

# Burns Revisited Volume 22

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# Here's a health to them that's awa

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Here's a health to the - m that's a - wa' here's a health to the - m that's a -  
 wa' and wha' win - na wish guid luck to our cause ma - y ne - ver guid luck be their  
 fa' it's good to be mer - ry and wise it's good to be hon - est and true it's  
 guid to sup - port Cal - e - don - i - a's cause and bide by the buff and the blue here's a  
 they ne - ver eat of her bread

Chords: G, C, G, D, G, C, G, D7, C, G, Dm, D7, Dm, G

## Verse 4

Here's a health to them that's awa  
 Here's a health to them that's awa  
 Here's to Maitland and Wycombe  
 Let wha doesna like 'em  
 Be built in a hole in the wa'  
 Here's fruit that is sound at the core  
 And may he be that wad turn the buff and blue coat  
 Be turn'd to the back o' the door

## Verse 5

Here's a health to them that's awa  
 Here's a health to them that's awa  
 Here's chieftain McLeod a chieftain worth gowd  
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw  
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth  
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed  
 And wha wad betray old Albions right  
 May they never eat of her bread

## Verse 2

Here's a health to them that's awa  
 Here's a health to them that's awa  
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan  
 Altho' that has band be but sma'  
 May liberty meet wi' success  
 May prudence protect her frae evil  
 My tyrants and tyranny tine I' the mist  
 And wander their way to the devil

## Verse 3

Here's a health to them that's awa  
 Here's a health to them that's awa  
 Here's a health to Tammie the Norlan laddie  
 That lives at the lug o' the law  
 Here's freedom to them that wad read  
 Here's freedom to them that wad write  
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard  
 But they whom the truth would indite

# The Mauchline Wedding

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Am Verse 1

E7 Am E7

When eight - y fi - ve was sev - en monthsauld and wear - ing thro' - the au - ght

Am E7 Am Dm E7 Am

when rol - ling rai - ns and bor - e - as bauld gied far - mer folks a fau - ght ae

F Em C(sus2)/G G F

mor - ning quon - dam Mas - on Will now mer - chant mas - ter Mil - ler gaed down to

Em C(sus2)/G G7

meet wi' Nan - sie Bell and her Jam - aic - a sil - ler to wed that day the

## Verse 2

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen  
 Was just appearing fairly  
 When Nell and Bess got up to dress  
 Seven lang half hours o'er early  
 Now presses clink and drawers jink  
 For linens and for laces  
 But modest muses only think  
 What ladies' underdress is  
 O sic a day

## Verse 3

But now the gown wi rustling sound  
 Its silken pomp displays  
 Sure there's no sin in being vain  
 O' siccan bonnie claes  
 Sae jimp the waist the tail sae vast  
 Trough they were bonnie birdies  
 O Mither Eve ye wad been grieve  
 To see their ample hurdies  
 Sae large that day

## Verse 4

Then Sandy wi's red hacket braw  
 Comes whip jee woa about  
 And in he gets the bonnie twa  
 Lord send them safely out  
 And auld John Trot wi' sober phiz  
 As braid and braw's a Bailie  
 His shouthers and his Sunday's jiz  
 Wi' powther and wi' ulzie  
 Weel spear'd that day

# Where Helen Lies

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 50

Verse 1

Verse 1

A

Em

Bm

3

A7

D

E7

A7

6

Em

A7

E7

8

A7

D

10

Finish

E7

A

Em

Bm

13

A7

D

O that I were where He - len lies night and day on me she cries O that I  
 were where He - len lies in fair Kirk - con - nel lee O He - len fair be - yond com - pare a  
 ring - let of thy flow - ing hair I'll wear it still for e - ver -  
 mair un - til the day I die curs'd be the  
 I wish I were where He - len lies night and day on me she cries o that I  
 were where He - len lies in fair Kirk - con - nel lee

## Verse 2

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot  
 And curs'd the gun that gave the crack  
 Into my arms bird Helen lap  
 And died for sake o' me  
 O think na ye but my heart was sair  
 My love fell down and spake nae mair  
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee

## Verse 3

I lighted down my sword did draw  
 I cutted him in pieces sma'  
 I cutted him in pieces sma'  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee  
 O Helen chaste thou wert modest  
 If I were with thee I were blest  
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee

## Verse 4

I wish my grave was growing green  
 A winding sheet put o'er my een  
 And I in Helen's arms lying  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee  
 (*Finish*)  
 I wish I were where Helen lies  
 Night and day on me she cries  
 O that I were where Helen lies  
 In fair Kirkconnel lee

# The winsome wee thing

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

15 Chorus

F C →← F G<sup>7</sup> C →← F C ↻

She is a win - some wee thing she is a hand - some wee thing she is a lo'e - some wee thing this

18 Verse 1

Dm G<sup>7</sup> C →← C Verse 1 G C ↻

sweet wee wife o' mine I - ne - ver saw a fai - re - r I

20

D<sup>7</sup> →← C Am F →← G<sup>7</sup> C ↻

ne - ver lo'ed a dea - rer and neist my heart I'll we - er her for fear my jew - el tine

## Chorus

## Verse 2

The world's wrack we share o't  
The warstle and the care o't  
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it  
And think my lot devine

## Chorus

## Chorus

# To William Stewart

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

23  $E\flat$   $\text{♩} = 85$   $A\flat$   $B\flat$   $E\flat$   $E\flat$

In hon - est Ba - con - 's in - gle neuk hermaun I sit and think sick o the war - ld war - lds folk an'

26  $A\flat$   $B\flat$   $E\flat$   $B\flat$   $E\flat$

sick damn'd sick o' drink I see I se - e the - re is nae help but I sti - ll down I maun sink

29  $B\flat$   $A\flat$   $B\flat$  (Eb final verse)

till som - e da - y laigh en - ough I yelp wae worth that cur - se - d drink

## Verse 2

Yestreen alas I was sae fu'  
 I could but yisk and wink  
 And now this day sair sair I rue  
 The weary weary drink  
 Satan I fear thy sooty claws  
 I hate thy brunstane stink  
 And aye I curse the luckless cause  
 The wicked soup o' drink

## Verse 3

In vain I would forget my woes  
 In idle rhyming clink  
 for past redemption damn'd in prose  
 I can do nought but drink  
 To you my trusty well try'd friend  
 May heaven still on you blink  
 And may your life flow to the end  
 Sweet as a dry man's drink

# The Bob O' Dumblane

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

The musical score for Verse 1 is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 70. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F major), and a tempo marking of 70. The lyrics are: "Las - sie le - nd me your braw hemp heck - le an - d". The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: "I'll lend you my thrip - pling kame m - y". The third staff continues with lyrics: "he - ckle i - s bro - ken i - t can - na be got - ten and we'll". The fourth staff concludes the verse with lyrics: "ga - e dance the Bob o' Dum - blane tw - a". Chord symbols (C, F, G7, E7, Am, Dm) are placed above the notes. The score includes repeat signs and a double bar line at the end of the fourth staff.

## Verse 2

Twa gaed to the wood to the wood to the wood  
Twa gaed to the wood three cam hame  
An't be na weel bobbit weel bobbit weel bobbit  
An't be na weel bobbit we'll bob it again

## Duncan Gray

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

5  $G \text{ } \downarrow = 70$   $\rightarrow\rightarrow D$   $G$

Dun - can Gray ca - m here t - o wo - o ha ha th - e wo - o - in - g o't o - n

7  $\rightarrow\rightarrow D$   $G$

blythe Yule night whe - n we we - re fu' ha ha th - e wo - o - in - g o' - t

9  $D$   $G$   $\rightarrow\rightarrow C$   $G$

Mag - gie coost he - r he - ad fu' - high look'd as - kient and un - co skeigh

11  $D$   $G$   $C$   $\rightarrow\rightarrow G$   $D^7$   $G$

gart po - or Du - n - ca - n stand ab - eigh ha ha the wo - oing o't

**Verse 2**

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd  
 Ha ha the wooing o't  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig  
 Ha ha the wooing o't  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in  
 Grat his e'en baith bleer't and blin'  
 Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn  
 Ha ha the wooing o't

**Verse 3**

Time and chance are but a tide  
 Ha ha the wooing o't  
 Slighted love is sair to bide  
 Ha ha the wooing o't  
 Shall I like a fool quoth he  
 For a haughty hizzie die  
 She may gae to France for me  
 Ha ha the wooing o't

**Verse 4**

How it comes let doctors tell  
 Ha ha the wooing o't  
 Meg grew sick as he grew hale  
 Ha ha the wooing o't  
 Something in her bosom wrings  
 For relief a sigh she brings  
 And o her een they spak sic things  
 Ha ha the wooing o't

**Verse 5**

Duncan was a lad o' grace  
 Ha ha the wooing o't  
 Maggie 's was a piteous case  
 Ha ha the wooing o't  
 Duncan couldna be her death  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith  
 Ha ha the wooing o't

# Young Jessie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 <sup>E♭</sup> Verse 1 A♭ E♭

True hear - ted wa - s he the sa - d swai - n o' the yar - row and fai - r are the mai - ds on the  
ban - ks o' the Ayr but by the swe - et si - de o' the Ni - th's win - ding ri - ver are  
lo - vers as fai - th - ful and ma - i - dens as fair to e - qual young Jes - sie seek  
Sco - ti - a all o - ver to e - qual young Je - ssie you se - ek it in vain gra - ce  
beau - ty and el - e - gan - ce fe - t - ter her lov - er and  
mai - den - ly - mod - esty - fix - es the chain fresh

