

Burns Revisited Volume 74

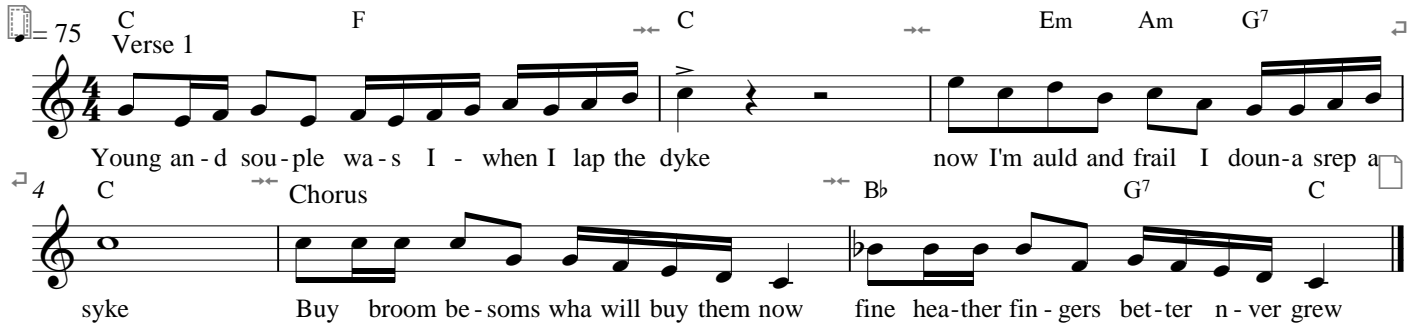
1. Broom besoms (alternative verses)
2. The Taylor fell thro' the bed
3. Aye waukin O
4. The White Cockade
5. John come kiss me now
6. O an ye were dead guidman
7. Comin thro' the rye
8. There's three true guid fellows
9. The reel o' stumpie
10. As I cam o'er the Cairney Mount

Broom Besoms

Alternative Verses

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney



Verse 1
Young an - d sou - ple wa - s I - when I lap the dyke now I'm auld and frail I doun-a srep a
syke

Chorus
Buy broom be - soms wha will buy them now fine hea - ther fin - gers bet - ter n - ver grew

Verse 2

Young and souple was I when at Lautherslack
Now I'm auld and frail and lie at Nansie's back

Chorus

Verse 3

Had she gien me butter when she gae me bread
I wad looked baulder wi' my beld head

Chorus

The tailor fell thro' the bed

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 Verse 1

The tai - lor fell thro' the bed thim - ble an' a' the
 tai - lor fell thro' the bed thim - ble an' a' the
 blan - kets were thin and the sheets they were sma' the
 tai - lor fell thro' the bed thim - ble an' a' The

Verse 2

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill
 The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill
 The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still
 She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill

Verse 3

Gie me the goat again cany young man
 Gie me the goat again cany young man
 The day it is short and the night it is lang
 The dearest siller that ever I wan

Verse 4

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane
 There's some that are dowie I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit Taylor come skippin again

Aye Waukin O

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69
9 Verse 1

Am Dm Am

Sim - mer's a plea - sant time flowers of ev - ery col - our the wa - ter rins o'er the heugh

12 Chorus

A C#7 D

and I long for my true lo - ver Aye wau - kin o wau - kin still and wea - ry

15 F A E7 A

sleep I can get nane for thin - king on my dea - rie

Verse 2

When I sleep I dream
When I wauk I'm irie
Sleep can I get nane
For thinking on my Dearie

Chorus

Verse 3

Lanely night comes on
A' the lave are sleepin
I think on my bonie lad
And I bleer my een wi' greetin

Chorus

The White Cockade

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80 C Verse 1

M - y lo - ve was bo - rn in A - ber - deen th - e bon - ni - est lad that e'er
 was seen bu - t no - w he ma - kes our hea - rts fu' sad h - e
 takes the field wi' his White Cock - ade O he's a ran - ting ro - ving lad
 he is a brisk an' a bon - nie lad be - tide what may I
 will be wed and fol - low the booy wi' the White Cock - ade I - 'll

