy abroad he need to toil
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil

Verse 3

Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece
 There's themes enow in Caledonian story
 Would shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory

To a Gentleman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 63[←] A Verse 1 → D

Kind Sir I've read your pa - per through and faith to me 'twas real - ly new how

guessed ye Sir what maist I wan - ted this mon - ie a day I've grain'd and gaun - ted to

grate - fu' back your news I send you and a' guid things may at - tend you El -

lis - land Mon - day mor - ning sev - en - teen nine - ty

Verse 2

To ken what French mischief was brewin
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin
That vile doup-skelper Emperor Joseph
If Venus yet had got his nose off

Verse 3

Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks
Or if the Swede before he halt
Would play anither Charles the twalt

Verse 4

If Denmark any body spak o't
Or Poland wha had now the tack o't
How cut throat Prussian blades were hingin
How libbet Italy was singin

Verse 5

If Spaniard Portuguese or Swiss
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss
Or how our merry lads at hame
In Britain's court kept up the game

Verse 6

How royal George the Lord leuk o'er him
Was managing St Stephen's quorum
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in

Verse 7

How daddie Burke the plea was cookin
If Warren Hasting's neck was yeukin
How cesses stents and fees were rax'd
Or if bare arses yet were tax'd

Verse 8

The news o' princes dukes and earls
Pimps sharpers bawds and opera girls
If that daft buckie Geordie Wales
Was threshing still at hizzies' tails

Verse 9

Or if he was grown oughtlins douser
And no a perfect kintra cooser
A' this and mair I never heard of
And but for you I might despair'd of

End

So gratefu' back your news I send you
And pray a' gude things may attend you
Ellisland Monday Morning 1790

Remonstrance on Irregular Delivery

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

10 G ♩ = 52

Dear Pe - ter dear Pe - ter w - w po - or sons of me - tre are of - ten ne - glech - it ye ken

12 G

for in - stance your sheet man th - o' gla - d I'm to see't man I get it no ae day in ten

Elegy on Willie Nicol's Mare

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 → C Verse 1

Peg Nich - ol - son was a good bay mare as e - ver trod on airn but
 now she's floa - ting down the Nith and past the mouth o' Cairn Peg

Verse 2

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare
 An' rode thro' thick and thin
 But now she's floating down the Nith
 And wanting even the skin

Verse 3

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare
 And ance she bore a priest
 But now she's floating down the Nith
 For Solway fish a feast

Verse 4

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare
 An' the priest he rode her sair
 And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was
 As priest-rid cattle are

Guidwife count the lawin

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90
5

Verse 1

G⁷ C G⁷

Gane is the day and mirk's the hight but we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light guid ale and bran-dy's stars and moon

8

Chorus

F C

and bluid red wine's the ris - in' sun Then guid-wife count the law - in the

10

G⁷ C F C G⁷ C

law-in the law-in then guid-wife count the law-in and bring a co - g - gie mair

Verse 2

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen
 And simple folk maun fecht and fen'
 But here we're a' in ae accord
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord

Chorus

Verse 3

My coggie is a haly pool
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool
 And Pleasure is a wanton trout
 An ye drink it a' ye'll find him out

Chorus

Election Ballad

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1
Fin - try my stay in wor-dly strife friend o' my Muse friend o' my life are ye as i - dle's I am come
then wi' un-couth kin - tra fleg o'er peg - as - us I'll fling my leg and ye shall see me try him But

Verse 2

But where shall I go rin a ride
That I may splatter nane beside
I wad na be uncivil
In manhood's various paths and ways
There's aye some doytin' body strays
And I ride like the devil

Verse 3

Thus I break aff wi' a' my birr
And down yon dark deep alley spur
Where Theologies daunder
Alas curst wi' eternal fogs
And damn'd in everlasting bogs
As sure's the creed I'll blunder

Verse 4

I'll stain a band or jaup a gown
Or rin my reckless guilty crown
Against the haly door
Sair do I rue my luckless fate
When as the Muse an' Deil wad hae't
I rade that road before

Verse 5

Suppose I take a spurt and mix
Among the wilds o' Politics
Electors and elected
Where dogs at Court sad sons of bitches
Septennially a madness touches
Till all the land's infected

Verse 6

All hail Drumlanrig's haughty Grace
Discarded remnant of a race
Once godlike great in story
Thy forbears' virtues all contrasted
The very name of Douglas blasted
Thine that inverted glory

