

Burns Revisited Volume 20

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8. Lord Gregory
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10. Lord Ronald my son

The Shepherd's Wife

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩. = 75 $E\flat$ Chorus $A\flat$ $B\flat^7$ $E\flat$

1 The shep-herd's wi-fe cries o'er the knowe will ye come ha me will ye come hame the shep-herd's wi-fe cries

5 $A\flat$ $B\flat^7$ $E\flat$ Verse 1 $A\flat$ $B\flat^7$

o'er the knowe will ye come ha-me a-gain e'en jo o' what will ye gie me to my sup-per gin I - come hame gin

11 $E\flat$ $A\flat$ $B\flat^7$ $E\flat$ Refrain $E\flat$

I come hame o what will ye gie me to my sup-per gin I come ha-me a - gain e'en jo the Ha ha how that's

17 $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $B\flat$ $E\flat$

nae - thing that dow I win - na come hame I can - na come hame

20 $E\flat$ $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $B\flat$ $E\flat$

Ha ha how that's nae-thing that dow I win - na come hame gin e'en jo

Verse 2

Ye'se get a pan fu' o' plumpin parridge
And butter in them and butter in them
Ye'se get a panfu' o' plumpin parridge
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en jo

Refrain

Chorus

Verse 4

A reekin fat hen weel fryth'd I' the pan
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A reekin fat hen weel fryth'd I' the pan
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame

Refrain

Chorus

Verse 5

A weel made bed and a pair o' clean sheets
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A weel made bed and a pair o' clean sheets
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en jo

Refrain

Chorus

Verse 6

A luving wife in lily white linens
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A luving wife in lily white linens
Gin ye'll come hame again een jo

Refrain

Chorus

Verse 7

Ha ha how that's something that dow
I will come hame I will come hame
Ha ha how that's something that dow
I will come hame again e'en jo

Refrain

To Captain Gordon

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 65

Dost ask dear Cap-tain why from Syme I have no in - vit - at - ion when well he knows he has with him my

first friends in the nat - ion it is be-cause I love to toast and round the bot - tle hurl no

there con - jec - ture wild is lost for Syme by God's no churl is't

Verse 2

Is't lest with bawdy jests I bore
As oft the matter of fact is
No Syme the theory can't abhor
Who loves so well the practice
Is it a fear I should avow
Some heresy sceticious
No Syme but this is entre nous
Is quite an old Tiresias

Verse 3

In vain conjecture thus would flit
Thro' mental clime and season
In short dear Captain Syme's wit
Who asks of wits a reason
Yet must I still the sort deplore
That to my griefs adds one more
In balking me the social hour
With you and noble Kenmure

As I was a-wand'ring

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

Verse 1

As I was a-wand'ring ae mid-summer e'en - in the pip-ers and young-sters
 were mak-ing their game am-ang them I spyed my faith-less fause lu-ver which bled a' the wounds o' my
 dol-our a-gain weel since he has left me may plea-sure gae wi' him I may be dis-tress'd but I
 win-na com-plain I'll flat-ter my fan-cy I may get an-ith-er my
 hear it shall ne-ver be bro-ken for ane I

Chorus

Verse 2

I could na get sleepin till dawin for greetin
 The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain
 Had I na got greetin my heart wad a broken
 For O luv'e forsaken's a tormenting pain

Chorus**Verse 3**

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him

Chorus

The Reel O' Stumpie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

17 Verse 1

C F C Dm G7 C F

Wap and ro-we wa-p an-d rowe wap and rowe the fe-e-t-ie o't I thought I was a ma-i-de-n fair till I

20 Verse 2

C G7 C C F C Dm G7

heard the gr-e-ti-e o't my dad-die was a fid-d-le-r fine m-y Min nie she made ma-n-ti-e o and

23

C F C G7 C

I my-self a thu-m-pi-n quine an-d danc'd the re-el o' - Stum-pie O

Aye Waukin O

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Intro

Chorus

4

Verse

7

9

Ay - e wau - kin O

wau - kin still and wea - ry___ sleep I can get nane for think - ing on my dea - rie___

Sim - mer's a - ple - a - sa - nt ti - me flow - ers o - f eve - ry col - our the

wa - ter rin - s o' - er th - e heugh and I long for my tru - e lov - er

Chorus

Verse 2

When I sleep I dream
 When I wauk I'm eerie
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinkin' on my dearie

