

Burns Revisited Volume 66

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The country lassie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 Verse 1

In sim-mer when the hay was mawn and corn wav'd green in il-ka field while cla-ver blooms white o'er the lea and
ro - ses blaw in il - ka beild blyth Bes - sie in the mil-king shiel says I'll be wed come o't what will out
spake a dame in wrin - kled eild o gude ad - vise - ment comes nae ill It's

Verse 2

It's ye hae woers mony ane
And lassie ye're but young ye ken
Then wait a wee and cannie wale
A routhie butt a routhie ben
There's Johnie o' the Buskie glen
Fu' is his barn fu' is his byre
Take this frae me my bonie hen
It's plenty beets the luvver's fire

Verse 3

For Johnie o' the Buskie glen
I dinna care a single flie
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye
He has nae love to spare for me
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie len and a' his gear

Verse 4

Thoughtless lassie life's a faught
The canniest gate the strife is sair
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best
A hungry care's an unco care
But some will spend and some will spare
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will
Syne as ye brew my maiden fair
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill

Verse 5

O gear will buy me rigs o' land
And gear will buy me sheep and kye
But the tender heart o' leesome love
The gowd and siller canna buy
We may be poor Robie and I
Light is the burden love lays on
Content and love brings peace and joy
What mair hae Queens upon a throne

Bessy and her spinning wheel

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

O leeze me o-n my spin-nin' wheel and le-eze me o-n my ro-ck and re-el frae tap to ta-e thatcleeds me bien and
 ha-ps me bi-el and wa-rm at e'en I'll set me do-wn and sing and spin while lai-gh de-scen-ds the
 sim mer su-n blest wi' con-te-nt and milk and meal o lea-ze me o-n my spin-nin' wheel On

Verse 2

On ilka hand the burnies trot
 And meet below my theekit cot
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest
 And little fishes' caller rest
 The sun blinks kindly in the beil'
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel

Verse 3

On lofty aiks the cushats wail
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes
 Delighted rival ither's lays
 The craik amang the claver hay
 The pairtrick whirring o'er the ley
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel
 Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel

Verse 4

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy
 Aboon distress below envy
 O wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great
 Amid their flairing idle toys
 Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel

Love for love

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 $\text{♩} = 90$ B \flat →→ →→ E \flat →→ ↻

I - thers seek they ken - na what fea - tures car - riage and a' that
Let love spar - kle in her e'e let her lo'e nae man but me

21 →→ B \flat →→ F 7 →→ E \flat →→ B \flat ↻

gie me loove in her I court loove to loove maks a' the sport
that's the to - cher guid I prize there the luv - er's trea - sure lies

I'll meet thee on the Lea Rig

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 75

F C → F G C → F C ↻

When o'er the hill the eas-tern star tells bugh-tin' time is near my jo and ow sen frae the fur-row'd fieldre turn sae

↻ 4 F G C → Am E7 ↻

dowf and wea - ry O → down by the burn where scen - ted birks wi' dew are han - gin

↻ 6 Am G7 → C F G → C ↻

clear my jo I'll meet thee on the lea rig my ain kind dea - rie O At

Verse 2

At midnight hour in mirkest glen
 I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee
 My ain kind Dearie O
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild
 And I were ne'er sae weary O
 I'll meet thee on the lea rig
 My ain kind Dearie O

Verse 3

The hunter lo'es the morning sun
 To rouse the mountain deer my jo
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen
 Adown the burn to steer my jo
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey
 It makes my heart sae cheery O
 To meet thee on the lea rig
 My ain kind Dearie O

The winsome wee thing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 ♩ = 89 Verse 1 G D G D

I ne-ver saw a fai-rer I ne-ver lo'ed a dea - rer and neist my heart I'll wear her for fear my jewel

16 Chorus G A G A

tine She is a win-some wee thing she is a hand-some wee

20 G A G A G

thing she is a lo'e-some wee thing this sweet wee wife o' mine

Verse 2

The world's wrack we share o't
 The warstle and the care o't
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it
 And think my lot divine

Chorus

Highland Mary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 83 E♭ B♭ E♭

Verse 1

Ye banks and braes an-d streams a-round the cas-tle o' Mont-gom-ery green
 be your wo-ods an-d fair your flowers your wa-ters ne-ver drum-lie there sim-mer fir-st u-n-fauld her robes and
 there the lan-gest tar-ry for there I to-ok th-e last fare-weel o' my sweet High-land Ma-ry How

Verse 2

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom
 The golden Hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my Dearie
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary

Verse 3

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender
 And pledging aft to meet again
 We tore oursels asunder
 But oh fell Death's untimely frost
 That nipt my Flower sae early
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary

Verse 4

O pale pale now those rosy lips
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwalt on me sae kindly
 And mouldering now in sil'ent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary

Auld Rob Morris

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 = 73 **G** Verse 1

There's Auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon glen he's the king o' guid fel-lows and wale o'auld men

13 he has gowd in his cof-fers he has ow-sen and kine and ae bon-nie lass his dau-tie and mine

Verse 2

She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e

Verse 3

But oh she's an Heiress auld Robin's a laird
 And my daddie has nought but a cot house and yard
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead

Verse 4

The day comes to me but delight brings me nane
 The night comes to me but my rest it is gane
 I wander my lane like a night troubled ghaist
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast

Verse 5

O had she but been of a lower degree
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me
 O how past describing had then been my bliss
 As now my distraction nae words can express

Epigram on seeing Miss Fontenelle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87
17

Verse 1

C → C/B C/A C/G D/F# G7 → C → C C/B → C/A C/G ↻

Sweet nai- vete of fea- ture sim- ple wild en- chan- ting elf not to thee but thanks to Na- ture

23

D/F# G7 → C → C Verse 2 → C/B C/A C/G D/F# G7 ↻

thou art act- ing but thy - self Wert thou awk- ward stiff af - fec - ted spur- ning na- ture tor- turing

28

C → C C/B → C/A C/G → D/F# G7 → C

art loves and grac- ces all re - jec - ted then in - deed thou'dst act a part

Extempore on some commemorations of Thomson

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

Verse 1a

D E A D

Dost thou not rise in-dig-nant shade and smile wi'spur-ning scorn when they wha wad hae starved thy life thy

Verse 1b

E A F#m Bm E E7

sense-less turf a- donrn they wha a- bout thee mak sic fuss now thou art but a name wad

Verse 1c

A D E A

seen thee damn'd ere they had spar'd ae plack to fill thy wame Help -

Verse 2a

Helpless alane thou clamb the brae
 Wi' meikle honest toil
 And claught th' unfading garland there
 Thy sair-worn rightful spoil

Verse 2b

And wear it thou and call aloud
 This axiom undoubted
 Would thou hae Nobles' patronage
 First learn to live without it

Verse 3b

To whom hae much more shall be given
 Is every Great man's faith
 But he the helpless needful wretch
 Shall lose the mite he hath

Extempore on some commemorations of Thomson

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Verse 1a

Do st thou not rise in-dig-nant shade and smile wi'spur-ning scorn whe-n they wha wad hae starved thy life thy

Verse 1b

sense-less turf a - dorn the - y wha a - bout thee mak sic fuss now thou art but a name wa - d

seen thee damn'd ere they had spar'd ae plack to fill thy wame Hel - p -

Verse 2a

Helpless alane thou clamb the brae
 Wi' meikle honest toil
 And claught th' unfading garland there
 Thy sair-worn rightful spoil

Verse 2b

And wear it thou and call aloud
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