

# Burns Revisited Volume 19

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# The Wren's nest

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

The Rob - in ca - m to the Wren's nest and kee - kit in and kee - kit in o weel's me

Verse 2

on your aul - d pow wad ye be in wad ye be in Ye'se ne'er get

leave to lie with - out and I with - in and I with - in sae lang's I

hae an au - ld clout to row ye in to row ye in

# The tailor fell thro' the bed

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

Verse 1

Ab Bb Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Bb Eb Bb7

8 Ab Bb Eb Bb Eb Ab Bb Eb

15 Bb7 Eb F9 Refrain Bb7 Eb F9

23 Bb7 Eb Ab F9 Bb7 rit.

The tai - lor fell thro' th-e be - d thim-ble an' a' the tai - lor fell thro' th-e bed thim-ble an'  
 a' the blan - kets were thin and the she-ets the - y were sma the tai - lor fell thro' th-e  
 bed thim-ble an' a' Gie me the goat a gain can - nie youngman gie me the goat a gain  
 can - nie youngman the day it is short and the night is lang the dear-est sil-ler that ev-er I wan the

## Verse 2

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill  
 The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill  
 The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still  
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill

## Refrain

## Verse 3

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane  
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane  
 There's some that are dowie I trow wad be fain  
 To see the bit tailor come skippin again

# The Rowin 'T in her apron

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 → C F C → G<sup>7</sup> C ↻

Verses 1-7

↻ 3 F C → G<sup>7</sup> C ↻

↻ 5 G Refrain → ↻

↻ 7 → G<sup>7</sup> ↻

Ou - r young la - dy's a - hun - tin gane sheets nor blan - kets has she - ta'en but she's  
 born her auld son or she cam hame and she's row - 'd hi - m in her a - p - ron he - r  
 fa - ther says wi - in the ha' a - mong the knights an - d no - bles a' I -  
 think I hear a - bab - ie ca' in the cham - ber a - mong our young la - dies O -

**Verse 1**

Our young lady's a huntin gane  
 Sheets nor blankets has she ta'en  
 But she's born her auld son or she cam hame  
 And she's row'd him in her apron

**Verse 2**

Her apron was o' the hollan fine  
 Laid about wi' laces nine  
 She thought it a pity her babie should tyne  
 And she's row'd him in her apron

**Verse 3**

Her apron was o' the hollan sma'  
 Laid about wi' laces a'  
 She thought it a pity her babie to let fa'  
 And she's row'd him in her apron

**Refrain**

Her father says within the ha'  
 Among the knights and nobles a'  
 I think I hear a babie ca'  
 In the camber among our young ladies

**Verse 4**

O father dear it is a bairn  
 I hope it will do you nae harm  
 For the laddie I lo'ed and he'll lo'e me again  
 For the rowin 't in my apron

**Verse 5**

O is he a gentleman or is a clown  
 That has brought thy fair body down  
 I would not for a' this town  
 The rowin 't in my apron

**Verse 6**

Young Terreagles he's nae clown  
 He is the toss of Edinborrow town  
 And he'll buy me a brow new gown  
 For the rowin 't in my apron

**Verse 7**

It's I hae castles I hae towers  
 I hae barns and I hae bowers  
 A' that is mine it shall be thine  
 For the rowin 't in my apron

# Geordie an old ballad

5

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 105 **F** Verse 1

There was a bat-tle in the north and the no-b-les there wa-s ma - ny and they\_ hae kill'd Sir

6 **C** Chorus 1

Char-lie Hay and they laid th - e wyte o - n Geo - r - die O he has writ-ten a lang let - ter he

11 **Bb** **Bb** **Bb** **C**

sent it to his la - dy ye maun cum up to En-brugh town to see\_ that words o' Geor - die when

## Verse 2

When first she look'd the letter on  
She was baith red and rosy  
But she had na read a word but twa  
Till she wallow't like a lily

## Chorus 2

Gar get to me my guid grey steed  
My menzie a' gae wi' me  
For I shall neither eat nor drink  
Till Enbrugh town shall see me

## Verse 3

And she has mountit her guid grey steed  
Her menzie a' gaed wi' her  
And she did neither eat nor drink  
Till Enbrugh town did see her

