

# Burns Revisited Volume 86

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# Poetical inscription for an altar of independence

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

= 45 C G7 C G7 C G7

Thou of a-n in-dep-en-dentmind with soul re-solv'd with soul resign'd pre - par'd pow-er's prou-dest frown to

5 C G7 C F C Dm

brave who wilt not be nor have a slave vir - tue a - lone who dost re -

8 G7 Am D G7 C G7 C

vere thy own re-proach a - lone dost fear ap - proach thi - s shrine and wor-ship here  
**rit.** . . . . .

# The cardin o't the spinnin o't

Robet Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89 → D Verse 1 → Em A → D → Em A7 ↻

I - coft a stane o' has - lock woo t - o mak a wab to John - ie o't fo - r

↻ 5 G → D → Em Bm A7 → D ↻

John - ie is my on - ly jo I - lo'e him best of on - ie yet The car - din

↻ 9 Chorus A7 → D A7 ↻

o't the spin - in o't the war - pin' o't the win - nin' o't when il - ka

↻ 11 Bm F#m A7 → D A7 D ↻

ell cost me a goat the tai - lor staw the lyn - in - o't Fo - r

## Verse 2

For tho' his locks be lyart grey  
 And tho' his brow be beld aboon  
 Yet I hae seen him on a day  
 The pride of a' the parishen

## Chorus

# The Cooper O' Cuddie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

The coo - per o' Cud - die cam here a - wa' he ca'd the girrs out o'er us a' an'

our guid wife has got - ten a ca' that an - ger'd the sil - ly guid - man o We'll hide the coo - per be

hint the door be - hint the door be - hint the door we'll hide the coo - per be

hint the door and cov - er him un - der a mawn o He

Chorus

## Verse 2

He sought them out he sought them in  
 Wi' deil hae her and deail hae him  
 But the body he was sae doited and blin  
 He wist na where he was gaun O

## Chorus

## Verse 3

They cooper'd at e'en they cooper'd at morn  
 Till our guidman has gotten the scorn  
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn  
 And swears that there they sall stan' O

## Chorus

# The lass that made the bed to me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

When Jan - uar' wind was blaw - ing cauld as to the north I took mly way the  
 mirk - some night did me en - fauld I knew na where to lodge till day by  
 my giud luck a maid I met just in the mid - dle o' my dare and  
 kind - ly she did me in - vite to walk in - to a cham - ber fair I

**Verse 2**

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid  
 And thank'd her for her courtesie  
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid  
 An' bade her mak a bed to me  
 She made the bed baith larger and wide  
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down  
 She put the cup to her rosy lips  
 And drank young man now sleep ye soun

**Verse 3**

She snatch'd the candle in her hand  
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed  
 But I call'd her quickly back again  
 To lay some mair below my head  
 A cod she laid below my head  
 And served me with due respect  
 And to salute her wi' a kiss  
 I put my arms about her neck

**Verse 4**

'Haud aff your hands young man' she said  
 'And dinna sae uncivil be  
 Gif ye hae onie luv for me  
 O wrang na my virginity'  
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd  
 Her teeth were like the ivory  
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine  
 The lass that made the bed to me

**Verse 5**

Her bosom was the driven snaw  
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see  
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane  
 The lass that made the bed to me  
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again  
 And ay she wist na what to say  
 I laid her 'tween me an' the wa'  
 The lassie thocht na lang till day

**Verse 6**

Upon the morrow when we raise  
 I thank'd her for her courtesie  
 But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd  
 And said 'Alas ye've ruin'd me'  
 I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne  
 While the tear stood twinklin in her e'e  
 I said 'My lassie dinna cry  
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me'

**Verse 7**

She took her mither's holland sheets  
 An' made them a' in sarks to me  
 Blythe and merry may she be  
 The lass that made the bed to me  
 The bonie lass made the bed to me  
 The braw lass made the bed to me  
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die  
 The lass that made the bed to me

# Had I the wyte she bade me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 80

F

Am

F

Had I the wyte had I the wyte had I the wyte she bade me she watch'd me by the hie gate

6

Am

E♭

Bm

side and up the loan she shaw'd me and when I wad-na ven-ture in a coward loon she

12

E♭

Bm

E♭

ca'd me had Kirk an' State been in the gate I'd ligh-ted when she bade me Sae

## Verse 2

Sae craftilie she took me ben  
 And bade me mak nae clatter  
 ' For our ramgunshoch glum guidman  
 Is o'er ayont the water'  
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace  
 When I did kiss and dawte her  
 Let him be planted in my place  
 Syne say I was the fauter

