

# Burns Revisited Volume 21

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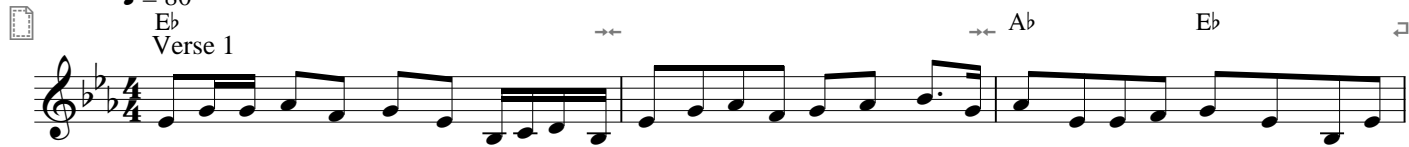
# Guid Wallace

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney


♩ = 80

Verse 1




O for my ain king quo' guid Wall ace the right-fu'king of fair Scot-land be tween me and my sove-reign bluid I

Chorus 1



think I se-e ill seed sawn Wal-lace out o-ver yon ri-ver he lap and he has ligh-ted low down on yon plain



and he was aw - are of a gay lad - ie as she was at the well wash-ing

## Verse 2

What tydin what tydins fair lady he says  
What dydins hast thou to tell unto me  
What tydins what tydins fair lady he says  
What tydins hae ye in the south coutrie

## Chorus 2

Low down in yon wee Ostler house  
There is fifteen Englishmen  
And they are seekin for guid Wallace  
It's him to take and him to hang

## Verse 3

There's nocht in my purse quo guid Wallace  
There's nocht not even a bare pennie  
But I will down to yon wee Ostler house  
Thir fifteen Englishmen to see

## Chorus 3

And when he cam in to yon wee Ostler house  
He bad benedicite be there  
And when he cam in to yon wee Ostler house  
He bad benedicite be there

## Verse 4

Where was ye born auld crookit carl  
Where was ye born in what coutrie  
I am a true Scot born and bred  
And in auld crookit carl just sic as ye see

## Chorus 4

I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl  
To onie crookit carl just sic as ye  
If ye will get me guid Wallace  
For he is the man I wad very fain see

## Verse 5

He hit the proud captain along the chaft blade  
That never a bit o' meal he ate mair  
And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat  
And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there

## Chorus 5

Get up get up guidwife he says  
And get to me some dinner in haste  
For it will soon be three lang days  
Sin I a bit o' meat did taste

## Verse 6

The dinner was na weel readie  
Nor was it on the table set  
Till other fifteen Englishmen  
Were a' lighted about the yett

## Chorus 6

Come out come out now guid Wallace  
This is the day that thou maun die  
I lippen nae sae little to God he says  
Altho' I be but ill wordie

## Verse 7

The guidwife had an auld guidman  
By guid Wallace he stiffly stood  
Till ten o' the fifteen Englishmen  
Before the door lay in their bluid

## Chorus 7

The other five to the greenwood ran  
And he hang'd these five upon a grain  
And on the morn wi' his merry men a'  
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town

# Bessy and her spinning wheel

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

The musical score is written in G minor (three flats) and 4/4 time, with a tempo of quarter note = 75. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats. The first system is labeled 'Verse 1&2' and includes the lyrics: 'O - leeze me on my spin - in' wheel an - d leeze me on my ro - ch an - d reel frae set me down and sing and spin whi - le laigh de - cends the si - m - me - r sun blest'. The second system includes the lyrics: 'tap to tae the cleeds me bein an - d haps me biel and warm at e'en I' - ll wi' con - tent and milk and meal o - leeze me on my sin nin' wheel'. The third system is labeled 'Refrain 1' and includes the lyrics: 'il - ka hand the bur - nies trot an - d meet be - low my thee - kit cot and'. The fourth system includes the lyrics: 'scen - ted birk and haw thorn white a - cross the pool their arms u - nite a - like'. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines, and repeat signs are used at the end of several phrases.

### Verse 3

Alike to screen the birdie's nest  
And little fishes caller rest  
The sun blinks kindly in the biel'  
Where blithe I turn my spinnin' wheel

### Verse 4

On lofty aiks the cushats wail  
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale  
The lintwhites in the hazel braes  
Delighted rival ither's lays

### Verse 5

The draik amang the claver hay  
The pairtrick whirring o'er the ley  
The swallow jinkin' round my sheil  
Amuse my at my spinnin' wheel

### Refrain 2

Wi sma' to sell and less to buy  
Aboon distress below envy  
O wha wad leave this humble state  
For a' the pride of a' the great

### Verse 6

Amid their flairing idle toys  
Amid their cumbrous kinsome joys  
Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel

# Saw ye bonnie Lesley

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

10  $\text{♩} = 110$   
Intro

Bass/C

Verse 1

O saw ye bon-nie Les-ley as she  
see her is to lo-ve her and

15  $\text{A}^\flat$  1.  $\text{E}^\flat$  2.

