

# Burns Revisited Volume 37

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Robert Burns

# Handsome Nell

Edward Cairney

Verse 1

O once I loved a bon nie lass ay and I love her still and whilst that vir-tue warns my breast I'll

love my hand-some Nell as bon-nie las-ses I hae seen and mon-ie full as braw but

Refrain

for a mod-est grace-fu' mien the like I ne-ver saw a-a bon-ne lass I will con-fess is

plea-sant to the e'e but with-out some bet-ter qual-it-ies she's no a lass for me but

### Verse 2

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet  
 And what is best of a'  
 Her reputation is complete  
 And fair without a flaw  
 She dresses ay sae clean and neat  
 Both decent and genteel  
 And then there's something in her gait  
 Gars onie dress look weel

### Refrain

### Verse 3

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
 May slightly touch the heart  
 But it's innocence and modesty  
 That polishes the dart  
 'Tis this in Nelly pleases me  
 'Tis this enchants my soul  
 For absolutely in my breast  
 She reigns without control

Robert Burns

## Handsome Nell\_a

Edward Cairney

♩ = 150  
Verse 1

Verse 1

O once I loved a bonnie lass ay and I love her still

and whilst that vir - tue war - ms my breast I' - ll

love my han - d - som Nell A - s

**Verse 2**

As bonnie lasses I hae seen  
 And monie full as braw  
 But for a modest gracefu' mein  
 The like I never saw

**Verse 3**

A bonny lass I will confess  
 Is pleasant to the e'e  
 But without some better qualities  
 She's no a lass for me

**Verse 4**

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet  
 And what is best of a'  
 Her reputation is complete  
 And fair without a flaw

**Verse 5**

She dresses ay sae clean and neat  
 Both decent and genteel  
 And then there's something in her gait  
 Gars onie dress look weel

**Verse 6**

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
 May slightly touch the heart  
 But it's innocence and modesty  
 That polishes the dart

**Verse 7**

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me  
 'Tis this enchants my soul  
 For absolutely in my breast  
 She reigns without control

# O Tibbie I hae seen the day

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 → D Verse 1 E<sup>7</sup> → A<sup>7</sup> D ↻

Yest - reen I met you on the moor ye spa - k n - a but gaed by like stour\_\_ ye

↻ 3 E<sup>7</sup> → A<sup>7</sup> D *Finish* → G Chorus D ↻

geck at me be-cause I'm poor but fie\_\_ nt a\_\_ hair care I\_\_ O Tib bie I hae seen the day ye

↻ 6 E A<sup>7</sup> → G D → E A<sup>7</sup> ↻

wa-d-n-a been sae shy\_\_ for laik o' gear ye light ly me but trow-th I\_\_care na by\_\_when

**Verse 2**

When coming hame on Sunday last  
Upon the road as I cam past  
Ye snufft and ga'e your head a cast  
But trowth I care't na by

**Chorus****Verse 3**

I doubt na lass but ye may think  
Because ye hae the name o' clink  
That ye can please me at a wink  
Whene'er ye like to try

**Chorus****Verse 4**

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean  
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean  
Wha follows onie saucy quean  
That looks sae proud and high

**Chorus****Verse 5**

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart  
If that he want the yellow dirt  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt  
And answer him fu' dry

**Chorus****Verse 6**

But if he hae the name o' gear  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier  
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear  
Be better than the kye

**Chorus****Verse 7**

But Tibbie lass tak' my advice:  
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice  
The deil a ane wad speir your price  
Were ye as poor as I

**Chorus****Verse 8**

There lives a lass beside yon park  
I'd rather hae her in her sark  
Than you wi' a' your thousand mark  
That gars you look sae high

# In the character of a ruined farmer

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75  
C

9 Verse 1

The sun he is sunk in the west all crea-tures re tired to rest while here I sit all

14

sore be-set with sor row\_ grief an-d woe and it's O fick-le for-tune O

Em F C C

**Verse 2**

The prosperous man is asleep  
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep  
But Misery and I must watch  
The surly tempest blow  
And it's O fickle Fortune O

