

Burns Revisited Volume 76

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I murder hate

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

I - mur - der hate by flood or field tho' glo - ry's name may screen us i - n
wars at home I'll spend my blood life gi - ving wars of Ve - nus th - e de - it - ies that I a - dore are
soc - ial peace and plen - ty I'm bet - ter pleas'd to make one more than be the death of twen - ty The
grey - beard old wis - dom may boast of his trea - sures_ give me with gay fol - ly to live I
grant him his calm bloo - ded time set - tled peas - ures_ but fol - ly has rap - tures to
give to give but fol - ly has rap - tures to give I -

Verse 2

I would not die like Socrates
For all the fuss of Plato
Nor would I with Leonidas
Nor yet would I with Cato
The Zealots of the Church or State
Shall ne'er my mortal foes be
But let me have bold Zimri's fate
Within the arms of Cosbi

Chorus

Verse 3

My bottle is a holy pool
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool
And pleasure is a wanton trout
An ye drink it ye'll find him out
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

Kirk and State Excisemen

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

19 $\text{♩} = 80$

Ye men of wit and wealth why all this snee-ring gainst poor Ex cise-men give the cause a hea - ring

23 what are your land-lord's rent rolls tax-ing led-gers what prem i-ers what e-ven mon-archs migh-ty gau-gers

27 nay what are priests those see-ming god-ly wise men what are they pray but spir-it-ual Ex-cise-men

Extempore reply to an invitation

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

The King's most hum - ble ser - vant I can scarce - ly spare a min - ute but

I - 'll b - e w - i' yo - u b - y an' - by or el - se th - e dei - l's b - e in it
accel.

Grace after meat

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

7 G ♩ = 80 D⁷ G C G

Lord thee we thank and thee a - dore for tem - poral gifts we lit - tle me - rit at

pre - sent we will ask no more let Wil - liam His - lop give the spi - rit

rall.

Grace before and after meat

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□
♩ = 57
B \flat
 Verse 1

O Lord when hun-ger pin-ches sore do thou stand us in stead and send us from thy boun-teous store a

□
4
E \flat
F7
B \flat
← Verse 2

tup or weath-er head A - men O Lord since we have feas-ted thus which we so lit - tle me - rit let

□
7
← E \flat
F7
B \flat
← F7

Meg now take a - way the flesh and Jock bring in the spir - it A - men

On General Dumourier's desertion

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

You're wel - come to des - pots Du - mo - r - i - er you're wel - come to des - pots

Dum - our - i - er how does Dam - pier do ay and Bour - non - ville too why

did they not come a - long with you Dam - our - i - er I

Verse 2

I will fight France with you Dumourier
 I will fight France with you Dumourier
 I will fight France with you
 I will take my chance with you
 By my soul I'll dance with you Dumourier

Verse 3

Then let us fight about Dumourier
 Then let us fight about Dumourier
 Then let us fight about
 Till freedom's spark is out
 Then we'll be damn'd no doubt Dumourier

Logan Braes

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100
 Verse 1

O Lo - gan sweet-ly didst thou glide the day I was my Wil-lie's bride and years sin-syne hae o'er us run like

Lo - gan to the sim - mer sun but now thy flow -'ry banks a - pear like drum - lie win - ter

dark and dear while my dear lad maun face his faes far far frae me and Lo - gan braes A -

Verse 2

Again the merry month of May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers
 Blythe Morning lifts his rosy eye
 And Evening's tears are tears o' joy
 My soul delightless a' surveys
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes

Verse 3

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here
 Nae mate to help nae mate to cheer
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes

Verse 4

O wae upon you Men o' State
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn
 Sae may it on your heads return
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tear the orphan's cry
 But soon may peace bring happy days
 And Willie hame to Logan braes

Blyth hae I been

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 53
17 Verse 1

Blyth hae I been on yon hill as the lambs be - fore me care - less il - ka thought

22 C G D⁷ G F C G⁷

and free as the breeze flew o' - er me now nae lan - ger sport and play mirth or sang can

28 C G C G D⁷ G

please me Les - ley is sae fair and coy care and an - guish seize me

Verse 2

Heavy heavy is the task
 Hopeless love declaring
 Trembling I dow nocht but glowr
 Sighing dumb despairing
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling
 Underneath the grass green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling

O were my love yon lilac fair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

33 $F \text{ } \text{♩} = 89$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow Gm$ $G7$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow F$ Dm

O were my love yon li - lac fair wi' pur - ple blos - soms to the spring and I a

36 Fm $C7$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow F$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow Gm$ $C7$

bird to shel - ter there when wea - ry on my lit - tle wing how I wad mourn when

39 F Dm $\rightarrow\leftarrow Gm$ $C7$

it was torn by Au - tumn wild and win - ter rude but

41 Dm $\rightarrow\leftarrow C$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow Bb$ F

I wad sing on wan - ton wing when youth - fu' May its bloom__ re - new'd

Verse 2

O gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa'
 And I mysel a drap o' dew
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'
 O there beyond expression blest
 I'd fast on beauty a' the night
 Seal'd on her silk saft faulds to rest
 Till fley'd awa by Phoebus light

Bonnie Jean

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89 Verse 1

C F G⁷ C G C Dm

There was a lass and she was fair at kirk or mar-ket to be seen when a' our fair-est maids were met

6 G⁷ C G C F G⁷

the fair-est maid was bon-nie Jean and aye she wrought her mam-mie's wark and

11 C G C Dm

aye she sang sae mer-ril-ie the bly-thest bird u-pon the

14 G⁷ C G⁷ C

had ne'er a ligh-ter heart than she *Finish* But

Verse 2

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest
And frost will blight the fairest flowers
And love will break the soundest rest
Young Robie was the bravest lad
The flower and pride of a' the glen
And he had owsen sheep and kye
And wanton naigies nine or ten

Verse 3

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist
Her heart was tint her peace was stown
As in the bosom o' the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en
So trembling pure was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean

Verse 4

And now she works her Mammie's wark
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain
Yet wist na what her ail might be
Or what wad make her weel again
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light
And did na joy blink in her e'e
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'ening on the lily lea

Verse 5

The sun was sinking in the west
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove
His cheek to hers he fondly laid
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love
O Jeanie fair I loe thee dear
O canst thou think to fancy me
Or wilt thou leave thy Mammie's cot
And learn to tent the farms wi' me

Verse 6

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge
Or naething else to trouble thee
But stray amang the heather bells
And tent the waving corn wi' me
Now what could artless Jeanie do
She had nae will to say him na
At length she blush'd a sweet consent
And love was aye between them twa