Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth!
Wherever I wander, wherever I go,
The hills of the highlands forever I love.
“My Hearts in the Highlands”

Special thanks to
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"And frae his harp sie strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!"
The Minstrel at Lincluden

Introduction

This book is written as a tribute to Robert Burns and will attempt to acquaint you with a Scotsman who made quite an impact on Scottish history, and yet he was not a famous statesman, king or warrior. Although historical accounts of a nation usually center around the wars fought on their soil and who won, the national pride of Scotland honors a poet! Why was Robert Burns so well known and why does he stand out among the many poets of his time? Why do countries around the world to this day celebrate and honor this gentle man in formal gatherings called "Burns Night"? This book will explore these questions.

This book is designed to be played by Celtic harp, wire or nylon, although a piano or guitar can equally be comfortable with the arrangements. Some songs are arranged for beginner level and double as a wire harp arrangement. Others are an intermediate level, generally for nylon harp. There is an ornaments page for you to use as a reference to authenticate the musical pieces that have no ornaments. Adding ornaments to these songs are essential in giving the songs a Scottish flavor. Otherwise what we hear is a song with no "ethnic dressing" to it. Most of the songs are arranged in a traditional manner, yet I have taken the liberties of arranging some with a more contemporary nature. The best way to become familiar with Scottish music is to listen to a lot of fiddle and pipe music and hear how the ornaments are being used.

With the information included about Burns Night (or Burns Supper), find out if your local community is involved with celebrating Robert Burns, and get involved. Ask to play harp for these events or volunteer your help. If there are no activities, create your own! Scotsman (and women) love to get together to celebrate their heritage and honor their own. An outline of our local Burns Supper (from Denver, Colorado) is included in this book. Use it for your celebrations and modify it as you wish.

If you are already interested in poetry, add a Robert Burns night to your poetry meetings and recitations. Learn some of the pronunciations of Burns poetry. Speak with the Scottish brogue. Harp and pipe music of Robert Burns are a lovely backdrop to these kinds of Scottish activities.

Happy Harping
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The Right Place at the Right Time

The stage was getting ready for Robert Burns. All the props were dragged to center stage. The scenes were a kaleidoscopic mix of political, religious, philosophical and personal backdrops that thrust Robert Burns into the precise entrance upon a theater teeming with potential creative energy. The cast of characters were drawn together to experience the soil of poverty and constant struggle and how their lives were the midwife of the flowering of Scottish language.

The sentiments of the English reduced all traces of Scottish language by selectively endorsing all literary works fluent in the English style. In the late 1750's the slaughter of Culloden had not faded from Scottish minds. **1** The admonition of wearing the highland plaid still evoked stiff penalties. As decreed from the Act of 1746, whereby King George II set specific forbidden attire for the Scots, not a "kilt, trowse, shoulder belt or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland Garb".**2** Burns was born the same year that Mozart and Handel passed away and John Wesley was at the height of his popularity. **3** The climate of the world was still in the threshold of new discoveries. The interiors of Africa, Asia and South America remained unexplored. **4**

Robert Fergusson's poetry had just scratched the surface of Scottish tradition with the threads of spoken dialects of Edinburgh, Aberdeenshire and Fife. When he died at the age of twenty four, Fergusson's work was green and still on the vine, although within reach of young Burns. Although his father, William Burns, was an ill-fated tenant farmer wedded to seventy acres of poorly drained ground, his engaging discussions about theology and philosophy had a significant impact on his son. Agnes Burns, his mother, possessed little worldly knowledge, though she was brimming with story and song. The hired housekeeper, Betty Davidson, was rife with superstitious tales concerning ghosts, fairies, wraiths, kelpies, dragons, apparitions, elf-candles, dead-lights, war-locks, spunkies, cantraips, giants, and other trumpery. **5**. Such strange fruit was the springboard for Burns' "Tam O'Shanter" narrative. The red, red rose of his future wife, Jean Amour blushed the heart of Robert Burns and gave him the seeds for future poems. John Murdoch was the innovative and patient young school master providing the groundwork for literary challenges. It was James Johnson who was to step out on to this colorful stage and provide a platform for Burns to write and rewrite old Scottish songs for his undertaking of The Scots Musical Museum.

Robert Burns Roots and Early Schooling

In the village of Alloway, Ayrshire on a bitter cold morning on January 25th, 1759 the tiny wailing cry of Robert Burns broke through the bleak mid-winter.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'twas then a blast o"Janwar win' (January wind)
Blew hansel in on Robin. **6** (first gift)

As young Burns character unfolds, his dreary plight of being tied to the craggy farm land engulfs him in despair. He worked very hard on the family farm, but languished more in the landscape of his dreams. “I formed many connections”, he wrote later, looking back on his youth, “with younkers who possessed superior advantages, the youngling actors who were busy with the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on that stage where, alas, I was destined to drudge behind the scenes.” **7** Such is an actors sentiment when they are not privy to the last chapter of the script!

William Burnes (old spelling of his name) greatest desire was to give his children an education and moral foundation. Native of Kineardineshire, Burns’ father was a well educated peasant with a wife who was fond of reading, although she could not write. Dr. Currie, the first editor of Burns’ works states: “In the very humblest condition of the Scottish peasants every one can read, and most persons are more or less skilled in writing and arithmetic; and under the disguise of their uncouth appearance and of their peculiar manners and dialect, a stranger will discover that they possess a curiosity and have obtained a degree of information corresponding to these acquirements.” **8**

Robert Burns - The Student

Five families of the surrounding villages resolved to hire an eighteen year old lad, John Murdock to teach their children. Teaching at a small schoolhouse in Alloway, Murdoch’s approach to his students afforded them with a vast resource for intellectual stimulation. Prior to schooling, Burns and his younger brother, Gilbert, were introduced to English at home. They made rapid progress in class. Murdoch concurs: “As soon as they were capable of it, I taught them to turn verse into its natural prose order; sometimes to substitute synonymous expressions for poetical words, and supply all the ellipses...”.**9** Influential English literature before the eighteenth century included Shakespeare, Milton, Arthur Masson, and Dryden, which provided Burns with a solid working of English expression. At the time most Scottish writers followed the English model of writing and ignored any Scottish idioms. At home he was exposed to a traditional form of prose through hearing his mother’s ballads and native songs. “In the Scottish folk tradition and in the literary tradition represented by Ramsay and Fergusson he was eventually to find models to suit his own genius in poetry...”.**10**

By the time Burns was fifteen he despaired of the demands of harsh labor that was needed to help run the farm. He describes; “the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave”, **11** A bright spot in this dreary backdrop is the presence of the lassies. It’s no surprise that the wafting fragrance of love would so move him to consider composing a rhyme. “I was not so presumptive as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin....I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he...”. **12** Once ignited with the animation of love, his natural inclination to rhyme flowed forth as the “spontaneous language of my heart”. **13** In the course of breathing life in the poetic heart of language, women were inextricably drawn to the poet and as a result, he fathered eleven (six illegitimate) children in the process. “My passions when once they were lighted up, raged like so many devils, til they got vent in rhyme; and then conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet” **14**

The Tarbolton Bachelors Club

It was in the town of Tarlbolton, south of their farm in Lochlie, Burns found friendly countrymen of merit and an atmosphere of vitality and encouragement. It was this supportive rabble that could lend an ear to his pontificating pen strokes. In November 1780, the casual pub meetings and the companions that served as his audience, would later turn into the Tarbolton Bachelors' Club. Here in the crackle of night Burns and his friends would talk about religion, philosophy, or any topic of debate. This gave Burns the needed intellectual excitement that he could not share with the women of his life. Robert Burns took the lead in forming this exclusive club, outlining the rules and regulations. Burns rules include: "In short, the proper person for this Society is, a cheerful, honest-hearted lad; who, if he has a friend that is true, and a mistress that is kind, and as much wealth as genteely to make both ends meet - is just as happy as this world can make him." **15** It was this club and its agreeable members that would later honor Robert Burns by creating the first "Burns' Supper" in 1801.

The Kilmarnock Edition

In 1784, Robert Burns began to compile his poems in a leather bound journal he called the "Commonplace Book;" this reflected standard English speech mixed with the Scottish tongue. This book was to contain many musings, slivers of songs and honest contemplations. Sandwiched between the frustrations of the farm and Jean Amours' father threat to sue for the care of his illegitimate twins, Burns was enveloped in despondency. His yearning is reflected in the comments about his status and hunger for recognition:

> We have never had one Scotch Poet of any eminence, to make the fertile banks of Irvine, the romantic woodlands and sequestered scenes on Aire and the healthy mountainous source and winding sweep of Doon emulate Tay, Forth, Ettrick, Tweed and this is a complaint I would gladly remedy, but Alas! I am far unequal to the task, both in native genius and education.- Obscure I am and I must be, though no young Poet, nor young Solider's heart ever beat more fondly for fame than mine. **16**

Despite the death of his father and misfortune biting at his heels, he was even more determined to write. In 1786, Burns published a volume of his poems east of Tarbolton at Kilmarnock, titled "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect". The Kilmarnock volume was a rare concoction of songs and poems, some written in English, but most outfitted in a prominent display of the commoners' Scottish speech. The early works of Robert Burns were never meant for avid readers, so the rustic and honest air of rural sentiments and fears permeate the Kilmarnock edition; this spelled success for Burns. Some of his notable early pieces in the book are: "The Twa Dogs," "Scotch Drink," "The Holy Fair," "Address to the Deil," "The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maille," "To a Mouse" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." **17** To his delight the collection was a great success appealing to the local country folk and the highbrow of literary circles in Edinburgh. Burns' command performance of delicate subjects range from hypocrisy of the Calvinistic theology and dogma to the humorous and empathetic portrayal of a mouse's battle for survival handled with self assurance and craftiness.

"To a Mouse"

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane (Not alone)
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best laid schemes o' mice an'men
Gang aft a-gley. (Go often wrong)
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, (Leave)
For promis'd joy!

The gulf between the rich and poor, concerned Burns:

"A Man's a Man For That"
Is there for honest Poverty,
That hangs his head, an' a 'that,
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a'that
For a'that, an'a that,
Our toils obscure, and a'that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a'that.

The literati of Edinburgh welcomed Burns and he quickly became the honored guest of the elite. For a brief time he enjoyed the celebratory response to his work. David Daiches states in his book, Robert Burns,

> He was fully aware that in Edinburgh he was acting a part, that he was being trotted around the drawing rooms of the city to be on exhibition like "the learned pig in the Grassmarket". He knew that it was not the quality of his poetry but the fact that he was a "Heaven-taught ploughman" that accounted for his social triumphs and he wondered uneasily how long it would last. **18**

Despite his achievement, Burns' found financial support elusive, which prompted him to take on employment as an Excise Officer.

The Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart;
And if inspir'd, tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.**19**
Anonymous (front page of the Kilmarnock edition, 1786)

Robert Burns - The Songwriter

While in Edinburgh Burns met James Johnson, a passionate collector of Scottish songs. He was an engraver who was in the process of collecting and publishing old Scots, English and Irish melodies. Johnson approached Burns for assistance with the collection and Burns became totally captivated by the project. The title of the work was The Scots Musical Museum and between early 1787 and late in 1792 represented the bulk of Burns' poetic production. **20**

This also prompted George Thomson to ask for Burns help in his collection called Select Scottish Airs. Burns had a poetic ear for the folk idiom and also a unique gift for writing verses and a chorus to a given air. **21** His attention was now solely on rewriting and restoring verses to the fragments of folk songs. He amiably poured himself into this project even without the merits of compensation. David Daiches states in his book, Robert Burns:

> He could be tender, passionate, bawdy, satirical, jocular or plaintive. But always his songs were concerned with the realized moment of experience. His love songs are the antithesis of the love poems of Shelly: there is no philosophizing or Platonic enlargement about them; they concentrate on the experiencing self, indeed on what George Orwell in another connection called the "unofficial self". One of the reasons for the worldwide popularity of Burns songs is that they tell the truth about human feelings without falsification or distortion. **22**

He created songs from fragments without melodies and songs with just parts of a verse or chorus. Sometimes he would just rely on a tune a fisherman would whistle to him as he journeyed across the bank and braes of Scotland. His desire to match his wits with the best of Scottish melody brought him innumerable benefits; "As the request you make to me," Burns replied on 16 September, "will positively add to my enjoyment in complying with it, I shall enter into your undertaking with all the small portion of abilities I have, strained to their utmost exertion by the impulse of Enthusiasm." **23**

Robert Burns and the Lassies

It was the fires of love that first ignited Burns passionate expression into poetry; therefore it was natural for the romantic side of Burns, with his charming, down to earth manner, to be a magnet for the lassies. His affairs with Nelly Kilpatrick,, Clarinda (Nancy), Peggy Thomson and Alison Begbie, Elizabeth Paton, and Mary Campbell gave birth to more than just the flames of love. Elizabeth Paton and Mary Campbell both bore his illegitimate children. Jean Armour had two sets of twins by Burns before he claimed her as a wife. Burns' slippery attempts to avoid the trappings of marriage followed him even after his return from Edinburgh's elite literary circles. By 1788 he finally acknowledged himself as Jean Armour's husband. With his success in Edinburgh from his writing, Jean's father gave his permission to allow Jean to marry the poor ploughman poet. Such an acknowledgment was enough in Scots law to constitute a retrospective legal marriage.**24** Even the day of Robert Burns passing, Jean Armour gave birth to another of Burns progeny, nine children all together. Although Jean Armour stayed by Burns' side for many years she was not able to share his interest in poetry, song and intellectual discourse which created a social chasm in Burns' life. He sought out convivial friends and parties while Jean sat at home.

Robert Burns - Caledonia's Bard

Burns weakened condition from rheumatic fever resulted in his death in 1796. Burns fastidious energy encapsulated the remnants of a scattered Scottish musical culture and bound it with

his enthusiasm for all generations to read, play and enjoy. If Burns were alive today, he would relish being considered a universal man appealing to all classes. In a time when English was accepted as the more genteel avenue, Burns went forth with a craggy countryman's dialect that spoke to even the prodigious gentry. His command performance at revealing ordinary emotions with astute clarity and wit engage today's modern musicians and readers. The stage is no longer set in just Alloway Scotland. The cast of characters have come and gone, each playing their role to emancipate beauty, zeal and pride in the muses of Scotland.

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Robert Burns' Time Line

1707 - Scotland loses in Parliament and is no longer an independent country, but part of Great Britain, (still Presbyterian though)

1730 - Allan Ramsey published Tea-Table Miscellany book of Scottish songs

1745 - The Jacobite's attempt to restore a Stewart king to the British Throne fail

1750 - William Burnes moves to Alloway

1757 - William Burnes wed to Agnes Brown of Kirkoswald

1759 - Robert Burns born in Alloway, January 25th

1765 - Robert and his brother, Gilbert, sent to John Murdock's school

1766 - The Burns family moves to Mount Oliphant, rents a farm

1773 - Burns writes his first song, Handsome Nell, for Nellie Kirkpatrick: Burns' sent to board with Murdoch at Ayr; Robert Fergusson's only book of poems published

1774 - Death of Robert Fergusson

1775 - Burns goes to the town of Kirkoswald to learn mensuration, surveying and dialing; Meets Peggy Thomson

1776 - The American Revolution

1777 - Burns family moves to Lochlie at Whitsun

1780 - The Tarbolton Bachelors' Club formed; Meets Alison Begbie

1781 - Robert Burns becomes a Freemason; Burn moves to Irvine to learn flax-dressing

1782 - Returns to Lochlie

1783 - Robert Burns starts his Commonplace Book

1784 - Death of William Burnes; Robert moves the family to Mossgiel

1785 - Burns completes the Kilmarnock Edition; meets Jean Armour; Elizabeth Paton bears his illegitimate child

1786 - Kilmarnock Edition published; Jean Armour bears twins; Burns arrives in Edinburgh; Mary Campbell bears his illegitimate child; Death of "Highland Mary"; Writes Address to a Haggis

1787 - First Edinburgh Edition of poems published by William Creech; First volume of the Scots Musical Museum published; Tours the West Highlands; Meets Clarinda

1788 - Acknowledges Jean Armour as wife; The 2nd volume of Scots Musical Museum is published

1789 - Burns becomes an Exciseman

1790 - The 3rd volume of Scots Musical Museum is published

1791 - "Tam o'Shanter" published; Moves to Dumfries

1792 - Burns promoted to Dumfries Pert Division and organizes capture of smuggling schooner the Rosamond; The 4th volume of Scots Musical Museum is published; submits songs to George Thomson for his collection Select Scottish Airs

1793 - Burns moves to Mill Vennel; The 2nd edition of his poems is published by William Creech; The French Revolution

1794 - Reissue of the Second Edinburgh edition; Tour of Galloway

1795 - Burns joins the Royal Dumfries Volunteers; Burns' daughter dies; Burns becomes ill with rheumatic fever

1796 - Death of Burns at Dumfries on July 21nd; Jean bears their 9th child

1815 - Burns remains moved to the Mausoleum in St. Michael's Kirkyard from their original resting place

1834 - Death of Jean Armour

"Ev'n then a wish, I mind its pow'r
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I for puir auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least!"
1759-96

The Celebrated Burns Supper

The first "supper" was an informal spontaneous act of appreciation by Robert Burns friends. In his time, male companions would raise a pint and sip a dram of whiskey in a local village pub. The atmosphere would be replete with thoughtful conversation, the telling of stories and honest friendship of like-minded individuals. Enveloped in the dim lights of the pub, fiddle music would waft through the last morsels of a relaxed dinner. In the comfort of the pub, Auld Lang Syne was sung with friends and each gave toasts to the lassies. No great fanfare, no pipes, harps or dancing attended this gathering, yet the warmth and genuine appreciation for the written word and open minded debates laid the groundwork for Scotland's contribution to the world.

Today the rituals and pageantry of the Burns' supper celebrations affords us a glimpse of Robert Burns poetry and a slice of Scottish spirit. This portrait of time provokes insightful memories of a man who did not make strategic military decisions for his native Scotland's defense, just the one fixed upon the murmur of his heart.....to write poetry. Scotland's hero won a nation without firing a shot.

In July 1801, after his death, close friends of Robert Burns initiated the "Burns' Supper." Later the date changed to the anniversary of his birth on January 25th. Since 1859, close to nine hundred celebrations were reported from all parts of the globe. As far away as Moscow, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Saudia Arabia, Australia, England, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Canada, America and the heart of Burns country Ayrshire in Scotland, tables are laden with tartan tablecloths and Scottish fare all to welcome the Bard's spirit of camaraderie and frank discussion.

Although Scots take this day seriously, it is punctuated with gaiety and laughter. Dress kilts and evening gowns complete with a clan tartan sash grace the shoulders of today's guests. To enter the full spirit of the Burns supper, 17th century costumes add a flair of authenticity to the festivities. In Burns day the casual get-together's were the territory of only the male indulgence. As the years gathered momentum, women made their presence more indispensible with preparations, planning and a female perspective. Presently the Burns Night also includes the lassies! Supporters display a full spectrum of expression during the Burns Supper ritual. While some may celebrate with scholars and formality, other can denigrate to quite a drunken recital! However, most festivities fall in the middle, with outspoken cheer and whimsy and a few who have kissed the whiskey "quaich" to excess.

The Welcoming Grace

The pipe bands gallantly parade through the banquet hall to signal the opening of ceremonies and the chieftain rises to welcomes the guests. The tune of “Brose and Butter” or another appropriate tune welcomes all the guests.

The Selkirk Grace

Some hae meat and canna eat
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

A Burns’ night would not be complete without the fanfare of the procession of “haggis wi’ a’ the honours.” The ceremonial march begins with the traditional fare of haggis proudly displayed on the chef’s shoulders followed by the Chieftain’s piper and drummer. The procession is followed by the whiskey bearer, to which he will offer a dram to the chef, Chief, piper and drummer. “Slainte mhath!” (To your health!) and resounding applause ensues! Although haggis was probably not at Burns and his comrades casual meal, this dish so aptly represents Scotland, that it was natural for it to find a home here in this celebration of national spirit. The haggis, as Burns knew it, and as we know it today, is a tribute to the Scottish gift of making something of excellence out of cheap materials including ingredients of heart, lights and liver, beef-suet, oatmeal and onions minced together and sewn into the large stomach bag of a sheep. **17**

Address to a Haggis

Fair fa’ your honest sonsie face (plump)
Great Chieftain o’ the Pudding-race!
Aboon them a ‘e tak your place, (above)
Painch, tripe or thairm: (stomach) (intestine)
Weel are ye wordy of a grace (worthy)
As lang’s my arm

The groaning trencher there ye fill, (serving dish)
Your hurdies like a distant hill, (hips)
Your pin was help to mend a mill (skewer)
In time o’ need
While thro’ your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight, (wipe)
An’ cut you up wi’ ready slight, (skill)

Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch; (any)
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive (spoonful)
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyv (well swelled bellies)
Are bent like drums; (by and by)
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rise, (good man) (burst)
"Bethankit!" hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout, (stew)
Or olio was staw a sow (hodge-podge) (sicken)
Or fricassee was mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner, (loathing)
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! See him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash, (powerless) (grass)
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash (thin leg)
His nieve a nit (fist) (nut)
thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade, (large) (fist)
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs, an' arms, an'heads will sned, (cut-off)
Like taps o' thrissle. (tops of thistle)

Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish tham out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware, (watery)
That jaups in luggies; (jumps) (small dishes)
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis!

Recipe for Haggis*

1) **Haggis - Made Simple and Good**

½ lb beef liver
1 med. Onion
½ c. oatmeal
½ c. suet, finely chopped
½ c. plus 2 T. beef broth
1/4 t. each salt and cayenne

- Simmer liver about 10 min. or until juices run clear when pierced with a fork.
- Parboil peeled onion in separate pan about 5. min.
  Cool liver and onion then chop finely together
  Spread oatmeal on cookie sheet and toast about 5 min. in 350* oven; stir occasionally
- Mix ground meant mixture and oatmeal with remaining ingredients.
- Pack into greased baking dish and cover tightly with foil.
- Set on rack in deep pan; add boiling water about half way up dish; cover tightly and steam 1 ½ hours.

Serve hot
6 1/4 c. servings

2) **Haggis (Genuine Scotch)**
Procure the large stomach-bag of a sheep, also one of the smaller bags called "King's Hood," together with the pluck, which is the lights, liver and heart. The bags must be well washed, first in cold water, then plunged in boiling water and scraped. Great care must be taken of the large bag; let it lie and soak in cold water, with a little salt, all night. Wash also the pluck. Now boil the small bag along with the pluck; in boiling, leave the windpipe attached and let the end of it hang over the edge of the pot, so that impurities may pass freely out. Boil for 1 ½ hours and take the whole from the pot. When cold, cut away the windpipe and any bits of skin or gristle that seem improper. Grate a quarter of the liver (not using the remainder for the haggis) and mince the heart, lights and small bag very small, along with ½ lb. Of beef suet. Mix all this mince with 2 small teacupfuls of oatmeal, previously dried before the fire, black and Jamaica pepper and salt; also add ½ pint of the liquor in which the pluck was boiled, or beef gravy. Stir all together into a consistency. Then take the large bag, which has been thoroughly cleaned, and put the mince into it. Fill it only a little more than half full, in order to leave room for the meal and meat to expand. If crammed too full it will burst in boiling. Sew up the bag with a needle and thread. The haggis is now complete. Put it in a pot with boiling water and prick it occasionally with a large needle, as it swells, to allow the air to escape. If the bag appears thin tie a cloth outside the skin. There should be a plate beneath it, to prevent it sticking to the bottom of the pot. Boil it for three hours. Serve in a napkin on a dish, without garnish or gravy, as it is being sufficiently rich in itself.

3) **Haggis (Scotch, Simpler)**
Take two or three handfuls of oatmeal; brown in oven; add to this ½ lb. suet minced fine and any cold meat minced; but it is often made without the latter. Season with a little minced parsley, onion, salt and pepper. Mix with a breakfast-cupful of water, then put in a dish or pan with a close lid; boil three hours.
OR
½ lb. Minced suet, 10 tablespoonfuls oatmeal, pepper and salt mixed well together. Fill (not too full) a few of the small bags of the sheep got at the butcher's (well cleaned). Sew up with needle and thread, prick over to prevent bursting and boil in potato soup. (Makes a capital dinner for the bairns.)

*Recipe courtesy of John Thornton

Guests are treated to a serving of the Haggis.....and the “supper” begins! Amid the rambling of guests with their tasty morsels of haggis (warm and reeking...!), you will notice some faces wincing.....yet most are delighted at the mix of textures and mingling flavors at this strange meal of honor. A Bill of fare for Burns Night may be a colorful plate of traditional cuisine.

Bill O’ Fare

Cock-a-Leekie soup (Chicken & Leek soup)
Roastit Bubblyjock or Salmon (Turkey)
Champit Tatties and Bashed Neeps (Mashed potatoes & turnips)
Kebbuck an’ Oatcakes (Cream cheese and Oatcakes)
Tipsy Laird (Sherry Trifles)
Tassie O’ Coffee

Another choice of menus:

Mossgiel Greens (Salad with Parmesan and molasses Caesar dressing)
Braw Beef Burnes (beef with Colcannon potatoes)
or
Nippy Sanquhar Salmon (Fish with Colcannon potatoes)
Ellisland Vegetables (Green beans and carrots)
Bonnie Jean’s Delight (Sherry raspberry trifle with chocolate)

Wine is also served and generous quantities of the finest
Scottish malt whiskey to raise a glass.

The Toasts

The toasts begin! Toasts to the Queen of England are present in Scotland and the United States. In the U.S., toasts can include the President of the United States, the Clans and Scotland. Although there are variations in the Scottish toasts and those of the United States, they all include the toasts “Tae the Lassies.” In Burns’ casual gathering, this was a time to toast to the lassies for their fare and gentle nature and as thanks for preparing the food. With grace and gusto, today’s speaker reflect on the importance of women in our lives and relate to Burns attitudes and relationships with women. These humorous sentiments allow us to laugh at our selves and be gracious in the juxtaposition of relationships. Although witty remarks bounce from the podium, tasteful and authentic expressions are always welcome. At “male only” gatherings the toast tae the lassies is generally more direct and poking fun at the state of women. The natural flow of masculine muscle flexing follows shortly thereafter! The following is a toast Tae the Lassies used in several Burns Suppers:

A Wumman's A Wumman..

A cleaner, cook, a mither, wife,
A job as weel, for a' that,
A skivvie a' her wedded life
Who else wid e'er dae a' that?
Far a' that, an' a' That,
She loves him still for a' that,
She surely must be off her heid
For puttin' up wi' a' that.

Noo drivin' trains an' flyin' planes,
E'en Prime Minister an' a' that,
An still wi' time to mind the weans,
A wumman's a wumman for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Her varicose veins an' a' that,
No man could surely stand the pace
O' being a wumman an' a' that.

For men are sure a helpless band-
They're just big bairns, for a' that,
without a wumman to haud their hand
They'd soon fair starve, an' a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
She suffers the gawk for a' that,
Wha else could put up wi' a man.
His gallus ways an' a' that.

Hoosework's meant for two tae share,
The washin' up an' a' that,
But the eejit just gets in her hair
An' roond her feet an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that
She's nae time tee spare for a' that,
So he goes boozin'' wi' his pals
While she gets oan wi a' that.

But when he rolls in fae the pub
Muckle fu' an' a' that,
An' then demands a plate o' grub,
She'll clip his ear for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
He'll sleep wi' the dug for a' that,
The wumman micht weel be a saint,
But she'll no put up wi' a' that.

So suffer a' her finger wags,
Her sharpened tongue an' a' that.
An' jist ignore the way she nags-
God knows that she's worth a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Her screechin' nark an' a' that.
A wumman fair o' face an' heart
Should treasured be for a' that.

Response to the Toast Tae the Lassies

The women in full sincerity and humor lend a balanced address to the men at the gathering. The gratitude is laced with mild lampooning and charm.

The Immortal Memories

All Burns' Night celebrations carry on the custom of relaying the "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns" while guests enjoy dinner. The "Immortal Memories" part of the program consists of many ways to pay tribute to Robert Burns. Songs of his can be played; poems recited.

> The idea behind the "Memories" is that people can be encouraged to apply Burns values to their own life, to improve one's lot in life, and society; to re-examine Scotland's nationhood and make it a force for good among nations. It is the desire of Scots that people will be inspired by Burns to rediscover their true selves and to make the world a better place. **18**

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
Tae see oursels as ithers see us!"

In Burns time he favored having a fiddler at the local pub, but contemporary Burns Night can include fiddlers, pipers, harps and hammered dulcimers. Highland dancers may do the famous sword dance. Scottish country dancing can entertain guests. In the U.S. Burns Suppers awards are given for service to the local chapters of St. Andrew's Society, youth achievement and the Tartan Award is also given. A word about our brethren who have "gone awa" may be added. When the speeches come to a close, Burns music is played. A favorite story or poem to tell is "Tam O'Shanter," "Address to the Unco Guild," "To a Mouse and Holy Willie's Prayer." A custom among one group is to pass around delicate artifacts as a Burns lost manuscript fragment.

A song which is sung worldwide is Auld Lang Syne.

Auld Lang Syne
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne

We twa hae run about the braes
An' pu'd the gowans fine;
We wander'd money a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
And gie's a hand o'thine,
We'll tak' a richt-gude willie-waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

With a little planning, anyone can enjoy a Burns night celebration. Friendly celebrants and many a wee dram to toast the night awa' in between reciting Burns' poetry prose or song. In the midst of mirth and amusement be prepared to enter into a space that fosters an eloquence of Scottish essence, a scene which Burns himself would appreciate!

There is a tendency for a Burns Supper to be a formal tartan pageantry with flowing full dress kilts and sashes, but this type of Scottish display is more a modern feature. As a lowlander, Burns never wore a tartan. The "Supper" should celebrate Burns' sense of "A Man's a Man for a' That", which speaks of the universal connection we have to each other. In keeping with the spirit that celebrates the flowering of the written word, wear and eat what honors the authentic expression of self. Burns would certainly agree to that!

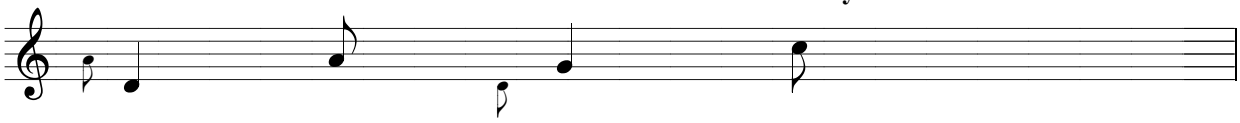
Scottish Ornaments

To create a more authentic Scottish sound, you need to add ornaments to your songs. I always think of ornaments like spices for cooking. Many cultures use the same meat or vegtable, but when they add their unique spices, it gives their cooking a regional flavor that people identify as their own. You would not mistake a Mexican rice dish for Japanese rice dish because of the spice! The same goes for ornaments. Just like in cooking there are a few rules!

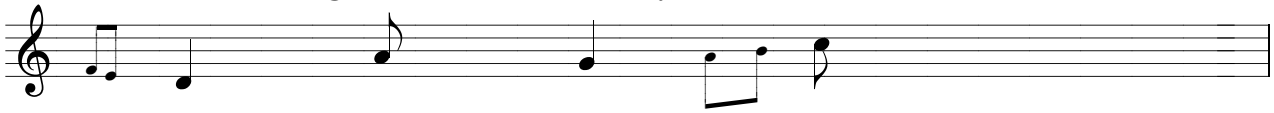
1. Don't overdo a good thing....use sparingly
2. Where to add ornaments is a personal decision.
   Listen to where fiddlers, vocalists and pipers add their ornaments for clues.
3. Melody notes have the ornaments, not the bass.
4. The melody is more important that the ornament and you should hear the melody more than the ornament.
5. The ornaments are not counted in the rhythm! They must be played so you do not lose the beat!

The following are EXAMPLES of ornaments. Use these as a guide for adding ornaments to your songs.