**Verse 3**

There lies the dear partner of my breast  
Her cares for a moment at rest  
Must I see thee my youthful pride  
Thus brought so very low  
And it's O fickle Fortune O

**Verse 4**

There lie my sweet babies in her arms  
No anxious fear their little hearts alarms  
But for their sake my heart does ache  
With many a bitter throe  
And it's O fickle Fortune O

**Verse 5**

I once was by Fortune carest  
I once could relieve the distress  
Now life's poor support hardly earn'd  
My fate will scarce bestow  
And it's O fickle Fortune O

**Verse 6**

No comfort no comfort I have  
How welcome to me were the grave  
But then my wife and children dear  
O wither would they go  
And it's O fickle Fortune O

**Verse 7**

O whither O whither shall I turn  
All friendless forsaken forlorn  
For in this world Rest or Peace  
I never more shall know  
And it's O fickle Fortune O

# Tragic fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 57 C#m6 C → C#m6 C → G Eb →

5 All vil-lain as I am adamedn wretcha har-dened stub-born un-re-pen-ting sin ner\_ still

8 my heart ments at hum-an wret-ched-ness and with sin-cere but un-a-vai-ling sighs I

11 view the help-less chil-dren of dis - tress with tears in-dig-nant I be-hold the opp\_

14 ress - or\_ re - joic - ing in the hon - est man's des - truct-ion whose

17 un - sub-mit-ting heart was all his crime ev'n you ye hap-less crew I pi - ty

you ye whom the see-ming good think sin to pi - ty Ye

## Verse 2

Ye poor despised abandoned vagabonds  
 Whom Vice as usual has turn'd o'er to ruin  
 Oh but for friends and interposing Heaven  
 I had been driven forth like you forlorn  
 The most detested worthless wretch among you  
 O injured God Thy goodness has endow'd me  
 With talents passing most of my compeers  
 Which I in just proportion have abused  
 As far surpassing other common villains  
 As Thou in natural parts has given me more

Robert Burns

## The Ronalds of the Bennals

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1

D Bm D A<sup>7</sup> D

I - n Tar bol ton ye ken there are pro per young men an d pro - per young las ses and a'

8 Bm D A<sup>7</sup> D

man bu t ken ye the Ron alds tha t live in the Ben nals the y car - ry the gree frae them a'

16 F<sup>#7</sup> Bm F<sup>#7</sup> Bm *Finish*

25 E E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A A<sup>7</sup>

man their faith - er's a laird and weel he can spare't braid mon ey to tocher them a' man to

pro - per young men he'll clink in the hand gowd guineas a hund red or twa man There's

**Verse 2**

There's ane they ca' Jean I'll warrant ye've seen  
 As bonie a lass or as braw man  
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best  
 And a conduct that beautifies a' man  
 The charms o' the min' the langer they shine  
 The mair admiration they draw man  
 While peaches and cherries and roses and lilies  
 They fade and they wither awa man

**Verse 3**

If ye be for Miss Jean tak this frae a frien'  
 A hint o' a rival or twa man  
 The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire  
 If that wad entice her awa man  
 The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed  
 For mair than a towmond or twa man  
 The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board  
 If he canna get her at a' man

**Verse 4**

Then Anna comes in the pride o' her kin  
 The boast of our bachelors a' man  
 Sae sonsy and sweet sae fully complete  
 She steals our affections awa man  
 If I should detail the pick and the wale  
 O' lasses that live here awa man  
 The faut wad be mine if she didna shine  
 The sweetest and best o' them a' man

**Verse 8**

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money  
 Or claughtin't together at a' man  
 I've little to spend and naething to lend  
 But devil a shilling I awe man

**Verse 5**

I lo'e her mysel but darena weel tell  
 My poverty keeps me in awe man  
 For making o' rhymes and working at times  
 Does little or naething at a' man  
 Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse  
 Nor hae't in her power to say na man  
 For though I be poor unnoticed obscure  
 My stomach's as proud as them a' man

