

# Burns Revisited Volume 48

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# Despondency - An Ode

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 53

Verse 1

Op press'd with grief op-press'd with care a burden more than I can bear I set me down and sigh o life thou  
 are a gal-ling load a-long a rough a wea-ry road to wret-ches such as I dim-back-ward as I cast my view what  
 sick-ning scenes ap-pear what sor-rows yet may pierce me through too just-ly I may fear still  
 car-ing des-pair-ing must be my bit-ter doom my woes my bit-ter ne'er but with the clos-ing tomb Hap

*Note*  
 Final verse finish on F#

## Verse 2

Happy ye sons of busy life  
 Who equal to the bustling strife  
 No other view regard  
 Ev'n when the wished end's denied  
 Yet while the busy means are plied  
 They bring their own reward  
 Whilst I a hope abandon'd wight  
 Unfitted with an aim  
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night  
 And joyless morn the same  
 You bustling and justling  
 Forget each grief and pain  
 I listless yet restless  
 Find ev'ry prospect vain

## Verse 3

How blest the solitary's lot  
 Who all forgetting all forgot  
 Within his humble cell  
 The cavern wild with tangling roots  
 Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits  
 Beside his crystal well  
 Or haply to his ev'ning thought  
 By unfrequented stream  
 The ways of men are distant brought  
 A faint collected dream  
 While praising and raising  
 His thoughts to heav'n on high  
 As wand'ring meand'ring  
 He views the solemn sky

# To Gavin Hamilton

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

15  $G \text{ } \text{♩} = 47$  A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow D7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow G$  A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow D7$

I hold it sir my boun den du - ty to warn you how that Mas-ter Too-tie al-ias Laird M' Gaun was

19 G A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow D7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow G$  A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow D7$

here to hire yon lad a - way 'bout whome ye spak the ti - ther day an' wad hae don't aff han' but

23 B7  $\rightarrow\leftarrow Em$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow A$  D7

lest he learn the cal - lan tricks a faith I muck-le doubt him like scrap-in' out aluld Crum-mie's nicks an'

26 A D7  $\rightarrow\leftarrow G$  A

tel - lin lies a - bout them as lief then I'd have then your

28 D7  $\rightarrow\leftarrow G$  A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow D7$  G

clerk - ship he should sair if sae be ye may be not fit - ted oth - er where

## Verse 2

Altho' I say't he's gleg enough  
 An' 'bout a house that's rude an' rough  
 The boy might learn to swear  
 But then wi' you he'll be sae taught  
 An' get sic fair example straught  
 I hae na ony fear  
 Ye'll catechise him every quirk  
 An' shore him weel wi' hell  
 An' gar him follow to the kirk  
 Aye when ye gang yoursel  
 If ye then maun be then  
 Frae hame this comin' Friday  
 Then please sir to lea'e sir  
 The orders wi' your lady

## Verse 3

My word of honour I hae gi'en  
 In Paisley John's that night at e'en  
 To meet the warld's worm  
 To try to get the twa to gree  
 An' name the airles an' the fee  
 In legal mode an' form  
 I ken he weel a snick can draw  
 When simple bodies let him  
 An' if a Devil be at a'  
 In faith he's sure to get him  
 To phrase you and praise you  
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns  
 The pray'r still you share still  
 Of grateful Minstrel Burns

# Versified reply to an invitation

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 F C7 Gm C7 F

Yours this mom-ent I u - n - seal an - d faith I'm gay and hear ty\_\_ to tell the truth and

6 C7 Gm C7 Cm F7 Dm

sha-me th-e deil I - am as flu as Bar tie\_\_ bu-t fours-day sir my prom-ise leal ex - pect me o' your

12 G9 Cm F7 Dm G9 Cm F7 Bb

par-tie i - f on a beas-tie I can speel or hurl in a car-tie Yours Rob-ert Burns

# Will ye go to the Indies my Mary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

19  $D = 73$   
Verse 1a

Will ye go to the In-dies my Ma - ry an - d leave auld Scot-i-a's shore will ye go to the In-dies my Ma - ry

