

21

**MY LUVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE**

My luve is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
My luve is like a melodie,  
That's sweetly played in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I,  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun  
And I will luve thee still, my dear  
While the sands o' life shall run.  
And fare-thee-weel, my only luve,  
And fare-thee-weel, a while!  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

22

**THE BONNIE WEE THING**

CHORUS

*Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel it should tine.*

Wishfully I look and langulsh  
In that bonnie face o' thine,  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,  
In ae constellation shine;  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

THE  
TOAST IS

AS PROPOSED  
BY

Robert Burns and endorsed with  
Sincerity today by the

Scottish Daily Express

23

**COMIN' THRO' THE RYE**

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

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the toun,  
Gin a body greet a body,  
Need a body froun?  
Ilka lassie has her laddie,  
Nane, they say, ha'e il  
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
When comin' thro' the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e mysel',  
But whaur his hame or what his name  
I dinna care to tell.  
Ilka lassie has her laddie,  
Nane, they say, ha'e il  
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,  
And what the waur am I?

24

**AULD LANG SYNE**

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

CHORUS

*For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.*

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

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit  
Sin auld lang syne.

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

And there's a hand my trusty fere!  
And gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught  
For auld lang syne.



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# a star that grows brighter

Among the 300 and odd songs which Robert Burns wrote (apart from his poems) during his brief sojourn of 37 years on earth, many have won an enviable immortality. Here, in the *Scottish Daily Express* selection are most of the favourites. They will never die. The tenderness of youthful love, the pathos of the rural hearthstone, the sweetness and beauty of Ayrshire's countryside, the kindly sympathy of couthie 'neebors' and the boisterous humour of peasant life are all enshrined in these exquisite creations of a genius of minstrelsy. One feels good when reading them but better when singing them, wedded as they are, to lovely melodies. Some of them Burns wrote for those happy gatherings called *kirns* (harvest time) and *rockins* (spinning wheel parties) when the lads and lasses foregathered for a sing-song evening. The rollocking *Duncan Gray* is a real community song. When the soloist cheerily sings 'Duncan Gray cam' here to woo', the audience in unison ought to respond with 'Hal Hal the woolin' o't'. That is what Burns wrote it for and how happy we all become when we do it. If one carefully reads through this little song book the whole gamut of human emotion will be found. Love at its sweetest (*of a' the Airts*), love at its saddest moment (*Ye Banks and Braes*), love undying through the years (*John Anderson my Jo*), and love beyond realisation (*Ae Fond Kiss*). The martial fervour of *Scots Wha Hae* is proof that Burns was a fighter as well as a lover. He knew the human heart through and through and to sing his songs, our precious heritage, is to cleanse our souls and inspire us with courage.

## selected songs of Robert Burns

### 1 RANTIN ROBIN

There was a lad was born in Kyle,  
But whatna day o' whatna style,  
I doubt it's hardly worth the while  
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

#### CHORUS

*Robin was a rovin boy,  
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,  
Robin was a rovin boy,  
Rantin, rovin Robin!*

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five and twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'  
Blew hanel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo' scho' wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof;  
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma'  
But ay a heart aboon them a';  
He'll be a credit till us a';  
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

'But sure as three times three mak nine,  
I see by ilke score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin'  
So leeze me on thee, Robin'.

### 2

#### A MAN'S A MAN

Is there for honest poverty  
That hings 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, an' a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden gray, an' a' that?  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—

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,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and stares, an' a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
His ribband star, an' a' that,  
The man o' 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  
Gude faith, he maune fa' that!

For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their dignities, an' a' that,  
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth  
Are higher rank than 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.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brithers be for a' that.

### 3

#### AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae farewell, and then for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted—  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him  
While the star of hope she leaves him  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me.  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—  
Naething could resist my Nancy!  
But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love for ever.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss and then we sever!  
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

4

**SCOTS WHA HAE**

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed  
Or to Victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour  
See the front o' battle iour,  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains and slaverie.

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?—  
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and 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!

5

**CORN RIGS**

It was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonnie, O,  
Beneath the moon's unclouded light  
I held awa to Annie, O;  
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,  
Till, 'twaeen the late and early, O,  
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
To see me thro' the barley, O.

**CHORUS**

*Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
An' corn rigs are bonnie, O;  
I'll ne'er forget that happy night  
Amang the rigs wi' Annie, O.*

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
The moon was shining clearly, O;  
I set her down, wi' right good will,  
Amang the rigs o' barley, O;  
I kent her heart was a' my ain;  
I lov'd her most sincerely, O;  
I kiss'd her owre and owre again  
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.

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

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;  
I hae been merry, drinking, O;  
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;  
I hae been happy thinking, O;  
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
Tho' three times doubled fairly, O;  
That happy night was worth them a'  
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.

