

59. Kellyburn Braes

Koželuch
Unpublished

Allegretto

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

p

fz

5

Chorus Solo

There liv'd a carle in Kel - ly-burn braes, Hey and the rue grows bon - ny wi' thyme, And

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

9

Chorus Solo

he had a wife was the plague o' his days, And the thyme it is wi - ther'd, and rue is in prime. Ae

And the thyme it is wi - ther'd, and rue is in prime.

13

Chorus Solo

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.

17

Chorus

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

20

fz

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

'Ive got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme),
 'But if ye can match her ye're waur 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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 hame to his ain hallan-door
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' 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
 (Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme),t
 But ne'er was in Hell till I met wi' a wife'
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).