Chorus

Open the door to me O

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

O op-en the door some pit-y to show if love it may na be O tho' thou hast been

10

false I'll ev-er prove true O op-en the door to me O cauld me O

1. Final

Detailed description: The image shows the musical score for the first verse of the song 'Open the door to me O'. It is written in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 110. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into two systems. The first system starts with a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: 'O op-en the door some pit-y to show if love it may na be O tho' thou hast been'. Above the staff, the chords are indicated as C, Dm, C, and Dm. The second system starts with a measure rest of 10 measures. The melody continues on the same staff. The lyrics are: 'false I'll ev-er prove true O op-en the door to me O cauld me O'. Above the staff, the chords are indicated as Em, Dm, Am, and Am. The piece ends with a double bar line and the word 'Final'.

Verse 2

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek
But caulder thy love for me O
The frost that freezes the life at my heart
Is nought to my pains frae thee O

Verse 3

The wan moon sets behind the white wave
And time is setting with me O
False friends false love farewell for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee O

Verse 4

She has open'd the door she has open'd it wide
She sees his pale corse on the plain O
My true love she cried and sank down by his side
Never to rise again O

My wife's a wanton wee thing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

Chorus F C F

My wife's a wan-ton we-e thing m-y wife's a wan-ton we-e thing m-y wife's a wan-ton we-e

Verse 1

Am Dm G⁷ C

thing sh - e win-na be gui-ded by me she - play'd the loon or she was mar - ri - ed

Verse 2

F G⁷ Dm

sh - e play'd the loon or she was mar - ried she play'd the loon or

Verse 3

G

she was mar - ried she'll do it a - gai - n o - r she die

Chorus

Verse 2

She sell'd her coat and she drank it
 She sell'd her coat and she drank it
 She row'd hersel in a blanket
 She winna be guided by me

Chorus

Verse 3

She mind't na when I forbade her
 She mind't na when I forbade her
 I took a rung and I claw'd her
 And a braw guid bairn was she

Chorus

Lord Gregory

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1/3
O mirk mirk is this mid-night hour an-d loud the tem-pest's roar— a wae fu'wan er-er seeks thy tower Lo-rd

Verse 2/4
Greg-ory ope thy door_ an ex-ile frae her fath-er's ha' an-d a'for lov-ing thee_ at least some pit-y on me shaw i - f

Refrain 1
love it may na be Lord Greg - or - y mind-'st thou not the grove by bon - nie Ir - wine side

Finish
where first I own'd that vir - gin love I lang lang had de - nied how

Verse 3

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine
And my fond heart itsel' sae true
It ne'er mistrusted thine

Verse 4

Hard is thy heart Lord Gregory
And flinty is thy breast
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by
O wilt thou give me rest

Refrain 2

Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see
But spare and pardon my false love
His wrangs to heaven and me

Verse 1

O mirk mirk is this midnight hour
And loud the tempest's roar
A wae fu' wanderer seeks thy tower
Lord Gregory open thy door

Highland Mary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80 Eb

Y - e banks and braes and streams a - round th - e cas - tle o' Mont-gome - ry gre - en

3 Eb Ab Eb Bb Eb Eb Ab

be your woods and fair your flowers you r waters ne-ver drum lie__ the-re sim-mer first u - n fauld her robes and

6 Eb Bb Eb Ab Eb Bb Eb

there the lan-gest tar - ry__ fo - r there I took the last fare-weel O' my sweet high-land Ma - ry ho-w

Verse 2

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary

Verse 3

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender
 And pledging aft to meet again
 We tore ouzels asunder
 But oh fell death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower sae early
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary

Verse 4

O pale pale now those rosy lips
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwalt on me sae kindly
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary

Lord Ronald my son

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95
G
Verse 1

O where hae ye been Lord Ron - ald m - y son o where hae ye
be - e - n Lord Ron - ald m - y son I hae been wi' my sweet-heart moth-er
ma - ke my bed soon for I'm wea - ry wi' the hun - ting and fain wad lie down

Verse 2

What got ye frae your sweetheart
Lord Ronald my son
What got ye frae your sweetheart
Lord Ronald my son
I hae got deadly poison mother
Make my bed soon
For life is a burden
That soon I'll lay down