

# Burns Revisited Volume 85

1. Guid ale keeps the heart aboon
2. O steer her up an' haud her gaun
3. The lass o' Ecclefechan
4. O lassie art thou sleeping yet
5. I'll aye ca' in by yon town
6. O' wat ye wha's in yon town
7. Ballads on Mr Heron's Election 1795
8. Ballad second - election day
9. Ballad third - John Bushby's lamentation
10. Heron election ballad fourth

# Guid ale keeps the heart aboon

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120 D

Verse 1

I had sax ow-sen in a pleugh and they drew a' weel e - neugh I sald them a' just ane by ane

7 D A D Chorus D+ G A7

guid ale keeps the heart a - boon O guid ale comes and guid ale goes guid ale gars me sell my

12 D A7 D B7 E7 A7 D

hose sell my hose and pawn my shoon guid ale keeps my heart a - boon

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff is labeled 'Verse 1' and contains the lyrics 'I had sax ow-sen in a pleugh and they drew a' weel e - neugh I sald them a' just ane by ane'. The second staff is labeled 'Chorus' and contains the lyrics 'guid ale keeps the heart a - boon O guid ale comes and guid ale goes guid ale gars me sell my'. The third staff contains the lyrics 'hose sell my hose and pawn my shoon guid ale keeps my heart a - boon'. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: G, D, G, D, G, D, G, D, A, D, D+, G, A7, D, A7, D, B7, E7, A7, D. A repeat sign is at the end of the first staff, and a double bar line is at the end of the third staff.

## Verse 2

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy  
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie  
 Stand i' the stool when I hae dune  
 Guid ale keeps the heart aboon

## Chorus

# O steer her up an' haud her gaun

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 152

17 Verse 1 G Verse 1 → → → → → E → → Am → →

O steer her u - p an' hau - d he - r gaun her mith - er's at the mill jo

25 → → → → → D7 → → G → → D → →

an' gin she wi - na ta - k a - man e'en let her ta - k her will jo

33 G → → → → → E → → Am → →

first shore her wi - a ge - n - t - le kiss and ca' a - ni - ther gill

40 → → → → → G → → D7 → → G → →

jo an' gin she ta - k the thing a - miss e'en let her flyte her fill jo

## Verse 2

O steer her up and be na blate  
 An' gin she tak it ill jo  
 Then leave the lassie till her fate  
 And time nae langer spill jo  
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute  
 But think upon it still jo  
 That gin the lassie winna do't  
 Ye'll find anither will jo

# The Lass O' Ecclefechan

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

49 Verse 1

B $\flat$  F F $^7$

Gat ye me o gat ye me o gat ye me wi' nae thing\_ rock an' reel an' spin - ning wheel a

52 B $\flat$  F

mick - le quar - ter bas - in bye at - tour my gut - cher has a heich house and a laigh ane

55 F $^7$  B $\flat$

a' for - bye my bon - nie sel' the toss o' Ecc - le - fech - an

## Verse 2

O haud your tongue now Luckie Lang  
 O haud your tongue and jauner  
 I held the gate till you I met  
 Syne I began to wander  
 I tint my whistle and my sang  
 I tint my peace and pleasure  
 But your green graff now Luckie Lang  
 Wad airt me to my treasure

# O lassie art thou sleeping yet

## His Request

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 <sup>E♭</sup> Verse 1

O las - sie ar - t tho-u slee-ping yet or art thou wak-in' I wad wid for love has bou-nd m-e  
 hand an' fit and I would fain be in jo O - let me i - n this ae night this ae  
 æ ae night fo - r pi - ty sa-ke this ae night o - rise and let me i - n jo Thou

**Verse 2**

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet  
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet  
 Tak pity on my weary feet  
 And shield me frae the rain jo

**Verse 3**

The bitter blast that round me blows  
 Unheeded howls unheeded fa's  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my care and pine jo

