

Burns Revisited Volume 50

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The Calf

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

C♩ = 80

G F G C

Right sir your text I'll prove it true tho' he - re - tics may laugh

3

G F G C

for ins - tance there's your - self just now Go - d knows an un - co calf

Verse 2

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk
I doubt na sir but then we'll find
Ye're still as great a stirk

Verse 3

But if the lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot
Forbid it ev'ry heavenly Power
You e'er should be a stot

Verse 4

Tho' when some kind connubial dear
Your but and ben adorns
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns

Verse 5

And in your lug most reverend James
To hear you roar and rowt
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the nowt

Verse 6

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead
Below a grassy hillock
With justice they may mark your head
Here lies a famous bullock

Nature's Law

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 83 → C

→ F C → Dm G7 C Am →

Le-t oth-er her-o-es boast their scars the marks of sturt an-d strife_ and oth-er po-ets sing of wars the

→ 4 G D7 G G7 → C → F C →

plagues of hum-an life_ sha-me fa' the fun w-i'sword and gun to slap man-king li-ke lum-ber I

→ 7 Dm G7 C Am → Dm G7 C →

sing his name and nob-ler fame wha mul-tip-lies our num-ber Grea-t

Verse 2

Great Nature spoke with air benign
 Go on ye human race
 This lower world I you resign
 Be fruitful and increase
 The liquid fire of strong desire
 I've pour'd it in each bosom
 Here on this had does Mankind stand
 And there is Beauty's blossom

Verse 3

The Hero of these artless strains
 A lowly bard was he
 Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
 With meikle mirth an'glee
 Kind Nature's care had given his share
 Large of the flaming current
 And all devout he never sought
 To stem the sacred torrent

Verse 4

He felt the powerful high behest
 Thrill vital thro' and thro'
 And sought a correspondent breast
 To give obedience due
 Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs
 From mildews of abortion
 And low the bard a great reward
 Has got a double portion

Verse 5

Auld cantie Coil may count the day
 As annual it returns
 The third of Libra's equal sway
 That gave another Burns
 With future rhymes an' other times
 To emulate his sire
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style
 With more poetic fire

Verse 6

Ye Powers of peace and peaceful song
 Look down with gracious eyes
 And bless auld Coila large and long
 With multiplying joys
 Lang may she stand to prop the land
 The flow'r of ancient nations
 And Burnses spring her fame to sing
 To endless generations

On Wullie Chalmers

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 83 F

Gm → C7 F → Dm Gm

4 C7 F → Gm

6 C7 F → Dm Gm → C7 F

We braw new bran-ks i-n mick-le pride and eke a bra-w ne w brech-an my Peg as - u - s I-'m got as-tride and
 up Par - nas - u - s pech - in whyles o'er a bu - sh w - i' down-ward crush the
 doit-ed bea-s - t - ie stam-mers then up he ge-ts an-d off he sets for sake o' Wil-l - i - e Chal-mers I

Verse 2

I doubt na lass that weel ken'd name
 May cost a pair o' blushes
 I am nae stranger to your fame
 Nor his warm urged wishes
 Your bonie face sae mild and sweet
 His honest heart enamours
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit
 Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers

Verse 3

Auld Truth hersel' might swear yer'e fair
 And Honour safely back her
 And Modesty assume your air
 And ne'er a ane mistak her
 And sic twa love inspiring een
 Might fire even holy palmers
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers

Verse 4

I doubt na fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore
 And band upon his breastie
 But oh what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars
 The feeling heart's the royal blue
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers

Verse 5

Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird
 May warsle for your favour
 May claw his lug and straik his beard
 And hoast up some palaver
 My bonie maid before ye wed
 Sic clumsy witted hammers
 Seek Heaven for help and barefit skelp
 Awa wi' Willie Chalmers

Verse 6

Forgive the Bard my fond regard
 For ane that shares my bosom
 Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues
 For deil a hair I roose him
 May powers aboon unite you soon
 And fructify your amours
 And every year come in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers

Answer to a trimming epistle received from a tailor

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Wha - t ails ye now ye lou - si - e bitch to thresh my back at sic a pitch lo - sh
man hae mer cy wi' your natch your bod-kin's bauld I did-na suf-fer half sae much frae Dad-ie AuldWha-t

Verse 2

What tho' at times when I grow crouse
I gie their wames a random pouse
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae
Gae mind your seam ye prick-the-louse
An' jag the flea

Verse 3

King David o' poetic brief
Wrocht 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As filled his after life wi' grief
An' bluidy rants
An' yet he's rank'd among the chief
O' lang syne saunts

Verse 4

And maybe Tam for a' my cants
My wicked rhymes an' drucken rants
I'll gie auld cloven's Cloutie's haunts
An unco slip yet
An' snugly sit among the saunts
At Davie's hip yet

Verse 5

But fegs the session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan
Than garrin lasses coup the cran
Clean heels ower body
An' sairly thole their mother's ban
Afore the howdy

Verse 6

This leads me on to tell for sport
How I did wi' the Session sort
Auld Clinkum at the inner port
Cried three times Robin
Come hither lad and answer for't
Ye're blam'd for jobbin

Verse 7

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on
An' snoov'd awa before the Session
I made an open fair confession
I scorn't to lee
An' syne Mess John beyond expression
Fell foul o' me

Verse 8

A fornicator loun he call'd me
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me
But what the matter
Quo' I I fear unless ye geld me
I'll ne'er be better

Verse 9

Geld you quo' he an' what for no
If that your right hand leg or toe
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe
You should remember
To cut it aff an' what for no
Your dearest member

Verse 10

Na na quo' I I'm no for that
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't
I'd rather suffer for my faut
A hearty flewit
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't
Tho' I should rue it