Verse 7

Hate envy oft the Douglas bore
But thou hast superadd'd more
And sunk them in contempt
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name
But Queensberry thine the virgin claim
From aught that's good exempt

Verse 8

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears
Who left the all important cares
Of princes and their darlings
And bent on winning borough touns
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons
And kissing barefitt carlins

Verse 9

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions
As Queensberry blue and buff unfurl'd
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled
To every Whig defiance

Verse 10

But cautious Queensberry left the war
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star
Besides he hated bleeding
But left behind him heroes bright
Heroes in Caesarian fight
Or Ciceronian pleading

Verse 11

O for a throat like huge Mons Meg
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners
Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics
To win immortal honours

Verse 12

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows
Led on the Loves and Graces
She won each gaping burgess' heart
While he sub rosa played his part
Among their wives and lasses

Verse 13

Craigdarroch led a light rm'd core
Tropes metaphors and figures pour
Like Hecla streaming thunder
Glenriddel skill'd in rusty coins
Blew up each Tory's dark designs
And bared the treason under

Verse 14

In either wing two champions fought
Redoubt'd Staig who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory
And Welsh who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground
High av'd his magnum onum round
With Cyclopeian fury

Verse 15

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks
The many ounders of the Banks
Resistless desolation
While Maxwellton that baron bold
Mid Lawson's port trench'd his hold
And threaten'd worse damnation

Verse 16

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd
With these what Tory warriors clos'd
Surpasses my describing
Squadrons extended long and large
With furious speed rush to the charge
Like furious devils driving

Verse 17

What verse can sing what prose narrate
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
Amid this mighty tulyie
Grim Horror giri'd pale Terror roar'd
As Murder at his thrapple shor'd
And Hell mix'd in the brulyie

Verse 18

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft
When lightnings fire the stormy life
Hurl down with crashing rattle
As flames among a hundred woods
As headlong foam from a hundred floods
Such is the rage of Battle

Verse 19

The stubborn Tories dare to die
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers

Verse 20

Lo from the shades of Death's deep night
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight
And think on former daring
The muffled murderer of Charles
The Magna Charter flag unfurls
All deadly gules its bearing

Verse 21

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham
Auld Covenanters shiver
Forgive forgive much rong'd Montrose
Now Death and Hell engulf thy foes
Thou liv'st on high for ever

Verse 22

Still o'er the field the combat burns
The Tories Whigs give way by turns
But Fate the word has spoken
For woman's wit and strength o'man
Alas can do but what they can
The Tory ranks are broken

Verse 23

O that my een were flowing burns
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing
That I might greet that I might cry
While Tories fall while Tories fly
And furious Whigs pursuing

Verse 24

What Whig but melts for good Sir James
Dear to his country by the names
Friend Patron Benefactor
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save
And Hopetoun falls the generous brave
And Stewart bold as Hector

Verse 25

Thou Pitt shalt rue this overthrow
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe
And Melville melt in wailing
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice
And Burke shall sing O Prince arise
Thy power is all-prevailing

Verse 26

For your poor friend the Bard afar
He only hears and sees the war
A cool spectator purely
So when the storm the forest rends
The robin in the hedge descends
And sober chirps securely

Verse 27

Now for my friends' and brethren's sakes
And for my dear ov'd Land o' Cakes
I pray with holy fire
Lord send a rough hod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell
To grind them in the mire

Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 → Eb Verse 1 → Fm Bb7 → Eb Cm → Bb7 ↻

O death thou ty - rant fell and bloo - dy the mei - kle de - vil wi' a woo - die haur thee

hame to his black smid - die o'er hur - cheon hides and like

stock fish come o'er his stud - die wi' thy auld sides He's gane

Verse 2

He's gane he's gane he's frae us torn
The ae best fellow e'er was born
Thee Matthew Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild
Where haply Pity strays forlorn
Frae man exil'd

Verse 3

Ye hills near neighbours o' the starns
That proudly cock your cresting cairns
Ye cliffs the haunts of sailing earns
Where Echo slumbers
Come join ye Nature's sturdiest bairns
My wailing numbers

Verse 4

Mourn ilka grove the cushat kens
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens
Ye burnies wimplin' down your glens
Wi' toddlin din
Or foaming strang wi' hasty stens
Frae lin to lin

