

Burns Revisited Volume 87

1. Twas na her bonnie blue e'e
2. Their groves o' sweet myrtle
3. Forlorn my love, no comfort near
4. Why why tell thy lover
5. The braw wooer
6. This is no my ain lassie
7. O bonnie was yon rosy brier
8. Now spring has clad the grove in green
9. O that's the lassie o' my heart
10. To Chloris

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 59
Verse 1

'Twas na her bon - nie blue e' - e was my ru - in fair tho' she be that was
ne - 'er my un - do - ing 'twas the dear smile when nae - b'dy did mind us
'twas the be - wit - ching sweet stown gla - nce o' - kind - ness

Verse 2

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever

Verse 3

Chloris I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest 1
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter

Their groves o' sweet myrtle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 D
Verse 1

1 Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon where
3 G A7 D A7

6 bright beam-ing sum-mers ex-alt the per-fume far dear-er to me yon lone-
D Em A7 D

9 glen o' green breck-an wi' the burn steal-ing un-der the lang-yel-low broom
Em A7 D Em

12 far dea-rer to me are yon hum-ble broom bowers where the blue-bell and gow-an lurk
A7 D

15 low-ly un-seen for there light-ly trip-ping a-mang the wi-ld flowers a-
Em A7 D

list'-ning the lin-net aft wan-ders my Jean Tho'

Verse 2

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave
 Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud place
 What are the haunt o' the tyrant and slave
 The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain
 He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountins
 Save love's willing fetters the chains o' his Jean

Forlorn my love no comfort near

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95
17 Verse 1

F Gm → Dm Am → B♭ F → Gm C ↻

For - lorn my love no com - for - t near far far from thee I wan - de - r here

21 F Gm → Dm Am → B♭ F → Gm C⁷ F ↻

far far from thee the fate se - vere at whi - ch I most re - pi - ne love

25 Chorus Gm C⁷ → F → Gm⁷ → A ↻

O wert thou love but near me bu - t near ne - ar near me

29 F Gm → Dm → Gm C⁷ → F ↻

how kind - ly thou would - st cheer me and min - gle sighs with mine love

Verse 2

Around me scowls a wintry sky
 Blasting each bud of hope and joy
 And shelter shade nor home have I
 Save in these arms of thine love

Chorus**Verse 3**

Cold alter'd friendship's cruel part
 To poison Fortune's ruthless dart
 Let me not break thy faithful heart
 And say that fate is mine love

Chorus**Verse 4**

But dreary tho' the moments fleet
 O let me think we yet shall meet
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine love

Chorus

Why why tell thy lover

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100
33 Verse 1

G D⁷ G C

Why why tell th - y lo - ver bliss he ne - ver must e - n - joy

37 G D⁷ G

why why un - de - cieve him and give all his hopes the lie

41 Verse 2 D⁷ G C

O why while fan - cy rap - tur'd slum - bers Chlor - is Chlor - is all the theme

45 G D⁷ G

why why would'st thou cruel wake thy lo - ver fro - m hi - s dream

The braw wooer

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Last May a braw woo-er cam down the glen an-d sair wi' his love he did dea-ve me I said there was nae-thing
 I ha-ted like men the deuce gae wi'm to bel-ie-ve me bel-ie-ve me the deuce gae wi'm to bel-ie-ve me He

Verse 2

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een
 And vow'd for my love he was diein
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean
 The Lord forgie me for liein for liein
 The Lord forgie me for liein

Verse 3

A weelstocket mailen himsel for the laird
 And marriage aff hand were his proffers
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it or car'd
 But thought I might hae waur offers waur offers
 But thought I might hae waur offers

Verse 4

But what wad ye think In a fortnight or less
 The Deil tak his taste to gae near her
 He up the Gate Slack to my black cousin Bess
 Guess ye how the jad I could bear her could bear her
 Guess ye how the jad I could bear her

Verse 5

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock a warlock
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock

Verse 6

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink
 Lest neebours might say I was saucy
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie dear lassie
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie

Verse 7

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl'd feet
 But heavens how he fell a swearin a swearin
 But heavens how he fell a swearin

Verse 8

He begged for gudesake I wad be his wife
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life
 I think I maun wed him tomorrow tomorrow
 I think I maun wed him tomorrow