22  $G$   
Verse 1b

a - cross th' At - lan - ti - c roar O sweet grows the lime and the o - r - ange

24

and the ap - ple and the pine but a' the charms o' th - e I - n - dies ca - n ne - ver e - qual thine

## Verse 2a

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary  
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true  
 And sae may the Heavens forget me  
 When I forget my vow

## Verse 2b

O plight me your faith my Mary  
 And plight me your lily white hand  
 O plight me your faith my Mary  
 Before I leave Scotia's strand

## Verse 3a

We hae plighted our troth my Mary  
 In mutual affection to join  
 And curst be the cause that shall part us  
 The hour and the moment o' time

# Epistle to a young friend

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 93 Verse 1

I - lang hae thought m-y you-th- fu' friend a some-thing to have sent you tho' it should serve na-e  
 i - ther end\_ than just a kind mo - men - to but how the sub - ject theme may gang let  
 time and chance det - er - mine per - haps it may turn out a sang per - haps turn out a ser - mon Ye-'ll

**Verse 2**

Ye'll try the world soon my lad  
 And Andrew dear believe me  
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad  
 And muckle they may grieve ye  
 For care and trouble set your thought  
 Ev'n when your end's attained  
 And a' your views may come to nought  
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained

**Verse 3**

I'll no say men are villains a'  
 The real harden'd wicked  
 Wha hae nae check but human law  
 Are to a few restrictred  
 But Och mankind are unco weak  
 An' little to be trusted  
 If self the wavering balance shake  
 It's rarely right adjusted

**Verse 4**

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife  
 Their fate we shouldna censure  
 For still th' important end of life  
 They equally may answer  
 A man may hae an honest heart  
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him  
 A man may tak a neibor's part  
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him

**Verse 5**

Aye free aff han' your story tell  
 When wi' a bosom crony  
 But still keep something to yoursel'  
 Ye scarcely tell to ony  
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can  
 Frae critical dissection  
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man  
 Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection

**Verse 6**

The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love  
 Luxuriantly indulge it  
 But never tempt th' illicit rove  
 Tho' naething should divulge it  
 I waive the quantum o' the sin  
 The hazard of concealing  
 But Och it hardens a' within  
 And petrifies the feeling

**Verse 7**

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile  
 Assiduous wait upon her  
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile  
 That's justified by honour  
 Not for to hide it in a hedge  
 Nor for a train attendant  
 But for the glorious privilege  
 Of being independent

**Verse 8**

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip  
 To haud the wretch in order  
 But where ye feel your honour grip  
 Let that aye be your border  
 Its slightest touches instant pause  
 Debar a' side pretences  
 And resolutely keep its laws  
 Uncaring consequences

**Verse 9**

The great Creator to revere  
 Must sure become the creature  
 But still the preaching cant forbear  
 And ev'n the rigid feature  
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range  
 Be complaisance extended  
 An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange  
 For Deity offended

**Verse 10**

When ranting round in pleasure's ring  
 Religion may be blinded  
 Or if she gie a random sting  
 It may be little minded  
 But when on life we're tempest driv'n  
 A conscience but a canker  
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n  
 Is sure a noble anchor

**Verse 11**

Adieu dear amiable youth  
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting  
 May prudence fortitude and truth  
 Erect your brow undaunting  
 In ploughman phrase God send you speed  
 Still daily to grow wiser  
 And may ye better reckon the rede  
 Then ever did th' adviser

# A Dream

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

C → G7 → C → G7 → C → G7

Gu- id mor- nin' to your Maj- es- ty may Hea- ven au- g- me- nt you- r blis- ses o- n ev- ry new birth day ye see a

7 C → G7 → C → Em → B

hum- m- ble po- e- t wish- es m- y bard- ship here a- t your le- vee on sic a day as

12 Em → G7 → C → G7 → C → G7 → C

this is i- s sure an un couth sight to see a mang thae birth- day dres ses sae fine this day I -

