

# Burns Revisited Volume 68

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# Lines inscribed in a lady's pocket almanac

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

F B♭ C F B♭ C

Grant me in - dul - gent heaven that I may live to see the mis ereants feel the pains they give

5 F B♭ C F B♭ C F

deal free - dom's sac - red treas - ures free as air till slave and des - pot be but things that were

**rit.** . . . . .

# A Toast

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87<sup>+</sup> Ab

In - stead of a song boys I'll give you a toast here's

to the mem - ory of those on the twel - fth that we lost that

we lost did I say nay by Heav'n that we found for

thei - r fame it will last while the wor - ld go - es round the

next in suc - ces - sion I'll give you the King who - e'er would be - tray him on high

may he swing and here's the grand fab - ric ou - r free con - stit - ut - ion as

built on the base of ou - r great rev - ol - ut - ion and lon - ger with pol - it - ics

not to be cramm'd be an - ar - chy curs'd an - d b - e ty - ran - n - y damn'd and

who would to Li - ber - ty e'er prove dis - loyal may

his son be a ha - ng - man and he his fir - st trial

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# Thanksgiving for a naval victory

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Ye hy - po - crites are th - ese you - r pranks to mur - der men and  
 gi - ve Go - d thanks de - sist for shame pro - ceed no fur - ther  
 God won't ac - cept your thanks for mur - ther

**rit.** . . . . .

# Lines written on a window

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $\text{♩} = 62$   $\text{Bb}$   
Chorus

13  $\text{Bb}$   $\text{Eb}$   $\text{Bb}$   $\text{Cm}$   $\text{Bb}$   $\text{F7}$   $\text{Bb}$  **Finish**

17  $\text{Cm}$   $\text{F7}$   $\text{Bb}$

21  $\text{Cm}$   $\text{F7}$   $\text{Bb}$

The grey-beard ol-d wis-dom may boast his trea-sures give me with gay fol-ly to live  
I grant him his calm bloo-ded time set tled plea-sures but fol-ly has rap- tures to give  
In pol-i-tics if thou would'st mix and mean thy for-tunes be  
bear this in mind he deaf and blind let great folk hear and see

Chorus

Verse 2

In politics if thou would'st mix,  
And mean thy fortunes be;  
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,  
Let great folks hear and see.

Chorus

# The Mauchline Wedding

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 67<sup>+</sup> Verse 1

Whe-n eigh-ty five was se-ven months auld and wea-ring thro' the aught whe-n rol-ling rains and Bor-eas bauld gi-ed  
 fer-mer folks a faught a-e mor-ning quon-dam Ma-son Will no-w Mer-chant Mas-ter Mil-ler ga-ed  
 down to meet wi' Nan-sie Bell an-d her Ja-mai-ca sil-ler to we-d that day But we'll sup-pose the sta-ys are lac'd and  
 bon-nie bo-soms stee-kit tho' thro' the lawn but gue-ss the rest an an-gel scarce durst keek it then  
 stock ins fine o' sil-ken twine wi' can-nie care are drawn up an' ga-r-te n'd tight ware mor-tal wight The-e

## Verse 2

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen  
 Was just appearing fairly  
 When Nell and Bess got up to dress  
 Seven lang half hours o'er early  
 Now presses clink and drawers jink  
 For linnens and for laces  
 But modest Muses only think  
 What ladies' underdress is  
 On sic a day

## Refrain

But we'll suppose the stays are lac'd  
 And bony bosoms steekit  
 Tho' thro' the lawn but guess the rest  
 An Angel scarce durst keek it  
 Then stockins fine o' silken twine  
 Wi' cannie care are drawn up  
 And gartened tight whare mortal wight

## Verse 3

But now the gown wi' rustling sound  
 Its silken pomp displays  
 Sure there's no sin in being vain  
 O siccan bony claes  
 Sae jimp the waist the tail sae vast  
 Truth they were bony Birdies  
 O Mither Eve ye wad been grave  
 To see their ample hurdies  
 Sae large that day

## Verse 4

Then Sandy wi' red jacket braw  
 Comes whip jee whoa about  
 And in he gets the bony twa  
 Lord send them safely out  
 And auld John Trot wi' sober phiz  
 As braid and braw's a Bailie  
 His shouthers and his Sunday's giz  
 Wi' powther and wi' ulzie  
 Weel smear'd that day

# The hue and cry of John Lewars

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

A thief and a mur-der er stop her who can look well to your lives and your goods good peo-ple ye know not the  
 haz-ard you run 'tis the far famed and much no-ted woods while I looked at her eye for the de-vil is in it  
 in a trice she whipt off my poor heart her brow cheek and lip in an  
 oth - er sad min - ute my peace felt her mur - derous dart Her

## Verse 2

Her features I'll tell you them over but hold  
 She deals with your wizards and books  
 And to peep in her face if but once you're so bold  
 There's witchery kills in her looks  
 But softly I have it her haunts are well known  
 At midnight so slily I'll watch her  
 And sleeping undrest in the dark all alone  
 Good lord The dear thief how I'll catch her

# To Miss Isabella MacLeod

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70 → C Verse 1 → Dm → G<sup>7</sup> ↻

The crim - son blos - som charms the bee the sum - mer sun the swal - low

so dear this tune - ful gift to me from love - ly Is - a - bel - la Her

**Verse 2**

Her portrait fair upon my mind  
 Revolving time shall mellow  
 And mem'ry's latest effort find  
 The lovely Isabella