Verse 5

Mourn little harebells o'er the lea
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see
Ye woodbines hanging bonilie
In scented bow'rs
Ye roses on your thorny tree
The first o' flow'rs

Verse 6

At dawn when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head
At ev'n when beans their fragrance shed
I' th' rustling gale
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade
Come join my wail

Verse 7

Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud
Ye whistling plover
And mourn we whirring pairtrick brood
He's gane for ever

Verse 8

Mourn sooty coots and speckled teals
Ye fisher herons watching eels
Ye duck and drake wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake
Ye bitterns till the quagmire reels
Rair for his sake

Verse 9

Mourn clam'ring craiks at close o' day
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our claud shore
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay
Wham we deplore

Verse 10

Ye houlets frae your ivy bow'r
In some auld tree or eldritch tow'r
What time the moon wi' silent glow'r
Sets up her horn
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn

Verse 11

O rivers forests hills and plains
Oft have ye heard my canty strains
But now what else for me remains
But tales of woe
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow

Verse 12

Mourn Spring thou darling of the year
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear
Thou Simmer while each corny spear
Shoots up its head
Thy gay green flow'ry tresses shear
For him that's dead

Verse 13

Thou Autumn wi' thy yellow hair
In grief thy sallow mantle tear
Thou Winter hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost

Verse 14

Mourn him thou Sun great source of light
Mourn Empress of the silent night
And you ye twinkling starnies bright
My Matthew mourn
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight
Ne'er to return

Verse 15

O Henderson the man the brother
And art thou gone and gone for ever
And hast thou crost that unknown river
Life's dreary bound
Like thee where shall I find another
The world around

Verse 16

Go to your sculptur'd tombs ye Great
In a' the tinsel trash o' state
But by thy honest turf I'll wait
Thou man of worth
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth

The Epitaph

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75
13 Verse 1a

Em Am →← Em →← Am ↻

Stop pas-sen-ger my stor-y's brief and truth I shall re-late man I tell nae com-mon tale o' grief ↻

16 Verse 1b

Em →← Am ↻

for Matt-hew was a great man If thou un-com-mon me-rit hast ↻

18 Em →← Am →← Em ↻

ye-t spurn'd at fo-r-tu-ne's door man a look of pi-ty hith-er cast for Matt-hew was a poor man

Verse 2a

If thou a noble sodger art
That passest by this grave man
There moulders here a gallant heart
For Matthew was a brave man

Verse 2b

If thou on men their works and ways
Canst throw uncommon light man
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise
For Matthew was a bright man

Verse 3a

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign man
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'
For Matthew was a kind man

Verse 3b

If thou art staunch without a stain
Like the unchanging blue man
This was a kinsman o' thy ain
For Matthew was a true man

Verse 4a

If thou hast wit and fun and fire
And ne'er guid wine did fear man
This was thy billie dam and sire
For Matthew was a queer man

Verse 4b

If ony whiggish whingin' sot
To blame poor Matthew dare man
May dool and sorrow be his lot
For Matthew was a rare man

Verse 5a

But now his radiant course is run
For Matthew's was a bright one
His soul was like the glorious sun
A matchless Heavenly light man

Verses on Captain Grose

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89
21 Verse 1

C F → D⁷ G⁷ → C F → D G⁷ C ↻

Ken ye aught o' Cap-tain Grose i - go and a - go if he's a-mang his friends or foes im-ram co-ram da - go

↻ 25

F → D G⁷ → C F → D⁷ G⁷ C

is he south or is he north i - go and a - go or drown-ed in the ri - ver Forth ir - am co-ram da - go

Verse 2

Is he slain by Hielan' bodies
Igo and ago
And eaten like a wether haggis
Iram coram dago
Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane
Igo and ago
Or haudin Sarah by the wame
Iram coram dago

Verse 3

Where'er he be the Lord be near him
Igo and ago
As for the deil he daur na steer him
Iram coram dago
But please transmit th' enclosed letter
Igo and ago
Which will oblige your humble debtor
Iram coram dago

Verse 4

So may ye hae auld stanes in store
Igo and ago
The very stanes that Adam bore
Iram coram dago
So may ye get in glad possession
Igo and ago
The coins o' Satan's coronation
Iram coram dago