

Burns Revisited Volume 16

1. Johnie Blunt
2. O can ye labour lea
3. When first I saw
4. Where Helen lies
5. The tailor
6. The primrose
7. We're a noddin
8. As I cam down by yon castle wa
9. As I went out ae May morning
10. There grows a bonnie brier bush

Scroggam my dearie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

Verse 1

The-re wa - s a wi - fe in Co - ck - pen Scrog - gam she brew - 'd guid
a - le for ge - n - tle - men sin - g a - u - ld Co - w - l lay ye down
by me Scro - gg - am my dear - ie ruf - fum Th - e

Verse 2

The guidwife's dochter fell in a fever Scroggam
The priest o' the parish he fell in anither
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me
Scroggam my dearie ruffum

Verse 3

They laid the twa i' the bed the gither Scroggam
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me
Scroggam my dearie ruffum

Epistle to John Maxwell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 Verse 1

Health to the Ma-x-we-lls' vete-ran Chief health aye un-sour-r'd b-y care or grief in spir'd I tur-n'd fa-te's

22 G7 C7 Bb F C F

sib-yl leaf this nat-al morn I see thy li-fe i-s stuff o' pride— scarce quite half worn

Verse 2

This day thou metes three score eleven
And I can tell that bounteous heaven
The second sight ye ken is given
To ilka poet
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it

Verse 3

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd day on this blest morrow
May desolation's lang teeth'd harrow
Nine miles an hour
Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah
I brunstane stour

Verse 4

But for thy friends and they are monie
Baith honest men and lassies bonnie
May couthie fortune kind and cannie
In social glee
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny
Bless them and thee

Verse 5

Fareweel auld kirkie Lord be near ye
And then the deil he daur na steer ye
Your friends aye love your faes aye fear ye
For me shame fa' me
I neist my heart I dinna wear ye
While Burns they ca' me

Eppie Macnab

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 135

30 Verse 1

o sa-w ye m-y dear - ie my Ep pie_Mac - nab O sa-w ye m-y dear - ie my Ep pie_Mac

37 nab she's dow-n in the yar-d she's kis sin'_ the laird she win-na come hame to-her ain' Jo-ck

45 Finish

Rab O ha-d I ne'er seen thee my Ep pie_Mac - nab O ha-d I ne'er seen thee

52 my Ep- pie__ Mac - nab my Ep- pie__ Mac - nab my Ep- pie__ Mac - nab

58 my Ep- pie__ Mac - nab my Ep- pie__ Mac - nab

Verse 2

O come thy ways to me my Eppie Macnab
 O come thy ways to me my Eppie Macnab
 Whate'er thou hast done be it late be it soon
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab

Verse 3

What says she my dearie my Eppie Macnab
 What says she my dearie my Eppie Macnab
 She let's thee to wit that she has thee forgot
 And for ever disowns thee her ain Jock Rab

Verse 4

O had I ne'er seen thee my Eppie Macnab
 O had I ne'er seen thee my Eppie Macnab
 As light as the air and as fause as thou's fair
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab

Finish

Ae Fond Kiss

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

64 Eb = 110
Intro

71 Bb^7 Eb Verse 1 Fm

75 Bb^7 Cm F^7 Fm

79 Bb^7 Eb Verse 2 Fm

83 Bb^7 Eb^7 Fm

86 Bb^7 Eb

64 Ae fond kiss and then we se - ver ae fare - weel a -
71 las for e - ver deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee war - ring sighs and
75 groans I'll wage thee who shall say that for - tune grieves him while the star of
79 hope she leaves him me nae cheer - fu' twin - kle lights me
83 dark des - pair a - round be - nights me

Verse 3

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy
Naething could resist my Nancy
But to see her was to love her
Love but her and love for ever

Verse 4

Had we never lov'd sae kindly
Had we never lov'd sae blindly
Never met or never parted
We had ne'er been broken hearted

Verse 5

Fare thee weel thou first and fairest
Fare thee weel thou best and dearest
Thine be ilka joy and treasure
Peace enjoyment love and pleasure

Sweet Afton

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Fl-ow gen - tly swe - et Af - ton a - mong the green braes fl - ow
 gent - ly I - 'll sing thee a song in thy praise my Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
 mur - mur - ing stream flo - w gent - ly swe - et
 Af - ton dis - turb not her dream tho - u

Verse 2

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den
 Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear
 I charge you disturb not by slumbering fair

Verse 3

How lofty sweet Afton thy neighbouring hills
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills
 There daily I wander as noon rises high
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye

Verse 4

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow
 There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea
 The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me

Verse 5

Thy crystal stream Afton how lovely it glides
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave

Verse 6

Flow gently sweet Afton among the green braes
 Flow gently sweet river the theme of my lays
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream
 Flow gently sweet Afton disturb not her dreams

Sweet Afton

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 70

Verse 1

Flow gent ly___sweet Af ton___ a - mong thy green braes_ flow gent - ly I'll sing thee a song in thy praise my

5

Ma ry's___ a-sleep by___ thy mur-mur-ing stream flow gent - ly sweet Af ton___ dis - turb not her dream thou

Verse 2

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen
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Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear
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I hae been at Crookieden

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

9 C Intro → F/C → G/C → C → C Verse 1

I hae been at Crook - ie - den___ my
 bon - nie lad - die High - land lad - die view - ing Wil - lie and his men___ my
 bon - nie lad - die High - land lad - die there our foes were burnt and slew___ by
 bon - nie lad - die High - land lad - die there at last they gat___ their due my
 bon - nie lad - die High - land lad - die

Verse 2

Satan sits in his black neuk
 My bonnie laddie Highland laddie
 Breaking sticks to roast the Duke
 My bonnie laddie Highland laddie
 The bloody monster gae a yell
 My bonnie laddie Highland laddie
 And loud the laugh gied round a' hell
 My bonnie laddie Highland laddie

O Kenmure's on and awa Willie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Musical score for 'O Kenmure's on and awa Willie' in E-flat major, 6/8 time. The score is divided into three systems. The first system is labeled 'Verse 1' and has a tempo of quarter note = 85. The second system is labeled 'Chorus'. The third system continues the chorus. Chord progressions are indicated above the notes: Verse 1 (Eb, Bb, Eb), Chorus (Bb, Eb, Ab, Eb), and the final system (Ab, Eb, Ab, Eb, Bb7, Eb).

O Ken-mure's on and a - wa' Wil lie__ O Ken-mure's on and a - wa' an' Ken-mure's lo-rd's the
brav - est lord that e - ver Gal-low-ay saw O Ken-mure's la - ds are men Wil lie__ O
Ken-mure's la-ds are men their hearts and swor-ds are me - tal true and that their fo-es shall ken Suc

Verse 2

Success to Kenmure's band Willie
Success to Kenmure's band
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand

Chorus

Verse 3

Here's Kenmure's health in wine Willie
Here's Kenmure's health in wine
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's bluid
Nor yet O' Gordon's line

Chorus

Verse 4

They'll live or die wi' fame Willie
They'll live or die wi' fame
But soon wi' sounding victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame

Chorus

Verse 5

Here's him that's far awa' Willie
Here's him that 's far awa'
And here's the flower that I lo'e best
The rose that's like the snaw

Chorus

Kellyburn Braes

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 Eb $\text{♩} = 120$ Ab Eb Bb Eb Ab

23 Eb Bb Eb Verse 1

29 Eb The-re lived a carl in Kel-ly-burn Braes hey and the ru-e grow-s

34 Eb Verse 2 bon-nie wi' thyme and he had a wife was the pla-gue o' his days and the thyme it is with-er'd an-d rue is in prime ae day

39 Eb Ab Refrain 1 as the carl gaed up the lang glen hey and the ru-e grow-s bon-nie wi' thyme he met wi' the Deil wha

44 Eb Bb Eb said how do you fen and the thyme it is with-er'd an-d rue is in prime I've got a bad wife sir that's a' my com-plaint

47 Ab Eb Bb Eb hey and the rue grow-s bon-nie wi' thyme for sav-ing your pres-ence to

her ye're a saint and the thyme it is with-er'd an-d rue is in prime it's

Verse 3

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 But gie me your wife man for her I must have
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 4

O welcome most kindly the blithe carl said
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Refrain 2

The devil has got the auld wife on his back
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 5

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan door
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 Syn'e bade her gae in for a bitch and a whore
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 6

Then straight he makes fifty the pick o' his band
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 Turn out on her guard in the clap o' hand
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Refrain 3

The carlin gaed thro' them like onie wud bear
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam ne'er her nae mair
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 7

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa'
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 O help maister help or she'll ruin us a'
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 8

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Refrain 4

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 He was not in wedlock thank heav'n but in hell
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 9

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 10

I hae been a devil the feck o' my life
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme
 But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Lines on Fergusson the Poet

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

50 Verse 1 F C F

Ill fat - ed gen - i - us hea - ven taught Fer - gus - son what heart that

55 C F

feels and will not - yield - a tear to think life's sun did set e'er

60 D7 Fm6 C Dm G7 C

well be - gun to shed its in - flu - ence on thy bright car - eer

Verse 2

O why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of want and woe
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour fortune can bestow