## Chorus 3

And first appear'd the fatal block  
And syne the aix to head him  
And Geordie cumin down the stair  
And bands o' airn upon him

## Verse 4

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang  
O' airn and steel sae heavy  
There was na ane in a' the court  
Sae bra' a man as Geordie

## Chorus 4

O she's down on her bended knee  
I wat she's pale and weary  
O pardon pardon noble king  
And gie me back my Dearie

## Verse 5

I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear  
The seventh ne'er sawhis daddie  
O pardon pardon noble king pity a waefu' lady

## Chorus 5

Gar bid the headin' man mak haste  
Our king reply'd fu' lordly  
O noble king tak a' that 's mine  
But gie me back my Geordie

## Verse 6

The Gordons cam and the Gordons ran  
And they were sturk and steady  
And ay the word among them a'  
Was Gordons keep you ready

## Chorus 6

An aged lord at the king's right hand  
Says 'noble king but hear me  
Gar her tell down five thousand pound  
And gie her back her Dearie'

## Verse 7

Some gae her marks some gae her crowns  
Some gae her dollars many  
And whe's tell'd down five thousand pound  
And she's gotten again her Dearie

## Chorus 7

She blinkit blithe in her Geordie's face  
Say 'dear I've bought thee Geordie'  
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green  
Or I had tint my laddie

## Verse 8

He claspit her by the middle sma'  
And he kist her lips sae rosy  
The fairest flower o' womankind  
Is my sweet bonnie Lady

# Cauld frosty morning

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80  
Am  
Verse 1

17 D<sup>7</sup> Dm G<sup>7</sup> Am

Twas past ane o' clo-ck in a cau-ld fros-ty mor-ning when can-kert Nov - em-ber blows o - ver the plain

23 D<sup>7</sup> Dm G<sup>7</sup> Am

I - heard the ki-rk bell re - peat the lo-ud war-ning as rest-less I sought for sweet slum - ber in vain

29 F Dm/G G<sup>6</sup>/C Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Fmaj<sup>7</sup>/D

then up I a-rose the sil-ver moon shin-ing bright\_\_\_ moun-tains and val leys a -

35 Cmaj<sup>7</sup> F Dm/G C(sus<sup>2</sup>)

pear-ing\_\_\_ all hoa - ry white\_\_\_ forth I would go a - mid the pale

40 Fmaj<sup>7</sup>/D Am

sil - ent night to vis - it the fair one the cau - se of my pain

## Verse 2

Sae gently I staw to my lovely maid's chamber  
 And rapp'd at her window low down on my knee  
 Begging that she would awauk from sweet slumber  
 Awauk from sweet slumber and pity me  
 For that a stranger to a' pleasure peace and rest  
 Love into madness had fired my tortur'd breast  
 And that I should be of a' men the maist unblest  
 Unless she would pity my sad miserie

## Verse 3

My true love arose and whispered to me  
 The moon looked in and envy'd my love's charms  
 An innocent maiden ah would you undo me  
 I made no reply but leapt into her arms  
 Bright Phoebus peep'd over the hills and found me there  
 As he has done now seven lang years and mair  
 A faithfuller constanter kinder more loving pair  
 His sweet chearing beam nor enlightens nor warms

# The Ploughman

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1&2

The plough - man he's a bon - nie lad his mind is e - ver true - jo his  
plough - man he comeshame at e'en he's af - ten wat and wea - ry cast

5

Chorus

gar - ters knit be - low his knee his bon - net it is blue jo my dea - rie The - n up wi't a' my  
off the wat put on the dry and gae to bed my

11

plough - man lad and hey my mer ry plough - man of a' the trades that I do ken com mend me to the plough - man

## Verse 3

I will wash my ploughman's hose  
And I will dress his o'erlay  
I will mak my ploughman's bed  
And cheer him late and early

## Verse 4

I hae been east I hae been west  
I hae been at Saint Johnston  
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw  
Was the ploughman laddie dancing

## Chorus

## Verse 5

Snaw white stockings on his legs  
And siller buckles glancing  
A guid blue bonnet on his head  
And O but he was handsome

## Verse 6

Commend me to the barn yard  
And the corn mou man  
I never got my coggie fou  
Till I met wi' the ploughman