This is no my ain lassie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

12 $\text{♩} = 69$ Verse 1

G D → A⁷ D G D ↻

I see a form I se - e a face ye we - el may wi' the fair - est place it

14 A⁷ D A⁷ D → G D A⁷ D ↻

wa - nt to me the wit - ch - ing grace the ki - nd love that's i - n her e'e O ↻

16 Chorus A⁷ → G D ↻

this is no my ain las - sie fair tho' the las - sie be

18 A⁷ → G A⁷ D ↻

weel ken I my ain las - sie kind love is in her e'e

Verse 2

She's bonie blooming straight and tall
 And lang has had my heart in thrall
 And ay it charms my very saul
 The kind love that's in her e'e

Chorus

Verse 3

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean
 To steal a blink by a' unseen
 But gleg as light are lovers' een
 When kind love is in the e'e

Chorus

Verse 4

It may escape the courtly sparks
 It may escape the learned clerks
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e

Chorus

O bonnie was yon rosy brier

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 Verse 1

O - bon - nie was yon ro - sy brier tha - t blooms sae far frae haunt o' man

and bon - nie she and ah how dear it shad - ed frae the e'e - nin sun

Verse 2

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew
 How pure among the leaves sae green
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen

Verse 3

All in its rude and prickly bower
 That crimson rose how sweet and fair
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care

Verse 4

The pathless wild and wimpling burn
 Wi' Chloris in my arms be mine
 And I the world nor wish nor scorn
 Its joys and griefs alike resign

Now Spring has clad the grove in green

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 59 Verse 1

Now spring has clad the grove in green and strew'd the lea wi' flow'ers the fur-row'd wa-ving corn is seen re-
 joice in fost-ering show-ers while il-ka thing in Na-ture join their
 sor-rows to fore-go o why thus all a-lone are mine the wea-ry steps of woe The

Verse 2

The trout in yonder wimpling burn
 That glides a silver dart
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art
 My life was ance that careless stream
 That wanton trout was I
 But Love wi' unrelenting beam
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry

Verse 3

That little floweret's peaceful lot
 In yonder cliff that grows
 Which save the linnet's flight I wot
 Nae ruder visit knows
 Was mine till Love has o'er me past
 And blighted a' my bloom
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume

Verse 4

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
 And climbs the early sky
 Winnowing blythe his dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye
 As little reck'd I sorrow's power
 Until the flowery snare
 O'witching Love in luckless hour
 Made me the thrall o' care

Verse 5

O had my fate been Greenland snows
 Or Afric's burning zone
 Wi'man and nature leagued my foes
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known
 The wretch whose doom is "Hope nae mair"
 What tongue his woes can tell
 Within whase bosom save Despair
 Nae kinder spirits dwell

O that's the lassie o' my heart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $\text{♩} = 87$ Verse 1

F B \flat F C F B \flat F

O wat ye wh-a that lo'es me and has my hea-rt a kee-ping o sweet is she that lo'es me as dew's o' si-m-mer

16 C B \flat F C 7 F Chorus B \flat

wee - ping in tears the ro - se-buds stee - ping O that's the las-sie o' my heart my las - sie e - ver

22 F B \flat C 7 F

dea-rer o that's the que-en o wo - man-kind and ne'er a a - ne to pe - er her

Verse 2

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming
 That e'en thy chosen lassie
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming

Chorus

Verse 3

If thou hadst heard her talking
 And thy attention's plighted
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted
 And thou art all delighted

Chorus

Verse 4

If thou hast met this Fair One
 When frae her thou hast parted
 If every other Fair One
 But her thou hast deserted
 And thou art broken hearted

Chorus

To Chloris

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 → Eb Verse 1 → Bb7 → Eb ↻

'Tis friend - ship's pledge my young fair friend nor thou the gift re - fuse
nor with un - wil - ling ear at - tend the mo - r - a - l - is - ing muse Since

Verse 2

Since thou in all thy youth and charms
Must bid the world adieu
A world agenst peace in constant arms
To join the friendly few Since

Verse 3

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast
Chill came the tempest's lour
And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower

Verse 4

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more
Still much is left behind
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store
The comforts of the mind

Verse 5

Thine is the self approving glow
Of conscious honor's part
And dearest gift of Heaven below
Thine Friendship's truest heart

Verse 6

The joys refin'd of sense and taste
With every Muse to rove
And doubly were the Poet blest
These joys could he improve