

Burns Revisited Volume 22

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Here's a health to them that's awa

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Here's a health to the - m that's a - wa' here's a health to the - m that's a -
 wa' and wha' win - na wish guid luck to our cause ma - y ne - ver guid luck be their
 fa' it's good to be mer - ry and wise it's good to be hon - est and true it's
 guid to sup - port Cal - e - don - i - a's cause and bide by the buff and the blue here's a
 they ne - ver eat of her bread

Chords: G, C, G, D, G, C, G, C, G, C, D7, C, G, Dm, G

Verse 4

Here's a health to them that's awa
 Here's a health to them that's awa
 Here's to Maitland and Wycombe
 Let wha doesna like 'em
 Be built in a hole in the wa'
 Here's fruit that is sound at the core
 And may he be that wad turn the buff and blue coat
 Be turn'd to the back o' the door

Verse 5

Here's a health to them that's awa
 Here's a health to them that's awa
 Here's chieftain McLeod a chieftain worth gowd
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed
 And wha wad betray old Albions right
 May they never eat of her bread

Verse 2

Here's a health to them that's awa
 Here's a health to them that's awa
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan
 Altho' that has band be but sma'
 May liberty meet wi' success
 May prudence protect her frae evil
 My tyrants and tyranny tine I' the mist
 And wander their way to the devil

Verse 3

Here's a health to them that's awa
 Here's a health to them that's awa
 Here's a health to Tammie the Norlan laddie
 That lives at the lug o' the law
 Here's freedom to them that wad read
 Here's freedom to them that wad write
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard
 But they whom the truth would indite

The Mauchline Wedding

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Am Verse 1

E7 Am E7

When eight - y fi - ve was sev - en monthsauld and wear - ing thro' - the au - ght

Am E7 Am Dm E7 Am

when rol - ling rai - ns and bor - e - as bauld gied far - mer folks a fau - ght ae

F Em C(sus2)/G G F

mor - ning quon - dam Mas - on Will now mer - chant mas - ter Mil - ler gaed down to

Em C(sus2)/G G7

meet wi' Nan - sie Bell and her Jam - aic - a sil - ler to wed that day the

Verse 2

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen
 Was just appearing fairly
 When Nell and Bess got up to dress
 Seven lang half hours o'er early
 Now presses clink and drawers jink
 For linens and for laces
 But modest muses only think
 What ladies' underdress is
 O sic a day

Verse 3

But now the gown wi rustling sound
 Its silken pomp displays
 Sure there's no sin in being vain
 O' siccan bonnie claes
 Sae jimp the waist the tail sae vast
 Trough they were bonnie birdies
 O Mither Eve ye wad been grieve
 To see their ample hurdies
 Sae large that day

Verse 4

Then Sandy wi's red hacket braw
 Comes whip jee woa about
 And in he gets the bonnie twa
 Lord send them safely out
 And auld John Trot wi' sober phiz
 As braid and braw's a Bailie
 His shouters and his Sunday's jiz
 Wi' powther and wi' ulzie
 Weel spear'd that day

Where Helen Lies

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 50

Verse 1

Verse 1

A Em Bm

O that I were where He - len lies night and day on me she cries O that I

3 were where He - len lies in fair Kirk - con - nel lee O He - len fair be - yond com - pare a

6 Em A7 E7

ring - let of thy flow - ing hair I'll wear it still for e - ver -

8 A7 D

mair un - til the day I die curs'd be the

10 Finish E7 A Em Bm

I wish I were where He - len lies night and day on me she cries o that I

13 A7 D

were where He - len lies in fair Kirk - con - nel lee

Verse 2

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot
 And curs'd the gun that gave the crack
 Into my arms bird Helen lap
 And died for sake o' me
 O think na ye but my heart was sair
 My love fell down and spake nae mair
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care
 On fair Kirkconnel lee

Verse 3

I lighted down my sword did draw
 I cutted him in pieces sma'
 I cutted him in pieces sma'
 On fair Kirkconnel lee
 O Helen chaste thou wert modest
 If I were with thee I were blest
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
 On fair Kirkconnel lee

Verse 4

I wish my grave was growing green
 A winding sheet put o'er my een
 And I in Helen's arms lying
 On fair Kirkconnel lee
 (*Finish*)
 I wish I were where Helen lies
 Night and day on me she cries
 O that I were where Helen lies
 In fair Kirkconnel lee

The winsome wee thing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

15 Chorus

F C →← F G⁷ C →← F C ↻

She is a win - some wee thing she is a hand - some wee thing she is a lo'e - some wee thing this

