

Burns Revisited Volume 85

1. Guid ale keeps the heart aboon
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4. O lassie art thou sleeping yet
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Guid ale keeps the heart aboon

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120 D

Verse 1

I had sax ow-sen in a pleugh and they drew a' weel e - neugh I sald them a' just ane by ane

7 D A D Chorus D+ G A7

guid ale keeps the heart a - boon O guid ale comes and guid ale goes guid ale gars me sell my

12 D A7 D B7 E7 A7 D

hose sell my hose and pawn my shoon guid ale keeps my heart a - boon

Verse 2

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie
 Stand i' the stool when I hae dune
 Guid ale keeps the heart aboon

Chorus

O steer her up an' haud her gaun

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 152

17 Verse 1 G Verse 1 → → → → → E → → Am → →

O steer her u - p an' hau - d he - r gaun her mith - er's at the mill jo

25 → → → → → D7 → → G → → D → →

an' gin she wi - na ta - k a - man e'en let her ta - k her will jo

33 G → → → → → E → → Am → →

first shore her wi - a ge - n - t - le kiss and ca' a - ni - ther gill

40 → → → → → G → → D7 → → G → →

jo an' gin she ta - k the thing a - miss e'en let her flyte her fill jo

Verse 2

O steer her up and be na blate
 An' gin she tak it ill jo
 Then leave the lassie till her fate
 And time nae langer spill jo
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute
 But think upon it still jo
 That gin the lassie winna do't
 Ye'll find anither will jo

The Lass O' Ecclefechan

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100
49 Verse 1

Gat ye me o gat ye me o gat ye me wi' nae thing_ rock an' reel an' spin - ning wheel a
52 mick - le quar - ter bas - in bye at - tour my gut - cher has a heich house and a laigh ane
55 a' for - bye my bon - nie sel' the toss o' Ecc - le - fech - an

Verse 2

O haud your tongue now Luckie Lang
 O haud your tongue and jauner
 I held the gate till you I met
 Syne I began to wander
 I tint my whistle and my sang
 I tint my peace and pleasure
 But your green graff now Luckie Lang
 Wad airt me to my treasure

O lassie art thou sleeping yet

His Request

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 ^{E♭} Verse 1

O las - sie ar - t tho - u slee - ping yet or art thou wak - in' I wad wid for love has bou - nd m - e

6 hand an' fit and I would fain be in jo O - let me i - n this ae night this ae

11 aë ae night fo - r pi - ty sa - ke this ae night o - rise and let me i - n jo Thou

Verse 2

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet
 Tak pity on my weary feet
 And shield me frae the rain jo

Verse 3

The bitter blast that round me blows
 Unheeded howls unheeded fa's
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my care and pine jo

Her Answer

16 ^{E♭} Verse 1 ^{B♭7} ^{E♭} ^{B♭7} ^{E♭}

O tell na me o' wind an' rain up - braid na me wi' cauld dis - dain gae back th - e gate y - e

22 ^{B♭7} ^{Cm} ^{E♭} ^{B♭7} ^{E♭} Chorus

27 ^{A♭} ^{E♭} ^{A♭} ^{B♭} ^{E♭}

cam a - gain I - win na let ye in jo I - tel you no - w this ae night this ae

aë ae night an - d ance for a' - this ae night I - win - na let ye i - n jo The

Verse 2

The snellest blast at mirkest hours
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours
 Is nocht to what poor she endures
 That's trusted faithless man jo

Verse 3

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead
 Now trodden like the vilest weed
 Let simple maid the lesson read
 The weird may be her ain jo

Verse 4

The bird that charm'd his summer day
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey
 Let that to witless woman say
 How aft her fate's the same jo

I'll aye ca' in by yon town

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

Verse 1

There's nane sall ken there's nane sall guess what brings me back the gate a - gain but
 she my fair - est faith - fu' lass and stown - lins we sall meet a - gain I'll

Chorus

aye ca' in by yon town and by yon gar - den green a - gain I'll
 aye ca' in by yon town and see my bon - nie Jean a - gain She'll

Verse 2

She'll wander by the aiken tree
 When trystin' time draws near again
 And when her lovely form I see
 O haith she's doubly dear again

Chorus

O wat ye wha's in yon town

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 87

Verse 1

G D7 G D7

Now hap - ly down yon gay green shaw she wan - ers by yon sprea - ding tree how blest ye

4 G D7 C D7 G Chorus G D7 G

flow - ers that round her blaw ye catch the glan - ces o' her e'e O wat ye wha's in yontown ye

10 Am D7 G Bm Am D7

see the e'e - nin' sun u - pon the dea - rest maid's in yo - n

13 G B7 Em A7 D7

town that e'e - ning sun is shin - ing on O blest ye

Verse 2.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year!
 And doubly welcome be the Spring,
 The season to my Jeanie dear!

