

Burns Revisited Volume 21


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Guid Wallace

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

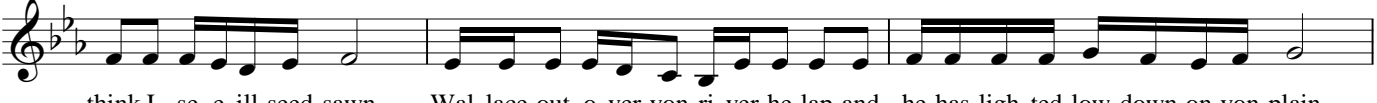
♩ = 80
Eb
Verse 1



O for my ain king quo' guid Wall ace the right-fu'king of fair Scot-land be tween me and my sove-reign bluid I


4 F Bb7 A♭ Eb Bb7 Eb

Chorus 1



think I se-e ill seed sawn Wal-lace out o-ver yon ri-ver he lap and he has ligh-ted low down on yon plain

7 F Bb7



and he was aw - are of a gay lad - ie as she was at the well wash-ing

Verse 2

What tydin what tydins fair lady he says
What dydins hast thou to tell unto me
What tydins what tydins fair lady he says
What tydins hae ye in the south coutrie

Chorus 2

Low down in yon wee Ostler house
There is fifteen Englishmen
And they are seekin for guid Wallace
It's him to take and him to hang

Verse 3

There's nocht in my purse quo guid Wallace
There's nocht not even a bare pennie
But I will down to yon wee Ostler house
Thir fifteen Englishmen to see

Chorus 3

And when he cam in to yon wee Ostler house
He bad benedicite be there
And when he cam in to yon wee Ostler house
He bad benedicite be there

Verse 4

Where was ye born auld crookit carl
Where was ye born in what coutrie
I am a true Scot born and bred
And in auld crookit carl just sic as ye see

Chorus 4

I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl
To onie crookit carl just sic as ye
If ye will get me guid Wallace
For he is the man I wad very fain see

Verse 5

He hit the proud captain along the chaft blade
That never a bit o' meal he ate mair
And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat
And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there

Chorus 5

Get up get up guidwife he says
And get to me some dinner in haste
For it will soon be three lang days
Sin I a bit o' meat did taste

Verse 6

The dinner was na weel readie
Nor was it on the table set
Till other fifteen Englishmen
Were a' lighted about the yett

Chorus 6

Come out come out now guid Wallace
This is the day that thou maun die
I lippen nae sae little to God he says
Altho' I be but ill wordie

Verse 7

The guidwife had an auld guidman
By guid Wallace he stiffly stood
Till ten o' the fifteen Englishmen
Before the door lay in their bluid

Chorus 7

The other five to the greenwood ran
And he hang'd these five upon a grain
And on the morn wi' his merry men a'
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town

Bessy and her spinning wheel

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 Verse 1&2

E^b A^b E^b F^m A^b

O - leeze me on my spin - in' wheel an - d leeze me on my ro - ch an - d reel frae
 set me down and sing and spin whi - le laigh de - cends the si - m - me - r sun blest

E^b A^b E^b B^b E^b E^b B^b E^b

tap to tae the cleeds me bein an - d haps me biel and warm at e'en I' - ll O - n
 wi' con - tent and milk and meal o - leeze me on my sin nin' wheel

E^b A^b E^b Cm F^m B^b7 Refrain 1

il - ka hand the bur - nies trot an - d meet be - low my thee - kit cot and

E^b A^b E^b F^m B^b7 E^b

scen - ted birk and haw thorn white a - cross the pool their arms u - nite a - like

Verse 3

Alike to screen the birdie's nest
 And little fishes caller rest
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel'
 Where blithe I turn my spinnin' wheel

Refrain 2

Wi sma' to sell and less to buy
 Aboon distress below envy
 O wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great

Verse 4

On lofty aiks the cushats wail
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes
 Delighted rival ither's lays

Verse 6

Amid their flairing idle toys
 Amid their cumbrous kinsome joys
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel

Verse 5

The draik amang the claver hay
 The pairtrick whirring o'er the ley
 The swallow jinkin' round my sheil
 Amuse my at my spinnin' wheel

Saw ye bonnie Lesley

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

10 $\text{♩} = 110$
Intro

Bass/C

Verse 1

O saw ye bon-nie Les-ley as she
see her is to lo-ve her and

15 $A\flat$

ga-ed o'er the bor der_ she's gane like Al-ex-a-n-der to spread her con-quests far-ther to
love but her for e-ver_ for nat-ure made her what she is and

