

Burns Revisited Volume 62

1. On the birth of a posthumous child
2. Elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo
3. Lament on Mary Queen of Scots
4. Lament on Mary Queen of Scots
5. There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame
6. The Banks O' Doon (second version)
7. The Banks O' Doon (third version)
8. Lament for James Earl of Glencairn
9. Lines to Sir John Whiteford
10. Epigram on Miss Davies

On the birth of a posthumous child

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80 Eb

Verse 1a

6 Sweet flow-ret pledge o' mei-kle love and ward o' mon-ie a prayer what heart o' stane wad thou na

11 move sae help-less sweet and fair No-ven-ber hir-ples o'er the lea chill on thy love ly

form and gane a - las the shelt-'ring tree should shield thee fae the storm

Verse 2a

May He who gives the rain to pour
And wings the blast to blaw
Protect thee frae the driving show'r
The bitter frost and snaw

Verse 2b

May He the friend o' Woe and Want
Who heals life's various stounds
Protect and guard the mother plant
And heal her cruel wounds

Verse 3a

But late she flourish'd rooted fast
Fair in the summer morn
Now feebly bends she in the blast
Unshelter'd and forlorn

Verse 3b

Blest be thy bloom thou lovely gem
Unscath'd by ruffian hand
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land

On the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90
15 Verse 1

F B♭ F Dm B♭ C⁷

Life ne'er ex - ul - ted in so rich a prize as Bur - net love - ly from her nat - ive skies

19 F B♭ F Dm Gm C⁷ F

nor en - vious death so triumph'd in a blow as that which laid th' ac - complish'd Bur - net low

Verse 2

Thy form and mind sweet maid can I forget
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set
 In thee high Heaven above was truest shown
 As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known

Verse 3

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride ye groves
 Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore
 Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves
 Ye cease to charm Eliza is no more

Verse 4

Ye healthy wastes immix'd with reedy fens
 Ye mossy streams with sedge and rushes stor'd
 Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens
 To you I fly ye with my soul accord

Verse 5

Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail
 And thou sweet Excellence forsake our earth
 And not a Muse with honest grief bewail

Verse 6

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride
 And Virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres
 But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide
 Thou left us darkling in a world of tears

Verse 7

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee
 That heart how sunk a prey to grief and care
 So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree
 So from it ravish'd leaves it bleak and bare

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 130 G Verse 1

Am D7 G C G

Now na - ture hangs her man - tle green on eve - ry blo - o ming tree and spreads her sheets o'

11 D7 C D7 G Am D7 G Em Am

dai - sies white out o'er the gras - sy lea now Phobe - bus cheers the crys - tal streams and glads the

22 D7 G D7 A D7 G

ax - ure skies but nought can glad the wea - ry wight that fast in dur - ance Now

Verse 2

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing
The merle in his noontide bow'r
Makes woodland echoes ring
The mavis wild wi' mony a note
Sings drowsy day to rest
In love and freedom they rejoice
Wi' care nor thrall opprest

Verse 3

Now blooms the lily by the bank
The primrose down the brae
The hawthorn's budding in the glen
And milk white is the slae
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang
But I the Queen of a' Scotland
Maun lie in prison strang

Verse 4

I was the Queen o' bonie France
Where happy I hae been
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn
As blythe lay down at e'en
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland
And mony a traitor there
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never ending care

Verse 5

But as for thee thou false woman
My sister and my fae
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e

Verse 6

My son my son may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er wad blink on mine
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes
Or turn their hearts to thee
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
Remember him for me

Verse 7

O soon to me may Summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn
Nae mair to me the Autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn
And in the narrow house of death
Let Winter round me rave
And the next flow'rs that deck the Spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots_a

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87- Verse 1

Now nat - ure hangs her man - tle green on eve - ry bloo - ming tree an - d spreads her sheets o' dai - sies white_ out o'er the gras - sy lea now Phoebus cheers the crys - tal streams and glads the az - ure skies but nought can glad_ the wea - ry wight that fast_ in dur - ance lies Now

Verse 2

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing
The merle in his noontide bow'r
Makes woodland echoes ring
The mavis wild wi' mony a note
Sings drowsy day to rest
In love and freedom they rejoice
Wi' care nor thrall opprest

Verse 3

Now blooms the lily by the bank
The primrose down the brae
The hawthorn's budding in the glen
And milk white is the slae
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang
But I the Queen of a' Scotland
Maun lie in prison strang

Verse 4

I was the Queen o' bonie France
Where happy I hae been
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn
As blythe lay down at e'en
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland
And mony a traitor there
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never ending care

Verse 5

But as for thee thou false woman
My sister and my fae
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e

Verse 6

My son my son may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er wad blink on mine
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes
Or turn their hearts to thee
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
Remember him for me

Verse 7

O soon to me may Summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn
Nae mair to me the Autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn
And in the narrow house of death
Let Winter round me rave
And the next flow'rs that deck the Spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave

There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 Verse 1

B - y yon cas-tle wa' at the close of the day I - heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey an - d

as he was sing - ing the tears do-on cam there'll ne - ver be peace till Jam - ie comes hame Th - e

Verse 2

The Church is in ruins the State is in jars
 Delusions oppressions and murderous wars
 We dare na weel say't but we ken wha's to blame
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

Verse 3

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword
 But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithful and dame
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

Verse 4

Now life is a burden that bows me down
 Sin' I tint my bairns and he tint his crown
 But till my last moments my words are the same
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

The Banks O' Doon

Second Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 ^A Verse 1

Ye - flow-ery bank o' bon - nie Doon ho-w canye blume sae fair_ ho-w canye chant ye lit - tle birds an d

I sae fu' o care_ thou'll bre-ak m-y hea-rt tho-u bon - nie bird that sings u-pon the bough_ thou

mi-nds m - e o' - th - e ha - py days when my fause luve was true_ Thou-ll

Verse 2

Thou'll break my heart thou bonie bird
 That sings upon the bough
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luve was true

Verse 3

Thou'll break my heart thou bonie bird
 That sings beside thy mate
 For sae I sat and sae I sang
 And wist na o' my fate

Verse 4

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine
 And ilka bird sang o' its Luve
 And sae did I o' mine

Verse 5

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon its thorny tree
 But my fause Luver staw my rose
 And left the thorn wi' me

Verse 6

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon a morn in June
 And sae I flourished on the morn
 And sae was pu'd or noon

The Banks o' Doon

Third Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 105
Verse 1

Y-e ban-ks and brae-s o' bon - nie Doon ho-w can ye bloom sae fresh an-d fair ho-w

ca - n ye cha-nt ye lit - tle birds an-d I sae wea - ry fu' o' care thou'll break my heart though

warb - ling bird that wan - tons thro' the flow - ering thorn tho - u mi - nds me

o' - de - pa - r - ted joys de - pa - r - ted ne - ver to re - turn Af - t

Verse 2

Aft hae I rov'd by Bonie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine
 And ilka bird sang o' its Luv
 And fondly sae did I o' mine
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree
 And may fause Luv'er staw my rose
 But ah he left the thorn wi' me

Lament for James Earl of Glencairn

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 93

Verse 1

The wind blew hol-low frae the hills by fits the sun's de-par-ting beam look'd
 on the fa-ding yel-lowwoods that wav'd o'er Lu-gar's win-dingstream be-neath a crai-gy steep a
 Bard la-den with years and mei-kle pain in loud la-ment be-wail'd his
 lord whom death had all un-time-ly ta'en He

Verse 2

He lean'd him to an ancient aik
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years
 His locks were bleached white with time
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang
 The winds lamenting thro' their caves
 To Echo bore the notes along

Verse 3

Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing
 The reliques o' the vernal queir
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the aged year
 A few short months and glad and gay
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me

Verse 4

I am a bending aged tree
 That long has stood the wind and rain
 But now has come a cruel blast
 And my last hald of earth is gane
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom
 But I maun lie before the storm
 And ithers plant them in my room

Verse 5

I've seen sae monie changefu' years
 On earth I am a stranger grown
 I wander in the ways of men
 Alike unknowing and unknown
 Unheard unpitied unreliev'd
 I bear alane my lade o' care
 For silent low on beds of dust
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share

Verse 6

And last the sum of a' my griefs
 My noble master lies in clay
 The flow'r amang our barons bold
 His country's pride his country's stay
 In weary being now I pine
 For a' the life of life is dead
 And hope has left may aged ken
 On forward wing for ever fled

Verse 7

Awake thy last sad voice my harp
 The voice of woe and wild despair
 Awake resound thy latest lay
 Then sleep in silence evermair
 And thou my last best only friend
 That fillest an untimely tomb
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom

Verse 8

In Poverty's low barren vale
 Thick mists obscure involv'd me round
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye
 Nae ray of fame was to be found
 Thou found'st me like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air
 The friendless bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care

Verse 9

O why has worth so short a date
 While villains ripen grey with time
 Must thou the noble gen'rous great
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prim
 Why did I live to see that day
 A day to me so full of woe
 O had I met the mortal shaft
 That laid my benefactor low

Verse 10

The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee
 But I'll remember thee Glencairn
 And a' that thou hast done for me

Lines to Sir John Whiteford

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

1 D F#m Em A7

Thou who thy hon - our as thy God re - ver'st who save thy mind's re-proach not earth - ly fear'st to thee

5 D F#m Em A7 Dmaj7

this vo - tive of fering I im - part the tear - ful trib-ute of a bro - ken heart the friend tho - u

10 Bm Em A7 Dmaj7 Bm Em A7

val - ued'st I the pat-ronloved his worth hi - s hon-our all the world ap proved we'll mourn

17 D F#m rit. Em F#m A7 D

till we too go as he has gone and tread the sha-dow-y path to that dark world unknown

Epigram on Miss Davies

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

As - k why God made th - e gem so small and why so huge the gran - ite be -

cause God meant ma - n - kind should set that high - er val - ue on it