

BURNS NIGHT



A COLLECTION OF POEMS AND SONGS WRITTEN
BY ROBERT BURNS
AND PERFORMED BY
STEWART McCHEYNE

1. LEEZIE LINDSAY

**Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye gang tae the highlands wi' me
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay
My bride and my darling tae be.**

**Tae gang tae the heilands wi' you sir,
Would bring the saut tear tae my e'e
Aye at leaving the green glens and woodlands
And streams o' my ain country**

**I'll show you the red deer a-roamin',
On mountains where waves the tall pine
And as far as the bound of the red deer,
Ilk moorland and mountain is mine**

**Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye gang tae the highlands wi' me
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay
My bride and my darling tae be.**

**A thousand claymores I can muster,
Ilk blade and its bearer the same
And when round their cheiftain they rally,
The gallant Argyll is my name.**

**Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye gang tae the highlands wi' me
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay
My bride and my darling tae be.**

**There's dancing and joy in the heilands,
There's piping and gladness and glee.
For Argyll has brought hame Leezie Lindsay,
His bride and his darlin' to be.**

**Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye gang tae the highlands wi' me
Will ye gang tae the highlands, Leezie Lindsay
My bride and my darling tae be.**

2. RANTIN ROVIN 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 hansel in on Robin.

Chorus.

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."

Chorus.

"He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a',
He'll be a credit till 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,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee! Robin."

Chorus.

"Guid faith," quo', scho, "I doubt you gar
The bonie lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur
So blessins on thee! Robin."

Chorus.

3. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

**My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever 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.**

**My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.**

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

**My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.**

4. TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO

**My heart was ance as blithe and free
As simmer days were lang;
But a bonie, westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.**

Chorus-

**To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weaver's gin ye go;
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weaver's gin ye go.**

**My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.**

Chorus.

**A bonie, westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.**

Chorus.

**I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and evey knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.**

Chorus.

**The moon was sinking in the west,
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.**

Chorus.

**But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's myself!**

Chorus.

5. CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

'Twas on a monday morning
Right early in the year
That Charlie came to our town
The young chevalier

Chorus -

O Charlie is my darling
My darling, my darling
Charlie is my darling
The young chevalier

As he was walking doon the street
The city for to view
O there he spied a bonie lass
The windae peekin' through

Chorus.

So light he jumped up the stairs
A tirl'd at the pin
And wha's sae ready but herself
To let the laddie in?

Chorus.

He set his Jenny on his knee
All in his highland dress
For brawly weel he kent the way
To please a highland lass

Chorus.

It's up yon heathery mountain
And down yon scroggie glen
We daur nae gang a-milking
For Charlie and all of his men...

Chorus.

6. YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

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 rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine:
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine;

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause Luver staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

7. 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 thou, my bonie 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' 'twere ten thousand mile!

8. YE JACOBITES BY NAME

**Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, your faults I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame,
You shall hear, you shall hear
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear**

**What is Right, and What is Wrong, by the law, by the law?
What is Right and what is Wrong by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrong?
A short sword, and a lang
A weak arm and a strang, for to draw, for to draw
A weak arm and a strang, for to draw**

**Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, your faults I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame,
You shall hear, you shall hear
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear**

**What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife
Or haunt a Parent's life, wi' bloody war? Bluidy war
Or haunt a Parent's life, wi' bloody war?**

**Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, your faults I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame,
You shall hear, you shall hear
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear**

**Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state
I let your schemes alone in the state
I let your schemes alone
Adore the rising sun
And leave a man alone, to his fate, to his fate
And leave a man alone, to his fate**

**Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, lend an ear
Ye Jacobites by name, your faults I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame,
You shall hear, you shall hear
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear**

9. KILLIECRANKIE

**Whaur hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whaur hae ye been sae brankie-o?
Whaur hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Come 'ye by Killiecrankie-o?**

**An' ye had been whaur I hae been
Ye wadna been sae cantie-o
An' ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o**

**I fought at land, I fought at sea
At hame I fought my auntie-o
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o**

**An' ye had been whaur I hae been
Ye wadna been sae cantie-o
An' ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o**

**The bauld pit cur fell in a furr
And Clavers gat a crankie-o
Or I had fed an Athol gled
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o**

**Oh fie, MacKay, What gart ye lie
I' the brush ayont the brankie-o?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's lofe
Than come tae Killiecrankie-o**

**An' ye had been whaur I hae been
Ye wadna been sae cantie-o
An' ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o**

**It's nae shame, it's nae shame
It's nae shame to shank ye-o
There's sour slaes on Athol braes
And the de'ils at Killiecrankie-o**

**An' ye had been whaur I hae been
Ye wadna been sae cantie-o
An' ye had seen what I hae seen
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o**

10. GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry 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, O, 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.

Chorus.

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!

Chorus.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
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,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Chorus.

11. AE FOND KISS

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

**Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful 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.**

**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.**

**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 fareweel alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.**

12. 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 lour;
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,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Let him on wi' 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!**

13. THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN

The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man."

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

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

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance ere came to the land
Was-the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

14. THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR

O, cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,
Or did the battle see, man?'
I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh;
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man

Chorus -

Hey dum a-hidder dum a hey dum dan
Hey dum a-hidder um hey dan
Hey dum a-hidder dum a hey dum dan day
Hey dum hidder dum hey dan!

The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
To meet them were na slaw, man
They rush'd and push'd and bluid outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man!
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

Chorus.

But had ye seen the philibegs
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs
And Covenant trueblues, man!
In lines extended lang and large,
When baig'nets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd tae the charge,
Wi' Hieland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath
They fled like frightened dows, man

Chorus.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man!
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
But monie bade the world guid-night:
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
How Tories fell, and Whigs to Hell
Flew off in frightened bands, man

Chorus.

15. A MAN'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT

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 though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A Man's a Man for a' that:

For a' that, and 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, an' 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 abon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna 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 coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

16. AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And 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.

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.

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,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' 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 paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' 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.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For 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.

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



Stewart McCheyne is a Scottish actor and musician based in Tunbridge Wells. He trained at Rose Bruford College and has performed all over the country in plays, musicals, pantomimes and as a voice over artist. Stewart is known for playing “Mac” the keyboard playing inventor in the hit children’s TV rock band *Andy and the Odd Socks*. They regularly perform throughout the UK at large festivals and concerts, as well as starring in their own CBBC TV series *Andy and the Band*.

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“Lang May Yer Lum Reek”