

# Burns Revisited Volume 46

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# The Author's earnest cry and prayer

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 105

Verse 1

Y-e I - rish lords y-e knigh-ts an' squires wh-a rep - res - ent ou-r bru-ghs an' shires a - n<sup>th</sup>  
 douc-ely man-age our af-fairs in par-lia-ment to you a sim-ple po-et's pray'rs are hum-bly sent A -

## Verse 2

Alas my roupit Muse is hearse  
 Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce  
 To see her sittin on her arse  
 Low i' the dust  
 And screechinhout prosaic verse  
 An like to brust

## Verse 3

Tell them wha hae the chief direction  
 Scotland an' me's in great affliction  
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction  
 On aqua-vitae  
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction  
 An' move their pity

## Verse 4

Stand forth an' tell yon Premier youth  
 The honest open naked truth  
 Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth  
 His servants humble  
 The muckle deevil blaw you south  
 If ye dissemble

## Verse 5

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom  
 Speak out an' never fash your thumb  
 Let posts an' pensions sink or soom  
 Wi' them wha grant them  
 If honestly they canna come  
 Far better want them

## Verse 6

In gath'rin votes you were na slack  
 Now stand as tightly by your tack  
 Ne'er claw your lug an' fidge your back  
 An' hum an' haw  
 But raise your arm an' tell your crack  
 Before them a'

## Verse 7

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrissle  
 Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle  
 An' damn'd excisemen in a bussle  
 Seizin a stell  
 Triumphant crushin't like a mussel  
 Or limpet shell

## Verse 8

Then on the tither hand present her  
 A blackguard smuggler right behind her  
 An' cheek-for chow a chuffie vintner  
 Colleguing join  
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter  
 Of a' kind coin

## Verse 9

Is there that bears the name o' Scot  
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot  
 To see his poor auld mither's pot  
 Thus dung in staves  
 An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat  
 By gallows knaves

## Verse 10

Alas I'm but a nameless wight  
 Trode i' the mire out o' sight  
 But could I like Montgomerie's fight  
 Or gab like Boswell  
 There's some sark necks I wad draw tight  
 An' tie some hose well

## Verse 11

God bless your Honours can ye see't  
 The kind auld cantie carlin greet  
 An' no get warmly to your feet  
 An' gar them hear it  
 An' tell them wi'a patriot-heat  
 Ye winna bear it

## Verse 12

Some o' you nicely ken the laws  
 To round the period an' pause  
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause  
 To mak harangues  
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's  
 Auld Scotland's wrangs

## Verse 13

Dempster a true blue Scot I'se warran'  
 Thee aith detesting chaste Kilkerran  
 An' that glib gabbit Highland baron  
 The Laird o' Graham  
 An' ane a chap that's damn'd aulfarran'  
 Dundas his name

## Verse 14

Erskine a spunkie Norland billie  
 True Campbells Frederick and Ilay  
 An' Livistone the bauld Sir Willie  
 An' mony ithers  
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully  
 Might own for brithers

## Verse 15

See sodger Hugh my watchman stented  
 If poets e'er are represented  
 I ken if that your sword were wanted  
 Ye'd lend a hand  
 But when there's ought to say anent it  
 Ye're at a stand

## Verse 16

Arouse my boys exert your mettle  
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle  
 Or faith I'll wad my new pleugh pettle  
 Ye'll see't or lang  
 She'll teach you wi' a reekin whittle  
 Anither sang

## Verse 17

This while she's been in crankous mood  
 Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid  
 Deil na they never mair do guid  
 Play'd her that pliskie  
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud  
 About her whisky

## Verse 18

An' Lord if ance they pit her tillt  
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt  
 An'durk an' pistol at her belt  
 She'll tak the streets  
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt  
 I' the first she meets

## Verse 19

For God sake sirs then speak her fair  
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair  
 An' to the muckle house repair  
 Wi' instant speed  
 An' strive wi' a' your wit an' lear  
 To get remead

## Verse 20

Yon ill tongu'd tinkler Charlie Fox  
 May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks  
 But gie him't het my hearty cocks  
 E'en cove the cadie  
 An' send him to his dicing box  
 An' sportin' lady