18 Verse 1

Dm G⁷ C →← C Verse 1 G C ↻

sweet wee wife o' mine I - ne - ver saw a fai - re - r I

20

D⁷ →← C Am F →← G⁷ C ↻

ne - ver lo'ed a dea - rer and neist my heart I'll we - er her for fear my jew - el tine

Chorus

Verse 2

The world's wrack we share o't
The warstle and the care o't
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it
And think my lot devine

Chorus

Chorus

To William Stewart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

23 $E\flat$ $\text{♩} = 85$ $A\flat$ $B\flat$ $E\flat$ $E\flat$

In hon - est Ba - con - 's in - gle neuk hermaun I sit and think sick o the war - ld war - lds folk an'

26 $A\flat$ $B\flat$ $E\flat$ $B\flat$ $E\flat$

sick damn'd sick o' drink I see I se - e the - re is nae help but I sti - ll down I maun sink

29 $B\flat$ $A\flat$ $B\flat$ (Eb final verse)

till som - e da - y laigh en - ough I yelp wae worth that cur - se - d drink

Verse 2

Yestreen alas I was sae fu'
 I could but yisk and wink
 And now this day sair sair I rue
 The weary weary drink
 Satan I fear thy sooty claws
 I hate thy brunstane stink
 And aye I curse the luckless cause
 The wicked soup o' drink

Verse 3

In vain I would forget my woes
 In idle rhyming clink
 for past redemption damn'd in prose
 I can do nought but drink
 To you my trusty well try'd friend
 May heaven still on you blink
 And may your life flow to the end
 Sweet as a dry man's drink

The Bob O' Dumblane

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

The musical score for Verse 1 is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 70. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 70. The first measure is a repeat sign. The second measure is a repeat sign. The third measure is a repeat sign. The fourth measure is a repeat sign. The lyrics are: Las - sie le - nd me your braw hemp heck - le an - d I'll lend you my thrip - pling kame m - y he - ckle i - s bro - ken i - t can - na be got - ten and we'll ga - e dance the Bob o' Dum - blane tw - a. The chords are: C, F, C, F, G7, C, E7, Am, Dm, C, G7, C.

Las - sie le - nd me your braw hemp heck - le an - d
I'll lend you my thrip - pling kame m - y
he - ckle i - s bro - ken i - t can - na be got - ten and we'll
ga - e dance the Bob o' Dum - blane tw - a

Verse 2

Twa gaed to the wood to the wood to the wood
Twa gaed to the wood three cam hame
An't be na weel bobbit weel bobbit weel bobbit
An't be na weel bobbit we'll bob it again

Duncan Gray

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5 $G \text{ } \downarrow = 70$ $\rightarrow\rightarrow D$ G

Dun - can Gray ca - m here t - o wo - o ha ha th - e wo - o - in - g o't o - n

7 $\rightarrow\rightarrow D$ G

blythe Yule night whe - n we we - re fu' ha ha th - e wo - o - in - g o' - t

9 D G $\rightarrow\rightarrow C$ G

Mag - gie coost he - r he - ad fu' - high look'd as - kient and un - co skeigh

11 D G C $\rightarrow\rightarrow G$ D^7 G

gart po - or Du - n - ca - n stand ab - eigh ha ha the wo - oing o't

Verse 2

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd
 Ha ha the wooing o't
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig
 Ha ha the wooing o't
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in
 Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin'
 Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn
 Ha ha the wooing o't

Verse 3

Time and chance are but a tide
 Ha ha the wooing o't
 Slighted love is sair to bide
 Ha ha the wooing o't
 Shall I like a fool quoth he
 For a haughty hizzie die
 She may gae to France for me
 Ha ha the wooing o't

Verse 4

How it comes let doctors tell
 Ha ha the wooing o't
 Meg grew sick as he grew hale
 Ha ha the wooing o't
 Something in her bosom wrings
 For relief a sigh she brings
 And o her een they spak sic things
 Ha ha the wooing o't

Verse 5

Duncan was a lad o' grace
 Ha ha the wooing o't
 Maggie 's was a piteous case
 Ha ha the wooing o't
 Duncan couldna be her death
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath
 Now they're crouse and canty baith
 Ha ha the wooing o't

Young Jessie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 ^{E♭} Verse 1 A♭ E♭

