

# Burns Revisited Volume 63

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# The charms of Lovely Davies

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 <sup>E♭</sup> Verse 1

O how shall I un - skil - fu' try the po-et's oc - cu pat - ion the tune - fu' powers in  
 hap - py hours that whis - per in - spir - at - ion e - ven they maundare an ef - fort than aught they  
 e - ver gave us ere they re - hearse in equ - al verse the charms o' lov - ely Dav - ies Each

Chord markings: A♭, E♭, B♭7, C♯m, F, E♭, B♭7, C♯m, B♭7, E♭, B♭7.

## Verse 2

Each eye it cheers when she appears  
 Like Phoebus in the morning  
 When past the shower and every flower  
 The garden is adorning  
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore  
 When winter bound the wave is  
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part  
 Frae charming lovely Davies

## Verse 3

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift  
 That maks us mair than princes  
 A sceptred hand a king's command  
 Is in her darting glances  
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms  
 Even he her willing slave is  
 He hugs his chain and owns the reign  
 Of conquering lovely Davies

## Verse 4

My Muse to dream of such a theme  
 Her feeble powers surrender  
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys  
 The sun's meridian splendour  
 I wad in vain essay the strain  
 The deed too daring brave is  
 I'll drap the lyre and mute admire  
 The charms o' lovely Davies

# The Posie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 73 Verse 1

B $\flat$  F $^7$  Gm Cm F $^7$

O luv will ven-ture in where it daur na weel be seen o luv will ven-ture in where wis-dom ance has been but

I will down yon ri-ver rove a-mang the woods sae green and a' to pu' a po - sie to my ain dear May The

## Verse 2

The primrose I will pu' the firstling o' the year  
 And I will pu' the pink the emblem o' my dear  
 For she's the pink o' womankind and blooms without a peer  
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

## Verse 3

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phoebus peeps in view  
 For it's like a baummy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou  
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue  
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

## Verse 4

The lily it is pure and the lily it is fair  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there  
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air  
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

## Verse 5

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray  
 Where like an aged man it stands at break o' day  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away  
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

## Verse 6

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ning star is near  
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear  
 The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear  
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May

## Verse 7

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luv  
 And I'll place it in her breast and I'll swear by a' above  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove  
 And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May

# On Glenriddell's Fox breaking his chain

## A Fragment

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

F C Gm

Thou lib - er - ty thou ar - t m-y theme not such as i - dle po - ets dream who trick thee

10 C7 Gm C7 F

up a hea - then go-d - dess that a fan - tas - tic cap and rod had such stale con - ceits

19 C7 F Bb C Gm

are poor and sil - ly I paint thee out a High - land fi - l - ly A stur - dy stub - born hand - some

28 C7 F Dm Gm C7 F C F

37 dap ple as sleek's a mouse as round's an ap ple that when thou pleas - ent canst do won - ders

43 C7 F Am Gm C7 F

should de - mure there wilt break thy neck ere thou go fur - ther

**rall.** . . . . .

# On pastoral poetry

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

49 = 77 Verse 1

Hail Poe-sie tho-u nymph re-sev'd in cha-se o'-thee what crowds hae swerv'd frae com-mon sen-se o-r sunk en-erv'd

ma - ng heaps o' cla-vers and och o-'er aft thy joes hae starv'd mid a' thy fav-ours

**Verse 2**

Say Lassie why thy train amang  
 While loud the trump's heroic clang  
 And sock or buskin skelp alang  
 To death or marriage  
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang  
 But wi' miscarriage

**Verse 3**

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives  
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives  
 Wee Pope the knurlin' till him rives  
 Horatian fame  
 In thy sweet sang Barbauld survives  
 Even Sappho's flame

**Verse 4**

But thee Theocritus wha matches  
 They're no herd's ballats Maro's catches  
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches  
 O' heathen tatters  
 I pass by hunders nameless wretches  
 That ape their betters

**Verse 5**

In this braw age o' wit and lear  
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair  
 Blaw sweetly in its native air  
 And rural grace  
 And wi' the far fam'd Grecian share  
 A rival place

**Verse 6**

Yes there is ane a Scottish callan  
 There's ane come forrit honest Allan  
 Thou need na jouk behind the hallan  
 A chiel sae clever  
 The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan  
 But thou's for ever

**Verse 7**

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines  
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines  
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtle twines  
 Where Philomel  
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines  
 Her griefs will tell

**Verse 8**

In gowany glens thy burnie strays  
 Where bonie lasses bleach their claes  
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes  
 Wi' hawthorns gray  
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays  
 At close o' day

**Verse 9**

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel'  
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell  
 Nae snap conceits but that sweet spell  
 O' witchin love  
 That charm that can the strongest quell  
 The sternest move

# The Gallant Weaver

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

Where cart rubs riw-in' to the sea by mon-ie a flower and spread-ing tree where lives a lad the lad for me he

Verse 2

is a gal-lant wea - ver O I had woo-ers aught or nine they gied me rings and rib-bons fine and

Refrain

I was fear'd my heart wad tine and I gied it to the wea - ver My dad - die sign'd my toch-er band to

Verse 3

birds re - joice in lea - fy bowers while bees de - light in op - ening flowers while

corn grows green in sum - mer showers I love my gal - lant wea - ver

# Epigram at Brownhill Inn

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

At Brown-hill we al-ways get dain-ty good cheer and plen-ty of ba-con each day in the year we've

a'thing that's nice and most-ly in sea son but why al-ways ba-con come tell me a re-son

# O for ane an' twenty Tam

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

The-y snool m-e sair an-d haud m-e down a-n' gar me look like blun-tie Tam bu-t three sho-rt years wi-ll

soon whe-el roun' an- d then comes ane an' twen- ty Tam A- n' o for ane an' twn- ty Tam an- d

hey sweet ane an' twen-ty Tam I-'ll learn my kin a rat- tln' sang\_ an I saw ane an' twen-ty Tam A -

*Finish*

Chorus

## Verse 2

A glieb o' lan' a claut o' gear  
 Was left me by my auntie Tam  
 At kith or kin I need na spier  
 An I saw ane an' twenty Tam

## Chorus

## Verse 3

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof  
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty Tam  
 But hear'st thou laddie there's my loof  
 I'm thine at ane an' twenty Tam

# My Bonnie Bell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 43 C G<sup>7</sup> C F C

Verse 1

1 The smil - ing spring comes in re - joi - cing and sur - ly win - ter grim - ly flies now

3 crys - tal clear are the fal - ling wa - ters and bon - nie blue are the sun - ny skies fresh

5 o'er the moun - tains breaks forth the mor - ning the ev' - ning gilds the oc - ean's swell all

7 crea - tures joy in the sun's re - tur - ning and I re - joi - ce in my Bon - nie Bell The

## Verse 2

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer  
 The yellow Autumn presses near  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter  
 Till smiling Spring again appear  
 Thus seasons dancing life advancing  
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell  
 But never ranging still unchanging  
 I adore my bonie Bell



# Nithsdale's welcome hame

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

$\text{♩} = 100$  E

1 The no - ble Max - wells and their powers are com - ing o'er the bor - der and

3 F#m B7 E

6 A F#m B7 E

their a - bode they choose it there's no a heart in a' the land but's ligh - ter at the new o't Tho'

## Verse 2

Tho' stars in skies may disappear  
 And angry tempests gather  
 The happy hour may soon be near  
 That brings us pleasant weather  
 The weary night o' care and grief  
 May hae a joyfu' morrow  
 So dawning day has brought relief  
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow