59. Kellyburn Braes

Allegretto

There liv'd__ a carle__ in Kel-ly-burn braes, Hey and the rue__ grows bon-ny wi' thyme, And

he had a wife was the plague o' his days, And the thyme it is wi-ther'd, and rue is in prime. A
day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, Hey and the rue grows bon-ny wi' thyme, He

Hey and the rue grows bon-ny wi' thyme.

met wi' the De- vil, says 'How do you fen?' And the thyme it is wi-there'd, and

And the thyme it is wi-ther'd, and

rue is in prime.

rue is in prime.
THERE LIV'D ANCE A CARLE IN KELLYBURN BRAES.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - KELLYBURN BRAES.

There liv'd a carle in Kellyburn Braes,
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' 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 carle gaed up the lang glen
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
He met wi' the Devil, says: - 'How do you fen?'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

O welcome most kindly!' the blythe carle said
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
'But if ye can match her ye're war' than ye're ca'd'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

He's carried her name to his ain hallan-door
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
Syne bade her gae in for a bitch and a whore
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The carlin gaed thro' them like onie wud bear
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
Wha'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
'O help, maister, help, or she'll ruin us a'!
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n, but in Hell
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
And to her auld husband he's carried her back
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life
(Hev and the rue grows bonny w' thyme),
But ne'er was in Hell till I met wi' a wife'
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).