## Verse 3

Could I for shame could I for shame  
 Could I for shame refus'd her  
 And wadna manhood been to blame  
 Had I unkindly used her  
 He claw'd her wi' the rippling kame  
 And blae and bluidy bruis'd her  
 When sic a husband was frae hame  
 What wife but wad excus'd her

## Verse 4

I dighted ay her een sae blue  
 And bann'd the cruel randy  
 And weel I wat her willin mou'  
 Was sweet as sugarcandie  
 At gloaming shot it was I wot  
 I lighted on the Monday  
 But I cam thro' the Tysday's dew  
 To wanton Willie's brandy

# Does haughty Gaul invasion threat

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Does hau-ty Gaul in - va - sion threat then let th - e loons be - wa - re Sir there's woo - den walls u -  
 po - n our seas and Vol - u - n - teers o - n shore sir the Nith shall run to Cor - si - n con and Crif - fel sink in  
 So - l - way ere we per - mit a For - ei - gn foe on Bri - tish ground to ra - lly  
 we'll ne'er per - mit a Fo - rei - n foe on Bri - tish ground to ra - lly

## Verse 2

O let us not like snarling tykes  
 In wrangling be divided  
 Till slap come in an unco loun  
 And wi' a rung decide it  
 Be Britain still to Britain true  
 Amang oursels united  
 For never but by British hands  
 Maun British wrangs be righted

## Verse 3

The kettle o' the Kirk and State  
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't  
 But Deil a foreign tinkler loon  
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't  
 Our father's blude the kettle bought  
 And wha wad dare to spoil it  
 By Heav'n's the sacrilegious dog  
 Shall fuel be to boil it

## Verse 4

The wretch that would a tyrant own  
 And the wretch his true sworn brother  
 Who would set the mob above the throne  
 May they be damn'd together  
 Who will not sing God save the King  
 Shall hang as high's the steeple  
 But while we sing God save the King  
 We'll ne'er forget the People

# Address to the woodlark

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 67

Verse 1

O sta - y swe - et warb - ling wood - lark stay nor qui - te fo - r me the tremb - ling spray a  
 ha - p - le - ss lo - ver courts thy lay thy soo - thing fond com - plain - ning a -  
 gai - n a - gain that ten - der part that I - ma - y catch thy mel - ting art for  
 sur - e - l - y that wad touch her heart wha kil - ls m - e wi' dis - dain - ing Say

## Verse 2

Say was thy little mate unkind  
 And heard thee as the careless wind  
 O nocht but love and sorrow join'd  
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken  
 Thou tells o' never ending care  
 O speechless grief and dark despair  
 For pity's sake sweet bird nae mair  
 Or my poor heart is broken



# On Chloris being ill

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75  
9

Am Verse 1 →→ Dm →→ F →→ C →→

Can I cease to care can I - cease to lan - guish while my soul's de - light

15 G →→ E →→ C Chorus →→ G →→ C →→

is on her bed of sor - row Long long the night hea - vy comes the

21 G7 →→ →→ C →→ G7 →→ C

mor - row while my soul's de - light is on her bed of sor - row

## Verse 2

Every hope is fled  
Every fear is terror  
Slumber ev'n I dread  
Every dream is horror

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Hear me powers divine  
O in pity hear me  
Take aught else of mine  
But my Chloris spare me

## Chorus

# How cruel are the parents

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 C Verse 1

How cruel are the pa - rents who rich - es on - ly prize and to the weal - thy

boo - by po - or wo - man sac - ri - fice mean - while the hap - less daugh - ter has

but a choice of strife to shun a ty - rant fath - er's hate be - come a wretch - ed wife

## Verse 2

The ravening hawk pursuing  
 The trembling dove thus flies  
 To shun impelling ruin  
 Awhile her pinions tries  
 Till of escape despairing  
 No shelter or retreat  
 She trusts the ruthless falconer  
 And drops beneath his feet

# Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1

Ma - rk yon - der pomp of cost - ly fash - ion round the weal - thy tit - led bride bu - t

when com - par'd with rea - l pas - sion poor is all that prince - ly pride wha - t are the show - y -

treas - ures wha - t are the nois - y pleas - ures the gay gau - dy glare of van - it - y and art th - e

pol - ish'd jew - els' blaze ma - y draw the wond - 'ring gaze an - d court - ly grand - eur bright th - e

fan - cy may de - light but ne - ver ne - ver can come near the hear - t Bu - t

## Verse 2

But did you see my dearest Chloris  
 In simplicity's array  
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is  
 Shrinking from the gaze of day  
 O then the heart alarming  
 And all resistless charming  
 I love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul  
 Ambition would disown  
 The world's imperial crown  
 Even av'rice would deny  
 His worshipp'd deity  
 And feel thro' ev'ry vein love's raptures roll