## Her Answer

♩ = 100 <sup>E♭</sup> Verse 1

O tell na me o' wind an' rain up - braid na me wi' cauld dis-dain gae back th - e gate y - e  
 cam a - gain I - win na let ye in jo I - tel you no - w this ae night this ae  
 ae ae night an - d ance for a' - this ae night I - win - na let ye i - n jo The

**Verse 2**

The snellest blast at mirkest hours  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours  
 Is nocht to what poor she endures  
 That's trusted faithless man jo

**Verse 3**

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed  
 Let simple maid the lesson read  
 The weird may be her ain jo

**Verse 4**

The bird that charm'd his summer day  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey  
 Let that to witless woman say  
 How aft her fate's the same jo

# I'll aye ca' in by yon town

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

Verse 1

There's nane sall ken there's nane sall guess what brings me back the gate a - gain but  
 she my fair - est faith - fu' lass and stown - lins we sall meet a - gain I'll

Chorus

aye ca' in by yon town and by yon gar - den green a - gain I'll  
 aye ca' in by yon town and see my bon - nie Jean a - gain She'll

## Verse 2

She'll wander by the aiken tree  
 When trystin' time draws near again  
 And when her lovely form I see  
 O haith she's doubly dear again

## Chorus

# O wat ye wha's in yon town

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87

Verse 1

G D7 G D7

Now hap - ly down yon gay green shaw she wan - ers by yon sprea - ding tree how blest ye

4 G D7 C D7 G Chorus G D7 G

flow - ers that round her blaw ye catch the glan - ces o' her e'e O wat ye wha's in yontown ye

10 Am D7 G Bm Am D7

see the e'e - nin' sun u - pon the dea - rest maid's in yo - n

13 G B7 Em A7 D7

town that e'e - ning sun is shin - ing on O blest ye

**Verse 2.**

How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And welcome in the blooming year!  
 And doubly welcome be the Spring,  
 The season to my Jeanie dear!

**Chorus****Verse 3.**

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,  
 Among the broomy braes sae green;  
 But my delight in yon town,  
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

**Chorus****Verse 4.**

Without my Love, not a' the charms  
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

**Chorus****Verse 5.**

My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
 Tho' raging Winter rent the air,  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

**Chorus****Verse 6.**

O, sweet is she in yon town  
 The sinkin sun's gane down upon!  
 A fairer than's in yon town  
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

**Chorus****Verse 7.**

If angry Fate be sworn my foe,  
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,  
 I'd careless quit aught else below,  
 But spare, O, spare me Jeanie dear!

**Chorus****Verse 8.**

For, while life's dearest blood is warm,  
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,  
 And she, as fairest is her form,  
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

**Chorus**

# Ballads on Mr Heron's Election 1795

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 Verse 1

Wham will we send to Lon-don town to Par - lia-ment and a' that or who in a' the coun-try roun' the  
 best des-erves to fa' that for a' - that an' a - that thro' Gal - low-ay and a' that where  
 is the laird or bel - ted knight thay best des - erves to fa' that Wha

**Verse 2**

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett  
 And wha is't never saw that  
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met  
 And had a doubt of a' that  
 For a' that and a' that  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that  
 The independent patriot  
 The honest man and a' that

**Verse 3**

Tho' wit and worth in either sex  
 Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that  
 Wi' Lords and Dukes let Selkirk mix  
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that  
 For a' that and a' that  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that  
 An independent commoner  
 Shall be the man for a' that

**Verse 4**

But why should we to Nobles jeuk  
 And it against the law that  
 And even a Lord may be a gowk  
 Wi' ribban star and a' that  
 For a' that and a' that  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that  
 A Lord may be a lousy loon  
 Wi' ribban star and a' that

**Verse 5**

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills  
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that  
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels  
 A man we ken and a' that  
 For a' that and a' that  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that  
 We are na to be bought and sold  
 Like nowte and naigs and a' that

