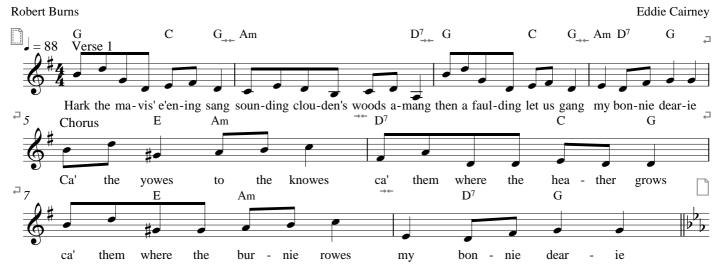
Burns Revisited Volume 60

- 1. Ca' the yowes to the knowes (second version)
- 2. Ca' the yowes to the knowes (second version)
- 3. The blue eyed lassie
- 4. The battle of Sherramuir
- 5. Awa whigs awa
- 6. A waukrife minnie
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- 8. The whistle
- 9. To Mary in heaven
- 10. The five carlins

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes

Second Version



Verse 2

We'll gae down by Clouden side Thro' the hazels spreading wide O'er the waves that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly

Chorus

Verse 3

Yonder Clouden's sil'nt towers Where at moonshine's midnight hours O'er the dewy bending flowers Fairies dance sae cheery

Chorus

Verse 4

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear Nocht of ill may come thee near My bonie Dearie

Chorus

Verse 5

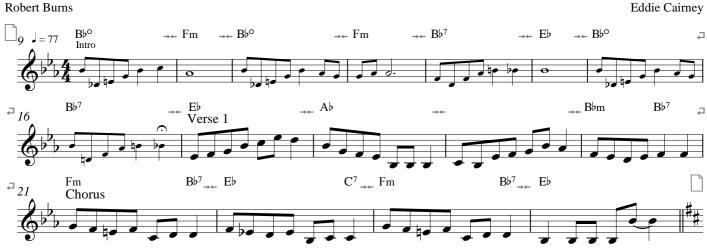
Fair and lovely as thou art Thou hast stown my very heart I can die but canna part My bonie Dearie

Chorus

Verse 6 Ca'the yowes to the knowes Ca' them where the heather grows Ca' them where the burnie rowes My bonie Dearie

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes Second Version

Robert Burns



Verse 2

We'll gae down by Clouden side Thro' the hazels spreading wide O'er the waves that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly

Chorus

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Yonder Clouden's sil'nt towers Where at moonshine's midnight hours O'er the dewy bending flowers Fairies dance sae cheery

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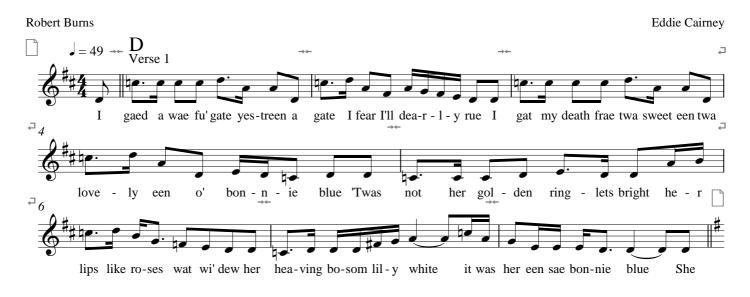
Chorus

Verse 5 Fair and lovely as thou art Thou hast stown my very heart I can die but canna part My bonie Dearie

Chorus

Verse 6 Ca'the yowes to the knowes Ca' them where the heather grows Ca' them where the burnie rowes My bonie Dearie

