

Burns Revisited Volume 58

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Ode to the departed Regency Bill

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse a

Daugh - ter of cha-os' do - ting years nurse of te-n thous-and hope-s and fears wheth - er thy

10

air - y in - sub - stan - tial shade the rights of sep - ul - ture now du - ly paid Spread ab - road its hid - eous form

19

on the roar - ing ci - vil storm deaf - eaning din and war - ring rage fac - tions wild with fac - tions wage

25

Bridge

Or un - er - ground deep sunk pro found a - mong the de - mons of the earth with groans that make themoun - tains shake

31

Verse b

thou mourn thy ill starr'd bligh ted birth Or in the un - cre - at - ed void where seeds of fut - ure be - ing fight

37

Verse c

with light - en'd step thou wan - der wide to greet thy Moth - er anc - ient night And as each jar - ring mons ter ma - ss is

44

past fond fec - ol - lect what once thou wast in man - ner due be -

50

neath this sac - red oak hear spi - rit hear thy pres - ence I in - voke

Epistle to James Tennant of Glenconner

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

57 $F \text{ } \downarrow = 100$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow G$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow C^7$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow F$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

62 G $\rightarrow\leftarrow C^7$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow F$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow G$

67 C^7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow F$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

70 G $\rightarrow\leftarrow C^7$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow F$

Auld com-rade dear and drith-er sin - ner how's a' the folk a-bout Gen - con - ner how do ye this blae east-lin
 wi - n' that's like to blaw a bo - dy bli - n' for me my fac - ul - ties are fro - zen
 my dea - rest mem - ber near - ly do - zen'd I've sent you here by John - ie
 Sim - son twa sage phil - os - oph - ers to glimpse on

A New Psalm for the Chapel of Kilmarnock

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Oh sing a new song to the Lord make all and every one a joyful noise even for the king his res-tor-ation The

Chords: G, D7, G, C, Am, D7, G

Tempo: ♩ = 100

Verse 2

The sons of Belial in the land
 Did set their heads together
 Come let us sweep them off said they
 Like an o'erflowing river

Verse 3

They set their heads together I say
 They set their heads together
 On right on left on every hand
 We saw none to deliver

Verse 4

Thou madest strong two chosen ones
 To quell the Wicked's pride
 That Young Man great in Issachar
 The burden bearing tribe

Verse 5

And him among the Princes chief
 In our Jerusalem
 The judge that's mighty in thy law
 The man that fears thy name

Verse 6

Yet they even they with all their strength
 Began to faint and fail
 Even as two howling ravenous wolves
 To dogs do turn their tail

Verse 7

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevail'd
 For so thou hadst appointed
 That thou might'st greater glory give
 Unto thine own anointed

Verse 8

And now thou hast restored our State
 Pity our Kirk also
 For she by tribulations
 Is now brought very low

Verse 9

Consume that high-place Patronage
 From off thy holy hill
 And in thy fury burn the book
 Even of that man M'Gill

Verse 10

Now hear our prayer accept our song
 And fight thy chosen's battle
 We seek but little Lord from thee
 Thou kens we get as little

Sketch in verse

A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

How wis-dom and fol - ly meet mix and u - nite how vir - tue and vice blend their black and their white how
 Gen - i - us th' il - lust - ri - ous fa - ther of fic - tion con - founds rule and law re - con - ciles con - tra - dic - tion
 I sing if these mor - tals the crit - ics should bus - tle I care not nor I let the crit - ics go whist - le

The wounded hare

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

8 $\text{♩} = 93$ Verse 1

Chords: C⁷, D^m, G⁷, C⁷, F

In-hum-an man curse on thy barb'-rous art and blas-ted be thy mur-der aim-ing eye may ne-ver pi-ty soothe thee

13

Chords: C⁷, D^m (1.2.3), G⁷, C⁷, F, Final line, D^m, G⁷, C⁷, F

with a sigh nor e-ver plea-sure glad thy cru-el heart curse the ruf-fian's aim and mourn thy hap-les fate

Verse 2

Go live poor wand'rer of the wood and field
 The bitter little that of life remains
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
 To thee a home or food or pastime yield

Verse 3

Seek mangled wretch some place of wonted rest
 No more of rest but now thy dying bed
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest

Verse 4

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe
 The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side
 Ah helpless nurslings who will now provide
 That life a mother only can bestow

Verse 5

Oft as by winding Nith I musing wait
 The sober eve or hail the cheerful dawn
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn
 And curse the ruffian's aim and mourn thy hapless fate

The Wounded Hare

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

In-hum-an man curse on thy barb-'rous art and blast-ted be - th - y mur-der aim-ing eye may
 ne-ver pi-ty soothe thee with a sigh no-r e - ver ple-s - u - re glad thy cru-el heart Go live poor

