

Burns Revisited Volume 44

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Recitativo

Recitativo_He ended and the kebars sheuk

He ended and the kebars sheuk

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

F $\text{♩} = 97$ G C⁷ F

He en-ded and the ke bars sheuk a-boon the chor-us roar while fright-ed rat-tons back-ward leuk an'

7 Dm G⁷ C B^b F/A C/G F B^{b7}

seek the ben-most bore a fai-ry fid-dler frae the neuk he skirl'd out en

12 E^b G⁷ Am F G C

core but up a-rose the mar-tial chuck an' laid the loud up-roar

Air

I once was a maid

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120
Verse 1

I once was a maid tho' I can-not tell when an-d still my de-light is in pro-per young men some
 one of a troop of dra goons was my dad-die no won-der I'm fond of a sod-ger lad-die sing
 lal de lal lal de lal lad-die sing lal de lal lal de lal lad-die the

Verse 2

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade
 His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

Verse 3

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church
 He ventur'd the soul and I risked the body
 'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

Verse 4

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot
 The regiment at large for a husband I got
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

Verse 5

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair
 Till I met old boy in a Cunningham fair
 His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy
 My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

Verse 6

And now I have liv'd I know not how long
 And still I can join in a cup and a song
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady
 Here's to thee my hero my sodger laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie
 Sing lal de lal lal de lal laddie

Recitativo

Poor Merry Andrew

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69

C B \flat C F B \flat
 Po-or Mer ry An-drew in the neuk sa-t guzz-ling wi' a tin-kler hiz-zie they mind't na wha the chor-us teuk bet-

F C F B \flat C
 ween them-selves they were sae bu-sy at length wi' drink an' cour-ting diz-zy he stoi-ter'd up an' made a face then

F C 7 F
 turn'd an' laid a smack on Griz-zie syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grim-ace

Air

Sir Wisdom's a fool

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□ $\text{♩} = 85$ Verse 1a A/C# D/B D/A G □

Sir Wis-dom's a fool when he's fou Sir Knave is a fool in a ses sion_ he's there but a 'pren-tice I trow but

□ 4 Verse 1b

I am a fool by pro - fes - sion_ my gran - nie she bought me a beuk an'

□ 6

I held a-wa to-the school_ I fear I my tal-ent mis-teuk but what will ye hae of a fool_ For

Verse 2a

For drink I would venture my neck
A hizzie's the half of my craft
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft

Verse 2b

I ance was tied up like a stirk
For civilly swearing and quaffin
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk
For towsing a lass i' my daffin

Verse 3a

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport
Let naebody name wi' a jeer
There's even I'm tauld i' the Court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier

Verse 3b

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob
He rails at our mountebank squad
It's rivalship just i' the job

Verse 1a

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou
Sir Knave is a fool in a session
He's there but a 'prentice I trow
But I am a fool by profession

Verse 4b

And now my conclusion I'll tell
For faith I'm confoundedly dry
The chiel that's a fool for himsel'
Guid Lord he's far dafter than I

Recitativo

Then niest outspak

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 Em

Then niest out - spak a rauc - le car - lin wha kent fu' weel to cleek the ster - ling for mon - ie a pur
 sie she had hooked an' had in mon - ie a well been douked her love had been a
 High - land lad - die but wea - ry fa' the wae - fu' woo - die wi' sighs and sobs she
 thus be - gan to wail her braw John High - land - man

Air

A Highland Lad

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 Verse 1

A F#m B7 E A

A High-land lad my love was born the Lal-land laws he held in scorn but he still was faith-fu' to his clan my

7 F#m B7 E Chorus B7 E

gal-lant braw John High-land-man Sing hey my braw John High land-man sing ho my braw John

12 B7 E E7 A G#7 F#7 E A B7 E

High-land-man there-'s not a - lad in a' the lan' wa-s match for my John High-land-man With

Verse 2

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid
 An' guid claymore down by his side
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan
 My gallant braw John Highlandman

Chorus**Verse 3**

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey
 An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay
 For a Lalland face he feared none
 My gallant braw John Highlandman

Chorus**Verse 4**

They banish'd him beyond the sea
 But ere the bud was on the tree
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran
 Embracing my John Highlandman

Chorus**Verse 5**

But och they catch'd him at the last
 And bound him in a dungeon fast
 My curse upon them every one
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman

Chorus**Verse 6**

And now a widow I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return
 The comfort but a hearty can
 When I think on John Highlandman

Chorus

Recitativo

A pigmy scrapper

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

A → → → → → B → E7

A - pig - my scrap er_ wi' his fid dle_ wh-a used at trysts an' fairs to drid dle_ he-r

9 strap - in' limb and gaus - y mid dle_ he reach'd hae high er_ ha - d

17 hol'd his hear - tie like a rid dle_ an' blawn't on fi - re_ W - i'

Verse 2

Wi' hand on hainch and upward e'e
 He croon'd his gamut one two three
 Then in an arioso key
 The wee Apoll
 Set off wi' allegretto glee
 His giga solo

Air

Let me ryke up to dight that tear

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

25 Verse 1 C G C F C G

Let me ry-ke up to dight that tear an' go wi' me an' be my dear an' then you-r eve-ry care an' fear my

31 Chorus C F G C C G C F C

whis-tle ow-re th-e la-ve o't I am a fid-ler to my trade an' a' the tunes that e'er I

36 G7 C G7 C F C G7 C

played the swee-test still to wife or maid was whis-tle owre the lave o't

Verse 2

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there
 An' O sae nicely's we will fare
 We'll bowse about till Daddie Care
 Sing whistle owre the lave o't

Chorus

Verse 3

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke
 An' sun oursel's about the dyke
 An' at our leisure when ye like
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't

Chorus

Verse 4

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms
 Hunger cauld an' a' sic harms
 May whistle owre the lave o't

Chorus

Recitativo

Her charms

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 75

D A D

Her char-ms ha d struck a stur-dy cair as we-el a-s poor gut scra-per he ta-ks the-e fid-dle by the beard an'

4 dra-ws a - roos-ty rap-ier he swoor by a' wa-s swear-in-g worth to speet him like a - pli ver___ un-

7 less he wad fro - m that ti - me forth rel - in - quish her fo - r e - ver___ Wi'

Verse 2

Wi' ghastry e'e poor tweedle dee
 Upon his hunkers bended
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face
 An' so the quarrel ended
 But tho' his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinkler prest her
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve
 When thus the caird address'd her

Air

My bonnie lass

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 77

F C

My bon-nie lass I work in brass a tin-kler is my stat-ion I've trav-ell'd round all Chris-tian ground in
 this my oc-cup-at-ion I've taen the gold an' been en-rolled in man-y a no-ble squad ron but
 vain they search'd when off I march'd to go an' clout the caul-dron Des -

Verse 2

Despise that shrimp that wither'd imp
 With a' his noise an' cap'rin
 An' take a share with those that bear
 The budget and the apron
 And by that stowp my faith an' houp
 And by that dear Kilbaigie
 If e'er ye want or meet wi' scant
 May I ne'er weet my craigie