

# Burns Revisited Volume 74

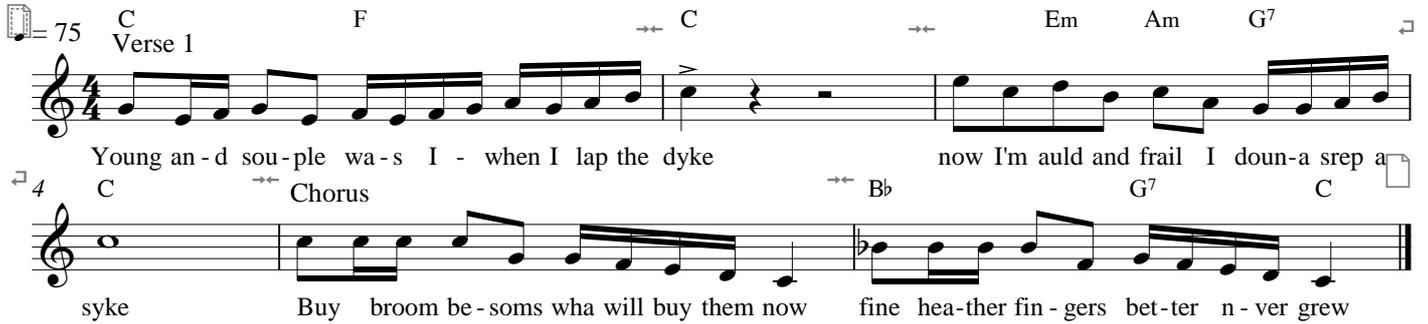
1. Broom besoms (alternative verses)
2. The Taylor fell thro' the bed
3. Aye waukin O
4. The White Cockade
5. John come kiss me now
6. O an ye were dead guidman
7. Comin thro' the rye
8. There's three true guid fellows
9. The reel o' stumpie
10. As I cam o'er the Cairney Mount

# Broom Besoms

## Alternative Verses

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney



**Verse 1**  
Young an - d sou - ple wa - s I - when I lap the dyke now I'm auld and frail I doun-a srep a  
syke

**Chorus**  
Buy broom be - soms wha will buy them now fine hea - ther fin - gers bet - ter n - ver grew

### Verse 2

Young and souple was I when at Lautherslack  
Now I'm auld and frail and lie at Nansie's back

### Chorus

### Verse 3

Had she gien me butter when she gae me bread  
I wad looked baulder wi' my beld head

### Chorus

# The tailor fell thro' the bed

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 100    Verse 1

The tai - lor fell thro' the bed thim - ble an' a' the  
 tai - lor fell thro' the bed thim - ble an' a' the  
 blan - kets were thin and the sheets they were sma' the  
 tai - lor fell thro' the bed thim - ble an' a' The

### Verse 2

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill  
 The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill  
 The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still  
 She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill

### Verse 3

Gie me the goat again cany young man  
 Gie me the goat again cany young man  
 The day it is short and the night it is lang  
 The dearest siller that ever I wan

### Verse 4

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane  
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane  
 There's some that are dowie I trow wad be fain  
 To see the bit Taylor come skippin again

# Aye Waukin O

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 69  
9 Verse 1

Am Dm Am

Sim - mer's a plea - sant time flowers of ev - ery col - our the wa - ter rins o'er the heugh

12 Chorus

A C#7 D

and I long for my true lo - ver Aye wau - kin o wau - kin still and wea - ry

15 F A E7 A

sleep I can get nane for thin - king on my dea - rie

## Verse 2

When I sleep I dream  
When I wauk I'm irie  
Sleep can I get nane  
For thinking on my Dearie

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Lanely night comes on  
A' the lave are sleepin  
I think on my bonie lad  
And I bleer my een wi' greetin

## Chorus

# The White Cockade

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 80    Verse 1

M - y lo - ve was bo - rn in A - ber - deen th - e bon - ni - est lad that e'er  
 was seen bu - t no - w he ma - kes our hea - rts fu' sad h - e  
 takes the field wi' his White Cock - ade O he's a ran - ting ro - ving lad  
 he is a brisk an' a bon - nie lad be - tide what may I  
 will be wed and fol - low the booy wi' the White Cock - ade I - 'll

