

# Burns Revisited Volume 60

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# Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes

## Second Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Musical score for the song 'Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes'. It consists of three staves of music in G major, 4/4 time, with a tempo of 88. The first staff is labeled 'Verse 1' and contains the lyrics: 'Hark the ma-vis' e'en-ing sang soun-ding clou-den's woods a-mang then a faul-ding let us gang my bon-nie dear-ie'. The second staff is labeled 'Chorus' and contains the lyrics: 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes ca' them where the hea - ther grows'. The third staff continues the chorus with the lyrics: 'ca' them where the bur - nie rowes my bon - nie dear - ie'. Chord progressions are indicated above the notes: Verse 1 (G, C, G, Am, D7, G, C, G, Am, D7, G), Chorus (E, Am, D7, C, G), and the final line (E, Am, D7, G).

### Verse 2

We'll gae down by Clouden side  
Thro' the hazels spreading wide  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly

### Chorus

### Verse 3

Yonder Clouden's sil'nt towers  
Where at moonshine's midnight hours  
O'er the dewy bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheery

### Chorus

### Verse 4

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear  
Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear  
Nocht of ill may come thee near  
My bonie Dearie

### Chorus

### Verse 5

Fair and lovely as thou art  
Thou hast stown my very heart  
I can die but canna part  
My bonie 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

## Second Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9  $\text{♩} = 77$   $\text{Bb}^\circ$  Intro  $\text{Fm}$   $\text{Bb}^\circ$   $\text{Fm}$   $\text{Bb}^7$   $\text{Eb}$   $\text{Bb}^\circ$

16  $\text{Bb}^7$   $\text{Eb}$  Verse 1  $\text{Ab}$   $\text{Bbm}$   $\text{Bb}^7$

21  $\text{Fm}$  Chorus  $\text{Bb}^7$   $\text{Eb}$   $\text{C}^7$   $\text{Fm}$   $\text{Bb}^7$   $\text{Eb}$

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# The blue eyed lassie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

I gaed a wae fu'gate yes-treen a gate I fear I'll dea-r - l - y rue I gat my death frae twa sweet een twa  
 love - ly een o' bon - n - ie blue 'Twas not her gol - den ring - lets bright he - r  
 lips like ro-ses wat wi' dew her hea-ving bo-som lil - y white it was her een sae bon-nie blue She

## Verse 2

She talk'd she smil'd my heart she wyl'd  
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how  
 And ay the stound the deadly wound  
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue  
 But spare to speak and spare to speed  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow  
 Should she refuse I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonie blue

# The Battle of Sherramuir

Robert Burn

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 90

G D G

O cam ye here the fight to shun or herd the sheep wi' me man or were ye at the Sher-ra moor or

D G C D C

did the bat-tle see man I saw the bat-tle sair and teugh and ree-kin red ran mon-ie a sheugh my

D C

heart for fear gaed sough for sough to hear the thuds and see the cluds o'

G D G

clans frae woods in tar-tan duds wha glaum'd at king-doms three man The

## Verse 2

The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds  
 To meet them were na slaw man  
 They rush'd and push'd and blude outgush'd  
 And mony a bouk did fa' man  
 The great Argyle led on his files  
 I wat they glanced twenty miles  
 They hough'd the clans like nine pin kyles  
 They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd  
 And thro' they dash'd and hew'd and smash'd  
 Till fey men died awa man

## Verse 3

But had ye seen the philibegs  
 And skyrin tartan trews man  
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs  
 And covenant True blues man  
 In lines extended lang and large  
 When baignets o'erpower'd the targe  
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge  
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death till out o' breath  
 They fled like frightened dows man

## Verse 4

O how deil Tam can that be true  
 The chase gaed frae the north man  
 I saw mysel they did pursue  
 The horsemen back to Forth man  
 And at Dunblane in my ain sight  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight  
 But cursed lot the gates were shut  
 And mony a huntit poor red coat  
 For fear amaist did swarf man

## Verse 5

My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me man  
 She swoor she saw some rebels run  
 To Perth unto Dundee man  
 Their left hand general had nae skill  
 The Angus lads had nae gude will  
 That day their neibors' blude to spill  
 For fear for foes that they should lose  
 Their cogs o' brose they scar'd at blows  
 And hameward fast did flee man

## Verse 6

They've lost some gallant gentlemen  
 Amang the Highland clans man  
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain  
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands man  
 Now wad ye sing this double fight  
 Some fell for wrang and some for right  
 But mony bade the world gude night  
 Then ye may tell how pell and mell  
 By red claymores and muskets knell  
 Wi' dying yell the Tories fell  
 And Whigs to hell did flee man

# Awa Whigs Awa

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 → F Verse 1 → Eb F →

Our thris - sles flou - rish'd fresh and fair and bon - nie bloom'd our ro - ses but

♩ 3 → Eb F → F Chorus →

Whigs cam' like a frost in June an' with-er'd a' our pos-ies A - wa' Whigs a - wa' a -'

♩ 6 Eb → F Eb → F →

wa' Whigs a - wa' ye're but a pack o' trai-tor louns ye'll do nae gude at a' Our

## Verse 2

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust  
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't  
 An' write their names in his black beuk  
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Our sad decay in church and state  
 Surpasses my describing  
 The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse  
 An' we hae done wi' thriving

## Chorus

## Verse 4

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap  
 But we may see him wauken  
 Gude help the day when royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin

## Chorus

# A Waukrife Minnie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 → Eb Verse 1 → Ab Bb7 Eb → Bb7 ↻

Wha-re are you ga-un m - y bon - nie lass wha-re are you ga-un m - y hin nie sh - e

an - swered m - e righ - t sauc - il - ie 'an er - rand for my min - nie O -

## Verse 2

O whare live ye my bonie lass  
 O whare live ye my hinnie  
 By yon burnside gin ye maun ken  
 In a wee house wi' my minnie

## Verse 3

But I foor up the glen at e'en  
 To see my bonie lassie  
 And lang before the grey morn cam  
 She was na hauf sae saucie

## Verse 4

O weary fa' the waukrife cock  
 And the foumart lay his crawin  
 He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep  
 A wee blink or the dawin

## Verse 5

An angry wife I wat she raise  
 And o'er the bed she brocht her  
 And wi' a meikle hazel rung  
 She made her a weel pay'd dochter

## Verse 6

O fare thee weel my bonie lass  
 O fare thee well my hinnie  
 Thou art a gay an' a bonnie lass  
 But thou has a waukrife minnie

# My hearts's in the Highlands

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩. = 59 C

→→ Dm G7 →→ F G7 →→ C

Fare - well to the High-lands fare - well to the North the birth-place of val-our the coun-try of worth wher

→→ Dm G7 →→ F G7 →→ C →→ Chorus F

e - ver I wan-der wher - e - ver I rove the hills of the High lands for e - ver I love Myheart's in the High-lands my

→→ Em →→ Dm G7 →→ C C7 →→ F

heart is not here my heart's in the High-lands a - chas - ing the deer chas - ing the wild deer and

→→ Em →→ D7 →→ G7

fol - lowing the roe my heart's in the High - lands wher - e - ver I go Fare -

## Verse 2

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow  
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below  
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods

## Chorus



# The Whistle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

F C7 Dm C7 F C G7 C7

I sing of a whistle a whistle of worth I sing of a whistle the pride of the North was  
brought to the court of our good Scot-tish King and long with this whistle all Scot land shall ring Old

**Verse 2**

Old Loda still rueing the arm of Fingal  
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall  
The Whistle's your challenge to Scotland get o'er  
And drink them to hell Sir or ne'er see me more

**Verse 3**

Old poets have sung and old chronicles tell  
What champions ventur'd what champions fell  
The son of great Loda was conqueror still  
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill

**Verse 4**

Till Robert the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur  
Unmatch'd at the bottle unconquer'd in war  
He drank his poor god ship as deep as the sea  
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he

**Verse 5**

Thus Robert victorious the trophy has gain'd  
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd  
Till three noble chieftains and all of his blood  
The jovial contest again have renew'd

**Verse 6**

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw  
Craigdarroch so famous for with worth and law  
And trusty Glenriddel so skill'd in old coins  
And gallant Sir Robert deep read in old wines

**Verse 7**

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil  
Desiring Downrightly to yield up the spoil  
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan  
And once more in claret try which was the man

**Verse 8**

By the gods of the ancients Downrightly replies  
Before I surrender so glorious a prize  
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More  
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er

**Verse 9**

Sir Robert a soldier no speech would pretend  
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe or his friend  
Said Toss down the Whistle the prize of the field  
And knee-deep in claret he'd die ere he'd yield

**Verse 10**

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair  
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care  
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame  
Than the sense wit and taste of a sweet lovely dame

**Verse 11**

A bard was selected to witness the fray  
And tell future ages the feats of the day  
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen  
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been

**Verse 12**

The dinner being over the claret they ply  
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy  
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set  
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet

**Verse 13**

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er  
Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core  
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn  
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn

**Verse 14**

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night  
When gallant Sir Robert to finish the fight  
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red  
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did

**Verse 15**

Then worthy Glenriddel so cautious and sage  
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage  
A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine  
He left the foul business to folks less divine

**Verse 16**

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end  
But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend  
Though Fate said a hero should perish in light  
So uprose bright Phoebus and down fell the knight

**Verse 17**

Next uprose our Bard like a prophet in drink  
Craigdarroch thou'lt soar when creation shall sink  
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme  
Come one bottle more and have at the sublime

**Verse 18**

Thy line that have struggled for freedom with Bruce  
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce  
So thine be the laurel and mine be the bay  
The field thou hast won by yon bright god of day

# To Mary in Heaven

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89

Verse 1a

Thou ling'-ring star with les sening ray that lov'st to greet the ear-ly morn a - gain thou ush-er'st in the day to

Ma-ry from my soul was torn O Ma - ry dear de - par-ted shade where is thy place of bliss-ful rest see'st

Verse 1b

thou thy lo-ver low-ly laid hear'st thou the groans that rend his brest That sac-red hour can I for-get can

I for-get the hal-low'd grove where by the win-ding Ayr we met to live one day of par ting love e -

ter - ni - ty can - not ef - face those re - cords dear of trans - ports past thy

i - mage at our last em - brace ah lit - tle thought we 'twas our last Ayr

## Verse 2a

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore  
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green  
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
 'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest  
 The birds sang love on every spray  
 Till too too soon the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day

## Verse 2b

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes  
 And fondly broods with miser care  
 Time but th' impression stronger makes  
 As streams their channels deeper wear  
 My Mary dear departed shade  
 Where is thy blissful place of rest  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast

# The Five Carlins

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 C Verse 1a

There was five Car-lins in the South they fell u - pon a scheme to send a lad to Lon-don town to

bring them ti - dings home nor on - ly bring them ti - dings home but do their er - rands there and

aib - lins gowd and hon - our baith might be that lad - die's share There

**Verse 2a**

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith  
A dame wi' pride enough  
And Marjory o' the monie Lochs  
A Carlin auld and teugh

**Verse 2b**

And blinkin Bess of Annandale  
That dwelt near Solway side  
And whisky Jean that took her gill  
In Galloway sae wide

**Verse 3a**

And auld black Joan frae Crichton Peel  
O' gipsy kith an' kin  
Five wighter Carlins were na found  
The South countrie within

**Verse 3b**

To send a lad to London town  
They met upon a day  
And monie a knight and monie a laird  
This errand fain wad gae

**Verse 4a**

O monie a knight and monie a laird  
This errand fain wad gae  
But nae ane could their fancy please  
O ne'er a ane but twae

**Verse 4b**

The first ane was a belted Knight  
Bred of a Border band  
And he wad gae to London town  
Might nae man him withstand

**Verse 5a**

And he wad do their errands weel  
And meikle he wad say  
And ilka ane about the court  
Wad bid to him gude day

**Verse 5b**

The neist cam in a Soger youth  
Who spak wi' modest grace  
And he wad gae to London town  
If sae their pleasure was

**Verse 6a**

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts  
Nor meikle speech pretend  
But he wad hecht an honest heart  
Wad ne'er desert his friend

**Verse 6b**

Now wham to chuse and wham refuse  
At strife thir Carlins fell  
For some had Gentlefolks to please  
And some wad please themsel'

**Verse 7a**

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith  
And she spak up wi' pride  
And she wad send the Soger youth  
Whatever might betide

**Verse 7b**

For the auld Gudeman o' London court  
She didna care a pin  
But she wad send the Soger youth  
To greet his eldest son

**Verse 8a**

Then started Bess o' Annandale  
And a deadly aith she's ta'en  
That she wad vote the Border Knight  
Though she should vote her lane

**Verse 8b**

For far off fowls hae feathers fair  
And fools o' change are fain  
But I hae tried the Border Knight  
And I'll try him yet again

**Verse 9a**

Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel  
A Carlin stoor and grim  
The auld Gudeman or young Gudeman  
For me may sink or swim

**Verse 9b**

For fools will prate o' right or wrang  
While knaves laugh them to scorn  
But the Soger's friends hae blawn the best  
So he shall bear the horn

**Verse 10a**

Then whisky Jean spak owre her drink  
Ye weel ken kimmers a'  
The auld gudeman o' London court  
His back's been at the wa'

**Verse 10b**

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup  
Is now a fremit wight  
But it's ne'er be said o' whisky Jean  
We'll send the Border Knight

**Verse 11a**

Then slaw raise Marjory o' the Lochs  
And wrinkled was her brow  
Her ancient weed was russet gray  
Her auld Scots bluid was true

**Verse 11b**

There's some great folk set light by me  
I set as light by them  
But I will send to London town  
Wham I like best at hame

**Verse 12a**

Sae how this mighty plea may end  
Nae mortal wight can tell  
God grant the King and ilka man  
May look weel to himsel