ga-ed o'er the bor-der\_she's gane like Al-ex-a-n-der to spread her con-quests far-ther to  
love but her for e-ver\_for nat-ure made her what she is and

19  $\text{E}^\flat$   $\text{E}^\flat$  Chorus  $\text{A}^\flat$

ne-ver made an-i-ther Thou art a queen fair Les ley thy sub-jects we be-fore

24  $\text{E}^\flat$   $\text{C}^7$   $\text{Fm}$   $\text{B}^\flat 7$   $\text{E}^\flat$

thee thou art di-vine fair Les-ley the hearts o' men a-dore thee

**Verse 3**

The deil he could na scaith thee  
Or aught that wad belang thee  
He'd look into thy bonnie face  
And say I canna wrang thee

**Verse 4**

The powers aboon will tent thee  
Misfortune sha'na steer thee  
Thou'rt like themsel sae lovely  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee

**Chorus****Verse 5**

Return again fair Lesley  
Return to Caledonie  
That we may brag we hae a lass  
There's nane again sae bonnie

**Chorus****Chorus**

# Up and warn a' Willie


5

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney


♩ = 80

29 Chorus 1 G C → G C → G Em → Am D → G → D<sup>7</sup> G □




Up and war-n a' - Wil-lie war-n war-n a' to hear my can-ty High-lands-a-ng re-late the thin-g I - saw Wil-lie

35 Verse 1 G → C → G C → D<sup>7</sup> G □



When we ga-ed to the Braes o' Mar and to the wea-pon sh-a-w - Wil-lie wi'

39 → C → G C → D<sup>7</sup> G □



true des-ig-n t-o serve the king and ban-ish Whigs a-wa - Wil-lie

## Chorus 2

Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
For lords and lairds came there bedeen  
And wow but they were braw Willie

## 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

## Chorus 3

Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
Then second sighted Sandie said  
We'd do nae guid at a' Willie

## Verse 3

But when the army join'd at Perth  
The bravest e'er ye saw Willie  
We didna doubt the rogues to rout  
Restore our king an a' Willie

## Chorus 4

Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
The pipers play'e frae right to left  
O whirry Whigs awa Willie

## Verse 4

But whn we march'd to Sherramuir  
And there the rebels saw Willie  
Brave Argyle attack'd our right  
Our flank and front and a' Willie

## Chorus 5

Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
Traiter Huntly soon gave way  
Seaforth St Clair and a' Willie

## Verse 5

But brave Glengary on our right  
The rebels' left did claw Willie  
He there the greatest slaughter made  
That ever Donald saw Willie

## Chorus 6

Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
And Whittam shat his breeks for fear  
And fast did rin awa' Willie

## Verse 6

For he da'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

## Chorus 7

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

## Verse 7

But when Argyle did view our line  
And them in order saw Willie  
He straight gaed to Dumblane again  
And back his left did draw Willie

## Chorus 8

Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
Then we to Auchterairder march'd  
To wait a better fa' Willie

## Verse 8

Now if ye spier wha wan the day  
I've tell'd you what I saw Willie  
We baith did fight and bath did beat  
And bath did run awa Willie

## Chorus 9

Up and warn a' Willie  
Warn warn a'  
For second sighted Sandie said  
We'd do nae guid at a' Willie

# The Deil's awa wi the exciseman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 88<sup>+</sup> E♭  
Chorus ← A♭ E♭ → E♭ □

The deil's a-wa' the deil's a-wa' the deil's a - wa wi' the ex-cise man he's danc'd a-wa he's danc'd a-wa' he's

□ 4 A♭ B♭7 E♭ → E♭ B♭ → A♭ E♭ F7 B♭7 □

Verse 1

danc'd a-wa' wi' the ex-cise - man the deil cam fid-dlin' thr-o' th-e town and danc'd a - wa wi' the ex-cise - man and

□ 7 E♭ B♭7 → A♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭ □

il - ka wife cries au - ld Ma - houn I wish you lu - ck o' the prize man the

## Chorus

## Verse 2

We'll mak our maut and we'll brew our drink  
 We'll laugh sing and rejoice man  
 And monie braw thanks to the meikle black deil  
 That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman

## Chorus

## Verse 3

There's threesome reels there's foursome reels  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys man  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land  
 The deil's awa' wi' th' exciseman

## Chorus

# The Soldier's Return

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120

C → F → C → Am → Dm → G7 → C

When wild War's dead - ly bla - st was blawn and gen - tle peace re - tur ning wi' mon - ie a

10 F → C → Em → G7 → C → Dm → C

20 sweet babe fath - er less and mon - ie a wi - dow mour - ning I left the lin - es and ten - ted

27 F → C → Dm → G7 → C

field where la - ng I'd be - en a lod - ger my hum - ble knap - sack

a' - my wealth a po - or and ho - n - est sod - ger a

**Verse 5**

Sae wistrully she gaz'd on me  
 And lovelier was than ever  
 Quo she a sodger ance I lo'ed  
 Forget him shall I never  
 Our humble cot and hamely fare  
 Ye freely shall partake it  
 That gallant badge the dear cockade  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't

