

Burns Revisited Volume 54

1. On the death of Sir James Hunter Blair
2. To Miss Ferrier
3. Impromptu on Carron iron works
4. Written by somebody on the window
5. The poet's reply to the threat of a censorious critic
6. The libeller's self reproof
7. Verses written with a pencil
8. The humble petition of Bruar Water
9. Lines on the fall of fyers near Loch Ness
10. Epigram on parting with a kind host in the highlands

On the death of Sir James Hunter Blair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

The lamp of day with ill pres-ag-ing glare dim clou - dy sank be - neath the west-ern wave th'
in - cons-tant blast howl'd thro' the dar-kening air and hol - low whist-led in the rock-y cave Lone

Verse 2

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train
Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd well
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane

Verse 3

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye

Verse 4

The paly moon rose in the livid east
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm

Verse 5

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued

Verse 6

Revers'd that spear redoubtable in war
Reclined that banner erst in fields unfurl'd
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world

Verse 7

My patriot son fills an untimely grave
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried
Low lies the hand oft was stretch'd to save
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride

Verse 8

A weeping country joins a widow's tear
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh

Verse 9

I saw my sons resume their ancient fire
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow
But ah how hope is born but to expire
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low

Verse 10

My patriot falls but shall he lie unsung
While empty greatness saves a worthless name
No every muse shall join her tuneful tongue
And future ages hear his growing fame

Verse 11

And I will join a mother's tender cares
Thro' future times to make his virtues last
That distant years may boast of other Blairs
She said and vanish'd with the sweeping blast

To Miss Ferrier

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

Verse 1a

Na e heath-en name sha-ll I fre-fix frae Pin-dus or Par-nas sus_ au-ld Ree-kie dings the-m a' to sticks for

rhyme ins - pir - ing las - ses_ Jo - ve's tune - fu' doch - te - rs three times three ma - de

Ho-mer deep their deb tor_ bu - t gi'en the bo - d - y half an e'e nine Fer - ri - ers wad cone bet - ter_ La-st

Finish

Verse 1b

Verse 2a

Last day my mind was in a bog
 Down George's Street I stoited
 A creeping cauld prosaic fog
 My very sense doited

Verse 2b

Do what I dought to set her free
 My saul lay in the mire
 Ye turned a neuk I saw your e'e
 She took the wing like fire

Verse 3a

The mournfu' sang I here enclose
 In gratitude I send you
 And pray in rhyme as weel as prose
 A' gude things may attend you

Impromptu on Carron Iron Works

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney


♩ = 80


G
A⁷
D⁷

We cam na here to view your warks in hopes to be mair wise but on-ly lest we gang to hell I may be nae sur prise but

5 
G

when we tir - l'd at your door your por - ter dought na hear us sae

7 
Bm
Em
A⁷
D⁷
G


may shou'd we to hell's yetts come your bil - ly Sat - an sair us

Written by somebody on the window

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

Here Stu - arts once in glo - ry reign'd and laws for Scot - land's weal or - dain'd but now un -

3 roof'd their pal - ace stands their scep - tre's fal'n to oth - er hands fal - len in -

5 deed and to the earth whence grove - lling rep - tiles take their birth the in - jur'd

7 Stewart line is gone a race out - lan - dish fills their throne an

9 id - i - ot race to hon - our lost who know them best des - pise them most

Chords: G, D⁷, Em, C, Am, G, Em, A⁷, D⁷, G, D⁷, Em, C, A⁷, G, Am, D⁷, Bm, D^o, Am, D⁷, G

The poets reply to the threat of a censorious critic

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60 A E A F E Am

With Es-op's li-on Burns says sore I feel each oth-er blow but damn that as-s's heel

rall.

