

Burns Revisited Volume 63

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The charms of Lovely Davies

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 100

O how shall I un - skil - fu' try the po - et's oc - cu pat - ion the tune - fu' powers in
 hap - py hours that whis - per in - spir - at - ion e - ven they maundare an ef - fort than aught they
 e - ver gave us ere they re - hearse in equ - al verse the charms o' lov - ely Dav - ies Each

Verse 2

Each eye it cheers when she appears
 Like Phoebus in the morning
 When past the shower and every flower
 The garden is adorning
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore
 When winter bound the wave is
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming lovely Davies

Verse 3

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift
 That maks us mair than princes
 A sceptred hand a king's command
 Is in her darting glances
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms
 Even he her willing slave is
 He hugs his chain and owns the reign
 Of conquering lovely Davies

Verse 4

My Muse to dream of such a theme
 Her feeble powers surrender
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour
 I wad in vain essay the strain
 The deed too daring brave is
 I'll drap the lyre and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies

The Posie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 73

B♭ F7 Gm Cm F7

O luv will ven-ture in where it daur na weel be seen o luv will ven-ture in where wis-dom ance has been but

5 B♭ F7 Gm F7 B♭

I will doun yon ri-ver rove a-mang the woods sae green and a' to pu' a po-sie to my ain dear May The

Verse 2

The primrose I will pu' the firstling o' the year
 And I will pu' the pink the emblem o' my dear
 For she's the pink o' womankind and blooms without a peer
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 3

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phoebus peeps in view
 For it's like a baummy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 4

The lily it is pure and the lily it is fair
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 5

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray
 Where like an aged man it stands at break o' day
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 6

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ning star is near
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear
 The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

Verse 7

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luv
 And I'll place it in her breast and I'll swear by a' above
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove
 And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May

On Glenriddell's Fox breaking his chain

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

F C Gm

Thou lib - er - ty thou ar - t m-y theme not such as i - dle po - ets dream who trick thee

10 up a hea - then go-d - dess that a fan - tas - tic cap and rod had such stale con - ceits

19 are poor and sil - ly I paint thee out a High - land fi - l - ly A stur - dy stub - born hand - some

28 dap ple as sleek's a mouse as round's an ap ple that when thou pleas - ent canst do won - ders

37 but when thy luck - less ri - der blun - ders or if thy fan - cy

43 should de - mure there wilt break thy neck ere thou go fur - ther

rall.

On pastoral poetry

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

49 $\text{♩} = 77$ E^{\flat} Verse 1 B^{\flat} E^{\flat} $\text{B}^{\flat 7}$ E^{\flat} $\text{B}^{\flat 7}$

Hail Poe-sie tho-u nymph re-sev'd in cha-se o'-thee what crowds hae swerv'd frae com-mon sen-se o-r sunk en-erv'd

52 E^{\flat} G^{\flat} $\text{B}^{\flat 7}$ E^{\flat}

ma - ng heaps o' cla-vers and och o-'er aft thy joes hae starv'd mid a' thy fav-ours

Verse 2

Say Lassie why thy train amang
While loud the trump's heroic clang
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang
But wi' miscarriage

Verse 3

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives
Wee Pope the knurlin' till him rives
Horatian fame
In thy sweet sang Barbauld survives
Even Sappho's flame

Verse 4

But thee Theocritus wha matches
They're no herd's ballats Maro's catches
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches
O' heathen tatters
I pass by hunders nameless wretches
That ape their betters

Verse 5

In this braw age o' wit and lear
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace
And wi' the far fam'd Grecian share
A rival place

Verse 6

Yes there is ane a Scottish callan
There's ane come forrit honest Allan
Thou need na jouk behind the hallan
A chiel sae clever
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan
But thou's for ever

Verse 7

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines
In thy sweet Caledonian lines
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtle twines
Where Philomel
While nightly breezes sweep the vines
Her griefs will tell

Verse 8

In gowany glens thy burnie strays
Where bonie lasses bleach their claes
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes
Wi' hawthorns gray
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day

Verse 9

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel'
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell
Nae snap conceits but that sweet spell
O' witchin love
That charm that can the strongest quell
The sternest move

The Gallant Weaver

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

Where cart rubs riw-in' to the sea by mon-ie a flower and spread-ing tree where lives a lad the lad for me he

Verse 2

is a gal-lant wea - ver O I had woo-ers aught or nine they gied me rings and rib-bons fine and

Refrain

I was fear'd my heart wad tine and I gied it to the wea - ver My dad - die sign'd my toch - er band to

Verse 3

birds re - joice in lea - fy bowers while bees de - light in op - ening flowers while

corn grows green in sum - mer showers I love my gal - lant wea - ver

Epigram at Brownhill Inn

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 130

G → D7 → G → C → G → A → D7 ↻

At Brown-hill we al-ways get dain-ty good cheer and plen-ty of ba-con each day in the year we've

9 G → D7 → G → C → G → D7 → G ↻

a' thing that's nice and most-ly in sea son but why al-ways ba-con come tell me a re-son

O for ane an' twenty Tam

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

The-y snool m-e sair an-d haud m-e down a-n' gar me look like blun-tie Tam bu-t three sho-rt years wi-ll

soon whe-el roun' an- d then comes ane an' twen- ty Tam A- n' o for ane an' twn- ty Tam an- d

hey sweet ane an' twen-ty Tam I-'ll learn my kin a rat- tln' sang_ an I saw ane an' twen-ty Tam A -

Finish

Chorus

Verse 2

A glieb o' lan' a claut o' gear
 Was left me by my auntie Tam
 At kith or kin I need na spier
 An I saw ane an' twenty Tam

Chorus

Verse 3

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty Tam
 But hear'st thou laddie there's my loof
 I'm thine at ane an' twenty Tam

My Bonnie Bell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 43 C
Verse 1

The smil - ing spring comes in re - joi - cing and sur - ly win - ter grim - ly flies now
 3 crys - tal clear are the fal - ling wa - ters and bon - nie blue are the sun - ny skies fresh
 5 o'er the moun - tains breaks forth the mor - ning the ev' - ning gilds the oc - ean's swell all
 7 crea - tures joy in the sun's re - tur - ning and I re - joice in my Bon - nie Bell The

Verse 2

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer
 The yellow Autumn presses near
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter
 Till smiling Spring again appear
 Thus seasons dancing life advancing
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell
 But never ranging still unchanging
 I adore my bonie Bell

Address to the shade of Thomson

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

Verse 1

While vir-gin Spring by E-den's flood un-folds her ten der man-tle green or pranks the sod in fro-lic

Refrain 1

mood or tunes E - ol - ian strains be- tween While Au-tum ben - e - fac-tor kind by Tweed e -

rects his ag - 'ed head and sees with self ap - prov - ing

mind each crea - ture on his boun - ty fed While Sum - mer

Verse 2

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade
Yet oft delighted stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade

Refrain 2

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows

Verse 3

So long sweet Poet of the year
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won
While Scotia with exulting tear
Proclaims that Thomson was her son

Nithsdale's welcome hame

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100⁺ Verse 1

The no - ble Max - wells and their powers are com - ing o'er the bor - der and
 they'll gae big Ter-rea-gles towers and set them a' in or - der and they de - clare Ter rea - gles fair for
 their a - bode they choose it there's no a heart in a' the land but's ligh - ter at the new o't Tho'

Verse 2

Tho' stars in skies may disappear
 And angry tempests gather
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyfu' morrow
 So dawning day has brought relief
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow