

# Burns Revisited Volume 15

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# My native land sae far awa

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100  
 Verse 1

Am Gm Am Gm C7 F Am Gm

O sad and hea-vy should I part but for her sake sae far a-wa Un - know-ing what my way may

8 Am Gm C7 F Gm Refrain Am Dm Gm

thwart my nat-ive land sae far a - wa how true is love to pure des - ert like mine for

16 C7 F E7 Am D7

her sae far a - wa and nocht can heal my bos - om's

22 Gm C7

smart while oh she is sae far a - wa

## Verse 2

Thou that of a' things maker art  
 That formed his fair sae far awa  
 Gie body strength then I'll ne'er start  
 At this my way sae far awa

## Refrain

## Verse 3

Nane other love nane other dart  
 I feel but her's sae far awa  
 But fairer never touch'd a heart  
 Than her's the fair sae far awa

# I do confess thou art sae fair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110  
 Verse 1

27 G D C G D C

I do con - fe - ss thou ar - t sae fair I - wad been o'er the lu - gs in

34 D G D C G D

lu - ve had I - na fou - nd the sli - gh - test prayer that lips could speak thy heart could

41 G Verse 2 D C G D

muve\_\_\_\_\_ I do con - fe - ss thee swe - et but find thou art sae thri - ft - less

49 C D G D C G

o - thy swe - ets thy fa - v - ours a - re the sil - l - y wind that kis - ses il - ka

56 D G Em Refrain A7 G(sus2)/D Em A7

thi - ng it meets see yon - der rose bud rich in dew am - ang its nat - ive

65 D Em A7 G(sus2)/B D C/D D7 G(sus2)/D

briers sae coy how sune it tines its scent and hue when pu'd and worn a com - mon toy

### Verse 3

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide  
 Though thou may gaily bloom a while  
 And sune thou shalt be thrown aside  
 like onie common weed and vile

# The Slave's Lament

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85  
75 Verse 1

It was in sweet Sen - eg - al that my foes did me - en - thral for the lands of Vir - gin - i - a gin - ia o torn from that love - ely shore and must ne - ver see it more

82 C7 F Gm Am

88 Gm C7 F Refrain Bb

and al - as I am wea - ry wea - ry o All on that char - ming coast

95 F C7 F Am Gm C7 F

101 Bb F C7 F

is no bit - ter snow and frost like the lands of Vir - gin - i - a gin - ia - o

105 Am Gm C7 F

there streams for - ev - er flow and flowers for ev - er blow

and a - las I am wea - ry wea - ry o

## Verse 2

The burden I must bear while the cruel scourge I fear  
 In the lands of Virginia ginia O  
 And I think on friends most dear with the bitter bitter tear  
 And alas I am weary weary O

## Refrain

# On Sensibility

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 52

110 Verse 1

Ab Eb → Bb7 Eb F Bb7 → Eb Ab Eb ↻

Sen - si - bil - i - t - y ho - w char - ming dear - est Na - n - c - y thou canst tell but dis - tress with ho - r - ro - rs ar - ming

113 Verse 2

Ab Eb Bb7 Eb → Eb Verse 2 Ab Eb → Bb7 Eb F Bb7 ↻

thou a - las hast known too well Fair - est flower be - ho - ld th - e lil - y bloo - ming i - n th - e sun - ny ray

116 Refrain

Eb Ab Eb → Ab Eb Bb7 Eb → Eb Refrain Ab → Bb Eb ↻

let the blast sweep o' er th - e val - ley see it pros - trate in the clay Hear th - e wood - lark charm - the for - est

120

Ab → Bb Bb7 → Eb Ab → Bb Eb → Ab → Bb7 Eb ↻

tel - lin - g o' er his lit - tle joys but a - las a prey the sur - est to ea - ch pir - ate of the skies

### Verse 3

Dearly brought the hidden treasure  
Finer feelings can bestow  
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe

# Thou gloomy December

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90  
Verse 1&2

126 Eb Bb7 Cm → Ab Eb → → Bb ↻

Ance mair I hail thee thou gloom - y Dec-em - ber ance mair I hail thee wi' sor - row and care  
Fond lo-vers' par - ting is sweet pain-ful pleas - ure hope beam-ing mild on the soft par-ting hour

130 Eb Bb7 Cm → Ab Eb → → Bb ↻

sad was the par - ting thou makes me re-mem - ber part - ing wi' Nan - cy oh ne'er to meet mair  
but the dire fee - ling O fare-well for ev - er is an-guish un - ming led and ag-ony pure

134 Refrain Eb Ab → Bb7 Eb → Cm F7 → Bb ↻

Wild as the win ter now rear ing the for est till the last leaf o' the sum-mer is flown

138 Eb Ab → Bb7 Eb → Gm Fm → Bb ↻

such is the tem pest has shak en my bos om till my last hope and com fort is gone

142 Gm Finish Fm Bb7 → Eb ↻

till my last hope and com - fort is gone

## Verse 3

Still as I hail thee thou gloomy December  
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care  
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember  
Parting wi' Nancy oh ne'er to meet mair

## Refrain

# Behold the hour

## Second version

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

Be - hold the hour th - e boat ar - rive tho - u goest thou dar - ling of my heart sev - ered from thee can

Refrain

I sur - vive bu - t fate has willed and we must part a - long the sol - it - ar - y shore while flit - ting se - a - fow - l

round me cry a - cross the ro - ll - i - ng dash - ing roar I'll

west - ward turn my wist - ful eye I'll tell me does the muse on me

Verse 3 finish

### Verse 2

I'll often greet the surging swell  
 You distant isle will often hail  
 E'en here I took the last farewell  
 There latest marked her vanished sail

### Refrain

### Verse 3

Happy thou Indian grove, I'll say  
 Where now my Nancy's path shall be  
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray  
 O tell me does the muse on me

# The weary pund o' tow

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

F G C G

I bought my wi - fe a stane o' lint a - s guid as e'er did grow and

3 F G C G C

a' that sh - e has made o' that is ae pui - r pund o' tow the

5 C Chorus F C

wear - y pund the wear - y pund the wear - y pund o' tow I -

7 F C G7 C

think my wife will end her life be - fore she spin her tow there

## Verse 2

There sat a bottle in a bole  
 Beyond the ingle low  
 And aye she took the tither souk  
 To drook the stourie tow

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Quoth I for shame ye dirty dame  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow  
 She took the rock and wi' a knock  
 Se brak it o'er my pow

## Chorus

## Verse 4

At last her feet I sang to see 't  
 Gaed formost o'er the knowe  
 And or I wad anither jad  
 I'll wallop in a tow

## Chorus

## Chorus

# Cock up your beaver

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Verse

1 F G C7

Whe - n first my brave Joh - nie lad came to this town he had a

2 F G C7 F G

blu - e bon - net that wa - n - ted the crown bu - t now he has got - ten a p ha - t and a feath - er

4 Dm F Chorus Gm C7

hey brave John - ie lad cock up your bea - ver Cock up your bea - ver and cock it fu' sprush we'll

6 F Dm Gm C7

o - ver the bor - der and gi - e them a brush there's

7 F Gm C7 Dm

some - bo - dy there we'll teach bet - ter beh - hav - iour hey brave John - ie lad cock up your bea - ver

## A grace before dinner extempore

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

G° → Dm      G7      C      G°      Dm      G7      C      G°

O thou who kind - ly dost pro - vide for eve - ry creat - ure's want we

5 Dm      G7      C      G°      Dm      G7      C      G° Dm      G7

bless thee god of nat - ure wide for all thy god - dess lent and if it please thee

10 C      G°      Dm      G7      C      G° Dm      G7

heave - nly guide may ne - ver worse be sent but whe - ther gran - ted

14 C      G°      Dm      G7      C      G° F      F/G      C

or den - ied lord bless us with con - tent A - - - men

**rit.** . . . . .

# When she cam' ben she bobbed

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 → Verse

When she ca - m ben sh - e bobbed fu' law when she ca - m ben she bob-bed f - u' law when she

ca - m' ben sh - e kiss'd Cock - pen an - d syne se - nied she did it at a' ev - 'n

## Verse 2

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond  
Death's tie dissolving portal  
But thou omnipotently fond  
May'st promise love immortal

## Verse 3

Thy wounds such healing powers defy  
Such symptoms dire attend them  
That last great antihectic try  
Marriage perhaps may mend them

## Verse 4

Sweet Anna has an air a grace  
Divine magnetic touching  
She talks she charms but who can trace  
The process of bewitching