The libeller's self reproof

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5
 Rash mor tal_ and slan derous po - et thy name shall no lon-ger ap-pear in the re - cords of fame
 dost not know that old Mans-field whowrites like the Bib-le says the more 'tis a truth sir the more 'tis a lib-el

Verses written with a pencil

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

 $\text{♩} = 69$
D drone Verse 1



Ad - mir-ing nat ure in her wil-dest grace these nor-thern scenes with wea-ry feet I trace O'er

5 ma ny a win-ding dale and pain-ful steep th' a-bodes of cov-eyed grouse and tim-id sheep my

9 sav-age jour-ney cur-i-ous I pur-sue till fam'd Bread-al-bane o-pens to my view the

13 meet ing cliffs each deep sunk glendiv-ides the woods wild sac-ter'd clothe their am ple sides th'

17 *D* Refrain *G*

out-stretch-ing lake em bos-omed 'mong the hills Po-et-ic ar-dours in my bos om swell lone

21 *Bm* *F#m* *A7* *D*

wand'-ring by the her-mit's mos-sy cell the swee-ping theat-re of hang-ing

24 *G* *Bm* *F#m* *A7* *D* 

woods the in-ces-sant roar of head-long tumb-ling floods

The humble petition of Bruar Water

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

M-y Lord I know your no-ble ear wo-e ne'er as-sails in vain__ e-m-bol-den'd thus I beg you'll hear your

4 hum-ble slave com plain__ ho-w sau-cy Phoebus' scor-ching beams i-n flam-ing sum-mer pride__ dr-y

7 with-erting waste my foam-y streams and drink my crys-tal tide__ Th-e light-ly jump-ing gl ow-ri-n' trouts that

10 thro' my wat-ers play__ i-f in their ran-dom wa-n-to-n sprouts they near the mar-gin stray__ if

13 hap-less chance they li-n-ge-r lang I'm scor-ching up so shal-low__ they-'re

15 left the white-ning sta-nes a-mang in gas-ping death to wal-low__ La-st

Chorus 1

Verse 2

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen
As poet Burns came by
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry
A panegyric rhyme I ween
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me
But had I in my glory been
He kneeling wad ador'd me

Chorus 2

Here foaming down the skelvy rocks
In twisting strength I rin
There high my boiling torrent smokes
Wild roaring o'er a linn
Enjoying each large spring and well
As Nature gave them me
I am altho' I say't mysel'
Worth gaun a mile to see

Verse 3

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees
And bonie spreading bushes
Delighted doubly then my lord
You'll wander on my banks
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks

Chorus 3

The sober lav'rock warbling wild
Shall to the skies aspire
The gowdspink Music's gayest child
Shall sweetly join the choir
The blackbird strong the lintwhite clear
The mavis mild and mellow
The robin pensive Autumn cheer
In all her locks of yellow

Verse 4

This too a covert shall ensure
To shield them from the storm
And coward maukin sleep secure
Low in her grassy form
Here shall the shepherd make his seat
To weave his crown of flow'rs
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat
From prone descending show'rs

Chorus 4

And here by sweet endearing stealth
Shall meet the loving pair
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace

Verse 5

Here haply too at vernal dawn
Some musing bard may stray
And eye the smoking dewy lawn
And misty mountain grey
Or by the reaper's nightly beam
Mild-chequering thro' the trees
Rave to my darkly dashing stream
Hoarse swelling on the breeze

Chorus 5

Let lofty firs and ashes cool
My lowly banks o'erspread
And view deep bending in the pool
Their shadow's wat'ry bed
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn
And for the little songster's nest
The close embow'ring thorn

Chorus 6

So may old Scotia's darling hope
Your little angel band
Spring like their fathers up to prop
Their honour'd native land
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken
To social flowing glasses
The grace be Athole's honest men
And Athole's bonie lasses

Lines on the Fall of Fyers near Loch Ness

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 88 G

A - mong the hea - thy hills and rag - ged woods the roar - ing fyers pours his mos - sy floods till
 5 G G⁷ C G D⁷ G

full he dash - es on the rock - y mounds where thro' a shape - less breach his stream re - sounds as
 9 C G D

high in air the burst - ing tor - rents flow as deep re - coil - ing sur - ges foam be - low prone
 13 G G⁷ C G D⁷ G

down the rock the white - ning sheet des - cends and view - less ech - o's ear as - ton - ish'd rends dim -
 17 C G D

seen through ris - ing mists and cease - less showers the ho - ary cav - ern wide sur - round - ing lowers still
 21 G G⁷ C G D⁷ G

thro' the gap the strug - gling riv - er toils and still be - low the hor - rid cauld - ron boils

Epigram on parting with a kind host in the highlands

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 Eb Bb Ab Cm

6 Gm Ab Eb Fm Bb⁷ Eb

When death's dark stream I fer - ry o'er a time that sure - ly shall come in Hea - ven it
 self i'll ask no more than just a High - land wel - come