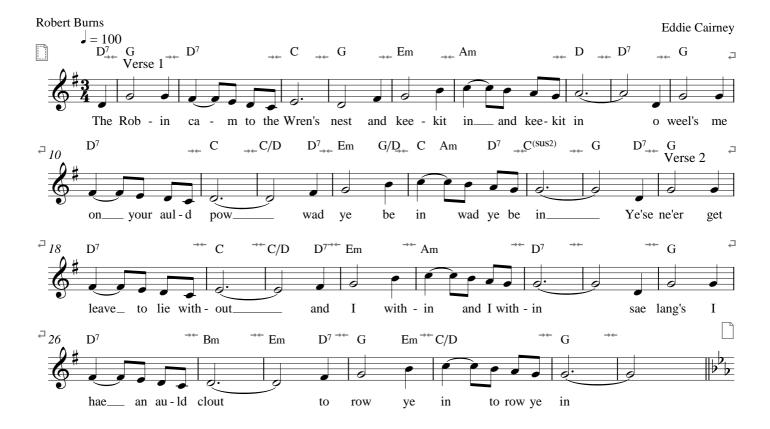
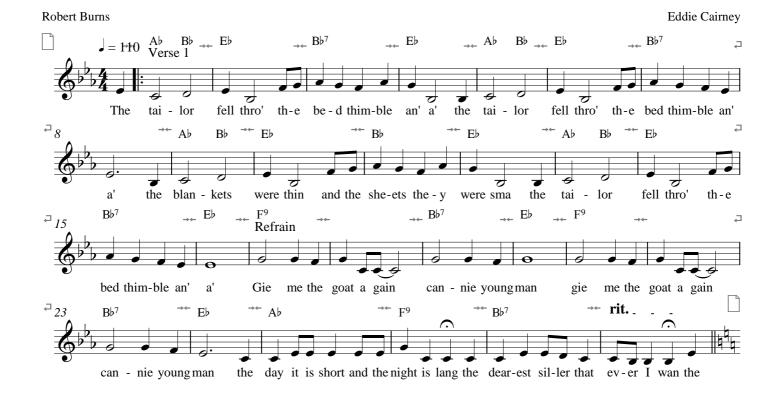
Burns Revisited Volume 19

- 1. The wren's nest
- 2. The tailor fell thro the bed
- 3. The rowin 'T in her apron
- 4. Geordie an old ballad
- 5. Cauld frosty morning
- 6. The ploughman
- 7. The ploughman
- 8. Miss Isabella Macleod
- 9. O'er the water to Charlie
- 10. The rantin laddie

The Wren's nest



The tailor fell thro' the bed



Verse 2

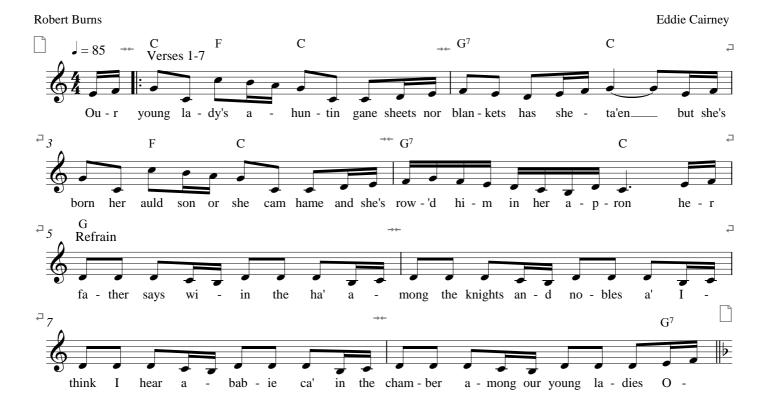
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill

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



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

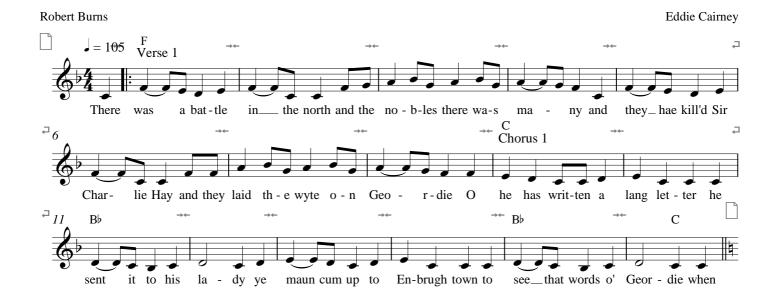
Verse 6

Young Terreagles he's nae clown He is the toss of Edinborrow town And he'll buy me a braw 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



