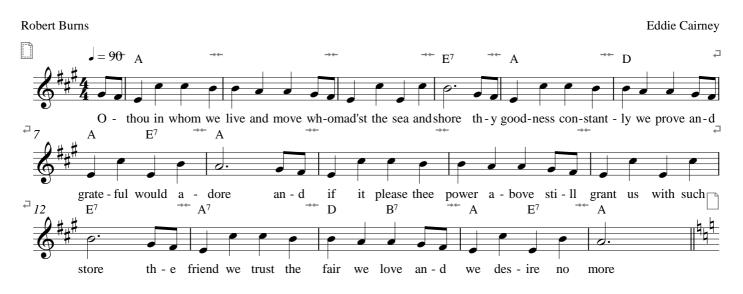
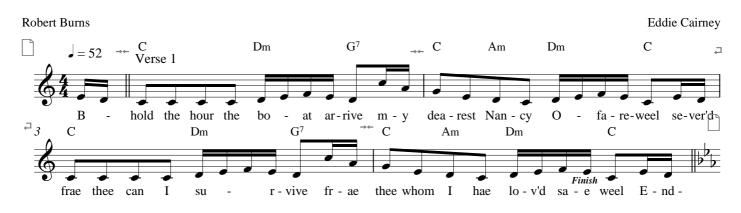
Burns Revisited Volume 65

- 1. A grace after dinner
- 2. Behold the hour
- 3. I do confess thou art sae fair
- 4. The weary pund o' tow
- 5. My collier laddie
- 6. Sic a wife as Willie had
- 7. Lady Mary Ann
- 8. Kellyburn Braes
- 9. O can ye labour lea
- 10. The deuks dang o'er my daddie

A Grace after dinner



Behold the hour



Verse 2

Endless and deep shall be my grief Nae ray of comfort shall I see But this most precious dear belief That thou wilt still remember me

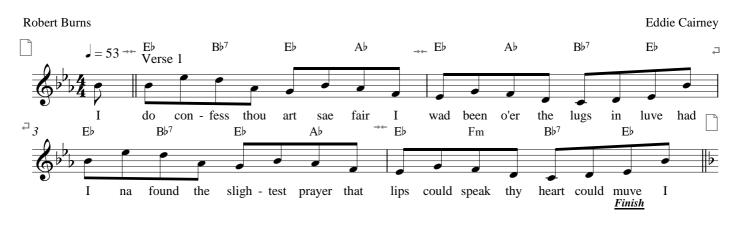
Verse 3

Alang the solitary shore Where flitting sea fowl round me cry Across the rolling dashing roar I'll westward turn my wishful eye

Verse 4

Happy thou Indian grove I'll say Where now my Nancy's path shall be While thro' your sweets she holds her way O tell me does she muse on me

I do confess thou art sae fair



Verse 2

I do confess thee sweet but find Thou art so thriftless o' thy sweets Thy favours are the silly wind That kisses ilka thing it meets

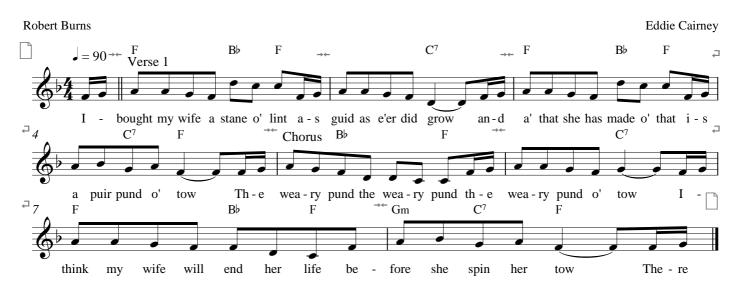
Verse 3

See yonder rosebud rich in dew Amang its native briers sae coy How sune it tines its scent and hue When pu'd and worn a common toy

Verse 4

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile And sune thou shalt be thrown aside Like ony common weed and vile

The wary pund o' tow



Verse 2

There sat a bottle in a bole Beyont the ingle low And aye she took the tither souk To drouk the stourie tow