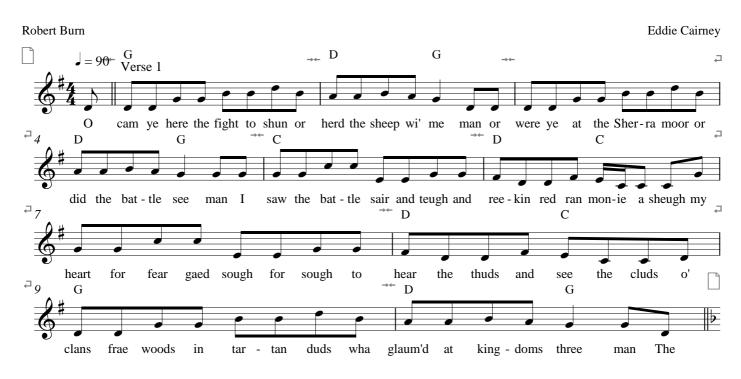
The blue eyed lassie



Verse 2

She talk'd she smil'd my heart she wyl'd She charm'd my soul I wist na how And ay the stound the deadly wound Cam frae her een sae bonie blue But spare to speak and spare to speed She'll aiblins listen to my vow Should she refuse I'll lay my dead To her twa een sae bonie blue

The Battle of Sherramuir



Verse 2

The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds To meet them were na slaw man They rush'd and push'd and blude outgush'd And mony a bouk did fa' man The great Argyle led on his files I wat they glanced twenty miles They hough'd the clans like nine pin kyles They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd And thro' they dash'd and hew'd and smash'd Till fey men died awa man

Verse 3

But had ye seen the philibegs And skyrin tartan trews man When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs And covenant True blues man In lines extended lang and large When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe And thousands hasten'd to the charge Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath Drew blades o' death till out o' breath They fled like frighted dows man

Verse 6

They've lost some gallant gentlemen Amang the Highland clans man I fear my Lord Panmure is slain Or fallen in Whiggish hands man Now wad ye sing this double fight Some fell for wrang and some for right But mony bade the world gude night Then ye may tell how pell and mell By red claymores and muskets knell Wi' dying yell the Tories fell And Whigs to hell did flee man

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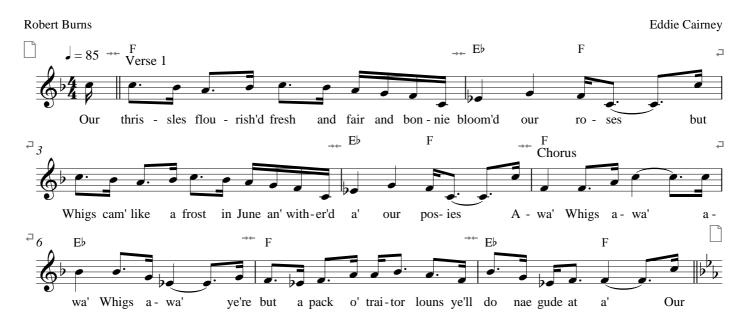
Verse 4

O how deil Tam can that be true The chase gaed frae the north man I saw mysel they did pursue The horsemen back to Forth man And at Dunblane in my ain sight They took the brig wi'a' their might And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight But cursed lot the gates were shut And mony a huntit poor red coat For fear amaist did swarf man

Verse 5

My sister Kate cam up the gate Wi' crowdie unto me man She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth unto Dundee man Their left hand general had nae skill The Angus lads had nae gude will That day their neibors' blude to spill For fear for foes that they should lose Their cogs o' brose they scar'd at blows And hameward fast did flee man

Awa Whigs Awa



Verse 2

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't An' write their names in his black beuk Wha gae the Whigs the power o't

Chorus

Verse 3

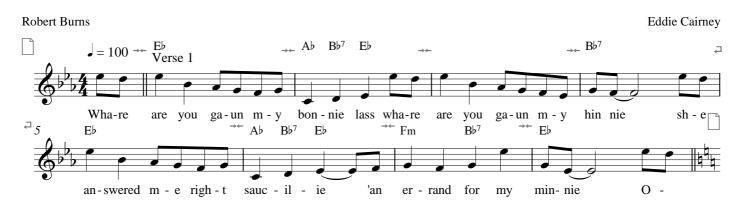
Our sad decay in church and state Surpasses my descriving The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse An' we hae done wi' thriving

Chorus

Verse 4

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap But we may see him wauken Gude help the day when royal heads Are hunted like a maukin