## Verse 21

Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's  
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks  
 An' drink his health in auld Nance Tinnock's  
 Nine times a week  
 If he some scheme like tea an' winnocks  
 Was kindly seek

## Verse 22

Could he some commutation broach  
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch  
 He needna fear their foul reproach  
 Nor erudition  
 Yon mixtie maxtie queer hotch potch  
 The Coalition

## Verse 23

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue  
 She's just a devil wi' a rung  
 An' if she promise auld or young  
 To tak their part  
 Tho' by the neck she should be strung  
 She'll no desert

## Verse 24

And now ye chosen Five and Forty  
 May still you mither's heart support ye  
 Then tho'a minister grow dory  
 An' kick your place  
 Ye'll snap your gingers poor an' hearty  
 Before his face

## Verse 25

God bless your Honours a' your days  
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise  
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes  
 That haunt St Jamie's  
 Your humble poet sings an' prays  
 While Rab his name is

# The Ordination

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90<sup>+</sup> Eb Verse 1 Bb7 Eb →← Bb7 Eb Eb7<sup>+</sup> Ab Eb7 Ab ↻

Kil - mar-nock wab-sters fi-dge an' claw an' pour your cre e-shie nat - ions an' ye wha lea-ther ra-x an' draw of

a' de - no-m-in - at - ions swith to the Laigh Kirk an - e an' a' an' there tak u - p your stat - ions then

aff to Beg-bie's i - n a raw an' po - ur di - vine li - bat - ions for jo - y this day Curse

**Verse 2**

Curst Common sense that imp o' hell  
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder  
But Oliphant aft made her yell  
An' Russell sair misca'd her  
This day Mackinlay taks the flail  
An' he's the boy will blaud her  
He'll clap a shangan on her tail  
An' set the bairns to daud her  
Wi' dirt this day

**Verse 3**

Mak haste an' turn King David owre  
And lilt wi' holy clangor  
O' double verse come gie us four  
An' skirl up the Bangor  
This day the kirk kicks up a stoure  
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her  
For Heresy is in her pow'r  
And gloriously she'll whang her  
Wi' pith this day

**Verse 4**

Come let a proper text be read  
An' touch it aff wi' vigour  
How graceless Ham leugh at his dad  
Which made Canaan a nigger  
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade  
Wi' whore abhorring rigour  
Or Zipporah the scauldin jad  
Was like a bluidy tiger  
I th' inn that day

**Verse 5**

There try his mettle on the creed  
An' bind him down wi' caution  
That stipend is a carnal weed  
He taks by for the fashion  
And gie him o'er the flock to feed  
And punish each transgression  
Espesial rams that cross the breed  
Gie them sufficient threshin  
Spare them nae day

**Verse 6**

Now auld Kilmarnock cock thy tail  
An' toss thy horns fu' canty  
Nae mair thou'lt rowt out owre the dale  
Because thy pasture's scanty  
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail  
Shall fill thy crib in plenty  
An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale  
No gi'en by way o' dainty  
But ilka day

**Verse 7**

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep  
To think upon our Zion  
And hing our fiddles up to sleep  
Like baby clouts a dryin  
Come screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep  
And o'er the thairms be tryin  
Oh rare to see our elbucks wheep  
And a' like lamb tails flyin  
Fu' fast this day

**Verse 8**

Lang Patronage with rod o' aim  
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin  
As lately Fenwick sair forfairn  
Has proven to its ruin  
Our patron honest man Glencairn  
He saw mischief was brewin  
An' like a godly elect bairn  
He's waled us out a true ane  
And sound this day

**Verse 9**

Now Robertson harangue nae mair  
But steek your gab for ever  
Or try the wicked town of Ayr  
For there they'll think you clever  
Or nae reflection on your lear  
Ye may commence a shaver  
Or to the Netherton repair  
An' turn a carpet weaver  
Aff hand this day

**Verse 14**

Come bring the tither mutchkin in  
And here's for a conclusion  
To ev'ry New Light mother's son  
From this time forth Confusion  
If mair they deave us wi' their din  
Or Patronage intrusion  
We'll light a spunk and ev'ry skin  
We'll rin them aff in fusion  
Like oil some day

**Verse 10**

Mu'trie and you were just a match  
We never had sic twa drones  
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch  
Just like a winkin baudrons  
And aye he catch'd the tither wretch  
To fry them in his caudrons  
But now his Honour maun detach  
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons  
Fast fast this day

**Verse 11**

See see auld Orthodoxy's faes  
She's swingein thro' the city  
Hark how the nine tail'd cat she plays  
I vow it's unco pretty  
There Learning with his Greekish face  
Grunts out some Latin ditty  
And Common sense is gaun she says  
To mak to Jamie Beattie  
Her plaint this day

**Verse 12**

But there's Morality himsel'  
Embracing all opinions  
Hear how he gies the tither yell  
Between his twa companions  
See how she peels the skin an' fell  
As ane were peelin onions  
Now there they're packed aff to hell  
An' banish'd our dominions  
Henceforth this day

**Verse 13**

O happy day rejoice rejoice  
Come bouse about the porter  
Morality's demure decoys  
Shall here nae mair find quarter  
Mackinlay Russell are the boys  
That heresy can torture  
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse  
And cowe her measure shorter  
By th' head some day

# To James Smith

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

10 Verse 1

C → G C → D G<sup>7</sup>

Dear Smith the se - e - ki - st paw - kie thief that e'er at-temp-ted stea-lth o - r rief ye

14 C → Dm G<sup>7</sup> → C → G<sup>7</sup> C

sur-ely hae some war-lock brief ower hum an hearts for ne'er a bos-om yet wa - s pri-ef a - gainst your arts

**Verse 2**

For me I swear by sun an' moon  
An' ev'ry star that blinks aboon  
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon  
Just gaun to see you  
An' ev'ry ither pair that's done  
Mair taen I'm wi' you

**Verse 3**

That auld capricious carlin Nature  
To mak amends for scrimpit stature  
She's turn'd you off a human creature  
On her first plan  
And in her freaks on ev'ry feature  
She's wrote the Man

**Verse 4**

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme  
My barmie noddle's working prime  
My fancy yerkit up sublime  
Wi' hasty summon  
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time  
To hear what's comin

**Verse 5**

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash  
Some rhyme vain thought for needfu' cash  
Some rhyme to court the countra clash  
An' raise a din  
For me an aim I never fash  
I rhyme for fun

**Verse 6**

The star that rules my luckless lot  
Has fated me the russet coat  
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat  
But in requit  
Has blest me with a random shot  
O' countra wit

**Verse 7**

This while my notion's taen a sklent  
To try my fate in guid black prent  
But still the mair I'm that way bent  
Something cries Hooklie  
I red you honest man tak tent  
Ye'll shaw your folly

**Verse 8**

There's ither poets much your betters  
Far seen in Greek deep men o' letters  
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors  
A' future ages  
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters  
Their unknown pages

**Verse 9**

Then farewell hopes of laurel boughs  
To garland my poetic brows  
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs  
Are whistlin' thrang  
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes  
My rustic sang

**Verse 10**

I'll wander on wi' tentless heed  
How never halting moments speed  
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread  
Then all unknown  
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead  
Forgot and gone

**Verse 11**

But why o' death being a tale  
Just now we're living sound and hale  
Then top and maintop crowd the sail  
Heave Care o'er side  
And large before Enjoyment's gale  
Let's tak the tide

**Verse 12**

This life sae far's I understand  
Is a' enchanted fairy land  
Where Pleasure is the magic and  
That wielded right  
Maks hours like minutes hand in hand  
Dance by fu' light

**Verse 13**

The magic wand then let us wield  
For ance that five an' forty's speel'd  
See crazy weary joyless eild  
Wi' wrinkl'd face  
Comes hostin hirplin owre the field  
We' creepin pace

**Verse 14**

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin  
Then farewell vacant careless roamin  
An' farewell cheerfu' tankards foamin  
An' social noise  
An' farewell dear deluding woman  
The Joy of joys

**Verse 15**

O Life how pleasant in thy morning  
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning  
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning  
We frisk away  
Like school boys at th' expected warning  
To joy an' play

**Verse 16**

We wander there we wander here  
We eye the rose upon the brier  
Unmindful that the thorn is near  
Among the leaves  
And tho' the puny wound appear  
Short while it grieves

