

Burns Revisited Volume 19

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10. The rantin laddie

The Wren's nest

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

$\text{♩} = 100$

Verse 1

D^7 G D^7 C G Em Am D D^7 G

The Rob - in ca - m to the Wren's nest and kee - kit in and kee - kit in o weel's me

Verse 2

D^7 C C/D D^7 Em G/D C Am D^7 $\text{C}^{\text{(sus2)}}$ G D^7 G

on your aul - d pow wad ye be in wad ye be in Ye'se ne'er get

D^7 C C/D D^7 Em Am D^7 G

leave to lie with - out and I with - in and I with - in sae lang's I

D^7 Bm Em D^7 G Em C/D G

hae an au - ld clout to row ye in to row ye in

The tailor fell thro' the bed

3

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

Verse 1

Ab Bb Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Bb Eb Bb7

The tai - lor fell thro' th-e be - d thim-ble an' a' the tai - lor fell thro' th-e bed thim-ble an'

8 a' the blan - kets were thin and the she-ets the - y were sma the tai - lor fell thro' th-e

15 Bb7 Eb F9 Refrain Bb7 Eb F9

bed thim-ble an' a' Gie me the goat a gain can - nie youngman gie me the goat a gain

23 Bb7 Eb Ab F9 Bb7 rit. . . .

can - nie youngman the day it is short and the night is lang the dear-est sil-ler that ev-er I wan the

Verse 2

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill
The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill

Refrain

Verse 3

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane
There's some that are dowie I trow wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin again

The Rowin 'T in her apron

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 → C F C → G⁷ C ↻

Verses 1-7

↻ 3 F C → G⁷ C ↻

↻ 5 G Refrain → ↻

↻ 7 → G⁷ ↻

Ou - r young la - dy's a - hun - tin gane sheets nor blan - kets has she - ta'en but she's
 born her auld son or she cam hame and she's row - 'd hi - m in her a - p - ron he - r
 fa - ther says wi - in the ha' a - mong the knights an - d no - bles a' I -
 think I hear a - bab - ie ca' in the cham - ber a - mong our young la - dies O -

Verse 1

Our young lady's a huntin gane
 Sheets nor blankets has she ta'en
 But she's born her auld son or she cam hame
 And she's row'd him in her apron

Verse 2

Her apron was o' the hollan fine
 Laid about wi' laces nine
 She thought it a pity her babie should tyne
 And she's row'd him in her apron

Verse 3

Her apron was o' the hollan sma'
 Laid about wi' laces a'
 She thought it a pity her babie to let fa'
 And she's row'd him in her apron

Refrain

Her father says within the ha'
 Among the knights and nobles a'
 I think I hear a babie ca'
 In the camber among our young ladies

Verse 4

O father dear it is a bairn
 I hope it will do you nae harm
 For the laddie I lo'ed and he'll lo'e me again
 For the rowin 't in my apron

Verse 5

O is he a gentleman or is a clown
 That has brought thy fair body down
 I would not for a' this town
 The rowin 't in my apron

Verse 6

Young Terreagles he's nae clown
 He is the toss of Edinborrow town
 And he'll buy me a brow new gown
 For the rowin 't in my apron

Verse 7

It's I hae castles I hae towers
 I hae barns and I hae bowers
 A' that is mine it shell be thine
 For the rowin 't in my apron

Geordie an old ballad

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 105 **F** Verse 1

There was a bat-tle in the north and the no-b-les there wa-s ma - ny and they_ hae kill'd Sir

6 **C** Chorus 1

Char- lie Hay and they laid th - e wyte o - n Geo - r - die O he has writ-ten a lang let - ter he

11 **Bb** **Bb** **Bb** **C**

sent it to his la - dy ye maun cum up to En-brugh town to see that words o' Geor - die when

Verse 2

When first she look'd the letter on
She was baith red and rosy
But she had na read a word but twa
Till she wallow't like a lily

Chorus 2

Gar get to me my guid grey steed
My menzie a' gae wi' me
For I shall neither eat nor drink
Till Enbrugh town shall see me

