

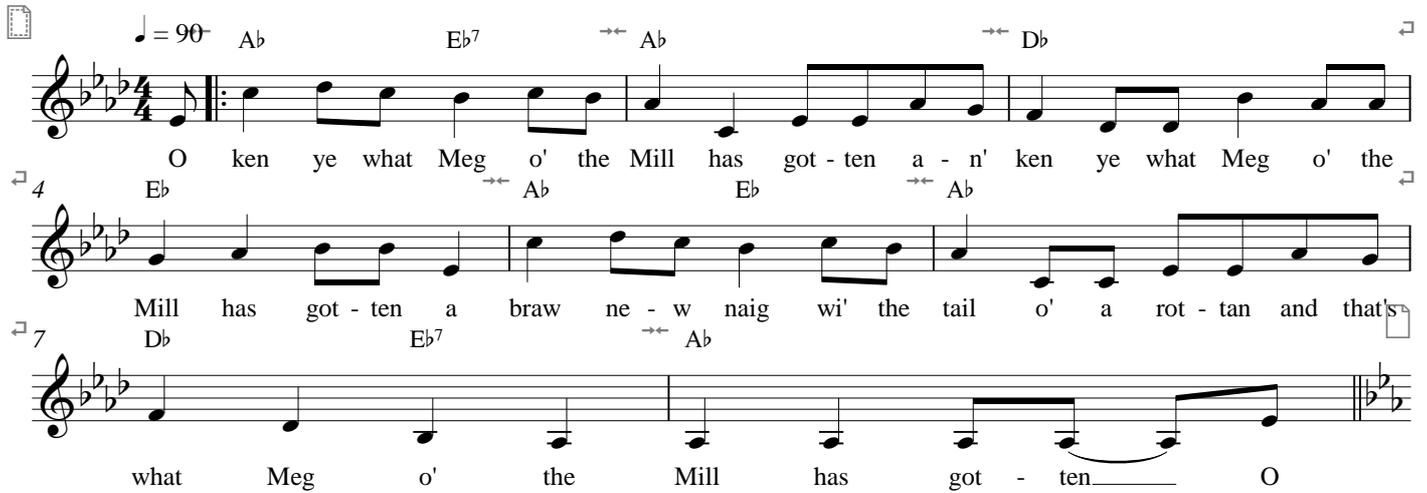
# Burns Revisited Volume 24

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# Meg O' the Mill

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney



O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has got - ten a - n' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has got - ten a braw ne - w naig wi' the tail o' a rot - tan and that's what Meg o' the Mill has got - ten O'

## Verse 2

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly  
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly  
A dram o' guid strunt in the morning early  
And that's what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly

## Verse 3

O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married  
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married  
The priest he was oaxter'd the clerk he was carried  
And that's how Meg o' the mill was married

## Verse 4

O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded  
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded  
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it  
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded

# Recitativo

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 75 → ←

Verse 1

Her charms had struck a stur - dy caird as weel as poor gut scra - per - he

taks the fid - dler by the beard an' draws a roos - ty rap - i - er he

swoor by a' was swear - ing worth to speet him like a pli - ver un -

less he wad from that time forth re - lin - quish her for ev - er wi'

## Verse 2

Wi' ghastry e'e poor tweedle dee  
upon his hunkers bended  
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face  
An' sae the quarrel ended  
But tho' his little heart did grieve  
Wen round the tinkler prest her  
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve  
When thus the caird address'd her

# As I stood by yon roofless tower

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

9 Verse 1

As I stood by yo-n roof-less tow-er whe-re th-e wa'-flow-er scents the dew-y air where the hou-let

14 Chorus

mour-ns in her iv-y bower and te-lls th-e mi-d-nigh-t mo-on be care a - las-sie all al-one wa-s

18

mak - ing her moan la - men-ting our lads be - yond the sea in the blui-dy wars they fa' and our

22

hon - our's gane an' a' and bro - ken hear - ted we maun die

**Verse 2**

the winds were laid the air was still  
 The stars they shot along the sky  
 The tod was howling on the hill  
 And the distant echoing glens reply

**Verse 3**

The burns adown its hazelly path  
 Was rushin gby the ruin'd wa'  
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith  
 Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'

**Verse 4**

The cauld blae North was streaming forth  
 Her lights wi' hissing eerie din  
 Athort the lift they start and shift  
 Life fortune's favours tint as win

