

Burns Revisited Volume 11

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Guidwife count the lawin

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

$\text{♩} = 80$

Verse 1

Ga - ne is the day and mirk's the nigh - t bu - t we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light guid

a - le a - nd bran - dy's stars and mo - on a - nd bluid red wine's the ris - in sun the - n

Chorus

guid - wife count th - e law - in the la - w - in the law - in then

guid - wife count th - e law - in and brin - g a - cogg - ie mair

Verse 2

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen
and simple folk maun fecht and fen'
But here we're a' in ae accord
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord

Chorus

Verse 3

My coggie is a haly pool
That heals the wounds o' care and dool
And peasure is a wanton trout
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out

A waukrife minnie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80

Verse 1

Whare are you gaun my bon - nie lass where are you gaun my hin - nie she

4 an - swered me right sauc - il - ie an' er - rand for my min - nie O

8 Chorus

fare thee weel my bon - nie lass O fare thee well my hin - nie thou

12 art a gay an' a bon - nie lass but thou has a wauk - rife min - nie O

Verse 2

O whare live ye my bonnie lass
 o whare live ye my hinnie
 By yon burnside gin ye maun ken
 I a wee house wi' my minnie

Chorus

Verse 3

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

Chorus

Verse 4

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

Chorus

Verse 5

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

Chorus

The five carlins

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩. = 65

There wa - s five Ca - r - lins i - n the south they fell up - o - n a sche - me to
 se - nd a la - d to Lo - n - don town to bring them t - i - dings hame

Verse 2

Nor only bring them tidings hame
 But do their errands there
 And aiblins gowd and honor baith
 Might be that laddie's share

Verse 3

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

Verse 4

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

Verse 5

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

Verse 6

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

Verse 7

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

Verse 8

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 9

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 10

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 11

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 12

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

Verse 13

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 14

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 15

Then up sprang 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 16

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 17

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

Verse 18

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 19

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 20

And mony 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 21

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

Verse 22

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 23

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

The charms of lovely Davies

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

O - how shall I un - skil - fu' try th - e
po - et's o - cc - u - p - at - ion th - e tune - fu' powers in hap - py hours tha - t
whis - per i - n - spi - r - at - ion ev - en
they maun dare an - n ef - fort mair tha - n
aught they ev - er gave us e - re
they re - hearse i - n equ - al verse th - e charms o' love - ly Dav - ies

Verse 2

Each eye it cheers when she appears
Like Phoebus in the morning
When past the shower and every flower
The garden I adorning
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore
When winter bound the wave is
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming lovely Davies

Whistle o'er the lave o't

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

F C

First when Mag - gie was my care heav - en I thought was in her air now we're

5 Am Em Dm G⁷ C Verse 2

mar - ried speir nae mair but whist - le o'er the lave o't Meg was meek and Meg was

10 F C Am Em Dm

mild sweet and harm - less as a child wis - er men than me's beg - uil'd whist - le o'er the

16 G⁷ C C Refrain Em Dm G⁷ C

lave o't how we live m - y Meg and me how we love and how we gree I care na by how

22 Em Dm G⁷ C Verse 3

few may see whist - le o'er the la - ve o't wha I wish — were mag got's meat dish'd up

27 F C Am Em Dm G⁷ C

in her wind ing sheet I could write but Meg maun see't whist - le o'er the lave o't

The laddie's dear sel

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120
Verse 1&2

F Dm Gm Dm

There's a youth in this ci - ty it were a great pi - ty that he from our las - sies should
coat is the hue o' his bon - net sae blu - e his feck - et is white as the

7 G7 C7 F Dm Gm F Dm

wan - der a - wa' for he's bon - nie and bra - w weel fav - our'd with a' an' his hair has a
new driv - en snaw hi - s hose they are blae and his shoon like the slae and his clear si - ler

14 Bb C7 F F F Refrain C G7

nat - ur - al buck - le an' a' hi - s for beau - ty and for - tune the lad - dle's been
buck - les they daz - zle us a'

21 C F C Dm G7 F G7 C G7

cour - tin weel feat - r'd weel toch - er'd weelmoun - ted an' braw but chief - ly the sil - ler that gars him gang

29 C F C Am Dm G7 C C7 F Verse 3 Dm

till her the pen - ny's the jew - el that beaut - if - ies a' there - 's Meg - wi the mai - len that

36 Gm Dm G7 C7 F

fain wad a haen him and Sus - ie wha's dad - die was laird o' the ha' there - 's lang toch - er'd

43 Dm Gm F rit. Dm Bb C7 F

Nan - cy maist fet - ters his fan - cy but the lad - die's dear sel' he loes dear - est of a'

On the birth of a posthumous child

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 50

Verse 1

Am

Sweet flow'r - et pledge o' meik - le love and ward o' monie a prayer — what
 3 heart o' stane wad thou na move sae help - less sweet and fair Nov -

Verse 2

Am

em - ber hirp - les o'er the lea chill on thy love - ly form — and
 7 gane a - las the shelt' - ring tree should shield thee frae the storm

Refrain 1

Dm G7 C Am Em

May he who gives the rain to pour and wings the blast to blaw pro -
 12 tect thee frae the driv - ing shower the bit - ter frost and snaw may

Verse 3

May he the freind o' woe and want
 Who heals life's various sounds
 Potect and guard and mother plant
 And heal her cruel wounds

Verse 4

But late she flourish'd rooted fast
 Fair in the summer morn
 Now feebly bends she in the blast
 Unshelter'd and forlorn

Refrain 2

Blest be thy bloom thou lovely gem
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land

Election ballad for Westerha

9

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75

Verse 1

The lad - di - es by the banks o' Nith wad tru - st hi - s gra - ce wi' a' Jam - ie but
3 Gm F
he - 'll sa - ir the - m as he sair'd the King turn
4 Gm C7 F F Chorus
ta - il an - d rin a - wa - Jam - ie Up and waur them a' Jam - ie
6 C Dm
up and waur them a' the John - stones hae the guid - in - o't ye
8 C7 F
turn - coat Whigs aw - a the

Verse 2

The day he stude his country's friend
Or gied her faes a claw Jamie
Or frae puir man a blessin wan
That day the Duke ne'er saw Jamie

Chorus

Verse 3

But wha is he his country's boast
Like him there is na twa Jamie
There's no a callent tents the kye
But kens o' Westerha' Jamie

Chorus

Verse 4

To end the wark here's Whistlebirk
Lang may his whistle blaw Jamie
And Maxwell true o' sterling blue
And we'll be Johnstones a' Jamie

The banks O' Doon

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1
 Swe - et are the banks the banks o' Doon the spread - ing flowers are fair and eve - ry - thing is

Verse 2
 blythe and glad but I am fu' o' care thou -'ll break my heart thou bon - nie bird that

sings up - on the bough thou minds me o' the hap - py days when my fause luvè was true thou'll

Refrain 1
 break my heart thou bon - nie bird tha - t sings bes - ide thy mate fo - r

sae I sat and sae I sang and wist na o' my fate a - ft

Verse 3

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine
 And ilka birds sang o' its luvè
 and sae did I o' mine

Verse 4

Wi lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon its thorny tree
 But my fause luvè staw my rose
 And left the thorn wi' me

Refrain 2

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon a morn in June
 And sae I flourished on the morn
 And sae was pu'd or noon

On the late Captain Grose's peregrinations thro Scotland

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Hear land o' cakes and bri - ther Scots frae Maid - en - kirk to John - ie Groats if
there's a hole in a' your coats I rede you tent it a
child's a - mang you tak - ing notes and faith he'll trent it If

Verse 2

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