Verse 3

And she has mountit her guid grey steed
Her menzie a' gaed wi' her
And she did neither eat nor drink
Till Enbrugh town did see her

Chorus 3

And first appear'd the fatal block
And syne the aix to head him
And Geordie cumin down the stair
And bands o' airn upon him

Verse 4

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang
O' airn and steel sae heavy
There was na ane in a' the court
Sae bra' a man as Geordie

Chorus 4

O she's down on her bended knee
I wat she's pale and weary
O pardon pardon noble king
And gie me back my Dearie

Verse 5

I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear
The seventh ne'er sawhis daddie
O pardon pardon noble king pity a waefu' lady

Chorus 5

Gar bid the headin' man mak haste
Our king reply'd fu' lordly
O noble king tak a' that 's mine
But gie me back my Geordie

Verse 6

The Gordons cam and the Gordons ran
And they were sturk and steady
And ay the word among them a'
Was Gordons keep you ready

Chorus 6

An aged lord at the king's right hand
Says 'noble king but hear me
Gar her tell down five thousand pound
And gie her back her Dearie'

Verse 7

Some gae her marks some gae her crowns
Some gae her dollars many
And whe's tell'd down five thousand pound
And she's gotten again her Dearie

Chorus 7

She blinkit blithe in her Geordie's face
Say 'dear I've bought thee Geordie'
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green
Or I had tint my laddie

Verse 8

He claspit her by the middle sma'
And he kist her lips sae rosy
The fairest flower o' womankind
Is my sweet bonnie Lady

Cauld frosty morning

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80
Am
Verse 1

17 D⁷ Dm G⁷ Am

Twas past ane o' clo-ck in a cau-ld fros-ty mor-ning when can-kert Nov - em-ber blows o - ver the plain

23 D⁷ Dm G⁷ Am

I - heard the ki-rk bell re - peat the lo-ud war-ning as rest-less I sought for sweet slum - ber in vain

29 F Dm/G G⁶/C Cmaj⁷ Fmaj⁷/D

then up I a-rose the sil-ver moon shin-ing bright___ moun-tains and val leys a -

35 Cmaj⁷ F Dm/G C(sus²)

pear-ing___ all hoa - ry white___ forth I would go a - mid the pale

40 Fmaj⁷/D Am

sil - ent night to vis - it the fair one the cau - se of my pain

Verse 2

Sae gently I staw to my lovely maid's chamber
 And rapp'd at her window low down on my knee
 Begging that she would awauk from sweet slumber
 Awauk from sweet slumber and pity me
 For that a stranger to a' pleasure peace and rest
 Love into madness had fired my tortur'd breast
 And that I should be of a' men the maist unblest
 Unless she would pity my sad miserie

Verse 3

My true love arose and whispered to me
 The moon looked in and envy'd my love's charms
 An innocent maiden ah would you undo me
 I made no reply but leapt into her arms
 Bright Phoebus peep'd over the hills and found me there
 As he has done now seven lang years and mair
 A faithfuller constanter kinder more loving pair
 His sweet chearing beam nor enlightens nor warms

The Ploughman

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1&2

The plough - man he's a bon - nie lad his mind is e - ver true - jo his
plough - man he comeshame at e'en he's af - ten wat and wea - ry cast

5

Chorus

gar - ters knit be - low his knee his bon - net it is blue jo my dea - rie The - n up wi't a' my
off the wat put on the dry and gae to bed my

11

plough - man lad and hey my mer ry plough - man of a' the trades that I do ken com mend me to the plough - man

Verse 3

I will wash my ploughman's hose
And I will dress his o'erlay
I will mak my ploughman's bed
And cheer him late and early

Verse 4

I hae been east I hae been west
I hae been at Saint Johnston
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancing

Chorus

Verse 5

Snaw white stockings on his legs
And siller buckles glancing
A guid blue bonnet on his head
And O but he was handsome

Verse 6

Commend me to the barn yard
And the corn mou man
I never got my coggie fou
Till I met wi' the ploughman

