

# Burns Revisited Volume 67

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# Duncan Gray

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 77 Cm Verse 1

Dun-can Gray cam' here to woo ha ha the woo-ing o't onblythe Yule night when we were fu' ha  
ha the woo-ing o't Mag-gie coost her head fu' high look'd  
ask-lent and un-co skeigh bart poor Dun-can stand a-beigh ha ha the woo-ing o't

## Verse 2

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd  
Ha ha the wooing o't  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig  
Ha ha the wooing o't  
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in  
Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin'  
Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn  
Ha ha the wooing o't

## Verse 3

Time and chance are but a tide  
Ha ha the wooing o't  
Slighted love is sair to bide  
Ha ha the wooing o't  
Shall I like a fool quoth he  
For a haughty hizzie die  
She may gae to France for me  
Ha ha the wooing o't

## Verse 4

How it comes let doctors tell  
Ha ha the wooing o't  
Meg grew sick as he grew hale  
Ha ha the wooing o't  
Something in her bosom wrings  
For relief a sigh she brings  
And o her een they spak sic things  
Ha ha the wooing o't

## Verse 5

Duncan was a lad o' grace  
Ha ha the wooing o't  
Maggie 's was a piteous case  
Ha ha the wooing o't  
Duncan couldna be her death  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath  
Now they're crouse and canty baith  
Ha ha the wooing o't

# O poortith cauld and restless love

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89

Verse 1

G D G →← D →← G D G ↻

O poor-tith caul and re-st-le ss love yewrack my peace be-tween ye yet poor-tith a' I cou - ld for-give an'

↻ 4 C D G →← Chorus C G →← C ↻

twere na for my Jean-ie O why should fate sic plea-sure have life's dea-rest bands un-twin ing or

↻ 7 G C →← C G ↻

why sae sweet a flower as love de - pend on for -tune's shin - ing This

## Verse 2

The world's wealth when I think on  
 It's pride and a' the lave o't  
 O fie on silly coward man  
 That he should be the slave o't

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Her e'en sae bonie blue betray  
 How she repays my passion  
 But prudence is her o'erword aye  
 She talks o' rank and fashion

## Chorus

## Verse 4

O wha can prudence think upon  
 And sic a lassie by him  
 O wha can prudence think upon  
 And sae in love as I am

## Chorus

## Verse 5

How blest the simple cotter's fate  
 He woos his artless dearie  
 The silly bogles wealth and state  
 Can never make him eerie

## Chorus

# Braw lads o' Galla Water

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $\text{♩} = 85$  G Verse 1

Braw braw lads on Yar - row braes they rove a - mang the bloo - ming hea - ther but

11 G D7 G D7 G

Yar - row braes nor Ett - rick shaws can match the lads o' Gal - la Wa - ter

## Verse 2

But there is ane a secret ane  
 Aboon them a' I loe him better  
 And I'll be his and he'll be mine  
 The bonie lad o' Galla Water

## Verse 3

Altho' his daddie was nae laird  
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher  
 Yet rich in kindest truest love  
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water

## Verse 4

It ne'er was wealth it ne'er was wealth  
 That coft contentment peace or pleasure  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love  
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure

# On hearing a thrush sing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

A F#m Bm E7 C#m F#m

Sing on swe - et thrush u - pon the leaf - less bough sing on swe - et bird I lis - ten

Bm E7 A F#m Bm E C#m

to th - y strain see aged Win - ter mid his sur - ly reign at thy bly - the

F#m Bm E7 A D° A D°

ca - rol clears his fur - row - ed brow so in lone pov - er - ty's do - min - ion dear sits

A D° A D° C C+

meeek con - tent with light un - anx - ious heart wel - comes the ra - pid mo - ments bids them

Am C7 Dm E7 A F#m

part nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear I thank the - e au - thor of

Bm E7 C#m F#m Bm E A

this op - ening day thou those bri - ght sun now gilds yon o - ri - ent skies rich - es de

F#m Bm E7 C#m F#m Bb E7

nied thy boon was pu - rer joys what wealth could ne - ver give nor take a - way but

A D° A F#m

come thou child of po - ver - ty and care the mite hi - gh

Bm E7 A

hea - v'n bes - tow'd that mite with thee I'll share

# Lord Gregory

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

O - mirk mirk is this mi - d - ni - ght hour an - d loud the tem - pest's roar a -  
 wae - fu' wan - derer se - eks th - y tower Lo - rd Greg - ory ope thy door A - n

## Verse 2

An exile frae her father's ha'  
 And a' for loving thee  
 At least some pity on me shaw  
 If love it may na be

