

Burns Revisited Volume 86

1. Poetical inscription for an altar of independence
2. The Cardin o't the spinnin o't
3. The Cooper O' Cuddie
4. The lass that made the bed to me
5. Had I the wyte? she bade me
6. Does haughty Gaul invasion threat
7. Address to the woodlark
8. On Chloris being ill
9. How cruel are the parents
10. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion

Poetical inscription for an altar of independence

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

= 45 C G7 C G7 C G7

Thou of a-n in-dep-en-dentmind with soul re-solv'd with soul resign'd pre - par'd pow-er's prou-dest frown to

5 C G7 C F C Dm

brave who wilt not be nor have a slave vir - tue a - lone who dost re -

8 G7 Am D G7 C G7 C

vere thy own re-proach a - lone dost fear ap - proach thi - s shrine and wor-ship here
rit.

The cardin o't the spinnin o't

Robet Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89 → D Verse 1 → Em A → D → Em A7 ↻

I - coft a stane o' has - lock woo t - o mak a wab to John - ie o't fo - r

↻ 5 G → D → Em Bm A7 → D ↻

John - ie is my on - ly jo I - lo'e him best of on - ie yet The car - din

↻ 9 Chorus A7 → D A7 ↻

o't the spin - in o't the war - pin' o't the win - nin' o't when il - ka

↻ 11 Bm F#m A7 → D A7 D ↻

ell cost me a goat the tai - lor staw the lyn - in - o't Fo - r

Verse 2

For tho' his locks be lyart grey
 And tho' his brow be beld aboon
 Yet I hae seen him on a day
 The pride of a' the parishen

Chorus

The Cooper O' Cuddie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

The coo - per o' Cud - die cam here a - wa' he ca'd the girrs out o'er us a' an'

our guid wife has got - ten a ca' that an - ger'd the sil - ly guid - man o We'll hide the coo - per be

hint the door be - hint the door be - hint the door we'll hide the coo - per be

hint the door and cov - er him un - der a mawn o He

Chorus

Verse 2

He sought them out he sought them in
 Wi' deil hae her and deail hae him
 But the body he was sae doited and blin
 He wist na where he was gaun O

Chorus

Verse 3

They cooper'd at e'en they cooper'd at morn
 Till our guidman has gotten the scorn
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn
 And swears that there they sall stan' O

Chorus

The lass that made the bed to me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

G A⁷ C/D G

When Jan - uar' wind was blaw - ing cauld as to the north I took mly way the

5 mirk - some night did me en - fauld I knew na where to lodge till day by

9 my giud luck a maid I met just in the mid - dle o' my dare and

13 G A⁷ C/D G

kind - ly she did me in - vite to walk in - to a cham - ber fair I

Verse 2

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid
 And thank'd her for her courtesie
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid
 An' bade her mak a bed to me
 She made the bed baith larger and wide
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down
 She put the cup to her rosy lips
 And drank young man now sleep ye soun

Verse 3

She snatch'd the candle in her hand
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed
 But I call'd her quickly back again
 To lay some mair below my head
 A cod she laid below my head
 And served me with due respect
 And to salute her wi' a kiss
 I put my arms about her neck

Verse 4

'Haud aff your hands young man' she said
 'And dinna sae uncivil be
 Gif ye hae onie luv for me
 O wrang na my virginity'
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd
 Her teeth were like the ivory
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine
 The lass that made the bed to me

Verse 5

Her bosom was the driven snaw
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane
 The lass that made the bed to me
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again
 And ay she wist na what to say
 I laid her 'tween me an' the wa'
 The lassie thocht na lang till day

Verse 6

Upon the morrow when we raise
 I thank'd her for her courtesie
 But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd
 And said 'Alas ye've ruin'd me'
 I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne
 While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e
 I said 'My lassie dinna cry
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me'

Verse 7

She took her mither's holland sheets
 An' made them a' in sarks to me
 Blythe and merry may she be
 The lass that made the bed to me
 The bonie lass made the bed to me
 The braw lass made the bed to me
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die
 The lass that made the bed to me

Had I the wyte she bade me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Had I the wyte had I the wyte had I the wyte she bade me she watch'd me by the hie gate
side and up the loan she shaw'd me and when I wad-na ven-ture in a coward loon she
ca'd me had Kirk an' State been in the gate I'd ligh-ted when she bade me Sae

Verse 2

Sae craftilie she took me ben
And bade me mak nae clatter
' For our ramgunshoch glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water'
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace
When I did kiss and dawte her
Let him be planted in my place
Syne say I was the fauter