Chorus

Verse 3

Quoth I For shame ye dirty dame Gae spin your tap o' tow She took the rock and wi' a knock She brak it o'er my pow

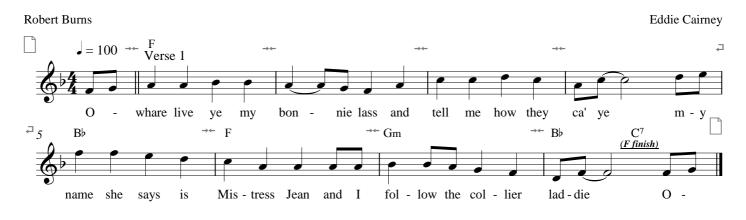
Chorus

Verse 4

At last her feet I sang to see't Gaed foremost o'er the knowe And or I wad anither jad I'll wallop in a tow

Chorus

My Collier Laddie



Verse 2

See you not yon hills and dales The sun shines on sae brawlie They a' are mine and they shall be thine Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie

Verse 3

Ye shall gang in gay attire Weel buskit up sae gaudy And ane to wait on every hand Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie

Verse 4

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on And the earth conceals sae lowly I wad turn my back on you and it a' And embrace my Collier laddie

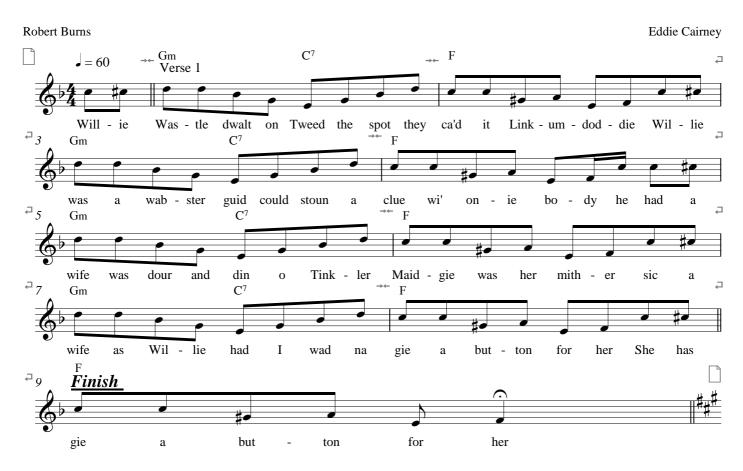
Verse 5

I can win my five pennies in a day An' spen't at night fu' brawlie And make my bed in the collier's neuk And lie down wi' my Collier laddie

Verse 6

Love for love is the bargain for me Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me And the warld before me to win my bread And fair fa' my Collier laddie

Sic a wife as Willie had



Verse 2

She has an e'e she has but ane The cat has twa the very colour Five rusty teeth forbye a stump A clapper tongue wad deave a miller A whiskin beard about her mou' Her nose and chin they threaten ither Sic a wife as Willie had I wadna gie a button for her

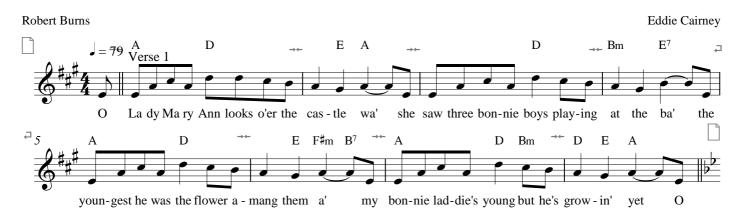
Verse 3

She's bow hough'd she's hein shin'd Ae limpin leg a hand breed shorter She's twisted right she's twisted left To balance fair in ilka quarter She has a lump upon her breast The twin o' that upon her shouther Sic a wife as Willie had I wadna gie a button for her

Verse 4

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits An' wi' her loof her face a washin But Willie's wife is nae sae trig She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion Her walie nieves like midden creels Her face wad fyle the Logan Water Sic a wife as Willie had I wadna gie a button for her

Lady Mary Ann



Verse 2

O father O father an ye think it fit We'll send him a year to the college yet We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat And that will let them ken he's to marry yet

