

Burns Medley

Ye Banks and Braes

G D7 G D7 G Emin C D7

Ye banks & braes o' Bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh & fair'. How
Oft have I rov-ed by Bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood bine twine; And

10 G D7 G D7 G Emin C G

can ye chant, ye, lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' - o' care!
il ka bird sang o' its love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine.

G C G C G Emin C D7 G

Ye'll break my heart, Ye warb - ling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flow'r - ing thorn; Ye mindst me
Wi' light - some heart, I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thor - ny tree; And my fause

27 D7 G D7 G Emin C 1. 2.

of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re - turn, me.
lov - er stole my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi'

Comin' Thro' The Rye

37 **G** **D7** **G** **D7** **G**

Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Com - in' thro' the rye;
 Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Com - in' frae' the toon,
 Amang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel',

41 **G** **D7** **G** **D7** **G**

Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry?
 Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy froom?
 But what's his name, or what's his hame, I din - na care to tell.

45 **G** **D7** **G** **C**

Ilk - a las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, ha'e' - I; Yet

49 **G** **D7** **G** **D7** **G** **D7** **G** 3x

a' the lads they smile at me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

My Love is Like A Red Red Rose

53 **A** **Bm⁷** **E**

My love is like a red, red rose that's new - ly sprung in June, My
 A' the seas gang dry, my dear, & the rocks meet with the sun, And

55 **A** **Bm⁷** **E** **A**

love is like a mel - o - dy that's sweet - ly played in tune. As
 I will love thee still, my dear, while the sands of life shall run. But

57 **A** **D** **A** **E** **E⁷**

fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I And
 fare thee well my on - ly love! oh fare thee well a - while! And

59 **A** **D** **A** **E** **F#m**

I will love thee still, my dear till a' the seas gang dry; Till
 I will come a - gain, my love, tho' 'twere ten thous - and miles, Tho'

61 **A** **Bm⁷** **E**

a' the seas gan dry, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry
'twere ten thous - and miles, my love, tho' 'twere ten thous - and miles, And__
And__

63 **A** **Bm⁷** **E⁷** **A**

I will love thee still my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thous - and miles.

1.

65 **Bm⁷** **E⁷** **A**

a' the seas gang dry.
'twere ten thous - and miles.

2.