

Burns Revisited Volume 53

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Lines written under Miss Burns' Picture

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

 ♩ = 90

F C F Gm C⁷ Dm G⁷ C



Cease ye prudes your en - vi - ous rai - ling love - ly Burns has charms 

5 F C F Gm C⁷ Dm G⁷ C⁷ F 



true it is she had on - e fai - ling had _____ a wom - an e - ver less

rit.

Epitaph for William Nicol

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $G \text{ } \downarrow = 90$ D G D

Ye mag - gots feed on Ni - col's brain for few sic feasts you've got - ten

13 G D⁷ G

and fix your claws in Nic - ol's heart for deil a bit o'ts rot - ten

Epitaph for William Michie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 $F = 77$ C F C B \flat C

Here lie Wil - lie Mich - ie's banes o Sat - an when ye tak him gie

19 F C F C B \flat Gm C 7 F

him the schu - lin o' your weans for cle - ver deils he'll mak them

Address to William Tytler

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

21 $\text{♩} = 73$ $F\#m$ Verse 1 D E A $C\#7$

Re - vered de - fen - der of beaut - eous Stuart of Stuart a name once res - pec - ted a
25 $F\#m$ D E A
name which to love was the mark of a true heart but now 'tis des - pis'd and neg - lec - ted

Verse 2

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye
Let no one misdeem me disloyal
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh
Still more if that wand'rer were royal

Verse 3

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne
My fathers have fallen to right it
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son
That name should he scoffingly slight it

Verse 4

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join
The Queen and the rest of the gentry
Be they wise be they foolish is nothing of mine
Their title's avow'd by my country

Verse 5

But why of that epocha make such a fuss
That gave us th' Electoral stem
If bringing them over was lucky for us
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them

Verse 6

But loyalty truce we're on dangerous ground
Who knows how the fashions may alter
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound
To-morrow may bring us a halter

Verse 7

I send you a trifle a head of a bard
A trifle scarce worthy your care
But accept it good Sir as a mark of regard
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer

Verse 8

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye
And ushers the long dreary night
But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky
Your course to the latest is bright

To Miss Ainslie in Church

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 C

Fair maid you need no take the hint nor id - le texts pur - sure 'twas

3 F C G⁷ C

guil - ty sin - ners that you meant not an - gels such as you

Lament for the absence of William Creech

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Auld Chuck - ie Ree - kie's sair dis - trest down droops her ance weel bur - nish'd crest nae joy her bon - nie
 bus - kit nest can yield a - va her dar ling bird that she lo'es best Wil - lie's a - wa O

Verse 2

O Willie was a witty wight
 And had o' things an unco' sleight
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight
 And trig an' braw
 But now they'll busk her like a fright
 Willie's awa

Verse 3

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd
 They durst nae mair than he allow'd
 That was a law
 We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd
 Willie's awa

Verse 4

Now gawkies tawpies gowks and fools
 Frae colleges and boarding schools
 May sprout like simmer paddock stools
 In glen or shaw
 He wha could brush them down to mools
 Willie's awa

Verse 5

The brethren o' the Commerce chaumer
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Among them a'
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer
 Willie's awa

Verse 6

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and poets pour
 And toothy critics by the score
 In bloody raw
 The adjutant o' a' the core
 Willie's awa

Verse 7

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace
 Mackenzie Stewart such a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw
 They a' maun meet some ither place
 Willie's awa

Verse 8

Poor Burns ev'n Scotch Drink canna quicken
 He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
 Scar'd frae it's minnie and the cleckin
 By hoodie crow
 Grieg's gien his heart an unco kickin
 Willie's awa

Verse 9

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blellum
 And Calvin's folk are fit to fell him
 Ilk self conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum
 Willie's awa

Verse 10

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red
 While tempests blaw
 But every joy and pleasure's fled
 Willie's awa

Verse 11

May I be Slander's common speech
 A text for Infamy to preach
 And lastly streekit out to bleach
 In winter snaw
 When I forget thee Willie Creech
 Tho' far awa

Verse 12

May never wicked Fortune touzle him
 May never wicked men bamboozle him
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
 He canty claw
 Then to the blessed new Jerusalem
 Fleet wing awa

To Mr Renton of Lamerton

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

C Dm G⁷ C F C Dm G⁷

Your bil- let sir I grant rec-iept wi' you_ I'll can-ter on-y__ gate tho"twere a trip to yon blue warl whare

7 C Dm G⁷ C Am

bir - kies march on bur - ning__ marl then sir__ God wil - ling

10 Dm F C

I'll__ at - tend ye and to__ his good - ness I com - mend ye

Epigram at Inverary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Who - e'er he be that so-journs here I pi - ty much his case un - less he comes to wait u - pon the

Lord their god his Grace there's nae - thing here but High - land pride and

High-land scab and hun- ger if prov - id - ence has sent me here 'twas sure - ly in an an - ger

Epigram to Miss Jean Scott

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

O had each Scot of an - cient times been Jean - ie Scott as thou art the
 brav - est heart on Eng - lish ground had yiel - ded like a cow - ard

The death of John Macleod

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5 $\text{♩} = 77$ Verse 1

Sad th-y tale thou i - dle page an - d rue - fu - l thy a - larms death tears the broth - er of her love fro - m

8 Is - a - bell - a's arms sweet - ly deckt with per - ly dew the mor - ning rose may blow ___ but

11 cold suc - ces - sive noon - tide blasts may lay its beau - ties low

Verse 2

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smil'd
 But long ere noon succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguil'd
 Fate oft tears the bosom chords
 That Nature finest strung
 So Isabella's heart was form'd
 And so that heart was wrung

Verse 3

Dread Omnipotence alone
 Can heal the wound he gave
 Can point the brimful grief worn eyes
 To scenes beyond the grave
 Virtue's blossoms there shall blow
 And fear no withering blast
 There Isabella's spotless worth
 Shall happy be at last