Chorus

The Ploughman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 88

Verse 1&2

G D → G D → G D

The plough-man he's a bon-nie lad his mi-nd is e-ver true jo his gar-ters knit be-low his knee his
plough-man he comes hame at e'en he's a - te-n wat and wea-ry cast off the wat put on the dry and

4 G D G → D⁷ Chorus G → C C D

bo - net is blue jo my up wi't a' my plough-man lad and he - y my me - ry plough man_ of
ga-e t - o bed my dear - ie then

7 G → C G

a' the trades that I do ken com - men - d m - e to the plough-man

Verse 3

I will wash my ploughman's hose
And I will dress his o'erlay
I will mak my ploughman's bed
And cheer him late and early

Verse 4

I hae been east I hae been west
I hae been at Saint Johnston
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
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Chorus

Verse 5

Snaw white stockings on his legs
And siller buckles glancing
A guid blue bonnet on his head
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Verse 6

Commend me to the barn yard
And the corn mou man
I never got my coggie fou
Till I met wi' the ploughman

Chorus

To Miss Isabella MacLeod

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100+ Db Cm Fm

The crim - son blos - som charms the bee the sum - mer sun the swal - low so dear

5 Bbm Eb Ab C7

this - tune - ful gift to me from love - ly Is - a - bel - la her

10 Finish (verse 3) Ab C7 Db Fm

the love - ly Is - a - bel - la **rall.**

Verse 2
Her portrait fair upon my mind
Revolving time shall mellow
And mem'ry latest effort find
The lovely Isabella

Verse 3
No bard nor lover's rapture this
In fancies vain and shallow
She is so come my soul to bliss
The lovely Isabella

O'er the water to Charlie

Robert Burns

Robert Burns

♩ = 80

17 Verse 1 C D⁷ G C

Come boat me o'er come row me o'er come boat me o'er to Char lie___ I'll gie John Ross an - ith-er baw bee

20 Chorus C F G

to boat me o'er to Char lie___ we-ll o'er th-e wat-er we'll o' - er the sea we'll o' - er the wa - ter to Char-lie co-me

23 F C

weel co - me woe we - 'll gath - er an - d go and li - ve an - d di - e w - i' Char - lie

Verse 2

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name
 Tho' some there be abhor him
 But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame
 And Charlie's faes before him

Chorus

Verse 3

I swear and vow by moon and stars
 And sun that shines so early
 If I had twenty thousand lives
 I'd die as aft for Charlie

Chorus

The Rantin Laddie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70

Verse 1

Fm Bb7 Eb

Af ten hae I play'd at the cards and the dice for the love of a bon-nie ran-tin lad - die but now

3 Fm Bb7 Eb Bb Chorus

I maun sit in my fath-er's kit-chen neuk and bal - ou a bas-ta-rd ba-bie For my fath-er he will not m-e own and my

6 F Bb F Bb7

mo - th-er she ne-glects me and a' my friends ha-e light-li-ed me and their ser-vants they do slight me but had

Verse 2

But had I a servant at my command
As aft times I've had many
That wad rin wi' a letter to bonnie Glenswood
Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie

Chorus 2

O is he either a laird or a lord
Or is he but a cadie
That ye do him ca' sae aften by name
Your bonnie bonnie rantin laddie

Verse 3

Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord
And he never was a cadie
But he is the Earl o' bonnie Aboyne
And he is my rantin laddie

Chorus 3

O ye'se get a servant at your command
As aft times ye've had many
That sall rin wi' a letter to bonnie Glenswood
A letter to your rantin laddie

Verse 4

When Lord Aboyne did the letter get
O but he blinket bonnie
But or he had read three lines of it
I think his heart was sorry

Chorus 4

O wha is he daur be sae bauld
Sae cruelly to use my lassie
For her father he will not her know
And her mother she does slight her

Verse 5

Go raise to me my five hundred men
Make haste and make them ready
With a milk white steed under every ane
For to bring hame my lady

Chorus 5

As they came in through Buchan shire
They were a company bonnie
With a guid claymore in every hand
And O but they shin'd bonnie