**Verse 17**

Some lucky find a flow'ry spot  
For which they never toil'd nor swat  
They drink the sweet and eat the fat  
But care or pain  
And haply eye the barren hut  
With high disdain

**Verse 18**

With steady aim some Fortune chase  
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace  
Thro' fair thro' foul they urge the race  
An' seize the prey  
Then cannie in some cozie place  
They close the day

**Verse 19**

And others like your humble servan'  
Poor wights nae rules nor roads observin  
To right or left eternal swervin  
They zig zag on  
Till curst with age obscure an' starvin  
They aften groan

**Verse 20**

Alas what bitter toil an' straining  
But truce with peevish poor complaining  
Is fortune's fickle Luna waning  
E'n let her gang  
Beneath what light she has remaining  
Let's sing our sang

**Verse 21**

My pen I here fling to the door  
And kneel ye Pow'rs and warm implore  
Tho' I should wander Terra o'er  
In all her climes  
Grant me but this I ask no more  
Aye rowth o' rhymes

**Verse 22**

Gie dreepin roasts to countra lairds  
Till icicles hing frae their beards  
Gie fine braw claes to fine life guards  
And maids of honour  
An' yill an' whisky gie to cairds  
Until they sconner

**Verse 23**

A title Dempster merits it  
A garter gie to Willie Pitt  
Gie wealth to some be ledger'd cit  
In cent per cent  
But give me real sterling wit  
And I'm content

**Verse 24**

While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale  
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal  
Be't water brose or muslin kail  
Wi' cheerfu' face  
As lang's the Muses dinna fail  
To say the grace

**Verse 25**

An anxious e'e I never throws  
Behint my lug or by my nose  
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows  
As weel's I may  
Sworn foe to sorrow care and prose  
I rhyme away

**Verse 26**

O ye douce folk that live by rule  
Grave tideless blooded calm an' cool  
Compar'd wi' you O fool fool fool  
How much unlike  
Your hearts are just a standing pool  
Your lives a dyke

**Verse 27**

Nae hair-brain'd sentimental traces  
In your unletter'd nameless faces  
In arioso trills and graces  
Ye never stray  
But gravissimo solemn basses  
Ye hum away

**Verse 28**

Ye are sae grave nae doubt ye're wise  
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise  
The hairum-scairum ram stam boys  
The rattling squad  
I see ye upward cast your eyes  
Ye ken the road

**Verse 29**

Whilst I but I shall haud me there  
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where  
Then Jamie I shall say nae mair  
But quat my sang  
Content wi' you to mak a pair  
Where'er I gang

# The Vision

## Duan First

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 79  $\text{C}$   $\text{G}^7$   $\text{C}$

The sun had clos'd the wi-n-te-r day th-e cur-lers quat their roar-in' play an-d hun-ger'd mau-kin ta en he-r way

$\text{D}$   $\text{G}^7$   $\text{C}$   $\text{G}^7$   $\text{C}$

t - o kail yards green— whi-le faith-less snaws ilk ste-p be - tray wha-re she has been— Th-e

**Verse 2**

The thresher's weary flingin tree  
The lee lang day had tired me  
And when the day had clos'd his e'e  
Far i' the west  
Ben i' the spence right pensivelie  
I gaed to rest

**Verse 3**

There lanely by the ingle cheek  
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek  
That fill'd wi' hoast provoking smeeek  
The auld clay biggin  
An' heard the restless rattons squeak  
About the riggin

**Verse 4**

All in this mottie misty clime  
I backward mus'd on wasted time  
How I had spent my youthfu' prime  
An' done nae thing  
But stringing blethers up in rhyme  
For fools to sing

**Verse 5**

Had I to guid advice but harkit  
I might by this hae led a market  
Or strutted in a bank and clarkit  
My cash-account  
While here half mad half fed half sarkit  
Is a' th' amount

**Verse 6**

I started mutt'ring blockhead coof  
And heav'd on high my waukit loof  
To swear by a' yon starry roof  
Or some rash aith  
That I henceforth wad be rhyme proof  
Till my last breath

**Verse 7**

When click the string the snick did draw  
An' jee the door gaed to the wa'  
An' by my ingle lowe I saw  
Now bleezin bright  
A tight outlandish hizzie braw  
Come full in sight

