

Burns Revisited Volume 20

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The Shepherd's Wife

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩. = 75 E_b Chorus A_b B_b^7 E_b

1 The shep-herd's wi-fe cries o'er the knowe will ye come ha me will ye come hame the shep-herd's wi-fe cries

5 A_b B_b^7 E_b Verse 1 E_b A_b B_b^7

o'er the knowe will ye come ha-me a-gain e'en jo o' what will ye gie me to my sup-per gin I - come hame gin

11 E_b A_b B_b^7 E_b Refrain E_b

I come hame o what will ye gie me to my sup-per gin I come ha-me a - gain e'en jo the Ha ha how that's

17 A_b E_b B_b E_b

nae - thing that dow I win - na come hame I can - na come hame

20 E_b A_b E_b B_b E_b

Ha ha how that's nae-thing that dow I win - na come hame gin e'en jo

Verse 2

Ye'se get a pan fu' o' plumpin parridge
And butter in them and butter in them
Ye'se get a panfu' o' plumpin parridge
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en jo

Refrain

Chorus

Verse 4

A reekin fat hen weel fryth'd I' the pan
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A reekin fat hen weel fryth'd I' the pan
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame

Refrain

Chorus

Verse 5

A weel made bed and a pair o' clean sheets
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A weel made bed and a pair o' clean sheets
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en jo

Refrain

Chorus

Verse 6

A luving wife in lily white linens
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A luving wife in lily white linens
Gin ye'll come hame again een jo

Refrain

Chorus

Verse 7

Ha ha how that's something that dow
I will come hame I will come hame
Ha ha how that's something that dow
I will come hame again e'en jo

Refrain

To Captain Gordon

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Dost ask dear Cap-tain why from Syme I have no in - vit - at - ion when well he knows he has with him my
first friends in the nat - ion it is be-cause I love to toast and round the bot - tle hurl no
there con - jec - ture wild is lost for Syme by God's no churl is't

Verse 2

Is't lest with bawdy jests I bore
As oft the matter of fact is
No Syme the theory can't abhor
Who loves so well the practice
Is it a fear I should avow
Some heresy sceticious
No Syme but this is entre nous
Is quite an old Tiresias

Verse 3

In vain conjecture thus would flit
Thro' mental clime and season
In short dear Captain Syme's wit
Who asks of wits a reason
Yet must I still the sort deplore
That to my griefs adds one more
In balking me the social hour
With you and noble Kenmure

As I was a-wand'ring

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

Verse 1

As I was a-wand'ring ae mid-summer e'en - in the pip-ers and young-sters
 were mak-ing their game am-ang them I spyed my faith-less fause lu-ver which bled a' the wounds o' my
 dol-our a-gain weel since he has left me may plea-sure gae wi' him I may be dis-tress'd but I
 win-na com-plain I'll flat-ter my fan-cy I may get an-ith-er my
 hear it shall ne-ver be bro-ken for ane I

Chorus

Verse 2

I could na get sleepin till dawin for greetin
 The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain
 Had I na got greetin my heart wad a broken
 For O luve forsaken's a tormenting pain

Chorus**Verse 3**

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him

Chorus

The Reel O' Stumpie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

17 Verse 1

C F C Dm G7 C F

Wap and ro-we wa-p an-d rowe wap and rowe the fe-e-t-ie o't I thought I was a ma-i-de-n fair till I

20 Verse 2

C G7 C C F C Dm G7

heard the gr-e-ti-e o't my dad-die was a fid-d-le-r fine m-y Min nie she made ma-n-ti-e o and

23

C F C G7 C

I my-self a thu-m-pi-n quine an-d danc'd the re-el o' - Stum-pie O

Aye Waukin O

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Intro

Chorus

4

Verse

7

9

Ay - e wau - kin O

wau - kin still and wea - ry___ sleep I can get nane for think - ing on my dea - rie___

Sim - mer's a - ple - a - sa - nt ti - me flow - ers o - f eve - ry col - our the

wa - ter rin - s o' - er th - e heugh and I long for my tru - e lov - er

Chorus

Verse 2

When I sleep I dream
 When I wauk I'm eerie
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinkin' on my dearie

Chorus

Open the door to me O

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

$\text{♩} = 110$ C Dm C Dm

O op-en the door some pit-y to show if love it may na be O tho' thou hast been

10 Em Dm Am Am

false I'll ev - er prove true O op - en the door to me O cauld me O

Verse 2

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek
But caulder thy love for me O
The frost that freezes the life at my heart
Is nought to my pains frae thee O

Verse 3

The wan moon sets behind the white wave
And time is setting with me O
False friends false love farewell for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee O

Verse 4

She has open'd the door she has open'd it wide
She sees his pale corse on the plain O
My true love she cried and sank down by his side
Never to rise again O

My wife's a wanton wee thing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 110

Chorus

My wife's a wan-ton we-e thing m-y wife's a wan-ton we-e thing m-y wife's a wan-ton we-e

6 Am Dm G⁷ C Verse 1

thing sh - e win-na be gui-ded by me she - play'd the loon or she was mar - ri - ed

11 F G⁷ Dm

sh - e play'd the loon or she was mar - ried she play'd the loon or

14 G

she was mar - ried she'll do it a - gai - n o - r she die

Chorus

Verse 2

She sell'd her coat and she drank it
 She sell'd her coat and she drank it
 She row'd hersel in a blanket
 She winna be guided by me

Chorus

Verse 3

She mind't na when I forbade her
 She mind't na when I forbade her
 I took a rung and I claw'd her
 And a braw guid bairn was she

Chorus

Lord Gregory

9

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

O mirk mirk is this mid-night hour an-d loud the tem-pest's roar— a wae fu'wan er-er seeks thy tower Lo-rd

Greg-ory ope thy door_ an ex-ile frae her fath-er's ha' an-d a'for lov-ing thee_ at least some pit-y on me shaw i - f

love it may na be Lord Greg - or - y mind-'st thou not the grove by bon - nie Ir - wine side

where first I own'd that vir - gin love I lang lang had de - nied how

Verse 3

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine
And my fond heart itsel' sae true
It ne'er mistrusted thine

Verse 4

Hard is thy heart Lord Gregory
And flinty is thy breast
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by
O wilt thou give me rest

Refrain 2

Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see
But spare and pardon my false love
His wrangs to heaven and me

Verse 1

O mirk mirk is this midnight hour
And loud the tempest's roar
A wae fu' wanderer seeks thy tower
Lord Gregory open thy door

Lord Ronald my son

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95
G
Verse 1

O where hae ye been Lord Ron - ald m - y son o where hae ye
be - e - n Lord Ron - ald m - y son I hae been wi' my sweet-heart moth-er
ma - ke my bed soon for I'm wea - ry wi' the hun - ting and fain wad lie down

Verse 2

What got ye frae your sweetheart
Lord Ronald my son
What got ye frae your sweetheart
Lord Ronald my son
I hae got deadly poison mother
Make my bed soon
For life is a burden
That soon I'll lay down