19 $E\flat$ Chorus $A\flat$

ne-ver made an-i-ther Thou art a queen fair Les ley_ thy sub-jects we be-fore

24 $E\flat$ $C7$ Fm $B\flat7$ $E\flat$

thee thou art di-vine fair Les-ley the hearts o' men a-dore thee

Verse 3

The deil he could na scaith thee
Or aught that wad belang thee
He'd look into thy bonnie face
And say I canna wrang thee

Verse 4

The powers aboon will tent thee
Misfortune sha'na steer thee
Thou'rt like themsel sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee

Chorus**Verse 5**

Return again fair Lesley
Return to Caledonie
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie

Chorus**Chorus**

Up and warn a' Willie


5

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney


♩ = 80

29 Chorus 1 G C → G C → G Em → Am D → G → D⁷ G □




Up and war-n a' - Wil-lie war-n war-n a' to hear my can-ty High-lands-a-ng re-late the thin-g I - saw Wil-lie

35 Verse 1 G → C → G C → D⁷ G □



When we ga-ed to the Braes o' Mar and to the wea-pon sh-a-w - Wil-lie wi'

39 → C → G C → D⁷ G □



true des-ig-n t-o serve the king and ban-ish Whigs a-wa - Wil-lie

Chorus 2

Up and warn a' Willie
Warn warn a'
For lords and lairds came there bedeen
And wow but they were braw Willie

Verse 2

But when the standard was set up
Right fierce the wind did blow Willie
The royal nit upon the tap
Down to the ground did fa' Willie

Chorus 3

Up and warn a' Willie
Warn warn a'
Then second sighted Sandie said
We'd do nae guid at a' Willie

Verse 3

But when the army join'd at Perth
The bravest e'er ye saw Willie
We didna doubt the rogues to rout
Restore our king an a' Willie

Chorus 4

Up and warn a' Willie
Warn warn a'
The pipers play'e frae right to left
O whirry Whigs awa Willie

Verse 4

But when we march'd to Sherramuir
And there the rebels saw Willie
Brave Argyle attack'd our right
Our flank and front and a' Willie

Chorus 5

Up and warn a' Willie
Warn warn a'
Traiter Huntly soon gave way
Seaforth St Clair and a' Willie

Verse 5

But brave Glengary on our right
The rebels' left did claw Willie
He there the greatest slaughter made
That ever Donald saw Willie

Chorus 6

Up and warn a' Willie
Warn warn a'
And Whittam shat his breeks for fear
And fast did rin awa' Willie

Verse 6

For he da'd us a Highland mob
And soon he'd slay us a' Willie
But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig
Dragoons and foot and a' Willie

Chorus 7

Up and warn a' Willie
Warn warn a'
At length we rallied on a hill
And briskly up did draw Willie

Verse 7

But when Argyle did view our line
And them in order saw Willie
He straight gaed to Dumblane again
And back his left did draw Willie

Chorus 8

Up and warn a' Willie
Warn warn a'
Then we to Auchterairder march'd
To wait a better fa' Willie

Verse 8

Now if ye spier wha wan the day
I've tell'd you what I saw Willie
We baith did fight and bath did beat
And bath did run awa Willie

Chorus 9

Up and warn a' Willie
Warn warn a'
For second sighted Sandie said
We'd do nae guid at a' Willie

The Deil's awa wi the exciseman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 88⁺ Eb
 Chorus ←← Ab Eb →→ Eb □

The deil's a-wa' the deil's a-wa' the deil's a - wa wi' the ex-cise man he's danc'd a-wa he's danc'd a-wa' he's

□ 4 Ab Bb7 Eb →→ Eb Verse 1 Bb →→ Ab Eb F7 Bb7 □

danc'd a-wa' wi' the ex-cise - man the deil cam fid-dlin' thr-o' th-e town and danc'd a - wa wi' the ex-cise - man and

□ 7 Eb Bb7 →← Ab Eb Bb7 Eb □

il - ka wife cries au - ld Ma - houn I wish you lu - ck o' the prize man the

Chorus

Verse 2

We'll mak our maut and we'll brew our drink
 We'll laugh sing and rejoice man
 And monie braw thanks to the meikle black deil
 That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman

Chorus

Verse 3

There's threesome reels there's foursome reels
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys man
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
 The deil's awa' wi' th' exciseman

Chorus

The Soldier's Return

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

C → F → C → Am → Dm → G7 → C

When wild War's dead - ly bla - st was blawn and gen - tle peace re - tur ning wi' mon - ie a

10 F → C → Em → G7 → C → Dm → C

20 sweet babe fath - er less and mon - ie a wi - dow mour - ning I left the lin - es and ten - ted

