

Burns Revisited Volume 59

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10. Ca' the yowes to the knowes (first version)

Whistle O'er the Lave o't

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney



Intro = 89 G

Verse 1 D7 G D7 G C D G

Hea-ven I thought was in her air now we're mar-ried speir nae mair but whis-tle o'er the lave o't

Verse 2

Meg was meek and Meg was mild
Sweet and harmless as a child
Wiser men than me's beguil'd
Whistle o'er the lave o't

Verse 3

How we live my Meg and me
How we love and how we gree
I care na by how few may see
Whistle o'er the lave o't

Verse 4

Wha I wish were maggot's meat
Dish'd up in her winding sheet
I could write but Meg maun see't
Whistle o'er the lave o't

Epigram on Francis Grose the Antiquary

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 49

The de-vil got no-tice that Grose was a dy-ing so whip at the sum-mons old Sa-tan came fly ing but

when he ap-proach'd where poor Fran-cis lay mon-ing and saw each bed post with its bur-den a groa ning

as - ton-ish'd con-foun-ded cries Sa tan by God I'll want 'im ere I take such a dam-na-ble load

rall.

On the late Captain Grose's peregrinations thro' Scotland

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

F

♩ = 100

Verse 1

Hear Land O' Cakes and bri - ther Scots frae Mai - den-kirk to Joh - nie Groat's if there's a hole in

a' - your coats I rede you tent it a chield's a-mang you ta - king notes and faith he'll prent it If

Verse 2

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine fat fodgel wight
 O' stature short but genius bright
 That's he mark weel
 And wow he has an unco sleight
 O' cauk and keel

Verse 3

By some auld houlet haunted biggin
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part
 Wi' deils they say Lord save's colleaguin
 At some black art

Verse 4

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer
 Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour
 And you deep read in hell's black grammar
 Warlocks and witches
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer
 Ye midnight bitches

Verse 5

It's tauld he was a sodger bred
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled
 But now he's quat the spurtle blade
 And dog skin wallet
 And taen the Antiquarian trade
 I think they call it

Verse 6

He has a fouth o' auld nick nackets
 Rusty airm caps and jinglin jackets
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
 A towmont gude
 And parritch pats and auld saut buckets
 Before the Flood

Verse 7

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder
 Auld Tubalcain's fire shool and fender
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass
 A broomstick o' the witch of Endor
 Weel shod wi' brass

Verse 8

Forbye he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
 The cut of Adam's philibeg
 The knife that nickit Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully
 It was a faulding jocteleg
 Or lang-kail gullie

Verse 9

But wad ye see him in his glee
 For meikle glee and fun has he
 Then set him down and twa or three
 Gude fellows wi' him
 And port O port shine thou a wee
 And Then ye'll see him

Verse 10

Now by the Pow'rs o' verse and prose
 Thou art a dainty chield O Grose
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose
 They sair misca' thee
 I'd take the rascal by the nose
 Wad say Shame fa' thee

The Kirk of Scotland's Alarm

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

13 $\text{♩} = 75$ Verse 1

Or - tho dox or - tho dox wh - a be lieve in John Knox let me sound an al - arm to your con - science a

16 her - et - ic blast has been blown in the Wast that what is not sense must be non - sense

18 or - tho - dox that what is not sense must be non - sense

Verse 2

Doctor Mac Doctor Mac you should streak on a rack
To strike evil doers wi' terror
To join Faith and Sense upon any pretence
Was heretic damnable error
Doctor Mac 'Twas heretic damnable error

Verse 3

Town of Ayr town of Ayr it was mad I declare
To meddle wi' mischief a brewing
Provost John is still deaf to the Church's relief
And Orator Bob is its ruin
Town of Ayr Yes Orator Bob is its ruin

Verse 4

D'rymple mild D'rymple mild tho' your heart's like a child
And your life like the new driven snaw
Yet that winna save you auld Satan must have you
For preaching that three's ane an' twa
D'rymple mild For preaching that three's ane an' twa

