

Burns Revisited Volume 68

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Lines inscribed in a lady's pocket almanac

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 F B♭ C F B♭ C ↻

↻ 5 F B♭ C F B♭ C F

Grant me in - dul - gent heaven that I may live to see the mis ereants feel the pains they give
deal free - dom's sac - red treas - ures free as air till slave and des - pot be but things that were
rit.

A Toast

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87⁺ Ab

In - stead of a song boys I'll give you a toast here's

to the mem - ory of those on the twel - fth that we lost that

we lost did I say nay by Heav'n that we found for

thei - r fame it will last while the wor - ld go - es round the

next in suc - ces - sion I'll give you the King who - e'er would be - tray him on high

may he swing and here's the grand fab - ric ou - r free con - stit - ut - ion as

built on the base of ou - r great rev - ol - ut - ion and lon - ger with pol - it - ics

not to be cramm'd be an - ar - chy curs'd an - d b - e ty - ran - n - y damn'd and

who would to Li - ber - ty e'er prove dis - loyal may

his son be a ha - ng - man and he his fir - st trial

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Thanksgiving for a naval victory

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Ye hy - po - crites are th - ese you - r pranks to mur - der men and
 gi - ve Go - d thanks de - sist for shame pro - ceed no fur - ther
 God won't ac - cept your thanks for mur - ther

rit.

Lines written on a window

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $\text{♩} = 62$ Bb
Chorus

13 Bb Eb Bb Cm Bb F7 Bb **Finish**

17 Cm F7 Bb

21 Cm F7 Bb

The grey-beard ol-d wis-dom may boast his trea-sures give me with gay fol-ly to live
I grant him his calm bloo-ded time set tled plea-sures but fol-ly has rap-tures to give
In pol-i-tics if thou would'st mix and mean thy for-tunes be
bear this in mind he deaf and blind let great folk hear and see

Chorus

Verse 2

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

Chorus

The Mauchline Wedding

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 67⁺ Verse 1

Whe-n eigh-ty five was se-ven months auld and wea-ring thro' the aught whe-n rol-ling rains and Bor-eas bauld gi-ed
 fer-mer folks a faught a-e mor-ning quon-dam Ma-son Will no-w Mer-chant Mas-ter Mil-ler ga-ed
 down to meet wi' Nan-sie Bell an-d her Ja-mai-ca sil-ler to we-d that day But we'll sup-pose the sta-ys are lac'd and
 bon-nie bo-soms stee-kit tho' thro' the lawn but gue-ss the rest an an-gel scarce durst keek it then
 stock ins fine o' sil-ken twine wi' can-nie care are drawn up an' ga-r-te n'd tight ware mor-tal wight The-e

Verse 2

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen
 Was just appearing fairly
 When Nell and Bess got up to dress
 Seven lang half hours o'er early
 Now presses clink and drawers jink
 For linnens and for laces
 But modest Muses only think
 What ladies' underdress is
 On sic a day

Refrain

But we'll suppose the stays are lac'd
 And bony bosoms steekit
 Tho' thro' the lawn but guess the rest
 An Angel scarce durst keek it
 Then stockins fine o' silken twine
 Wi' cannie care are drawn up
 And gartened tight whare mortal wight

Verse 3

But now the gown wi' rustling sound
 Its silken pomp displays
 Sure there's no sin in being vain
 O siccan bony claes
 Sae jimp the waist the tail sae vast
 Truth they were bony Birdies
 O Mither Eve ye wad been grave
 To see their ample hurdies
 Sae large that day

Verse 4

Then Sandy wi' red jacket braw
 Comes whip jee whoa about
 And in he gets the bony twa
 Lord send them safely out
 And auld John Trot wi' sober phiz
 As braid and braw's a Bailie
 His shouthers and his Sunday's giz
 Wi' powther and wi' ulzie
 Weel smear'd that day

The hue and cry of John Lewars

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

A thief and a mur-der er stop her who can look well to your lives and your goods good peo-ple ye know not the
 haz-ard you run 'tis the far famed and much no-ted woods while I looked at her eye for the de-vil is in it
 in a trice she whipt off my poor heart her brow cheek and lip in an
 oth - er sad min - ute my peace felt her mur - derous dart Her

Verse 2

Her features I'll tell you them over but hold
 She deals with your wizards and books
 And to peep in her face if but once you're so bold
 There's witchery kills in her looks
 But softly I have it her haunts are well known
 At midnight so slily I'll watch her
 And sleeping undrest in the dark all alone
 Good lord The dear thief how I'll catch her

To Miss Isabella MacLeod

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70 → C Verse 1 → Dm → G⁷ ↻

The crim - son blos - som charms the bee the sum - mer sun the swal - low
 so dear this tune - ful gift to me from love - ly Is - a - bel - la Her