27 F → C → Dm → G7 → C

field where la - ng I'd be - en a lod - ger my hum - ble knap - sack

a' - my wealth a po - or and ho - n - est sod - ger a

Verse 5

Sae wistrully she gaz'd on me
 And lovelier was than ever
 Quo she a sodger ance I lo'ed
 Forget him shall I never
 Our humble cot and hamely fare
 Ye freely shall partake it
 That gallant badge the dear cockade
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't

Verse 6

She gaz'd she redden'd like a rose
 Syne pale like onie lily
 She sank within my arms and cried
 Art hou my ain dear Willie
 By him who made yon sun and sky
 By whom true love's regarded
 I am the man and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded

Verse 7

The wars are o'er and I'm come hame
 And find thee still true hearted
 Tho' poor in great we're rich in love
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted
 Quo' she my grandsire left me gowd
 A mailen plenish'd fairly
 And come my faithfu' sodger lad
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly

Verse 2

A leal light heart was in my breast
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder
 And for fair Scotia hame again
 I cheery on did wander
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil
 I thought upon my Nancy
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy

Verse 3

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
 Where early life I sported
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn
 Where Nancy aft I courted
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
 Down by her mother's dwelling
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling

Verse 4

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I sweet lass
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom
 O happy happy may he be
 That's dearest to thy bosom
 My purse is light I've far to gang
 And fain would be thy lodger
 I've serv'd my king and the country lang
 Take pity on a sodger

Verse 8

For gold the merchant ploughs the main
 The farmer ploughs the manor
 But glory is the sodger's prize
 The sodger's wealth is honour
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise
 Nor count him as a stranger
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger

Fragment of Song

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

No cold ap-proach no al - ter'd mien just what___ would make sus - pic - ion start no

5 Dm rit. Am
 pause___ the dire ex - tremes bet - ween he/she made me blest and broke my heart

I'll meet thee on the Lea Rig

9

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 65 C Verse 1 F

Wh - en o'er th - e hi - ll th - e east - ern star tells
bugh - tin the tim - e i - s ne - er m - y jo an - d ow - se - n fra - e th - e fur - row'd field re
turn sa - e dowf and wea - ry O down by the bu - rn whe - re scen - ted birks wi'
dew a - re han - gi - n cle - ar m - y jo I'll
meet the - e o - n th - e le - a rig my ain kind dear - ie O a - t

Chords: C, Dm, G7, F, G

Verse 2

At midnight hour in mirkest glen
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee
Myain kind dearie O
Although the night were ne'er sae wild
And I were ne'er sae weary O
I'll meet thee on the lea rig
My ain kind dearie O

Verse 3

The hunter lo'es the morning sun
To rouse the mountain deer my jo
At noon the fisher seeks the glen
Adown the burn to steer my jo
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey
It maks my heart sae cheery O
To meet thee on the lea rig
My ain kind dearie O

O poortith cauld and restless love

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

C → F → C → Am → Dm → C(sus2) G7 → C

10 O po-or-tith cauld and re-st-less love ye wra-ck my peace be-tween ye — yet po-oe-tith

F → C → Am → Dm → G7 → C Chorus → F → C

20 a' i cou-ld for-give an' twe-re na for my Jean-ie — O why shou-ld fate sic ple-as-ure

F → Am → Dm → C(sus2) G7 → C

26 have life's dea - r - est bands un - wit - ting — or wh - y sae

F → C → F → Em → G7 → C

sweet a flow - er as love de - pe - nd on for - tune shin - ing this

Verse 2

This world's wealth when I think on
 Its pride and a' the lave o't
 My curse on silly coward man
 That he should be the slave o't

Chorus**Verse 3**

O wha can prudence think upon
 And sic a lassie by him
 O wha can prudence think upon
 And sae in love as I am

Chorus**Verse 4**

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
 How she repays my passion
 But prudence is her o'erword aye
 She talks of rank and fashion

Chorus**Verse 5**

How blest the humble cotter's fate
 He woos his artless dearie
 The silly bogles wealth and state
 Can never make him eerie

Chorus

The hue and cry of John Lewars

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 65

Verse 1

A thief and a murderer stop her who can look well to your lives and your goods good
 peo-ple ye know not the haz-ard yo - u run tis the far famed and much not - ed woods while

Verse 2

I looked at her eye for the dev - il is in it in a trice she whipt off my poor heart— her
 brow cheek and lip in an - oth - er sa - d min-ute my peace felt her mur - der - ous dart but
Refrain
 soft - ly I have it her hauts are well known a - t mid - night so sli - ly I'll watch her and
 slee - ping un-dressed in the dark all al - one go - od lord the dea - r thief how I'll catch her her

Verse 3
 Her features I'll tell you them over but hold
 She deals with your wizards and books
 And to peep in her face if but once you're so bold
 There's wichery kills in her looks