

Burns Revisited Volume 35

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Now Spring has clad the grove in green

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 55 →← Eb Verse 1 Ab →← Bb7 Eb ↻

Now spring has clad the grove in green and strew'd the lea wi' flow - ers the

↻ 3 Eb Ab →← Bb7 Eb ↻

fur - row'd wa - ving corn is seen re - joice in fos - tering show - ers while

↻ 5 Ab →← Fm Bb7 Eb ↻

il - ka thing in nat - ure join their sor - rows to fo - r - go o

↻ 7 Eb Ab →← Fm Bb7 Eb ↻

why thus all a - lone are mine the wea - ry steps o - f woe The

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

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

Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat

3

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 → Verse 1

Does haugh - ty Gaul in - va - s - io - n threat then let the loons be - ware sir there's
woo - den walls u - po - n - ou - r seas and vol - un - teers on shore sir the Nith shall run to Cor - si - n - con and
Crif - fel sink in Sol - way ere we per - mit a fo - r - ei - n foe on Bri - tish ground to ral - ly we'll
ne'er per - mit a fo - rei - gn foe on Bri - tish ground to ral - ly O

Verse 2

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided
Till slap come in a 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

Ballad second - election day

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Fy let us a' to Kirk-cud-bright for there will b - e bick-er-in' there for Mur-ray's light horse are to mus-ter
and o how the h-roes will swear... and there will b - e Mur-ray co man-der a - nd Gor-don the bat-tle to win like
bro - thers they'll stand by each o - ther sae knit in al - li - ance and kin And

Verse 2

And there will be black nebbit Johnie
The tongue o' the trump to them a'
An he get na Hell for his haddin'
The Deil gets na justice ava
And there will be Kempleton's birkie
A boy no sae black at the bane
But as to his fine Nabob fortune
We'll e'en let the subject alane

Verse 3

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff
Dame Justice fu brawly has sped
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby
But Lord what's become o' the head
And there will be Cardoness Esquire
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes
A wight that will weather damnation
The Devil the prey will despise

Verse 4

And there will be Douglasses doughty
New christening towns far and near
Abjuring their democrat doings
By kissin' theo' a Peer
And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's
A house o' great merit and note
The deil ane but honours them highly
The deil ane will gie them his vote

Verse 5

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous
Whose honour is proof to the storm
To save them from stark reprobation
He lent them his name in the Firm
And there will be lads o' the gospel
Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true
And there will be Buittle's Apostle
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue

Verse 6

And there will be Logan M'Dowall
Sculdud'ry an' he will be there
And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway
Sogering gunpowder Blair
But we winna mention Redcastle
The body e'en let him escape
He'd venture the gallows for siller
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape

Verse 7

But where is the Doggerbank hero
That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk
Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel
The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk
And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return
The birkie is gettin' his Questions
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn

Verse 8

But mark ye there's trusty Kerroughtree
Whose honor was ever his law
If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel
His worth might be sample for a'
And strang an' respectfu's his backing
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand
Nae gipsylike nominal barons
Wha's property's papernet land

Verse 9

And there frae the Niddisdale borders
The Maxwells will gather in droves
Tough Jockie staunch Geordie an' Wellwood
That griens for the fishes and loaves
And there will be Heron the Major
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other
Him only it's justice to praise

Verse 10

And there will be maiden Kilkerran
And also Barskimming's gude Knight
And there will be roarin Birtwhistle
Yet luckily roars i' the right
And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram
And there will be gay Cassencarry
And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam

Verse 11

And there'll be wealthy young Richard
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck
For prodigal thriftless bestowing
His merit had won him respect
And there will be rich brother nabobs
Tho' Nabobs yet men not the worst
And there will be Collieston's whiskers
And Quintina lad o' the first

Poetical inscription for an altar of independence

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 45 C G F C →← Dm G⁷ C →← G G⁷ □

□ 4 C →← G F C □

□ 6 Dm G⁷ Dm →← G⁷ C □

Thou of an in-de-pen-dent mind with soul re-solv'd with soul res-ighn'd pre-par'd powers prou-dest frown to brave who
wilt not be nor have a slave vir - tue a - lone who dost re - vere thy
own re - proach a - lone dost fear ap - proach this shrine and wor - ship here

