

Burns Revisited Volume 71

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10. The Bob O' Dumblane

For Mr Walter Riddell

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80 → Em

→ Eb

So vile was poor Wat such a mis - creant slave

3 Em → Eb

that the worms ev - 'n damn'd him when laid in his grave

5 →

in his scull there's a fa - mine a star - ved rep - tile cries

8 Am → Ab → Gm → Em

and his heart it is poi - son an - oth - er re - plies

rall.

Can ye play me Duncan Gray

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

12 Verse 1 $A \text{ } \dot{=} 63$ E → A → → B \flat E 7 → A E → A ↻

Can ye play me Dun-can Gray ha ha the gi - r - din o't o'er the hills an' far a - wa

18 D E → A → → B \flat → E 7 ↻

ha ha the gi - r - din o't Dun-can came our Meg to woo Meg was nice an' wad-na

23 A → → B \flat → E 7 *

do - but like an ith - er puff'd an' blew at of - fer o' the gir - din o't

* *Play chord A for final bar*

Verse 2

Duncan he cam here again
 Ha ha the girdin' o't
 A' was out an' Meg her lane
 Hahaha the girdin o't
 He kiss'd her butt he kiss'd her ben
 He bang'd a thing against her wame
 But troth I now forget its name
 But I trow she gat the girdin' o't

Verse 3

She took him to the cellar then
 Ha ha the girdin' o't
 To see gif he could do't again
 Hahaha the girdin' o't
 He kiss'd her ance he kiss'd her twice
 An' by the bye he kiss'd her thrice
 Till deil a mair the thing wad rise
 To gie her the long girdin' o't

Verse 4

But Duncan took her to his wife
 Ha ha the girdin' o't
 To be the comfort o' his life
 Ha ha ha the girdin' o't
 An' now she scauls baith night an' day
 Except when Duncan's at the play
 An' that's as seldom as he may
 He's weary o' the girdin' o't

The Ploughman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100

Verse 1

The plough - man he's a bon - nie lad his mind is e - ver true jo his
 gar - ters knit be - low his knee his bon - net it is blue jo Then
 up wi - 't a' my plough - man lad and hey m - y mer - ry plough - man of
 a' the trades that I do ken co - m - mend me to the plough - man My

Verse 2

My ploughman he come hame at e'en
 He's aften wat and weary
 Cast off the wat put on the dry
 And gae to bed my dearie

Chorus**Verse 3**

I will wash my ploughman's hose
 And I will dress his o'erlay
 I will mak my ploughman's bed
 And cheer him late and early

Chorus**Verse 4**

I hae been east I hae been west
 I hae been at Saint Johnston
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancing

Chorus**Verse 5**

Snaw white stockings on his legs
 And siller buckles glancing
 A guid blue bonnet on his head
 And O but he was handsome

Chorus**Verse 6**

Commend me to the barn yard
 And the corn mou man
 I never got my coggie fou
 Till I met wi' the ploughman

Chorus

Landlady count the lawin

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

17 = 110 Bbm Verse 1

Gm Fm Cm

Land - la - dy count the law - in the day is near the daw - in

21 Fm Cm F⁹ Bb⁷ Eb Chorus

ye're a' - blind drunk boys and I'm bu - t jol - ly fou Hey tut - ti

26 C⁹ Fm Abm Eb Bb Eb

tai - ti how tut - ti tai - ti hey tut - ti tai - ti wha's fou now

Verse 2

Cog an ye were aye fou
 Cog an ye were aye fou
 I wad sit and sing to you
 If ye were aye fou

Chorus

Verse 3

Weel may ye a' be
 I'll may ye never see
 God bless the king
 And the companie

Chorus

O'er the water to Charlie

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 95 D Em F#7 B7 Em

Verse 1

1 Come boat me o'er come row me o'er come boat me o'er the Char - lie I'll

5 A7 D E7 A7

8 gie John Ross an - ith - er baw - bee to boat me o'er to Char - lie We'll

9 D Em A7 D Em A7 D

Chorus

12 o'er the wa - ter we'll o'er the sea we'll o'er the wa - ter to Char - lie come

13 Em F# Bm A D7 Em A7 D

weal come woe we'll gath - er and go and live and die wi' Char - lie I

Verse 2

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name
 Tho' some there be abhor him
 But O to see auld Nick gaun hame
 And Charlie's faes before him

Chorus

Verse 3

I swear and vow by moon and stars
 And sun that shines so early
 If I had twenty thousand lives
 I'd die as aft for Charlie