**Verse 2**

I see ye're complimented thrang  
By mony a lord an' lady  
God save the King 's a cuckoo sang  
That's unco easy said aye  
The poets too a venal gang  
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd an' ready  
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang  
But aye unerring steady  
On sic a day

**Verse 3**

For me before a monarch's face  
Ev'n there I winna flatter  
For neither pension post nor place  
Am I your humble debtor  
So nae reflection on your Grace  
Your Kingship to bespatter  
There's mony waur been o' the race  
And aiblins ane been better  
Than you this day

**Verse 4**

Tis very true my sovereign King  
My skill may weel be doubted  
But facts are chieles that winna ding  
An' downa be disputed  
Your royal nest beneath your wing  
Is e'en right reft and clouted  
And now the third part o' the string  
An' less will gang about it  
Than did ae day

**Verse 5**

Far be't frae me that I aspire  
To blame your legislation  
Or say ye wisdom want or fire  
To rule this mighty nation  
But faith I muckle doubt my sire  
Ye've trusted ministration  
To chaps wha in barn or byre  
Wad better fill'd their station  
Than courts yon day

**Verse 6**

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace  
Her broken shins to plaister  
Your sair taxation does her fleece  
Till she has scarce a tester  
For me thank God my life's a lease  
Nae bargain wearin' faster  
Or faith I fear that wi' the geese  
I shortly boost to pasture  
I' the craft some day

**Verse 7**

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt  
When taxes he enlarges  
An' Will's a true guid fallow's get  
A name not envy spairges  
That he intends to pay your debt  
An' lessen a' your charges  
But God sake let nae saving fit  
Abridge your bonie barges  
An'boats this day

**Verse 8**

Adieu my Liege may freedom geck  
Beneath your high protection  
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck  
And gie her for dissection  
But since I'm here I'll no neglect  
In loyal true affection  
To pay your Queen wi' due respect  
May fealty an' subjection  
This great birthday

**Verse 9**

Hail Majesty most Excellent  
While nobles strive to please ye  
Will ye accept a compliment  
A simple poet gies ye  
Thae bonie bairntime Heav'n has lent  
Still higher may they heeze ye  
In bliss till fate some day is sent  
For ever to release ye  
Frae care that day

**Verse 10**

For you young Potentate o'Wales  
I tell your highness fairly  
Down Pleasure's stream wi' swelling sails  
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely  
But some day ye may gnaw your nails  
An' curse your folly sairly  
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales  
Or ratt'l'd dice wi' Charlie  
By night or day

**Verse 11**

Yet aft a ragged cowl's been known  
To mak a noble aiver  
So ye may doucely fill the throne  
For a'their clash ma laver  
There him at Agincourt wha shone  
Few better were or braver  
And yet wi' funny queer Sir John  
He was an unco shaver  
For mony a day

**Verse 12**

For you right rev'rend Os naburg  
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter  
Altho' a ribbon at your lug  
Wad been a dress completer  
As ye disown yon paughty dog  
That bears the keys of Peter  
Then swith an' get a wife to hug  
Or trowth ye'll stain the mitre  
Some luckless day

**Verse 13**

Young royal Tarry reeks I learn  
Ye've lately come athwart her  
A glorious galley stem and stern  
Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter  
But first hang out that she'll discern  
Your hymeneal charter  
Then heave aboard your grapple arm  
An' large upon her quarter  
Come full that day

**Verse 14**

Ye lastly bonie blossoms a'  
Ye royal lasses dainty  
Heav'n mak you guid as well as braw  
An' gie you lads a lenty  
But sneer na British boys awa  
For kings are unco scant aye  
An' German gentles are but sma'  
They're better just than want aye  
On ony day

**Verse 15**

Gad bless you a' consider now  
Ye're unco muckle dautit  
But ere the course o' life be through  
It may be bitter sautit  
An' I hae seen their coggie fou  
That yet hae tarrow't at it  
But or the day was done I trow  
The laggen they hae clautit  
Fu' clean that day