**Verse 3**

No Bard nor lover's rapture this  
 In fancies vain and shallow  
 She is so come my soul to bliss  
 The lovely Isabella



# To William Stewart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 85<sup>+</sup> F C<sup>7</sup>

In hon - est Ba - con's in - gle neuk here maun I sit and think sick  
o' the world and war - ld's folk an' sick damn'd sick o' drink I

## Verse 2

I see I see there is nae help  
But still down I maun sink  
Till some day laigh enough I yelp  
'Wae worth that cursed drink'

## Verse 3

Yestreen alas I was sae fu'  
I could but yisk and wink  
And now this day sair sair I rue  
The weary weary drink

## Verse 4

Satan I fear thy sooty claws  
I hate thy brunstane stink  
And ay I curse the luckless cause  
The wicked soup o' drink

## Verse 5

In vain I would forget my woes  
In idle rhyming clink  
For past redemption damn'd in Prose  
I can do nought but drink

## Verse 6

For you my trusty well try'd friend  
May Heaven still on you blink  
And may your life flow to the end  
Sweet as a dry man's drink

# The Tree of Liberty

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87    Verse 1    F    C7

Heard ye o' th - e tree o' France I wat - na what's the name o't a - round it a' the pat-riots dance weel

Eur - ope kens the fame o't it stands where ance the Bas - tile stood a pri - son built by kings man when

su - per - stit - ion's hel - lish brood kept France in lea - ding strings man Up -

**Verse 2**

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit  
 Its virtues a' can tell man  
 It raises man aboon the brute  
 It maks him ken himsel man  
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit  
 He's greater than a lord man  
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite  
 O' a' he can afford man

**Verse 3**

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth  
 To comfort us 'twas sent man  
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health  
 And mak us a' content man  
 It clears the een it cheers the heart  
 Maks high and low gude friends man  
 And he wha acts the traitor's part  
 It to perdition sends man

**Verse 4**

My blessings aye attend the chiel  
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves man  
 And staw a branch spite o' the deil  
 Frae yont tho western waves man  
 Fair Virtue watered it wi' care  
 And now she sees wi' pride man  
 How weel it buds and blossoms there  
 Its branches spreading wide man

**Verse 5**

But vicious folk aye hate to see  
 The works o' Virtue thrive man  
 The courtly vermin's banned the tree  
 And grat to see it thrive man  
 King Loui' thought to cut it down  
 When it was unco sma' man  
 For this the watchman cracked his crown  
 Cut aff his head and a' man

**Verse 6**

A wicked crew syne on a time  
 Did tak a solemn aith man  
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime  
 I wat they pledged their faith man  
 Awa they gaed wi' mock parade  
 Like beagles hunting game man  
 But soon grew weary o' the trade  
 And wished they'd been at hame man

**Verse 7**

For Freedom standing by the tree  
 Her sons did loudly ca' man  
 She sang a sang o' liberty  
 Which pleased them ane and a' man  
 By her inspired the new-born race  
 Soon drew the avenging steel man  
 The hirelings ran-her foes gied chase  
 And banged the despot weel man

**Verse 8**

Let Britain boast her hardy oak  
 Her poplar and her pine man  
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke  
 And o'er her neighbours shine man  
 But seek the forest round and round  
 And soon 'twill be agreed man  
 That sic a tree can not be found  
 'Twixt London and the Tweed man

**Verse 9**

Without this tree alake this life  
 Is but a vale o' wo man  
 A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife  
 Nae real joys we know man  
 We labour soon we labour late  
 To feed the titled knave man  
 And a' the comfort we're to get  
 Is that ayont the grave man

**Verse 10**

Wi' plenty o' sic trees I trow  
 The world would live in peace man  
 The sword would help to mak a plough  
 The din o' war wad cease man  
 Like brethren in a common cause  
 We'd on each other smile man  
 And equal rights and equal laws  
 Wad gladden every isle man

**Verse 11**

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat  
 Sic halesome dainty cheer man  
 I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet  
 To taste sic fruit I swear man  
 Syne let us pray auld England may  
 Sure plant this far-famed tree man  
 And blithe we'll sing and hail the day  
 That gave us liberty man

# A Sonnet upon Sonnets

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $\text{♩} = 80$  G

Four-teen a son-net-eer thy prai - ses sing what mag-ic mys-t'ries in that num - ber lie

13 G G<sup>7</sup> C Am G C D

your hen hath four-teen eggs be - neath her wings that four-teen chick-ens to the roost\_ may fly

17 G D G D

four - teen full pounds the jock-ey's stone must be his age four-teen a horse's prime\_ is past

21 G G<sup>7</sup> C Am G D<sup>7</sup> G

four-teen long hours too oft the Bard\_ must fast four-teen bright bum-pers bliss he ne'er\_ must see

25 C D G C D G D

be - fore four teen\_ a doz-en yields the strife be - fore four teen\_ e'en thir-teen's strength is vain

29 G D G D

four - teen good years a wo-man gives\_ us life four - teen good men we lose that life\_ a - gain

33 G G<sup>7</sup> C Am G D<sup>7</sup> G

what luc-ub-rat-ions can be more\_ u-pon it four-teen good mea-sur'd ver-ses make a son-net  
**rall.**