

KELLYBURN-BRAES.

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburn-braes,

Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme !

And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,

And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,

Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme !

He met wi' the d-v-l, says, how do ye fen ?

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then strait he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,

Hey, &c.

Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand.

And, &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,

Hey, &c.

Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair.

And, &c.

I've got a bad wife, fir, that's a' my complaint;

Hey, &c.

For, saving your preference, to her ye're a faint.

And, &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,

Hey, &c.

But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have.

And, &c.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa',

Hey, &c.

O, help ! maffer, help ! or she'll ruin us a'.

And, &c.

The d-v-l he swore by the edge o' his knife,

Hey, &c.

He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife.

And, &c.

O, welcome most kindly ! the blythe carl said ;

Hey, &c.

But if you can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd.

And, &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,

Hey, &c.

And like a poor pedler he's carried his pack.

And, &c.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,

Hey, &c.

And to her auld husband he's carried her back ;

And, &c.

I ha'e been a d-v-l the feck o' my life,

Hey, &c.

But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife.

And, &c.

Kelly-burn Braes.

Violin

Moderate

There lived a Carl in Kelly-burn-braes, Hay, and the rue grows bonie wi'

6 7 6 4

thyme, And he had a wife was the plague of his days, And the thyme it is wither'd, and

5 3 5 6 4 4

rue is the prime, Ae day as the Carl gaed up the lang glen, Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'

5 6 4 6 8 b7 6 4

thyme; He met wi' the d.v.l, fays how do ye fen? And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

5 3 4 2 6 4 2