

Burns Revisited Volume 65

1. A grace after dinner
2. Behold the hour
3. I do confess thou art sae fair
4. The weary pund o' tow
5. My collier laddie
6. Sic a wife as Willie had
7. Lady Mary Ann
8. Kellyburn Braes
9. O can ye labour lea
10. The deuks dang o'er my daddie

A Grace after dinner

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 A → → → → E7 → → A → → D ↵

↵ 7 A E7 → → A → → → → ↵

↵ 12 E7 → → A7 → → D B7 → → A E7 → → A ↵

store th - e friend we trust the fair we love an - d we des - ire no more

I do confess thou art sae fair

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 53 → Verse 1

I do con - fess thou art sae fair I wad been o'er the lugs in luvve had
I na found the sligh - test prayer that lips could speak thy heart could muve I *Finish*

Verse 2

I do confess thee sweet but find
Thou art so thriftless o' thy sweets
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets

Verse 3

See yonder rosebud rich in dew
Amang its native briers sae coy
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy

Verse 4

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile

The wary pund o' tow

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90

Verse 1

I - bought my wife a stane o' lint a - s guid as e'er did grow an - d a' that she has made o' that i - s

Chorus

a puir pund o' tow Th - e wea - ry pund the wea - ry pund th - e wea - ry pund o' tow I -

think my wife will end her life be - fore she spin her tow The - re

Verse 2

There sat a bottle in a bole
 Beyond the ingle low
 And aye she took the tither souk
 To drouk the stourie tow

Chorus

Verse 3

Quoth I For shame ye dirty dame
 Gae spin your tap o' tow
 She took the rock and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow

Chorus

Verse 4

At last her feet I sang to see't
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe
 And or I wad anither jad
 I'll wallop in a tow

Chorus

My Collier Laddie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100 → F Verse 1 □

O - whare live ye my bon - nie lass and tell me how they ca' ye m - y

name she says is Mis - tress Jean and I fol - low the col - lier lad - die O -

Verse 2

See you not yon hills and dales
 The sun shines on sae brawlie
 They a' are mine and they shall be thine
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie

Verse 3

Ye shall gang in gay attire
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy
 And ane to wait on every hand
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie

Verse 4

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on
 And the earth conceals sae lowly
 I wad turn my back on you and it a'
 And embrace my Collier laddie

Verse 5

I can win my five pennies in a day
 An' spen't at night fu' brawlie
 And make my bed in the collier's neuk
 And lie down wi' my Collier laddie

Verse 6

Love for love is the bargain for me
 Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me
 And the world before me to win my bread
 And fair fa' my Collier laddie

Sic a wife as Willie had

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60

Verse 1

Gm C7 F

Will - ie Was - tle dwalt on Tweed the spot they ca'd it Link - um - dod - die Wil - lie

3 Gm C7 F

was a wab - ster guid could stoun a clue wi' on - ie bo - dy he had a

5 Gm C7 F

wife was dour and din o Tink - ler Maid - gie was her mith - er sic a

7 Gm C7 F

wife as Wil - lie had I wad na gie a but - ton for her She has

9 **Finish** F

gie a but - ton for her

Verse 2

She has an e'e she has but ane
 The cat has twa the very colour
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller
 A whiskin beard about her mou'
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither
 Sic a wife as Willie had
 I wadna gie a button for her

Verse 3

She's bow hough'd she's hein shin'd
 Ae limp in leg a hand breed shorter
 She's twisted right she's twisted left
 To balance fair in ilka quarter
 She has a lump upon her breast
 The twin o' that upon her shouther
 Sic a wife as Willie had
 I wadna gie a button for her

Verse 4

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion
 Her walie nieves like midden creels
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water
 Sic a wife as Willie had
 I wadna gie a button for her

Lady Mary Ann

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Verse 1

O La dy Ma ry Ann looks o'er the cas - tle wa' she saw three bon-nie boys play-ing at the ba' the
youn-gest he was the flower a - mang them a' my bon-nie lad-die's young but he's grow - in' yet O

Verse 2

O father O father an ye think it fit
We'll send him a year to the college yet
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet

Verse 3

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew
Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue
And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet

Verse 4

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik
Bonie and bloomin' and straught was its make
The sun took delight to shine for its sake
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet

Verse 5

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green
And the days are awa' that we hae seen
But far better days I trust will come again
For my bonie laddie's young but he's growin' yet

Kellyburn Braes

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 77 → ← Gm
Verse 1

There lived a carl in Kel - ly - bur - n Braes hey and the rue grows bon-nie wi' thyme and
he had a wife was the plague o' his days and the thy-me it is wi-ther'd an - d ru e is in prime Ae
thy - me it is wi - ther'd an - d ru e is in prime

Verse 2

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme
He met with the Devil says How do you fen
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 3

I've got a bad wife sir that's a' my complaint
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme
For savin your presence to her ye're a saint
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime

Verse 4

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave
Hey and the rue grows bonie 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 5

O welcome most kindly the blythe carl said
Hey and the rue grows bonie 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

Verse 6

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back
Hey and the rue grows bonie 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 7

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan door
Hey and the rue grows bonie 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 8

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

Verse 9

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

Verse 10

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa'
Hey and the rue grows bonie 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 11

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

Verse 12

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
Hey and the rue grows bonie 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 13

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
Hey and the rue grows bonie 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 14

I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life
Hey and the rue grows bonie 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

O can ye labour lea

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

□ $\text{♩} = 87$ G D7 G D7 G D7 G □
 Verse 1

I fee'd_ a man at Mar-tin-mas w-i' air-le pen-nies three but a' the faut I had to him h-e

□ D7 G D7 G C □
 Chorus

could na la - bour lea O can ye la - bour lea you-ng man o can ye la - bour lea

□ D7 G D7 G □

gae back the gate ye came a - gain ye'se ne-ver scorn me O

Verse 2

O clappin's gude in Febarwar
 An' kissin's sweet in May
 But my delight's the ploughman lad
 That weel can labour lea
 O can ye labour lea &c

Chorus

Verse 3

O kissin is the key o' luv
 And clappin' is the lock
 An' makin' o's the best thing yet
 That e'er a young thing gat
 O can ye labour lea &c

Chorus

The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 79 →← Eb →←

Th - e bairns gat out wi' an u - n - c - o shout th - e deuks dang o'er m - y dad - die o the
 fei - nt m - a ca - re quo the feir - rie au - ld wi - fe h - e wa - s but a pa - d - li - n' bo - dy o - h - e
 pai - dles ou - t and he pai - dles i - n an' he pai - dles la - te an - d ear - ly o - thi - s
 se - ven la - ng yea - rs I hae li - en by his si - de a - n he is but a fus - ion - se - ss car - lie O O -

Verse 2

O haud your tongue my ferrie auld wife
 O haud your tongue now Nansie O
 I've seen the day and sae hae ye
 Ye wad na been sae donsie O
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose
 And cuddl'd me late and early O
 But downa do's come o'er me now
 And och I find it sairly O