

GATHERER'S COLLECTION OF THE SONGS of ROBERT BURNS



SCOTS WHA HAE
AE FOND KISS
O SA THE YOWES
THE LEA RIG

AULD LANG SYNE
SILLER TASSIE
DUNCAN GRAY
COMIN THRO
THE RYE

ARRANGED FOR
PENNY WHISTLE

companion
books available

in this
book:

STAFF NOTATION
WHISTLE NOTATION

by *Nigel Gatherer*

ALL INSTRUMENTS
UKULELE
MANDOLIN

Published by **THE PIGPIPE PRESS** of Crieff
Perthshire



Ae Fond Kiss

B B Ḋ È G D E G
 È È Ġ È Ḋ A B Ḋ
 C È Ġ G G D E G
 B A B È Ḋ B A B

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.

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| D | E | F# | G | A | B | C | Ḋ |

G major

Ay Waukin O

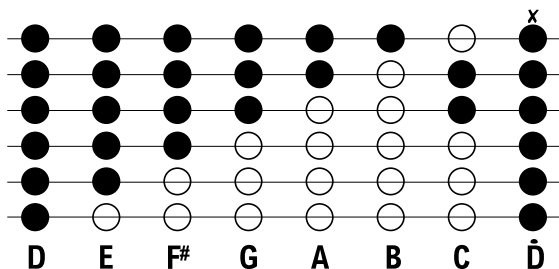
G̣ G̣ F#̣ É Ḍ Ḅ G̣ F#̣ É G̣ Â Ḍ

Ḍ G̣ G̣ F#̣ É Ḍ Ḅ Ḍ Ḍ É Ḍ G̣ F#̣ É Ḍ

Ḍ Ḅ Ạ G̣ Ḅ G̣ Ḍ C̣ Ḅ G̣

Ḍ C̣ Ḅ C̣ Ạ G̣ Ḍ É Ḍ G̣ F#̣

É Ḍ Ḍ Ḅ Ạ G̣



G major

Ca' the Yowes

D E A G E G E D E C
 B C D E A A G G C
 E D E G A A

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

D E G A B C D̄

A minor

Comin' Thro' the Rye

D D D B A G A B D D E D G

D D D B A G A B D D E D G

D B G B A G A B D B G B D E

G D B C A B G A B D D E D G

Gin a body meet a body, comin thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry?
 Ilka lassie has a laddie, nane, they say, hae I;
 But a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.

D E F# G A B C D

G major

Duncan Gray



D G F# G A B F# G A C B G G



D G F# G A B F# G A C B G G

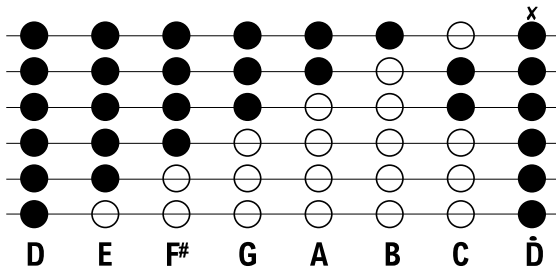


B Ḋ Ḋ C B C C C C B A G F E D



Ḋ B C A B G A G A C B G G

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' heigh, look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh; ha, ha, the wooing o't.



D E F# G A B C Ḋ

G major

Highland Widow's Lament

C C C B B B A A G
 È È Ì Ì È Ò À Ò
 Ò Ò À È Ì C Ì È È
 C C G G A C G A G

Oh I am come to the low Countrie,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Without a penny in my purse,
 To buy a meal to me.

D E G A B C Ì

The Lea Rig



F# E F# A A B D E D F# E F# G F# E D F# B B



F# E F# A A B D E D D C# B A B C# D A F# D D

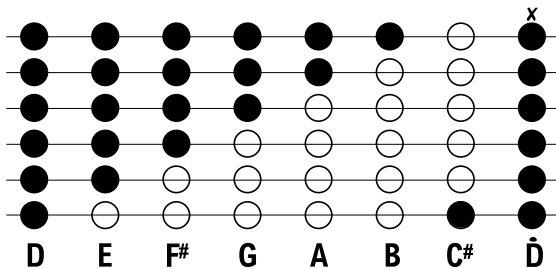


A B A B C# D F# G F# G A B D E F# G F# E D F# B B



F# E F# A A B D E D D C# B A B C# D A F# D D

When o'er the hill the eastern star tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field return sae dowf and weary O;
 Down by the burn, where birken buds wi' dew are hangin clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, my ain kind dearie O.



D major

NB: To play along with the ukulele, mandolin or general books, play the above on a C whistle.

A Man's a Man

D G A G D E G A C B A G D E E

D G A G D E G A C B A G E D D

C B C D B C B A C B C D D E E

C B C D B E A A C B A G E D D

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.

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| D | E | F# | G | A | B | C | D |

G major

My Love is Like a Red, Red, Rose



Đ B G G A B Ĝ F# Ę Đ Ę Đ Ę Ĝ Ā



Ĝ Đ B G G A B Ĝ F# Ę Đ Ę Đ Ę F# Ĝ

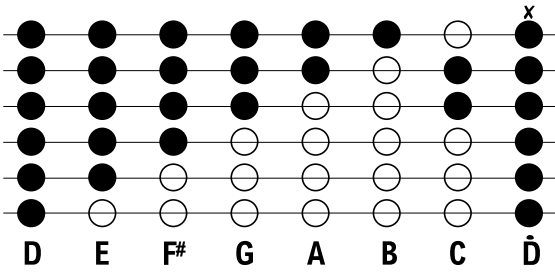


D G B A G Ę Ĝ Đ B Đ Đ C B B A



Đ C B Đ B G Ę Ĝ Đ B Đ Đ Ę F# Ĝ

O, my love is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June;
 O, my love is like the melody that's sweetly played in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so deep in love am I;
 And I will love thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry.



G major

Scots Wha Hae

D D D E D E G E E E D E F# G A

B B A G G A B G E E D D

B B B A B C D A A A G A B C

D B A G G A B G E E D D

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has often 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.

D E F# G A B C D

G major

The Siller Tassie



Đ G B Đ E D E G A B C B A G E D G B A



Đ G B Đ E D E G G A B G



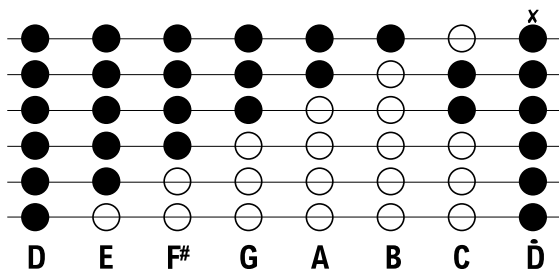
C B A G E D E G G B A G E Đ B



A B G B Đ G A D B A G B A



G E Đ B Đ A B G C B A G E D E G

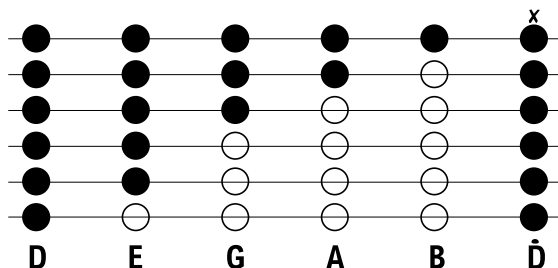


G major

Auld Lang Syne



Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of 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.



G pentatonic