A Waukrife Minnie



Verse 2

O whare live ye my bonie lass O whare live ye my hinnie By yon burnside gin ye maun ken In a wee house wi' my minnie

Verse 3

But I foor up the glen at e'en To see my bonie lassie And lang before the grey morn cam She was na hauf sae saucie

Verse 4

O weary fa' the waukrife cock And the foumart lay his crawin He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep A wee blink or the dawin

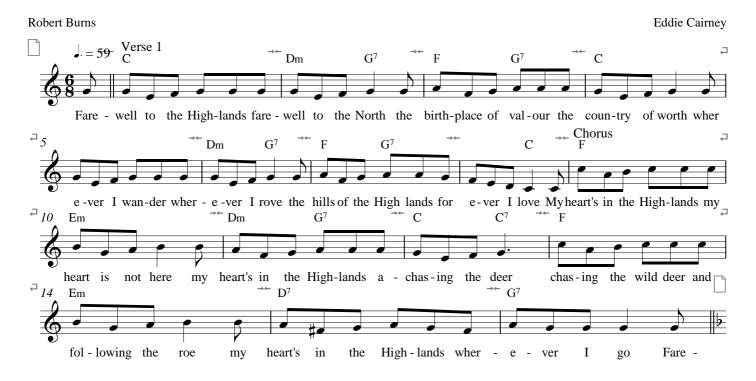
Verse 5

An angry wife I wat she raise And o'er the bed she brocht her And wi' a meikle hazel rung She made her a weel pay'd dochter

Verse 6

O fare thee weel my bonie lass O fare thee well my hinnie Thou art a gay an' a bonnie lass But thou has a waukrife minnie

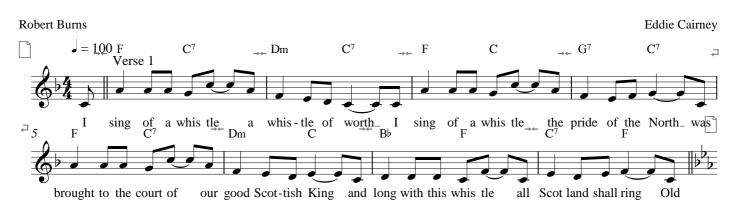
My hearts's in the Highlands



Verse 2

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow Farewell to the straths and green vallies below Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods

The Whistle



Verse 2

Old Loda still rueing the arm of Fingal The god of the bottle sends down from his hall The Whistle's your challenge to Scotland get o'er And drink them to hell Sir or ne'er see me more

Verse 3

Old poets have sung and old chronicles tell What champions ventur'd what champions fell The son of great Loda was conqueror still And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill

Verse 4

Till Robert the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur Unmatch'd at the bottle unconquer'd in war He drank his poor god ship as deep as the sea No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he

Verse 5

Thus Robert victorious the trophy has gain'd Which now in his house has for ages remain'd Till three noble chieftains and all of his blood The jovial contest again have renew'd

Verse 6

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw Craigdarroch so famous for with worth and law And trusty Glenriddel so skill'd in old coins And gallant Sir Robert deep read in old wines

Verse 7

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil Desiring Downrightly to yield up the spoil Or else he would muster the heads of the clan And once more in claret try which was the man

Verse 8

By the gods of the ancients Downrightly replies Before I surrender so glorious a prize I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er

Verse 9

Sir Robert a soldier no speech would pretend But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe or his friend Said Toss down the Whistle the prize of the field And knee-deep in claret he'd die ere he'd yield

Verse 10

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair So noted for drowning of sorrow and care But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame Than the sense wit and taste of a sweet lovely dame

Verse 11

A bard was selected to witness the fray And tell future ages the feats of the day A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been

Verse 12

The dinner being over the claret they ply And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet

Verse 13

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn

Verse 14

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night When gallant Sir Robert to finish the fight Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did

Verse 15

Then worthy Glenriddel so cautious and sage No longer the warfare ungodly would wage A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine He left the foul business to folks less divine

Verse 16

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend Though Fate said a hero should perish in light So uprose bright Phoebus and down fell the knight