Chorus

Verse 2

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My guid gray mare and hawkit cow,
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

Chorus

John come kiss me now

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Musical score for 'John come kiss me now' in 4/4 time, 69 BPM. The score is written on three staves. The first staff is labeled 'Verse 1' and contains the lyrics: 'O - some will court and comp-lim-ent an d ith-er some will kiss and daut bu-t I will mak o' my guid-man i - t'. The second staff is labeled 'Chorus' and contains the lyrics: 'i - s na - e faut O he's a ran-ting rov-ing lad he is a brisk an' bon-nie lad be-tide what'. The third staff contains the lyrics: 'may I will be wed and fol-low the boy wi' the White Cock - ade I - 'll'. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: C, G7, C, G7, C, G7, C, G7, C, G7, C, F, C7, F, C7, F, C7, F, Gm, C7, F.

Verse 2

O some will court and compliment
 And ither some will prye their mou
 And some will hause in ithers arms
 And that's the way I like to do

Chorus

O an ye were dead guidman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 77

Verse 1

There - s sax eggs in the pa - n gu id - man there's

sax eggs in the pa - n gu - id - man there's ane to you and tw - a t - o me and

three to our John High - lan - d - man O an ye were dead guid - man a

green turf on your head guid - ma

wad bes - tow my wid - ow - hood up - on a ran - tin High - land - man A -

Chorus 1

Verse 2

A Sheep head in the pot gudeman
 A Sheep head in the pot gudeman
 The flesh to him the broo to me
 An the horns become your brow gudeman

Chorus 2

Sing round about the fire wi a rung she ran
 An round about the fire wi a rung she ran
 Your horns shall tie you to the straw
 And I shall band your hide gudeman

Comin thro' the rye

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120
9 Verse 1

G C D C G

Com-in thro' the rye poor bo-dy com-in thro' the rye she draig-l't a' her pet - ti - coa - tie

15 D D7 G Chorus D G

com-in thro' the rye O Jen ny's a' weet poor bo - dy Jen - ny's sel - dom

20 D D7 G D7 G D7 G

dry she draig-l't a' her pet - ti - coa - tie com-in thro' the rye

Verse 2

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the rye
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry

Chorus

Verse 3

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the glen
Gin a body kiss a body
Need the warld ken

Chorus

There's three true guid fellows

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

25 $F = 120$
Verse 1

There's three true guid fel - lows there's three grue gu - id fe - ll - ows

29 Verse 2
there's three true guid fel - lows down a - yont yon glen It's now the

34
day is daw - in but or night d - o f - a' in

37
whase cock's best at craw - in' Wil - lie thou sall ken

The reel o' Stumpie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

41 $\text{♩} = 80$ Verse 1

E B7 A E → F#m C#m F#7 B7 ← E B7 A E □

Wap an-d rowe wap an-d rowe wap an-d rowe the fee - tie o't I thought I was a mai-de-n fair

44 Verse 2

F#m C#m F#7 B7 E → E B7 A E → F#m C#m F#7 B7 □

till I - heard the gree-tie o't My dad-die was a fid-dler fine my min-nie she made ma-n - ti - e o

47

E B7 A E → F#m C#m F#7 B7 E □

and I my - self a thum - pi - n quine and danc'd the reel o' stum - pie o

As I came o'er the Cairney Mount

Robert Burns

Edward Cairney

♩ = 150

Verse 1

As I cam o'er the Cair - ney mount and down a - mong the bloo - mingheath - er

kind - ly stood the mil - king shiel to shel - ter frae the sor - my weath - er

Chorus

O my bon - nie High - land lad my win - some weel - faur'd high - land lad - die

wha wad mind the wind and rain sae weel row'd in his tar - tan pai - die Now

Verse 2

Now Phebus blinkit on the bent
 And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating
 But he wan my heart's consent
 To be his ain at the neist meeting

Chorus