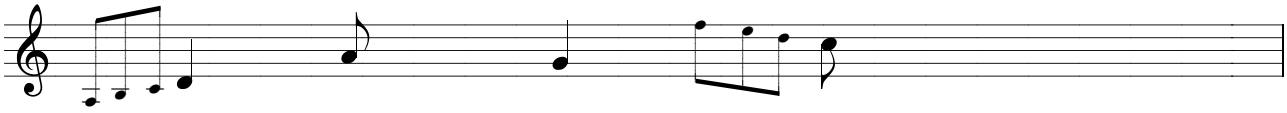
CUT OR GRACE NOTE: one note before or after the melody



DOUBLET; adding 2 notes before the melody



RUNNING TRIPLETS: adding 3 notes before the melody



For more information on Scottish music and ornaments,
check out any of Alison Kinnairds' books

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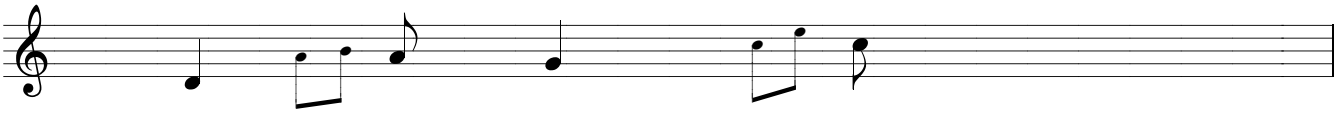
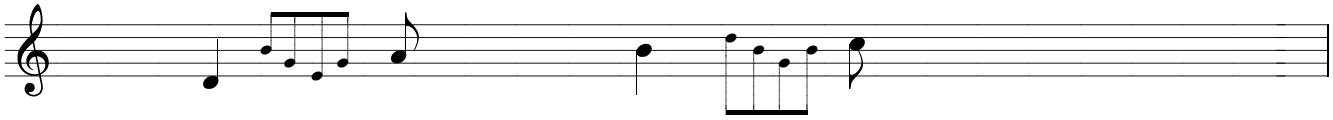
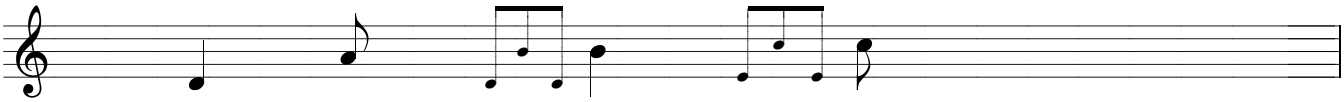
SHAKES OR BIRL: the first note is the same as the melody note



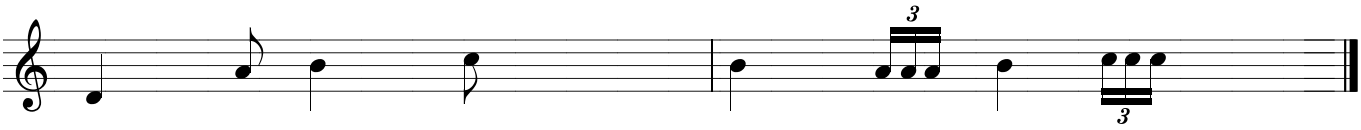
TURNS: a chord rolled before the melody note



THROWS OR GRIP: an ornament from bagpipe music



TRIPLET ON ONE NOTE: use fingers 4,3 and 2 on 1 string.
This is also represented by a fingernail above the notes to be played. Also called a treble or trill.



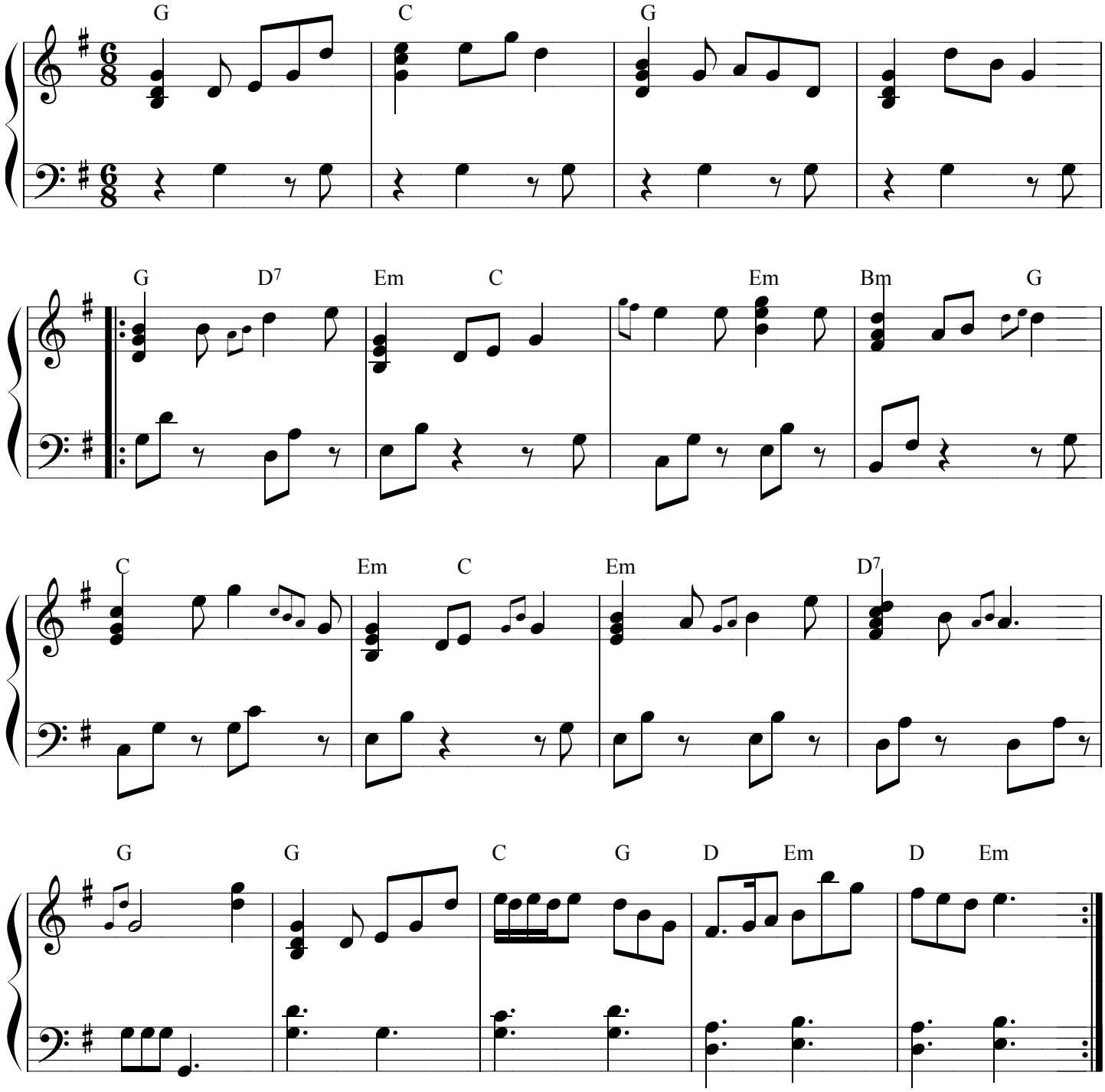
In measure #2, it will be written out like triplett sixteenth notes

One key element of adding ornaments to capture the feel of the song is to be aware of what notes will define that song in a Scottish tradition. Alot of the older musical selections are based on a "pentatonic" mode, which is a scale having 5 notes. There are many ways to construct a pentatonic scale. One way to "see" a pentatonic scale on your harp is to play only the colorless strings, not the blue and red strings. On a piano, you can also "see" a pentatonic scale by using only the black keys. Why is this important for our ornaments? By choosing certain notes for our ornaments (that make up a pentaonic scale) we can help define that sound more accurately.

For example, if you are in the key of C, the pentatonic (5) notes would be: C D F G A
If you are in the key of G, the pentatonic notes (5) would be: G A C D E
In the key of D, the 5 notes would be: D E G A B

My example is in the key of C, so the best choices for my oranment notes would be: C,D,F,G,A.
There are exceptions to every rule, but use this as a rule of thumb!

Ae Fond Kiss



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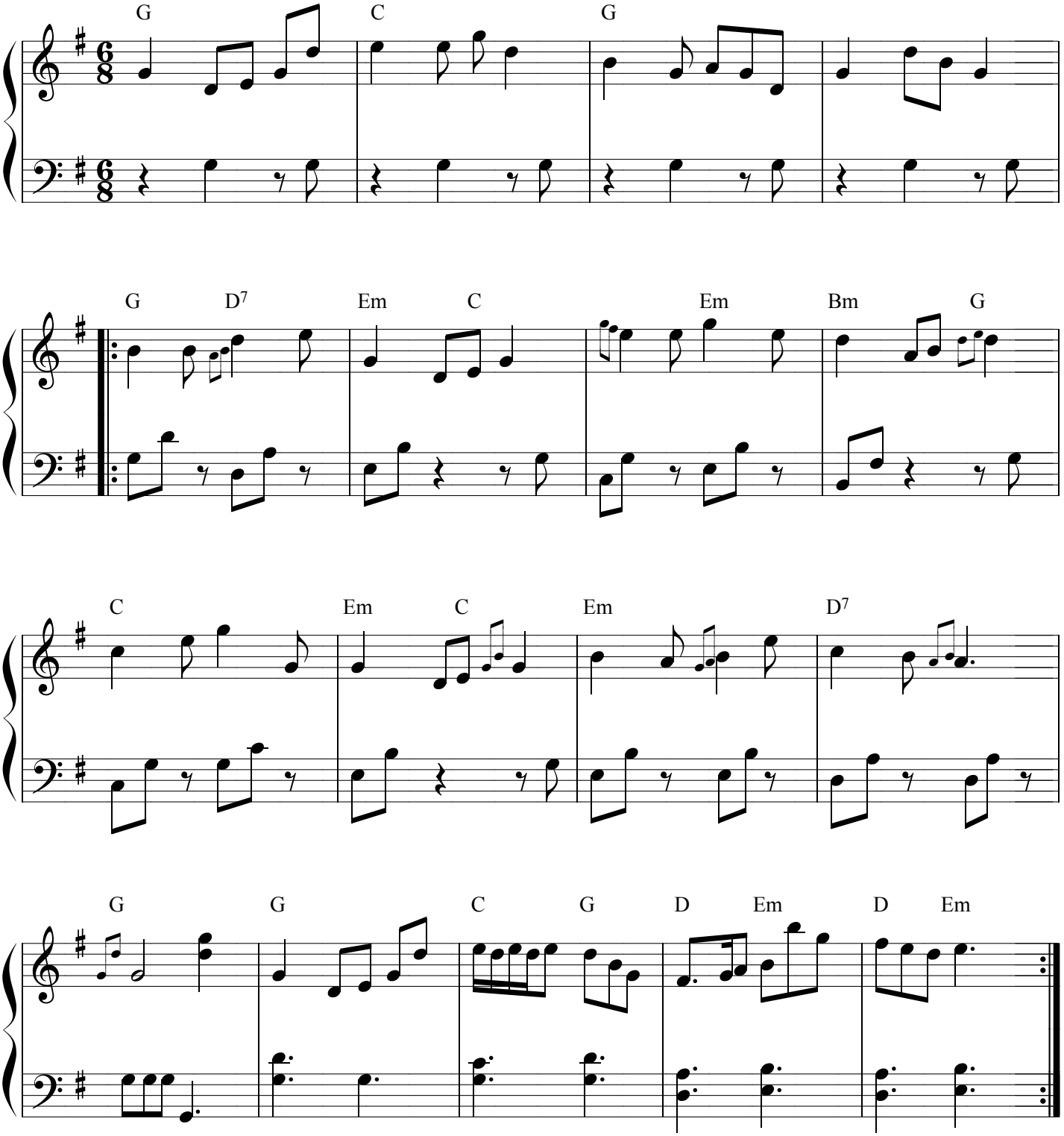
Ae Fond Kiss



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Ae Fond Kiss

(Tune: Rory Dall's Port)

Ae fond kiss and then we sever! (one)
Ae fare-well and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and grooms I'll wage thee.

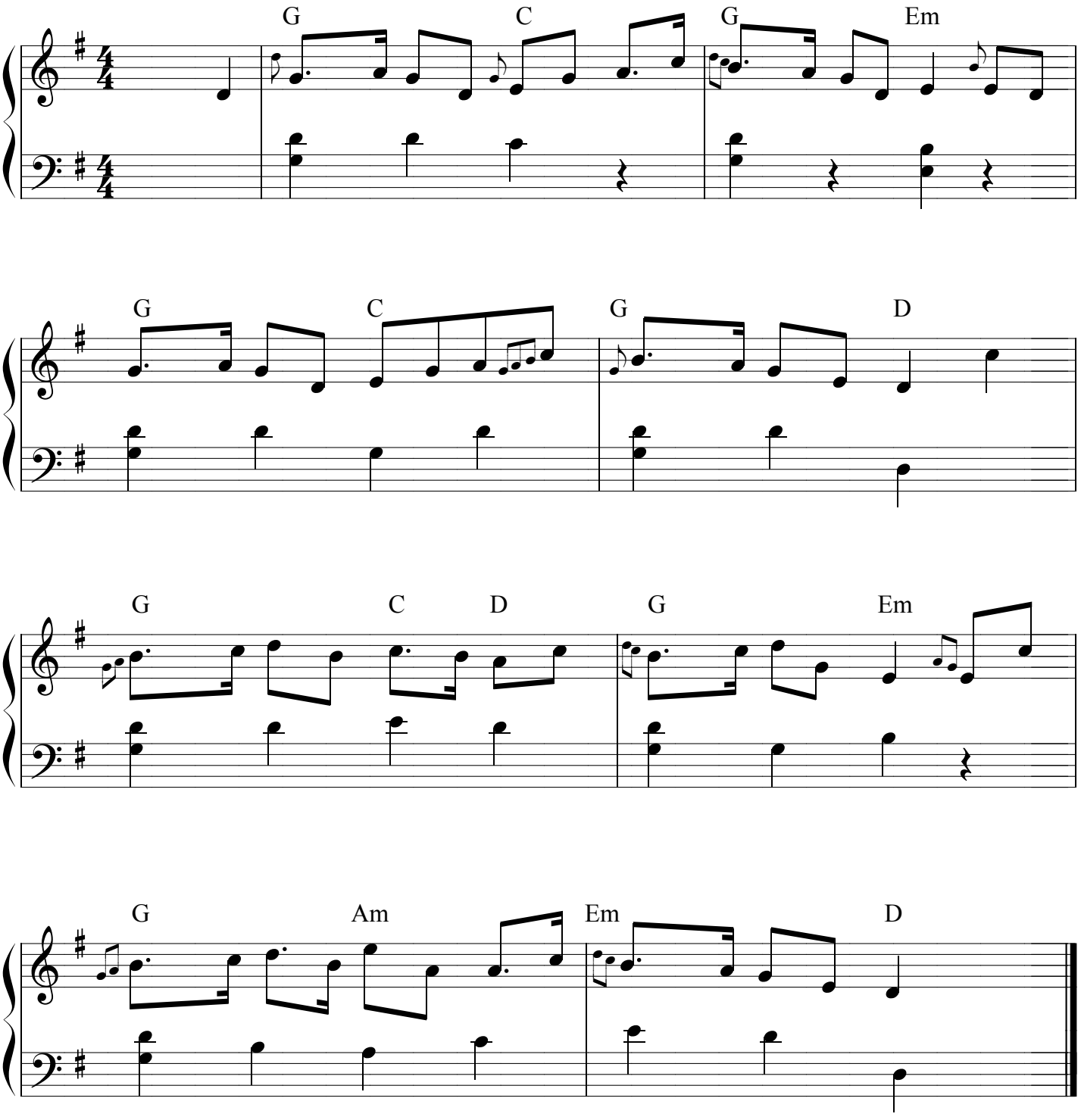
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy: (nothing)
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly, (so)
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met - or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken - hearted.

Fare tee weel, thou first and fairest! (well)
Fare the weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, (each)
Peace, enjoyment. Love and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep i heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

A Man's A Man For A' That



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A Man's a Man For That

Is there for honest Poverty,
That hangs his head, an' a' that,
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that. (gold)

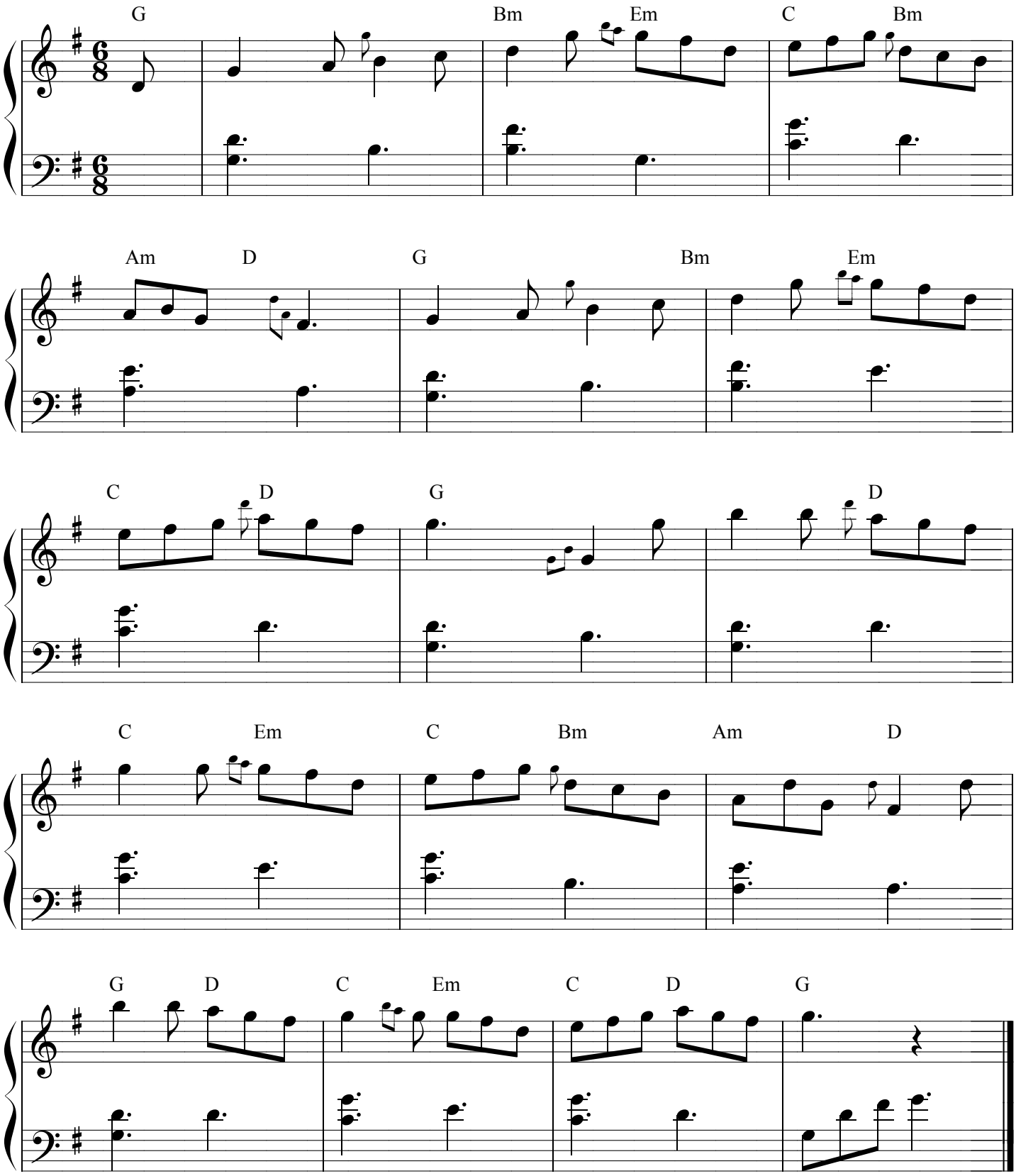
What thought on hamely fare we dine, (homely foods)
Wear hoddin grey, an a' that? (coarse woollen cloth)
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, (give)
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, (so)
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord, (fellow called)
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that:
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that. (fool)
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might, (above)
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that! (good, must not be like)
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank that a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that. (win the day)
For a' that, a' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er, (world)
Shall brithers be for a' that. (brothers)

A Rosebud By My Early Walk



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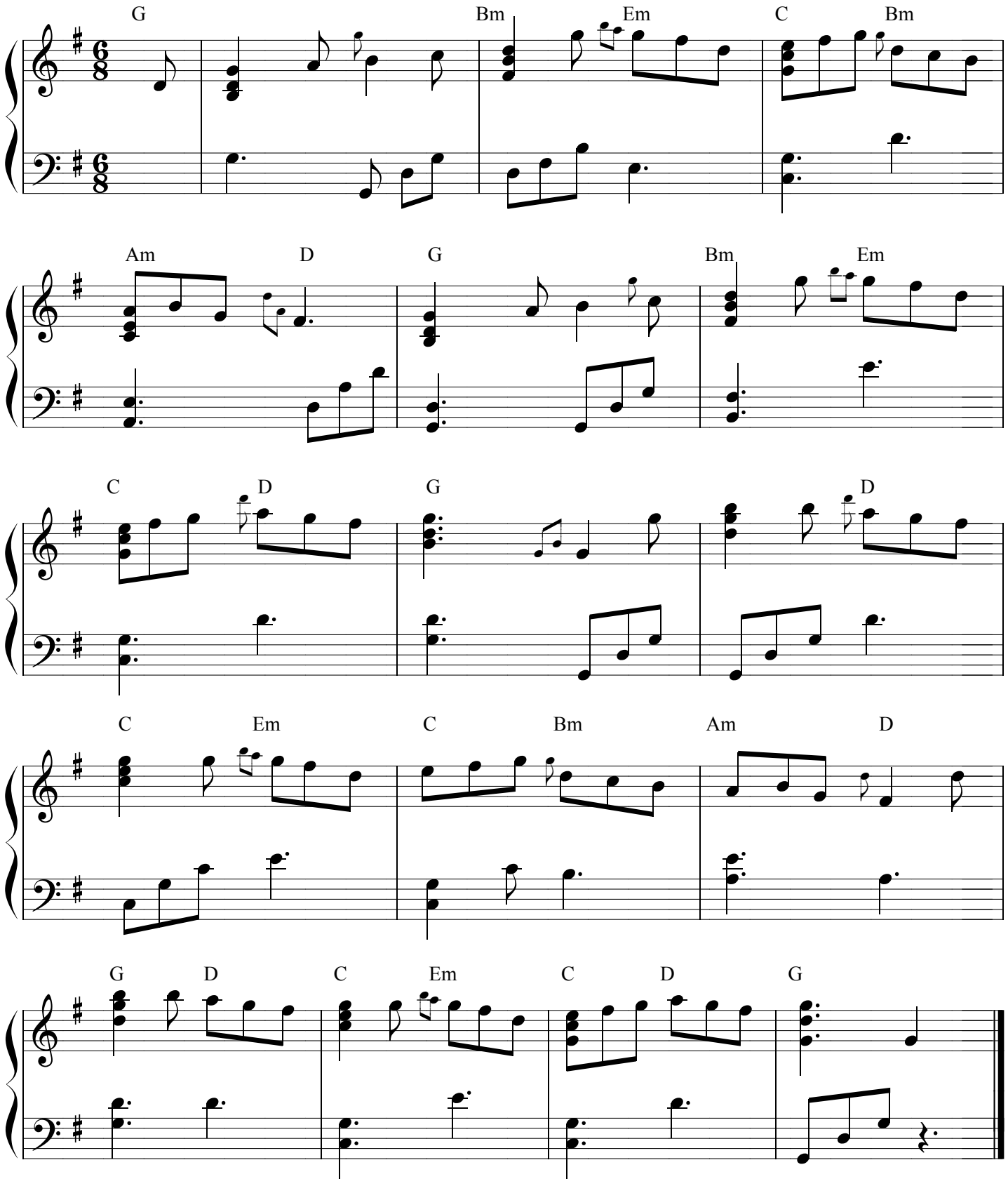
A Rosebud By My Early Walk



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A Rosebud by my Early Walk

A Rosebud by my early walk,
Adown a corn enclosed bawk (unploughed rig end)
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, (so)
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest;
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning, (so)

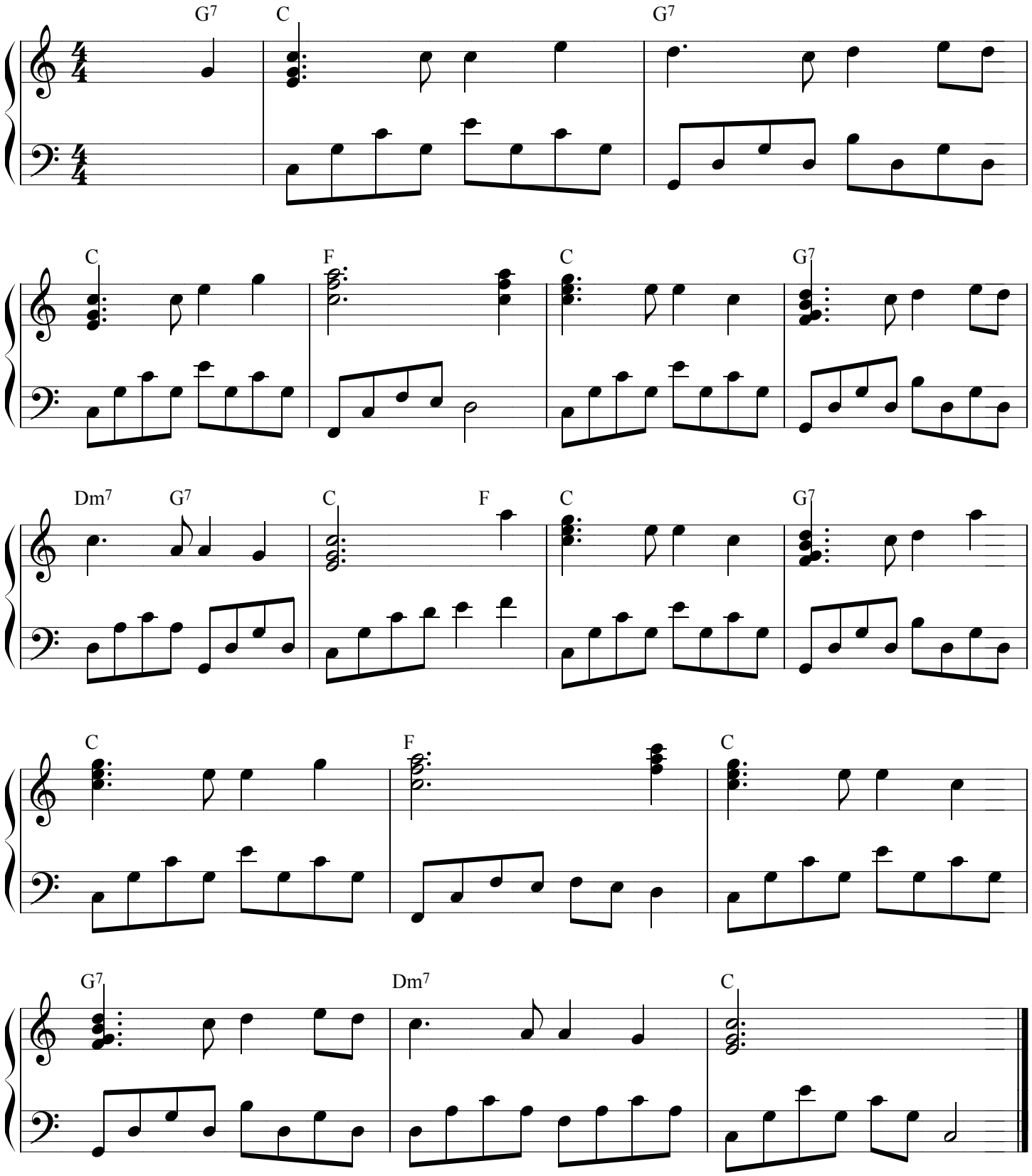
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd, (among)
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning, (tends)

So thou, sweet Rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

Written for Miss Janet (Jeany) Cruickshank, daughter to Mr. William Cruickshank, classics teacher, Edinburgh High School.