Chorus

## Verse 2

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
 My guid gray mare and hawkit cow,  
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,  
 To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

## Chorus

# John come kiss me now

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

Musical score for 'John come kiss me now' in 4/4 time, 69 BPM. The score is written on three staves. The first staff is labeled 'Verse 1' and contains the lyrics: 'O - some will court and comp-lim-ent an d ith-er some will kiss and daut bu-t I will mak o' my guid-man i - t'. The second staff is labeled 'Chorus' and contains the lyrics: 'i - s na - e faut O he's a ran-ting rov-ing lad he is a brisk an' bon-nie lad be-tide what'. The third staff contains the lyrics: 'may I will be wed and fol-low the boy wi' the White Cock - ade I - 'll'. Chord progressions are indicated above the notes: Verse 1 (C, G7, C, G7, C, G7, C), Chorus (G7, C, F, C7, F, C7, F), and the final line (C7, F, Gm, C7, F).

Verse 1  
 O - some will court and comp-lim-ent an d ith-er some will kiss and daut bu-t I will mak o' my guid-man i - t

Chorus  
 i - s na - e faut O he's a ran-ting rov-ing lad he is a brisk an' bon-nie lad be-tide what

may I will be wed and fol-low the boy wi' the White Cock - ade I - 'll

## Verse 2

O some will court and compliment  
 And ither some will prye their mou  
 And some will hause in ithers arms  
 And that's the way I like to do

## Chorus

# O an ye were dead guidman

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 77

Verse 1

There - s sax eggs in the pa - n gu id - man there's

sax eggs in the pa - n gu - id - man there's ane to you and tw - a t - o me and

three to our John High - lan - d - man O an ye were dead guid - man a

green turf on your head guid - ma

wad bes - tow my wid - ow - hood up - on a ran - tin High - land - man A -

Chorus 1

## Verse 2

A Sheep head in the pot gudeman  
 A Sheep head in the pot gudeman  
 The flesh to him the broo to me  
 An the horns become your brow gudeman

## Chorus 2

Sing round about the fire wi a rung she ran  
 An round about the fire wi a rung she ran  
 Your horns shall tie you to the straw  
 And I shall band your hide gudeman

# Comin thro' the rye

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

♩ = 120  
9 Verse 1

G C D C G

Com-in thro' the rye poor bo-dy com-in thro' the rye she draig-l't a' her pet - ti - coa - tie

15 D D7 G Chorus D G

com-in thro' the rye O Jen ny's a' weet poor bo - dy Jen - ny's sel - dom

20 D D7 G D7 G D7 G

dry she draig-l't a' her pet - ti - coa - tie com-in thro' the rye

## Verse 2

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the rye  
Gin a body kiss a body  
Need a body cry

## Chorus

## Verse 3

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the glen  
Gin a body kiss a body  
Need the warld ken

## Chorus

# There's three true guid fellows

Robert Burns

Eddie Cairney

25  $F = 120$   
Verse 1

There's three true guid fel - lows there's three grue gu - id fe - ll - ows

29 Verse 2  
there's three true guid fel - lows down a - yont yon glen It's now the

34  
day is daw - in but or night d - o f - a' in

37  
whase cock's best at craw - in' Wil - lie thou sall ken



# As I came o'er the Cairney Mount

Robert Burns

Edward Cairney

♩ = 150

Verse 1

As I cam o'er the Cair - ney mount and down a - mong the bloo - mingheath - er

kind - ly stood the mil - king shiel to shel - ter frae the sor - my weath - er

Chorus

O my bon - nie High - land lad my win - some weel - faur'd high - land lad - die

wha wad mind the wind and rain sae weel row'd in his tar - tan pai - die Now

## Verse 2

Now Phebus blinkit on the bent  
 And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating  
 But he wan my heart's consent  
 To be his ain at the neist meeting

## Chorus