

# Burns Revisited Volume 72

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# Galloway Tam

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

$\text{♩} = 77$   $\text{Am}$   
Verse 1

O Gal-low-ay Tam cam here to woo I'd rath-er we'd gi'en him the brow-nit cow for our lass Bess may

6 Verse 2

curse and ban the wan-ton wit o' Gal-low-ay Tam O Gal-low-way Tam cam he-re t - o shear I'd

11  $\text{Dm}$   $\text{E}^7$   $\text{Am}$

rath - er we'd gi'en him the gui - d gre - y mare he kist the guid - wife and

14

strack the guid - man and that's the tricks o' Gal - low - ay - Tam

# My Wife's a wanton wee thing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

A E A D E A

She play'd the loon or she was mar-ried she played the loon or she was mar-ried she

3 A<sup>7</sup> D E A Chorus E

played the loon or she was mar-ried she'll do it a gain or she die My wife's a wan-ton we thing my

7 A D A E A E<sup>7</sup> A

wife's a wan-ton wee thing m-y wife's a wan-ton wee thing sh-e win-na be gui-ded by me She

## Verse 2

She sell'd her coat and she drank it  
 She sell'd her coat and she drank it  
 She row'd hersell in a blanket  
 She winna be guided for me

## Chorus

## Verse 3

She mind't na when I forbade her  
 She mind't na when I forbade her  
 I took a rung and I claw'd her  
 And a braw gude bairn was she

## Chorus

# Up and warn a' Willie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

13 Chorus Eb Bb7 → Ab → Bb7

16 Verse 1 Eb → Ab Eb

19 F Bb7 → Eb Eb7

22 Ab Bb7 → Eb Bb Eb

Up and warn a' Wil - lie wa - rn wa - rn a' t - o hear my can - ty High-land sang re-late

the thing I saw Wil lie When we gaed to the braes o' Mar and to the wa - pon shaw Wil lie wi' true de

sign to serve the king and ba-nish Whigs a - wa Wil lie up and warn a' Wil lie

warn warn a' for lords and lairds came there be-deen and wow but they were brow Wil-lie

**Chorus****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  
Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
Then second-sighted Sandie said  
We'd do nae gude at a' Willie

**Chorus****Verse 3**

But when the army join'd at Perth  
The bravest ere ye saw Willie  
We didna doubt the rogues to rout  
Restore our king and a' Willie  
Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
The pipers play'd frae right to left  
O whirry whigs awa Willie

**Chorus****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  
Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
Traitor Huntly soon gave way  
Seaforth St Clair and a' Willie

**Chorus****Verse 5**

But brave Glengarry on our right  
The rebel's left did claw Willie  
He there the greatest slaughter made  
That ever Donald saw Willie  
Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
And Whittam shat his breeks for fear  
And fast did rin awa' Willie

**Chorus****Verse 6**

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

**Chorus****Verse 7**

But when Argyle did view our line  
And them in order saw Willie  
He streight gaed to Dumblane again  
And back his left did draw Willie  
Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
Then we to Auchterairder march'd  
To wait a better fa' Willie

**Chorus****Verse 8**

Now if ye spier wha wan the day  
I've tell'd you what I saw Willie  
We baith did fight and baith did beat  
And baith did rin awa Willie  
Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a' Willie  
For second sighted Sandie said  
We'd do nae gude at a' Willie

**Chorus****Chorus**

# Johnie Cope

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 73    **F** Verse 1

Sir John Cope trode the nor - th right far yet ne'er a re - bel h - e cam naur un -

til he lan - ded a - t Dun - bar right ear - ly i - n a - mor - ning Hey Joh - nie Cope are ye wau - king yet

or are ye slee - ping I would wit o haste ye get up for the drums do beat

o fye Cope rise in the mor - ning He

**Verse 2**

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar  
Come fight me Charlie an ye daur  
If it be not by the chance of war  
I'll give you a merry morning