Auld Lang Syne



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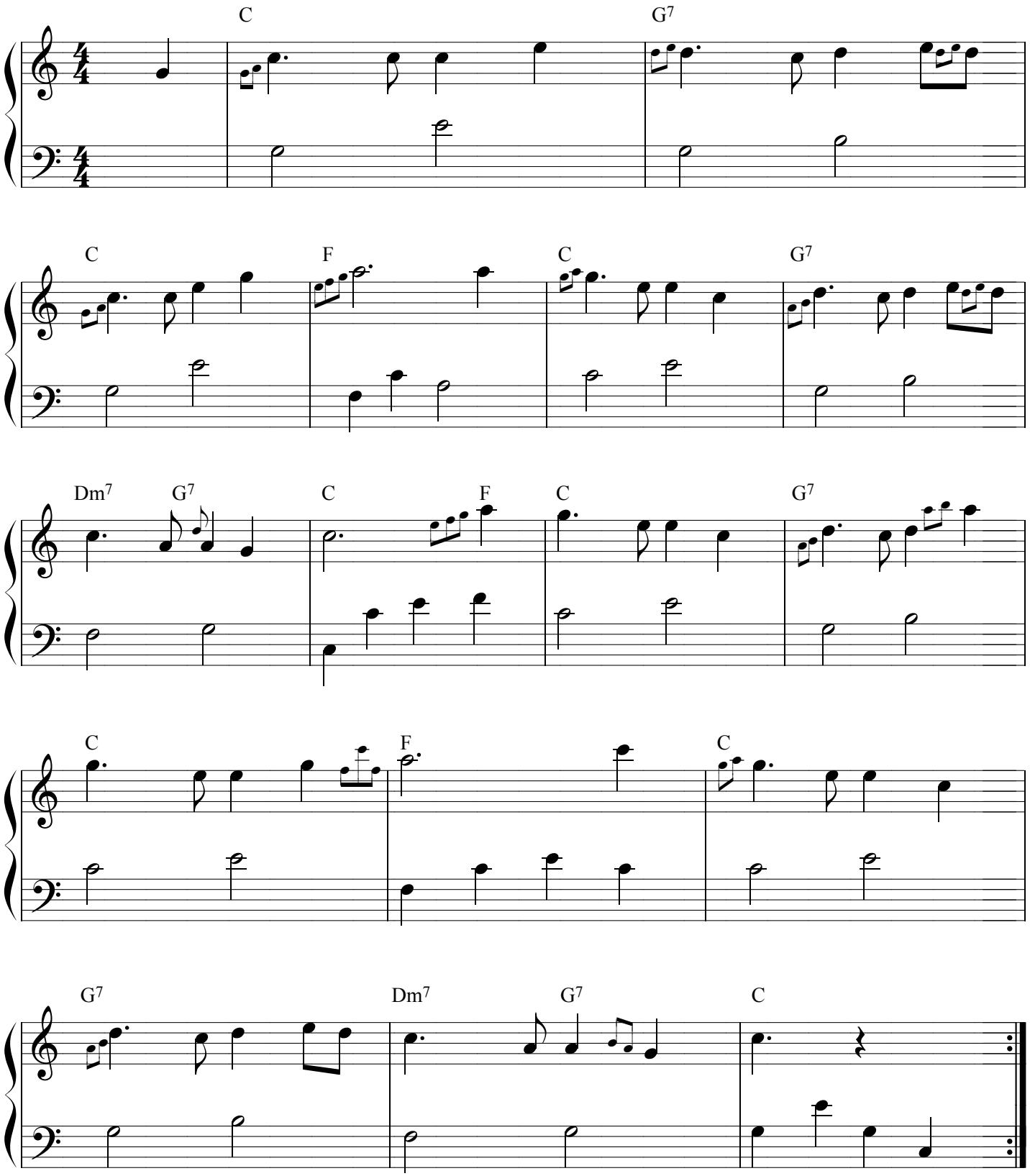
Auld Lang Syne



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Auld Lang Syne

(Tune: Can Ye Labour Lea)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, (old)
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne. (long ago)

Chorus:
And for auld lang syne, my jo, (old long ago, my friend)
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp! (pay for)
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
Chorus

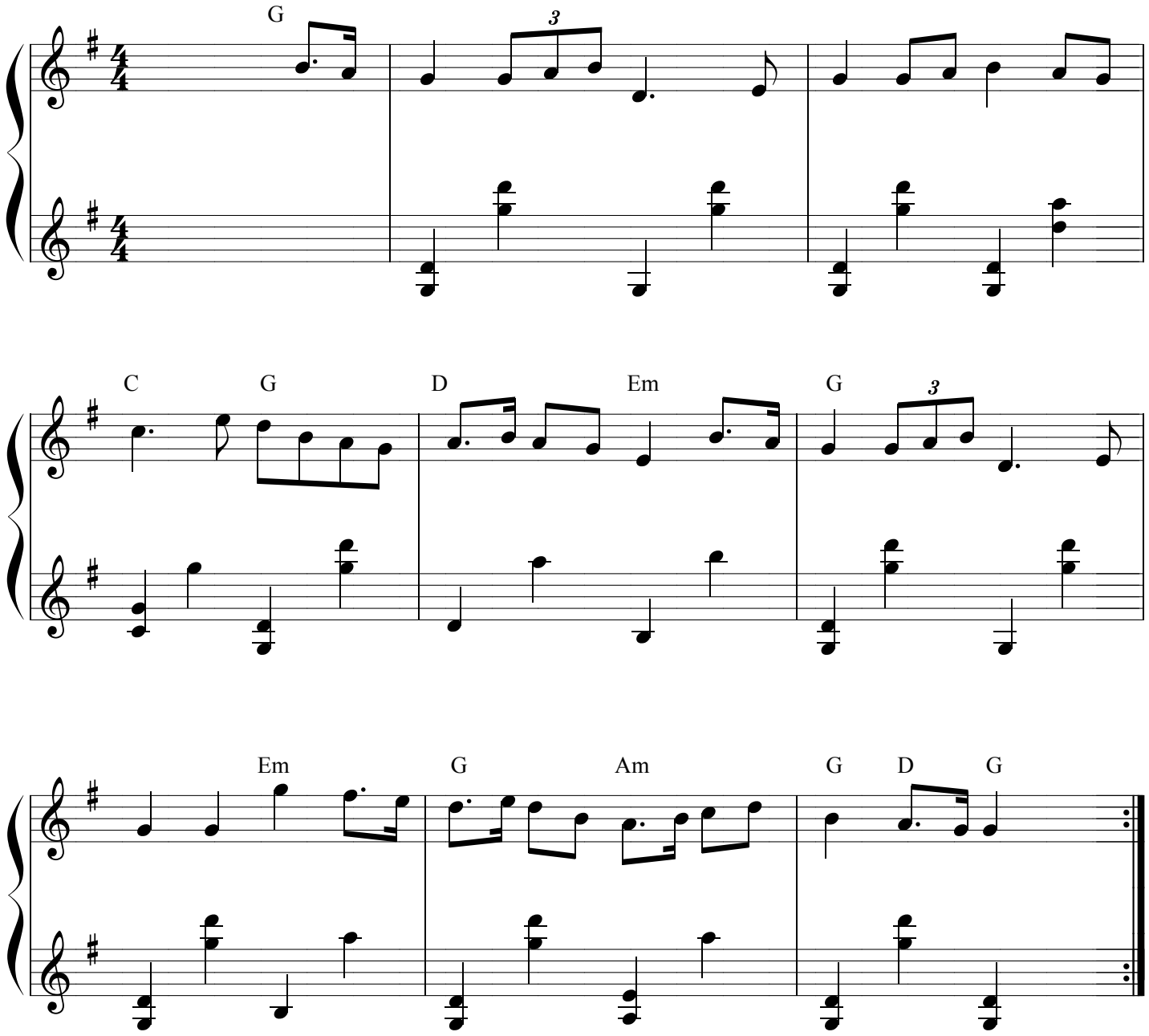
We twa hae run about the braes, (two, hillsides)
And pu'd the gowans fine; (pulled, wild daisies)
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt (many, foot)
Sin auld lang syne. (since)
Chorus

We twa paidl'd i' the burn, (two, waded, brook)
Frae mornin' sun till dine (from, dinner)
But seas between us braid hae roar'd (broad, have)
Sin auld lang syne.
Chorus

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere! (chum)
And gie's a hand o' thine! (give me)
And we'll talk a right gude-willy waught (good will drink)
For auld lang syne.
Chorus

Note - A song of the same title, (but different words) is printed by Ramsey in Tea-Table Miscellany

Bonnie Jean



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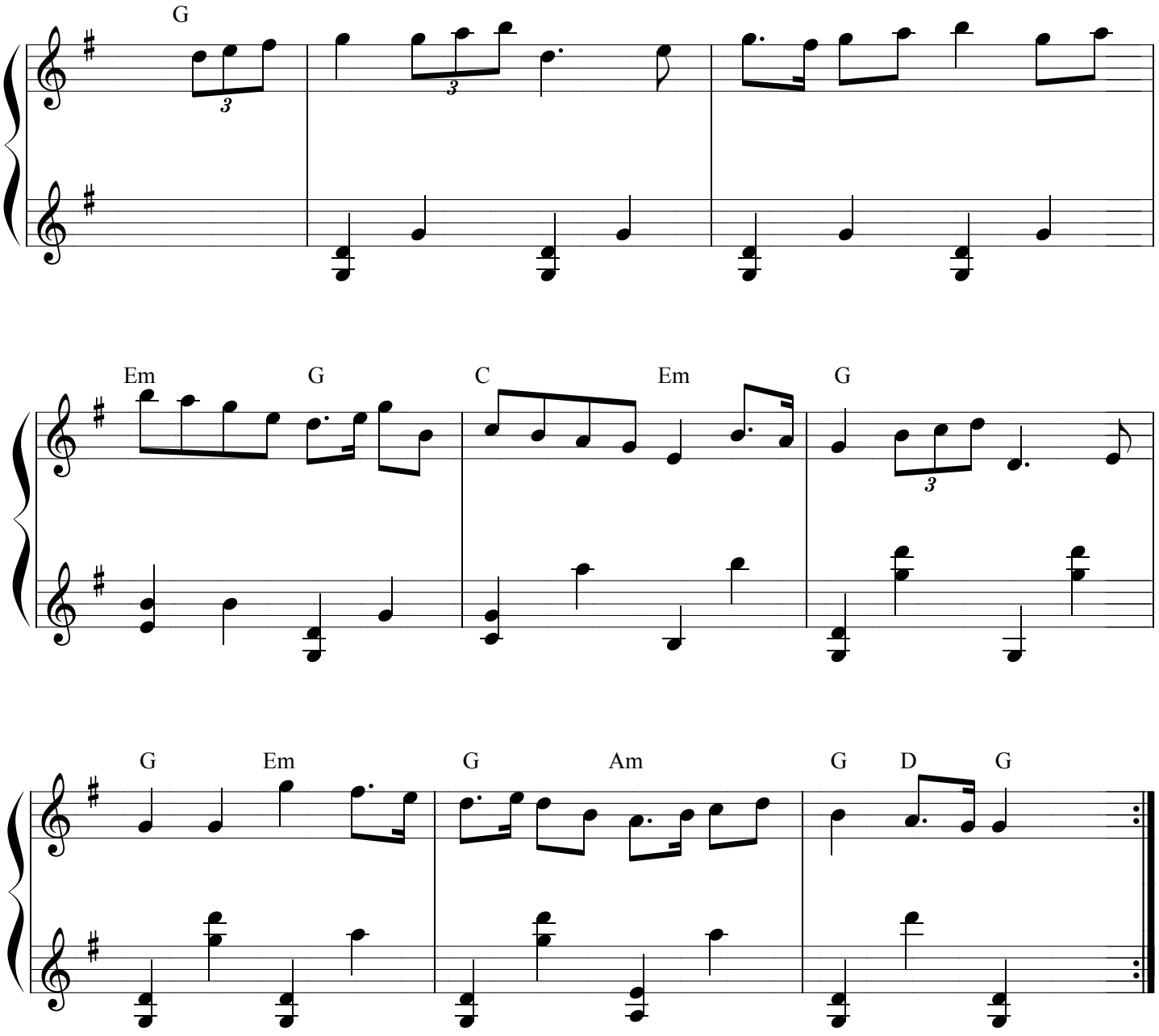
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Bonnie Jean

(Tune: There was a Lass)

There was a lass and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammy's wark (labour),
And aye she sang sae merrilie; (so)
The blythest bird upon the bush.
Had ne'er a lighter heart thatn she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest; (linnet's)
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robbie* was the brawest lad, (finest)
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, (oxen, cattle)
And wanton naigies nine or ten. (horses)

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, (went, cattle sale)
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist, (long, knew)
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! (lost, stolen)

As in the bosom of the stream,
The moon beam dwells at dewy e'en; (evening)
So trembling pure was tender love
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammy's wark, (labour)
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be, (knew not, ailiment)
Or what wad make her weel again. (would, well)

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light, (not, jump)
And didna joy blink in her e'e, (not, eye)
As Robbie tauld a tale o' love (told)
Ae e'ening on the lily lea? (one evening)

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; (each)
His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

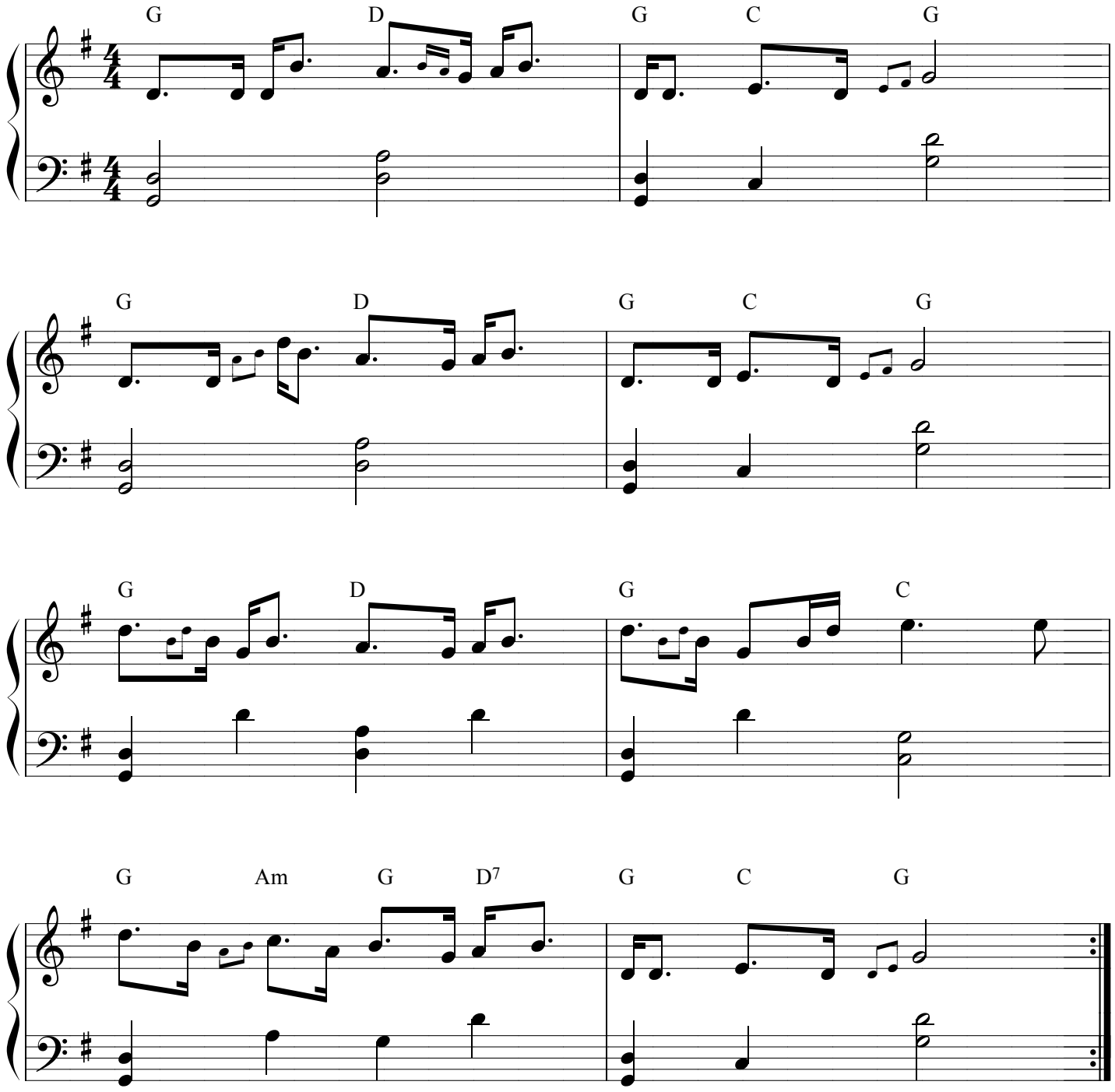
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; (love)
O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leve thy mammie's cot, (mother's cot)
And learn to tent the farms wi' me.' (tend)

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, (not)
Or naething else to trouble thee; (nothing)
But stray amang the heather-bells, (among)
And tent the waving corn wi' me.' (tend)

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had ane will to say him na: (no, refuse?)
At length she blush'd a sweet conset,
And love was aye between the twa. (two)

This song was written for Jean McMurdo, daughter of John McMurdo.

Comin' Thro' The Rye



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Comin' Thro' the Rye

(Tune: Miller's Wedding)

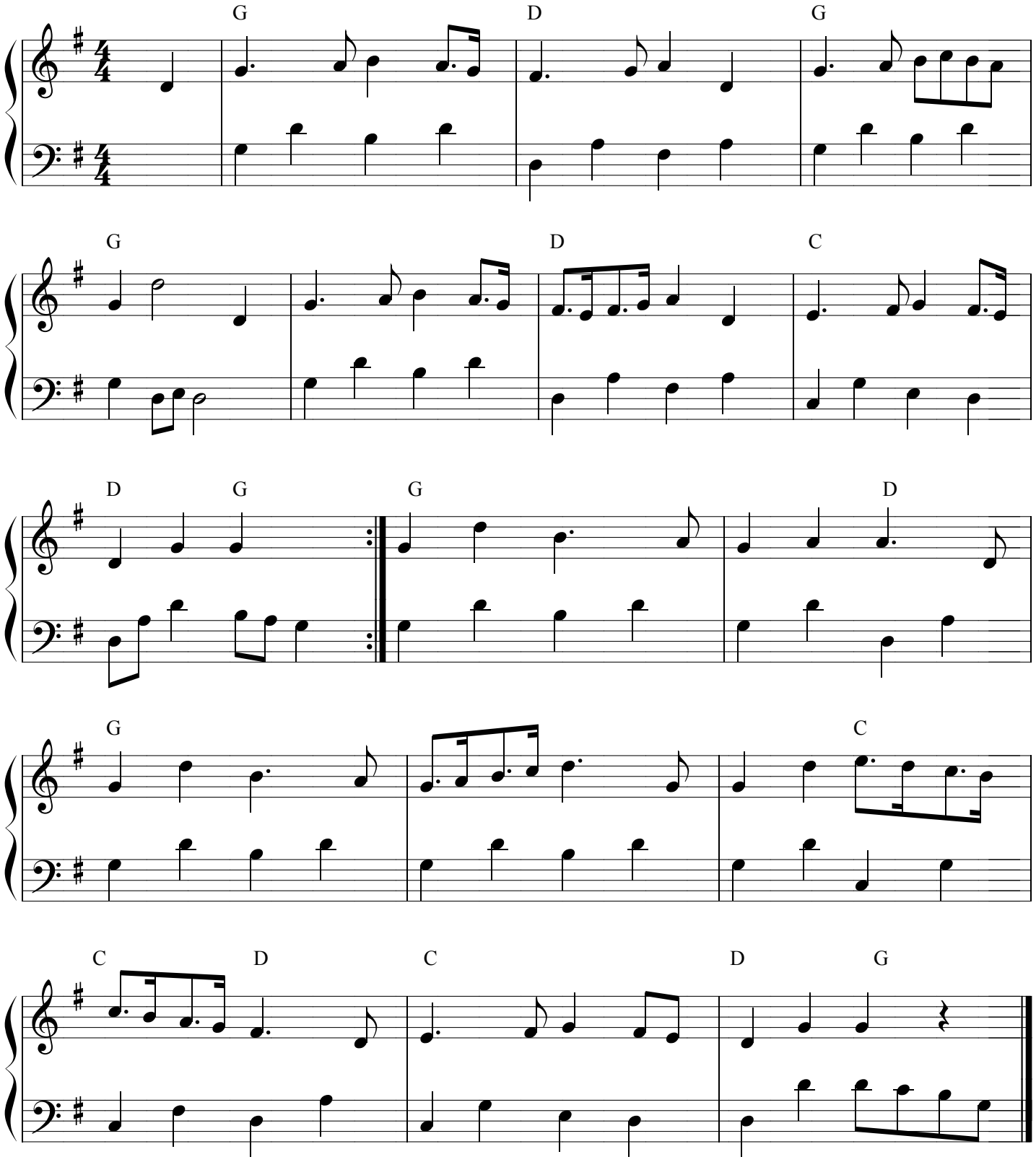
Gin a body meet a body, (if)
Comin' thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I!
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town; (from)
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, (every)
Nane, they say, ha'e I! (none)
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, (love)
An' what the waur am I? (worse)

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel'
But what his name, or where his hame, (home)
I dinna care to tell. (don't)
Ilka lassie has her laddie, (every)
Nane, they say ha'e I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' from the well;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Corn Rigs are Bonnie



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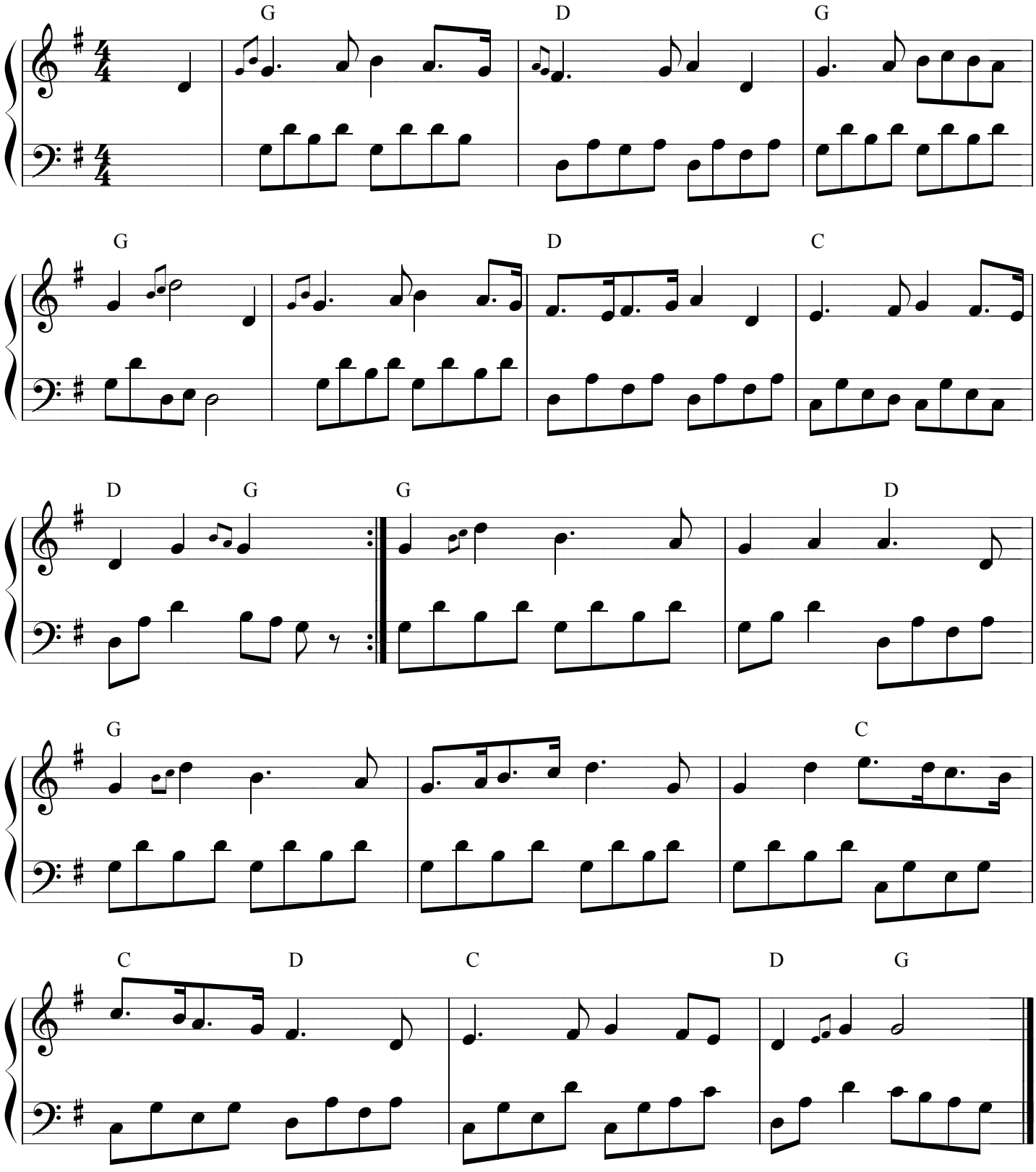
Corn Rigs are Bonnie



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Corn Rigs are Bonnie

It was upon a Lammas night, (August first, a Scottish quarter day)
When corn rigs are bonie, (strips of land planted with corn)
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie: (away)
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed, (careless)
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed, (small)
To see me thro' the barley.

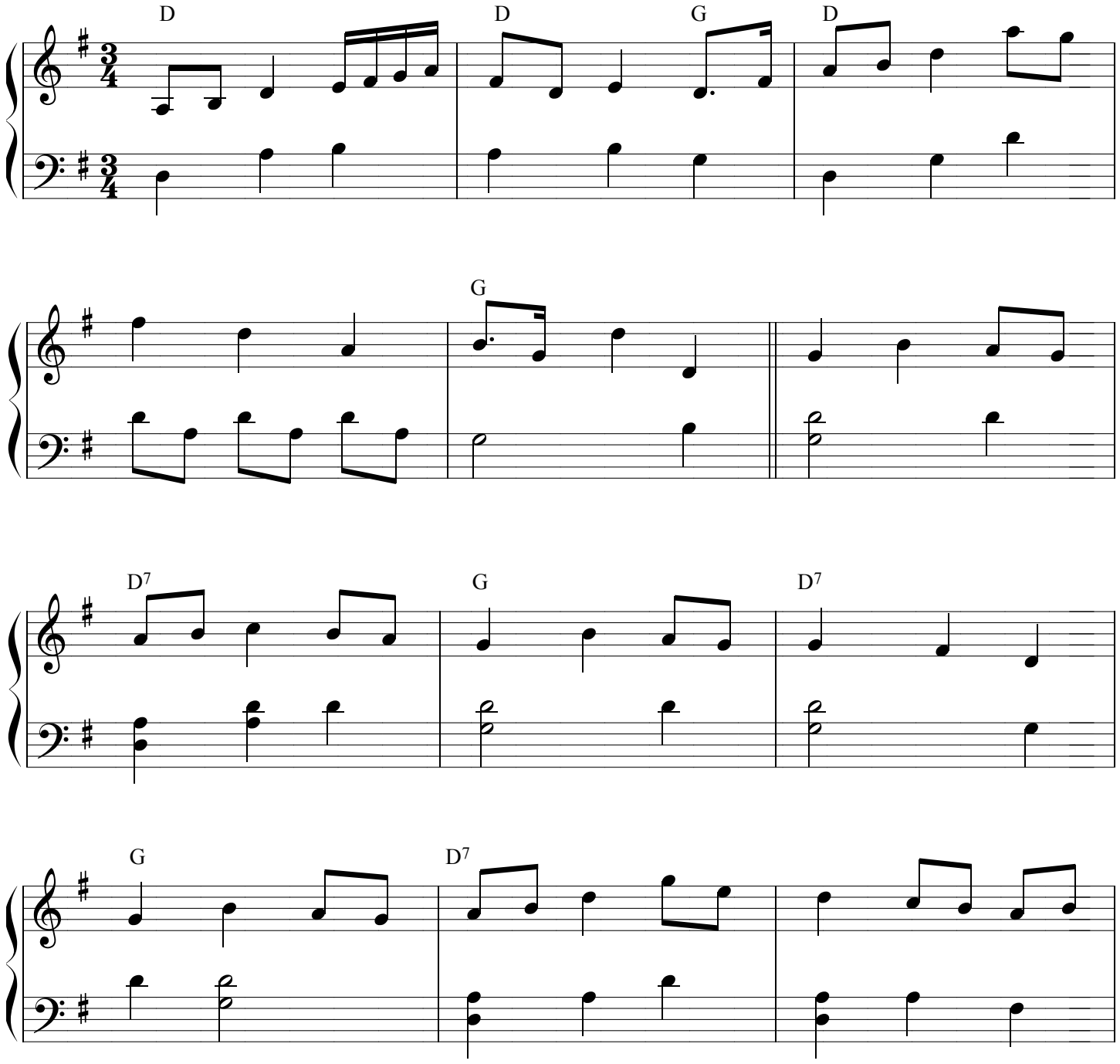
Chorus:
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie. (among)

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs of barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely,
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; (possessions)
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs o' barley. (among)

Flow Gently Sweet Afton



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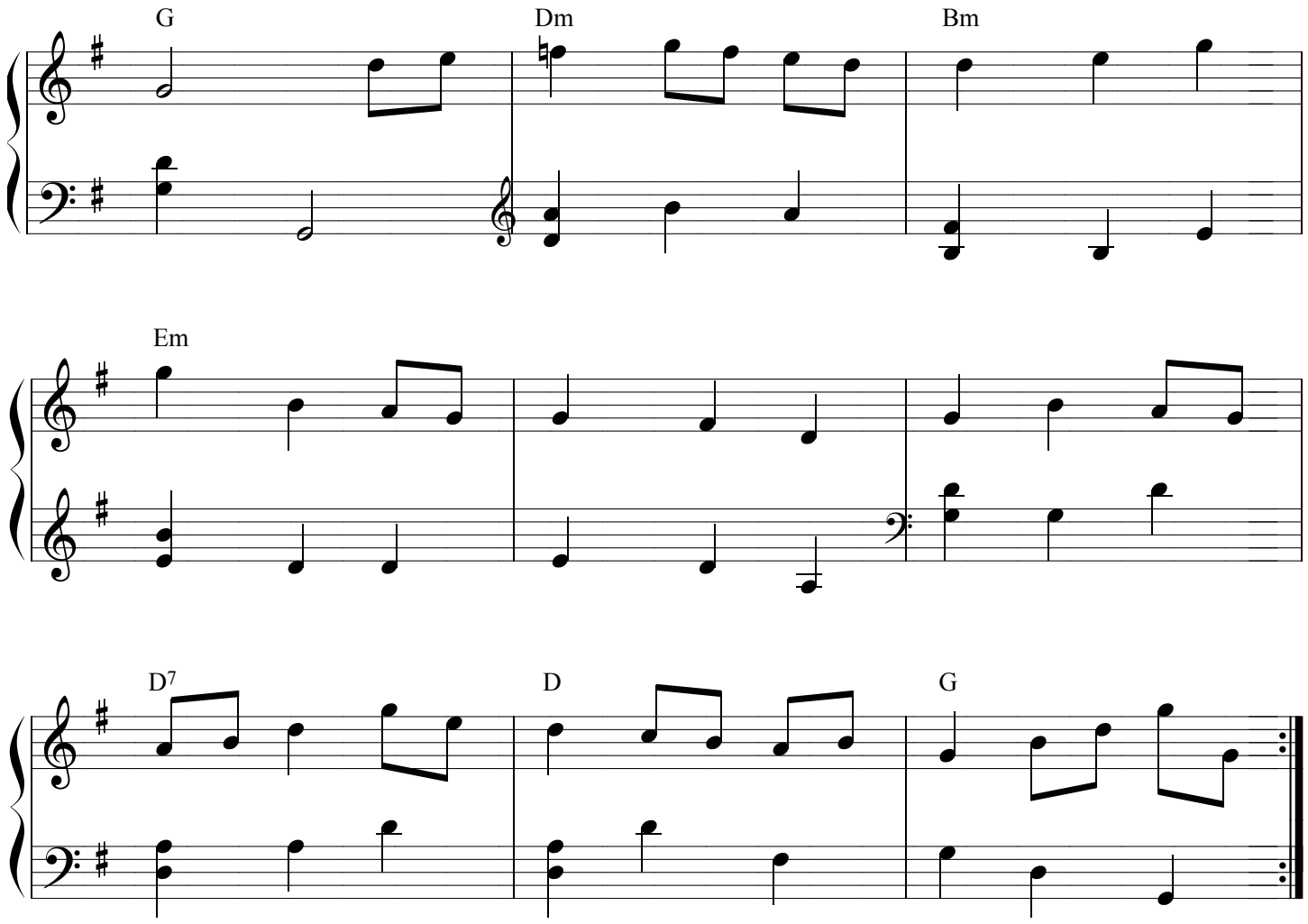

G
Dm
Bm
Em
D7
D
G

Flow Gently Sweet Afton

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes, (slopes of hills)
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbrids in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

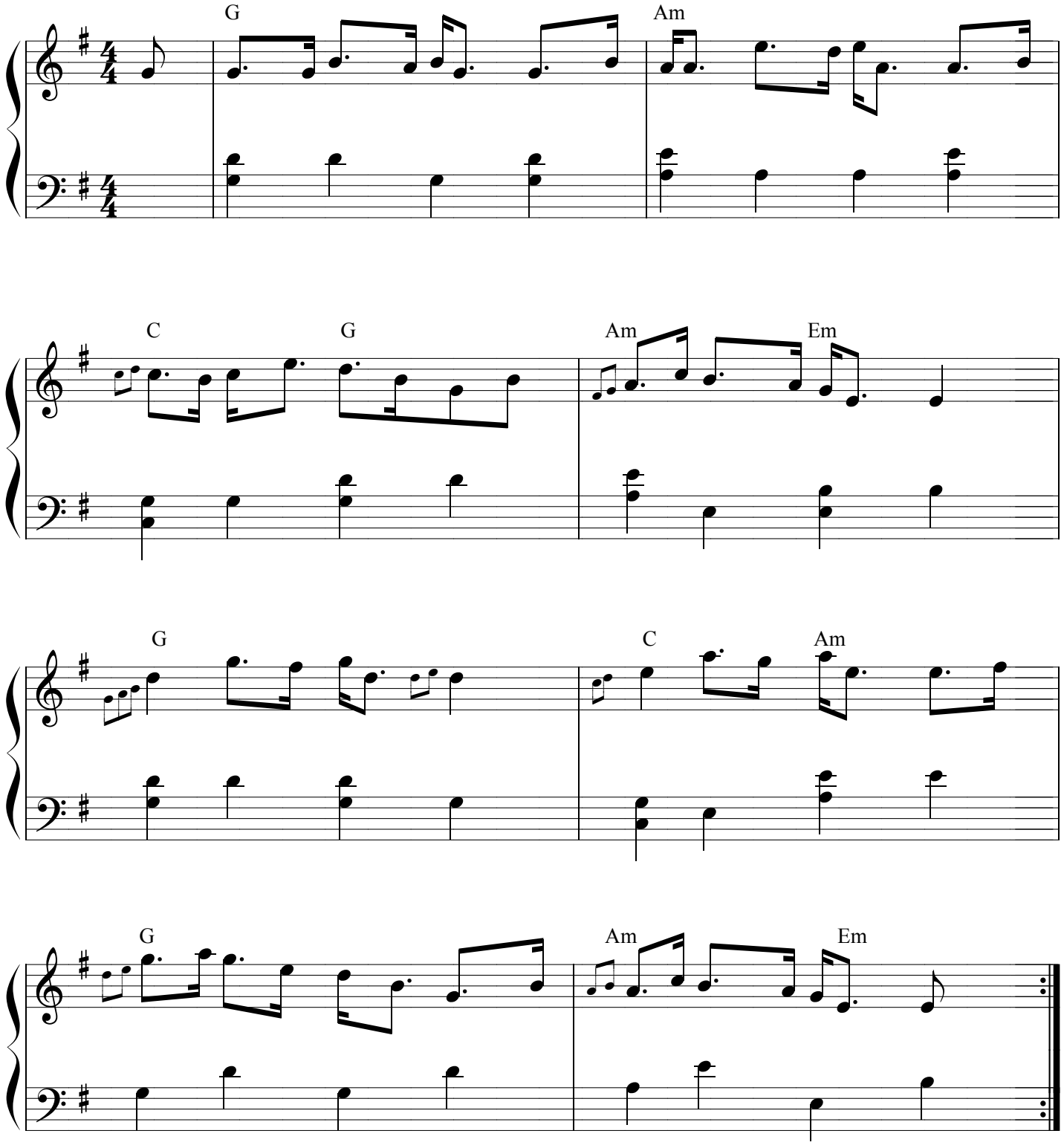
How lofty, sweet Afton, they neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. (cottage)

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

The crustal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides (cottage)
How wanton they waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweets flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes, (among)
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Green Grow the Rashes O