**Verse 2**  
Fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning  
And sweet is the lily at evening close  
But in the fair presence o' lovely young jessie  
Unseen is the lily unheaded the rose  
Love sits in her smile a wizard ensnaring  
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law  
And still to her charms she alone is the stranger  
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'

# The Tree of Liberty

Robert Burns

Edward Cairney

17  $\text{Eb}$   $\text{♩} = 80$   $\text{--} \text{--} \text{Ab}$   $\text{Bb}$   $\text{Eb}$   $\text{--} \text{--} \text{Eb}$

Heard ye o' the tree o' France I wat-na what's the name o -'t ar - ound it a' th-e pat-riots dance weel

20  $\text{Ab}$   $\text{Bb}$   $\text{Eb}$   $\text{--} \text{--} \text{Bb}$   $\text{--} \text{--} \text{Ab}$   $\text{Eb}$

Eur-ope kens the fame o -'t it stands where ance the Bas-tile stood a pri-son built by kings man\_ when

23  $\text{Bb}$   $\text{Ab}$   $\text{Eb}$

sup - er - stit - ion's hel - lish brood kept France in lead - ing strings man

**Verse 7**

Fair Freedom standing by the tree  
 Her sons did loudly ca' man  
 She sang a sang o' Liberty  
 Which pleas'd them ane and a' man  
 By her inspir'd the new-born race  
 Soon drew the avenging steel man  
 The hirelings ran - her foes gied chase  
 And bang'd the despot weel man

**Verse 8**

Let Britain boast her hardy oak  
 Her poplar and her pine man  
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke  
 And o'er her neighbours shine man  
 But seek the forest round and round  
 And soon 'twill be agreed man  
 That sic a tree can not be found  
 'Twi'x London and the Tweed man

**Verse 9**

Without this tree alake this life  
 Is but a vale o' woes man  
 A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife  
 Nae real joys we know man  
 We labour soon we labour late  
 To feed the titled knave man  
 And a' the comfort we're to get  
 Is that ayont the grave man

**Verse 10**

Wi' plenty o' sic trees I trow  
 The world would live in peace man  
 The sword would help to mak' a plough  
 The din o' war wad cease man  
 Like brethren in a common cause  
 We'd on each other smile man  
 And equal rights and equal laws  
 Wad gladden every isle man

**Verse 11**

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat  
 Sic halesome dainty cheer man  
 I'd gie the shoon frae aff my feet  
 To taste the fruit o't here man  
 Syne let us pray Auld England may  
 Sure plant this far-famed tree man  
 And blythe we'll sing and herald the day  
 That gives us liberty man

**Verse 2**

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit  
 Its virtues a' can tell man  
 It raises man aboon the brute  
 It mak's him ken himsel' man  
 Gif ance the peasant taste a bit  
 He's greater than a lord man  
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite  
 O' a' he can afford man

**Verse 3**

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth  
 To comfort us 'twas sent man  
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health  
 And mak us a' content man  
 It clears the een it cheers the heart  
 Mak's high and low guid friends man  
 And he wha acts the traitor's part  
 It to perdition sends man

**Verse 4**

My blessings ay attend the chiel  
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves man  
 And staw a branch spite o' the Deil  
 Frae 'yont the western waves man  
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care  
 And now she sees wi' pride man  
 How weel it buds and blossoms there  
 Its branches spreading wide man

**Verse 5**

But vicious folk ay hate to see  
 The works o' Virtue thrive man  
 The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree  
 And grat to see it thrive man  
 King Louis thought to cut it down  
 When it was unco sma' man  
 For this the watchman crack'd his crown  
 Cut aff his head and a' man

**Verse 6**

A wicked crew syne on a time  
 Did tak' a solemn aith man  
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime  
 I wat they pledg'd their faith man  
 Awa they gaed wi' mock parade  
 Like beagles hunting game man  
 But soon grew weary o' the trade  
 And wish'd they'd been at hame man

# Braw lads o' Galla Water

11

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85

25 Verse 1

C G C

Braw braw lads o - n Yar - row braes the - y rove a - mang the bloom - ing hea - ther but

27 F C G

Yar - row braes no - r Ett - rick shaws ca - n match the lads o' Gal - la Wa - ter A - l -

29 Refrain C G F C

though his dad - d - ie was nae olaird an - d though I hae nae mei - kle to - cher yet

31 G F G<sup>7</sup> C

rich in kin - de - st tru - est love we - 'll tent our flocks by Gal - la Wa - ter

## Verse 2

But there is ane a secret ane  
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better  
And I'll be his and he'll be mine  
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water

## Refrain

## Verse 3

It ne'er was wealth it ne'er was wealth  
That coft contentment peace or pleasure  
The bands and bliss o' nutual love  
O that 's the chiefest world's treasure