## Chorus

# The Ploughman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 88

Verse 1&2

G D → G D → G D

The plough-man he's a bon-nie lad his mi-nd is e-ver true jo his gar-ters knit be-low his knee his  
plough-man he comes hame at e'en he's a - te-n wat and wea-ry cast off the wat put on the dry and

4 G D G → D7 Chorus G → C C D

bo - net is blue jo my up wi't a' my plough-man lad and he - y my me - ry plough man\_ of  
ga - e t - o bed my dear - ie then

7 G → C G

a' the trades that I do ken com - men - d m - e to the plough-man

## Verse 3

I will wash my ploughman's hose  
And I will dress his o'erlay  
I will mak my ploughman's bed  
And cheer him late and early

## Verse 4

I hae been east I hae been west  
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A guid blue bonnet on his head  
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Commend me to the barn yard  
And the corn mou man  
I never got my coggie fou  
Till I met wi' the ploughman

## Chorus



# To Miss Isabella MacLeod

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100+ Db Cm Fm

The crim - son blos - som charms the bee the sum - mer sun the swal - low so dear

5 Bbm Eb Ab C7

this - tune - ful gift to me from love - ly Is - a - bel - la her

10 Finish (verse 3) Ab C7 Db Fm

the love - ly Is - a - bel - la **rall.** . . . . .

**Verse 2**  
Her portrait fair upon my mind  
Revolving time shall mellow  
And mem'ry latest effort find  
The lovely Isabella

**Verse 3**  
No bard nor lover's rapture this  
In fancies vain and shallow  
She is so come my soul to bliss  
The lovely Isabella

# O'er the water to Charlie

Robert Burns

Robert Burns

♩ = 80

17 Verse 1 C D<sup>7</sup> G C

Come boat me o'er come row me o'er come boat me o'er to Char lie\_\_\_ I'll gie John Ross an - ith-er baw bee

20 Chorus C F G

to boat me o'er to Char lie\_\_\_ we-ll o'er th-e wat-er we'll o' - er the sea we'll o' - er the wa - ter to Char-lie co-me

23 F C

weel co - me woe we - 'll gath-er an - d go and li - ve an - d di - e w - i' Char - lie

## Verse 2

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name  
 Tho' some there be abhor him  
 But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame  
 And Charlie's faes before him

## Chorus

## Verse 3

I swear and vow by moon and stars  
 And sun that shines so early  
 If I had twenty thousand lives  
 I'd die as aft for Charlie

## Chorus

# The Rantin Laddie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70 →← Eb  
Verse 1 Fm →← Bb7 Eb ↻

Af ten hae I play'd at the cards and the dice for the love of a bon-nie ran-tin lad - die but now

♩ 3 Fm →← Bb7 Eb →← Bb  
Chorus ↻

I maun sit in my fath-er's kit-chen neuk and bal - ou a bas-ta-rd ba-bie For my fath-er he will not m-e own and my

♩ 6 F →← Bb ↻ F Bb7 ↻

mo - th-er she ne-glects me and a' my friends ha-e light-li-ed me and their ser-vants they do slight me but had

## Verse 2

But had I a servant at my command  
As aft times I've had many  
That wad rin wi' a letter to bonnie Glenswood  
Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie

## Chorus 2

O is he either a laird or a lord  
Or is he but a cadie  
That ye do him ca' sae aften by name  
Your bonnie bonnie rantin laddie

## Verse 3

Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord  
And he never was a cadie  
But he is the Earl o' bonnie Aboyne  
And he is my rantin laddie

## Chorus 3

O ye'se get a servant at your command  
As aft times ye've had many  
That sall rin wi' a letter to bonnie Glenswood  
A letter to your rantin laddie

## Verse 4

When Lord Aboyne did the letter get  
O but he blinket bonnie  
But or he had read three lines of it  
I think his heart was sorry

## Chorus 4

O wha is he daur be sae bauld  
Sae cruelly to use my lassie  
For her father he will not her know  
And her mother she does slight her

## Verse 5

Go raise to me my five hundred men  
Make haste and make them ready  
With a milk white steed under every ane  
For to bring hame my lady

## Chorus 5

As they came in through Buchan shire  
They were a company bonnie  
With a guid claymore in every hand  
And O but they shin'd bonnie