

Burns Revisited Volume 88

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Crowdie ever mair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

9 Verse 1 C F → C → G → C → F

14 C → G → C → Chorus

19 G → C →

22 → G → C

on - ie mair ye'll crow - die a' my meal a - way

Verse 2

Waefu' want and hunger fley me
 Glowrin by the hallan en'
 Sair I fecht them at the door
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben

Chorus

Mally's meek Mally's sweet

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

As I was wal - king u - p th - e street a ba - re - fi - t maid I cha - nc'd t - o meet but

o - th - e road was ve - ry hard for that fair maid - en's ten - der feet O Mal - ly'smeek Mal - ly's

sweet Mal - ly's mo - dest and dis - crete Mal - ly's

rare Mal - ly's fair Mal - ly's ev - 'ry way com - plete It

Chorus

Verse 2

It were mair meet that those fine feet
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon
 An' twere more fit that she should sit
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon

Chorus

Verse 3

Her yellow hair beyond compare
 Comes trinklin' down her swan like neck
 And her two eyes like stars in skies
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck

Chorus

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 $\text{♩} = 90$ Verse 1

Jock-ey's ta'en the par-ting kiss o'er the moun-tains he is gane and with him is a' my bliss

nought but griefs with me re-main spare my love ye winds that blow

plash-y sheets and bea-ting rain spare my love thou feath-'ry snaw drif-ting o'er the fro-zen plain

Verse 2

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e
 Sound and safely may he sleep
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be
 He will think on her he loves
 Fondly he'll repeat her name
 For whare 'er he distant roves
 Jockey's heart is still the same

To Collector Mitchell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80
25 Verse 1

F →← B♭ C7 ↻

Friend of the Po - et tri - ed an - d teal wha wan - ting thee might be - g o - r steal

↻ 27 F →← B♭ C7 F ↻

a - lake a - lake the me - i - k - le deil w - i' a' his wit - ches

↻ 29 →← B♭ C7 F

are at it skel - pin ji - g an - d reel i - n my poor pou - ches

Verse 2

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it
 That One pound one I sairly want it
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it
 It would be kind
 And while my heart wi' life blood dunted
 I'd bear't in mind

Verse 3

So may the Auld Year gang out moanin
 To see the New come laden groanin
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
 To thee and thin
 Domestic peace and comforts crownin
 The hale design

Postscript - Collector Mitchell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 C F →→ G⁷ C ↻

Verse 1

Ye've heard this while how I've been lick - et and by fell death was near - ly nick - et grim
 loon he got me by the feck - et and sair he sheuk but
 by guid luck I lap a wick - et and turn'd a neuk But

Verse 2

But by that health I've got a share o't
 And by that life I'm promis'd mair o't
 My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't
 A tentier way
 Then farewell Folly hide and hair o't
 For ance and ay

The Dean of Faculty - a new ballad

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

7 $\text{♩} = 79$ E_b B_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b

Dire was the hate at ol - d Har-law that Scot to Sco-t di - d car-ry and dire the dis-cord Lang-side saw

10 B_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b B_b7

for Beau-te - ous haop-less Ma-ry but Scot to Sco-t ne'er met so hot or were more i - n fu-ry seen Sir

13 E_b B_b7 E_b

than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the fam-ous job who should be the Fac - ul - ty's Dean Sir

Verse 2

This Hal for genius wit and lore
 Among the first was number'd
 But pious Bob 'mid learning's store
 Commandment the Tenth remember'd
 Yet simple Bob the victory got
 And won his heart's desire
 Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot
 Tho' the Deil piss in the fire

Verse 3

Squire Hal besides had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy
 So their worships of the Faculty
 Quite sick of Merit's rudeness
 Chose one who should owe it all d'ye see
 To their gratis grace and goodness

Verse 4

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision
 So may be on this Pisgah height
 Bob's purblind mental vision
 Nay Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
 Till for eloquence you hail him
 And swear that he has the Angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam

Verse 5

In your heretic sins may ye live and die
 Ye heretic Eight and Thirty
 But accept ye sublime majority
 My congratulations hearty
 With your honors as with a certain King
 In your servants this is striking
 The more incapacity they bring

Poem on Life

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 Em Verse 1a

My hon-our'd Col-onel deep I feel your in-ter-est in the Po-et's weal ah now sma' heart ha-e I to

5 Verse 1b

the steep Par-nas-sus sur roun-ded thus by bol-us pill and pot-ti-on glas ses O what a can-ty war-ld

10

were it would pain and care and sick-ness spare it and for-tune fa-vour worth and me-rit as

15

they de-serve and aye a routh o' roast beef and cla-ret syne wha wad starve Dame

20 *Final line*

A - - - - men A - - - - men

Verse 2a

Dame Life tho' fiction out may trick her
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her
 Oh flickering feeble and unsicker
 I've found her still
 Ay wavering like the willowwicker
 'Tween good and ill

Verse 2b

Then that curst carnagole Auld Satan
 Watches like baudrons by a ratton
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
 Wi' felon ire
 Syne whip his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on
 He's aff like fire

Verse 3a

Ah Nick ah Nick it is na fair
 First showing us the tempting ware
 Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare
 Syne weave unseen thy spider snare
 O' hell's damned waft O

Verse 3b

Poor Man the flie aft bizzes by
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh
 Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy
 And hellish pleasure
 Already in thy fancy's eye
 Thy sicker treasure

Verse 4a

Soon heels o'er gowdie in he gangs
 And like a sheephead on a tangs
 Thy girnin laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murdering wrestle
 As dangling in the wind he hangs
 A gibbet's tassle

Verse 4b

But lest you think I am uncivil
 To plague you with this draunting drivell
 Abjuring a' intentions evil
 I quat my pen
 The Lord preserve us frae the Devil
 Amen Amen

Hey for a lass wi' a tocher

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

A - w - a' wi' your wi - ch - craft o' beau - ty's a - larms the slen - der bi - t beau - ty yo - u
 grasp in your ar - ms o gi - e me the la - ss that has ac - res o' charms o gi - e me the la - ss wi' the

Chorus

weel stock - it farms Then hey for a lass wi' a toch - er then hey for a lass wi' a toch - er then
 hey for a lass wi' a toch - er the nice yel - low guin - eas fo - r m - e Your

Verse 2

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows
 And withers the faster the faster it grows
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knows
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes

Chorus

Verse 3

And e'en when this beauty your bosom hath blest
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest
 The langer ye hae them the mair they're caresst

Chorus

Compilimentary versicles to Jessie Lewars

The Toast

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 93

G D7

Fill me with your ros - y wine call a toast a toast de - vine give the Po-

5 G D7 G

et's dar - ling flame love - ly Jes - sie be her name then thou may -

9 D7 G

est free - ly boast thou hast giv - en a peer - less toast