## Verse 3

Lord Gregory mind'st thou not the grove  
 By bonie Irwine side  
 Where first I own'd that virgin love  
 I lang lang had denied

## Verse 4

How aften didst thou pledge and vow  
 Thou wad for aye be mine  
 And my fond heart itsel' sae true  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine

## Verse 5

Hard is thy heart Lord Gregory  
 And flinty is thy breast  
 Thou bolt of Heaven that flashest by  
 O wilt thou bring me rest

## Verse 6

Ye mustering thunders from above  
 Your willing victim see  
 But spare and pardon my fause Love  
 His wrangs to Heaven and me

# Open the door to me o

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

O o - pen the door some pi - ty t - o show if love it may na be o tho'

thou hast been false I'll e - ver pro - ve true o o - pen the door to me o Cauld

## Verse 2

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek  
 But caulder thy love for me O  
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart  
 Is nought to my pains frae thee O

## Verse 3

The wan Moon is setting beyond the white wave  
 And Time is setting with me O  
 False friends false love farewell for mair  
 I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee O

## Verse 4

She has open'd the door she has open'd it wide  
 She sees the pale corse on the plain O  
 My true love she cried and sank down by his side  
 Never to rise again O

# Young Jessie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

True hear - ted was he the sad swain o' the Yar - row and fair are the maids on the  
 banks o' the Ayr but by the sweet side o' the Nith's win - ding ri - ver are lo - vers as faith - ful and  
 maid - ens as fair to equ - al young Jes - sie seek Sco - tia all o - ver to e - qual young Jes - sie you  
 seek it in vain grace beau - ty and el - eg - ance fet - ter her lo - ver and  
 mai - den - ly mo - dest - y fix - es the chain Fresh

## Verse 2

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close  
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie  
 Unseen is the lily unheeded the rose  
 Love sits in her smile a wizard ensnaring  
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger  
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'



# The Soldier's Return

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 55

G D7 Em C D7 G D7 Em A7

When wild war's dead-ly blast was blawn and gen-tle peace re - tur-ning wi' mon-ie a sweet babe fath-er-less and

mon - ie a wi - dow mour-ning I left the lines and ten - ted field where lang I'd been a

lod - ger my hum - ble knap - sack a' my wealth a poor and hon - est sod - ger A

## Verse 2

A leal light heart was in my breast  
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder  
 And for fair Scotia hame again  
 I cheery on did wander  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil  
 I thought upon my Nancy  
 I thought upon the witching smile  
 That caught my youthful fancy

## Verse 3

At length I reach'd the bonie glen  
 Where early life I sported  
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn  
 Where Nancy aft I courted  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid  
 Down by her mother's dwelling  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my een was swelling

## Verse 4

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I Sweet lass  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom  
 O happy happy may he be  
 That's dearest to thy bosom  
 My purse is light I've far to gang  
 And fain would be thy lodger  
 I've serv'd my king and country lang  
 Take pity on a sodger

## Verse 5

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me  
 And lovelier was than ever  
 Quo' she A sodger ance I lo'ed  
 Forget him shall I never  
 Our humble cot and hamely fare  
 Ye freely shall partake it  
 That gallant badge the dear cockade  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't

## Verse 6

She gaz'd she redden'd like a rose  
 Syne pale like only lily  
 She sank within my arms and cried  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie  
 By him who made yon sun and sky  
 By whom true love's regarded  
 I am the man and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded

## Verse 7

The wars are o'er and I'm come hame  
 And find thee still true hearted  
 Tho' poor in gear we're rich in love  
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted  
 Quo' she My grandsire left me gowd  
 A mailen plenish'd fairly  
 And come my faithfu' sodger lad  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly

## Verse 8

For gold the merchant ploughs the main  
 The farmer ploughs the manor  
 But glory is the sodger's prize  
 The sodger's wealth is honor  
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise  
 Nor count him as a stranger  
 Remember he's his country's stay  
 In day and hour of danger

# Ye true loyal natives

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Ye true loyal na - tives at - tend to m - y song in up - roar an - d ri - ot  
 re - jice the night long from en - vy an - d hat - red your corps is ex - empt but  
 whe - re is your shield from the darts of con - tempt

# On Commissary Goldie's Bairns

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 79

9 C →→ →→ F →→ C ↻

Lord to ac - count who dares thee call or e'er dis - pute thy plea - sure else

↻ 13 →→ →→ F G →→ C

why with - in so thick a wall en - close so poor a trea - sure