Verse 17

Next uprose our Bard like a prophet in drink Craigdarroch thou'lt soar when creation shall sink But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme Come one bottle more and have at the sublime

Verse 18

Thy line that have struggled for freedom with Bruce Shall heroes and patriots ever produce So thine be the laurel and mine be the bay The field thou hast won by yon bright god of day

To Mary in Heaven



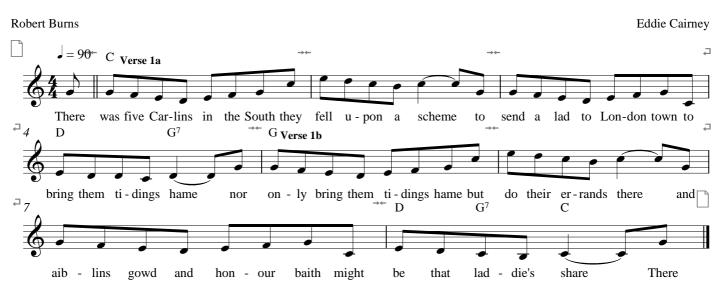
Verse 2a

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore O'erhung with wild woods thickening green The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar 'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene The flowers sprang wanton to be prest The birds sang love on every spray Till too too soon the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day

Verse 2b

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes And fondly broods with miser care Time but th' impression stronger makes As streams their channels deeper wear My Mary dear departed shade Where is thy blissful place of rest See'st thou thy lover lowly laid Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast

The Five Carlins



Verse 2a

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith A dame wi' pride eneugh And Marjory o' the monie Lochs A Carlin auld and teugh

Verse 2b

And blinkin Bess of Annandale That dwelt near Solway side And whisky Jean that took her gill In Galloway sae wide

Verse 3a

And auld black Joan frae Crichton Peel O' gipsy kith an' kin Five wighter Carlins were na found The South countrie within

Verse 3b

To send a lad to London town They met upon a day And monie a knight and monie a laird This errand fain wad gae

Verse 4a

O monie a knight and monie a laird This errand fain wad gae But nae ane could their fancy please O ne'er a ane but twae

Verse 4b

The first ane was a belted Knight Bred of a Border band And he wad gae to London town Might nae man him withstand

Verse 5a

And he wad do their errands weel And meikle he wad say And ilka ane about the court Wad bid to him gude day

Verse 5b

The neist cam in a Soger youth Who spak wi' modest grace And he wad gae to London town If sae their pleasure was

Verse 6a

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts Nor meikle speech pretend But he wad hecht an honest heart Wad ne'er desert his friend

Verse 6b

Now wham to chuse and wham refuse At strife thir Carlins fell For some had Gentlefolks to please And some wad please themsel'

Verse 7a

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith And she spak up wi' pride And she wad send the Soger youth Whatever might betide

Verse 7b

For the auld Gudeman o' London court She didna care a pin But she wad send the Soger youth To greet his eldest son

Verse 8a

Then started Bess o' Annandale And a deadly aith she's ta'en That she wad vote the Border Knight Though she should vote her lane

Verse 8b

For far off fowls hae feathers fair And fools o' change are fain But I hae tried the Border Knight And I'll try him yet again

Verse 9a

Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel A Carlin stoor and grim The auld Gudeman or young Gudeman For me may sink or swim

Verse 9b

For fools will prate o' right or wrang While knaves laugh them to scorn But the Soger's friends hae blawn the best So he shall bear the horn

Verse 10a

Then whisky Jean spak owre her drink Ye weel ken kimmers a' The auld gudeman o' London court His back's been at the wa'

Verse 10b

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup Is now a fremit wight But it's ne'er be said o' whisky Jean We'll send the Border Knight

Verse 11a

Then slaw raise Marjory o' the Lochs And wrinkled was her brow Her ancient weed was russet gray Her auld Scots bluid was true

Verse 11b

There's some great folk set light by me I set as light by them But I will send to London town Wham I like best at hame

Verse 12a

Sae how this mighty plea may end Nae mortal wight can tell God grant the King and ilka man May look weel to himsel