

# Burns Revisited Volume 38

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# Paraphrase of the first psalm

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95  
D Verse 1 G A D

The man in life wher-ev-er plac'd hath hap-pin-ess in store who walks not in the wick-ed  
6 G A D Refrain G  
way nor learns their guil-ty lore That man shall flou-rish like the trees  
11 A D  
which by the stream - lets grow the fruit - ful top is  
14 F#m Bm Em A7 Em A7 D  
1. Final  
spread on high and firm the root be - low and firm the root be -

## 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

## Refrain

## 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

## Refrain

# The first six verses of the ninetieth psalm

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80 →← Verse 1

D A →← E

O\_\_ thou th - e fir - st th - e grea - test friend o - f all the hum - an race\_\_ who - s

3 A D A →← E7 A *Finale*

strong ri - ght ha - nd ha - s e - ver been the - ir stay and dwel - ling place\_\_ be\_\_

5 E →← A D

fore the moun - tains heav'd their heads be\_\_ neath thy for - ming hand\_\_ be -

7 E →← A E7 *Finish*

fore this pond - erous globe it - self a\_\_ rose at thy com mand\_\_ Tha - t

## Verse 2

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds  
 This universal frame  
 From countless unbeginning time  
 Was ever still the same  
 Those mighty periods of years  
 Which seem to us so vast  
 Appear no more before Thy sight  
 Than yesterday that's past

## Verse 3

Thou giv'st the word Thy creature man  
 Is to existence brought  
 Again Thou say'st 'Ye sons of men  
 Return ye into nought'  
 Thou layest them with all their cares  
 In everlasting sleep  
 As with a flood Thou tak'st them off  
 With overwhelming sweep

## Finale

They flourish like the morning flow'r  
 In beauty's pride array'd  
 But long ere night cut down it lies  
 All wither'd and decay'd

# A prayer in the prospect of death

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 Verse 1

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

O thou un-known al-migh-ty cause o-f all my hope and fear

13 E<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> G<sup>m</sup> C<sup>9</sup>

i-n who-se dre-ad pres-ence e-re a-n hour per-

15 C<sup>o</sup> 1. B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Final

haps I must ap-pear give

**Verse 2**

If I have wander'd in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun  
As something loudly in my breast  
Remonstrates I have done

**Verse 3**

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong  
And list'ning to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong

**Verse 4**

Where human weakness has come short  
Or frailty stept aside  
Do Thou All Good for such Thou art  
In shades of darkness hide

**Verse 5**

Where with intention I have err'd  
No other plea I have  
But Thou art good and Goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive

# Stanzas on the same occasion

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70

18 Verse 1

Why am I loth to leave this earth-ly scene have I so found it full of pleas-ing charms

22 some drops of joy withdraughts of ill be-tween some gleams of sun-shine mid ren ew ing storms

26 is it de-par - ting pangs my soul a-larms or death's un-lov - ely drea - ry dark a-bode

30 for guilt for guilt my ter - rors are in arms I trem - ble to ap-proach

33 an ang - ry God and just - ly smart be - neath his sin - a - ven - ging rod

## Verse 2

Fain would I say "Forgive my foul offence"  
 Fain promise never more to disobey  
 But should my Author health again dispense  
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way  
 Again in folly's part might go astray  
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man  
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray  
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan  
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd yet to temptation ran

## Verse 3

O Thou great Governor of all below  
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee  
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow  
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea  
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me  
 Those headlong furious passions to confine  
 For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be  
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line  
 O aid me with Thy help Omnipotence Divine

# Fickle fortune - a fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 59 → F Gm → C<sup>7</sup> → B<sup>b</sup> Gm Am Gm ↵

Verse 1

Throu-gh fick-le for-tune ha-s de\_\_ceived me\_\_ sh-e prom-is'd fair and pe-r-formed but

↵ 4 C<sup>7</sup> → F Gm → C<sup>7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> ↵

ill o - f mis-tress friends and wea-lth be\_\_ reav'd me\_\_ ye - t

↵ 7 B<sup>b</sup> Gm C<sup>7</sup> → F → F Gm ↵

Verse 1

I bear a heart shall sup-port me still I' - ll act with pru-dence as far's I' - m

↵ 10 C<sup>7</sup> → B<sup>b</sup> Gm Am Gm → C<sup>7</sup> ↵

a - ble\_\_ bu - t if suc-cess I mu - st ne - ver find the - n

↵ 13 E<sup>b</sup> F<sup>7</sup> → D<sup>7</sup> Gm → Cm F<sup>7</sup> → B<sup>b</sup> ↵

come mis-for tune I bid thee wel come I-'ll meet thee with an u - n-daun-ted mind

