

Burns Revisited Volume 55

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Castle Gordon

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 57 Verse 1 C G7 C G7 C G7 C

Streams that glide in or-i-entpains ne-verbound b-y wi-n-ter's chains glow-ing he-re on go-l-densands there im-
7 D G7 C G7 C G7 C

mix'd wi-th fo-l-est stains fro-m tyr-an-ny's em-pur-pled hands these their rich-ly gle-a-ming waves I leave
13 G7 Am C G7 Am Em Dm G7 C

to ty-rants an-d theirslaves give me the stream that sweet-ly laves the banks by Cast-le Gor-don Spic-y

Verse 2

Spicy forests ever gray
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil
Or the ruthless native's way
Bent on slaughter blood and spoil
Woods that ever verdant wave
I leave the tyrant and the slave
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon

Verse 3

Wildly here without control
Nature reigns and rules the whole
In that sober pensive mood
Dearest to the feeling soul
She plants the forest pours the flood
Life's poor day I'll musing rave
And find at night a sheltering cave
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonie Castle Gordon

On scaring some water fowl in Loch Turit

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

19 = 70 E_b Verse 1 B_b A_b E_b B_b

Why ye ten - ants of the lake for me your wat - 'ry haunt for - sake tell me fel - low creat - ures why

22 F_m B_b^7 E_b B_b A_b E_b

at my pres - ence thus you fly why dis - turb your soc - ial joys par - ent fil - ial kind - red ties

25 F_m B_b^7 E_b C_m Verse 2 F^7 B_b F^7 B_b

com - mon friend to you and me nat - ure's gifts to all are free peace - ful keep your dimp - ling wave

28 C_m F^7 B_b F^7 B_b B_b^7

bus - y feed or wan - ton lave or ben - eath the shel - tering rock bide the sur - ging bil - low's shock

31 E_b Verse 3a B_b A_b E_b B_b

Cons - cious blush - ing for our race soon too soon your fears I trace man your proud us - ur - ping foe

34 F_m B_b^7 E_b B_b F_m B_b^7 E_b

would be lord of all bel - ow plumes him - self in free - dom's pride ty - rant stern or all be - side The

37 C_m Verse 4a F^7 B_b F^7 B_b C_m

ea - gle from the clif - fy brow mar - king you his prey be - low in his breast no pi - ty dwells

40 F^7 B_b F^7 C_m G C_m F^7

strong nec - es - sit - y com - pels but Man to whome a - lone is gi - ven a

42 G_m E_b C_m

ray di - rect from pit - ying hea - ven

43

F7 Abm Cm F7 Bb

glor - ies in his heart hum - ane and creat - ures for his pleas - ure slain

Verse 1

*Why ye tenants of the lake
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake
Tell me fellow-creatures why
At my presence thus you fly
Why disturb your social joys
Parent filial kindred ties
Common friend to you and me*

Verse 2

*Nature's gifts to all are free
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave
Busy feed or wanton lave
Or beneath the sheltering rock
Bide the surging billow's shock*

Verse 3a

*Conscious blushing for our race
Soon too soon your fears I trace
Man your proud usurping foe
Would be lord of all below
Plumes himself in freedom's pride
Tyrant stern to all beside*

Verse 4a

*The eagle from the cliffy brow
Marking you his prey below
In his breast no pity dwells
Strong necessity compels
But Man to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n
Glories in his heart humane
And creatures for his pleasure slain*

Verse 3b

*In these savage liquid plains
Only known to wand'ring swains
Where the mossy riv'let strays
Far from human haunts and ways
All on Nature you depend
And life's poor season peaceful spend*

Verse 4b

*Or if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right
On the lofty ether borne
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn
Swiftly seek on clanging wings
Other lakes and other springs
And the foe you cannot brave
Scorn at least to be his slave*

Birthday ode for 31st December 1787

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

G → D → G → C → G → D7 → G → D7

9 G → D7 → G → C → G → D7 → G → Em

18 B7 → Em → B7 → Em

27 B7 → Em → B7 D7 → G → D → G

36 C → G → D7 → G → D7 → G

42 D7 → G → C → G → D7 → G

fa - r the fai - th - ful few wh - o wou - ld his sor - rows share

On the death of Robert Dundas

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

49 $\text{♩} = 75$ $\text{B}\flat$
Verse 1

Lone on the blea-ky hills the stry-ing flocks shun the fierce storms a-mong the shelt-ering rocks

53
down from the riv-ulets red with dash-ing rains the gath - ering floods burst o'er the dis-tant plains be-

57
neath the blast the leaf-less for-ests groan the hol-low cave re-turn a hol-low moan

Verse 2

Ye hills ye plains ye forests and ye caves
 Ye howling winds and wintry swelling waves
 Unheard unseen by human ear or eye
 Sad to your sympathetic glooms I fly
 Where to the whistling blast and water's roar
 Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore

Verse 3

O heavy loss thy country ill could bear
 A loss these evil days can ne'er repair
 Justice the high vicegerent of her God
 Her doubtful balance eyed and sway'd her rod
 Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow
 She sank abandon'd to the wildest woe

