

# Burns Revisited Volume 70

1. On a lady of Amazonian Stature
2. On William Copland of Collieston
3. To the Dumfries loyal natives
4. Epitaph for John Hunter
5. On Mr Pitt's hair powder tax
6. To the Honourable Wm R Maule of Panmure
7. To Captain Gordon
8. On Marriage
9. Elegy on William Cruikshank
10. Epitaph on Robert Muir

# On a Lady of Amazonian Stature

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Should he es- cape the slaugh - ter of thine eyes with - in thy  
strong em - brace he strug - gling dies

# On William Copland of Collieston

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5 ♩ = 55 F

C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup>

Cop - land faith - fu like - ness friend pain - ter would seize

7 G<sup>o</sup> F G<sup>o</sup> F

keep out worth wit and wis - dom put in what you please

# To the Dumfries Loyal Natives

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $\text{♩} = 75$  F  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  B $\flat$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  F  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  C  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

Pray who are these Na-tives the Rab- ble so ven -'rate they're our true an - cient Na -

13 F C  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  F  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

tives and they breed un - de - gen -'rate the ig -norant sa - vage that

16 F $^7$  B $\flat$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  Gm C $^7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  F D $^7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  Gm C $^7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  B $\flat$ (sus2) F

wea-ther'd the storm when the man and the brute dif ferent but in form

# Epitaph for John Hunter

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

21 ♩ = 59 E

→ D → F# B<sup>7</sup> → E

Here lies a Scots mile of a chiel if he's in hea-ven Lord fill him weel

# On Mr Pitt's hair powder tax

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

Pray Bil - ly Pitt ex - plain thy rigs this new poll tax of thine I  
 mean to mark the guin - ea pigs from o - ther com - mon swine  
**rit.** . . . . .

# To the Honourable Wm R Maule

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Thou fool in thy Phae - ton tower-ing art proud when that Phae - ton's prais'd 'tis the  
 pride of a thief's ex - hib - it - ion when high - er his pil - lor - y's rais'd

# To Captain Gordon

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Dost ask dear Cap - tain why from Syme I have no in - vi -  
 it be - cause I love to toast and round the bot - tle  
 tat - ion when well he knows he has with him my first friends in the  
 hur - l no there con - jec - ture wild is lost for Syme by God no  
 nat - ion is Is't lest with baw - dy jests I bore as  
 oft the mat - ter of fact is no Syme the theo - ry  
 can't ab - hor who loves so well the prac - tice Is

**Finish**

**Verse 1**

Dost ask dear Captain why from Syme  
 I have no invitation  
 When well he knows he has with him  
 My first friends in the nation

**Verse 2**

Is it because I love to toast  
 And round the bottle hurl  
 No there conjecture wild is lost  
 For Syme by God's no churl

**Refrain 1**

Is't lest with bawdy jests I bore  
 As oft the matter of fact is  
 No Syme the theory can't abhor  
 Who loves so well the practice

**Verse 3**

Is it a fear I should avow  
 Some heresy seditious  
 No Syme but this is entre nous  
 Is quite an old Tiresias

**Verse 4**

In vain Conjecture thus would flit  
 Thro' mental clime and season  
 In short dear Captain Syme's a Wit  
 Who asks of Wits a reason

**Refrain 2**

Yet must I still the sort deplore  
 That to my griefs add one more  
 In balking me the social hour  
 With you and noble Kenmure



# On Marriage

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□  $\text{♩} = 49$  C  
 Verse 1

That hack - ney'd judge of hu - man life the Prea - cher and the King ob

□ 3 Em B<sup>7</sup> Em D<sup>7</sup>

serves the man that gets a wife he gets a no - ble thing But

□ 5 G Verse 2 D<sup>7</sup> Em

how ca - pric - ious are man - kind now loa - thing now des - ir - ous we

□ 7 B<sup>7</sup> Em

mar - ried men now oft we find the best of things well tire us

# Elegy on William Cruikshank

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Now hon - est Wil - liam's gaen to Hea - ven I wat na gin't can mend him the

fauts he had in La - ti - n lay for nane in Eng - lish kent them

# Epitaph on Robert Muir

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 G A<sup>9</sup> → D → G A<sup>9</sup>  3 → C/D D<sup>7</sup> ↻

What man could es - teem or what wo - man could love was

↻ 5 G → G/E A<sup>9</sup>  3 → D<sup>7</sup> ↻

he who lies un - der this sod if such thou re - fus - est ad

↻ 8 Em A → G A<sup>9</sup> → Cmaj<sup>7</sup>/A Cmaj<sup>7</sup>/D → G

mis - sion a - bove then whom wilt thou fa - vour Good God