**Chorus****Verse 3**

When Charlie look'd the letter upon  
He drew his sword the scabbard from  
So Heaven restore to me my own  
I'll meet you Cope in the morning'

**Chorus****Verse 4**

Cope swore with many a bloody word  
That he would fight them gun and sword  
But he fled frae his nest like an ill scar'd bird  
And Johnie he took wing in the morning

**Chorus****Verse 5**

It was upon an afternoon  
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town  
He says my lads come lean you down  
And we'll fight the boys in the morning

**Chorus****Verse 6**

But when he saw the Highland lads  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockaids  
Wi' swords and guns and rungs and gauds  
O Johnie he took wing in the morning

**Chorus****Verse 7**

On the morrow when he did rise  
He look'd between him and the skies  
He saw them wi' their naked thighs  
Which fear'd him in the morning

**Chorus****Verse 8**

On then he flew into Dunbar  
Crying for a man of war  
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar  
And gotten awa in the morning

**Chorus****Verse 9**

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade  
Just as the devil had been his guide  
Gien him the world he would na stay'd  
To foughten the boys in the morning

**Chorus****Verse 10**

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John  
O what's become of all your men  
In faith says he I dinna ken  
I left them a' this morning

**Chorus****Verse 11**

Says Lord Mark Car ye are na blate  
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat  
I think you deserve the back o' the gate  
Get out o' my sight this morning

**Chorus**

# Johnie Blunt

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1,2&3

D F#m Bm F#m Em

The-re liv'd a man i-n yon-der glen an-d John Blu-nt was his name o h-e maks guid maut and he

6 C A7 D D G Refrain D

brews guid ale and he bears a won-drous fame o Th-e door o Three trav-ellers that had tint their gate as

12 G D G D G D

thro' the hills they foor o they air-ted by the line o' light fu' straught to John-ie Blunt's door o The-y

## Verse 1

There liv'd a man in yonder glen  
 And John Blunt was his name O  
 He maks gude maut and he brews gude ale  
 And he bears a wondrous fame O

## Verse 2

The wind blew in the hallan ae night  
 Fu' snell out o'er the moor O  
 'Rise up rise up auld Luckie' he says  
 'Rise up and bar the door O'

## Verse 3

They made a paction tween them twa  
 They made it firm and sure O  
 Whae'er sud speak the foremost word  
 Should rise and bar the door O

## Refrain

Three travellers that had tint their gate  
 As thro' the hills they foor O  
 They airted by the line o' light  
 Fu' straight to Johnie Blunt's door O

## Verse 4

They haul'd auld Luckie out o' her bed  
 And laid her on the floor O  
 But never a word auld Luckie wad say  
 For barrin o' the door O

## Verse 5

Ye've eaten my bread ye hae druken my ale  
 'And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore O'  
 Aha Johnie Blunt ye hae spoke the first word  
 Get up and bar the door O

# The Campbells are coming

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 → F Verse 1 → C7

Up - on th - e Lo - monds I - la - y I - lay up - on th - e Lo - monds I  
lay I lay I loo - ed dow - n t - o bon - nie Loch - le - ven and  
saw thre - e bon - nie per - ches play The Camp - bells are com - in o - ho o - ho the  
Camp - bells are com - in o - ho o - ho the Camp - bells are com - in to  
bon - nie Loch - leven the Camp - bells are com - in o - ho o - ho Great

## Verse 2

Great Argyle he goes before  
He maks his cannons and guns to roar  
Wi' sound o' trumpet pipe and drum  
The Campbells are comin Oho Oho

## Chorus

## Verse 3

The Campbells they are a' in arms  
Their loyal faith and truth to show  
Wi' banners rattling in the wind  
The Campbells are comin Oho Oho

## Chorus

# Sandy and Jockie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87 <sup>F</sup> Verse 1

Twa bon - nie lads were San - dy and Jock - ie Jock - ie was lo'ed but San - dy un - luck - y

