

# Burns Revisited Volume 20

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# The Shepherd's Wife

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩. = 75  $E_b$  Chorus  $A_b$   $B_b^7$   $E_b$

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  $A_b$   $B_b^7$   $E_b$  Verse 1  $A_b$   $B_b^7$

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  $E_b$   $A_b$   $B_b^7$   $E_b$  Refrain  $E_b$

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  $A_b$   $E_b$   $B_b$   $E_b$

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

20  $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b$   $B_b$   $E_b$

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

3

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 65

C G7 C F C

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

4 Dm G7 C D7 C

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

7 F C Dm G7

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 luve 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 notation 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 first line of music starts with a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The lyrics are: 'O op-en the door some pit-y to show if love it may na be O tho' thou hast been'. The second line of music starts with a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The lyrics are: 'false I'll ev-er prove true O op-en the door to me O cauld me O'. The music ends with a double bar line and the word 'Final'. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: C, Dm, C, Dm, Em, Dm, Am, Am.

## 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      G<sup>7</sup>      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      G<sup>7</sup>      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

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

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

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

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    Bb

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

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 ousels 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