

# Burns Revisited Volume 81

1. She says she lo'es me best of a'
2. To Dr Maxwell on Miss Jessie Staig's recovery
3. To the beautiful Miss Eliza
4. On Chloris
5. On seeing Mrs Kemble in the character of Yarico
6. Epigram on a Galloway Laird
7. On being shown a beautiful country seat
8. On hearing that there was a falsehood
9. On a suicide
10. On a swearing coxcomb

# She says she lo'es me best of a'

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Musical score for the song 'She says she lo'es me best of a' by Robert Burns, arranged by Eddie Cairney. The score is in 4/4 time with a tempo of 115. It features a single melodic line in treble clef with lyrics and guitar chords. The key signature is one flat (F major/D minor). The score is divided into Verse 1 and Verse 2. Verse 1 consists of 22 lines of music. Verse 2 is a text-based version of the second verse of the poem.

**Verse 1**

Sae flax-en were her ring-lets her eye-brows of a dar-ker hue be - witch-ing - ly o'er ar-ching twa  
laugh-ing e'en o' bon-nie blue her smil-ing sae wy-ling wad make a wretch for-get his woe what plea-sure  
what trea-sure un - to these ros-y lips to grow such was my Chlor-is' bon-nie face when first that  
bon-nie face I saw and aye my Chlor-is' dear-est charm she says she lo'es me best of a'

## Verse 2

Like harmony her motion  
Her pretty ancle is a spy  
Betraying fair proportion  
Wad make a saint forget the sky  
Sae warming sae charming  
Her fautless form and gracefu' air  
Ilk feature auld Nature  
Declar'd that she could do nae mair  
Hers are the willing chains o' love  
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law  
And still my Chloris' dearest charm  
She says she lo'es me best of a'

## Verse 3

Let others love the city  
And gaudy shew at sunny noon  
Gie me the lonely valley  
The dewy eve and rising moon  
Fair beaming and streaming  
Her silver light the boughs amang  
While falling recalling  
The amorous thrush concludes his sang  
There dearest Chloris wilt thou rove  
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw  
And hear my vows o' truth and love  
And say thou lo'es me best of a'

# To Dr Maxwell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89

29

C G F C F G C

Max - well if me - rit here you crave that me - rit I de - ny you

33

G F C F G C

save fair Jes - sie from the grave an An - gel could not die

# To the beautiful Miss Eliza

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70

D Em A7 D

How lib - er - ty girl can it b - e by thee named equ - al - it - y too hus - sey

4 E A7 D B7 Em Gm

ar - t not ash - am'd free and equ - al in - deed while man - kind thou en - chain - est

7 D C° G Em A7 D

and o - ver their hearts a proud des - pot so reign - est

**rall.** . . . . .

# On Chloris

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□ ♩ = 65    →→ C    →→ Em    ↻

From the white blos - som'd sloe my dear Chlor - is re - ques - ted a

↻ 3 C<sup>7</sup>    →→ F    →→ Fm    ↻

sprig her fair breast to a - dorn no by hea - vens I ex - claim'd

↻ 6 C    Em    →→ Fm    →→ F<sup>o</sup>    →→ C    □

let me per - ish if e - ver I plant in that bos - om a thorn

# On seeing Mrs Kemble in the character of Yarico

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

10

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

Kem - ble you cur'st my un - be - lief of Mo - ses and his rod at

14

G<sup>7</sup> C Cm D<sup>7</sup> G

Yar - i - co's sweet note o - f grief the rock with tears had flow'd

# Epigram on a Galloway laird

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

# On being shown a beautiful country seat

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

F

→→

→→ Em

→→ Am

↻

↻ 5

Dm

→→

→→ E7

→→ Am

↻

We grant they're thine those beau - ties all so love - ly in our eye keep

them thou eun - uch Car - don - ess for oth - ers to en - joy



# On hearing that there was falsehood

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 73

F B $\flat$  C $^7$  F

That there is false - hood in his looks I must and will de - ny they

3 B $\flat$  C $^7$  F

tell their Mas - ter is a knave and sure they do not lie

# On a suicide

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70

5 Dm →→ →→ →→ Am ↵

here lies in earth a root of Hell set by the Deil's ain dib - ble

9 Dm →→ B →→ Am

this worth-less bo - dy damned him - sel' to save the Lord the trou - ble

# On a swearing Coxcomb

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

F → → → → C7 → → → →

Here cur - sing swear - ing Bur - to lies a buck a beau or de - m my eyes who

9 F → → → → Bb → → C7 → → F

in his life did lit - tle good and his last words were de - m my blood