



Voices for the Future VIRTUAL CHOIR
A selection of well-known Burns Songs
arranged by Helen Hopekirk
from her set of *"70 Scottish Songs"*

Afton Water

Verse 1

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Verse 2

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of sweet winding rills;
There daily I wander as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

Verse 3

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Comin thro' the Rye

Verse 1

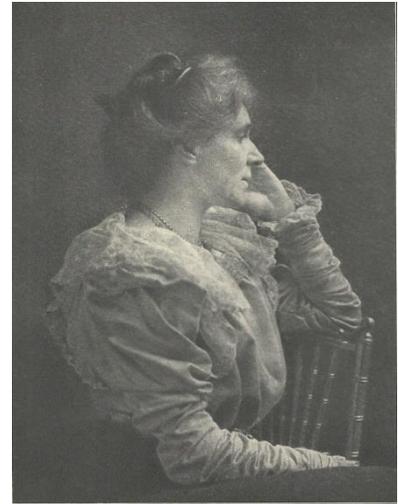
Gin a body meet a body, comin thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, Nane they say hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile to me, when comin thro' the rye

Verse 2

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, Nane they say hae I,
But a' the lads they smile on me, when comin thro' the rye

Verse 3

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the toun,
Gin a body greet a body, need a body gloom?
Ilka lassie has her laddie, Nane they say hae I;
But a' the lads they loe me weel, and what the waur am I?



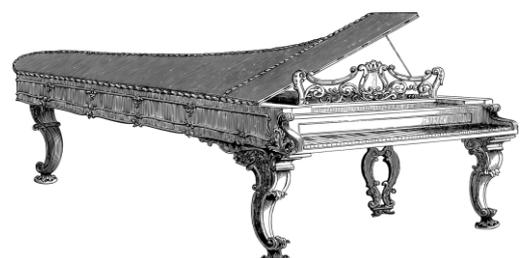
*Helen Hopekirk, c. 1895-1900.
Frontispiece to "70 Scottish
Songs" Oliver Ditson Co., 1905.
(photographer unknown)*

[Helen Hopekirk \(1856 – 1945\)](#)

Composer and Pianist

BORN Portobello, Edinburgh
DIED Cambridge, Massachusetts

The 2nd Clara Schumann
Find out more about her on [this link](#)





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John Anderson my jo, John

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
but blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo!

A Red, Red Rose

O my Luvè's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luvè is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I;
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
Oh I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luvè,
Though t'were ten thousand miles.

O my Luvè's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luvè is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.



Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)
Farmer, Tax Collector & Poet

BORN Alloway, Ayrshire
DIED Dumfries

The Scots Bard

Find out more about him on [this link](#)



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Ye banks and braes

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant ye little birds
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird
That wantons through the flowering thorn
Thou 'minds me o' departed joys
Departed never to return



Auld Lang Syne

Verse 1

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness now
For auld lang syne

Verse 2

And here's a hand, my trusty fere
And gie's a hand o' thine
We'll tak a richt gude willie waught
For auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness now
For auld lang syne

Verse 3

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp
And surely I'll be mine
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For the sake o' 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

Final Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