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 amang 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

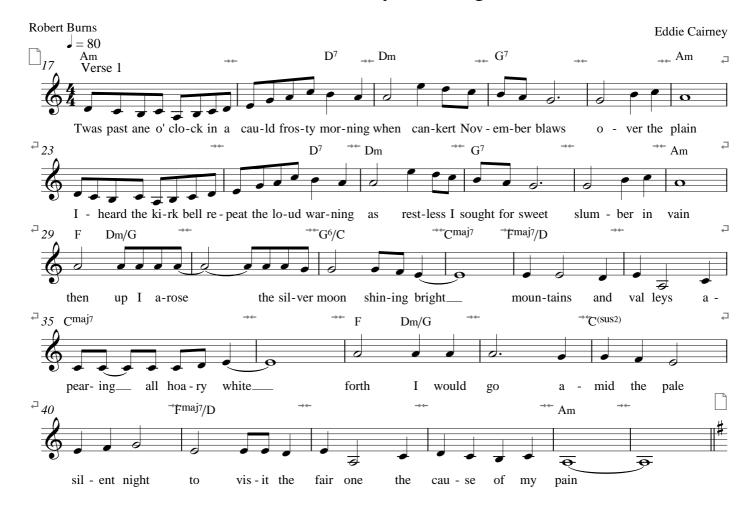
Chorus 7

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



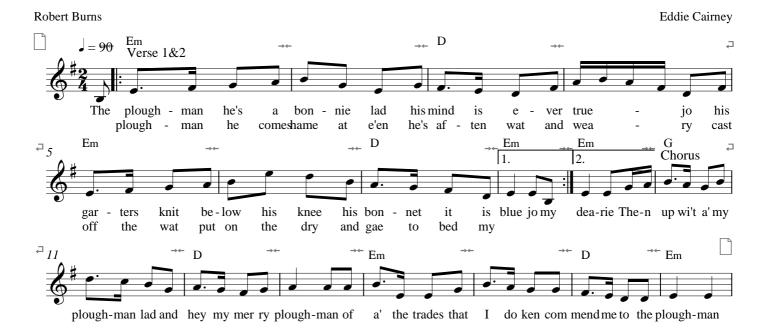
Verse 2

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



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

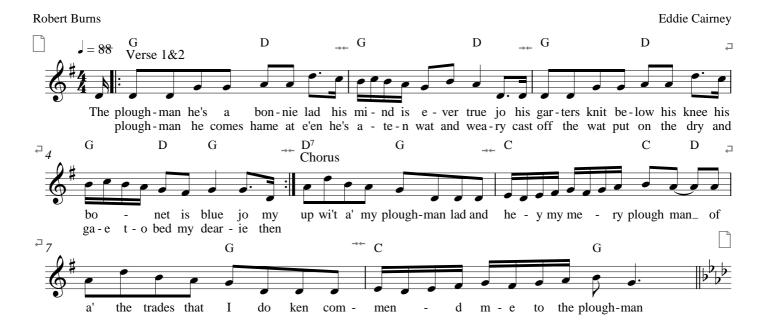
Snaw white stockings on his legs And siller buckles glancing A guid blue bonnet on his head And O but he was handsome

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

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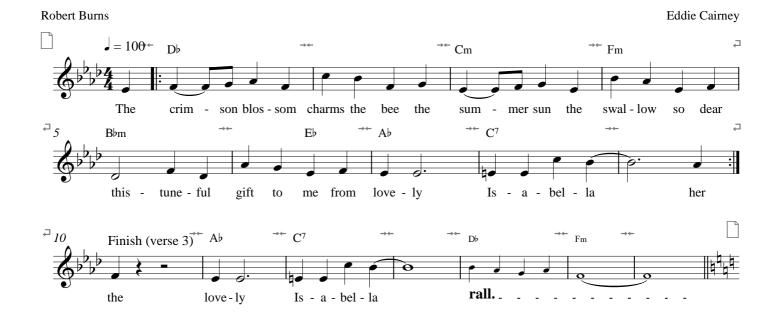
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Chorus

To Miss Isabella MacLeod



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



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

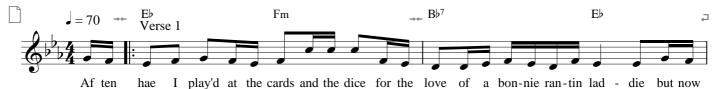
Verse 3

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





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



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