

# Burns Revisited Volume 44

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# Recitativo

## Recitativo\_He ended and the kebars sheuk

He ended and the kebars sheuk

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

F = 97

He en-ded and the ke bars sheuk a-boon the chor-us roar while fright-ed rat-tons back-ward leuk an'

7 seek the ben-most bore a fai-ry fid-dler frae the neuk he skirl'd out en

12 core but up a-rose the mar-tial chuck an' laid the loud up-roar

# Air

## I once was a maid

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120  
Verse 1

I once was a maid tho' I can-not tell when an-d still my de-light is in pro-per young men some

one of a troop of dra goons was my dad-die no won-der I'm fond of a sod-ger lad-die sing

lal de lal lal de lal lad-die sing lal de lal lal de lal lad-die the

### Verse 2

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade  
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade  
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy  
Transported I was with my sodger laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

### Verse 3

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch  
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church  
He ventur'd the soul and I risked the body  
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

### Verse 4

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot  
The regiment at large for a husband I got  
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready  
I asked no more but a sodger laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

### Verse 5

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair  
Till I met old boy in a Cunningham fair  
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy  
My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

### Verse 6

And now I have liv'd I know not how long  
And still I can join in a cup and a song  
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady  
Here's to thee my hero my sodger laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie  
Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

# Recitativo

Poor Merry Andrew

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

C B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$

Po-or Mer ry An-drew in the neuk sa-t guzz-ling wi' a tin-kler hiz-zie they mind't na wha the chor-us teuk bet-

4 F C F B $\flat$  C

ween them-selves they were sae bu-sy at length wi' drink an' cour-ting diz-zy he stoi-ter'd up an' made a face then

7 F C $^7$  F

turn'd an' laid a smack on Griz-zie syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grim-ace

# Air

Sir Wisdom's a fool

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□  $\text{♩} = 85$  Verse 1a A/C# D/B D/A G □

Sir Wis-dom's a fool when he's fou Sir Knave is a fool in a ses sion\_ he's there but a 'pren-tice I trow but

□ 4 Verse 1b

I am a fool by pro - fes - sion\_ my gran - nie she bought me a beuk an'

□ 6 Verse 1c

I held a-wa to-the school\_ I fear I my tal-ent mis-teuk but what will ye hae of a fool\_ For

## Verse 2a

For drink I would venture my neck  
A hizzie's the half of my craft  
But what could ye other expect  
Of ane that's avowedly daft

## Verse 2b

I ance was tied up like a stirk  
For civilly swearing and quaffin  
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk  
For towsing a lass i' my daffin

## Verse 3a

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport  
Let naebody name wi' a jeer  
There's even I'm tauld i' the Court  
A tumbler ca'd the Premier

## Verse 3b

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad  
Mak faces to tickle the mob  
He rails at our mountebank squad  
It's rivalship just i' the job

## Verse 1a

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou  
Sir Knave is a fool in a session  
He's there but a 'prentice I trow  
But I am a fool by profession

## Verse 4b

And now my conclusion I'll tell  
For faith I'm confoundedly dry  
The chiel that's a fool for himsel'  
Guid Lord he's far dafter than I

# Recitativo

Then niest outspak

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 Em

Then niest out - spak a rauc - le car - lin wha kent fu' weel to cleek the ster - ling for mon - ie a pur  
 sie she had hooked an' had in mon - ie a well been douked her love had been a  
 High - land lad - die but wea - ry fa' the wae - fu' woo - die wi' sighs and sobs she  
 thus be - gan to wail her braw John High - land - man

# Air

## A Highland Lad

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 Verse 1

A F#m B7 E A

A High-land lad my love was born the Lal-land laws he held in scorn but he still was faith-fu' to his clan my

7 F#m B7 E Chorus B7 E

gal-lant braw John High-land-man Sing hey my braw John High land-man sing ho my braw John

12 B7 E E7 A G#7 F#7 E A B7 E

High-land-man there-'s not a - lad in a' the lan' wa-s match for my John High-land-man With

**Verse 2**

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid  
 An' guid claymore down by his side  
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman

**Chorus****Verse 3**

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey  
 An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay  
 For a Lalland face he feared none  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman

**Chorus****Verse 4**

They banish'd him beyond the sea  
 But ere the bud was on the tree  
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran  
 Embracing my John Highlandman

**Chorus****Verse 5**

But och they catch'd him at the last  
 And bound him in a dungeon fast  
 My curse upon them every one  
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman

**Chorus****Verse 6**

And now a widow I must mourn  
 The pleasures that will ne'er return  
 The comfort but a hearty can  
 When I think on John Highlandman

**Chorus**

# Recitativo

A pigmy scrapper

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

A → → → → → B → E7

A - pig - my scrap er\_ wi' his fid dle\_ wh-a used at trysts an' fairs to drid dle\_ he-r

9 strap - in' limb and gaus - y mid dle\_ he reach'd hae high er\_ ha - d

17 hol'd his hear - tie like a rid dle\_ an' blawn't on fi - re\_ W - i'

## Verse 2

Wi' hand on hainch and upward e'e  
 He croon'd his gamut one two three  
 Then in an arioso key  
 The wee Apoll  
 Set off wi' allegretto glee  
 His giga solo



# Air

Let me ryke up to dight that tear

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

25 Verse 1 C G C F C G

Let me ry-ke up to dight that tear an' go wi' me an' be my dear an' then you-r eve-ry care an' fear my

31 Chorus C F G C C G C F C

whis-tle ow-re th-e la-ve o't I am a fid-ler to my trade an' a' the tunes that e'er I

36 G7 C G7 C F C G7 C

played the swee-test still to wife or maid was whis-tle owre the lave o't

## Verse 2

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there  
 An' O sae nicely's we will fare  
 We'll bowse about till Daddie Care  
 Sing whistle owre the lave o't

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke  
 An' sun oursel's about the dyke  
 An' at our leisure when ye like  
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't

## Chorus

## Verse 4

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms  
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms  
 Hunger cauld an' a' sic harms  
 May whistle owre the lave o't

## Chorus

# Recitativo

## Her charms

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 75

D A D

Her char-ms ha d struck a stur-dy cair as we-el a-s poor gut scra-per he ta-ks the-e fid-dle by the beard an'

4 dra-ws a - roos-ty rap-ier he swoor by a' wa-s swear-in-g worth to speet him like a - pli ver\_\_\_ un-

7 less he wad fro - m that ti - me forth rel - in - quish her fo - r e - ver\_\_\_ Wi'

### Verse 2

Wi' ghastry e'e poor tweedle dee  
 Upon his hunkers bended  
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face  
 An' so the quarrel ended  
 But tho' his little heart did grieve  
 When round the tinkler prest her  
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve  
 When thus the caird address'd her

# Air

My bonnie lass

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 77

F C

My bon-nie lass I work in brass a tin-kler is my stat-ion I've trav-ell'd round all Chris-tian ground in  
 this my oc-cup-at-ion I've taen the gold an' been en-rolled in man-y a no-ble squad ron but  
 vain they search'd when off I march'd to go an' clout the caul-dron Des -

## Verse 2

Despise that shrimp that wither'd imp  
 With a' his noise an' cap'rin  
 An' take a share with those that bear  
 The budget and the apron  
 And by that stowp my faith an' houp  
 And by that dear Kilbaigie  
 If e'er ye want or meet wi' scant  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie