

Burns Revisited Volume 3

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Westlin Winds

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 160 Eb -- -- Ab -- -- Bb7 -- -- Eb -- -- Bb -- -- Bb7 -- -- Eb -- --

11 Ab -- -- Fm -- -- Bb7 -- -- Eb -- -- Bb7 -- --

21 Eb -- -- Ab -- -- Bb -- -- Bb7 -- --

27 -- -- Ab -- -- Bb7 -- -- Eb

Now wes - tlin winds and slaught-ering guns bring Au - tumn's pleas - ant wea ther the moor - cocksprings on
whi - rring wings a - mong the bloo - ming hea ther now wa - ving grain wild o'er the plain de -
lights the wea - ry far - mer and the moon shines bright when I
rove at night to muse u - pon my char - mer

Verse 2

The pairtick lo'es the fruitfu' fells
The plover lo'es the mountains
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells
The soaring hern the fountains
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path o' man to shun it
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush
The spreading thorn the linnet

Verse 3

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find
The savage and the tender
Some social join and leagues combine
Some solitary wander
Avaunt away the cruel sway
Tyrannic man's dominion
The sportsman's joy the murd'ring cry
The flutt'ring gory pinion

Verse 4

But Peggy dear the evening's clear
Thick flies the skimming swallow
The sky is blue the fields in view
All fading-green and yellow
Come let us stray our gladsome way
And view the charms of Nature
The rustling corn the fruited thorn
And ilka happy creature

Verse 5

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk
While the silent moon shines clearly
I'll clasp thy waist and fondly prest
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs
Not Autumn to the farmer
So dear can be as thou to me
My fair my lovely charmer

Westlin Winds

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 115 Eb

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns bring Autumn's pleasant weather the moorcock springs on
 whirring wings among the blooming heather now waving grain wide o'er the plain de
 lights the weary farmer and the moon shines bright when I rove at night to muse upon my charmer the

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The Tarbolton Lasses

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 115 Eb -- -- Bb -- -- Eb ↻

If ye ga - e up yon hi - ll top ye'-ll there see bon-nie Peg-gy sh - e kens her fat - ther
down by Faile and taste the ale a - nd tak a look at My-sie she - s door and din a
ga - e up by yon hill-side spe-ir in for bon-nie Bes-sy she'll gie ye a beck and

↻ 6 Eb -- Bb -- -- Eb -- ↻

is a laird and she fo - r-sooth's a led - dy the - re Soph - y tight a la - ssie bright be - e -
deil with - in bu - t aib - lins she may please ye if she be - e shy her sis ter try ye - ll
bid ye light a - nd hand some - ly add - ress ye the - re's few sae bon - nie nane sae guid in a

↻ 11 Ab Eb -- Bb7 -- Eb ↻

sides a hand - some for - tune wh - a can - na win her
may - be fan - cy Jen - ny if ye'll di - s - pense wi'
Ki - ng George dom - in - ion if ye shou - ld doubtl the

↻ 14 -- Bb -- Eb ↻

in a night ha - s lit - tle art in cour - tin
want o' sense sh - e kens her - self she's bon - nie Ga - e
truth o' this i - t's Bes - sy's ain o - pin - ion As ye

Mary Morison

Robert Burns

Edward Cairney

📄 ←→ F ←→ 📄
Verses 1&2

o Ma - ry at thy win - dow be it a
blythe - ly wad I bide the stour a
is wea - - ry the wish'd th - - e
fra - - e
trys - - ted to hour sun those smiles and the glan - ces
sun to sun could I and the rich re -
let ward me - see cure that make the mis - ser's
se - cure the love - ly Ma - ry
tre - sure poor how Mor - is - on

Montgomerie's Peggy

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Al - tho' my bed were in yon muir a - mang the
 hea - ther in my plai - die yet hap - py hap - py
 would I be had I my dear Mont -
 gom - erie's Pegg - y when

Chord symbols: Verse 1 G, D, Em, C, D, G, D, C, G, Finish

Verse 2

When o'er the hill beat surly storms
 And winter nights were dark and rainy
 I'd seek some dell and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy

Verse 3

Were I a Baron proud and high
 And horse and servants waiting ready
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me
 The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy

Ah woe is me my mother dear

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

Ah woe is me my mo-ther dear a man of strife ye've born me for sair con-ten-ion I maun bear they

Refrain

hate re-vile and scorn me I ne'er could lend on bill or band that five per-cent might blest me and