# A Dedication

## Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□ ♩ = 77 C F →→ G C →→ F →

Ex - pect na Sir in this nar-rat-ion a flee chin fleth-'rin de - d - i-cat-ion to roose you up an ca' you guid an'

□ 4 G C →→ F →→ G C →

sprung o' great an' nob - le bluid be - cause ye're sur-nam'd like his Grace per - haps re-lat - ed t - o th - e race then

□ 7 C F →→ G C →

when I'm tir'd and sae are ye wi' mon - ie a ful - some sin - fu' lie set

□ 9 F →→ G C

up a face how I stop short for fear your mo - des - ty be hurt

# To Dr Mackenzie, Mauchline

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

11  $D \text{ } \text{♩} = 90$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  G  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  D  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

16  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  E<sup>7</sup>  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  D  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

21  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  G  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  D  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  E<sup>7</sup>  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

27  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  D  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  Em  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  Bm  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  A<sup>7</sup>  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  D  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

33  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  G  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  F<sup>#7</sup>  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  Bm  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  E<sup>9</sup>  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  G/A  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$  D  $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

Fri- day first's the day ap-poin-ted by our right Worsh-ip-ful an - oin-ted to hold our grand pro-  
 ces-sion to get a blade o'John-nie's mor - als and taste a swatch o'Man-sion's bar - rels  
 I' the way of our pro - fes-sion the Mas - ter an-d th - e Broth-er-hood would a' be glad to see you for me I  
 would be mair and proud to share the mer-cies wi' you if Death then wi' skaith then some  
 mor - tal in - form him and storm him that Sat - ur-day you'll fecht him

# The farewell to the brethren

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 43 Am

Ad - ieu a heart warm fond ad - ieu dear broth - ers of the mys - tic tie ye fav oured e - n - ligh - ten'd few com -

pan - ions of my soc - ial joy tho' I to for - eigh land must hie pur - su - ing for - tune's slid - d'ry ba' with

mel - ting heart and brim - ful eye I'll mind you still tho' far a - wa Oft

*Final bar finish on Em*

## Verse 2

Oft have I met your social band  
 And spent the cheerful festive night  
 Oft honour'd with supreme command  
 Presided o'er the sons of light  
 And by that hieroglyphic bright  
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw  
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write  
 Those happy scenes when far awa

## Verse 3

May Freedom Harmony and Love  
 Unite you in the grand Design  
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above  
 The glorious Architect Divine  
 That you may keep th' unerring line  
 Still rising by the plummet's law  
 Till Order bright completely shine  
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa

## Verse 4

And you farewell whose merits claim  
 Justly that highest badge to wear  
 Heav'n bless your honour'd noble name  
 To Masonry and Scotia dear  
 A last request permit me here  
 When yearly ye assemble a'  
 One round I ask it with a tear  
 To him the Bard that's far awa

# A Bard's Epitaph

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $\text{♩} = 73$  F C<sup>7</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F G C<sup>7</sup>

Is there a whim i - n - spi - red fool owre fast for thought owre ho - t fo - r rule

11 F C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F

owre blate to seek ow - re proud to snool let him dra - w near and

13 C<sup>7</sup> F C<sup>7</sup> F

owre this gras - s - y heap sing dool and dra - p a - tear Is

## Verse 2

Is there a bard of rustic song  
 Who noteless steals the crowds among  
 That weekly this area throug  
 O pass not by  
 But with a frater feeling strong  
 Here heave a sigh

## Verse 3

Is there a man whose judgment clear  
 Can others teach the course to steer  
 Yet runs himself life's mad career  
 Wild as the wave  
 Here pause and thro' the starting tear  
 Survey this grave

## Verse 4

The poor inhabitant below  
 Was quick to learn the wise to know  
 And keenly felt the friendly glow  
 And softer flame  
 But thoughtless follies laid him low  
 And stain'd his name

## Verse 5

Reader attend whether thy soul  
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole  
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole  
 In low pursuit  
 Know prudent cautious self-control  
 Is wisdom's root