6

**GO FETCH TO ME**

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
And fill it in a silver tassie,  
That I may drink before I go  
A service to my bonnie lassie!  
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,  
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready,  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes deep and bloody,  
It's not the roar o' seas or shore  
Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry,  
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—  
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

7

**JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO**

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent;  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And mony a cantie day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither:  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
And hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

8

**A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK**

A rosebud by my early walk  
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
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 brast,  
Sae early in the morning.  
She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd  
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeannie fair,  
On trembling string or vocal air  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tents thy early morning!  
So thou, sweet Rosebud, young and  
gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

9

**MARY MORISON**

O Mary, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trust'd hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see,  
That make the miser's treasure poor,  
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure—  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd and said amang them a':—  
'Ye are na Mary Morison'.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his  
Whase only faut is loving thee  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

10

**GREEN GROW THE RASHES**

There's nought but care on ev'ry han'  
In every hour that passes, O;  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?

**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!*

The war'ly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them, O;  
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie, O!  
An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
The wisest man the warl' saw,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest works she classes, O;  
Her prentice han', she tried on man,  
An' then she made the lasses, O.

11

**LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE**

Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
And sweet is night in autumn mild,  
When roving thro' the garden gay,  
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:  
But woman, Nature's darling child—  
There all her charms she does  
compile

Even there her other works are foil'd  
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O' had she been a country maid,  
And I the happy country swain,  
Tho' selter'd in the lowest shed  
That ever rose on Scotia's plain!  
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain  
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,  
And nightfy to my bosom strain  
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slip'ery  
steep.

Where fame and honours lofty shine;  
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep  
Or downward seek the Indian mine;  
Give me the cot below the pine,  
To tend the flocks or till the soil,  
And ev'ry day have joys divine  
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

**WILLIE BREW'D**

O' Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan cam to prie;  
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night  
Ye wadna found in Christendie.

**CHORUS**

*We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
But just a drappie in our e'e:  
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met three merry boys,  
Threë merry boys I trow are we;  
And mony a night we've merry been,  
And mony may we hope to bel

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie:  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame  
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a weel

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
A cuckold coward loun is hel  
Wha last beside his chair shall fa'.  
He is the king amang us three.

**AFTON WATER**

Flow gently sweet Afton, amang thy  
green braes  
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 blackbirds in yon  
thorny dan,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy  
screaming forbear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering  
fair.

The crystal stream, Afton how, lovely  
it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary  
resides;

How wanton thy waters her snowy  
feet lave,  
As gathering sweet flowers, she stems  
thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy  
green braes.

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.

**BRAW, BRAW LADS**

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow Braes,  
They rove amang the blooming  
heather;  
But Yarrow Braes nor Etrick shaws  
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;  
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,  
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth  
That coft contentment, peace and  
pleasure;  
The bands and blis o' mutual love  
O' that the chiefest warld's treasure.

**OF A' THE AIRTS**

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best,  
Where wild-woods grow, and rivers  
row,

And mony a hill between,  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air;  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw or green,  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings  
But minds me o' my Jean.

**THE LEA-RIG**

When o'er the hill the e'ening star  
Tells buchtin time is near, my jo,  
And owsen frae the furrow's field  
Return sae dowf and weary, O,  
Down by the burn, where scented birks  
Wi dew are hangin' clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

At midnight hour in mirkest glen  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie, O!  
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo  
At noon the fisher takes the glen  
Adown the burn to steer, my jo;  
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,  
It maks my heart sae cheery, O  
To meet thee on the lea-rig.  
My ain kind dearie, O!

**CA' THE YOWES****CHORUS**

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,  
My bonnie dearie.*

Hark, the mavia e'ening sang  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang  
Then a faulding let us gang  
My bonnie dearie.

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

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,  
Thou'rt to love and Heav'n sae dear,  
Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart;  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.

**YE BANKS AND BRAES**

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
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 roved by bonnie Doon  
To see the rose and woodbine twine  
And ilka bird sang o' its Luvie  
And fondly sae did I o' mine:  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!  
And my fause luvie stole my rose—  
But ahl he left the thorn wi me.

**MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET**

My love, she's but a lassie yet,  
My love, she's but a lassie yet  
We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
She'll no be hauf sae saucy yet;

I rue the day I sought her, O  
I rue the day I sought her, O  
Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,  
But he may say he has bought her, O,  
*My love, etc.*

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;  
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;  
Gae seek for pleasure whar you will,  
But here I never miss'd it yet,  
We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't;  
We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't;  
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife;  
He could na preach for thinkin' o't.  
*My love, etc.*

**DUNCAN GRAY**

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
On blythe Yule-night when we were  
fou,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
Look'd asklent and unco skeith,  
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
Grat his e'en baith blear't and blin',  
Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and Chance are but a tide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Slighted love is sair to bide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,  
For a haughty hizzie die?  
She may gae to—France for mel  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Meg draw sich, as he grew hale,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings:  
And oh! her een they spak sic things!  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Duncan could na be her death,  
Swalling Pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse and canty baith,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.