

Burns Revisited Volume 51

1. Masonic song
2. Tam Samson's elegy
3. Epigram on rough roads
4. Epistle to Major Logan
5. Rusticity's ungainly form
6. A Winter night
7. Address to Edinburgh
8. Address to a haggis
9. To Miss Logan
10. Extempore in the court of session

Masonic Song

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120 A Verse 1 E7 A D A E7 A E7 A

10 E7 A D A E7 A D

19 A B E7 A

26 E7 A D A E7 A

Muse you well ma - y ex - cuse 'tis sel-dom her fav - our - ite pas sion Ye

Verse 2

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide
Who marked each element's border
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim
Whose sovereign statute is order
Within this dear mansion may wayward Contention
Or withered Envy ne'er enter
May secrecy round be the mystical bound
And brotherly Love be the centre

Tam Samson's Elegy

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 A E7 A

Has auld Kil-mar-nock se-en th - e deil Or great Mc-Kin-lay thravn his heel or Rob-ert-son a

6 E7 A D A E7 A

gai - n grow-n weel to preach an' read 'na' waur than a' cries il - ka chiel 'Tam Sam-son's dead Kil-

Verse 2

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane
 An' sigh an' sab an' greet her lane
 An' cleed her bairns man wife an' wean
 In mourning weed
 To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 3

The Brethren o' the mystic level
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel
 While by their nose the tears will revel
 Like ony bead
 Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 4

When Winter muffles up his cloak
 And binds the mire like a rock
 When to the loughs the curlers flock
 Wi' glesome speed
 Wha will they station at the cock
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 5

He was the king o' a' the core
 To guard or draw or wick a bore
 Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time o' need
 But now he lags on Death's hog core
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 6

Now safe the stately sawmont sail
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail
 And eels weel en'd for souple tail
 And geds for greed
 Since dark in Death's fish reel we wail
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 7

Rejoice ye birring paitricks a'
 Ye cootie muircocks crouselly craw
 Ye maukins cock your fud fu' braw
 Withouten dread
 Your mortal fae is now awa
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 8

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shooting graith adorn'd
 While pointers round impatient burn'd
 Frae couples free'd
 But och he gaed and ne'er return'd
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 9

In vain auld age his body batters
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters
 In vain the burns cam down like waters
 An acre braid
 Now ev'ry auld wife greetin clatters
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 10

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit
 An' aye the tither shot he thumpit
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit
 Wi' deadly feid
 Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 11

When at his heart he felt the dagger
 He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel aimed heed
 Lord five he cry'd an' owre did stagger
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 12

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father
 Yon auld gray stane amang the heather
 Marks out his head
 Whare Burns has wrote in rhyming blether
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 13

There low he lies in lasting rest
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest
 To hatch an' breed
 Alas nae mair he'll them molest
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 14

When August winds the heather wave
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave
 Three volleys let his memory crave
 O' pouter an' lead
 Till Echo answer frae her cave
 Tam Samson's dead

Verse 15

Heav'n rest his saul whare'er he be
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me
 He had twa fauts or maybe three
 Yet what remead
 Ae social honest man want we
 Tam Samson's dead

Epigram on rough roads

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

$\text{♩} = 77$ C7

I'm now ar-rived thanks to the gods thro' path-ways rough and mud dy a cer tain sigh that mak-ing roadsis

no this peop-le's stud-y al - tho' I'm not wi' Scrip-ture cram'd I'm sure the Bib - le says that

heed - less sin - ners shall be damn'd un - less they mend their ways

Epistle to Major Logan

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 F
Verse 1a

Hail thairmin-spir- in'rat- tlin' Wil-lie though for-tune's road be rough an' hil ly to ev - ery fid dling rhy-ming bil-lie

we ne-ver heed_ but take it like the un-back'd fil-ly proud o' her speed When id - ly goa vin' whyles we saun-ter yirr_

fan - cy barks a - wa we can - ter up hill down brae till some mis - chan - ter

some black bog hole_ ar - rests us then the scathe an' ban-ter we're forced to thole Hale

