

Burns Revisited Volume 84

1. To John Syme of Ryedale
2. Inscripton on a goblet belonging to Mr Syme
3. To John Syme
4. Epitaph for Mr Gabriel Richardson
5. Epigram on Mr James Gracie
6. Bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
7. Inscription at Friars Carse Hermitage
8. There was a bonnie lass
9. Wee Willie Gray
10. O aye my wife she dang me

To John Syme of Ryedale

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

E♭

O had the malt thy strength of mind or hops the fla - vour of thy wit 'twere

3 A♭ B♭ E♭

drink for first of hum - an kind a gift that e'en for syme were fit

Inscription on a goblet belonging to Mr Syme

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

There's Death in the cup sae be - ware nay more there is

da - n - ger in touch - ing but wha can a - void the fell snare the

man and his wine's sae be - witch - ing

To John Syme

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

No more or your guests be they tit - led or not and cook - ery the first in the nat - ion who

is proof to thy per - sonal con - verse and wit is proof to all oth - er temp - tat - ion

Epitaph for Mr Gabriel Richardson

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

He - re Brew - er Gab - riel's fire's ex - tinct an - d emp - ty all his bar - rels he - 's
 blest if as he brew'd he drink i - n up - right hon - est mor - tals

Epigram on Mr James Gracie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

5

C F G⁷

Grac - ie thou art a man of worth o be thou Dean for e - ver

9 C F G⁷ C

may he be damned to hell hence-forth who fauts thy weight or mea - sure

Bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 G C D G

Cauld is the e - 'nin' blast o' Bor - eas o'er the pool an'

3 C D G

daw - in' it is drea - ry when birks are bare at yule O cauld

Verse 2

O'cauld blows the e'enin blast
 When bitter bites the frost
 And in the mirk and dreary drift
 The hills and glens are lost

Verse 3

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the hill
 But bonnie PegaRamsay
 Gat grist to her mill

Inscription at Friars Carse Hermitage

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney


♩ = 70
G
A



To Rid - dell much la - men - ted man this i - vied cot was de - ar

3
C
G




rea der dost val - ue match-less worth this i - vied cot re - vere

There was a bonnie lass

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

5 Verse 1

D E A E F#m C#m Bm A

There was a bon-nie lass and a bon-nie bon-nie lass and she lo'ed her bon-nie lad-die dear

9 Verse 2 D

D E A E F#m Bm E7 A

till war's loud a-larms tore her lad-die frae her arms wi' mon-ie a sigh and tear O-ver sea o-ver shore

14 A D E A D A E7

where the can-nons loud-ly roar he still was a stran-ger to fear

17 A D A D E A D E7 A

and nocht could him quail or his bos-om as-sail but the bon-nie lass he lo'ed sae dear

Wee Willie Gray

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89

Verse 1

We-e Wil-lie Gra-y an' his lea-ther wal let peel a wil-low wand to be him boots and jack-et the rose u
 pon the breer will be him trews an'doub let the rose u-pon the breer will be him trews an'doub let We-e

Verse 2

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet

O aye my wife she dang me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1
 On peace an' rest my mind was bent and fool I was I mar ried but ne-ver hon-est man's in-tent sae

4
 Chorus
 cur-sed-ly mis-car-ried O aye my wife she dang me an'aft my wife she bang'd me if ye

7
 gie a wo-man a' her will guid gaith she'll soon o'er gang ye Some

Verse 2

Some sairie comfort at the last
 When a' thir days are done man
 My pains o' hell on earth is past
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon man