

# Burns Revisited Volume 88

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# There's news lasses news

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

G C D7 G

There's news las - ses news guid new - s I've to tell there's a boat - fu o' lads come

4 D7 G Em Chorus

to our town to sell The wean wants a crad - le an' the

6 D Em A7 D7

crad - le wants a cod an' I'll no gang to my bed un - til I ga a nod

## Verse 2

Father quo she mither quo she  
Do what you can  
I'll no gang to my bed  
Until I get a man

## Chorus

## Verse 3

I hae as guid a craft rig  
As made o' yird and stane  
And waly fa' the ley crap  
For I maun till 't again

## Chorus

# Crowdie ever mair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

9 Verse 1 C F → C → G → C → F

14 C → G → C → Chorus

19 G → C →

22 → G → C

on - ie mair ye'll crow - die a' my meal a - way

## Verse 2

Waefu' want and hunger fley me  
 Glowrin by the hallan en'  
 Sair I fecht them at the door  
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben

## Chorus

# Mally's meek Mally's sweet

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

As I was wal - king u - p th - e street a ba - re - fi - t maid I cha - nc'd t - o meet but

o - th - e road was ve - ry hard for that fair maid - en's ten - der feet O Mal - ly'smeek Mal - ly's

sweet Mal - ly's mo - dest and dis - crete Mal - ly's

rare Mal - ly's fair Mal - ly's ev - 'ry way com - plete It

Chorus

## Verse 2

It were mair meet that those fine feet  
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon  
 An' twere more fit that she should sit  
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Her yellow hair beyond compare  
 Comes trinklin' down her swan like neck  
 And her two eyes like stars in skies  
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck

## Chorus

# Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17  $\text{♩} = 90$  Verse 1

Jock-ey's ta'en the par-ting kiss o'er the moun-tains he is gane and with him is a' my bliss

nought but griefs with me re-main spare my love ye winds that blow

plash-y sheets and bea-ting rain spare my love thou feath-'ry snaw drif-ting o'er the fro-zen plain

## Verse 2

When the shades of evening creep  
 O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e  
 Sound and safely may he sleep  
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be  
 He will think on her he loves  
 Fondly he'll repeat her name  
 For whare 'er he distant roves  
 Jockey's heart is still the same

# To Collector Mitchell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80  
25 Verse 1

F →← B♭ C7 ↻

Friend of the Po - et tri - ed an - d teal wha wan - ting thee might be - g o - r steal

a - lake a - lake the me - i - k - le deil w - i' a' his wit - ches

are at it skel - pin ji - g an - d reel i - n my poor pou - ches

## Verse 2

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it  
 That One pound one I sairly want it  
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it  
 It would be kind  
 And while my heart wi' life blood dunted  
 I'd bear't in mind

## Verse 3

So may the Auld Year gang out moanin  
 To see the New come laden groanin  
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin  
 To thee and thin  
 Domestic peace and comforts crownin  
 The hale design

# Postscript - Collector Mitchell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 C F →→ G<sup>7</sup> C ↻

Verse 1

Ye've heard this while how I've been lick - et and by fell death was near - ly nick - et grim

loon he got me by the feck - et and sair he sheuk but

by guid luck I lap a wick - et and turn'd a neuk But

## Verse 2

But by that health I've got a share o't  
 And by that life I'm promis'd mair o't  
 My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't  
 A tentier way  
 Then farewell Folly hide and hair o't  
 For ance and ay

# The Dean of Faculty - a new ballad

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

7  $\text{♩} = 79$   $E_b$   $B_b7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E_b$   $B_b7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E_b$   $B_b7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E_b$

10  $B_b7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E_b$   $B_b7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E_b$   $B_b7$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $E_b$   $B_b7$

13  $E_b$   $\rightarrow\leftarrow$   $B_b7$   $E_b$

Dire was the hate at ol - d Har-law that Scot to Sco-t di - d car-ry and dire the dis-cord Lang-side saw  
 for Beau-te - ous haop-less Ma-ry but Scot to Sco-t ne'er met so hot or were more i - n fu-ry seen Sir  
 than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the fam-ous job who should be the Fac - ul - ty's Dean Sir

## Verse 2

This Hal for genius wit and lore  
 Among the first was number'd  
 But pious Bob 'mid learning's store  
 Commandment the Tenth remember'd  
 Yet simple Bob the victory got  
 And won his heart's desire  
 Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot  
 Tho' the Deil piss in the fire

## Verse 3

Squire Hal besides had in this case  
 Pretensions rather brassy  
 For talents to deserve a place  
 Are qualifications saucy  
 So their worships of the Faculty  
 Quite sick of Merit's rudeness  
 Chose one who should owe it all d'ye see  
 To their gratis grace and goodness

## Verse 4

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight  
 Of a son of Circumcision  
 So may be on this Pisgah height  
 Bob's purblind mental vision  
 Nay Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet  
 Till for eloquence you hail him  
 And swear that he has the Angel met  
 That met the Ass of Balaam

## Verse 5

In your heretic sins may ye live and die  
 Ye heretic Eight and Thirty  
 But accept ye sublime majority  
 My congratulations hearty  
 With your honors as with a certain King  
 In your servants this is striking  
 The more incapacity they bring

# Poem on Life

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85    Em    Verse 1a

My hon-our'd Col-onel deep I feel your in-ter-est in the Po - et's weal ah now sma' heart ha - e I to

5    Verse 1b

the steep Par-nas-sus sur roun-ded thus by bol-us pill and pot - ti-on glas ses O what a can-ty war-ld

10

were it would pain and care and sick-ness spare it and for-tune fa-vour worth and me - rit as

15

they de - serve and aye a routh o' roast beef and cla-ret syne wha wad starve Dame

20    Final line

A - - - - men A - - - - men

**Verse 2a**

Dame Life tho' fiction out may trick her  
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her  
 Oh flickering feeble and unsicker  
 I've found her still  
 Ay wavering like the willowwicker  
 'Tween good and ill

**Verse 2b**

Then that curst carmagnole Auld Satan  
 Watches like baudrons by a ratton  
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on  
 Wi' felon ire  
 Syne whip his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on  
 He's aff like fire

**Verse 3a**

Ah Nick ah Nick it is na fair  
 First showing us the tempting ware  
 Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare  
 Syne weave unseen thy spider snare  
 O' hell's damned waft O

**Verse 3b**

Poor Man the flie aft bizzes by  
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh  
 Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy  
 And hellish pleasure  
 Already in thy fancy's eye  
 Thy sicker treasure

**Verse 4a**

Soon heels o'er gowdie in he gangs  
 And like a sheephead on a tangs  
 Thy girnin laugh enjoys his pangs  
 And murdering wrestle  
 As dangling in the wind he hangs  
 A gibbet's tassle

**Verse 4b**

But lest you think I am uncivil  
 To plague you with this draunting drivel  
 Abjuring a' intentions evil  
 I quat my pen  
 The Lord preserve us frae the Devil  
 Amen Amen

# Hey for a lass wi' a tocher

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

A - w - a' wi' your wi - ch - craft o' beau - ty's a - larms the slen - der bi - t beau - ty yo - u  
 grasp in your ar - ms o gi - e me the la - ss that has ac - res o' charms o gi - e me the la - ss wi' the

Chorus

weel stock - it farms Then hey for a lass wi' a toch - er then hey for a lass wi' a toch - er then  
 hey for a lass wi' a toch - er the nice yel - low guin - eas fo - r m - e Your

## Verse 2

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows  
 And withers the faster the faster it grows  
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knows  
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes

## Chorus

## Verse 3

And e'en when this beauty your bosom hath blest  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess  
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest  
 The langer ye hae them the mair they're caresst

## Chorus

# Compilimentary versicles to Jessie Lewars

## The Toast

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 93

G D7

5 G D7 G

9 D7 G

Fill me with your ros - y wine call a toast a toast de - vine give the Po-

et's dar - ling flame love - ly Jes - sie be her name then thou may -

est free - ly boast thou hast giv - en a peer - less toast