

Burns Revisited Volume 60

1. Ca' the yowes to the knowes (second version)
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3. The blue eyed lassie
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5. Awa whigs awa
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7. My heart's in the highlands
8. The whistle
9. To Mary in heaven
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Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes

Second Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 88

Verse 1

G C G→ Am D7→ G C G→ Am D7 G

Hark the ma-vis' e'en-ing sang soun-ding clou-den's woods a-mang then a faul-ding let us gang my bon-nie dear-ie

Chorus

E Am D7 C G

Ca' the yowes to the knowes ca' them where the hea - ther grows

E Am D7 G

ca' them where the bur - nie rowes my bon - nie dear - ie

Verse 2

We'll gae down by Clouden side
Thro' the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly

Chorus

Verse 3

Yonder Clouden's sil'nt towers
Where at moonshine's midnight hours
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance sae cheery

Chorus

Verse 4

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear
Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear
Nocht of ill may come thee near
My bonie Dearie

Chorus

Verse 5

Fair and lovely as thou art
Thou hast stown my very heart
I can die but canna part
My bonie Dearie

Chorus

Verse 6

Ca'the yowes to the knowes
Ca' them where the heather grows
Ca' them where the burnie rowes
My bonie Dearie

Chorus

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes

Second Version

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

9 $\text{♩} = 77$ Bb° Intro Fm Bb° Fm Bb^7 Eb Bb°

16 Bb^7 Eb Verse 1 Ab Bbm Bb^7

21 Fm Chorus Bb^7 Eb C^7 Fm Bb^7 Eb

Verse 2

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 Thro' the hazels spreading wide
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly

Chorus**Verse 3**

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Chorus**Verse 6**

Ca'the yowes to the knowes
 Ca' them where the heather grows
 Ca' them where the burnie rows
 My bonie Dearie

Chorus

The blue eyed lassie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Musical notation for Verse 1, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 49. The piece is in the key of D major. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. There are repeat signs and bar lines throughout the piece.

Verse 1
 I gaed a wae fu'gate yes-treen a gate I fear I'll dea-r - l - y rue I gat my death frae twa sweet een twa
 love - ly een o' bon - n - ie blue 'Twas not her gol - den ring - lets bright he - r
 lips like ro-ses wat wi' dew her hea-ving bo-som lil - y white it was her een sae bon-nie blue She

Verse 2

She talk'd she smil'd my heart she wyl'd
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how
 And ay the stound the deadly wound
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue
 But spare to speak and spare to speed
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow
 Should she refuse I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonie blue

The Battle of Sherramuir

Robert Burn

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩ = 90

G D G

O cam ye here the fight to shun or herd the sheep wi' me man or were ye at the Sher-ra moor or

D G C D C

did the bat-tle see man I saw the bat-tle sair and teugh and ree-kin red ran mon-ie a sheugh my

D C

heart for fear gaed sough for sough to hear the thuds and see the cluds o'

G D G

clans frae woods in tar-tan duds wha glaum'd at king-doms three man The

Verse 2

The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
 To meet them were na slaw man
 They rush'd and push'd and blude outgush'd
 And mony a bouk did fa' man
 The great Argyle led on his files
 I wat they glanced twenty miles
 They hough'd the clans like nine pin kyles
 They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd
 And thro' they dash'd and hew'd and smash'd
 Till fey men died awa man

Verse 3

But had ye seen the philibegs
 And skyrin tartan trews man
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs
 And covenant True blues man
 In lines extended lang and large
 When baignets o'erpower'd the targe
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death till out o' breath
 They fled like frightened dows man

Verse 4

O how deil Tam can that be true
 The chase gaed frae the north man
 I saw mysel they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth man
 And at Dunblane in my ain sight
 They took the brig wi' a' their might
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight
 But cursed lot the gates were shut
 And mony a huntit poor red coat
 For fear amaist did swarf man

Verse 5

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me man
 She swoor she saw some rebels run
 To Perth unto Dundee man
 Their left hand general had nae skill
 The Angus lads had nae gude will
 That day their neibors' blude to spill
 For fear for foes that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose they scar'd at blows
 And hameward fast did flee man

Verse 6

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Amang the Highland clans man
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands man
 Now wad ye sing this double fight
 Some fell for wrang and some for right
 But mony bade the world gude night
 Then ye may tell how pell and mell
 By red claymores and muskets knell
 Wi' dying yell the Tories fell
 And Whigs to hell did flee man

Awa Whigs Awa

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 85 →← F Verse 1 →← Eb F →

Our thris - sles flou - rish'd fresh and fair and bon - nie bloom'd our ro - ses but

♩₃ →← Eb F →← F Chorus →

Whigs cam' like a frost in June an' with-er'd a' our pos-ies A - wa' Whigs a - wa' a -'

♩₆ Eb →← F Eb →← F →

wa' Whigs a - wa' ye're but a pack o' trai-tor louns ye'll do nae gude at a' Our

Verse 2

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't
 An' write their names in his black beuk
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't

Chorus

Verse 3

Our sad decay in church and state
 Surpasses my describing
 The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse
 An' we hae done wi' thriving

Chorus

Verse 4

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap
 But we may see him wauken
 Gude help the day when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin

Chorus

A Waukrife Minnie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 → Eb Verse 1 → Ab Bb7 Eb → Bb7 ↻

Wha-re are you ga-un m - y bon - nie lass wha-re are you ga-un m - y hin nie sh - e

an - swered m - e righ - t sauc - il - ie 'an er - rand for my min - nie O -

Verse 2

O whare live ye my bonie lass
 O whare live ye my hinnie
 By yon burnside gin ye maun ken
 In a wee house wi' my minnie

Verse 3

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

Verse 4

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

Verse 5

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

Verse 6

O fare thee weel my bonie lass
 O fare thee well my hinnie
 Thou art a gay an' a bonnie lass
 But thou has a waukrife minnie

My hearts's in the Highlands

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

♩. = 59 C

→→ Dm G7 →→ F G7 →→ C

Fare - well to the High-lands fare - well to the North the birth-place of val-our the coun-try of worth wher

→→ Dm G7 →→ F G7 →→ C →→ Chorus F

e - ver I wan-der wher - e - ver I rove the hills of the High lands for e - ver I love Myheart's in the High-lands my

→→ Em →→ Dm G7 →→ C C7 →→ F

heart is not here my heart's in the High-lands a - chas - ing the deer chas - ing the wild deer and

→→ Em →→ D7 →→ G7

fol - lowing the roe my heart's in the High - lands wher - e - ver I go Fare -

Verse 2

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods

Chorus

The Whistle

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

F C7 Dm C7 F C G7 C7

I sing of a whistle a whistle of worth I sing of a whistle the pride of the North was
brought to the court of our good Scot-tish King and long with this whistle all Scot land shall ring Old

Verse 2

Old Loda still rueing the arm of Fingal
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall
The Whistle's your challenge to Scotland get o'er
And drink them to hell Sir or ne'er see me more

Verse 3

Old poets have sung and old chronicles tell
What champions ventur'd what champions fell
The son of great Loda was conqueror still
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill

Verse 4

Till Robert the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur
Unmatch'd at the bottle unconquer'd in war
He drank his poor god ship as deep as the sea
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he

Verse 5

Thus Robert victorious the trophy has gain'd
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd
Till three noble chieftains and all of his blood
The jovial contest again have renew'd

Verse 6

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw
Craigdarroch so famous for with worth and law
And trusty Glenriddel so skill'd in old coins
And gallant Sir Robert deep read in old wines

Verse 7

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil
Desiring Downrightly to yield up the spoil
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan
And once more in claret try which was the man

Verse 8

By the gods of the ancients Downrightly replies
Before I surrender so glorious a prize
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er

Verse 9

Sir Robert a soldier no speech would pretend
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe or his friend
Said Toss down the Whistle the prize of the field
And knee-deep in claret he'd die ere he'd yield

Verse 10

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame
Than the sense wit and taste of a sweet lovely dame

Verse 11

A bard was selected to witness the fray
And tell future ages the feats of the day
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been

Verse 12

The dinner being over the claret they ply
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet

Verse 13

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er
Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn

Verse 14

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night
When gallant Sir Robert to finish the fight
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did

Verse 15

Then worthy Glenriddel so cautious and sage
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage
A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine
He left the foul business to folks less divine

Verse 16

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end
But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend
Though Fate said a hero should perish in light
So uprose bright Phoebus and down fell the knight

Verse 17

Next uprose our Bard like a prophet in drink
Craigdarroch thou'lt soar when creation shall sink
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme
Come one bottle more and have at the sublime

Verse 18

Thy line that have struggled for freedom with Bruce
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce
So thine be the laurel and mine be the bay
The field thou hast won by yon bright god of day

To Mary in Heaven

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89

Verse 1a

Thou ling'-ring star with les sening ray that lov'st to greet the ear-ly morn a - gain thou ush-er'st in the day to

Ma-ry from my soul was torn O Ma - ry dear de - par-ted shade where is thy place of bliss-ful rest see'st

Verse 1b

thou thy lo-ver low-ly laid hear'st thou the groans that rend his brest That sac-red hour can I for-get can

I for-get the hal-low'd grove where by the win-ding Ayr we met to live one day of par ting love e -

ter - ni - ty can - not ef - face those re - cords dear of trans - ports past thy

i - mage at our last em - brace ah lit - tle thought we 'twas our last Ayr

Verse 2a

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest
 The birds sang love on every spray
 Till too too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day

Verse 2b

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
 And fondly broods with miser care
 Time but th' impression stronger makes
 As streams their channels deeper wear
 My Mary dear departed shade
 Where is thy blissful place of rest
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast

The Five Carlins

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 C Verse 1a

There was five Car-lins in the South they fell u - pon a scheme to send a lad to Lon-don town to

bring them ti - dings hame nor on - ly bring them ti - dings hame but do their er - rands there and

aib - lins gowd and hon - our baith might be that lad - die's share There

Verse 2a

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

Verse 2b

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

Verse 3a

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

Verse 3b

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

Verse 4a

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

Verse 4b

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 5a

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 5b

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 6a

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 6b

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

Verse 7a

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 7b

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 8a

Then started 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 8b

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 9a

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

Verse 9b

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 10a

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 10b

And monie 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 11a

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

Verse 11b

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 12a

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