# Raging fortune

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89 Em

O rag-ing for-tune's with-er-ing blast has laid my leaf full low O O

rag-ing for-tune's with-er-ing blast has laid m-y leaf full low O my stem was fair my

bud was green my blos-som swe-et did blow O the dew fell fresh the sun rose

mild and made m-y bran-ches grow O bu-t luck-less for-tune's north-ern storms la-id

a' my blos - soms low O but luck-less for-tune's nor-thern storms

laid a' my blos - soms low O

# I'll go and be a sodger

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 →← B♭

O why the deuce should I re - pine and  
 gat some gear wi mick - le care I

be an ill for - bod - er I'm twen - ty three and  
 held it weel the gith - er but now - it's gane and

five feet nine I'll go and be a  
 some - thing mair I'll go and be a

sod - ger I sod - ger

1. B♭ 2. B♭



# No churchman am I

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

No church-man am I fo - r to rail and to write\_ no states-man no - r sol-dier to pot  
 or to fight\_ no sly man o - f bus - iness con - ti - ving a snare\_ for  
 a big bel - ly'd bot - tle's the whole of my care\_ The

## Verse 2

The peer I don't envy I give him his bow  
 I scorn not the peasant though ever so low  
 But a club of good fellows like those that are here  
 And a bottle like this are my glory and care

## Verse 3

Here passes the squire on his brother-his horse  
 There centum per centum the cit with his purse  
 But see you the Crown how it waves in the air  
 There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care

## Verse 4

The wife of my bosom alas she did die  
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly  
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair  
 That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care

## Verse 5

I once was persuaded a venture to make  
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck  
 But the pury old landlord just waddl'd upstairs  
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares

## Verse 6

Life's cares they are comforts-a maxim laid down  
 By the Bard what d'ye call him that wore the black gown  
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair  
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care

# A stanza added in a Mason Lodge

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Then fill up a bum - per and make it o' - er - flow\_\_\_\_\_ and

hon - ours mas - on - ic pre - pare for to throw\_\_\_\_\_ may

ev' - ry\_\_\_\_\_ true broth - er of th' com - pass and square

have a big bel - ly'd bot - tle when har - ass'd\_\_\_\_\_ with care

Chords: F, C, Bb, F, Cm6/F, G7, C7, Ab7, C#, C, F, Bb9, C, Bb/C, C7, F

Robert Burns

## My father was a farmer

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

My fath-er was a far mer\_ u - pon the Car-rick bor-der O and care-ful-ly he bred me in  
 dec-en - cy and or - der O he bade me act a man ly part though I had ne'er a far-thing O for  
 with - out an hon - est man - ly heart no man was orth re - gar - ding O Then

**Verse 2**

Then out into the world my course I did determine O  
 Tho' to be rich was not my wish yet to be great was charming O  
 My talents they were not the worst nor yet my education O  
 Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend my situation O

**Verse 3**

In many a way and vain essay I courted Fortune's favour O  
 Some cause unseen still stept between to frustrate each endeavour O  
 Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd sometimes by friends forsaken O  
 And when my hope was at the top I still was worst mistaken O

**Verse 4**

Then sore harass'd and tir'd at last with Fortune's vain delusion O  
 I dropt my schemes like idle dreams and came to this conclusion O  
 The past was bad and the future hid its good or ill untried O  
 But the present hour was in my pow'r and so I would enjoy it O

**Verse 5**

No help nor hope nor view had I nor person to befriend me O  
 So I must toil and sweat and moil and labour to sustain me O  
 To plough and sow to reap and mow my father bred me early O  
 For one he said to labour bred was a match for Fortune fairly O

**Verse 6**

Thus all obscure unknown and poor thro' life I'm doom'd to wander O  
 Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber O  
 No view nor care but shun whate'er might breed me pain or sorrow O  
 I live to-day as well's I may regardless of to-morrow O

**Verse 7**

But cheerful still I am as well as a monarch in his palace O  
 Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me down with all her wonted malice O  
 I make indeed my daily bread but ne'er can make it farther O  
 But as daily bread is all I need I do not much regard her O

**Verse 8**

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money O  
 Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon me O  
 Mischance mistake or by neglect or my goodnatur'd folly O  
 But come what will I've sworn it still I'll ne'er be melancholy O

**Verse 9**

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour O  
 The more in this you look for bliss you leave your view the farther O  
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts or nations to adore you O  
 A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you O