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Green Grow The Rashes O

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', (nothing, hand)
In ev'ry hour that apsses, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. (if it were not)

Chorus:
Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O. (among)

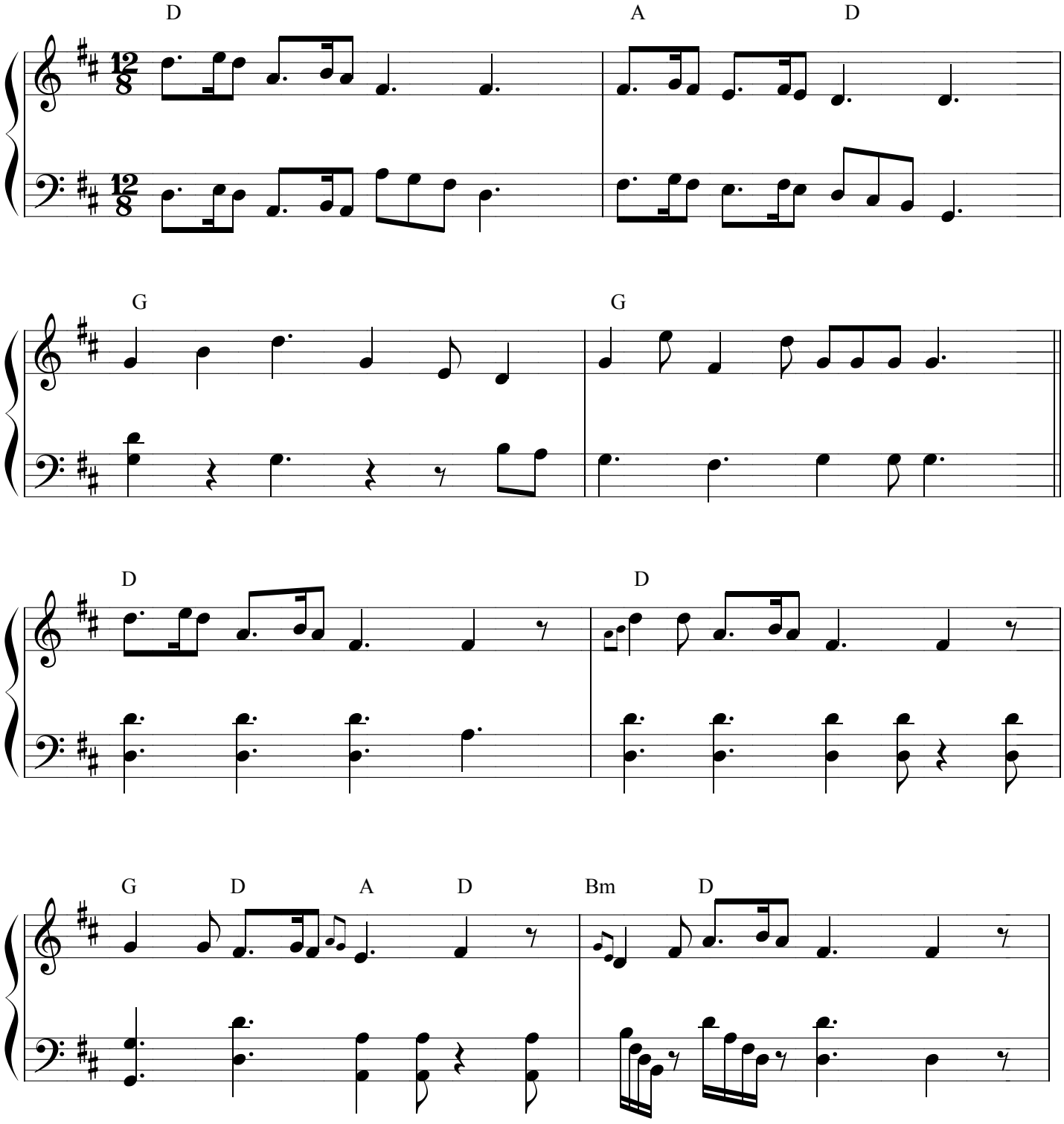
The warly race may riches chase, (worldly)
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Chorus

But gie me a canny hour at e'en, (give, quiet, evening)
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An warly cares, an' warly men, (worldly)
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O! (topsy-turvy)
Chorus

For you sae douse! Ye sneer at this, (so grave)
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O: (nothing)
The wisest Man the warl' e'er saw, (world)
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Chorus

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man, (hand)
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Chorus

Hey Ca' Thro'



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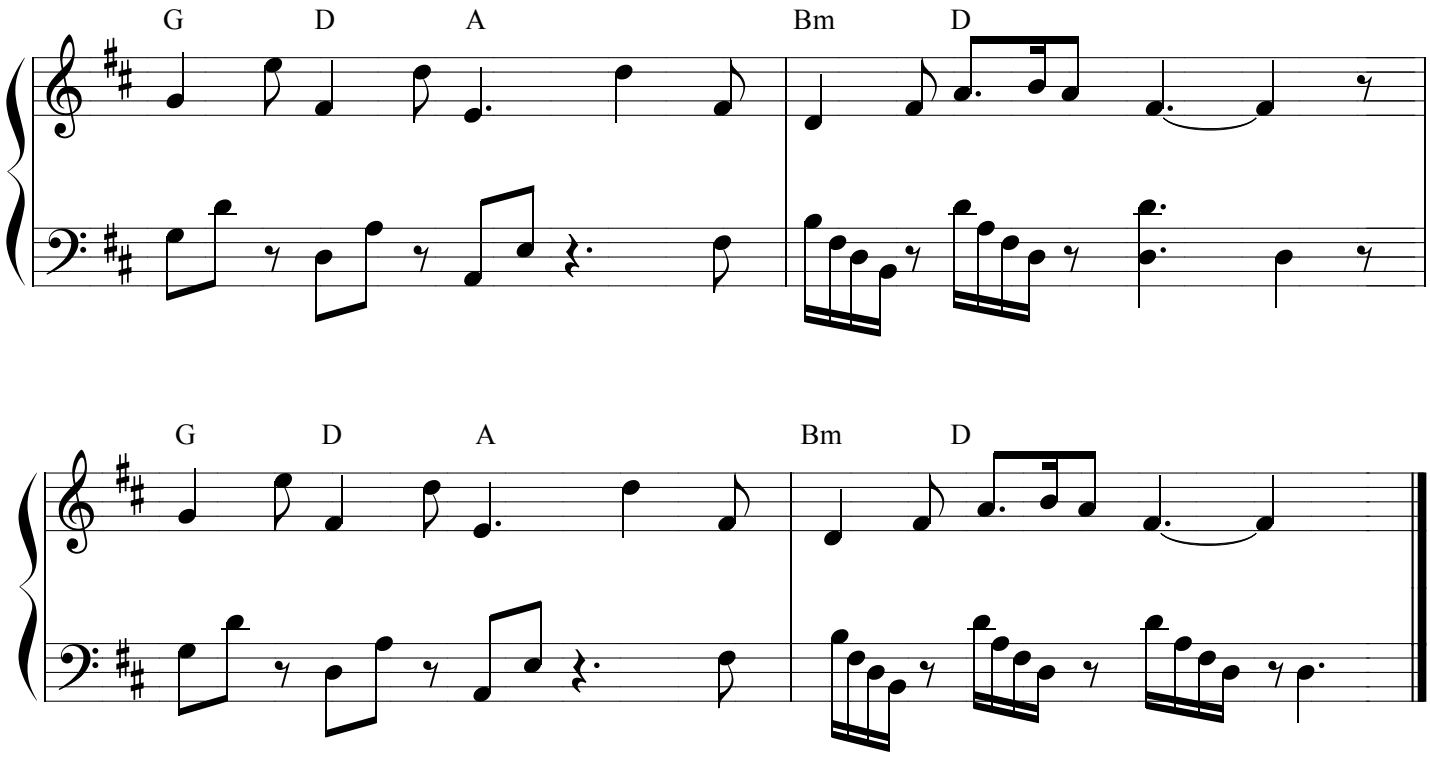


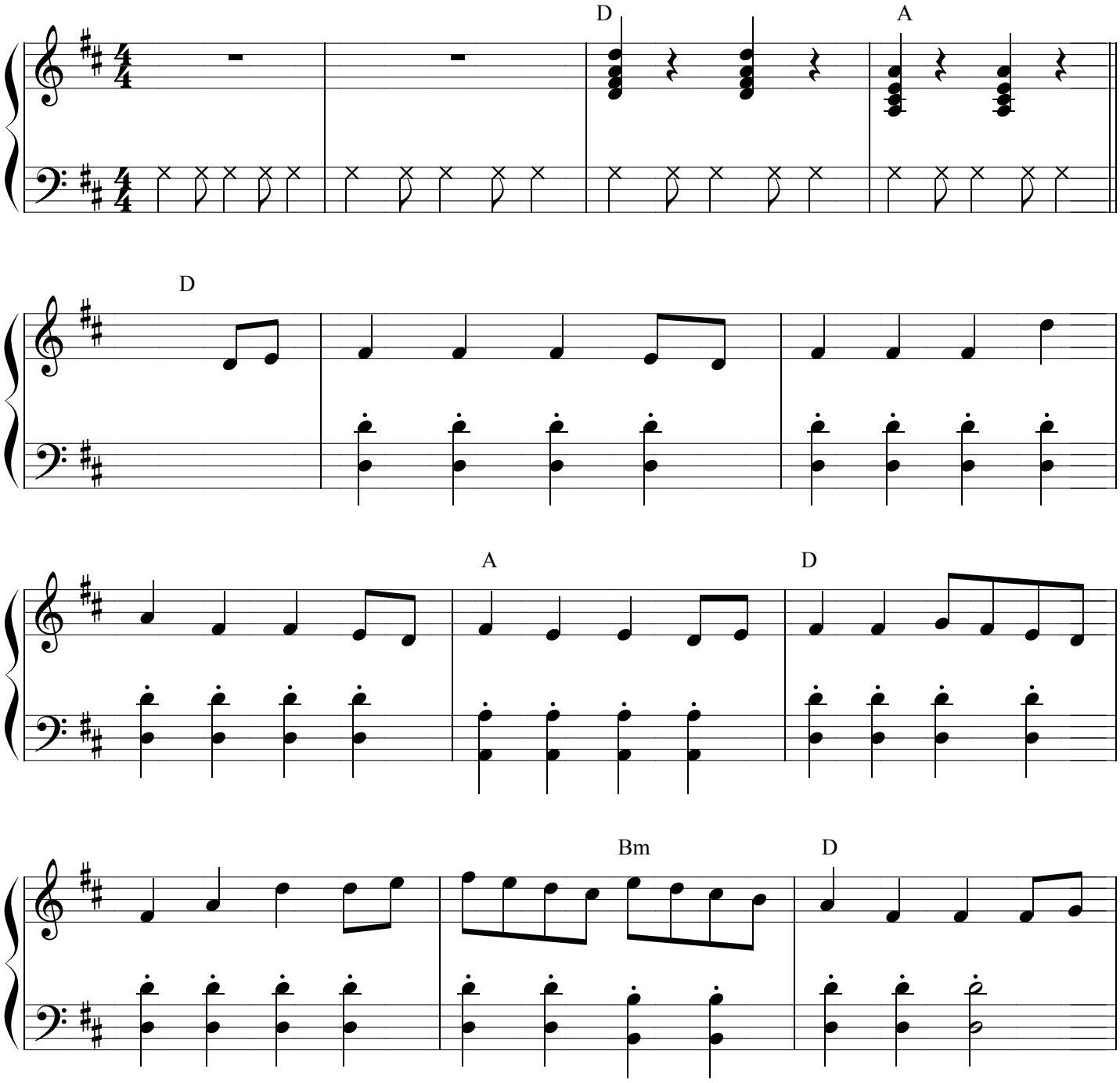
Up wi' the carls of Dysart (old men)
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the Kimmers o' Largo (gossips)
And the lasses o' Leven! (meadow)

Chorus:
Hey, ca' thro', ca'thro', (work away)
For we hae mickle ado (have much to do)
Hey, ca' thro', ca'thro',
For we hae mickle ado!

We hae tales to tell, (have)
And we hae sangs to sing; (have songs)
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.
Chorus

We'll live a' our days, (all)
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win! (wealth)
Chorus

A Highland Lad My Love Was Born



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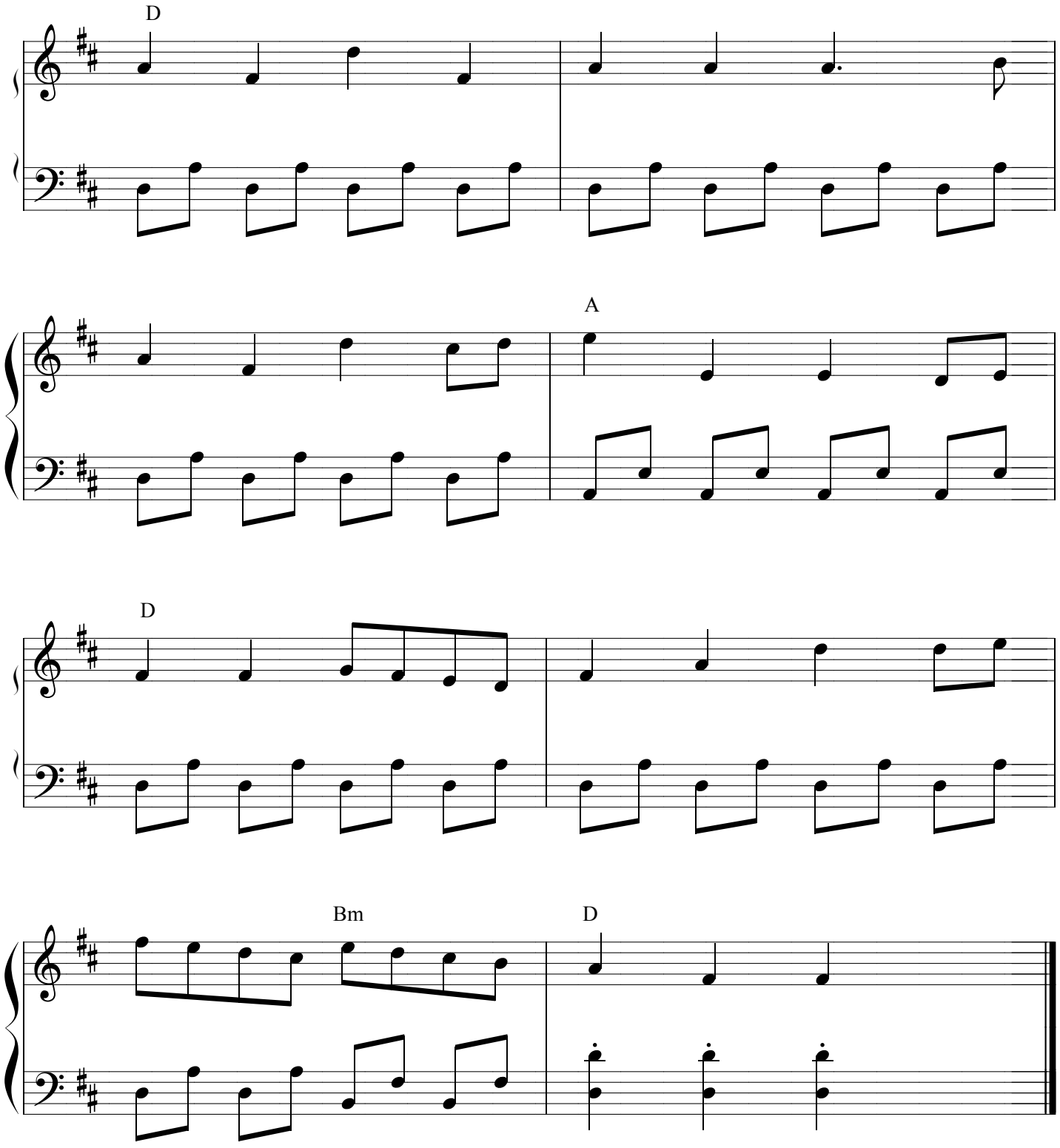

D
A
D
Bm
D

A Highland Lad my Love was Born

A Highland lad my love was born,
The laland laws he held in scorn; (lowlands)
But he was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highland-man! (handsome)

Chorus:
Sing , hey, my braw John Highland-man!
Sing, ho, my braw John Highland-man!
There's not a lad in a' the lan' (land)
Was match for my John Highland-man!

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid, (plaid Highland kilt)
An' gude claymore down by his side, (good two edged sword)
The ladies hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highland-man.
Chorus

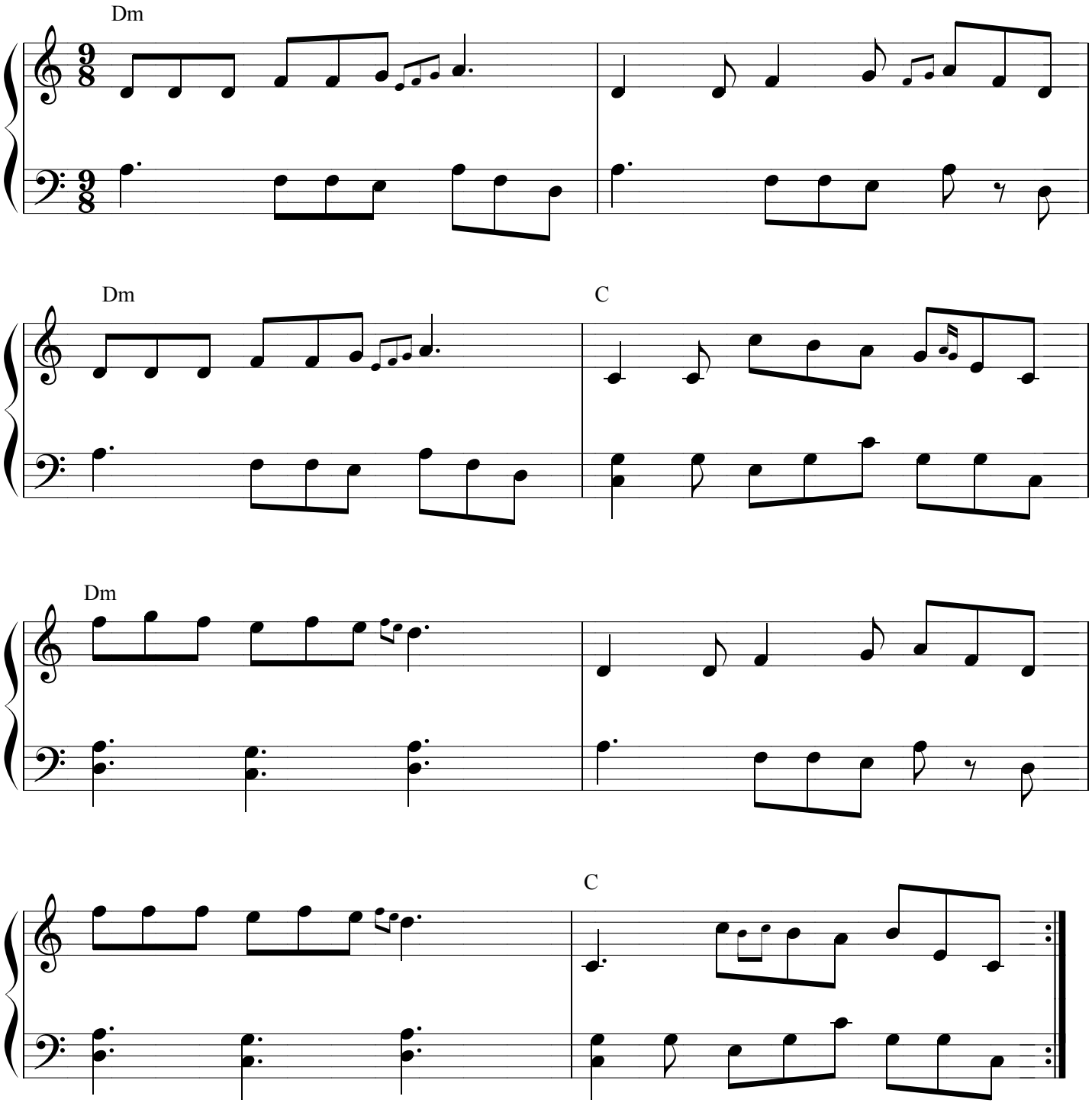
We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared nane, (none)
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Chorus

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree
A down y cheeks and pearls ran, (down)
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Chorus

But oh! They catched him at last
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one;
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Chorus

And now a widow, I must mourn,
The pleasures that shall ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty cann, (drinking jar)
When I think on John Highlandman.
Chorus

I Hae a Wife o' My Ain



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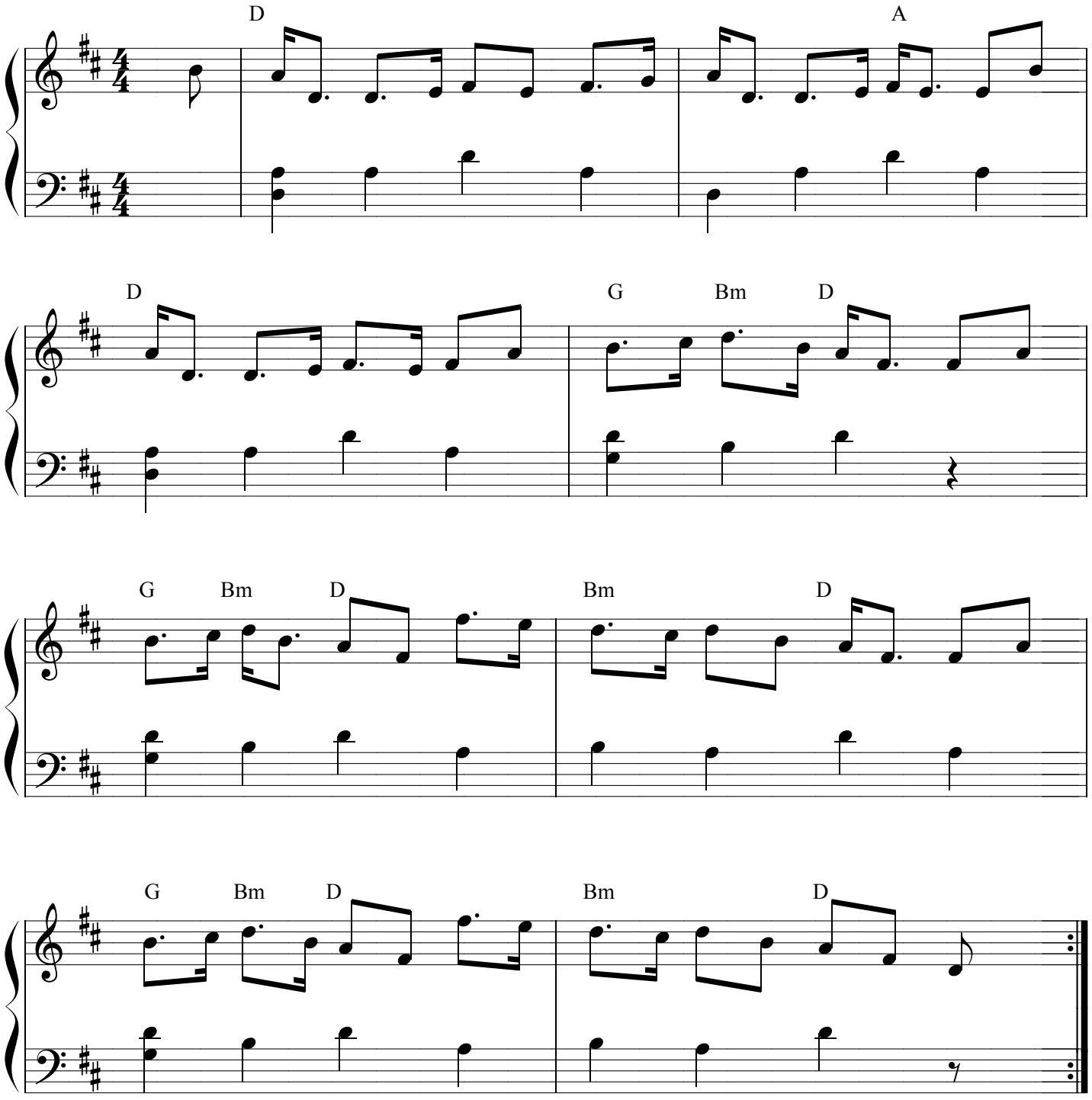
I Hae a Wife o' My Ain

I hae a wife o' my ain,	(have, own)
I'll partake wi' naebody,	(nobody)
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,	(take, from none)
I'll gie cuckold to naebody,	(give, nobody)
I hae a penny to spend,	(have)
There thanks to naebody	
I hae naething to lend,	(have nothing)
I'll borrow frae naebody.	(from nobody)
I am naebody's lord,	
I'll be slave to naebody,	
I hae a guid braid sword,	(have, good broad)
I'll tak dunts frae naebody	(take, blows)
I'll be merry and free,	
I'll be sad for naebody,	
If naebody cares for me,	
I'll care for naebody.	

Adapted from an old simple Scots ballad.

I'm Owre Young to Marry Yet



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I'm Owre Young to Marry Yet

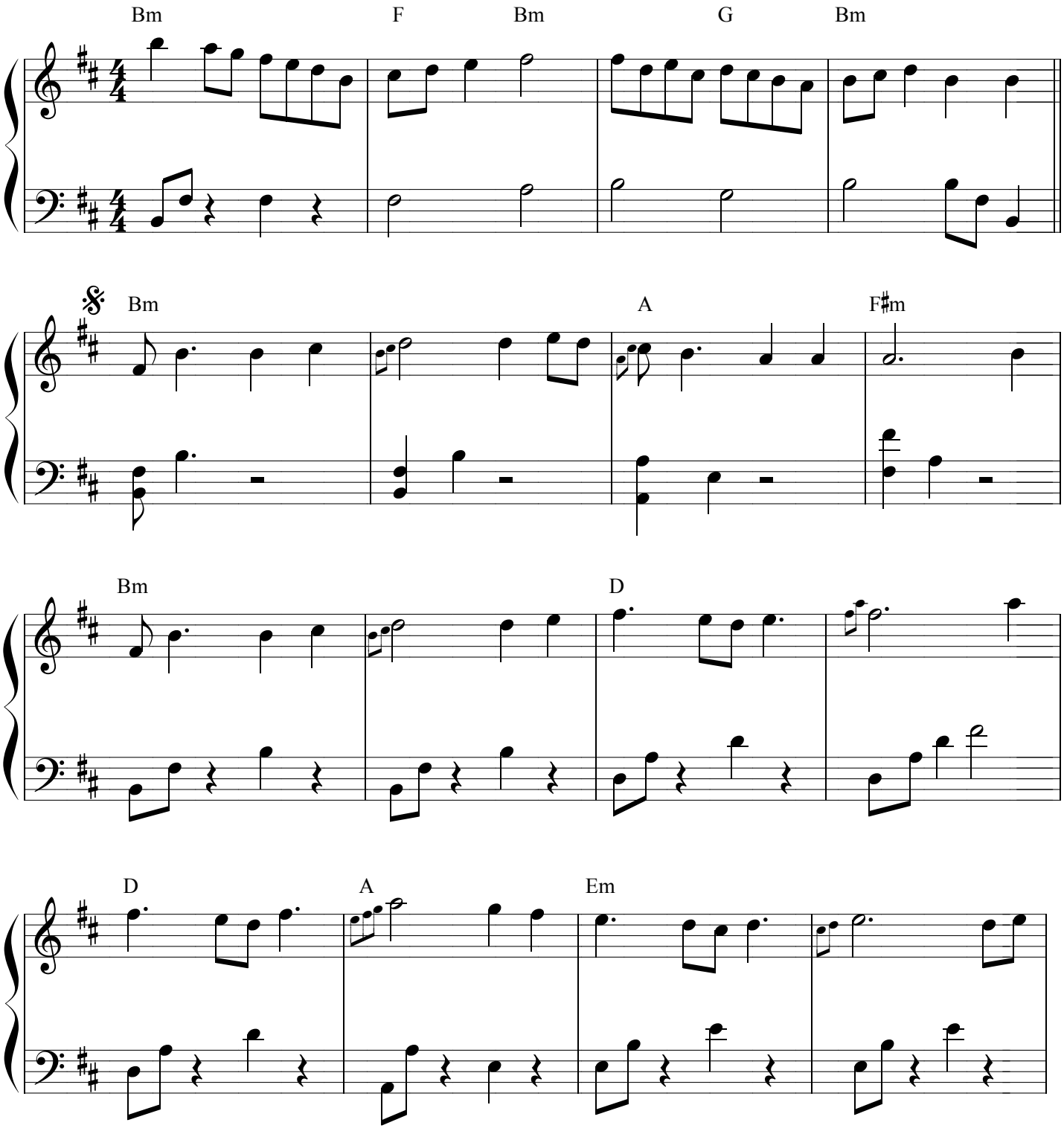
Chorus:
I'm owre young, I'm owre young, (too)
I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young, t'wad be a sin,
To tak' me frae my mammie yet. (from)

I am my mammie's ae bairn, (one child)
Wi' un-co folk I weary, sir; (with strangers)
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir. (frightened, melancholy)
Chorus

Hallowmass is come and gane, (All Saints' Day, gone)
The nights are lang in winter, sir, (long)
And you an' I in ae bed, (one)
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir (truth, not)
Chorus

Fu' loud an' shrill the frosty wind (full)
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir; (blows, timber)
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir. (older, come summer)
Chorus