**Verse 8**

Ye need na doubt I held my wisht  
The infant aith half form'd was crusht  
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht  
In some wild glen  
When sweet like honest Worth she blusht  
An' stepped ben

**Verse 9**

Green slender leaf clad holly boughs  
Were twisted gracefu' round her brows  
I took her for some Scottish Muse  
By that same token  
And come to stop those reckless vows  
Would soon been broken

**Verse 10**

A hair brain'd sentimental trace  
Was strongly marked in her face  
A wildly witty rustic grace  
Shone full upon her  
Her eye ev'n turn'd on empty space  
Beam'd keen with honour

**Verse 11**

Down flow'd her robe a tartan sheen  
Till half a leg was scrimply seen  
An' such a leg my bonie Jean  
Could only peer it  
Sae straught sae taper tight an' clean  
Nane else came near it

**Verse 12**

Her mantle large of greenish hue  
My gazing wonder chiefly drew  
Deep lights and shades bold mingling threw  
A lustre grand  
And seem'd to my astonish'd view  
A well known land

**Verse 13**

Here rivers in the sea were lost  
There mountains to the skies were toss't  
Here tumbling billows mark'd the coast  
With surging foam  
There distant shone Art's lofty boast  
The lordly dome

**Verse 14**

Here Doon pour'd down his far fetch'd floods  
There well fed Irwine stately thuds  
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods  
On to the shore  
And many a lesser torrent scuds  
With seeming roar

**Verse 15**

Low in a sandy valley spread  
An ancient borough rear'd her head  
Still as in Scottish story read  
She boasts a race  
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred  
And polish'd grace

**Verse 16**

By stately tow'r or palace fair  
Or ruins pendent in the air  
Bold stems of heroes here and there  
I could discern  
Some seem'd to muse some seem'd to dare  
With feature stern

**Verse 17**

My heart did glowing transport feel  
To see a race heroic wheel  
And brandish round the deep dyed steel  
In sturdy blows  
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel  
Their Suthron foes

**Verse 18**

His Country's Saviour mark him well  
Bold Richardton's heroic swell  
The chief on Sark who glorious fell  
In high command  
And he whom ruthless fates expel  
His native land

**Verse 19**

There where a scep't'r'd Pictish shade  
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid  
I mark'd a martial race pourtray'd  
In colours strong  
Bold soldier featur'd undismay'd  
They strode along

**Verse 20**

Thro' many a wild romantic grove  
Near many a hermit fancied cove  
Fit haunts for friendship or for love  
In musing mood  
An aged Judge I saw him rove  
Dispensing good

**Verse 21**

With deep struck reverential awe  
The learned Sire and Son I saw  
To Nature's God and Nature's law  
They gave their lore  
This all its source and end to draw  
That to adore

**Verse 22**

Brydon's brave ward I well could spy  
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye  
Who call'd on Fame low standing by  
To hand him on  
Where many a patriot name on high  
And hero shone

# The Vision

## Duan Second

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

With mus ing deep as-ton-ish'd stare I view'd the heav-nly seem-ing fair a whisp-ring throbd did wit-ness bear of

kind-red sweet when with an el-der sis-ter's air she

Verse 2

All hail me greet'd bard  
In me thy native Muse regard  
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard  
Thus poorly low  
I come to give thee such reward  
As we bestow

**Verse 10**

Some hint the lover's harmless wile  
Some grace the maiden's artless smile  
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil  
For humble gains  
And make his cottage scenes beguile  
His cares and pains

**Verse 11**

Some bounded to a district space  
Explore at large man's infant race  
To mark the embryotic trace  
Of rustic bard  
And careful note each opening grace  
A guide and guard

**Verse 12**

Of these am I Coila my name  
And this district as mine I claim  
Where once the Campbells chiefs of fame  
Held ruling power  
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame  
Thy natal hour

**Verse 13**

With future hope I oft would gaze  
Fond on thy little early ways  
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase  
In uncouth rhymes  
Fir'd at the simple artless lays  
Of other times

**Verse 14**

I saw thee seek the sounding shore  
Delighted with the dashing roar  
Or when the North his fleecy store  
Drove thro' the sky  
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar  
Struck thy young eye