Verse 5

Rumble John rumble John mount the steps with a groan
Cry the book is with heresy cramm'd
Then out wi' your ladle deal brimstone like aidle
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd
Rumble John And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd

Verse 6

Simper James simper James leave your fair Killie dames
There's a holier chase in your view
I'll lay on your head that the pack you'll soon lead
For puppies like you there's but few
Simper James For puppies like you there's but few

Verse 7

Singet Sawnie singet Sawnie are ye huiridin the penny
Unconscious what evils await
With a jump yell and howl alarm ev'ry soul
For the foul thief is just at your gate
Singet Sawnie for the foul thief is just at your gate

Verse 8

Poet Willie poet Willie gie the Doctor a volley
Wi' your Liberty's Chain and your wit
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride
Ye but smelt man the place where he shit
Poet Willie Ye but smelt man the place where he shit

Verse 9

Barr Steenie Barr Steenie what mean ye what mean ye
If ye meddle nae mair wi' the matter
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense
Wi' people that ken ye nae better
Barr Steenie wi' people that ken ye nae better

Verse 10

Jamie Goose Jamie Goose ye made but toom roose
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant
But the Doctor's your mark for the Lord's holy ark
He has cooper'd an' ca'd a wrang pin in't
Jamie Goose he has cooper'd an' ca'd a wrang pin in't

Verse 11

Davie Rant Davie Rand wi' a face like a saunt
And a heart that was poison a hog
Raise an impudent roar like a breaker lee shore
Or the Kirk will be tint in a bog
Davie Rant or the Kirk will be tint in a bog

Verse 12

Davie Bluster Davie Bluster for a saint ye do muster
The corps is no nice o' recruits
Yet to worth let's be just royal blood ye might boast
If the Ass were the king o' the brutes
Davie Bluster if the Ass were the king o' the brutes

Verse 13

Irvine Side Irvine Side wi' your turkey cock pride
Of manhood but sma' is your share
Ye've the figure 'tis true ev'n your foes will allow
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair
Irvine Side and your friends they dare grant you nae mair

Verse 14

Muirland Jock muirland Jock when the Lord makes a rock
To crush common sense for her sins
If ill-manners were wit there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance
Muirland Jock to confound the poor Doctor at ance

Verse 15

Andro Gowk Andro Gowk ye may slander the Book
An' the Book nought the waur let me tell ye
Tho' ye're rich an' look big yet lay by hat an' wig
An' ye'll hae a calf's had o' sma' value
Andro Gowk ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value

Verse 16

Daddy Auld daddy Auld there's a tod in the fauld
A tod meikle waur than the clerk
Tho' ye do little skaith ye'll be in at the death
For gif ye canna bite ye may bark
Daddy Auld gif ye canna bite ye may bark

Verse 17

Holy Will holy will there was wit in your skull
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor
The timmer is scant when ye're taen for a saunt
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour
Holy Will ye should swing in a rape for an hour

Verse 18

Calvin's sons Calvin's sons seize your spiritual guns
Ammunition you never can need
Your hearts are the stuff will be powder enough
And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead
Calvin's sons Your skulls are a storehouse o' lead

Verse 19

Poet Burns poet Burns wi' your priest skelpin turns
Why desert ye your auld native shire
Your muse is a gipsy yet were she e'en tipsy
She could ca'us nae waur than we are
Poet Burns She could ca'us nae waur than we are

Presentation Stanzas to Correspondents

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 73 Verse 1 C F C G⁷

Fac-tor John fac-tor John whom the Lord made a-lone and ne'er made an-ith-er thy peer thy poor

ser-vant the Bard in res-pect-ful re-gard he pres-ents thee this tok-en sin

cere fac-tor John he pres-ents thee this to-ken sin-cere Af-ton's

Verse 2

Afton's Laird Afton's Laird when your pen can be spared
 A copy of this I bequeath
 On the same sicker score as I mention'd before
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith
 Afton's Laird To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith

On being appointed to an excise division

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

14 G ♩ = 105 C G C D ↻

Sear-ching auld wives' bar-rels och-on the day that clar - ty barn should stain my lau - rels but

18 G C G C D G ↻

what - 'll ye say these mo - vin' things ca'd wives an' weans wad move the ve - ry hearts o' stanes

rit.