Verse 2a

Hale be your heart hale be your fiddle
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl'
Until you on a crummock driddle
A grey hair'd carl

Verse 2b

Come wealth come poortith late or soon
Heaven send your heart strings aye in tune
And screw your temper pins aboon
A fifth or mair
The melancholious lazy croon
O' cankrie care

Verse 3a

May still your life from day to day
Nae lente largo in the play
But allegretto forte gay
Harmonious flow
A sweeping kindling bauld strathspey
Encore Bravo

Verse 3b

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool

Verse 4a

My hand waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy hoodock purse proud race
Wha count on poortith as disgrace
Their tuneless hearts
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts

Verse 4b

But come your hand my careless brither
I' th' ither warl' if there's anither
An' that there is I've little swither
About the matter
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither
I'se ne'er bid better

Verse 5a

We've faults and failings granted clearly
We're frail backsliding mortals merely
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa'
But still but still I like them dearly
God bless them a'

Verse 5b

Ochone for poor Castalian drinkers
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers
The witching curs'd delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers
Wi' girmin'spite

Verse 6a

By by yon moon and that's high swearin
An' every star within my hearin
An' by her een wha was a dear ane
I'll ne'er forget
I hope to gie the jads a clearin
In fair play yet

Verse 6b

My loss I mourn but not repent it
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it
Ance to the Indies I were wonted
Some cantraip hour
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted
Then vive l'amour

Verse 7a

Faites mes baissemains respectueuses
To sentimental sister Susie
And honest Lucky no to roose you
Ye may be proud
That sic a couple Fate allows ye
To gauge your blood

Verse 7b

Nae mair at present can I measure
An' trowth my rhymin ware's nae treasure
But when in Ayr some half hour's leisure
Be't light be't dark
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park

Rusticity's ungainly form

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Rus - tic - it - y's un - gain - ly form my cloud the high - est mind but when the heart is nob - ly warm the
 good ex - cuse will find prop - ri - et - y's cold caut - ious rules warm
 fer - vour may o'er look but spare poor sen - si - bil - it - y th' un - gne - tle harsh re - buke

Chords: G, C, D, G, C, D, G

Tempo: ♩ = 90

Time Signature: 4/4

Measure markers: 4, 6

Trill: 3

A Winter night

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 105 G
Verse 1

D → Em → C → G → Am → D7 → G

When bit - ing Bor - e-as fell and doue sharp shiv-ers thro' the leaf - less bow'r when Poe - bus

10 D → Em → C → G → Bm → Am

gies a short liv'd glow'r far south the lift dim - dark - 'ning

16 Em → C → D → D7 → G

thro' the flak - y show'r or whir - ling drift Ae

Verse 2

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked
 While burns wi' snawy wreaths up choked
 Wild eddying swirl
 Or thro' the mining outlet bocked
 Down headlong hurl

Verse 3

List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle
 I thought me on the ourie cattle
 Or silly sheep wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war
 And thro' the drift deep lairing sprattle
 Beneath a scar

Verse 4

Ilk happing bird wee helpless thing
 That in the merry months o' spring
 Delighted me to hear thee sing
 What comes o' thee
 Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing
 An' close thy e'e

Verse 5

Ev'n you on murdering errands toil'd
 Lone from your savage homes exil'd
 The blood stain'd roost and sheep cote spoil'd
 My heart forgets
 While pityless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats

Verse 6

Now Phoebe in her midnight reign
 Dark muff'd view'd the dreary plain
 Still crowding thoughts a pensive train
 Rose in my soul
 When on my ear this plantive strain
 Slow solemn stole

Address to Edinburgh

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Ed - in - a Scot-ia's dar ling seat all hail thy pal - a - ces and tow'rs where once ben-eath a Mon-arch's feet sat

Leg - is - lat-ion's sov 'reign pow'rs from mar-king wild-ly scatt-red flow'rs as on the banks of Ayr I stray'd and

sing - ing lone the ling - ering hours I shel - ter in they hon - our'd shade Here