John Anderson, My Jo



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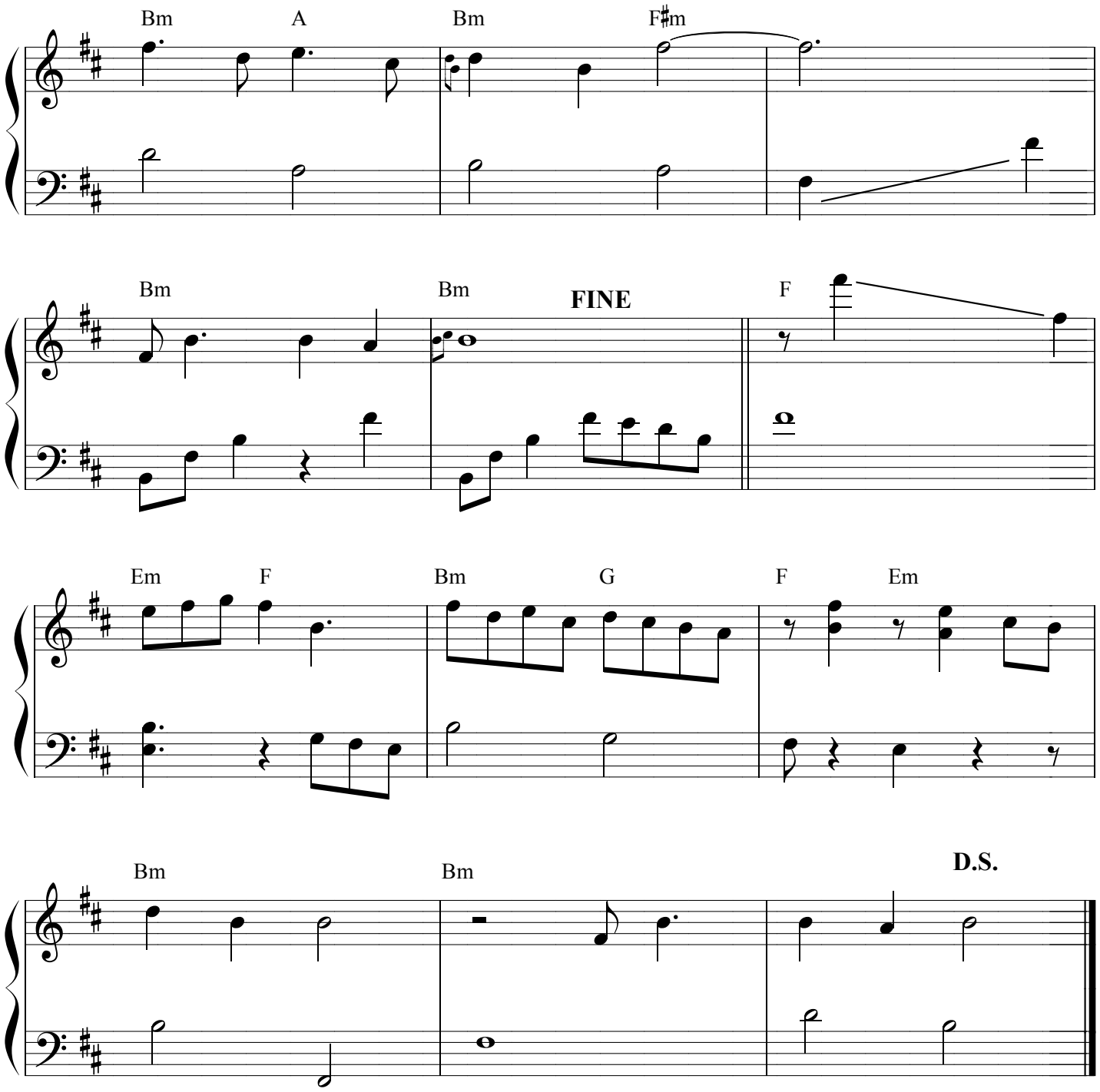
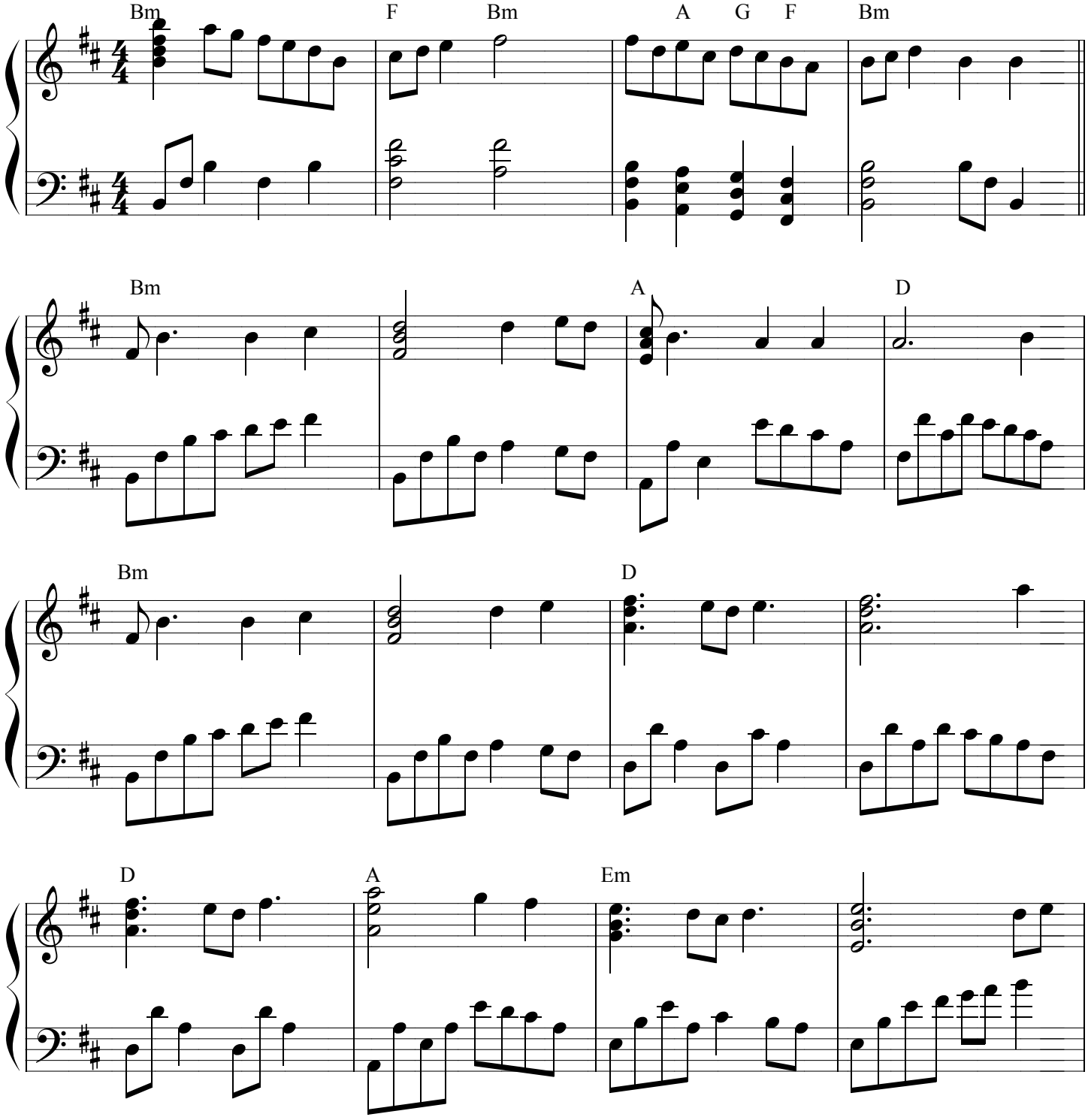


John Anderson, my jo, John,
We climb the hill together;
And mony a cantie day John, (happy)
We've had wi' ane anither: (another)
Now we maun totter down, Joh, (shall)
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep the gither at the foot, (together)
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, My Jo



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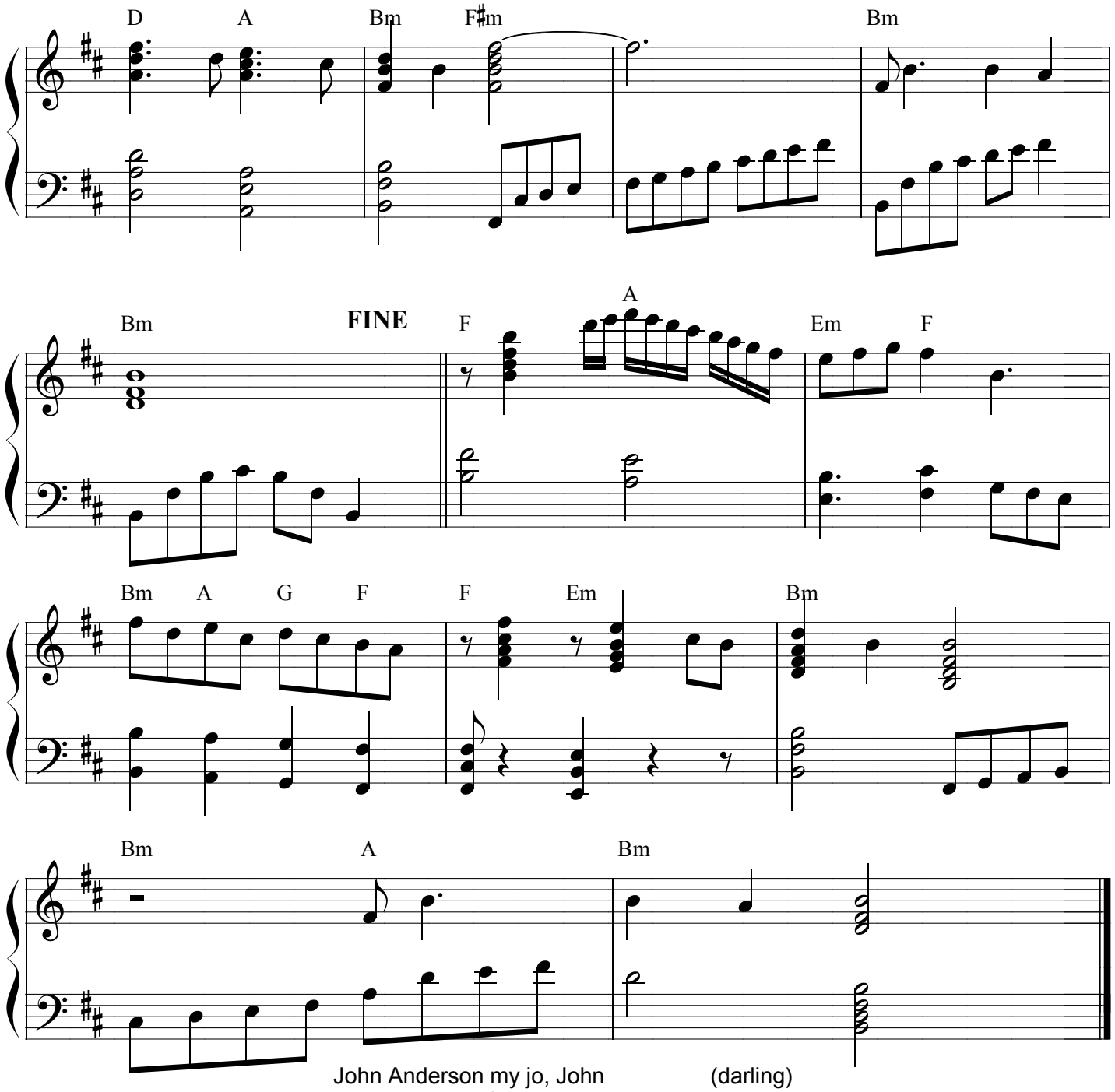
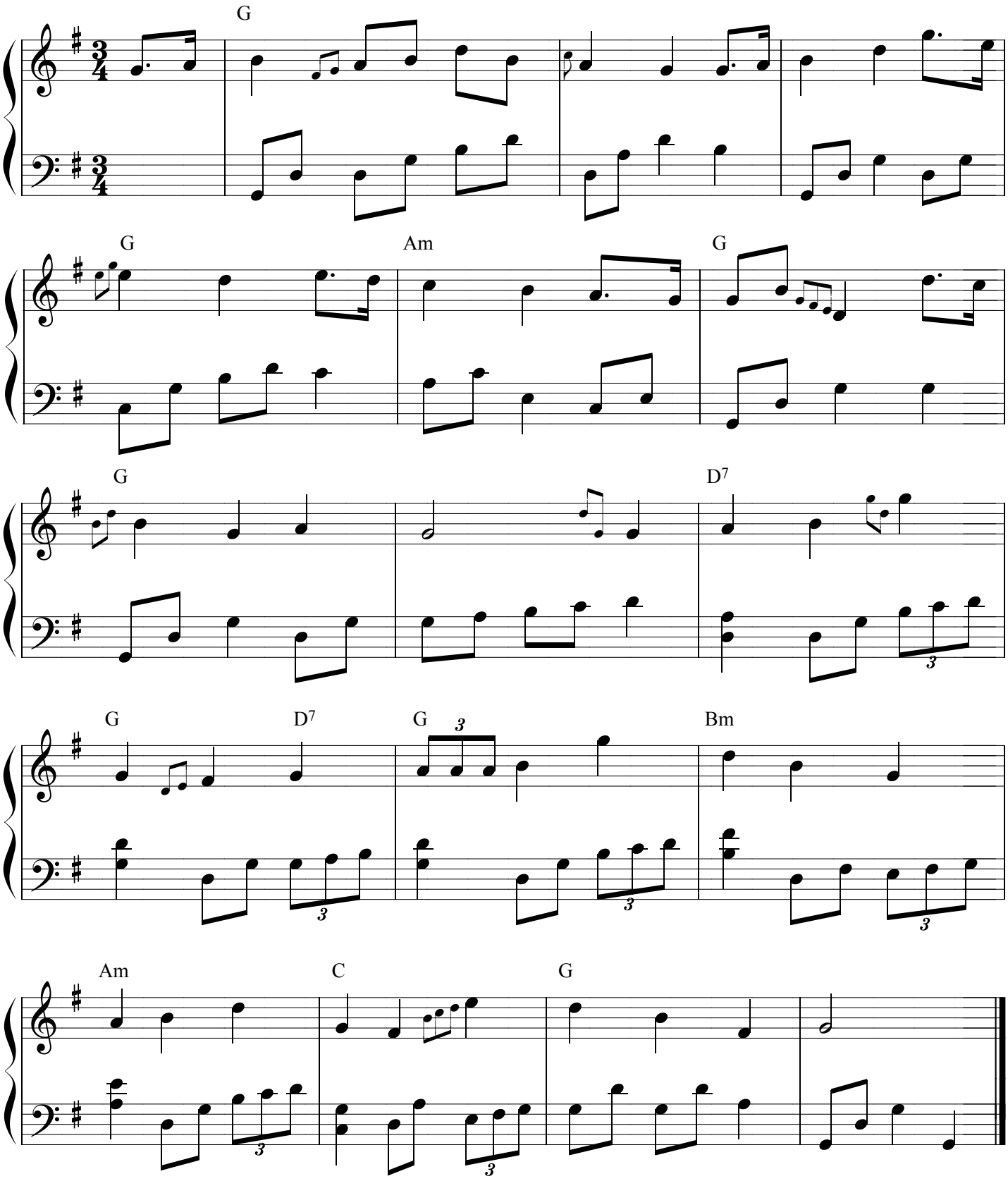


John Anderson my jo, John (darling)
When we were first acquent, (acquainted)
your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent; (unwrinkled)

But now your brow is bald, John,
your locks are like the snaw, (snow)
But blessings on your frosty pow,(white head)
John Anderson, my jo. (darling)

My Heart's in the Highlands



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My Heart's in the Highlands

(Tune: Failte na Miosg & Crohallan))

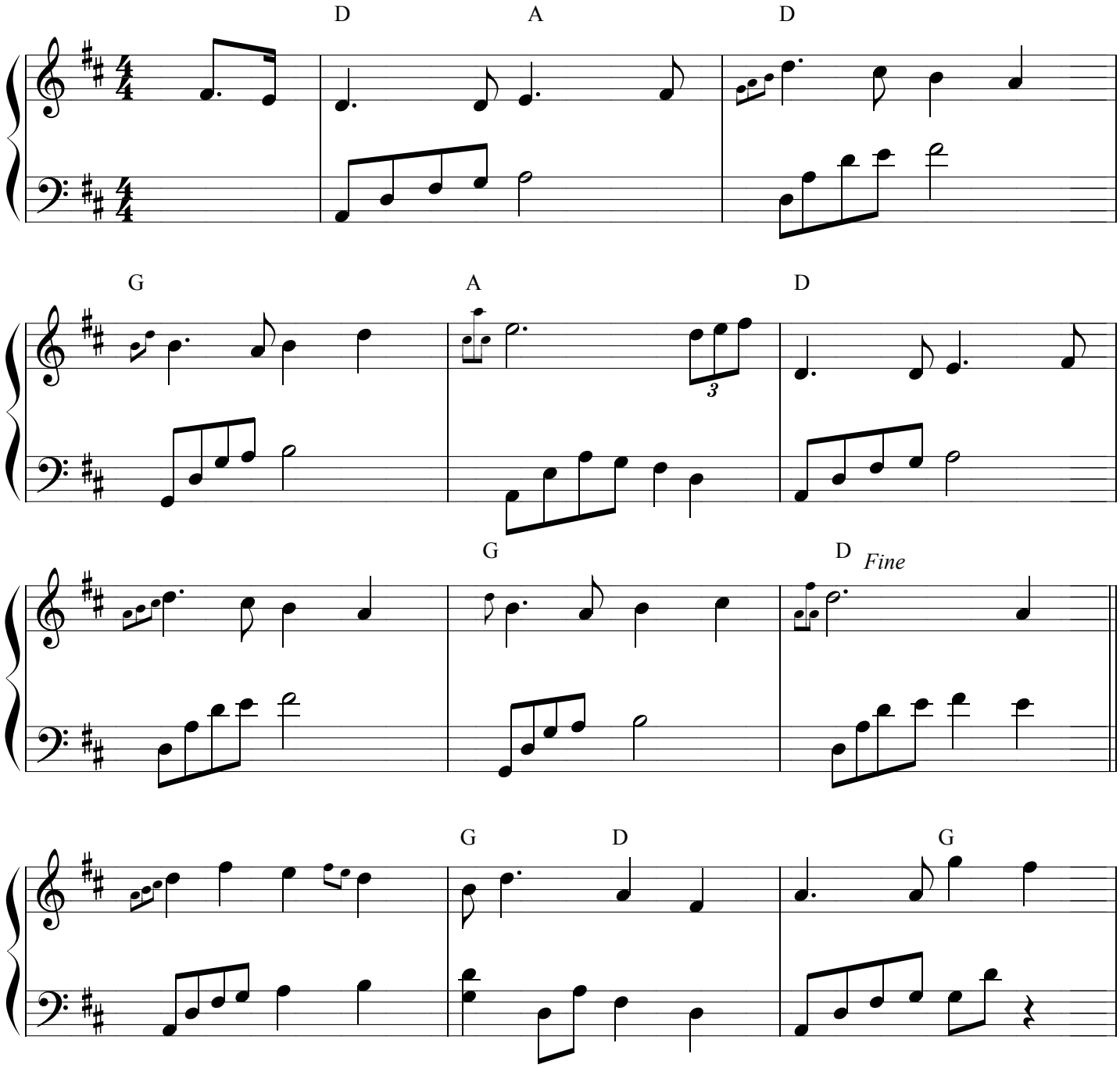
Chorus:
My hear's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer;
A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands where ever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

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

The Chorus is taken from “The Strong Walls of Derry”

My Love is Like a Red Red Rose



O my luve's like a red , red rose
That's newly sprung in June,
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune

As fair art thour, my bonny lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry

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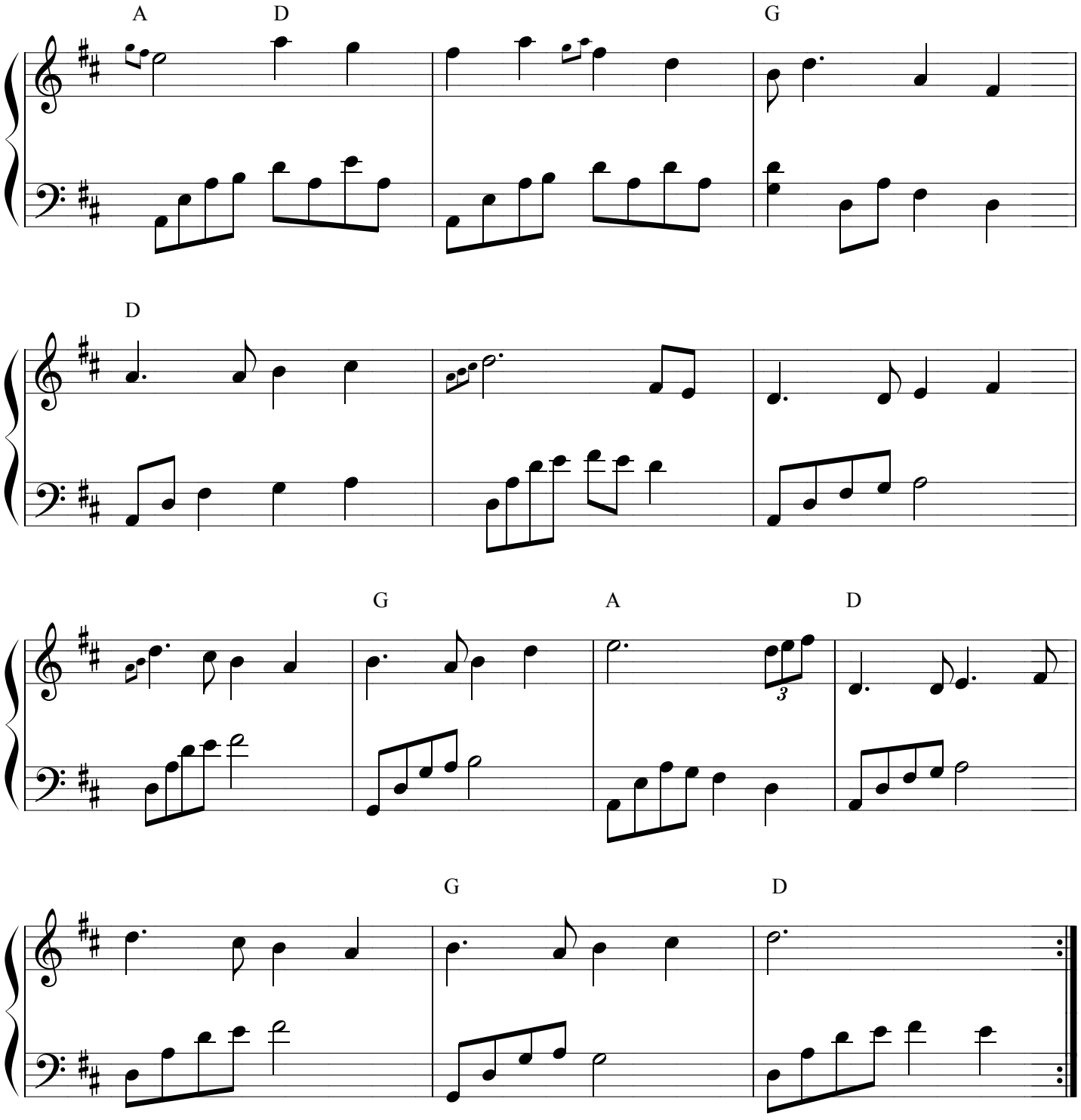
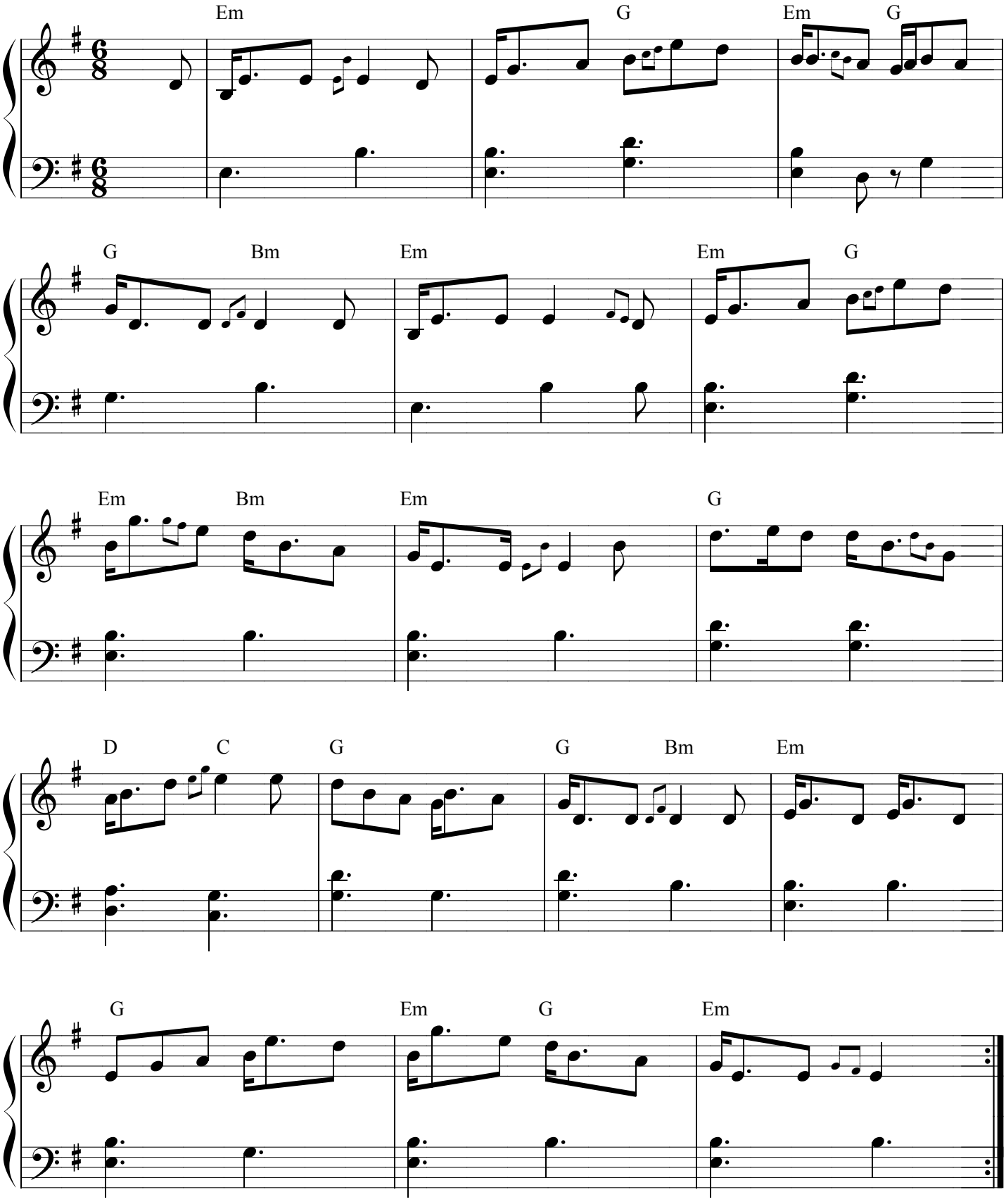


Till a' the sea gang dry, my Dear, (go) And fare thee weel, my only Luve! (well)
And the rocks melt wi' the sun: And fare thee weel, a while!
O I will luve thee still, my Dear, And I will come again, my Luve,
While the sands o' life shall run. Tho' it were ten thousand mile1

My Tocher's the Jewel



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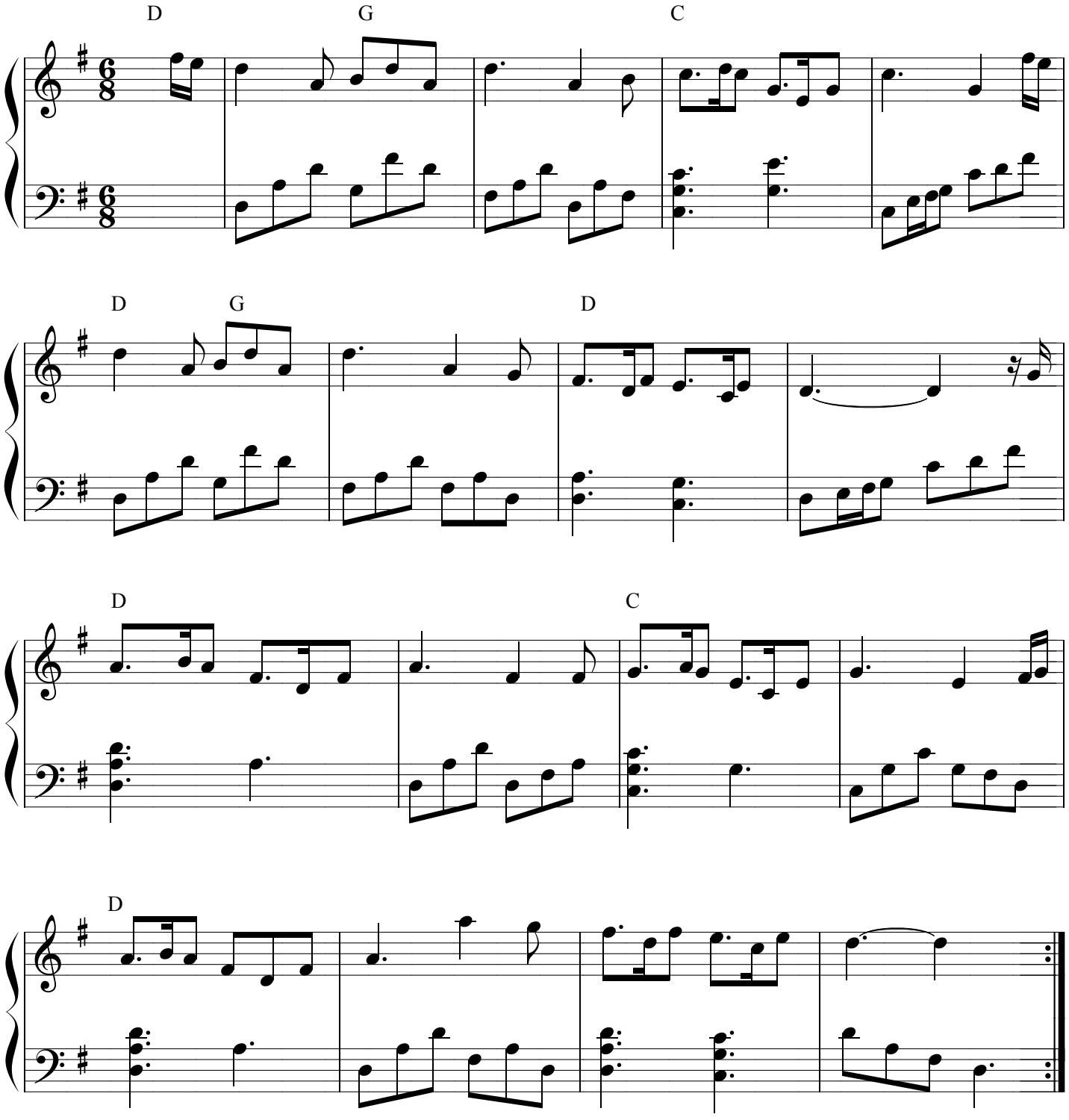
My Tocher's The Jewel

O, meikel thinks my luve o' my beauty,	(much)
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;	(much)
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie	(I know perfectly well)
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.	(dowry's)
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,	
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee!	(honey)
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller	(so much, money)
He canna hae luve to spare for me!	(cannot have)
Your proffer o' luve's an airle - penny,	(earnest - money)
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;	(would)
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,	(if)
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may try.	(so, another)
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,	(timber)
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree:	
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,	(from)
An ye'll crack ye're credit wi' mair nor me!	(more)

Note: The second last couplet of the first stanza and the final two of the second are old, the remainder is from Burns.

My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing



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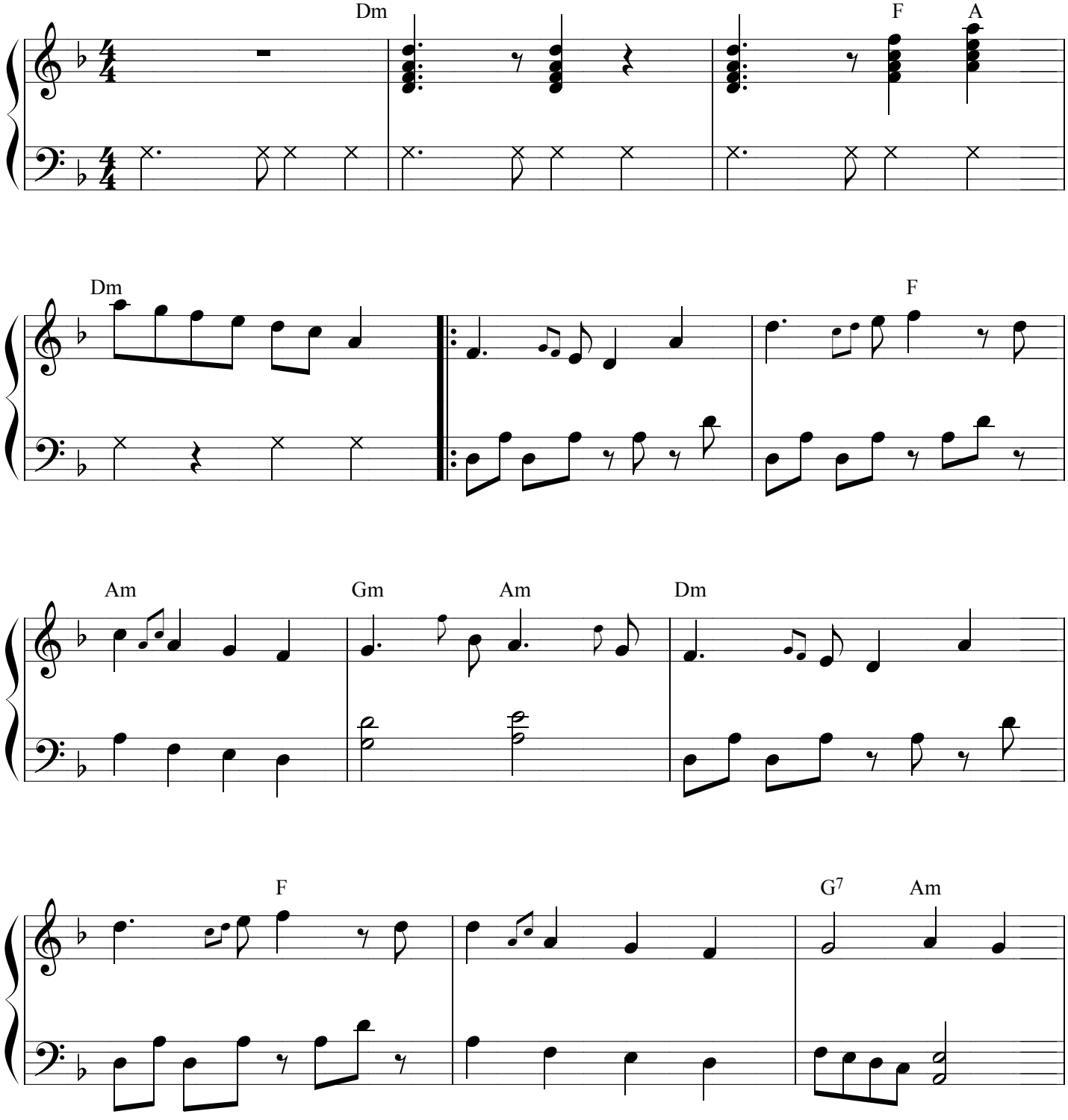
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer, (loved)
And neist my heart, I'll wear her, (next to)
For fear my jewel tine. (lost)

Chorus:
She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing, (lovesome)
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack, we share o 't, (world’s suffering)
The warstle and the care o 't; (struggle)
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.
Chorus

O Lassie Art Ye Sleepin' Yet?



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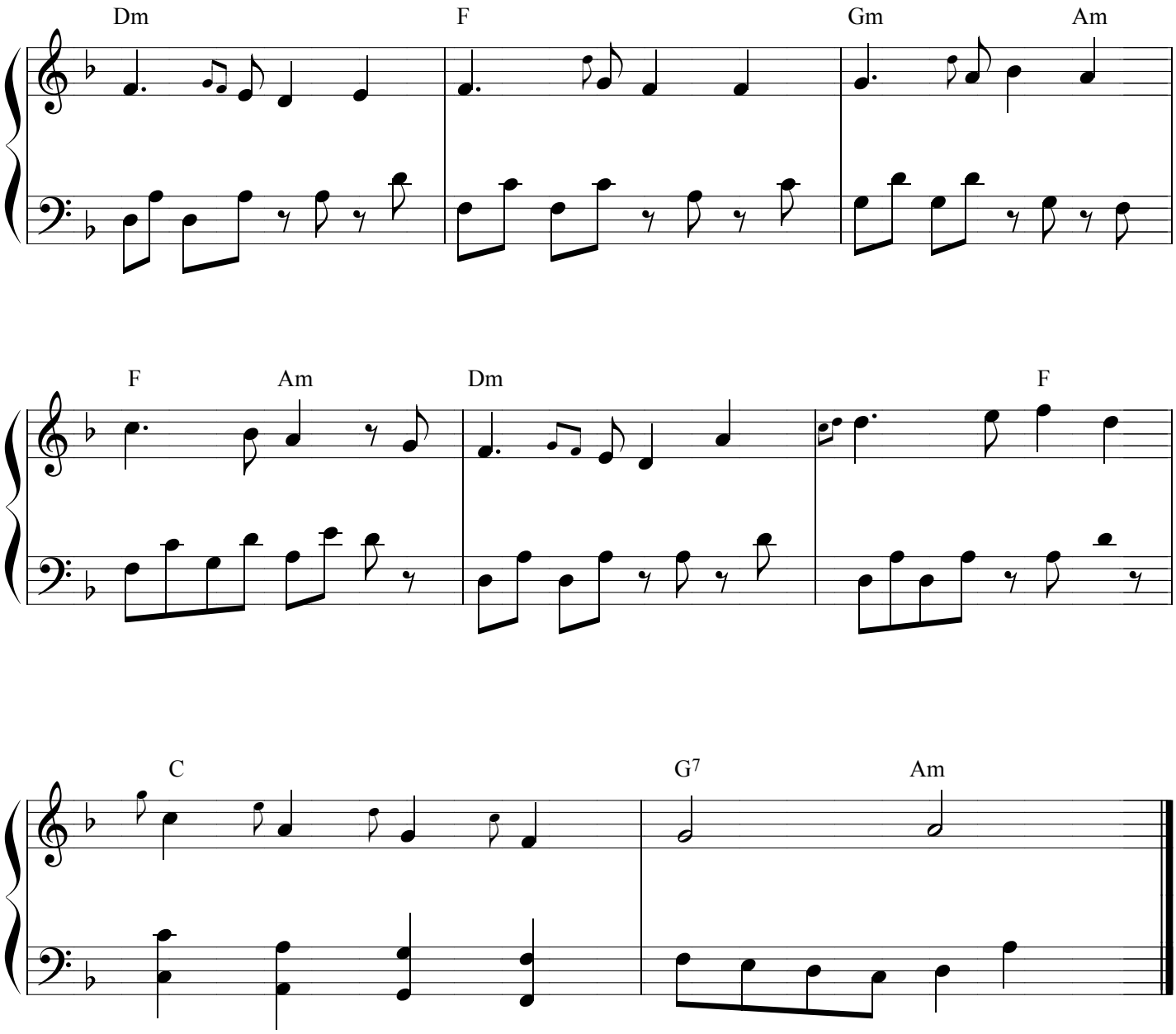

Dm
F
Gm
Am
F
Am
Dm
F
C
G7
Am

O Lassie Art Ye Sleepin' Yet?

O lassie art ye sleepin' yet,
Or are ye waukin'; I wad wit? (waking; I'd like to know)
For love has bound me hand an' fit, (and foot)
And I would fain be in, Jo. (love to be)

Chorus:
O let me in this ae night, (one)
This ae night, this ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, Jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet; (rain)
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; (no)
Take pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo (from).
Chorus

The bitter blast that round me blaws, (blows)
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's' (falls)
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause (cold)
Of a' my care and pine, jo.
Chorus

O tell na me o' wind an' rain, (no)
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, (no me with cold)
Gae back the gate ye cam again, (go)
I winna let ye in jo. (will not)

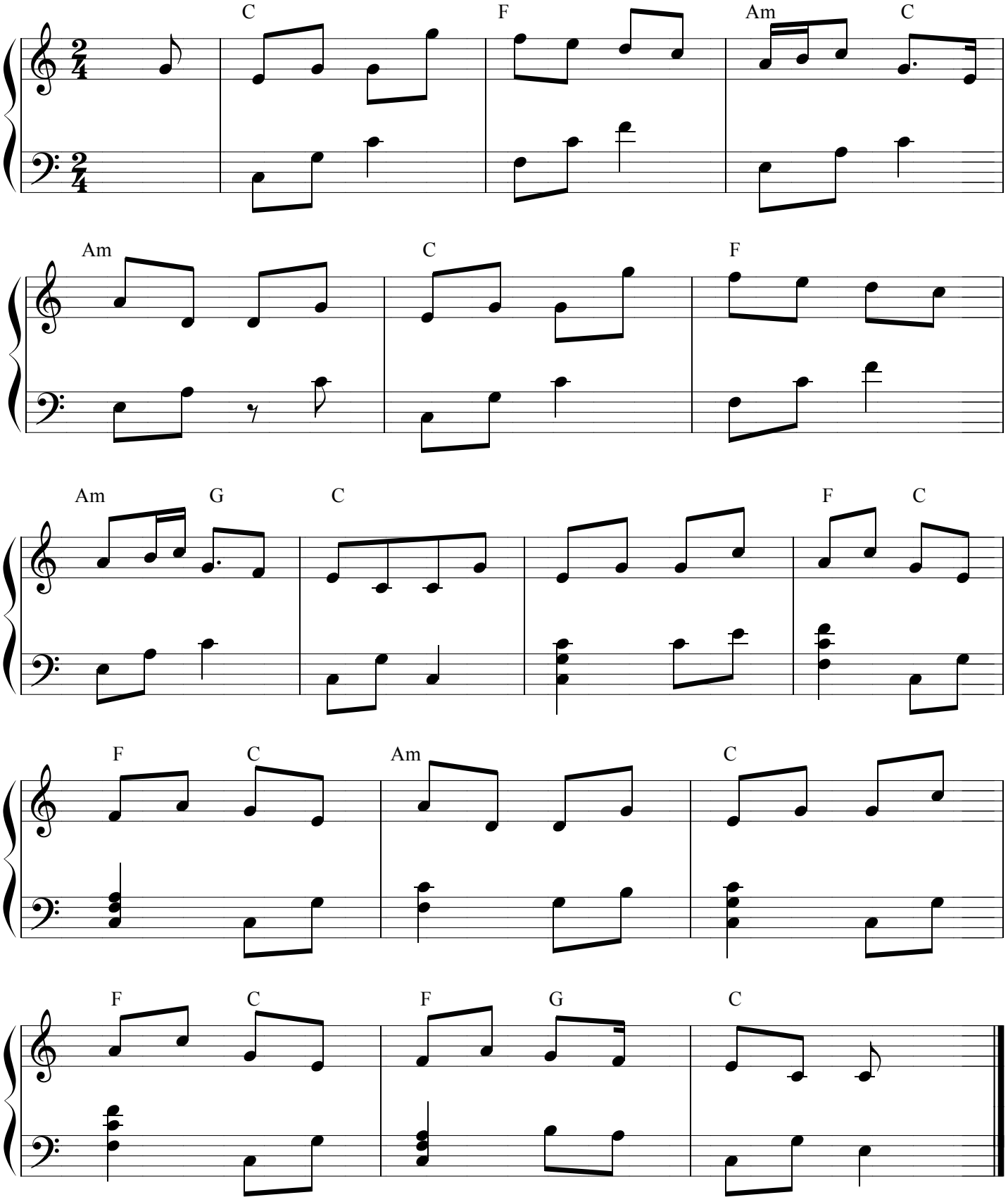
New chorus:
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, (most severe)
That round the pathless wand'rer pours
Is nocht to what poor she endures, (nothing)
That's trusted faithless man, jo,

New Chorus
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed-
Let simple maid the lesson read
The weird may be her ain, jo, (own)

New chorus.
The bird that charm'd his summer day,
And now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let that to witless woman say
The greatefu' heart of man, Jo!
New chorus

O This is No My Ain Lassie



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O' This Is No My Ain Lassie

(Tune: This is no My Ain House)

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: (well)
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kindlove that's in her e'e (eye)

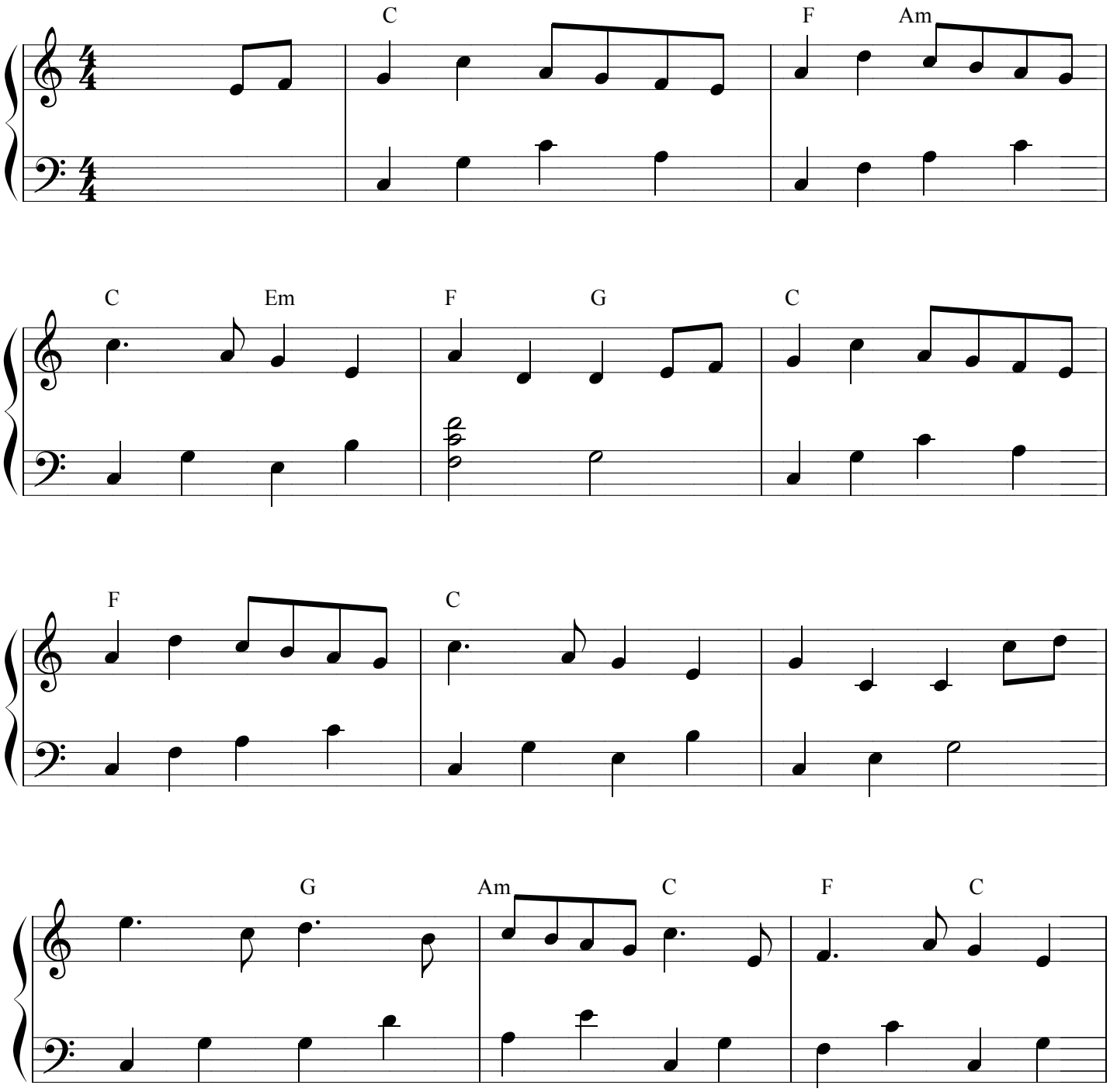
Chorus:
O, this is no my ain lassie, (own)
Fair tho' the lassie be:
Weel ken I my ain lassie (well - known)
Kind love is in her e'e. (eye)

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall
And lang has had my heart in thrall; (long)
And ay it charms my very saul, (always, soul)
The kind love that's in the e'e. (eye)
Chorus

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean, (so artful)
To steal a blink by a' unseen!
But gleg as light are lover's een, (clear - sighted)
When kind love is in the e'e. (eye)
Chorus

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But well the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e (eye)
Chorus

O Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut



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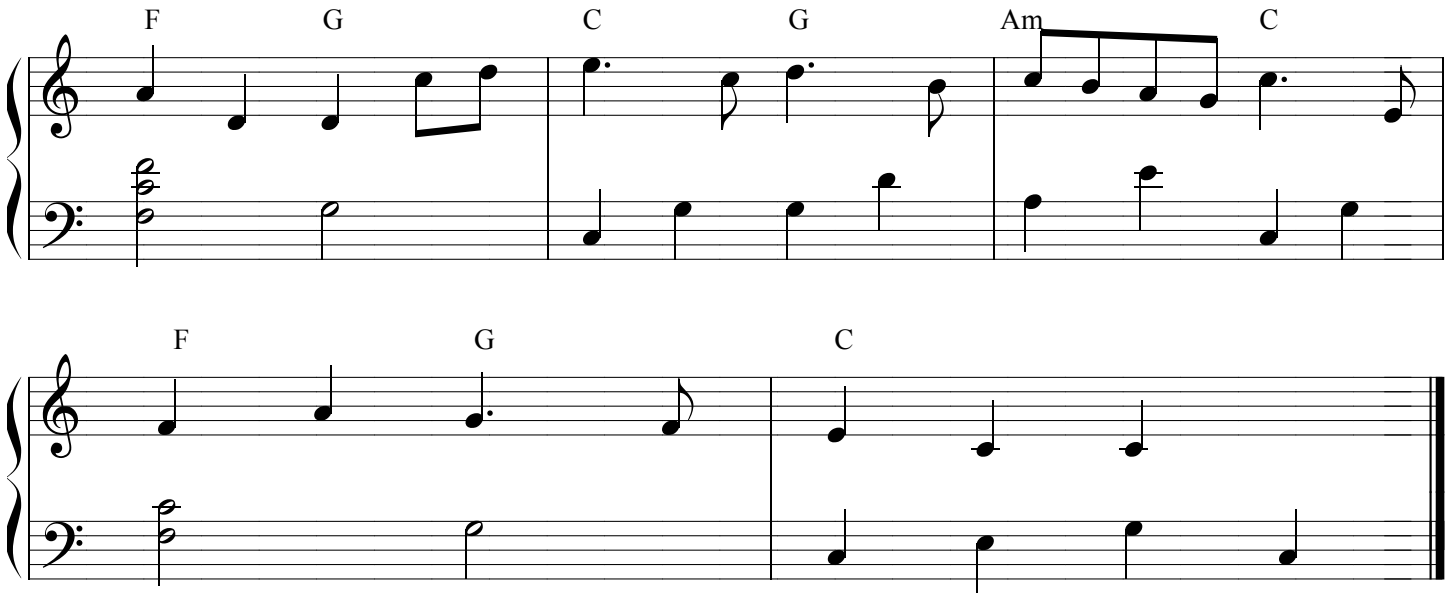


O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, (malt)
And Rob and Alan cam' to see; (came)
Three blyther hearts that lee lang nicht, (live long)
Ye wadna found in Christendie (would not)

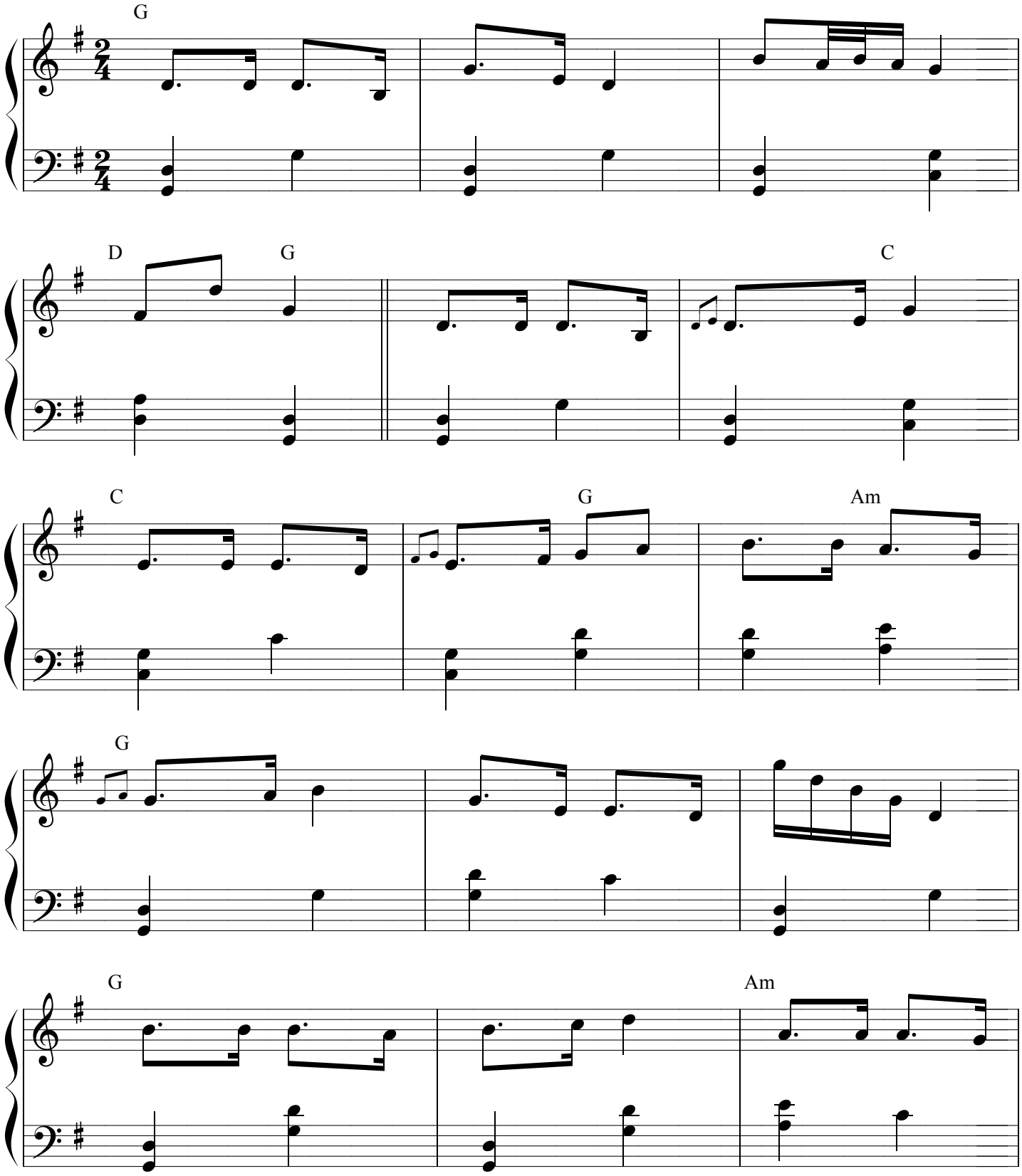
Chorus:
We are na fou', we're nae that fou, (not drunk)
But just a drappie in our e'e; (droplet, eye)
The cock may craw, the day may draw, (crow, dawn)
And ay we'll taste the barley bree. (brew)

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we; (pledge)
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be. (more)
Chorus

It is the moon, I ken her horn, (know)
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie; (sky so high)
She shines sae bright to wile us hame, (so, lure us home)
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee! (word, while)
Chorus

Wha first shall rise to gang awa, (who, go away)
A cuckold, coward loun is he! (fool)
Wha first beside his chair shall fa', (who, fall)
He is the King amang us three. (among)
Chorus

Scots Wha Hae



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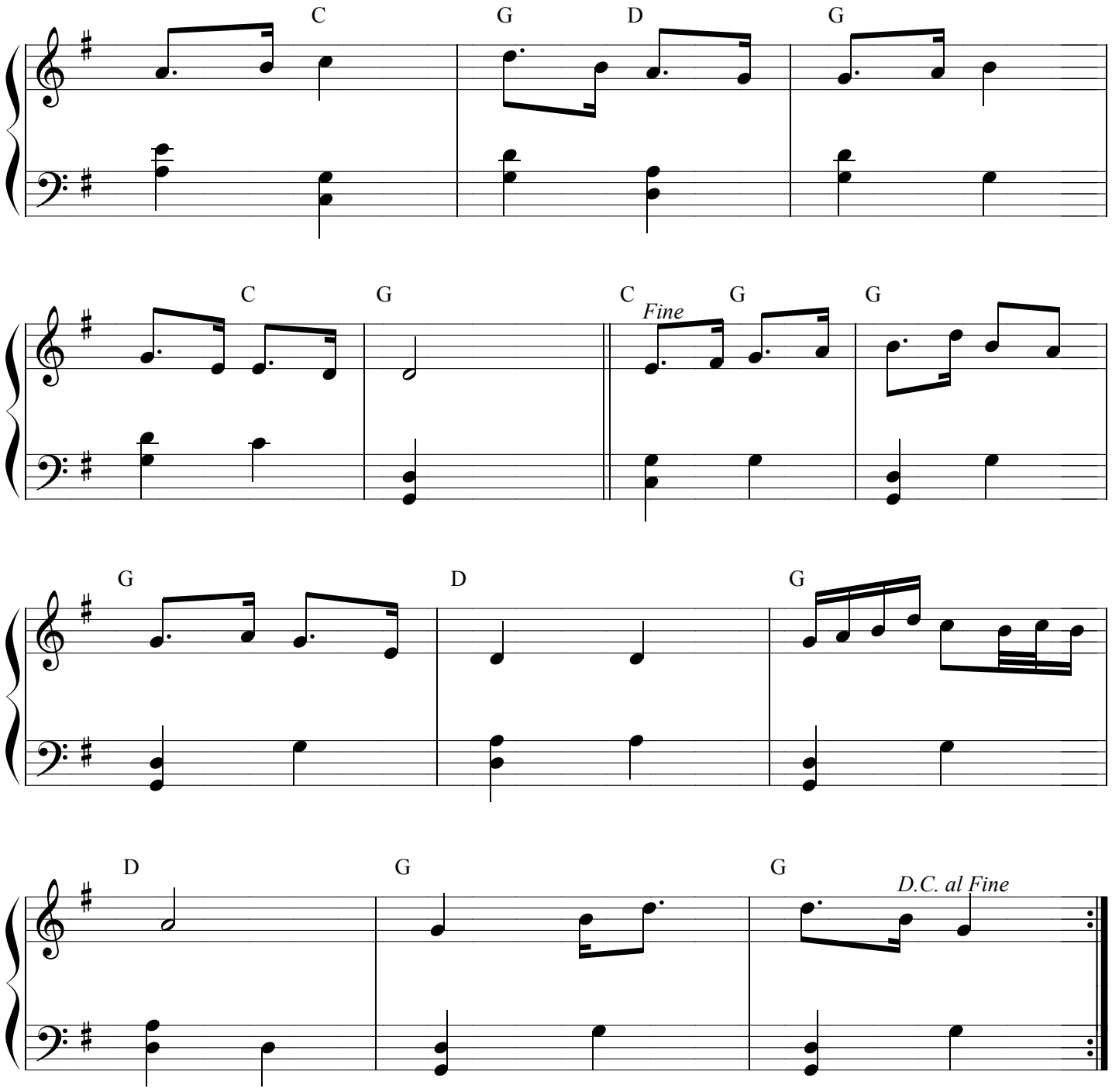
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Scots Wha Hae

(Tune: Hey Tutti Taitie)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, (who have)
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led, (whom, often)
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour; (threatening)
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains & Slaverie.

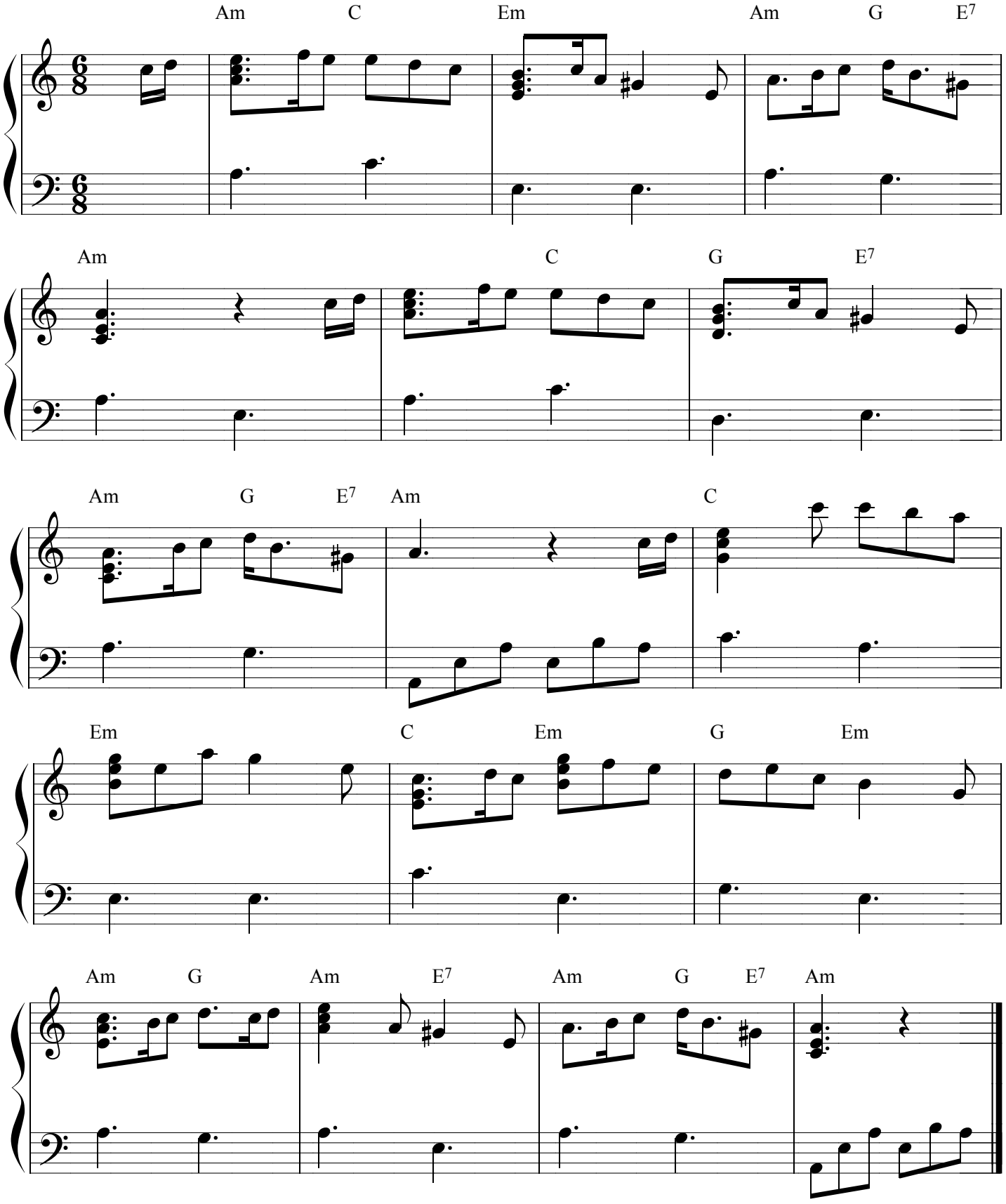
Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave? (so)
Let him turn, & flie.

Wha for Scotland's king & law, (who)
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa', (fall)
Let him follow me.

By Oppressions's woes & pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do - or die!!!

She's Fair and Fause



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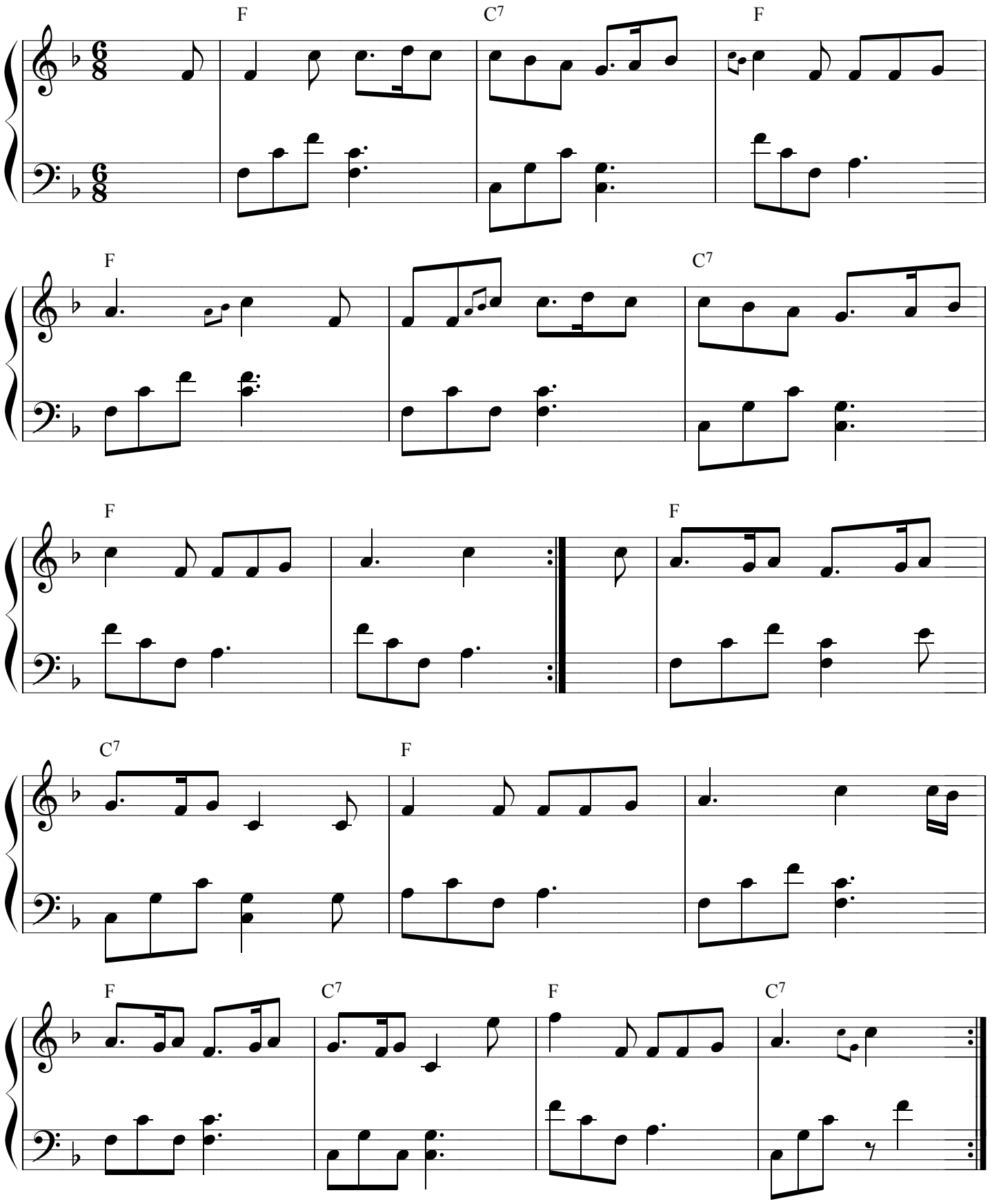
She's Fair and Fause

(Tune: The Lads of Leith)

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,	(false)
I loe'd her meikle and lang;	(greatly, long)
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,	
And I may e'en gae hang.	(go)
A coof cam' in wi' routh o' gear	(fool, plenty, money)
And I hae tint my dearest dear;	(lost)
But woman is buy warld's gear,	(world's wealth)
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.	(so, go)
Whae'er ye be that woman love,	(whoever)
To this be never blind;	
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,	(no wonder)
A woman has't by kind.	
O Woman lovely, Woman fair!	
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,	(fallen)
'Twad been o'er meikle to gi' en thee mair	(much, have given more)
I mean an angel mind.	