**Verse 6**

Then let us drink ' The Stewartry  
 Kerroughtree's laird and a' that  
 Our representative to be'  
 For weel he's worthy a' that  
 For a' that and a' that  
 Here's Heron yet for a' that  
 A House of Commons such as he  
 They wad be blest that saw that

# Ballad second election day

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 *Em* Verse 1 →→ →→ *Am* →→ →→ *D7* ↻

Fy let us a' to Kirk-cud bright for there will be bick-er-in' there for Mur-ray's light horse are to  
 6 mus-ter and o how the her-oes will swear and there will be Mur ray com-man-der and  
 11 Gor - don the bat - tle to win like broth - ers they'll stand by each  
 14 oth - er sae knit in al - li - ance and kin and  
 17 *Last two lines* he foun - der'd his horse a - mong har - lots but gied the auld  
 20 naig to the Lord but gied the auld naig to the lord

**Verse 2**

And there will be black nebbit Johnie  
 The tongue o' the trump to them a'  
 An he get na Hell for his haddin'  
 The Deil gets na justice ava  
 And there will be Kempleton's birkie  
 A boy no sae black at the bane  
 But as to his fine Nabob fortune  
 We'll e'en let the subject alane

**Verse 3**

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff  
 Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped  
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby  
 But Lord what's become o' the head  
 And there will be Cardoness Esquire  
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes  
 A wight that will weather damnation  
 The Devil the prey will despise

**Verse 4**

And there will be Douglasses doughty  
 New christening towns far and near  
 Abjuring their democrat doings  
 By kissin' the o' a Peer  
 And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's  
 A house o' great merit and note  
 The deil ane but honours them highly  
 The deil ane will gie them his vote

**Verse 5**

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous  
 Whose honour is proof to the storm  
 To save them from stark reprobation  
 He lent them his name in the Firm  
 And there will be lads o' the gospel  
 Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true  
 And there will be Buittle's Apostle  
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue

**Verse 6**

And there will be Logan M'Dowall  
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there  
 And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway  
 Sogering gunpowder Blair  
 But we winna mention Redcastle  
 The body e'en let him escape  
 He'd venture the gallows for siller  
 An' twere na the cost o' the rape

**Verse 7**

And there is the Doggerbank hero  
 That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk  
 Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel  
 The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk  
 And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant  
 Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return  
 The birkie is gettin' his Questions  
 To say in Saint Stephen's the morn

**Verse 8**

But mark ye there's trusty Kerroughtree  
 Whose honor was ever his law  
 If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel  
 His worth might be sample for a'  
 And strang an' respectfu' his backing  
 The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand  
 Nae gipsylike nominal barons  
 Wha's property's papernot land

**Verse 9**

And there frae the Niddisdale borders  
 The Maxwells will gather in droves  
 Tough Jockie staunch Geordie an' Wellwood  
 That griens for the fishes and loaves  
 And there will be Heron the Major  
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys  
 Our flattery we'll keep for some other  
 Him only it's justice to praise

**Verse 10**

And there will be maiden Kilkerran  
 And also Barskimming's gude Knight  
 And there will be roarin' Birtwhistle  
 Yet luckily roars i' the right  
 And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie  
 Tak tent how ye purchase a dram  
 And there will be gay Cassencarry  
 And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam

**Verse 11**

And there'll be wealthy young Richard  
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck  
 For prodigal thriftless bestowing  
 His merit had won him respect  
 And there will be rich brother nabobs  
 Tho' Nabobs yet men not the worst  
 And there will be Collieston's whiskers  
 And Quintina lad o' the first

**Verse 12**

Then hey the chaste Interest o' Broughton  
 And hey for the blessin's 'twill bring  
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons  
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king  
 And hey for the sanctified Murray  
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd  
 He founder'd his horse among harlots  
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord

# Ballad third John Bushby's Lamentation

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90  
24 Verse 1a

C → F → C → Dm

'Twas in the sev - en - teen hund - red year o' grace and nine - ty five that year I was the

29 Verse 1b

F → F<sup>13</sup> → G<sup>7</sup> → C

wae - 'est man of on - ie man a - live In March the three an' twen - ti - eth morn the

34

F → C → Dm → Am → Dm → G<sup>7</sup> → C

sun raise clear an' bright but o I was a wae - fu' man ere to fa' o' the night

**Verse 2a**

Earl Galloway lang did rule this land  
Wi' equal right and fame  
Fast knit in chaste and holy bands  
With Broughton's noble name

**Verse 2b**

Earl Galloway's man o' men was I  
And chief o' Broughton's host  
So two blind beggars on a string  
The faithfu' tyke will trust

**Verse 3a**

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke  
And Broughton's wi' the slain  
And I my ancient craft may try  
Sin' honesty is gane

**Verse 3b**

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee  
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers  
The Stewart and the Murray there  
Did muster a' their powers

**Verse 4a**

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud  
Wi' winged spurs did ride  
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade  
He staw upon Nidside

**Verse 4b**

An' there had na been the Yerl himsel  
O there had been nae play  
But Garlies was to London gane  
And sae the kye might stray

**Verse 5a**

And there was Balmaghie I ween -  
In front rank he wad shine  
But Balmaghie had better been  
Drinkin' Madeira wine

**Verse 5b**

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid  
A chief o' doughty deed  
In case that worth should wanted be  
O' Kenmure we had need

**Verse 6a**

And by our banners march'd Muirhead  
And Buittle was na slack  
Whase haly priesthood nane could stain  
For wha could dye the black

**Verse 6b**

And there was grave Squire Cardoness  
Look'd on till a' was done  
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness  
A howlet sits at noon

**Verse 7a**

And there led I the Bushby clan  
My gamesome billie Will  
And my son Maitland wise as brave  
My footsteps follow'd still

**Verse 7b**

The Douglas and the Heron's name  
We set nought to their score  
The Douglas and the Heron's name  
Had felt our weight before

**Verse 8a**

But Douglasses o' weight had we  
The pair o' lusty lairds  
For building cot houses sae fam'd  
And christenin kail-yards

**Verse 8b**

And then Redcastle drew his sword  
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore  
Save on a wand'rer lame and blind  
To drive him frae his door

**Verse 9a**

At last cam creepin Collieston  
Was mair in fear than wrath  
Ae knave was constant in his mind -  
To keep that knave frae scaith

# Heron Election Ballad Fourth

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100  
40

Verse 1

Wha will buy my trog - gin fine e - lect-ion ware brok-en trade o' Brough-ton a' in high re - pair

44

here's a nob - le Ear - l's fame and high re - nown for an auld sang it's thought the gudes were stown

48

Chorus

Buy braw trog - gin frae the banks o' Dee wha wants trog gin let him come to me

Chords: F, Dm, Gm, F, Gm, C7, F, A7, D7, Gm, D7, Gm, Bb, C7, F, Bb, C, F

## Verse 2

Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's e'e  
 Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie  
 Here's its stuff and lining Cardoness' head  
 Fine for a soger a' the wale o' lead

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Here's a little wadset Buittle's scrap o' truth  
 Pawn'd in a ginshop quenching holy drouth  
 Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn  
 Frae the downs o' Tinwald so was never worn

## Chorus

## Verse 4

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr  
 The crest a sour crab apple rotten at the core  
 Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast  
 By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost

## Chorus

## Verse 5

Here is Satan's picture like a bizzard gled  
 Pouncing poor Redcastle sprawlin' like a taed  
 Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names  
 Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes

## Chorus

## Verse 6

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands  
 Gifted by black Jock to get them aff his hands  
 Saw ye e'er sic troggin if to buy ye're slack  
 Hornie's turnin chapman he'll buy a' the pack

## Chorus