Verse 11

Or gin ye like to end the bother
To please us a' I've just ae ither
When next wi' yon lass I forgather
Whate'er betide it
I'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither
An' let her guide it

Verse 12

But sir this pleas'd them warst of a'
An' therefore Tam when that I saw
I said Gude night an' cam' awa'
An' left the Session
I saw they were resolved a'
On my oppression

The Brigs of Ayr

A fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5 $\text{♩} = 93$ A E7 A

9 The sim-ple bar-d rou-gh at the rus-tic plough learn-ing his tune-ful tra-de fro-m ev-'ry bough

13 the chan-ting lin-n-e-t or the mel-low thrush hail-ing the set-ting sun sweet in the green thorn bush

17 the soar-ing lar-k th-e per-ching red breast shrill or deep ton'd plov-ers grey wild whist-ling o'er the hill

21 shall he nurst i-n th-e peas-ant's low-ly shed to har-dy in-de-pen-dence bra-ve-l-y bred by

26 ear-ly pov-er-ty to hard-ship steel'd and train'd to arms in stern mis-for-tune's field shall he be guil-ty of their hire-ling

31 crimes the ser-vile mer-cen-ar-y Swiss of rhymes or lab-our hard the pane-gy-ric close with

35 all the ven-al soul of ded-ic-at-ing prose no though his ar-t-le-ss strains he rude-ly sings

39 and throws his ha-nd u-n-couth-ly o'er the strings he glows with a-ll th-e spir-it of the bard

43 fame hon-est fa-me hi-s great his dear re-ward still if some pa-t-ro-n's gen-'rous care he trace

48 skill'd in the se-cret to bes-tow with grace when Bal-lan-tine be friends his hum-ble name and hands the rus-tic

51 stran-ger up to fame with heart-felt thro-es hi-s grate-ful bos-om swells

the god-like bli-ss t-o give al-one ex-cells

O thou dread power

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1a

O thou dread power who reign'st a - bove I know thou wilt me hear when for this scene of

11

Verse 1b

peace and love I make this pray'r sin - cere the hoar - y sire the mor - tal stroke long long be

22

please'd to spare to bless this lit - tle fil - ial flock and show what good men are She

33

Finale

O thou dread power who reign'st a - bove I know thou wilt me hear

Verse 2a

She who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears
 O bless her with a mother's joys
 But spare a mother's tears

Verse 2b

Their hope their stay their darling youth
 In manhood's dawning blush
 Bless him Thou God of love and truth
 Up to a parent's wish

Verse 3a

The beauteous seraph sister band
 With earnest tears I pray
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand
 Guide Thou their steps alway

Verse 3b

When soon or late they reach that coast
 O'er Life's rough ocean driven
 May they rejoice no wand'rer lost
 A family in Heaven

Finale

O thou dread power who reign'st above
 I know thou wilt me hear

Irvine's Bairns

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

F#m

Bm

5 F#m Bm

9 F#m Bm E7

13 F#m D Bm Bm7 F#m

The night was still and o'er the hill the moon shone on the cast - le wa' the
 mav - is sang while dew drops hang a - round her on the cast - le wa' sae
 mer - ril - y they danced the ring frae ee - nin' till the cock did crow and
 aye the o'er - word o' the spring was Ir - vine's bairns are bon - nie a'

Address to the toothache

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 47 ← D (5drone) → →

My curse up - on your ven - om'd stang that shoots my tor - tur'd gums a - lang and

through my lug - gies mon - y a twang wi' gnaw - ing ven - geance

tear - ing my nerves wi' bit - ter pang like rack - ing en - gines When

Verse 2

When fevers burn or argues freezes
 Rheumatics gnaw or colics squeezes
 Our neibor's sympathy can ease us
 Wi' pitying moan
 But thee thou hell o' a' diseases
 Aye mocks our groan

Verse 3

Adown my beard the slavers trickle
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle
 While round the fire the giglets keckle
 To see me loup
 While raving mad I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup

Verse 4

In a' the numerous human dools
 Ill hairsts daft bargains cutty stools
 Or worthy frien's rak'd i' the mools
 Sad sight to see
 The tricks o' knaves or fash o'fools
 Thou bear'st the gree

Verse 5

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell
 Where a' the tones o' misery yell
 An' ranked plagues their numbers tell
 In dreadfu' raw
 Thou Toothache surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a'

Verse 6

O thou grim mischief-making chiel
 That gars the notes o' discord squeel
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe thick
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A townmond's toothache

On dining with Lord Daer

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 C G F G G7 C

4 This wot ye all whom i - t co - n - cerns I Rhy - mer Rob - in al - i - a - s Burns Oc - to - ber twen - ty third
na - 'er to be for - got - te - n day sae far I sprack - l'd u - p th - e brae I din - ner'd wi' a lord I've

Verse 2

I've been at drucken writers' feasts
Nay been bitch fou 'mang godly priests
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum
When mighty Squireships of the quorum
Their hydra drouth did sloken

Verse 3

But wi' a Lord stand out my shin
A Lord a Peer an Earl's son
Up higher yet my bonnet
An' sic a Lord lang Scoth ells twa
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a'
As I look o'er my sonnet

Verse 4

But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r
An' how he star'd and stammer'd
When goavin as if led wi' branks
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks
He in the parlour hammer'd

Verse 5

I sidying shelter'd in a nook
An' at his Lordship steal't a look
Like some portentous omen
Except good sense and social glee
An' what surpris'd me modesty
I marked nought uncommon

Verse 6

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great
The gentle pride the lordly state
The arrogant assuming
The fient a pride nae pride had he
Nor sauce nor state that I could see
Mair than an honest ploughman

Verse 7

Then from his Lordship I shall learn
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another
Nae honest worthy man need care
To meet with noble youthful Daer
For he but meets a brother