Verse 4

Wrongs injuries from many a darksome den
 Now gay in hope explore the paths of men
 See from his cavern grim Oppression rise
 And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes
 Keen on the helpless victim see him fly
 And stifle dark the feebly bursting cry

Sylvander to Clarinda

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 100

Gm C7 Bb F

When dear Clar-in - da match-less fair first struck Syl-van-der's rap-tur'd view he gaz'd he lis-tened

6 Gm C7 Bb C7 F Gm Dm

to des-pair a - las 'twas all he dared to do love from Clar-in-da's heav-enly eyes trans fixed his bos-om

12 Gm C7 F

thro' and thro' but still in friend-ship's guar - ded guise for more the dem-on fear'd to do That

Verse 2

That heart already more than lost
 The imp beleaguer'd all perdue
 For frowning Honour kept his post
 To meet that frown he shrunk to do
 His pangs the Bard refused to own
 Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew
 But Anguish wrung the unweeting groan
 Who blames what frantic Pain must do

Verse 3

That heart where motley follies blend
 Was sternly still to Honour true
 To prove Clarinda's fondest friend
 Was what a lover sure might do
 The Muse his ready quill employed
 No nearer bliss he could pursue
 That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd
 Send word by Charles how you do

Verse 4

The chill behest disarm'd his muse
 Till passion all impatient grew
 He wrote and hinted for excuse
 'Twas 'cause he'd nothing else to do
 But by those hopes I have above
 And by those faults I dearly rue
 The deed the boldest mark of love
 For thee that deed I dare uo do

Verse 5

O could the Fates but name the price
 Would bless me with your charms and you
 With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice
 If human art and power could do
 Then take Clarinda friendship's hand
 Friendship at least I may avow
 And lay no more your chill command
 I'll write whatever I've to do

Love In The Guise Of Friendship

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 59 D

Your friend-ship much can make me blest O why that bliss des troy who urge the on - ly one re quest you
 know I will de - ny your thought if love must har - bour there con - ceal it in that thought nor
 cause me from my bos - om tear the ve - ry friend I sought

Chords: D, F#m, Bm, E7, A7, D, F#m, Bm, A7, D

Verse 2

Your thought if Love must harbour there
 Conceal it in that thought
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear
 The very friend I sought

Epistle to Hugh Parker

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 C#m = 99 Bm Am C#m Bm Am

17 G A D7 G A D7 G

22 A D7 G A D7

25 G F C#m

In this strange land this un-couth clime a land un-known to prose or rhyme where
 words ne'er cross't the muse-'s he-ckles no-r lim-pit in po-et-ic shack-les a-land that prose did
 ne-ver view it e-x-ept when drunk he sta-cher't thro' it he-re
 am-bush'd by the chim-la cheek hid in an at-mos-phere of reek

I Love my Jean

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 150

Verse 1

Of a' - the air - ts the win - nd can bla - w I dear - ly like the west for th - re the

bo - n - nie la - s - sie li - ves the las - s - ie I lo'e best there's wild woods grow and ri - vers

row and mon - y a hill bet - ween but da - y and nigh - t my

fa - n - cys' fli - ght is e - ver wi' my Jean I

Verse 2

I see her in the dewy flowers
 I see her sweet and fair
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds
 I hear her charm the air
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain shaw or green
 There's not a bonie bird that sings
 But minds me o' my Jean

I Love my Jean

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

D G D Em A A7 D G D

O - f a' the airts the wind can blaw I dear-ly like the west fo-r there the bon-ne las-sie lives the

Em A7 D G Em

las - sie I lo'e best there-'s wild woods grow and riv - ers row and mon-y a hill be

A A7 D Bm Em A7 D

tween bu - t day and night my fan - cys' flight is e - ver wi' my lean I -

Verse 2

I see her in the dewy flowers
 I see her sweet and fair
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds
 I hear her charm the air
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain shaw or green
 There's not a bonie bird that sings
 But minds me o' my Jean

Written in Friars Carse Hermitage Nithsdale

First Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 $F \text{ } \downarrow = 93$
Verse 1

→→ C →→ F

Thou whom chance my h - i - th - er lead be thou clad in ru - s - s - et weed be thou deckt in si - l - ke - n stole

20 C F →→ C →→ F

grave these max - ims on thy soul life is but a day at most sprung from night in dark - ness lost

23 C →→ B \flat C

hope not sun - shine ev - ery hour fear not clouds will al - ways lour

Verse 2

Happiness is but a name
 Make content and ease thy aim
 Ambition is a meteor gleam
 Fame an idle restless dream
 Peace the tend'rest flow'r of spring
 Pleasures insects on the wing
 Those that sip the dew alone
 Make the butterflies thy own

Verse 3

Those that would the bloom devour
 Crush the locusts save the flower
 For the future be prepar'd
 Guard wherever thou can'st guard
 But thy utmost duly done
 Welcome what thou can'st not shun
 Follies past give thou to air
 Make their consequence thy care

Verse 4

Keep the name of Man in mind
 And dishonour not thy kind
 Reverence with lowly heart
 Him whose wondrous work thou art
 Keep His Goodness still in view
 Thy trust and thy example too
 Stranger go Heaven be thy guide
 Quod the Beadsman of Nidside