**Verse 15**

Or when the deep green mantled earth  
Warm cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth  
And joy and music pouring forth  
In ev'ry grove  
I saw thee eye the general mirth  
With boundless love

**Verse 16**

When ripen'd fields and azure skies  
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise  
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys  
And lonely stalk  
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise  
In pensive walk

**Verse 17**

When youthful love warm blushing strong  
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along  
Those accents grateful to thy tongue  
Th' adored Name  
I taught thee how to pour in song  
To soothe thy flame

**Verse 2**

All hail me greet'd bard  
In me thy native Muse regard  
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard  
Thus poorly low  
I come to give thee such reward  
As we bestow

**Verse 3**

Know the great genius of this land  
Has many a light aerial band

**Verse 18**

I saw thy pulse's madden'd  
Wild send thee Pleasure's meteor  
Misled by Fancy's meteor  
By passion driven  
But yet the light that led astray  
Was light from Heaven

**Verse 4**

They Scotia's race among them share  
Some fire the soldier on to dare

**Verse 19**

I taught thy manners pain  
The loves the ways of simple  
Till now o'er all my wide  
Thy fame extends  
And some the pride of Coila's plains  
Become thy friends

**Verse 5**

Mong swelling floods of reeking gore  
They ardent kindling spirits pour

**Verse 20**

Thou canst not learn nor  
To paint with Thomson's  
Or wake the bosom melting  
With Shenstone's art  
Or pour with Gray the moving flow  
Warm on the heart

**Verse 6**

And when the bard or hoary sage  
Charm or instruct the future age

**Verse 21**

Yet all beneath th' unrivalled  
The lowly daisy sweetly  
Tho' large the forest's mor  
His army shade  
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows  
Adown the glade

**Verse 7**

Hence Fullarton the brave and young  
Hence Dempster's zeal inspired tongue

**Verse 22**

Then never murmur nor  
Strive in thy humble spher  
And trust me not Potosi's  
Nor king's regard  
Can give a bliss o'er  
A rustic bard

**Verse 8**

To lower orders are assign'd  
The humbler ranks of human kind

**Verse 23**

To give my counsels all in  
Thy tuneful flame still car  
Preserve the dignity of Ma  
With soul erect  
And trust the Universal Plan  
Will all protect

**Verse 9**

When yellow waves the heavy grain  
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein

**Verse 24**

And wear thou this she  
And bound the holly round  
The polish'd leaves and  
Did rustling play  
And like a passing thought she fled  
In light away

## Following the 18th stanza

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

7 Verse 1

With sec-ret throes I - mark'd that earth that cot-tage wit - nes of my birth and ne-er I saw bold

is - su - ing forth in youth - ful pride\_ a Lind - say race of no - ble worth fam'd far and wide

### Verse 2

Where hid behind a spreading wood  
 An ancient Pict built mansion stood  
 I spied among an angel brood  
 A female pair  
 Sweet shone their high maternal blood  
 And father's air

### Verse 3

An ancient tower to memory brought  
 How Dettingen's bold hero fought  
 Still far from sinking into nought  
 It owns a lord  
 Who far in western climates fought  
 With trusty sword

### Verse 4

Among the rest I well could spy  
 One gallant graceful martial boy  
 The soldier sparkled in his eye  
 A diamond water  
 I blest that noble badge with joy  
 That owned me frater

## After 20th stanza of the text

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩. = 67

Near by a-rose a man-n-sion fine the seat of man-y a mu-se div-ine not rus-tice mus-es

su-ch as mine with hol-ly crown'd but th' an-cient tune ful lau-r-ell'd nine from clas-sic ground I

### Verse 2

I mourn'd the card that Fortune dealt  
 To see where bonie Whitefoords dwelt  
 But other prospects made me melt  
 That village near  
 There Nature Friendship Love I felt  
 Fond-mingling dear

### Verse 3

Hail Nature's pang more strong than death  
 Warm Friendship's glow like kindling wrath  
 Love dearer than the parting breath  
 Of dying friend  
 Not ev'n with life's wild devious path  
 Your force shall end

### Verse 4

The Power that gave the soft alarms  
 In blooming Whitefoord's rosy charms  
 Still threats the tiny feather'd arms  
 The barbed dart  
 While lovely Wilhelmina warms  
 The coldest heart