Verse 2

Go live poor wand'rer of the wood and field
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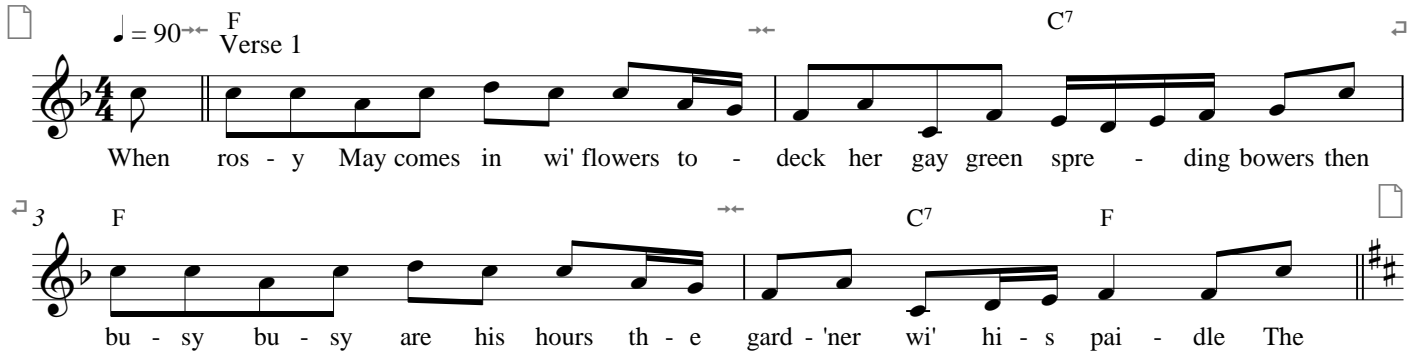
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 90 \rightarrow \leftarrow F \rightarrow \leftarrow C7 \rightarrow \leftarrow



When ros - y May comes in wi' flowers to - deck her gay green spre - ding bowers then
 bu - sy bu - sy are his hours th - e gard - 'ner wi' hi - s pai - dle The

Verse 2

The crystal waters gently fa'
 The merry bards are lovers a'
 The scented breezes round him blaw
 The Gard'ner wi' his paidle

Verse 3

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair
 The Gard'ner wi' his paidle

Verse 4

When day expiring in the west
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest
 He flies to her arms he lo'es the best
 The Gard'ner wi' his paidle

John Anderson, my Jo

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 105 Verse 1

John An-der-son my jo John whe-n we were first acqu - ent your locks were like the ra - ven your
 bon - nie brow was brent but now your brow is beld John you - r locks are like the
 snaw but bles - sings on your fros - ty pow John An - der - son my jo John

Verse 2

John Anderson my jo John
 We clamb the hill thegither
 And mony a cantie day John
 We've had wi' ane anither
 Now we maun totter down John
 And hand in hand we'll go
 And sleep thegither at the foot
 John Anderson my jo

Tam Glen

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 $\text{♩} = 115$ Verse 1 A D E A

My heart is a brea king_ dea - r tit - tie some coun - sel un - to me come len'

21 to an - ger them a' is a pi - ty bu - t what will I do wi' Ta - m Glen

Verse 2

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow
 In poortith I might mak a fen
 What care I in riches to wallow
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen

Verse 3

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller
 Gude day to you brute he comes ben
 He brags and he blows o' his siller
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen

Verse 4

My minnie does constantly deave me
 And bids me beware o' young men
 They flatter she says to deceive me
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen

Verse 5

My daddie says gin I'll forsake him
 He'd gie me gude hunder marks ten
 But if it's ordain'd I maun take him
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen

Verse 6

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten'
 For thrice I drew ane without failing
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen

Verse 7

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark sleeve as ye ken
 His likeness came up the house staukin
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen

The Laddie's Dear Sel

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

25 $\text{♩} = 79$ Verse 1

There's a you-th in this ci-ty i - t were a gre-at pi-ty tha-t h - e from our las-sies shou-ld wa-n-der a-wa'

29 fo - r he-'s bon-nie an-d braw weel fav-our'd wi-th a' a - n' hi - s hair has a -nat ur- al buck-le an' a'

33 his coat is the hue o' his bon - net sae blue his feck-et is white as the new dri-ven snaw

37 hi - s ho-se they are blae and hi - s sho-on like the slae and his cle ar sil ler buck-les the-y daz-zle u - s a'

Verse 2

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin
 Weel featur'd weel tocher'd weel mounted an' braw
 But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'
 There's Meg wi' the mailen that fain wad a haen him
 And Susie wha's daddie was laird o' the Ha'
 There's lang tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
 But the laddie's dear sel' he loes dearest of a'