

# Burns Revisited Volume 3

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# Westlin Winds

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 160 Eb    --    -- Ab    --    -- Bb7    --    -- Eb    --    -- Bb    --    -- Bb7    --    -- Eb    --    --

11    Ab    --    -- Fm    --    -- Bb7    --    -- Eb    --    -- Bb7    --    --

21    Eb    --    -- Ab    --    -- Bb    --    -- Bb7    --    --

27    Ab    --    -- Bb7    --    -- Eb

Now wes - tlin winds and slaught - ering guns bring Au - tumn's pleas - ant wea ther the moor - cocksprings on  
whi - rring wings a - mong the bloo - ming hea ther now wa - ving grain wild o'er the plain de -  
lights the wea - ry far - mer and the moon shines bright when I  
rove at night to muse u - pon my char - mer

## Verse 2

The pairtick lo'es the fruitfu' fells  
The plover lo'es the mountains  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells  
The soaring hern the fountains  
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves  
The path o' man to shun it  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush  
The spreading thorn the linnet

## Verse 3

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find  
The savage and the tender  
Some social join and leagues combine  
Some solitary wander  
Avaunt away the cruel sway  
Tyrannic man's dominion  
The sportsman's joy the murd'ring cry  
The flutt'ring gory pinion

## Verse 4

But Peggy dear the evening's clear  
Thick flies the skimming swallow  
The sky is blue the fields in view  
All fading-green and yellow  
Come let us stray our gladsome way  
And view the charms of Nature  
The rustling corn the fruited thorn  
And ilka happy creature

## Verse 5

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk  
While the silent moon shines clearly  
I'll clasp thy waist and fondly prest  
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly  
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs  
Not Autumn to the farmer  
So dear can be as thou to me  
My fair my lovely charmer

# Westlin Winds

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns bring Autumn's pleasant weather the moorcock springs on  
whirring wings among the blooming heather now waving grain wide o'er the plain de  
lights the weary farmer and the moon shines bright when I rove at night to muse upon my charmer the

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# The Tarbolton Lasses

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 115 Eb      --      -- Bb      --      -- Eb      ↻

If ye ga - e up yon hi - ll top ye'-ll there see bon-nie Peg-gy sh - e kens her fat - ther  
 down by Faile and taste the ale a - nd tak a look at My-sie she - s door and din a  
 ga - e up by yon hill-side spe-ir in for bon-nie Bes-sy she'll gie ye a beck and

↻ 6 Eb      -- Bb      --      -- Eb      --      ↻

is a laird and she fo - r-sooth's a led - dy the - re Soph - y tight a la - ssie bright be - e -  
 deil with - in bu - t aib - lins she may please ye if she be - e shy her sis ter try ye - ll  
 bid ye light a - nd hand some - ly add - ress ye the - re's few sae bon - nie nane sae guid in a

↻ 11 Ab      Eb      -- Bb7      -- Eb      ↻

sides a hand - some for - tune wh - a can - na win her  
 may - be fan - cy Jen - ny if ye'll di - s - pense wi'  
 Ki - ng George dom - in - ion if ye shou - ld doubtl the

↻ 14 -- Bb      --      Eb      ↻

in a night ha - s lit - tle art in cour - tin  
 want o' sense sh - e kens her - self she's bon - nie Ga - e  
 truth o' this i - t's Bes - sy's ain o - pin - ion As ye

# Mary Morison

Robert Burns

Edward Cairney

📄      ←→      F      ←→      📄  
Verses 1&2

o Ma - ry at thy win - dow be it a  
blythe - ly wad I bide the stour a  
is wea - - ry the wish'd th - - e  
sun - ted to hour sun those smiles and the glan - ces re -  
let ward me - see cure that make - the mis - ser's ry  
tre - sure poor how Mor - is - on

# Montgomerie's Peggy

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Al - tho' my bed were in yon muir a - mang the  
 hea - ther in my plai - die yet hap - py hap - py  
 would I be had I my dear Mont -  
 gom - erie's Pegg - y when

Chord symbols: Verse 1 G, D, Em, C, D, G, D, G, Finish

## Verse 2

When o'er the hill beat surly storms  
 And winter nights were dark and rainy  
 I'd seek some dell and in my arms  
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy

## Verse 3

Were I a Baron proud and high  
 And horse and servants waiting ready  
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me  
 The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy

# Ah woe is me my mother dear

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□      ← Dm      →      ← Gm      →      A7      → Dm      →      □

Verse 1

Ah woe is me my mo-ther dear a man of strife ye've born me for sair con-ten-ion I maun bear they

□ 7      Gm      →      A7      →      Gm      →      A7      →      Gm      →      Dm      →      □

Refrain

hate re-vile and scorn me I ne'er could lend on bill or band that five per-cent might blest me and

□ 13      →      →      → Dm      →      Verse 2      →      □

bor-row-ing on ti-ther hand the deil a ane wad trust me yet I a coin de-ni-ed wight by

□ 19      Gm      →      Dm      →      Gm      →      A7      →      E      A7      →      Dm      □

for-tune quite di-car-ded ye see how I am day and night by lad and lass black-guar-ded

# Here's to thy health

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

25 Verse 1

Here's to thy health my bon - nie lass guid nicht and joy be wi' thee I'll come na - e mair to thy

30 bow - er door to tell thee that I - I lo'e thee O din - na think my pret - ty pink but

35 I can live wi - th - out thee I vow an - d swear I

38 din - na care how lang ye look a - a - bout ye

Chords: F, Bb, C7, F

## Verse 3

I ken they scorn my low estate  
 But that does never grieve me  
 For I'm as free as any he  
 Sma' siller will relieve me  
 I'll count my health my greatest wealth  
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it  
 I'll fear nae scant I'll bode nae want  
 As lang's I get employment

## Verse 2

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me  
 Thou hast nae mind to marry  
 I'll be as free informing thee  
 Nae time hae I to tarry  
 I ken thy freens try ilka means  
 Frae wedlock to delay thee  
 Depending on some higher chance  
 But fortune may betray thee

## Verse 4

But far off fowls hae feather's fair  
 And ay until ye try them  
 Tho' they seem fair still have a care  
 They may prove as bad as I am  
 But at twel at night when the moon shines bright  
 My dear I'll come and see thee  
 For the man that loves his mistress weel  
 Nae travel makes him weary



# The Lass of Cessnock Banks

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1&2

On Cess-nock banks a la - ssie dwells could I des - cribe her shape and mien our la - sses a' she swee - ter than the mor - ning dawn when ri - sing Pho - bus first is seen and dew drops twin - kle

6

far ex - cels an' she has twa spa - kling ro - guish een she's spot - less like the o'er the lawn an' she has twa spar - kling ro - guish een she's

11

flower - ing thorn with flowers so white and leaves so green when pu - rest in the

15

dew - y morn an' she has twa spark - ling ro - guish een

Verse 7

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem  
The pride of all the flowery scene  
Just opening on its thorny stem  
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Verse 3  
She's stately like yon youthful ash  
That grows the cowslip braes between  
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh  
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Verse 4  
Her looks are like the vernal May  
When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene  
While birds rejoice on every spray  
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Verse 5  
Her hair is like the curling mist  
That climbs the mountainsides at e'en  
When flow'rreviving rains are past  
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Verse 6  
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow  
When gleaming sunbeams intervene  
And gild the distant mountain's brow  
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Verse 11  
Her teeth are like the nightly snow  
Her voice is like the ev'ning whistle  
That sings on Cessnock while his mate sits nestling in the bush  
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Verse 12  
But it's not her air her face  
Tho' matching Beauty's Habes Queen  
'Tis the mind that shines that shines  
An' chiefly in her roguish een  
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Verse 10  
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze  
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean  
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas  
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

## Bonnie Peggy Alison

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

When in my arms wi' a' thy charms I clasp my count - less  
 trea - sure O I seek nae mair o' hea - ven to share than  
 sic a mo - ments plea - sure o and I'll kiss thee yet  
 yet and I'll kiss thee o'er a - gain and I'll kiss thee yet  
 yet my bo - nnie Pe - ggy A - lis - on Ilk

Chorus

Chords:  $A\flat maj7$ ,  $B\flat m$ ,  $E\flat 7$ ,  $A\flat maj7$ ,  $B\flat m$ ,  $E\flat 7$ ,  $A\flat$ ,  $Fm$ ,  $B\flat m$ ,  $E\flat 7$ ,  $D\flat$ ,  $E\flat$ ,  $A\flat$

**Verse 2**

When in my arms wi' a' thy charms  
 I clasp my countless treasure O  
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure O

**Chorus****Verse 3**

And by thy een sae bonnie blue  
 I swear I'm thine for ever O  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow  
 And break it shall I never O

**Chorus**

# My Nanie, O

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1

F B♭ F C

Be - hind yon hills where Stin - char flows 'mang moors an' mos - ses ma - ny  
west - lin wind blows loud an' shill the night's baith mirk and rain - y

8 C7 F B♭ F Gm C7

O the win - try sun the day has clos'd and I'll a - wa' to Nan - ie  
O I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal an' owre the hill to Nan - ie

16 F F Chorus 1 B♭ C7

1. O the O my Nan - ie's char - ming sweet an' young nae art - fu' wiles to win ye  
2.

25 F B♭ F Gm C7 F

O may ill be - fa' the flatt - ering tongue that wad beg - uile my Nan - ie O

## Verse 3

Her face is fair her heart is true  
As spotless as she's bonie O  
The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew  
Nae purer is than Nanie O

## Verse 4

A country lad is my degree  
An' few there be that ken me O  
But what care I how few they be  
I'm welcome ay to Nanie O

## Chorus 1

## Verse 5

My riches a's my pennyfee  
An' I maun guide it cannie O  
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me  
My thoughts are a' my Nanie O

## Verse 6

Our auld guidman delights to view  
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie O  
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh  
An' has nae care but Nanie O

## Chorus 2

Come weel come woe I care na by  
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me O  
Nae ither care in life have I  
But live an' love my Nanie O