The Deil's Awa' wi' the' Exciseman



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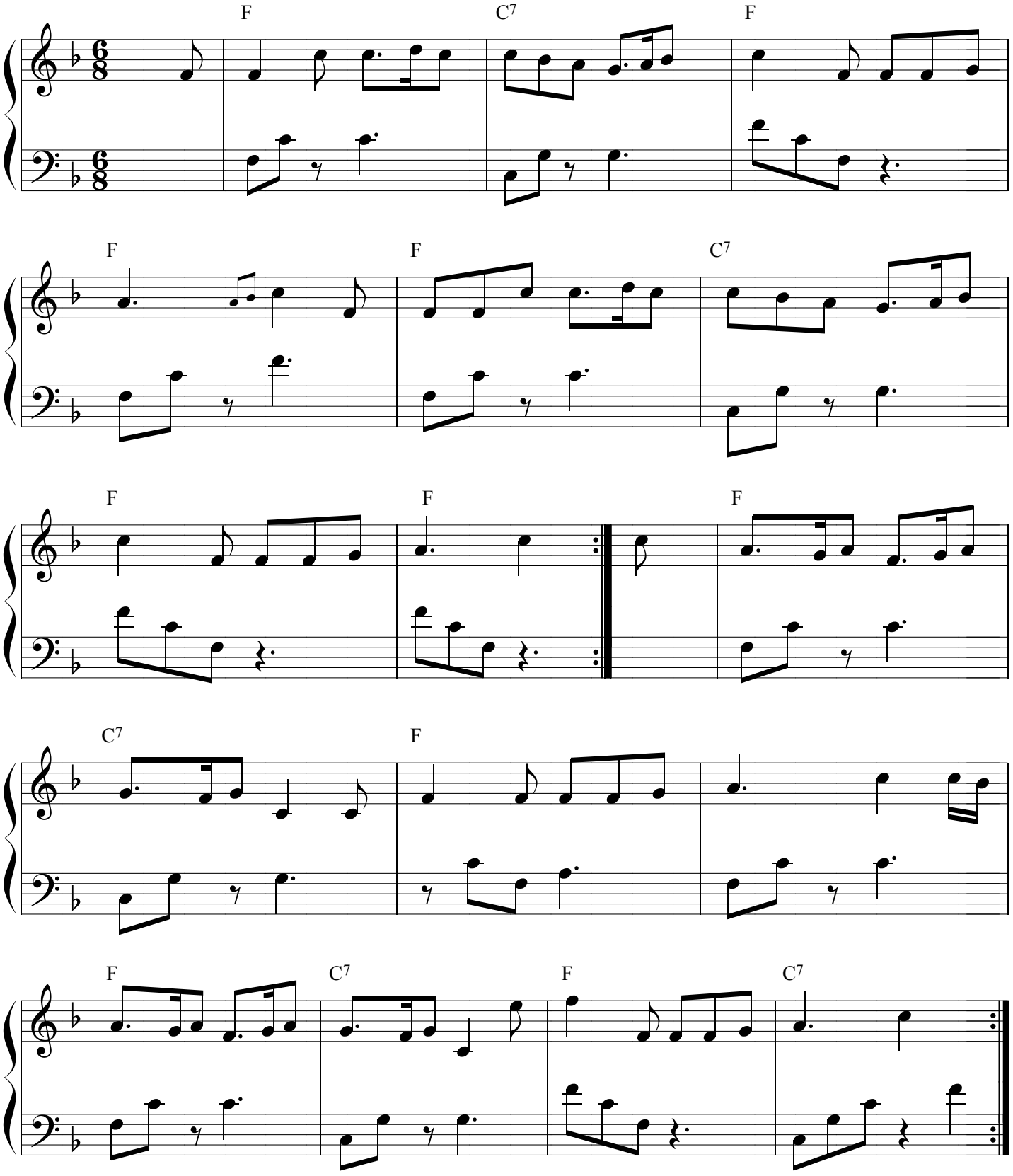
The Deil's Awa' wi' the' Exciseman



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The De'il's Awa Wi' Th' Exciseman

(Tune: The Hemp-Dresser)

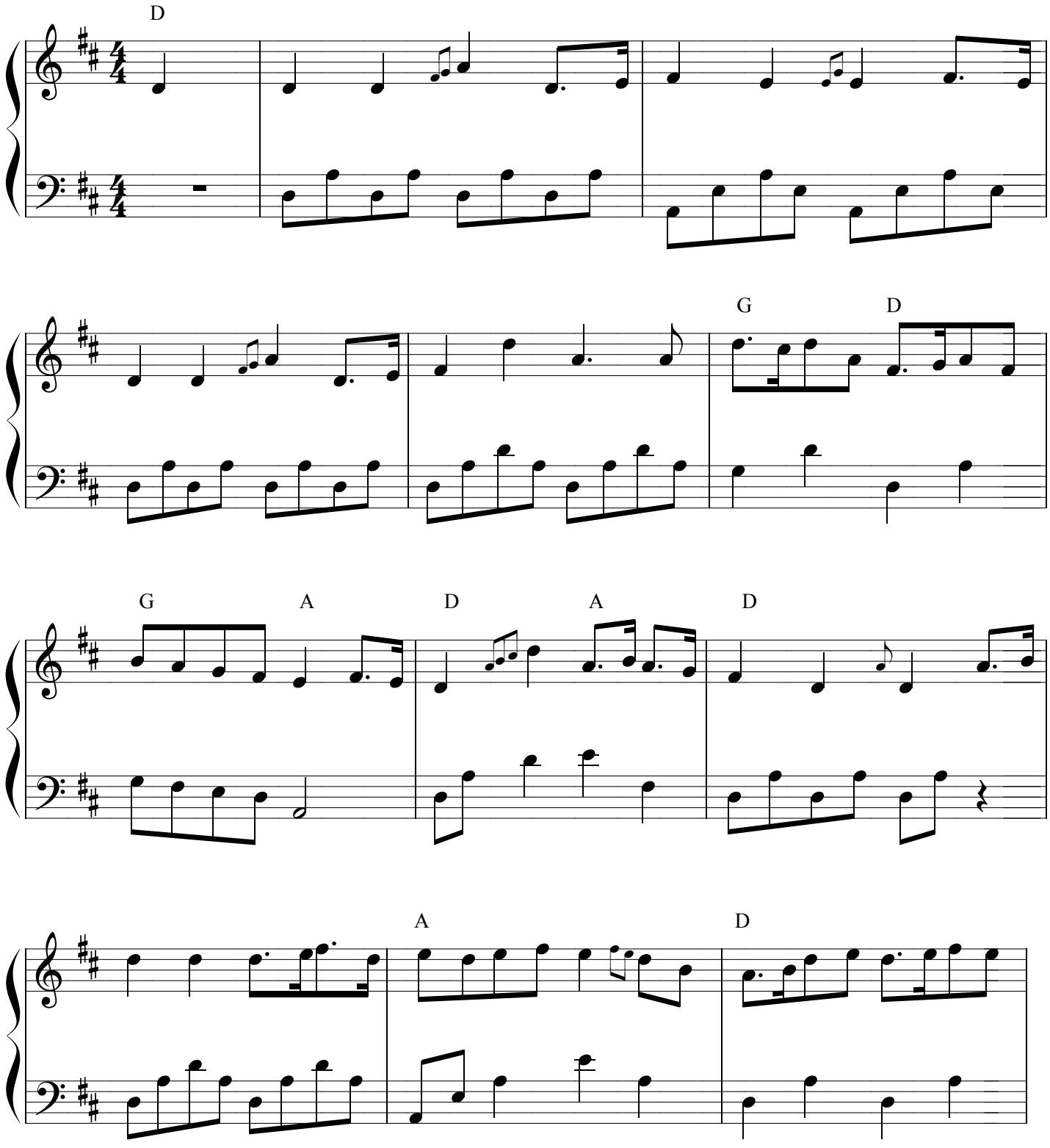
The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town, (devi, came)
And danc'd awa wi the Exciseman; (away, tax collector)
And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun, (every, old)
I wish you luck o' the prize, man.

Chorus:
The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman, (away)
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

We'll mak our maut and we'll brew our drink, (malt)
We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil, (handsome, great, devil)
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.
Chorus

Ther's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathpeys, man,
But the ae best dance e're cam to the Land (one, came)
Wa, the deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman.
Chorus

There was a Lad was Born in Kyle



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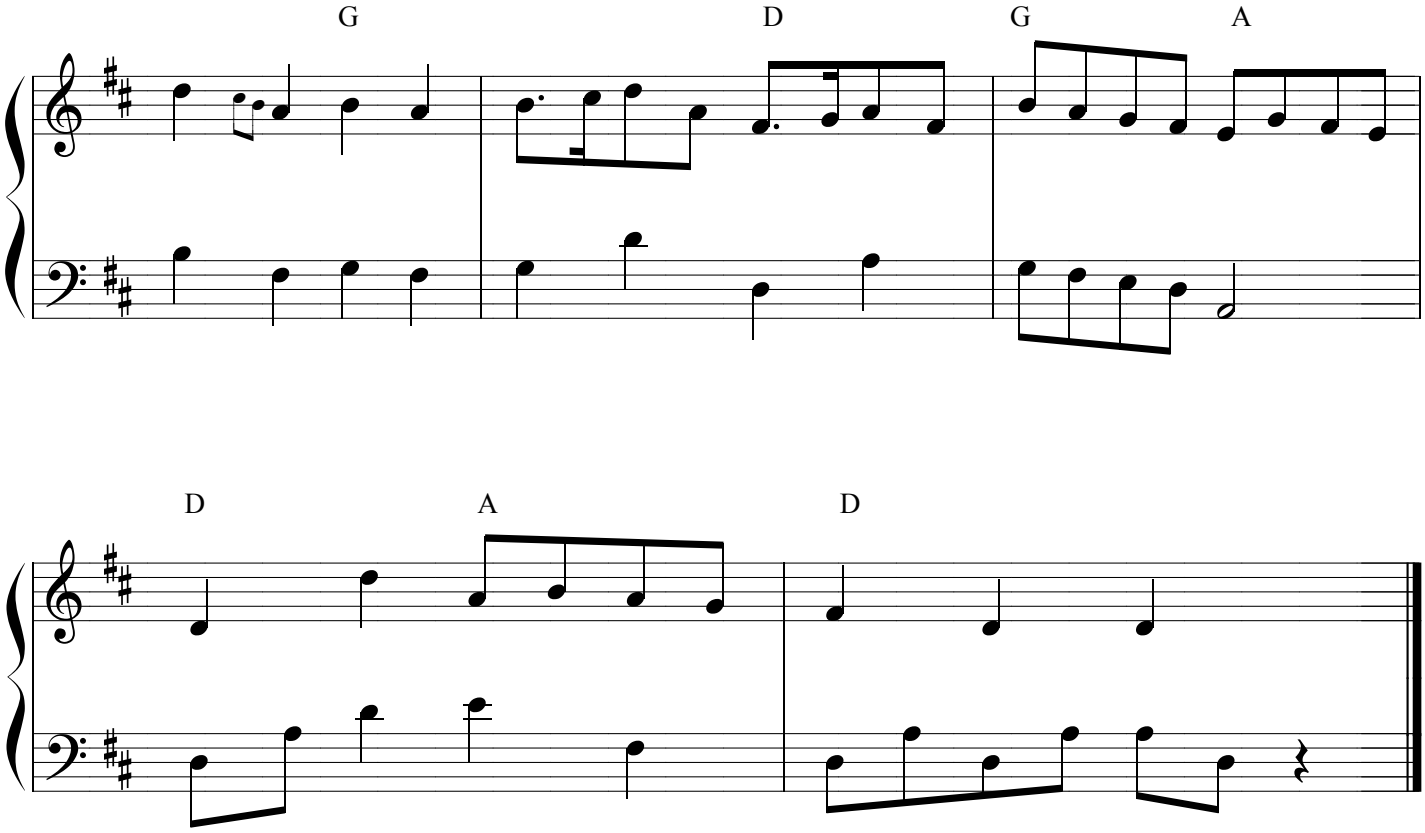
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There was a Lad was Born in Kyle

(Tune: Daintie Davie)

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But what na day or what na style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while,
To be sae nice wi' Robin, (so)

Chorus:
For Robin was a rovin boy,
A rantin, rovin', rantin', rovin,
Robin was a rovin' boy;
O rantin', rovin' Robin!

Our Monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win' (January winds)
Blew hansel in on Robin. (a first gift)
Chrous

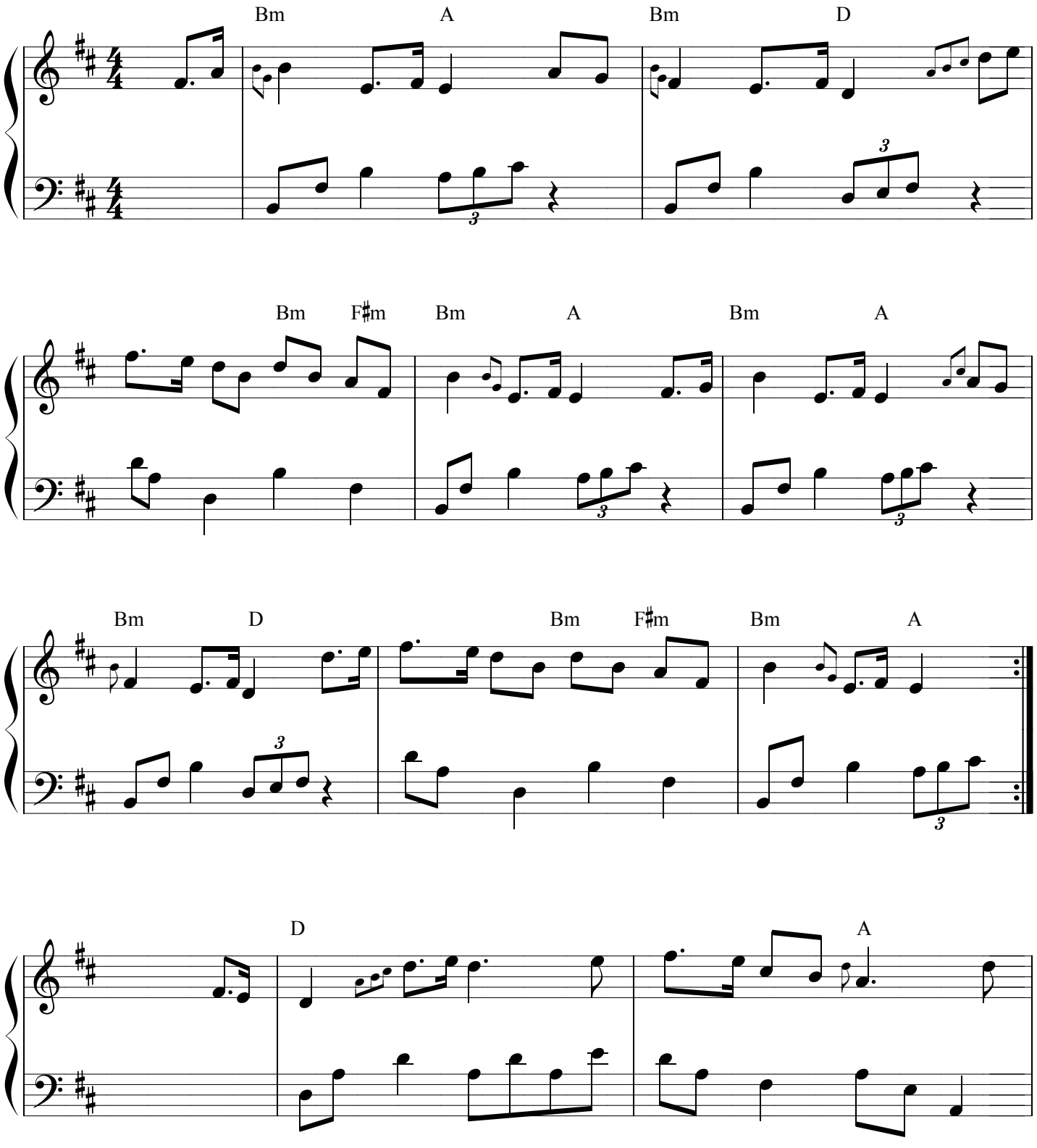
The gossip keekit in his loof, (glanced, face)
Quo' scho, 'What lives will see the proof, (quoth she, who)
This waly boy will be nae coof: (sturdy, no fool)
I think we'll ca' him Robin,' (call)
Chorus

'He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma', (have, small)
But aye a heart aboon them a'. (above)
He'll be a credit to us a':
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.'
Chorus

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line, (every)
This chap will dearly like our kin', (kind)
So leeze me on thee! Robin! (commend)
Chorus

'Guid faith, quo' scho, 'I doubt you , sir, (good, she)
Ye gar the lasses lie aspar: (make, legs apart)
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, (faults, have worse)
So blessins on thee, Robin!'

To Daunton Me



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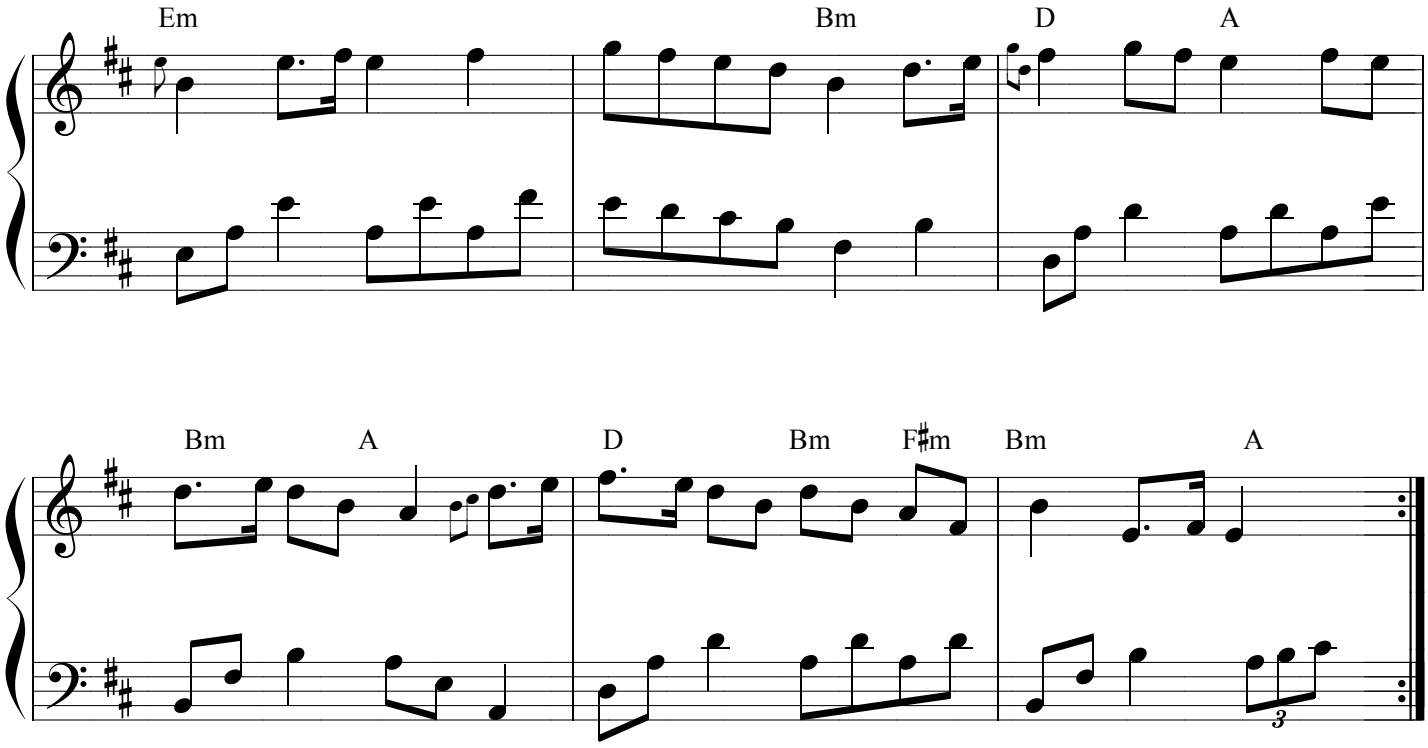


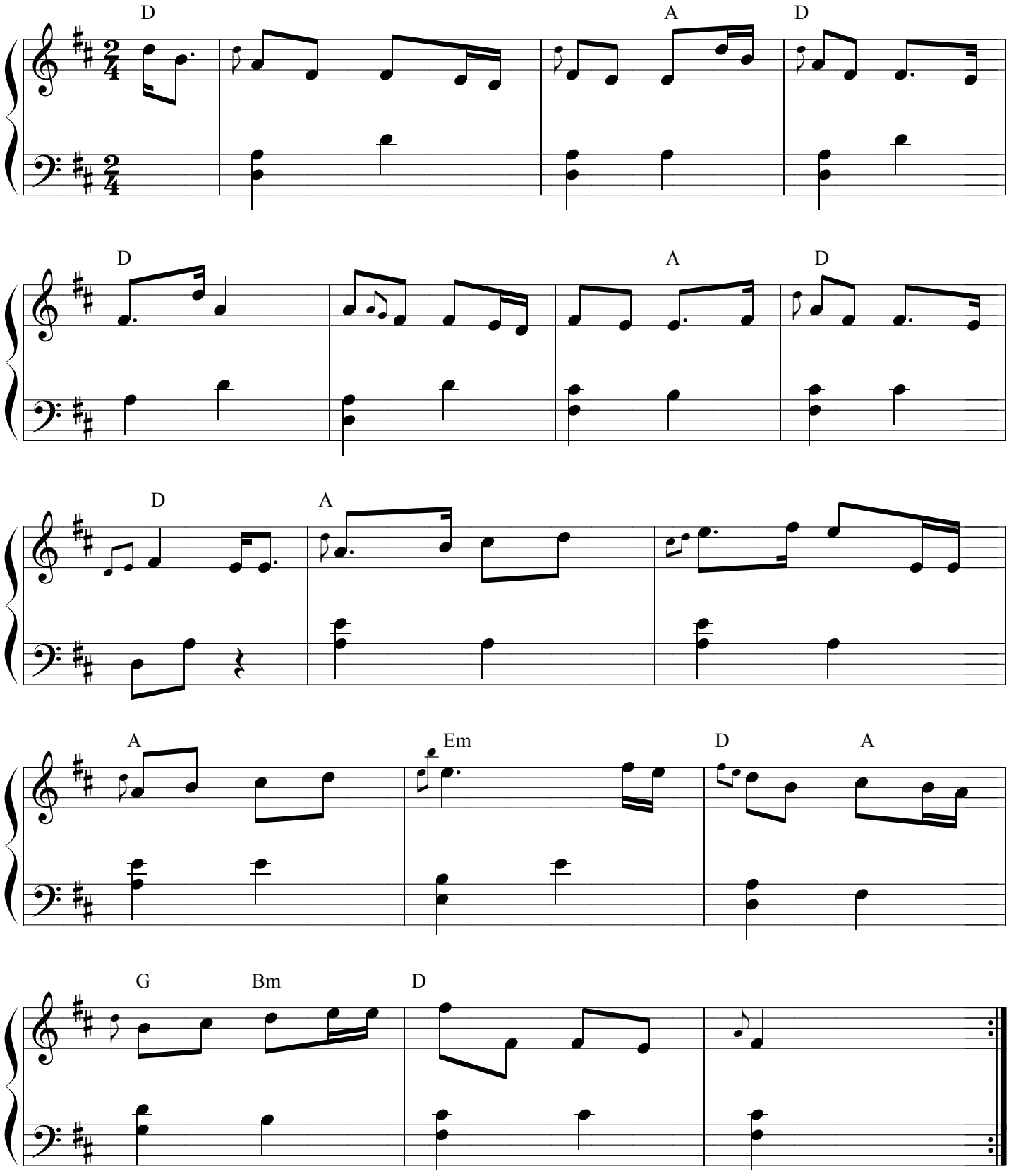
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, (blood, blow)
The simmer lilies bloom in the snaw, (snow)
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

Chorus:
To daunton me,
And me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flattering tounge,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.*

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
Chorus

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
Chorus

To the Weavers Gin Ye Go



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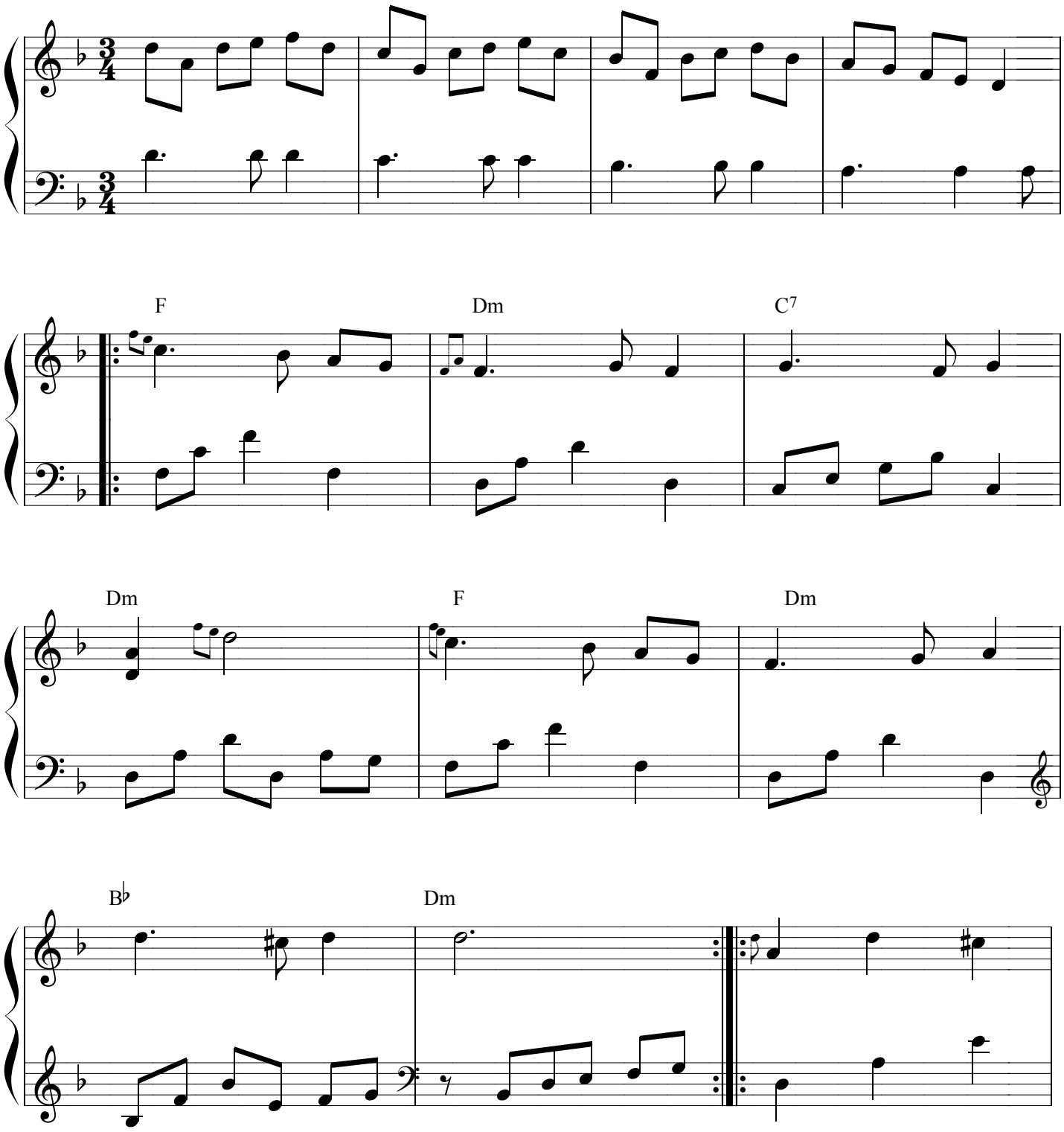
To The Weaver's Gin Ye Go

My heart was ance as blythe and free	(once)
As simmer days we lang;	(summer, long)
But a bonny, westlin weaver lad	(western)
Has gart me change my sang	(made, song)
Chorus:	
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,	(should)
To the weaver's gin ye go,	
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night	(warn, go)
To the weaver's gin ye go.	(should)
My mither sent me to the town,	(mother)
To warp a plaiden wab	(cloth)
But the weary warpin o't	
Has gart me sigh and sab	(made, sob)
Chorus	
A bonny, westlin weaver lad	(from the West)
Sat working at his loom;	
He took my heart, as wi' a net,	
In every knot and thrum.	(hum of the loom)
Chorus	
I sat beside my warpin - wheel,	
And ay I ca'd it roun';	(always, drove)
And every shot and every knock,	
My heart it gae a stoun.	(gave, thump)
Chorus	
The moon was sinking in the west	
Wi visage pale and wan,	
As my bonny, westlin weaver lad	
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.	
But what was said, or what was done,	
Shame fa' me gin I tell;	(fall on, if)
But O! I fear the kintra soon	(countryside)
Will ken as weel's mysel!	(know, as well as)