**Verse 6**

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride  
 And flee o'er the hills like a craw man  
 I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed  
 Though fluttering ever so braw man  
 My coat and my vest they are Scotch o' the best  
 O'pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa man  
 And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps  
 And ne'er a wrang steek in them a' man

**Verse 7**

My sarks they are few but five o' them new  
 Twal'-hundred as white as the snaw man  
 A ten-shillings hat a Holland cravat  
 There are no mony poets sae braw man  
 I never had freens weel stockit in means  
 To leave me a hundred or twa man  
 Nae weel-tocher'd aunts to wait on their drants  
 And wish them in hell for it a' man

# Here's to thy health

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

33  $E\flat$   $\text{♩} = 80$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $A\flat$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E\flat$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

Here's to thy hea - lth my bon - nie lass guid nicht and joy be wi' thee

37  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $F$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $B\flat^7$   $E\flat$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

I'll come nae ma - ir to th - y bower door to tell thee that I lo'e thee o din - na thin - k my

42  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $A\flat$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E\flat$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

pre - t - ty pink but I can live with - out thee I vow and swe - ar I

46  $Cm$   $Fm$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $Gm$   $Fm$   $B\flat^7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E\flat$

din - n - a care how lang ye look a - bout ye

## Verse 2

Thou'r't aye 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 frien's try ilka means  
 Frae wedlock to delay thee  
 Depending on some higher chance  
 But fortune may betray thee

## 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 4

But far off fowls hae feathers fair  
 And aye until ye try them  
 Tho' they seem fair still have a care  
 They may prove waur than I am  
 But at twal' 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

# Winter

9

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

C Dm G<sup>7</sup> C F C

1 The win - try west ex - tends his blast an - d hail and rai - n do - es blow or the

3 Dm G<sup>7</sup> Am D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>

5 C Dm G<sup>7</sup> C F C

7 F C Am Dm G<sup>7</sup> C

bird and bea - st i - n co - vert re - st an - d pass the hea - rt - le - ss day The

## Verse 2

The sweeping blast the sky o'er cast  
The joyless winter day  
Let others fear to me more dear  
Than all the pride of May  
The tempest's howl it soothes my soul  
My griefs it seems to join  
The leafless trees my fancy please  
Their fate resembles mine

## Verse 3

Thou Pow'r Supreme whose mighty scheme  
These woes of mine fulfil  
Here firm I rest they must be best  
Because they are Thy will  
Then all I want O do Thou grant  
This one request of mine  
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny  
Assist me to resign

# Winter

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90    G<sup>7</sup>    C    E    F

Th - e win - try west ex - tends his blast an - d hail and rain does blaw or the

5    C    Am    D<sup>9</sup>    Dm    G<sup>7</sup>

stor - my north sends dri - ving forth the blin - ding sleet and snaw whi - le

9    C    G<sup>7</sup>    C    E    F

tum - bling brown the burn comes down an - d roars frae bank to brae and

13    C    Am    Dm    D<sup>7</sup>    C

bird and beast in co - vert rest and pass the heart - less day Th - e

## Verse 2

The sweeping blast the sky o'ercast  
 The joyless winter day  
 Let others fear to me more dear  
 Than all the pride of May  
 The tempest's howl it soothes my soul  
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 This one request of mine  
 Since to enjoy Thou dost deny  
 Assist me to resign

# Prayer under the pressure of violent anguish

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

Verse 1

F C7 Dm Gm C7 F C7



O thou great be ing what thou art sur - pas - ses me to know. yet sure I am that known to thee are

4

Gm F(sus2) F **Finish** F Refrain Gm C7



all thy works be - low — Thy crea - ture here be fore thee stands all wret - ched and dis trest — yet

7

F Gm C7 F



sure those ills that wring my soul o - bey thy high be - hest — Sure

## Verse 2

Sure Thou Almighty canst not act  
From cruelty or wrath  
O free my weary eyes from tears  
Or close them fast in death

## Refrain

## Verse 3

But if I must afflicted be  
To suit some wise design  
Then man my soul with firm resolves  
To bear and not repine