## After 21st stanza of the text

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100  
 Verse 1

13 C →→ G<sup>7</sup> →→ C →→ G<sup>7</sup> C ↻

When Lu - gar leaves his moor - la - nd plaid where late - ly want was id - l - y laid

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

I marked bus - y bust - li - ng trade in fer - vid flame be - neath a Pat - ron - ess - 's aid of no - ble name

### Verse 2

Wild countless hills I could survey  
 And countless flocks as wild as they  
 But other scenes did charms display  
 That better please  
 Where polish'd manners dwell with Gray  
 In rural ease

### Verse 3

Where Cessnock pours with gurgling sound  
 And Irwine marking out the bound  
 Enamour'd of the scenes around  
 Slow runs his race  
 A name I doubly honour'd found  
 With knightly grace

### Verse 4

Brydon's brave ward I saw him stand  
 Fame humbly offering her hand  
 And near his kinsman's rustic band  
 With one accord  
 Lamenting their late blessed land  
 Must change its lord

### Verse 5

The owner of a pleasant spot  
 Near and sandy wilds I last did note  
 A heart too warm a pulse too hot  
 At times o'erran  
 But large in ev'ry feature wrote  
 Appear'd the Man

# Address to the Unco Guid

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 93    G7    C    G7

O ye wha are sae guid your - sel sae pi-ous and sae ho - ly ye've nought to do but mark and tell your  
 7 nei - bours' fauts and fol - ly whase life is like a weel gaun mill sup - plied wi' store o'  
 12 wa - ter the heaped hap - per's eb - bing still an' still the clap plays clat - ter Hear me ye

**Verse 2**

Hear me ye venerable core  
 As counsel for poor mortals  
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door  
 For glaikit Folly's portals  
 I for their thoughtless careless sakes  
 Would here propone defences  
 Their donsie tricks their black mistakes  
 Their failings and mischances

**Verse 3**

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared  
 And shudder at the niffer  
 But cast a moment's fair regard  
 What maks the mighty differ  
 Discount what scant occasion gave  
 That purity ye pride in  
 And what's aft mair than a' the lave  
 Your better art o' hidin

**Verse 4**

Think when your castigated pulse  
 Gies now and then a wallop  
 What ragings must his veins convulse  
 That still eternal gallop  
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail  
 Right on ye scud your sea way  
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail  
 It maks a unco lee way

**Verse 5**

See Social Life and Glee sit down  
 All joyous and unthinking  
 Till quite transmugrified they're grown  
 Debauchery and Drinking  
 O would they stay to calculate  
 Th' eternal consequences  
 Or your more dreaded hell to state  
 Damnation of expenses

**Verse 6**

Ye high exalted virtuous dames  
 Tied up in godly laces  
 Before ye gie poor Frailty names  
 Suppose a change o' cases  
 A dear lov'd lad convenience snug  
 A treach'rous inclination  
 But let me whisper i' your lug  
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation

**Verse 7**

Then gently scan your brother man  
 Still gentler sister woman  
 Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang  
 To step aside is human  
 One point must still be greatly dark  
 The moving Why they do it  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far perhaps they rue it

**Verse 8**

Who made the heart 'tis He alone  
 Decidedly can try us  
 He knows each chord its various tone  
 Each spring its various bias  
 Then at the balance let's be mute  
 We never can adjust it  
 What's done we partly may compute  
 But know not what's resisted

# Here's his health in water

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 89 D A → D A → D A

Al - tho' my back be at the wa' and tho' he be the fau - 'tor al - tho' my back be at the wa' yet

here's his health in wa - ter O wae gae by his wan - ton sides sae braw - ly's he could falt - ter till

for his sake I'm sligh - ted sair an' dree the in - tra clat - ter but

tho' my back be at the wa' yet here's his health in wa - ter He

## Verse 2

He follow'd me baith out an' in  
 Thro' a' the nooks o' Killie  
 He follow'd me baith out an' in  
 Wi' a stiff stand'in pillie  
 But when he gat between my legs  
 We made an unco spatter  
 An' haith I trow I soupled it  
 Tho' bauldly he did blatter  
 But tho' my back is at the wa'  
 Yet here's his health in water