

Robert Burns Songs

Rattlin Roarin Wullie,

O..o Rattlin, roarin Wullie o he held tae
the fair

For tae sell his fiddle an buy some
other ware.

But pairtin wi his fiddle, the saut tears
blint his ee

Rattlin, roarin Wullie, yer welcome
hame tae me.

*O..o Wullie come sell yer fiddle, come
sell yer fiddle sae fine,*

*Wullie come sell yer fiddle an buy a
pint o wine.*

*If I should sell my fiddle, the world
would think I was mad!*

*Mony's the rantin day.. my fiddle an I
hiv had.*

A..as I come by Crocallan, I cannily
keekit in,

Rattlin, roarin Wullie wis sittin at yon
boardin,

Sittin at yon boardin amang guid
company,

Rattlin, roarin Wullie, yer welcome
hame tae me.

*O..o Wullie come sell yer fiddle come
sell yer fiddle sae fine,*

*Wullie come sell yer fiddle an buy a
pint o wine.*

*If I should sell my fiddle the world
would think I wis mad!*

*Mony's the rantin day my fiddle an I
hiv had.*

Kissing my Kate

O Merry hae I been teethin' a heckle,

An' merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;

O merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,

An' kissin' my Katie when a' was done.

O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,

An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;

O a' the lang night I cuddle my

kimmer,

An' a' the lang night as happy's a king

Bitter n idol I lickit my winnins

O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:

Blest be the hour she cool'd in her
linens,

And blythe be the bird that sings on
her grave!

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie;

O come to my arms and kiss me

again!

Drunken or sober, here's to thee,

Katie!

An' blest be the day I did it again.

Robin Shure in Hairst,

Robin shure in hairst I shure wi him

Feint a heuk had I, yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse, tae warp a wab o
plaiden

At his Daddy's yetts, wha met me but
Robin!

Robin shure in hairst I shure wi him

Feint a heuk had I yet I stack by him.

Was na Robin bold, though he was a
cotter?

Play'd me sic a trick, an me the el'er's
dochter!

Robin shure in hairst I shure wi him

Feint a heuk had I yet I stack by him.

Robin promised me a' ma winter's
vittle

Fient haet he but three goose feathers
and a whittle!

Robin shure in hairst I shure wi him

Feint a heuk had I yet I stack by him.

The Gallant Weaver

Where cart rins rowin tae the sea,

By mony's the flow'r an spreadin tree,

There lives a lad, the lad for me,

He is a gallant weaver.

Chorus

O I had woers aught or nine,

They gied me rings an ribbons fine.

An I wis feart my hert wid tine,

An I gied it tae the weaver.

My Daddie signed ma tocher-band,

Tae gie the lad that has the land.

But tae ma hert I'll add ma hand,

An gie it tae the weaver.

Chorus

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,

While bees delight in openin flow'rs,

While corn grows green in simmer

showers,

I loe ma gallant weaver.

Chorus