Verse 2

bor-row-ing on ti-ther hand the deil a ane wad trust me yet I a coin de-ni-ed wight by

for-tune quite di-car-ded ye see how I am day and night by lad and lass black-guar-ded

Here's to thy health

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

25 Verse 1

Here's to thy health my bon - nie lass guid nicht and joy be wi' thee I'll come na - e mair to thy

30 bow - er door to tell thee that I - I lo'e thee O din - na think my pret - ty pink but

35 I can live wi - th - out thee I vow an - d swear I

38 din - na care how lang ye look a - a - bout ye

Chords: F, Bb, C7, F

Verse 3

I ken they scorn my low estate
 But that does never grieve me
 For I'm as free as any he
 Sma' siller will relieve me
 I'll count my health my greatest wealth
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it
 I'll fear nae scant I'll bode nae want
 As lang's I get employment

Verse 2

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry
 I'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time hae I to tarry
 I ken thy freens try ilka means
 Frae wedlock to delay thee
 Depending on some higher chance
 But fortune may betray thee

Verse 4

But far off fowls hae feather's fair
 And ay until ye try them
 Tho' they seem fair still have a care
 They may prove as bad as I am
 But at twel at night when the moon shines bright
 My dear I'll come and see thee
 For the man that loves his mistress weel
 Nae travel makes him weary

The Lass of Cessnock Banks

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1&2

On Cess-nock banks a la - ssie dwells could I des - cribe her shape and mien our la - sses a' she swee - ter than the mor - ning dawn when ri - sing Pho - bus first is seen and dew drops twin - kle

6

far ex - cels an' she has twa spa - kling ro - guish een she's spot - less like the o'er the lawn an' she has twa spar - kling ro - guish een she's

11

flower - ing thorn with flowers so white and leaves so green when pu - rest in the

15

dew - y morn an' she has twa spark - ling ro - guish een

Verse 7

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem
The pride of all the flowery scene
Just opening on its thorny stem
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Verse 3
She's stately like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes between
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Verse 4
Her looks are like the vernal May
When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene
While birds rejoice on every spray
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Verse 5
Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountainsides at e'en
When flow'rreviving rains are past
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Verse 6
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow
When gleaming sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Verse 11
Her teeth are like the nightly snow
Her voice is like the ev'ning whistle
That sings on Cessnock banks
While his mate sits nestling in the bush
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Verse 12
But it's not her air her face
Tho' matching Beauty's Habes Queen
'Tis the mind that shines
An' chiefly in her roguish een
They tempt the taste and charm the sight
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Verse 10
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een

Chorus

Bonnie Peggy Alison

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

When in my arms wi' a' thy charms I clasp my count - less
 trea - sure O I seek nae mair o' hea - ven to share than
 sic a mo - ments plea - sure o and I'll kiss thee yet
 yet and I'll kiss thee o'er a - gain and I'll kiss thee yet
 yet my bo - nnie Pe - ggy A - lis - on Ilk

Chorus

Abmaj7 Bbm Eb7
 Abmaj7 Bbm
 Eb7 Ab Chorus Ab+
 Fm Bbm Eb7
 Db Eb Ab

Verse 2

When in my arms wi' a' thy charms
 I clasp my countless treasure O
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure O

Chorus**Verse 3**

And by thy een sae bonnie blue
 I swear I'm thine for ever O
 And on thy lips I seal my vow
 And break it shall I never O

Chorus

My Nanie, O

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1

F B♭ F C

Be - hind yon hills where Stin - char flows 'mang moors an' mos - ses ma - ny
west - lin wind blows loud an' shill the night's baith mirk and rain - y

8 C7 F B♭ F Gm C7

O the win - try sun the day has clos'd and I'll a - wa' to Nan - ie
O I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal an' owre the hill to Nan - ie

16 F F Chorus 1 B♭ C7

1. O the O my Nan - ie's char - ming sweet an' young nae art - fu' wiles to win ye
2.

25 F B♭ F Gm C7 F

O may ill be - fa' the flatt - ering tongue that wad beg - uile my Nan - ie O

Verse 3

Her face is fair her heart is true
As spotless as she's bonie O
The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew
Nae purer is than Nanie O

Verse 4

A country lad is my degree
An' few there be that ken me O
But what care I how few they be
I'm welcome ay to Nanie O

Chorus 1

Verse 5

My riches a's my pennyfee
An' I maun guide it cannie O
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me
My thoughts are a' my Nanie O

Verse 6

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie O
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh
An' has nae care but Nanie O

Chorus 2

Come weel come woe I care na by
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me O
Nae ither care in life have I
But live an' love my Nanie O