Wandering Willie



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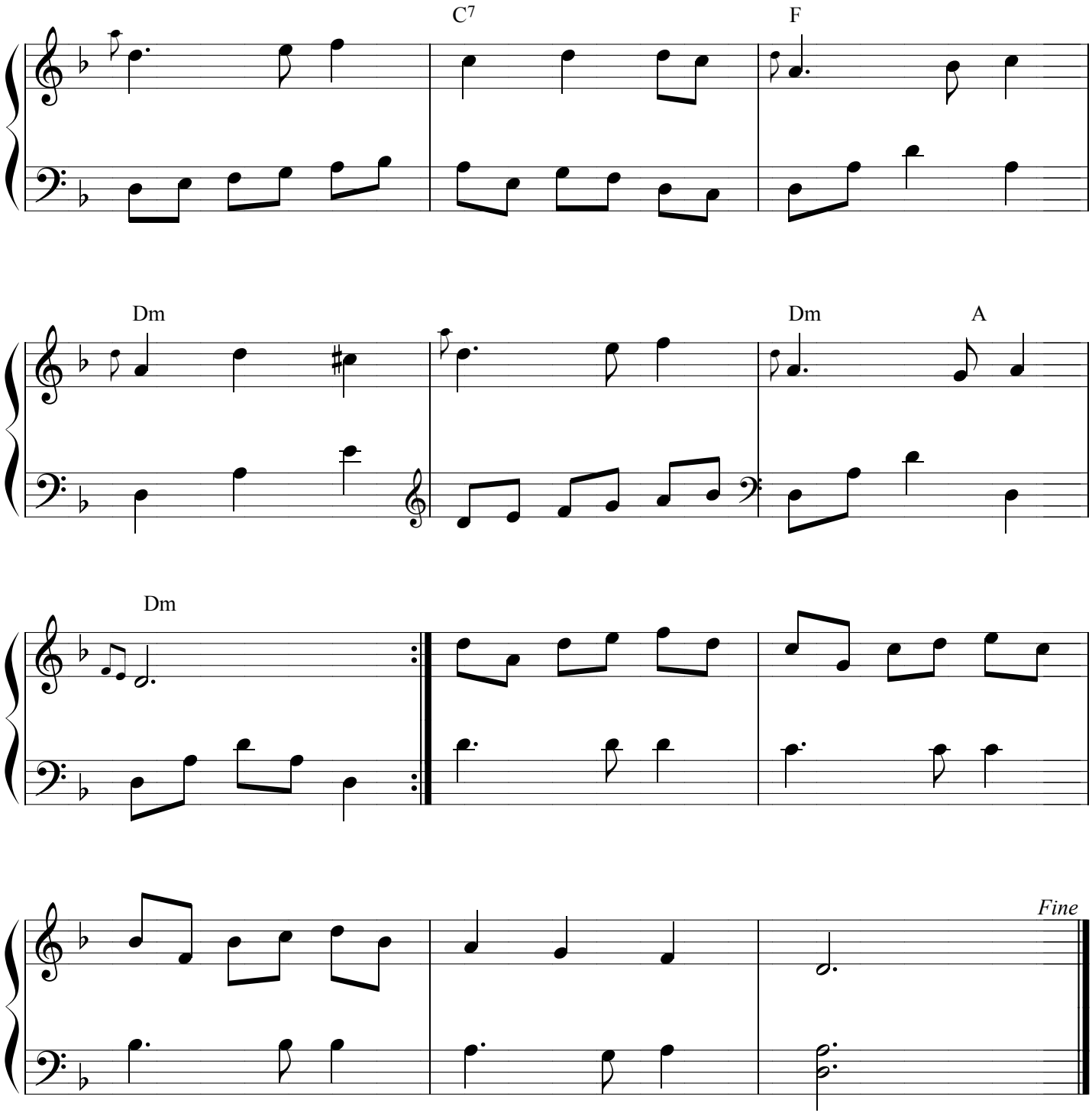
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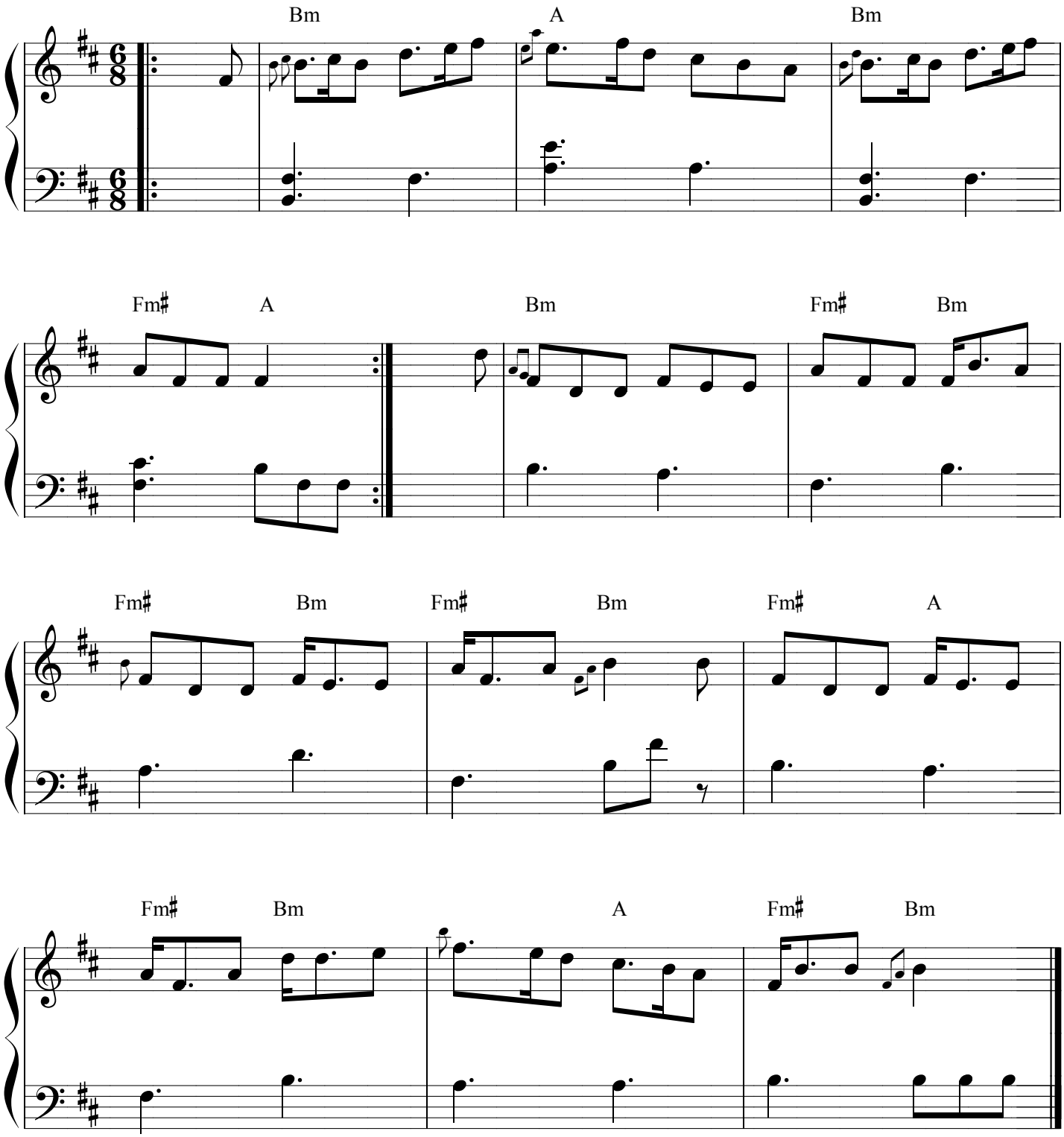
Wandering Willie

Here awa' there awa', Wandering willie,	(away)
Here awa' there awa', haud awa' hame;	(hold, home)
Come to my bosome, my ain only dearie,	(one)
O tell me thou brings't me my Willie the same.	
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin,	(cold)
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:	(eye)
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie,	(summer)
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.	
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,	
How your dread howling a lover alarms!	
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently ye billows,	(waken)
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.	(once more)
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,	(not)
Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main:	
May I never see it, may I never trow it,	(pledge)
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.	(own)

What Can a Young Lassi Do Wi' an Auld Man?



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What can a Young Lassi do wi' an Auld man?

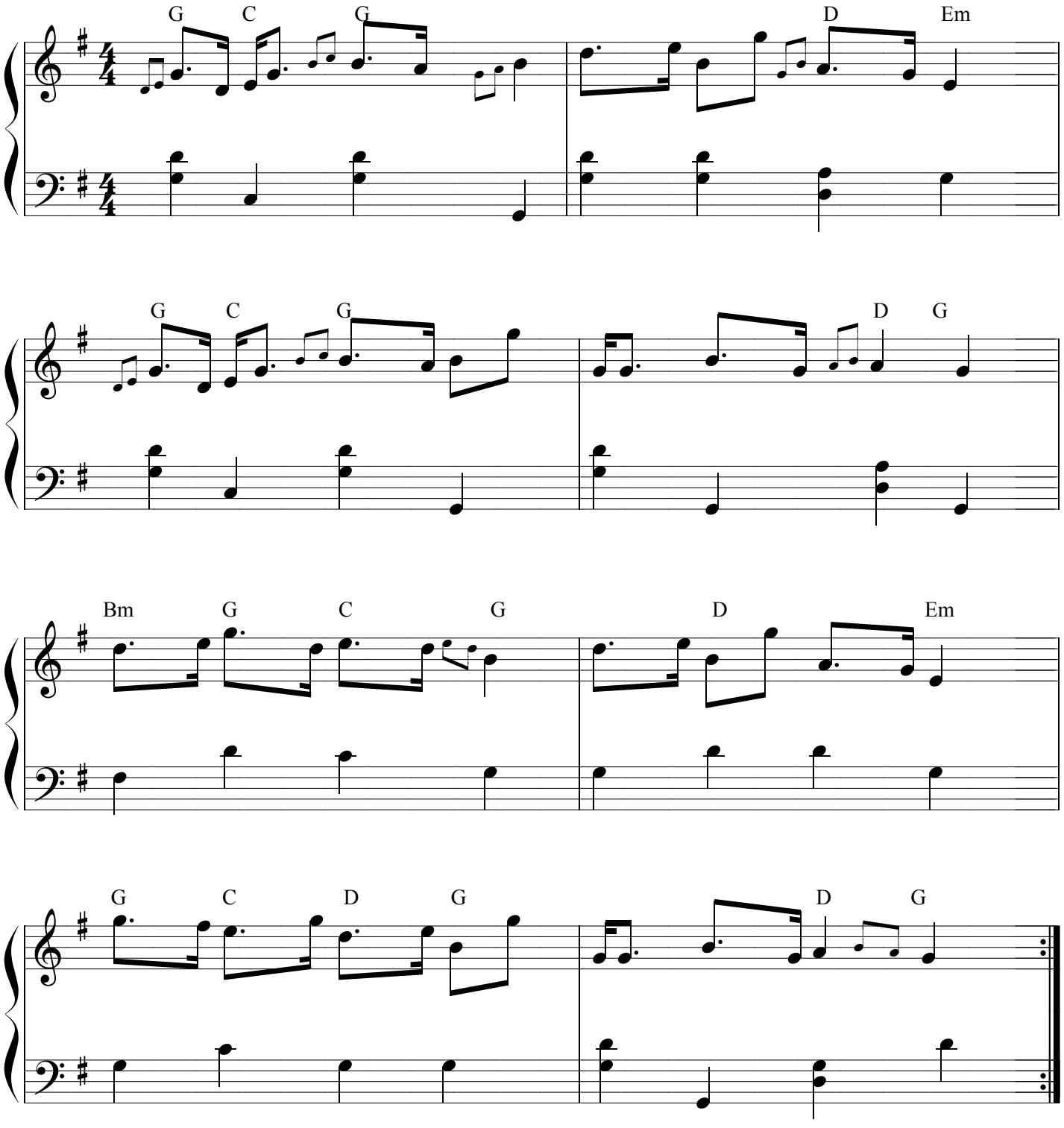
Chorus:
What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man? (old)
Bad luck to the penny that tempted my minnie (mother)
To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan';
Bad luck to the penny that tempted my
Minnie to sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan'. (poor, money and land)

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin, (complaining, from, evening)
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang: (coughs, limps)
He's doylt and he's dozin, his blude its is frozen, (worn-out, dull, blood)
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
Chorus

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers, (fretful, peevish, crabbit)
I never can please him do a' that I can;
He's peevish and healous o' a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man! (sorrow)
Chorus

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do her endeavour to follow her plan:
I'll cross him an' wrack him, until I heartbreak him
And then his auld brass will buy me anew pan! (old money)

Whistle O'er The Lave O't



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Whistle o'er the Lave o't

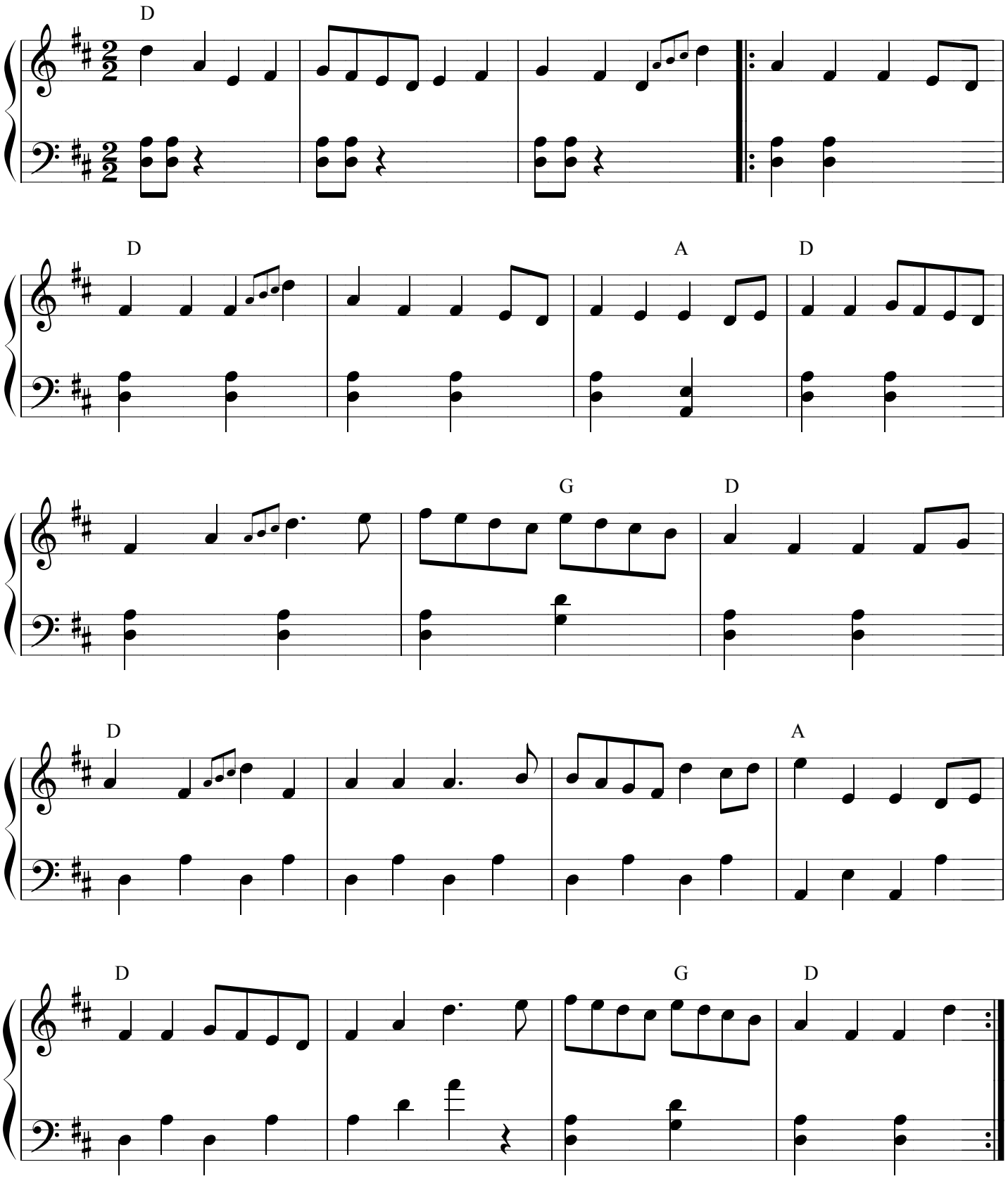
First when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought was in her air;
Now we're married spier nae mair, (inquire no more)
But whistle o'er the lave o't! (the others)

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child
Wiser men that me's beguil'd;
Sae whiste o'er the lave o't!

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree, (agree)
I care na by how few may see (not)
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

Wha I wish were maggot's meat, (who)
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write But Meg wad see't (would)
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

The White Cockade



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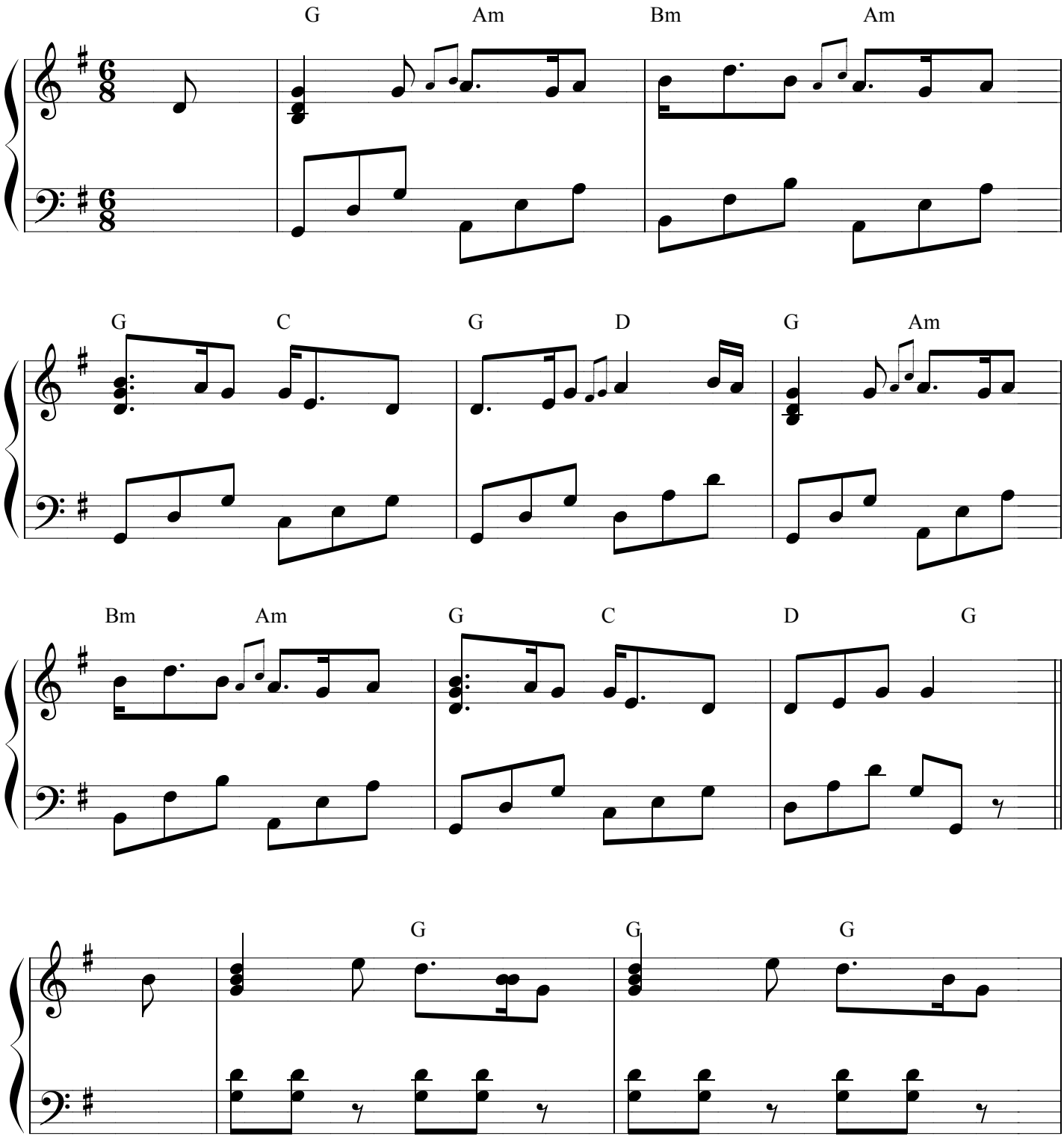
The White Cockade

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The boniest lad that e'er was seen,
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, (full)
He takes the field wi' his White Cockade.

Chorus:
O, he's a ranting, roving lad,
He is a brisk an' a bonie lad;
Betide whaty may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

I'll sell my rok, my reel, my tow, (flaxing gear, fibre)
My guid gray mare and hawkit cow; (good, spotted_
To buy mysel a tartan plaid, (full body kilt)
To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

Ye Banks and Braes



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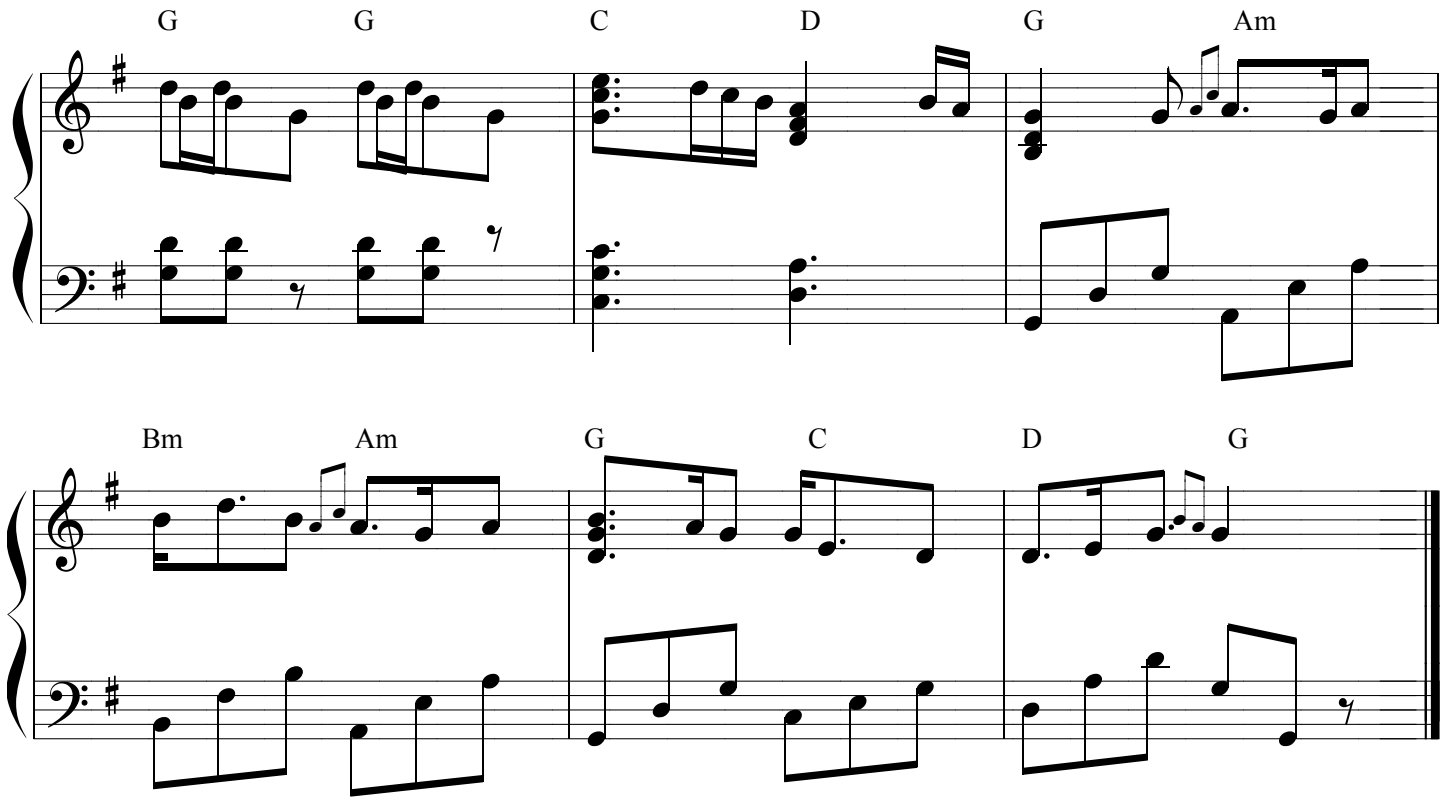

(Tune: The Caledonian Hunt's Delight)

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, (slopes)
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; (so)
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn!
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon (often have)
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve, (every)
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, (plucked)
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause luver staw my rose (stole)
But ah! He left the thorn wi' me.

Song Notes

1. Ae Fond Kiss - ** This tune is also called "*Rory Dall's Port*," which was first printed in 1792. This song characterizes the relationship Burns had with Mrs MacLehose. She was separated from her husband and then sailed to Jamaica. Her husband refused to give up his mistress and go with her, so in her dismay came back home. She outlives Burns and writes of him in her journal: "Oh may we meet in heaven!"

2. A Man's a Man for a' That - ** This tune was published anonymously in The Glasgow Magazine in 1795, with the original title called "*For a' That and a' That*". Later another fifth verse was added:

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that:
Gie fools their silk and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a ' that and a' that,
their tinsel shew and a' that;
An honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is Chief o' men for a' that.

While there is no mention that the song was published under his name it is certain to have caused some problems, since Burns' was employed by the Excise. His superiors never took any action against him, but Burns feared there might be imprisonment because of the debt he owed for his Dumfries Volunteers uniform. The many variant texts are ample proof that Burns considered this one of his best songs. In the introduction to Marshak's *Robert Burns in Translation*, Moscow 1957: "He was able to describe the finest and most truly human feelings and experiences of the simple people...not as a critic, but as a brother and friend".

3. A Rosebud By My Early Walk - ** This song was first published in 1788. The "rosebud" of this song was Miss Janet or Jeany Cruickshank, the daughter of Mr. William Cruickshank, who was the classics teacher at Edinburgh High School. Burns describes Jeany as his "dear little Jeany", and "sweet little rose-bud.

4. Auld Lang Syne - ** This tune is also called "*Can Ye Labour Lea*", first published in 1796. When it was printed after Burns died, it was signed with a "Z", to indicated he had altered the words. Burns tells Mrs. Dunlop that he took the words down from an old man singing this song. Ironically, as the poet's best known song, it was not published in his lifetime.

5. Bonnie Jean - ** This song is also called "*There was a Lass*," first printed in 1800. The heroine of this song is Jean McMurdoch. *** This was already an old song before Burns' time. The tune of Bonnie Jean appears in the Craig's Collection of Old Scottish

Airs from 1730. Burns' says of Jean, "that I not painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager."

6. Comin' Thro' the Rye - * This tune "The Miller's Wedding" was first printed in 1796. Burns reworked the lyrics. ** It is taken from a folk song in Thomas Mansfield's collection begun in 1770. A more crude version exists in the *"Merry Muses*."

7. Corn Rigs are Bonnie - ** This song is also called *"The Rigs o Barley"* or "It Was Upon a Lammas Night", first printed in 1786. This love song refers to John Rankine's daughter, Annie.
*** The tune Corn Rigs is mentioned in Playfords' Choice Airs of 1631 as a "northern song". Corn rigs refers to a strip of land planted with corn.

8.Flow Gently Sweet Afton - ** This song is also known as "*Afton Water*" first printed in 1792. In a letter dated 1789 to Mrs Dunlop, Burns remarks: "There is a small river, Afton that falls into the Nith, near New Cumnock, which has some charming, wild romantic scenery on its banks. The spot which Burns refers appears to be Glen Afton, near New Cumnock. *** Burns' was a bit embarrassed with gratitude towards Mrs. Stewart of Acton in Ayrshire, who was the first person of a "high station" to recognize his poetic gift. The song (from 1786) was dedicated to Mrs. Stewart, but more likely for his beloved "Highland Mary".

9. Green Grow the Rashes O - * This tune has been a popular one since the early part of the seventeenth century. Included in Volume I of the Scots Musical Museum (1787), it is one of the first of Burn's songs to appear with music. ** The first printing of this song is in 1787. This song is a fine example of the poet's early skill, developed by his tutor, John Murdoch, in writing out lines of poetry from his own prose. Burn's states: "I shall set down the following fragment which, as it is the genuine language of my heart, will enable any body to determine which of the classes I belong to".

10. Hey Ca' Thro' - * The lyrics name four fishing villages on the south coast of Fife. Burns passed through the area near the end of his 600 mile Highland Tour of 1787. Whether he collected the verses of created them is not known. The melody is typical Scottish Border small-pipes tune; the use of 9/8 time is very characteristic. Burns sent this song to James Johnson for inclusion in The Scots Musical Museum. It had not appeared in any other collection previously.

11. Highland Lad my Love was Born - *** This song appears in Thomson's Scottish Song of 1818. They were written to the air of "O! And Ye were Deid, Guidman" and were also used in the cantata, "The Jolly Beggars" in 1785.

12. I Hae a Wife O' My Ain - *** This song was written for Burns' bride, Bonnie Jean in 1788.

13. I'm Owre Young to Marry Yet - ** This tune was first printed in 1788. It is a traditional song reworked by Burns. He kept the original chorus and added new verses. The lyric plays on the subjects of virginity with the promise that some summer, the young lass will let her suitor have his way. The female voices of these songs are constantly frank and honest about their sexual desires.

14. John Anderson, My Jo - * Robert D. Thornton (1966) commented: the phrase "John Anderson, my Jo" begins a sixteenth century song and the tune is in the Skene MS of 1630. The Merry Muses of Caledonia contains the bawdy version, which was the beginning for Burn's song.

15. My Heart's in the Highlands - ** This tune is also called "Failte na Miosg" and was first printed in 1790. The chorus of this song is taken from a broadside called "*The Strong Walls of Derry*", which narrates the forlorn love of a Highlander emigrating to Ireland to find his true love has married another. The remainder of the lyrics are by Burns.

16. My Love is Like a Red Red Rose - *** The original song may have been written by a Lieutenant Hinches. Burns introduced parts of another type of "farewell" song into this piece. Although the poem was sung to the air "*Major Graham*" and later to "*Queen Mary's Lament*", it is nowadays closer to the version of "*Low Down in the Broom*".

17. My Tocher's The Jewel - * In an interleaved copy of *The Scots Musical Museum,* Burns wrote: "This tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow. It is notoriously taken from "The Muckin o' Georgie's byre." It is also to be found, long prior to Nathaniel Gow's aera, in Aird's *Selection of Airs and Marches,* the first edition, under the name of "*The Highway to Edinburgh*." Burns has drawn freely upon a variety of folk phrases and verses, molding this kind of material to the needs of the melody. ** This is another example of the skeptical, tough-minded women's voices in these songs. *** This song examines the greedy side of human nature with some bitter sweet humor.

18. My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing - * In November 1792, the lyrics were sent to George Thomson. ** They were written for Thomson's *Select Collection,* but the editor meddled with the lyrics and eventually printed a version in 1824 with only a few lines from Burns. Burns states" I made extempore...I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink" (Letter 514)

19. O Lassie Art Ye Sleepin' Yet? - **** This song is also known as "O Let Me in This Ae Nicht".The air is a very old song and appeared in a virginal book where it is called "The Newe Gowne Made". This was re-written and has a fourth verse added by Burns.

20. O' This Is No My Ain Lassie - ** The original tune for this song is *"This is No My Ain House"*, printed in 1799. This song was sent to Thomson in 1795. Burns had known the melody for a few years and planned to write lyrics for it.

21. O Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut - ** This song was first printed in 1790. The music to this drinking song by Allan Masterton one of the poet's Edinburgh friends, who with Burns is alluded to in the first stanza. The brewer of this song, Willie, is William Nicol, the Latin teacher at Edinburgh High School. The song celebrated an evening with three friends.

22. Scots Wha Hae - This song is regarded as the Scottish National Anthem. Burns was inspired to write these verses in 1793 about the battle and victory of Bannockburn., where Robert the Bruce defeated King Edward II of England, and the bravery of William Wallace**.** The tune "Hey Tutti Tutti" was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn**.**

23. She's Fair and Fause - ** The original title of this song was called "*The Lads of Leith*". This song was written about Alexander Cunningham's mistress Anna, who jilted him. The song was re-written by Burns

24. The Deil's Awa' wi' the Exciseman - * This tune appeared in Playford's Dancing Master (1651) entitled "The London Gentlewoman" or "The Hemp-dresser." The words reflect Burn's own experience with the job of Exciseman. The original lyrics were penned on a piece of excise paper, ruled on the back with red lines. Burns thought with this job that the exposure to all different kinds of people would help him with his poetry. ** It is also thought that this is an original work by Burns, as expressed through a letter to John Leven (letter 500).

25. There Was A Lad Was Born In Kyle - * The tune is a Scots classic, the lyrics a self portrait. On his manuscript, against "Janwar' win", Burns wrote, "the date of my Bardship's vital existence." This tune is also known as "Dainty Davie."

26. To Dauton Me - * The tune appears in the Atkinson MS (1694) and in many collections thereafter. The lyrics are based on an old Jacobite song. In making his new lyrics about the timeless theme of the young girl versus the old rich man, Burns noted on his manuscript for Johnson: "The chorus is set to the first part of the tune, which just suits it, when once played or sung over."

27. To The Weaver's Gin Ye Go - ** Burn's states: "The chorus of this song is old, the rest of it is mine. Here, once for all, let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work (*The Scots Musical Museum*). Many beautiful airs wanted words; in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together anything near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent" *Interleaved Museum*

28. Wandering Willie - * This tune appeared in many collections available to Burns, including the first volume of *The Scots Musical Museum* (1787). Burns sent his own lyrics to the editor in 1793, who made changes in them. Burns was able to restore some of his original phrases in the version he later sent to Miss Graham of Fintry.

29. What Can a Young Lassi Do Wi' an Auld Man? - * Burns chose the melody for this song from his favorite collection: *Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion* (1754). Though the theme of the verses is highly traditional, the actual words are an original Burns creation.

30. Whistle o'er the Lave o' t - ** This song was first printed in 1790. The lyrics were re-written by Burn from an old bawdy song from the David Herd collection (1796).

31. The White Cockade - ** This song was first printed in 1790. This song is a reworked version of a song in the David Herd collection called *"The Ranting Roving Lad*." The white rose (cockade) is the flower and emblem of the Jacobites.

32. Ye Banks and Braes - ** The title to this song is also called "*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*", which was first printed in 1792. The other version of this song is called "*Ye Flowery Banks o' Bonie Doon*" set to different lyrics(also called Cambdelmore)

Resources:

* The Robert Burns Song Book Volume I by Serge Hovey'
** The Canongate Burns book, The Complete Poems and Songs of Robert Burns edited by Andrew Noble and Patrick Scott Hogg
*** The Scottish Songs of Robert Burns by John Loesberg
**** Traditional Folksongs & Ballads of Scotland by John Loesberg