**Verse 5**

Now looking over frith and fauld  
 Her horn the pale faced Cynthia rear'd  
 When lo in form of minstrel auld  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd

**Verse 6**

And frae his harp sic strains did flow  
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear  
 But oh it was a tale of woe  
 As ever met a Briton's ear

**Verse 7**

He sang wi' joy hi former day  
 He weeping wail'd his latter times  
 but what he said it was nae play  
 I winna venture' in my rhymes

# Dainty Davie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

Now ro-sy May \_\_\_ come in wi' flowers to deck her gay greenspera-ding bowers and now comes in \_\_\_ the

Chorus

hap-py hours to wan-der wi my Dav-ie meet me on \_\_\_ the war-lock knowe dain - ty Dav-ie dain-ty

10

Dav-ie \_\_\_ there I'll spend the day wi' you my ain dear dain - ty Dav - vie the crys-tal

## Verse 2

The crystal waters found us fa'  
The merry birds are lovers a'  
The scented breezes round us blaw  
A wandering wi' my Davie

## Verse 3

As purple morning start the hare  
To steal upon her early fare  
then thro' the dews I will repair  
To meet my faithfu' Davie

## Verse 4

When day expiring in the west  
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest  
I'll flee to his arms I lo'e the best  
And that's my ain dear Davie

## Come let me take thee to my breast

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

Verse 1

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

Co-me let m - e take the - e to m - y breast and pledge w - e ne'er sha - ll sun - der an - d

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

I sha - ll spurn a - s vil - e - st dust the world's we - a - lth an - d gran - deur\_ and do

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

I hear my Jean - ie own that e - qual trans - ports move her I ask

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

for dea - rest life a - lone tha - t I may live to love her Thu - s

**Verse 2**

Thus in my arms wi' a' her charms  
 I clasp my countless treasure  
 I seek nae mair o' heaven to share  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure  
 And by thy e'en sae bonnie blue  
 I swear I'm thine for ever  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow  
 And break it shall I never

# Young Jamie pride of a' the plain

7

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 85 BPM. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is labeled 'Verse 1' and has a repeat sign at the end. The second staff continues the verse and also has a repeat sign. The third staff is labeled 'Refrain' and has a repeat sign. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a sharp sign at the end. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, F, C, G, C, C, C, F, G, G7, C, C, F, C, G7, C.

♩ = 85 **Verse 1** C F C G C C

Young Jam - ie pride of a' - th - e plain sae gal - lant and sae ga - y a - swain thro'

**3** C F G G7 C

a' our las - ses h - e di - d rove and reign'd res - ist - less Kin - g o - f Love but

**5** C Refrain F C G7

wha sae late did range and rove and chan ged wi - th eve - r - y mo - on m - y love I

**7** C F C G7 C

lit - tle thought the time was near re - pe - n - ta - nce I - shou - ld buy sae dear

## Verse 2

But now wi' sighs and starting tears  
He strays among the woods and breers  
Or in the glens and rocky caves  
His sad complaining dowie raves

## Refrain

## Verse 3

The slighted maids mly torments see  
And laught at a' the pangs I dree  
While she my cruel scornful fair  
Forbids me e'er to see her mair

# O were my love yon lilac fair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95

G C D G

O were my love in li - la - c fair wi' pur - ple blos - soms to the spring and I a bird to

5 7 C D C

she - l - te - r there when wea - ry on my lit - tle wing how I wad mourn when i - t wa - s torn by

11 G C

aut - umn wild and wi - n - te - r rude but I wad sing on

14 G

wa - n - to - n wing when youth - fu' May its blo - om re - new'd O

## Verse 2

O gin my love were yon red rose  
 That grows upon the castle wa'  
 And I mysel a drap o' dew  
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'  
 O there beyond expression blest  
 I'd fast on beauty a' the night  
 Seal'd on her silk saft faulds to rest  
 Till fley'd awa by Phoebus light

# My spouse Nancy

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

18  $F$   $\text{♩} = 70$   $C$   $Dm$

Hus-band hus-band cea-se you r strife nor lon - ge-r id - ly rave sir though I am your we-d-de-d wife yet

21  $A$   $Bb$   $F$

I - a - m not your slave sir one or two must still ob - ey

23  $Bb$   $A7$   $Bb$   $F$   $G$   $Gm$   $C7$   $F$

Nan - cy Nan - cy is it man or wom - an say my spouse Nan - cy

## Verse 1

'Husband husband cease your strife  
Nor longer idly rave sir  
Tho' I am your wedded wife  
Yet I am not your slave sir'  
'One of two must still obey  
Nancy Nancy  
Is it Man or Woman say  
My spouse Nancy'

## Verse 2

'If 'tis still the lordly word  
Service and obedience  
I'll desert my sov'reign lord  
And so goodbye allegiance'  
'Sad will I be so bereft  
Nancy Nancy  
Yet I'll try to make a shift  
My spouse Nancy'

# Bonnie Jean

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90  
 Verse 1

26  $\text{E}^{\flat}$  Cm  $\text{A}^{\flat}$   $\text{E}^{\flat}$

There was a lass and she was fair a - t kirk or mar - ket to be seen whe - n

30  $\text{A}^{\flat}$   $\text{Fm}$   $\text{B}^{\flat}7$   $\text{E}^{\flat}$

a' our fair - est maids were met the fair - est maid was bon - nie jean

34  $\text{A}^{\flat}$   $\text{E}^{\flat}$   $\text{A}^{\flat}$   $\text{E}^{\flat}$   
 Refrain

O Jean - ie fair I lo'e thee dear O canst thou think to fan - cy me or

39  $\text{Fm}^9$   $\text{F}^9$   $\text{Fm}^9$   $\text{B}^{\flat}7$

wilt thou leave thy mam - mie's cot and learn to tent the farms wi' me

**Verse 1**

There was a lass and she was fair  
 At kirk and market to be seen  
 When a' our fairest maids were met  
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean

**Verse 2**

And ay she wrought her country wark  
 And ay she sang sae merrilie  
 The blythest bird upon the bush  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she

**Verse 3**

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers  
 And love will break the soundest rest

**Refrain**

O Jeanie fair I lo'e thee dear  
 O canst thou think to fancy me  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me

**Verse 4**

Young Robie was the brawest lad  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen  
 And he had owsen sheep and kye  
 And wanton naigies nine or ten

**Verse 5**

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste  
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down  
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist  
 Her heart was tint her peace was stown

**Verse 6**

As in the bosom of the stream  
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en  
 So trembling pure was tender love  
 Within the breast of bonie Jean

**Refrain****Verse 7**

And now she works her country's wark  
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain  
 Yet wist na what her ail might be  
 Or what wad make her weel again

**Verse 8**

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light  
 And did na joy blink in her e'e  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love  
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea

**Verse 9**

While monie a bird sang sweet o' love  
 And monie a flower blooms o'er the dale  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay  
 And whisper'd thus his tender tale-

**Refrain****Verse 10**

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge  
 Or naething else to trouble thee  
 But stray among the heather-bells  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me'

**Verse 11**

Now what could artless Jeanie do  
 She had nae will to say him na  
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent  
 And love was ay between them twa

**Refrain**

# Tibbie Fowler

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

$E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b$

Tib-bie Fow-ler o' the glen there's o'er mon-ie woo-in at her Tib-bie Fow-ler o' the glen there's o'er

7  $F$   $B_b7$   $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b$

mon-ie woo-in at her ten came east and ten cam west ten cam row-in o'er the wat-er twa came

13  $C_m$   $F_m$   $B_b7$   $E_b7$  **Chorus**  $A_b$

down the lang dyke side there's twa and thir - ty woo - in at her Woo-in at her pu-'in at her

18  $E_b$   $A_b$   $E_b$   $F7$   $B_b7$   $E_b$

cour-tin at her can-na get her fil - ty elf it's for her pelf that a' the lads are woo-in at her there-s

## Verse 2

There's seven but and seven ben  
Seven in the pantry wi' her  
Twenty head about the door  
There's ane and forty woin at her  
She's got pendles in her lugs  
Cockle-shells wad set her better  
High-heel'd shoon and siller tags  
And a' the lads are woin at her

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Be a lassie e'er sae black  
An she hae the name o' siller  
Set her upo' Tintock-tap  
The wind will blaw a man till her  
Be a lassie e'er sae fair  
An she want the pennie siller  
A flie may fell her in the air  
Before a man be even till her

## Chorus