Verse 3

Could I for shame could I for shame
Could I for shame refus'd her
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly used her
He claw'd her wi' the rippling kame
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her
When sic a husband was frae hame
What wife but wad excus'd her

Verse 4

I dighted ay her een sae blue
And bann'd the cruel randy
And weel I wat her willin mou'
Was sweet as sugarcandie
At gloaming shot it was I wot
I lighted on the Monday
But I cam thro' the Tysday's dew
To wanton Willie's brandy

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

19 $\text{♩} = 90$ Verse 1

Does hau-ty Gaul in - va - sion threat then let th - e loons be - wa - re Sir there's woo - den walls u -

24 po - n our seas and Vol - u - n - teers o - n shore sir the Nith shall run to Cor - si - n con and Crif - fel sink in

30 So - l - way ere we per - mit a For - ei - gn foe on Bri - tish ground to ra - lly

35 we'll ne'er per - mit a Fo - rei - n foe on Bri - tish ground to ra - lly

Verse 2

O let us not like snarling tykes
 In wrangling be divided
 Till slap come in an unco loun
 And wi' a rung decide it
 Be Britain still to Britain true
 Amang oursels united
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted

Verse 3

The kettle o' the Kirk and State
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't
 But Deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't
 Our father's blude the kettle bought
 And wha wad dare to spoil it
 By Heav'n's the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it

Verse 4

The wretch that would a tyrant own
 And the wretch his true sworn brother
 Who would set the mob above the throne
 May they be damn'd together
 Who will not sing God save the King
 Shall hang as high's the steeple
 But while we sing God save the King
 We'll ne'er forget the People

Address to the woodlark

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 67

Verse 1

O sta - y swe - et warb - ling wood - lark stay nor qui - te fo - r me the tremb - ling spray a
 ha - p - le - ss lo - ver courts thy lay thy soo - thing fond com - plain - ning a -
 gai - n a - gain that ten - der part that I - ma - y catch thy mel - ting art for
 sur - e - l - y that wad touch her heart wha kil - ls m - e wi' dis - dain - ing Say

Verse 2

Say was thy little mate unkind
 And heard thee as the careless wind
 O nocht but love and sorrow join'd
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken
 Thou tells o' never ending care
 O speechless grief and dark despair
 For pity's sake sweet bird nae mair
 Or my poor heart is broken

On Chloris being ill

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75
9 Verse 1

Am → Dm → F → C →

Can I cease to care can I - cease to lan - guish while my soul's de - light

15 G → E → C → G → C →

Chorus

is on her bed of sor - row Long long the night hea - vy comes the

21 G7 → C → G7 → C →

mor - row while my soul's de - light is on her bed of sor - row

Verse 2
 Every hope is fled
 Every fear is terror
 Slumber ev'n I dread
 Every dream is horror

Chorus

Verse 3
 Hear me powers divine
 O in pity hear me
 Take aught else of mine
 But my Chloris spare me

Chorus

How cruel are the parents

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 C Verse 1

How cruel are the pa - rents who rich - es on - ly prize and to the weal - thy
 boo - by po - or wo - man sac - ri - fice mean-while the hap - less daugh - ter has
 but a choice of strife to shun a ty - rant fath - er's hate be - come a wretch - ed wife

Verse 2

The ravening hawk pursuing
 The trembling dove thus flies
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries
 Till of escape despairing
 No shelter or retreat
 She trusts the ruthless falconer
 And drops beneath his feet

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1

Ma - rk yon - der pomp of cost - ly fash - ion round the weal - thy tit - led bride bu - t

5 C F C G7 C

10 Dm G7 F C F Am

15 Dm G7 C F G7 C Dm G7

21 C Dm G7 C

when com - par'd with rea - l pas - sion poor is all that prince - ly pride wha - t are the show - y -

treas - ures wha - t are the nois - y pleas - ures the gay gau - dy glare of van - it - y and art th - e

pol - ish'd jew - els' blaze ma - y draw the wond - 'ring gaze an - d court - ly grand - eur bright th - e

fan - cy may de - light but ne - ver ne - ver can come near the hear - t Bu - t

Verse 2

But did you see my dearest Chloris
 In simplicity's array
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is
 Shrinking from the gaze of day
 O then the heart alarming
 And all resistless charming
 I love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown
 Even av'rice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity
 And feel thro' ev'ry vein love's raptures roll