Chorus

As I was a-wand'ring

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 73
17 Verse 1

C → Dm G⁷ → C → Dm G⁷

As I was a-wan-d'ring ae mid-sum-mer e'en in the pi pers and young-sters were mak-ing their game a-

21 C Am → Dm G⁷ → C Am → Dm C → C Chorus

mang them I spied my faith-less fause lu ver which bled a'the wounds o' my do-lour a-gain Weel since he has left me

26 Em → Dm →

my pleas-ure gae wi' him I may be dis-tress'd but I win-na com-plain I'll

29 C → Em → Dm → G⁷ C

flat-ter my fan-cy I may get an-ith-er my heart it shall ne-ver be bro-ken for ane

Verse 2

I could na get sleepin' till dawin for greetin'
 The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain
 Had I na got greetin' my heart wad a broken
 For o luvè forsaken's a tormenting pain

Verse 3

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him

The Shepherd's Wife

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 90 E_b Verse 1 B_b C_m G_m B_b7 G_m

The shep herd's wife cries o'er the knowe will ye come hame will ye come hame the shep herd's wife cries o'er the

6 D^7 G_m B_b7 E_b Verse 1a $A_b m$ E_b B_b

knowe will ye come hame againe'en jo O what will ye gieme to my sup per gin I come hame

12 B_b7 E_b $A_b m$ E_b B_b B_b7 E_b E_b7

gin I come hame O what will ye gie me to my sup per gin I come hame a gain e'en jo ye'se get a pan fu' o'

18 A_b G^7 C_m F^9 B_b7 E_b7 A_b

plum - pinpar ridge and butter in them and butter in them ye'se get a pan - fu' o' plum - pinpar ridge

23 G^7 C_m F^9 B_b7 E_b E_b Refrain 1

gin ye'll come hame a - gain e'en jo Ha ha how that's naething that dow I

26 B_b E_b B_b E_b

win-na come hame I can-na come hame ha hahow that's nae-thing that dow I win-na come hame gine'en jo The

Chorus

Verse 2a

A reekin fat hen weel fryth'd i' the pan
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A reekin fat hen weel fryth'd i' the pan
Gin ye'll come hame again e'en jo

Verse 2b

Ha ha how that's naething that dow
I winna come hame I canna come hame
Ha ha how that's naething that dow
I winna come hame gin een jo

Refrain 1

Chorus

Verse 3a

A weel made bed and a pair o' clean sheets
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A weel made bed and a pair o' clean sheets
Gin ye'll come hame again een jo

Verse 3b

A luving wife in lily-white linens
Gin ye'll come hame gin ye'll come hame
A luving wife in lily-white linens
Gin ye'll come hame again een jo

Refrain 2

Ha ha how that's something that dow
I will come hame I will come hame
Ha ha how that's something that dow
I will come hame again een jo

Green Sleeves

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

$\text{♩} = 100$

29 F Verse 1 $\text{B}\flat$ F Am C⁷

Green sleeves and tar - tan ties mark my true love where she lies

33 F $\text{B}\flat$ F C⁷ F

I'll be at her or she rise my fid - dle and I the - gith - er

37 F Verse 2 $\text{B}\flat$ F Am C⁷

Be it by the crys - tal burn be it by the milk white thorn

41 F $\text{B}\flat$ F C⁷ F

I shall rouse her in the morn my fid - dle and I the - ith - er

I'll mak you be fain to follow me

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 60
45

Verse 1

G C D →← G D7

As late by a sod - ger I chanced to pass I heard him a cour - tin a bon - nie young lass

47 G C D →← G C D G

my hin - ny my life my dea - rest quo he I'll mak you be fain to fol - low me

49 D7 G →← A7 D7

gin I should fol - low you a poor sod - ger lad ilk ane o' my cum - mers wad think I was mad

51 G Em Am B7 A7 →← G C D G

for bat - tles I ne - ver shall lang to see I'll ne - ver be fain to fol - low thee

Verse 2

To follow me I think ye may be glad
 A part o' my supper a part o' my bed
 A part o' my bed wherever it be
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me
 Come try my knapsack on your back
 Along the king's high gate we'll pack
 Between Saint Johnston and bony Dundee
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me

The Bob O' Dumblane

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 89
53 Verse 1

F

Las - sie le - nd me your braw hemp heck - le and I'll lend you

56 C F

my thrip - pling kame my heck - le is bro - ken it

58 C⁷ F

can - na be got - ten and we - 'll gae dan - nce the Bob o' Dum - blane

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