Verse 2

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide
 As busy Trade his labours plies
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise
 Here Justice from her native skies
 High wields her balance and her rod
 There Learning with his eagle eyes
 Seeks Science in her coy abode

Verse 3

Thy sons Edina social kind
 With open arms the stranger hail
 Their views enlarg'd their liberal mind
 Above the narrow rural vale
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail
 Or modest Merit's silen't claim
 And never may their sources fail
 And never Envy blot their name

Verse 4

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn
 Gay as the gilded summer sky
 Sweet as the dewy milk white thorn
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy
 Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine
 I see the Sire of Love on high
 And own His work indeed divine

Verse 5

There watching high the least alarms
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar
 Like some bold veteran grey in arms
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar
 Grim rising o'er the rugged rock
 Have oft withstood assailing war
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock

Verse 6

With awe struck thought and pitying tears
 I view that noble stately Dome
 Where Scotia's kings of other years
 Fam'd heroes had their royal home
 Alas how chang'd the times to come
 Their royal name low in the dust
 Their hapless race wild wand'ring roam
 Tho' rigid Law cries out 'twas just

Verse 7

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps
 Whose ancestors in days of yore
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore
 Haply my sires have left their shed
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar
 Bold following where your fathers led

Verse 8

Edina Scotia's darling seat
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs
 Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign pow'rs
 From marking wildly-scatt'ed flow'rs
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd
 And singing lone the ling'ring hours
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade

Address to a Haggis

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 C
Verse 1 D G⁷ C

Fair fa' your hon - est son - sie face great chief - tain o' the pud - ding race a -
boon them a' yet tak your place painch tripe or thairm weel are ye wor-dy o' a grace as lang's my arm The

Verse 2

The groaning trencher there ye fill
Your hurdies like a distant hill
Your pin was help to mend a mill
In time o'need
While thro' your pores the dew's distil
Like amber bead

Verse 3

His knife see rustic Labour dight
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch
And then O what a glorious sight
Warm-reekin' rich

Verse 4

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive
Deil tak the hindmost on they drive
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums
Then auld Guidman maist like to rive
Bethankit hums

Verse 5

Is there that owre his French ragout
Or olio that wad staw a sow
Or fricassee wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner
Looks down wi' sneering scornfu' view
On sic a dinner

Verse 6

Poor devil see him owre his trash
As feckles as wither'd rash
His spindle shank a guid whip lash
His nieve a nit
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash
O how unfit

Verse 7

But mark the Rustic haggis fed
The trembling earth resounds his tread
Clap in his walie nieve a blade
He'll mak it whistle
An' legs an' arms an' hands will sned
Like taps o' trissle

Verse 8

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care
And dish them out their bill o' fare
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies
But if ye wish her gratefu' prayer
Gie her a haggis

To Miss Logan

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89 Verse 1 C F Dm G7

A - gain the sil - ent wheels of time their an - nual round have driv - 'n an - d

5 C F Dm G7 C

you tho' scarce in mai - den prime are so much near - er Heav - 'n N - o

Verse 2

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
 The infant year to hail
 I send you more than India boasts
 In Edwin's simple tale

Verse 3

Our sex with guile and faithless love
 Is charg'd perhaps too true
 But may dear maid each lover prove
 An Edwin still to you

Extempore in the Court of Session

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 57 *Lord Advocate* *Mr Erskine*

He clench'd his pam-plet in his fist h-e quot-ed and he hin-ted till in a dec-lam at-ion mist his ar-gu-
 ment he tint it he gaped for - 't he gaped for - 't he fand it was a - wa man but what his
 com-mon sense came short he eked out wi' law man Col - lec-ted Har-ry sto-od a - wee then
 op-en'd out his arm man his Lord-ship sat wi' ru-e - f - u' e'e and ey'd th - e gath - e - r - i - ng storm man like
 wind driv - 'n hail it di - d as - sail or tor - rents owre a linn man the
 Bench sae wise lift u - p thei - r eyes half wauk - en - 'd w - i th - e din man