Jock - ie was laird baith of hills and of val - leys but San - dy was nought but the king

<sup>F</sup> Verse 2

o' guid fel - lows Jock - ie lo'ed Mad - gie for Mad - gie had mon - ey and

San - dy lo'ed Ma - ry for Ma - ry was bon - nie ane wed - ded for love an - e

wed - ded for trea - sure so Jock - ie had sil - ler and San - dy had plea - sure

Chords: C, F, Bb, Dm, Am, Gm, C7

# Souters o' Selkirk

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 65  
Eb

It's up wi' the Sou - ters o' Sel - kirk and down wi' the Ea - rl o' Hume and

here is to a' the braw lad - dies that wear the sin - gle sol'd shoon it's

up wi' the Sou - ter's o' Sel - kirk for they are baith trus - ty and leal and

up wi' the lads o' the For - est and down wi' the Merse to the deil

# Hughie Graham

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 79 → A Verse 1 E7 A → E7 A E

Our lords are to the moun-tains gane a - hun - ting o' the fal - low deer and

3 A E7 A → E7 A E7 A

they hae grip - et Hugh - ie Graham for stea - ling o' the bish - op's mare And

**Verse 2**

And they hae tied him hand and foot  
 And led him up thro' Stirling town  
 The lads and lasses met him there  
 Cried Hughie Graham thou art a loun

**Verse 3**

O lowse my right hand free he says  
 And put my braid sword in the same  
 He's no in Stirling town this day  
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham

**Verse 4**

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord  
 As he sat by the bishop's knee  
 Five hundred white stots I'll gie you  
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free

**Verse 5**

O haud your tongue the bishop says  
 And wi' your pleading let me be  
 For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat  
 Hughie Graham this day shall die

**Verse 6**

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord  
 As she sat by the bishop's knee  
 Five hundred white pence I'll gie you  
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me

**Verse 7**

O haud your tongue now lady fair  
 An wi' your pleading let me be  
 Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat  
 Its for my honor he maun die

**Verse 8**

They've taen him to the gallows knowe  
 He looked to the gallows tree  
 Yet never color left his cheek  
 Nor ever did he blin' his e'e

**Verse 9**

At length he looked round about  
 To see whatever he could spy  
 And there he saw his auld father  
 And he was weeping bitterly

**Verse 10**

O haud your tongue my father dear  
 And wi' your weeping let it be  
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart  
 Than a' that they can do to me

**Verse 11**

And ye may gie my brother John  
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear  
 And let him come at twelve o'clock  
 And see me pay the bishop's mare

**Verse 12**

And ye may gie my brother James  
 My sword that's bent in the middle brown  
 And bid him come at four o'clock  
 And see his brother Hugh cut down

**Verse 13**

Remember me to Maggy my wife  
 The niest time ye gang o'er the moor  
 Tell her she staw the bishop's mare  
 Tell here she was the bishop's whore

**Verse 14**

And ye may tell my kith and kin  
 I never did disgrace their blood  
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak  
 To mak it shorter by the hood

# As I cam down by yon castle wa

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5 D = 135 A D G D

As I cam down by yon cas-tle wa' and in by yon gar-den green O

13 A D G A<sup>7</sup> D

there I spied a bon-nie bon-nie lass but the flower bor-ders were us be-tween

## Verse 2

A bony bony lassie she was  
 As ever mine eyes did see  
 O five hundred pounds would I give  
 For to have such a pretty bride as thee

## Verse 3

To have such a pretty bride as me  
 Young man ye are sairly mista'en  
 Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland  
 I wad disdain to be you queen

## Verse 4

Talk not so very high bony lass  
 O talk not so very very high  
 The man at the fair that wad sell  
 He maun learn at the man that wad buy

## Verse 5

I trust to climb a far higher tree  
 And herry a far richer nest  
 Tak this advice o' me bony lass  
 Humility wad set thee best