Chorus**Verse 3.**

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
 Among the broomy braes sae green;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

Chorus**Verse 4.**

Without my Love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

Chorus**Verse 5.**

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging Winter rent the air,
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

Chorus**Verse 6.**

O, sweet is she in yon town
 The sinkin sun's gane down upon!
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

Chorus**Verse 7.**

If angry Fate be sworn my foe,
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
 I'd careless quit aught else below,
 But spare, O, spare me Jeanie dear!

Chorus**Verse 8.**

For, while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

Chorus

Ballads on Mr Heron's Election 1795

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 Verse 1

Wham will we send to Lon-don town to Par - lia-ment and a' that or who in a' the coun-try roun' the
 best des-erves to fa' that for a' - that an' a - that thro' Gal - low-ay and a' that where
 is the laird or bel - ted knight thay best des - erves to fa' that Wha

Verse 2

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett
 And wha is't never saw that
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met
 And had a doubt of a' that
 For a' that and a' that
 Here's Heron yet for a' that
 The independent patriot
 The honest man and a' that

Verse 3

Tho' wit and worth in either sex
 Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that
 Wi' Lords and Dukes let Selkirk mix
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that
 For a' that and a' that
 Here's Heron yet for a' that
 An independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that

Verse 4

But why should we to Nobles jeuk
 And it against the law that
 And even a Lord may be a gowk
 Wi' ribban star and a' that
 For a' that and a' that
 Here's Heron yet for a' that
 A Lord may be a lousy loon
 Wi' ribban star and a' that

Verse 5

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels
 A man we ken and a' that
 For a' that and a' that
 Here's Heron yet for a' that
 We are na to be bought and sold
 Like nowte and naigs and a' that

Verse 6

Then let us drink ' The Stewartry
 Kerroughtree's laird and a' that
 Our representative to be'
 For weel he's worthy a' that
 For a' that and a' that
 Here's Heron yet for a' that
 A House of Commons such as he
 They wad be blest that saw that

Ballad second election day

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 *Em* Verse 1 →→ →→ *Am* →→ →→ *D7* ↻

Fy let us a' to Kirk-cud bright for there will be bick-er-in' there for Mur-ray's light horse are to mus-ter and o how the her-oes will swear and there will be Mur ray com-man-der and Gor-don the bat-tle to win like broth-ers they'll stand by each oth-er sae knit in al-li-ance and kin and he foun-der'd his horse a-mong har-lots but gied the auld naig to the Lord but gied the auld naig to the lord

Verse 2

And there will be black nebbit Johnie
The tongue o' the trump to them a'
An he get na Hell for his haddin'
The Deil gets na justice ava
And there will be Kempleton's birkie
A boy no sae black at the bane
But as to his fine Nabob fortune
We'll e'en let the subject alane

Verse 3

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby
But Lord what's become o' the head
And there will be Cardoness Esquire
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes
A wight that will weather damnation
The Devil the prey will despise

Verse 4

And there will be Douglasses doughty
New christening towns far and near
Abjuring their democrat doings
By kissin' the o' a Peer
And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's
A house o' great merit and note
The deil ane but honours them highly
The deil ane will gie them his vote

Verse 5

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous
Whose honour is proof to the storm
To save them from stark reprobation
He lent them his name in the Firm
And there will be lads o' the gospel
Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true
And there will be Buittle's Apostle
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue

Verse 6

And there will be Logan M'Dowall
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there
And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway
Sogering gunpowder Blair
But we winna mention Redcastle
The body e'en let him escape
He'd venture the gallows for siller
An' twere na the cost o' the rape

Verse 7

And there is the Doggerbank hero
That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk
Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel
The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk
And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant
Sae sam'd for his gratefu' return
The birkie is gettin' his Questions
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn

Verse 8

But mark ye there's trusty Kerroughtree
Whose honor was ever his law
If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel
His worth might be sample for a'
And strang an' respectfu' his backing
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand
Nae gipsylike nominal barons
Wha's property's papernot land