True hear - ted wa - s he the sa - d swai - n o' the yar - row__ and fai - r are the mai - ds on the
ban - ks o' the Ayr__ but by the swe - et si - de o' the Ni - th's win - ding ri - ver__ are
lo - vers as fai - th - ful and ma - i - dens as fair__ to e - qual young Jes - sie seek
Sco - ti - a all o - ver__ to e - qual young Je - ssie you se - ek it in vain gra - ce
beau - ty and el - e - gan - ce fe - t - ter her lov - er__ and
mai - den - ly - mod - esty - fix - es the chain fresh

Verse 2

Fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning
And sweet is the lily at evening close
But in the fair presence o' lovely young jessie
Unseen is the lily unheaded the rose
Love sits in her smile a wizzard ensnaring
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law
And still to her charms she alone is the stranger
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'

The Tree of Liberty

Robert Burns

Edward Cairney

17 Eb $\text{♩} = 80$ $\text{---} \text{Ab}$ Bb Eb $\text{---} \text{Eb}$

Heard ye o' the tree o' France I wat-na what's the name o -'t ar - ound it a' th-e pat-riots dance weel

20 Ab Bb Eb $\text{---} \text{Bb}$ $\text{---} \text{Ab}$ Eb

Eur-ope kens the fame o -'t it stands where ance the Bas-tile stood a pri-son built by kings man_ when

23 Bb $\text{---} \text{Ab}$ Eb

sup - er - stit - ion's hel - lish brood kept France in lead - ing strings man

Verse 7

Fair Freedom standing by the tree
 Her sons did loudly ca' man
 She sang a sang o' Liberty
 Which pleas'd them ane and a' man
 By her inspir'd the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel man
 The hirelings ran - her foes gied chase
 And bang'd the despot weel man

Verse 8

Let Britain boast her hardy oak
 Her poplar and her pine man
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke
 And o'er her neighbours shine man
 But seek the forest round and round
 And soon 'twill be agreed man
 That sic a tree can not be found
 'Twi'x London and the Tweed man

Verse 9

Without this tree alake this life
 Is but a vale o' woes man
 A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife
 Nae real joys we know man
 We labour soon we labour late
 To feed the titled knave man
 And a' the comfort we're to get
 Is that ayont the grave man

Verse 10

Wi' plenty o' sic trees I trow
 The world would live in peace man
 The sword would help to mak' a plough
 The din o' war wad cease man
 Like brethren in a common cause
 We'd on each other smile man
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle man

Verse 11

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic halesome dainty cheer man
 I'd gie the shoon frae aff my feet
 To taste the fruit o't here man
 Syne let us pray Auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree man
 And blythe we'll sing and herald the day
 That gives us liberty man

Verse 2

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit
 Its virtues a' can tell man
 It raises man aboon the brute
 It mak's him ken himsel' man
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit
 He's greater than a lord man
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite
 O' a' he can afford man

Verse 3

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth
 To comfort us 'twas sent man
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health
 And mak us a' content man
 It clears the een it cheers the heart
 Mak's high and low guid friends man
 And he wha acts the traitor's part
 It to perdition sends man

Verse 4

My blessings ay attend the chiel
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves man
 And staw a branch spite o' the Deil
 Frae 'yont the western waves man
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care
 And now she sees wi' pride man
 How weel it buds and blossoms there
 Its branches spreading wide man

Verse 5

But vicious folk ay hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive man
 The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree
 And grat to see it thrive man
 King Louis thought to cut it down
 When it was unco sma' man
 For this the watchman crack'd his crown
 Cut aff his head and a' man

Verse 6

A wicked crew syne on a time
 Did tak' a solemn aith man
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime
 I wat they pledg'd their faith man
 Awa they gaed wi' mock parade
 Like beagles hunting game man
 But soon grew weary o' the trade
 And wish'd they'd been at hame man

Braw lads o' Galla Water

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

25 Verse 1

C G C

Braw braw lads o - n Yar - row braes the - y rove a - mang the bloom - ing hea - ther but

27 F C G

Yar - row braes no - r Ett - rick shaws ca - n match the lads o' Gal - la Wa - ter A - l -

29 Refrain C G F C

though his dad - d - ie was nae olaird an - d though I hae nae mei - kle to - cher yet

31 G F G⁷ C

rich in kin - de - st tru - est love we - 'll tent our flocks by Gal - la Wa - ter

Verse 2

But there is ane a secret ane
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better
And I'll be his and he'll be mine
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water

Refrain

Verse 3

It ne'er was wealth it ne'er was wealth
That coft contentment peace or pleasure
The bands and bliss o' nutual love
O that 's the chiefest world's treasure