**Verse 6**

She gaz'd she redden'd like a rose  
 Syne pale like onie lily  
 She sank within my arms and cried  
 Art hou my ain dear Willie  
 By him who made yon sun and sky  
 By whom true love's regarded  
 I am the man and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded

**Verse 7**

The wars are o'er and I'm come hame  
 And find thee still true hearted  
 Tho' poor in great we're rich in love  
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted  
 Quo' she my grandsire left me gowd  
 A mailen plenish'd fairly  
 And come my faithfu' sodger lad  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly

**Verse 2**

A leal light heart was in my breast  
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder  
 And for fair Scotia hame again  
 I cheery on did wander  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil  
 I thought upon my Nancy  
 I thought upon the witching smile  
 That caught my youthful fancy

**Verse 3**

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen  
 Where early life I sported  
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn  
 Where Nancy aft I courted  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid  
 Down by her mother's dwelling  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my een was swelling

**Verse 4**

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I sweet lass  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom  
 O happy happy may he be  
 That's dearest to thy bosom  
 My purse is light I've far to gang  
 And fain would be thy lodger  
 I've serv'd my king and the country lang  
 Take pity on a sodger

**Verse 8**

For gold the merchant ploughs the main  
 The farmer ploughs the manor  
 But glory is the sodger's prize  
 The sodger's wealth is honour  
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise  
 Nor count him as a stranger  
 Remember he's his country's stay  
 In day and hour of danger

# Fragment of Song

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

No cold ap-proach no al - ter'd mien just what\_\_\_ would make sus - pic - ion start no

5 Dm **rit.** pause\_\_\_ the dire ex - tremes bet - ween he/she made me blest and broke my heart



# I'll meet thee on the Lea Rig

9

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 65      C Verse 1      F

Wh - en o'er th - e hi - ll th - e east - ern star tells  
bugh - tin the tim - e i - s ne - er m - y jo an - d ow - se - n fra - e th - e fur - row'd field re  
turn sa - e dowf and wea - ry O down by the bu - rn whe - re scen - ted birks wi'  
dew a - re han - gi - n cle - ar m - y jo I'll  
meet the - e o - n th - e le - a rig my ain kind dear - ie O a - t

Chord progression for Verse 1: C, Dm, G7, C, F, C, G7, C, G7, C, F, C, G7, C.

## Verse 2

At midnight hour in mirkest glen  
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee  
Myain kind dearie O  
Although the night were ne'er sae wild  
And I were ne'er sae weary O  
I'll meet thee on the lea rig  
My ain kind dearie O

## Verse 3

The hunter lo'es the morning sun  
To rouse the mountain deer my jo  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen  
Adown the burn to steer my jo  
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey  
It maks my heart sae cheery O  
To meet thee on the lea rig  
My ain kind dearie O

# O poortith cauld and restless love

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

C F C Am Dm C(sus2) G7 C

O po-or-tith cauld and re-st-less love ye wra-ck my peace be-tween ye— yet po-oe-tith

10 F C Am Dm G7 C Chorus F C

a' i cou-ld for-give an' twe-re na for my Jean-ie— O why shou-ld fate sic ple-as-ure

20 F Am Dm C(sus2) G7 C

have life's dea - r - est bands un - wit - ting— or wh - y sae

26 F C F Em G7 C

sweet a flow - er as love de - pe - nd on for - tune shin - ing this

## Verse 2

This world's wealth when I think on  
 Its pride and a' the lave o't  
 My curse on silly coward man  
 That he should be the slave o't

## Chorus

## Verse 3

O wha can prudence think upon  
 And sic a lassie by him  
 O wha can prudence think upon  
 And sae in love as I am

## Chorus

## Verse 4

Her een sae bonnie blue betray  
 How she repays my passion  
 But prudence is her o'erword aye  
 She talks of rank and fashion

## Chorus

## Verse 5

How blest the humble cotter's fate  
 He woos his artless dearie  
 The silly bogles wealth and state  
 Can never make him eerie

## Chorus

# The hue and cry of John Lewars

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 65

**Verse 1**

A thief and a murderer stop her who can look well to your lives and your goods good  
 peo-ple ye know not the haz-ard yo - u run tis the far famed and much not - ed woods while

**Verse 2**

I looked at her eye for the dev - il is in it in a trice she whipt off my poor heart— her  
 brow cheek and lip in an - oth - er sa - d min - ute my peace felt her mur - der - ous dart but  
**Refrain**  
 soft - ly I have it her hauts are well known a - t mid - night so sli - ly I'll watch her and  
 slee - ping un - dressed in the dark all al - one go - od lord the dea - r thief how I'll catch her her

**Verse 3**

Her features I'll tell you them over but hold  
 She deals with your wizards and books  
 And to peep in her face if but once you're so bold  
 There's wickery kills in her looks