Sonnet on receiving a favour

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

22 $G \downarrow = 80$ C $\rightarrow G$ D

I call no god - dess to in - spire my strains a fa - bled muse may suit a bard that feigns

24 G C $\rightarrow G$ D $G \rightarrow G$ C

friend of my life my ar - dent spi - rit burns and all the trib - ute of my heart re - turns for boons ac - cor - ded good - ness ev - er new

27 G D $\rightarrow G$ C $\rightarrow G$ D G

the gifts still dea - rer as the gi - ver you thou orb of day thou oth - er pa - ler light and all ye ma - ny spark - ling stars of night

30 C D⁷ $\rightarrow Em$ Am D⁷

if aught that gi - ver from my mind ef - face if I that gi - ver's boun - ty e'er dis - grace

32 G C $\rightarrow G$ D

then roll to me a - long your wand - ring spheres on - ly to num - ber out a vil - lain's years

34 G C $\rightarrow G$ D G

I lay my hand u - pon my swel - ling breast and grate - ful would but can - not speak the rest

Willie brew'd a peck o' maut

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100
 Verse 1

O Wil - lie brew'd a peck o' maut and Rob and Al - lan cam to see three bly - ther hearts that lee land night ye
 wad - na found in Christ - en - die We are na fou we're nae that fou but just a drap - pie in our e'e the
 cock may craw the day may daw and aye we'll taste the bar - ley bree Here

Verse 2

Here are we met three merry boys
 Three merry boys I trow are we
 And mony a night we've merry been
 And mony mae we hope to be

Chorus

Verse 3

It is the moon I ken her horn
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee

Chorus

Verse 4

Wha first shall rise to gang awa
 A cuckold coward loun is he
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa'
 He is the King amang us three

Chorus

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes

First Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

A - s I gaed down the wa - ter-side there I met my shep - herd lad h - e row'd me sweet-ly

in his plaid and he ca'd me his dea-rie Ca' the yowes to the knowes ca' them where the

hea - ther grows ca' them where the bur - nie rowes my bon nie dea - rie Wi-ll dea - rie

Finish

Verse 2

Will ye gang down the water-side
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide
 The moon it shines fu' clearly

Chorus

Verse 3

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep
 An' ye sall be my dearie

Chorus

Verse 4

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said
 I'se gang wi' thee my shepherd lad
 And ye may row me in your plaid
 And I sall be your dearie

Chorus

Verse 5

While waters wimple to the sea
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e
 Ye sall be my dearie

Chorus

Verse 6

Ca' the yowes to the knowes
 Ca' them where the heather grows
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes
 My bonie dearie

Chorus

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes

First Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70 → A
Verse 1

As I gaed down the wa-ter-side there I met my shep-herd lad he row'd me sweet-ly in his plaid and

4 D E → A
Verse 2

he ca'd me his dea-rie Will ye gang down the wa-ter-side and see the waves sae sweet-ly glide be-neath the

7 D E → Bm E7 → A
Chorus

ha-zels sprea-ding wide the moon it shines fu' clear-ly Ca' the yowes to the knowes ca' them where the

12 E7 → A → D → Bm → E7 → A

hea - ther grows ca' them where the bur - nie rowes my bon-nie dear dea - rie I was

Verse 3

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep
 An' ye sall be my dearie

Verse 4

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said
 I'se gang wi' thee my shepherd lad
 And ye may row me in your plaid
 And I sall be your dearie

Chorus

Verse 5

While waters wimple to the sea
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e
 Ye sall be my dearie

Verse 6

Ca' the yowes to the knowes
 Ca' them where the heather grows
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes
 My bonie dearie

Chorus