Verse 9

And there frae the Niddisdale borders
The Maxwells will gather in droves
Tough Jockie staunch Geordie an' Wellwood
That grieens for the fishes and loaves
And there will be Heron the Major
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys
Our flattery we'll keep for some other
Him only it's justice to praise

Verse 10

And there will be maiden Kilkerran
And also Barskimming's gude Knight
And there will be roarin' Birtwhistle
Yet luckily roars i' the right
And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram
And there will be gay Cassencarry
And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam

Verse 11

And there'll be wealthy young Richard
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck
For prodigal thriftless bestowing
His merit had won him respect
And there will be rich brother nabobs
Tho' Nabobs yet men not the worst
And there will be Collieston's whiskers
And Quintina lad o' the first

Verse 12

Then hey the chaste Interest o' Broughton
And hey for the blessin's 'twill bring
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons
In Sodom 'twould make him a king
And hey for the sanctified Murray
Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd
He foun'der'd his horse among harlots
But gied the auld naig to the Lord

Ballad third John Bushby's Lamentation

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90
24 Verse 1a

C → F → C → Dm

'Twas in the sev - en - teen hund - red year o' grace and nine - ty five that year I was the

29 Verse 1b

F → F¹³ → G⁷ → C

wae - 'est man of on - ie man a - live In March the three an' twen - ti - eth morn the

34

F → C → Dm → Am → Dm → G⁷ → C

sun raise clear an' bright but o I was a wae - fu' man ere to fa' o' the night

Verse 2a

Earl Galloway lang did rule this land
Wi' equal right and fame
Fast knit in chaste and holy bands
With Broughton's noble name

Verse 2b

Earl Galloway's man o' men was I
And chief o' Broughton's host
So two blind beggars on a string
The faithfu' tyke will trust

Verse 3a

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke
And Broughton's wi' the slain
And I my ancient craft may try
Sin' honesty is gane

Verse 3b

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers

Verse 4a

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud
Wi' winged spurs did ride
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade
He staw upon Nidside

Verse 4b

An' there had na been the Yerl himsel
O there had been nae play
But Garlies was to London gane
And sae the kye might stray

Verse 5a

And there was Balmaghie I ween -
In front rank he wad shine
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinkin' Madeira wine

Verse 5b

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed
In case that worth should wanted be
O' Kenmure we had need

Verse 6a

And by our banners march'd Muirhead
And Buittle was na slack
Whase haly priesthood nane could stain
For wha could dye the black

Verse 6b

And there was grave Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
A howlet sits at noon

Verse 7a

And there led I the Bushby clan
My gamesome billie Will
And my son Maitland wise as brave
My footsteps follow'd still

Verse 7b

The Douglas and the Heron's name
We set nought to their score
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight before

Verse 8a

But Douglasses o' weight had we
The pair o' lusty lairds
For building cot houses sae fam'd
And christenin kail-yards

Verse 8b

And then Redcastle drew his sword
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore
Save on a wand'rer lame and blind
To drive him frae his door

Verse 9a

At last cam creepin Collieston
Was mair in fear than wrath
Ae knave was constant in his mind -
To keep that knave frae scaith

Heron Election Ballad Fourth

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100
40

Verse 1

Wha will buy my trog - gin fine e - lect-ion ware brok-en trade o' Brough-ton a' in high re - pair

44

here's a nob - le Ear - l's fame and high re - nown for an auld sang it's thought the gudes were stown

48

Chorus

Buy braw trog - gin frae the banks o' Dee wha wants trog gin let him come to me

Chords: F, Dm, Gm, F, Gm, C7, F, A7, D7, Gm, D7, Gm, Bb, C7, F, Bb, C, F

Verse 2

Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's e'e
 Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie
 Here's its stuff and lining Cardoness' head
 Fine for a soger a' the wale o' lead

Chorus

Verse 3

Here's a little wadset Buittle's scrap o' truth
 Pawn'd in a ginshop quenching holy drouth
 Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn
 Frae the downs o' Tinwald so was never worn

Chorus

Verse 4

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr
 The crest a sour crab apple rotten at the core
 Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast
 By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost

Chorus

Verse 5

Here is Satan's picture like a bizzard gled
 Pouncing poor Redcastle sprawlin' like a taed
 Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names
 Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes

Chorus

Verse 6

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands
 Gifted by black Jock to get them aff his hands
 Saw ye e'er sic troggin if to buy ye're slack
 Hornie's turnin chapman he'll buy a' the pack

Chorus