

The Star o' Rabbie Burns

D G D Em A
There is a star whose beaming ray Is shed on ev'ry clime.
D Em A
It shines by night, it shines by day And ne'er grows dim wi' time.
G D Em A
It rose upon the banks of Ayr, It shone on Doon's clear stream
D G D A D
A hundred years are gane and mair, Yet brighter grows its beam.

D G Em A
Let kings and courtiers rise and fa', This world has many turns
D G D A D
But brightly beams aboon them a' , The star o' Rabbie Burns.

D G D Em A
Though he was but a ploughman lad, And wore the hodden grey
D Em A
Auld Scotland's sweetest bard was bred, Aneath a roof o'strae.
G D Em A
To sweep the strings o'Scotia's lyre, It needs nae classic lore;
D G D A D
It's mither wit an native fire, That warms the bosom's core.

D G Em A
Let kings and courtiers rise and fa', This world has many turns
D G D A D
But brightly beams aboon them a' , The star o' Rabbie Burns.

D G D Em A
On fame's emblazon'd page enshrin'd, His name is foremost now,
D Em A
And many a costly wreath's been twin'd, To grace his honest brow.
G D Em A
And Scotland's heart expands wi' joy, Whene'er the day returns
D G D A D
That gave the world its peasant boy, Immortal Rabbie Burns.