

Burns Revisited Volume 70

1. On a lady of Amazonian Stature
2. On William Copland of Collieston
3. To the Dumfries loyal natives
4. Epitaph for John Hunter
5. On Mr Pitt's hair powder tax
6. To the Honourable Wm R Maule of Panmure
7. To Captain Gordon
8. On Marriage
9. Elegy on William Cruikshank
10. Epitaph on Robert Muir

On a Lady of Amazonian Stature

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70

Should he es- cape the slaugh - ter of thine eyes with - in thy

strong em - brace he strug - gling dies

On William Copland of Collieston

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5 ♩ = 55 F

C⁷ F B^b

Cop - land faith - fu like - ness friend pain - ter would seize

7 G^o F G^o F

keep out worth wit and wis - dom put in what you please

To the Dumfries Loyal Natives

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $\text{♩} = 75$ F $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ B \flat $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ F $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ C $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

Pray who are these Na-tives the Rab- ble so ven -'rate they're our true an - cient Na -

13 F C $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ F $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

tives and they breed un - de - gen -'rate the ig -norant sa - vage that

16 F 7 B \flat $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Gm C 7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ F D 7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ Gm C 7 $\rightarrow\leftarrow$ B \flat (sus2) F $\rightarrow\leftarrow$

wea-ther'd the storm when the man and the brute dif ferent but in form

Epitaph for John Hunter

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

21 ♩ = 59 E

Here lies a Scots mile of a chiel if he's in hea-ven Lord fill him weel

On Mr Pitt's hair powder tax

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

Pray Bil - ly Pitt ex - plain thy rigs this new poll tax of thine I
 mean to mark the guin - ea pigs from o - ther com - mon swine
rit.

To the Honourable Wm R Maule

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

$\text{♩} = 60$ C G⁷ C G⁷ C

Thou fool in thy Phae - ton tower-ing art proud when that Phae - ton's prais'd 'tis the

5 G[°] G⁷ D[°] C

pride of a thief's ex - hib - it - ion when high - er his pil - lor - y's rais'd

To Captain Gordon

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Dost ask dear Cap - tain why from Syme I have no in - vi -
 it be - cause I love to toast and round the bot - tle
 tat - ion when well he knows he has with him my first friends in the
 hur - l no there con - jec - ture wild is lost for Syme by God no
 nat - ion is Is't lest with baw - dy jests I bore as
 oft the mat - ter of fact is no Syme the theo - ry
 can't ab - hor who loves so well the prac - tice Is

Finish

Verse 1

Dost ask dear Captain why from Syme
 I have no invitation
 When well he knows he has with him
 My first friends in the nation

Verse 2

Is it because I love to toast
 And round the bottle hurl
 No there conjecture wild is lost
 For Syme by God's no churl

Refrain 1

Is't lest with bawdy jests I bore
 As oft the matter of fact is
 No Syme the theory can't abhor
 Who loves so well the practice

Verse 3

Is it a fear I should avow
 Some heresy seditious
 No Syme but this is entre nous
 Is quite an old Tiresias

Verse 4

In vain Conjecture thus would flit
 Thro' mental clime and season
 In short dear Captain Syme's a Wit
 Who asks of Wits a reason

Refrain 2

Yet must I still the sort deplore
 That to my griefs add one more
 In balking me the social hour
 With you and noble Kenmure

On Marriage

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 49 C
 Verse 1

↔ G
C ↻

That hack - ney'd judge of hu - man life the Prea - cher and the King ob

↻ 3
↔
B⁷
Em
D⁷ ↻

serves the man that gets a wife he gets a no - ble thing But

↻ 5
↔
D⁷
Em
↻

Verse 2
 how ca - pric - ious are man - kind now loa - thing now des - ir - ous we

↻ 7
↔
B⁷
Em
↻

mar - ried men now oft we find the best of things well tire us

Elegy on William Cruikshank

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Now hon - est Wil - liam's gaen to Hea - ven I wat na gin't can mend him the

fauts he had in La - ti - n lay for nane in Eng - lish kent them

Epitaph on Robert Muir

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

What man could es - teem or what wo - man could love was

he who lies un - der this sod if such thou re - fus - est ad

mis - sion a - bove then whom wilt thou fa - vour Good God