The Cooper O' Cuddie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

Chorus

We -ll hide the coo-per be - hint the door be - hi - nt th - e door be - hi - nt the door we -ll

hide the coo - per be - hint the door and co - ver him un - der a mawn O The

Verse 1

coo - per o' Cud - die ca - m here a - wa' he ca'd the gir - rs ou - t o'er us a'

an' our guid wi - fe ha - s got - ten a ca' that a - n - ger'd the sil - ly go - od man O H - e

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'e 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

This is no my ain lassie

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

F G C



I see a form I see a face ye weel may wi' the fai - rest place it wants to me the wit-ching grace the

4 F G C F Chorus



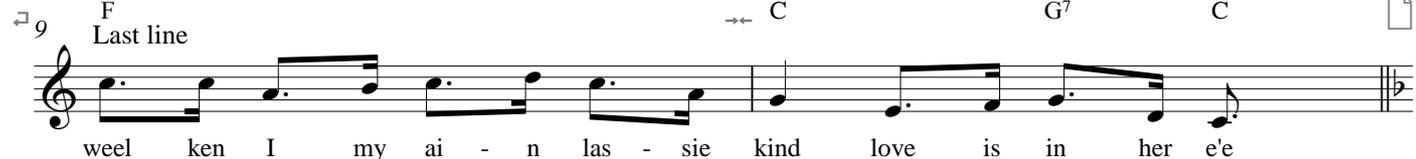
kind love that's in her e'e O this is no my ai - n las - sie

6 C F C G



fair tho' the las - sie be weel ken I my ai - n las - sie kind love is in her e'e She's

9 F Last line C G7 C



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

Verse 2

She's bonnie blooming straight and tall
And lang has had my hearth in thrall
And aye 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 lover's een
When kind love is in her e'e

Chorus

Verse 4

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

Chorus

The lass that made the bed to me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

11 $F \text{ } \downarrow = 105$ \rightarrow \rightarrow \rightarrow $B\flat$ \rightarrow F \rightarrow C \rightarrow F \rightarrow \rightarrow \rightarrow

When Jan-u-ur' wind was blaw-ing cauld as to the North I took my way the mirk-some night

20 \rightarrow $B\flat$ \rightarrow F \rightarrow C \rightarrow F \rightarrow $B\flat$ \rightarrow F \rightarrow Gm \rightarrow C \rightarrow \rightarrow \rightarrow

did me en- fault I knew na where to lodge till day by my guid luck a maid I met just in the

29 \rightarrow F \rightarrow \rightarrow \rightarrow \rightarrow $B\flat$ \rightarrow $C7$ \rightarrow F \rightarrow \rightarrow \rightarrow

mid-dle o' my care and kind-ly she did me in- vite to walk in- to a cham-ber fair

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 virginie'
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd
 Her teeth were like the ivorie
 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

The cardin' o't the spinnin' o't

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110 C -- F C

Chorus

1 The car - din' o - 't the spin - nin' o't the war - pin' o't the win - nin' o't when

5 il - ka e - ll cost me a goat the tai - lor swaw the ly - nin' o't I

Verse 1

9 coft a sta - ne o' ha - lock wo - o to mak' a wa - b to John - ie o't for

13 Joh - nie i - s my on - ly jo - - I

15 lo'e him be - st of on - ie yet The

Chorus

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 parishes

Chorus

To Chloris

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Eb $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Bb7 Eb $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

3 Ti - s friend - ship's pledge my young fair friend nor th - ou th - e gift re - fuse ___ no - r

5 with un - wil - ling ear at - tend the mo - r - a - l - is - ing muse ___ sin - ce

7 tho - u i - n a - ll th - y youth and charms must bi - d th - e world a - dieu ___ a

world a - ge - nst peace in cons - tant arms to join the friend - ly few ___ Sin - ce

Verse 2

Since thy gay morn of life o'er cast
 Chill came the tempest's lour
 And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower
 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 3

Thine is the selfapproving glow
 Of conscious honor's part
 And dearest gift of Heaven below
 Thine Friendship's truest heart
 The joys refin'd of sense and taste
 With every Muse to rove
 And doubly were the Poet blest
 These joys could he improve

The braw wooer

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

Las-t May a braw woo - er cam dow - n th - e lan - g glen an - d sair wi' his
love he did deave me I - said there was nae thing I ha t - e - d li - ke men th - e
deuce gae wi' - m' to be - lieve me be - lieve me th - e deuce gae wi' - m' to be - lieve me H - e

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 shouter 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