Verse 3

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet

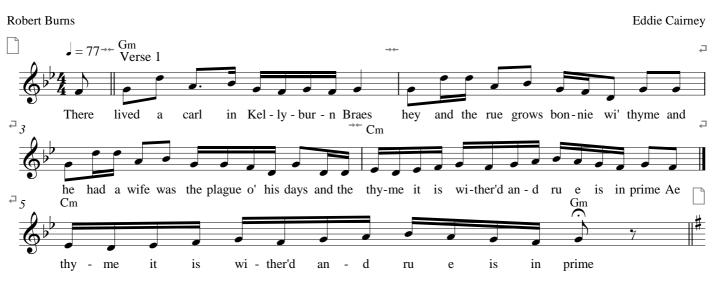
Verse 4

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik Bonie and bloomin' and straught was its make The sun took delight to shine for its sake And it will be the brag o' the forest yet

Verse 5

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green And the days are awa' that we hae seen But far better days I trust will come again For my bonie laddie's young but he's growin' yet

Kellyburn Braes



Verse 2

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme He met with the Devil says How do you fen And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 3

I've got a bad wife sir that's a' my complaint Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme For savin your presence to her ye're a saint And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 4

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme But gie me your wife man for her I must have And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 5

O welcome most kindly the blythe carl said Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 6

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 7

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan door Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme Syne bade her gae in for a bitch and a whore And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 8

Then straight he makes fifty the pick o' his band Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 9

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 10

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa' Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme O help maister help or she'll ruin us a' And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 11

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme He pitied the man that was tied to a wife And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 12

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme He was not in wedlock thank Heav'n but in hell And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

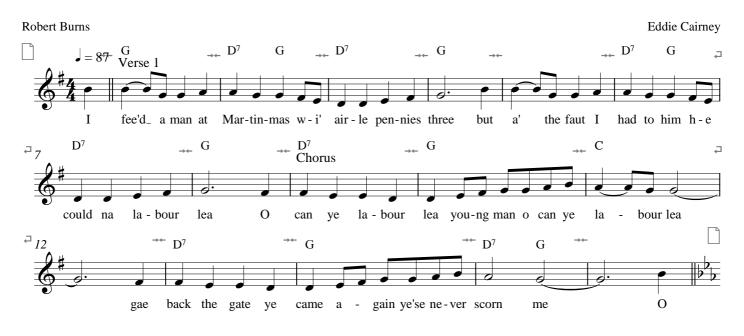
Verse 13

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme And to her auld husband he's carried her back And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 14

I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

O can ye labour lea



Verse 2

O clappin's gude in Febarwar An' kissin's sweet in May But my delight's the ploughman lad That weel can labour lea O can ye labour lea &c

Chorus

Verse 3 O kissin is the key o' luve And clappin' is the lock An' makin' o's the best thing yet That e'er a young thing gat O can ye labour lea &c

Chorus

The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie

Robert Burns Eddie Cairney ו ۵ • = 79 → Eb →← Th - e m - y dad - die wi' an u - n - c - o shout th - e deuks dang o'er bairns gat out 0 the ₽3 ۵ Eþ →← Fm Bþ7 B♭7 CmE♭ CmA۶ wa-s but a pa-d-li-n' bofei-nt m-a ca-re quo the feir-rie au-ld wi-fe h-e dy o h - e ₽5 J **B**♭⁷ Bþ7 $\rightarrow \leftarrow$ Fm CmE♭ CmE♭ A۶ • . • • • . dles ou - t and he pai dles i - n an' he pai pai dles la - te an - d ear ly o _ thi - s _ 7 Fm Aþ Bþ7 Eþ CmBþ7 Aþ E♭ he is but a fus-ion-se-ss car-lie 0 0 se-ven la-ng yea-rs I hae li-en by his si-de a - n

Verse 2

O haud your tongue my ferrie auld wife O haud your tongue now Nansie O I've seen the day and sae hae ye Ye wad na been sae donsie O I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose And cuddl'd me late and early O But downa do's come o'er me now And och I find it sairly O