

# Burns Revisited Volume 66

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# The country lassie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85  
Verse 1

In sim-mer when the hay was mawn and corn wav'd green in il-ka field while cla-ver blooms white o'er the lea and  
ro - ses blaw in il - ka beild blyth Bes - sie in the mil-king shiel says I'll be wed come o't what will out  
spake a dame in wrin - kled eild o gude ad - vise - ment comes nae ill It's

## Verse 2

It's ye hae woers mony ane  
And lassie ye're but young ye ken  
Then wait a wee and cannie wale  
A routhie butt a routhie ben  
There's Johnie o' the Buskie glen  
Fu' is his barn fu' is his byre  
Take this frae me my bonie hen  
It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire

## Verse 3

For Johnie o' the Buskie glen  
I dinna care a single flie  
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye  
He has nae love to spare for me  
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e  
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear  
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie  
For Buskie len and a' his gear

## Verse 4

Thoughtless lassie life's a faught  
The canniest gate the strife is sair  
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best  
A hungry care's an unco care  
But some will spend and some will spare  
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will  
Syne as ye brew my maiden fair  
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill

## Verse 5

O gear will buy me rigs o' land  
And gear will buy me sheep and kye  
But the tender heart o' leesome love  
The gowd and siller canna buy  
We may be poor Robie and I  
Light is the burden love lays on  
Content and love brings peace and joy  
What mair hae Queens upon a throne

# Bessy and her spinning wheel

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

O leeze me o-n my spin-nin' wheel and le-eze me o-n my ro-ck and re-el frae tap to ta-e that cleeds me bien and  
 ha-ps me bi-el and wa-rm at e'en I'll set me do-wn and sing and spin while lai-gh de-scen-ds the  
 sim-mer su-n blest wi' con-te-nt and milk and meal o lea-ze me o-n my spin-nin' wheel On

## Verse 2

On ilka hand the burnies trot  
 And meet below my theekit cot  
 The scented birk and hawthorn white  
 Across the pool their arms unite  
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest  
 And little fishes' caller rest  
 The sun blinks kindly in the beil'  
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel

## Verse 3

On lofty aiks the cushats wail  
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale  
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes  
 Delighted rival ither's lays  
 The craik amang the claver hay  
 The pairtrick whirring o'er the ley  
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel  
 Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel

## Verse 4

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy  
 Aboon distress below envy  
 O wha wad leave this humble state  
 For a' the pride of a' the great  
 Amid their flairing idle toys  
 Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel

# Love for love

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 ♩ = 90 B $\flat$  →→ →→ E $\flat$  →→ ↻

I - thers seek they ken - na what fea - tures car - riage and a' that  
 Let love spar - kle in her e'e let her lo'e nae man but me

21 ↻ →→ B $\flat$  →→ F $^7$  →→ E $\flat$  →→ B $\flat$  ↻

gie me loove in her I court loove to loove maks a' the sport  
 that's the to - cher guid I prize there the luv - er's trea - sure lies

Detailed description: The image shows two systems of musical notation for the song 'Love for love'. The first system starts at measure 17 and ends at measure 20. It is in 4/4 time with a tempo of 90 beats per minute. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: 'I - thers seek they ken - na what fea - tures car - riage and a' that' on the first line, and 'Let love spar - kle in her e'e let her lo'e nae man but me' on the second line. The second system starts at measure 21 and ends at measure 24. It continues the melody and lyrics: 'gie me loove in her I court loove to loove maks a' the sport' on the first line, and 'that's the to - cher guid I prize there the luv - er's trea - sure lies' on the second line. The second system includes a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.) for the final two measures. Chord symbols B-flat, E-flat, F7, and B-flat are placed above the staff. A repeat sign is at the end of the second system.

# I'll meet thee on the Lea Rig

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1  
 ♩ = 75  
 F C → F G C → F C ↻  
 When o'er the hill the eas-tern star tells bugh-tin' time is near my jo and ow sen frae the fur-row'd fieldre turn sae  
 ↻ 4 F G C → Am E7  
 dowf and wea - ry O → down by the burn where scen - ted birks wi' dew are han - gin  
 ↻ 6 Am G7 → C F G → C  
 clear my jo I'll meet thee on the lea rig my ain kind dea - rie O At

## Verse 2

At midnight hour in mirkest glen  
 I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O  
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee  
 My ain kind Dearie O  
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild  
 And I were ne'er sae weary O  
 I'll meet thee on the lea rig  
 My ain kind Dearie O

## Verse 3

The hunter lo'es the morning sun  
 To rouse the mountain deer my jo  
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen  
 Adown the burn to steer my jo  
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey  
 It maks my heart sae cheery O  
 To meet thee on the lea rig  
 My ain kind Dearie O

# The winsome wee thing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 ♩ = 89 Verse 1 G D G D

I ne-ver saw a fai-rer I ne-ver lo'ed a dea - rer and neist my heart I'll wear her for fear my jewel

16 Chorus G A G A

tine She is a win-some wee thing she is a hand-some wee

20 G A G A G

thing she is a lo'e-some wee thing this sweet wee wife o' mine

## Verse 2

The world's wrack we share o't  
 The warstle and the care o't  
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it  
 And think my lot divine

## Chorus

# Highland Mary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 83 E♭ B♭ E♭

Verse 1

Ye banks and bra - es an - d streams a - round the cas - tle o' Mont - gom - ery green  
 be your wo - ods an - d fair your flowers your wa - ters ne - ver drum lie there sim - mer fir - st u - n - fauld her robes and  
 there the lan - gest tar - ry for there I to - ok th - e last fare - weel o' my sweet High - land Ma - ry How

## Verse 2

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom  
 The golden Hours on angel wings  
 Flew o'er me and my Dearie  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary

## Verse 3

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace  
 Our parting was fu' tender  
 And pledging aft to meet again  
 We tore oursels asunder  
 But oh fell Death's untimely frost  
 That nipt my Flower sae early  
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay  
 That wraps my Highland Mary

## Verse 4

O pale pale now those rosy lips  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwalt on me sae kindly  
 And mouldering now in sil'ent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary

# Auld Rob Morris

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 = 73 **G** Verse 1

There's Auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon glen he's the king o' guid fel-lows and wale o'auld men

13 he has gowd in his cof-fers he has ow-sen and kine and ae bon-nie lass his dau-tie and mine

## Verse 2

She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay  
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea  
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e

## Verse 3

But oh she's an Heiress auld Robin's a laird  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot house and yard  
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed  
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead

## Verse 4

The day comes to me but delight brings me nane  
 The night comes to me but my rest it is gane  
 I wander my lane like a night troubled ghaist  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast

## Verse 5

O had she but been of a lower degree  
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me  
 O how past describing had then been my bliss  
 As now my distraction nae words can express

# Epigram on seeing Miss Fontenelle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87  
17

Verse 1

C → C/B C/A C/G D/F# G7 → C → C C/B → C/A C/G ↻

Sweet nai- vete of fea- ture sim- ple wild en- chan- ting elf not to thee but thanks to Na- ture

23

D/F# G7 → C → C Verse 2 → C/B C/A C/G D/F# G7 ↻

thou art act- ing but thy - self Wert thou awk- ward stiff af - fec - ted spur- ning na- ture tor- turing

28

C → C C/B → C/A C/G → D/F# G7 → C

art loves and grac- ces all re - jec - ted then in - deed thou'dst act a part

# Extempore on some commemorations of Thomson

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

Verse 1a

D E A D

Dost thou not rise in-dig-nant shade and smile wi' spur-ning scorn when they wad hae starved thy life thy

Verse 1b

E A F#m Bm E E7

sense-less turf a- donrn they wha a- bout thee mak sic fuss now thou art but a name wad

Verse 1c

A D E A

seen thee damn'd ere they had spar'd ae plack to fill thy wame Help -

**Verse 2a**

Helpless alane thou clamb the brae  
 Wi' meikle honest toil  
 And claught th' unfading garland there  
 Thy sair-worn rightful spoil

**Verse 2b**

And wear it thou and call aloud  
 This axiom undoubted  
 Would thou hae Nobles' patronage  
 First learn to live without it

**Verse 3b**

To whom hae much more shall be given  
 Is every Great man's faith  
 But he the helpless needful wretch  
 Shall lose the mite he hath

# Extempore on some commemorations of Thomson

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Verse 1a

Do st thou not rise in-dig-nant shade and smile wi'spur-ning scorn whe-n they wha wad hae starved thy life thy

Verse 1b

sense-less turf a - dorn the - y wha a - bout thee mak sic fuss now thou art but a name wa - d

seen thee damn'd ere they had spar'd ae plack to fill thy wame Hel - p -

## Verse 2a

Helpless alane thou clamb the brae  
 Wi' meikle honest toil  
 And claught th' unfading garland there  
 Thy sair-worn rightful spoil

## Verse 2b

And wear it thou and call aloud  
 This axiom undoubted  
 Would thou hae Nobles' patronage  
 First learn to live without it

## Verse 3b

To whom hae much more shall be given  
 Is every Great man's faith  
 But he the helpless needful wretch  
 Shall lose the mite he hath