Verse 2

Her portrait fair upon my mind
 Revolving time shall mellow
 And mem'ry's latest effort find
 The lovely Isabella

Verse 3

No Bard nor lover's rapture this
 In fancies vain and shallow
 She is so come my soul to bliss
 The lovely Isabella

To William Stewart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 85⁺ F C⁷

In hon - est Ba - con's in - gle neuk here maun I sit and think sick
o' the world and war - ld's folk an' sick damn'd sick o' drink I

Verse 2

I see I see there is nae help
But still down I maun sink
Till some day laigh enough I yelp
'Wae worth that cursed drink'

Verse 3

Yestreen alas I was sae fu'
I could but yisk and wink
And now this day sair sair I rue
The weary weary drink

Verse 4

Satan I fear thy sooty claws
I hate thy brunstane stink
And ay I curse the luckless cause
The wicked soup o' drink

Verse 5

In vain I would forget my woes
In idle rhyming clink
For past redemption damn'd in Prose
I can do nought but drink

Verse 6

For you my trusty well try'd friend
May Heaven still on you blink
And may your life flow to the end
Sweet as a dry man's drink

The Tree of Liberty

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87 Verse 1 F C7

Heard ye o' th - e tree o' France I wat - na what's the name o't a - round it a' the pat-riots dance weel

Eur - ope kens the fame o't it stands where ance the Bas - tile stood a pri - son built by kings man when

su - per - stit - ion's hel - lish brood kept France in lea - ding strings man Up -

Verse 2

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit
Its virtues a' can tell man
It raises man aboon the brute
It maks him ken himsel man
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit
He's greater than a lord man
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford man

Verse 3

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth
To comfort us 'twas sent man
To gie the sweetest blush o' health
And mak us a' content man
It clears the een it cheers the heart
Maks high and low gude friends man
And he wha acts the traitor's part
It to perdition sends man

Verse 4

My blessings aye attend the chiel
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves man
And staw a branch spite o' the deil
Frae yont tho western waves man
Fair Virtue watered it wi' care
And now she sees wi' pride man
How weel it buds and blossoms there
Its branches spreading wide man

Verse 5

But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive man
The courtly vermin's banned the tree
And grat to see it thrive man
King Loui' thought to cut it down
When it was unco sma' man
For this the watchman cracked his crown
Cut aff his head and a' man

Verse 6

A wicked crew syne on a time
Did tak a solemn aith man
It ne'er should flourish to its prime
I wat they pledged their faith man
Awa they gaed wi' mock parade
Like beagles hunting game man
But soon grew weary o' the trade
And wished they'd been at hame man

Verse 7

For Freedom standing by the tree
Her sons did loudly ca' man
She sang a sang o' liberty
Which pleased them ane and a' man
By her inspired the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel man
The hirelings ran-her foes gied chase
And banged the despot weel man

Verse 8

Let Britain boast her hardy oak
Her poplar and her pine man
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke
And o'er her neighbours shine man
But seek the forest round and round
And soon 'twill be agreed man
That sic a tree can not be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed man

Verse 9

Without this tree alake this life
Is but a vale o' wo man
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife
Nae real joys we know man
We labour soon we labour late
To feed the titled knave man
And a' the comfort we're to get
Is that ayont the grave man

Verse 10

Wi' plenty o' sic trees I trow
The world would live in peace man
The sword would help to mak a plough
The din o' war wad cease man
Like brethren in a common cause
We'd on each other smile man
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle man

Verse 11

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic haesome dainty cheer man
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet
To taste sic fruit I swear man
Syne let us pray auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree man
And blithe we'll sing and hail the day
That gave us liberty man

A Sonnet upon Sonnets

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $\text{♩} = 80$ G

Four-teen a son-net-eer thy prai - ses sing what mag-ic mys-t'ries in that num - ber lie

13 G G⁷ C Am G C D

your hen hath four-teen eggs be - neath her wings that four-teen chick-ens to the roost_ may fly

17 G D G D

four - teen full pounds the jock-ey's stone must be his age four-teen a horse's prime_ is past

21 G G⁷ C Am G D⁷ G

four-teen long hours too oft the Bard_ must fast four-teen bright bum-pers bliss he ne'er_ must see

25 C D G C D G D

be - fore four teen_ a doz-en yields the strife be - fore four teen_ e'en thir-teen's strength is vain

29 G D G D

four - teen good years a wo-man gives_ us life four - teen good men we lose that life_ a - gain

33 G G⁷ C Am G D⁷ G

what luc-ub-rat-ions can be more_ u-pon it four-teen good mea-sur'd ver-ses make a son-net
rall.