

## **Ae Fond Kiss. (Key of E)**

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever  
Ae fare-weel, and then for ever  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee  
Waring sighs and groans I'll wage thee

Who will say that fortune grieves him  
While the star of hope she leaves him  
Me, ma cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
Dark despair around benights me

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy  
Nothing could resist my Nancy  
But to see her was to love her  
Love but her and love for ever

Had we never loved sae kindly  
Had we never loved sae blindly  
Never met, or never parted  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest  
Fair thee weel thou best and dearest  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure  
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure

Ae fond kiss and then we sever  
Ae fare-weel, and then for ever  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee  
Waring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

## Annie Laurie

Maxwellton braes are bonnie  
Where early fa's the dew  
And twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true  
Gave me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon and dee

Her brow is like the snowdrift  
Her throat is like a swan  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on  
That e'er the sun shone on  
And dark blue is her ee  
And for bonnie Annie Lawrie  
I'd lay me doon and dee

Like dew on the gowan lying  
Is the fa' o' her tiny feet  
And like winds in summer sighing  
Her voice is low and sweet  
Her voice is low and sweet  
She's a' the world tae me  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon and dee

# Auld Lang Syne

Should old acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind  
Should old acquaintance be forgot  
For the sake of old lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear  
For auld lang syne  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For the sake of old lang syne

So here's a hand my trusty friend  
And gee's a hand o' thine  
We'll take a right gid willie wach  
For the sake of old lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear  
For auld lang syne  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For the sake of old lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear  
For auld lang syne  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For the sake of old lang syne

## **Blue Bells of Scotland (Key of C)**

O'h where tell me where is your hieland laddie gone?  
O'h where tell me where is your hieland laddie gone?  
He's gone with streaming banners  
Where noble deeds are done  
And oh! In my heart I, wish him safe at hame

O'h where tell me where did yer hieland laddie dwell?  
O'h where tell me where did yer hieland laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in Bonnie Scotland,  
where blooms the sweet bluebell  
And oh! In my heart I lo'ed my laddie well.

Oh what tell me what should yer hieland lad be slain  
Oh what tell me what should yer hieland lad be slain  
Oh no! true love will be his guard  
and bring him home again  
For oh! My heart would break  
if my hieland lad be slain

O'h where tell me where did yer hieland laddie dwell?  
O'h where tell me where did yer hieland laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in Bonnie Scotland,  
where blooms the sweet bluebell  
And oh! In my heart I lo'ed my laddie well.

## Bonnie Bessie Logan

Bonnie Bessie Logan  
She's handsome young and fair  
And Oh, the very wind that blows  
It lingers in he-r hair  
She's lithesome, young and lovely  
As she comes ower the lee-e-e  
But Bonnie Bessie Logan  
Was ower young for me-e-e

Bonnie Bessie Logan  
The lads all lo'e her style  
And all come on afo-re her  
Tae win her lovin' smile  
I fain would be among them  
But och, that canna be-e-e  
For Bonnie Bessie Logan  
Was ower young for me-e-e

Bonnie Bessie Logan  
She stole my heart awa'  
And when I think up-o-n her  
The tears doon softly fa'  
For now I lie wie this ain  
Until the day I die-e-e  
For bonnie Bessie Logan  
Was ower young for me-e-e

Repeat verse 1

## Bonnie Lass O' Fyvie (Key of G)

There once was a troop O' Irish Dragoons,  
Cam' marchin doon through Fyvie o'  
and the Captain's fau'n in love wi' a very bonny lass,  
and her name it is cried pretty Peggy O'

### Chorus

There's monny a bonny lass in the Howe o' Auchterless,  
There's monny a bonny lass in the Geerie O'  
There's monny a bonny Jean in the streets O' Aberdeen,  
But the flower O' them a' bides in Fyvie O'

So come doon the stairs pretty Peggy my dear,  
Come doon the stairs pretty Peggy O'  
Come doon the stairs, bind up yer yella hair  
Tak' a last fareweel O' yer daddy O'

Then up cries the Corenel, mount boys mount,  
Tarry says our Captain, oh tarry O'  
Oh tarry for a while, for anither day or twa,  
Till I see if this bonny lass will marry O'

Twass in the early mornin' when we marched awa'  
Oh but our Captain was sorry O'  
The drums they did beat o'er the bonny braes o' Geat,  
and the pipes played the Lowlands o' Fivie o'

Noo lang ere we came tae Old Meldrum toon,  
We had our Captain to carry o'  
and lang ere we came tae bonny Aberdeen,  
We had our Captain to bury o'

Green grow the birks on bonny Eithenside,  
Low lie the lowlands o' Fyvie o'  
Our Captain's name was Ned, and he died for a maid,  
He died for the chumbermaid o' Fyvie O'

I never did intend a soldier's lady for tae be,  
I never will marry a soldier o'  
I never did intend tae gang tae a foreign land,  
and I never will marry a soldier o'

It's braw, o' it's braw a Captain's lady fur tae be.  
It's brawtae be a Captain's lady o'  
It's braw tae rant and rove and follow at his word,  
and ride when yer Captain he is ready o'

### *Chorus*

## **Broom O' the Cowden Knowes**

How Blyth was I each morn tae see My lass  
come o'er the hill  
She tripped the burn and ran tae me, I met her  
with good will

*Chorus:*

Aw, the Broom the bonnie, bonnie broom  
The Broom o' the Cowden knowes  
Fine wid I be in my ain country  
Herdin' my father's yowes

Hard fate that I should banish be, So early in the  
morn  
Because I lo'ed the fairest lass, That er and yet  
was born

*Chorus:*

Farewell ye Cowdenknowes, farewell, farewell  
all pleasures, there. To wander by her side  
again, is all I crave or care

*Chorus:*

# Caledonia

I don't know if you-can-see  
The changes that have come over me  
In these last few days I've been afraid,  
that I might drift awa-y  
I've been telling old stories  
Singing songs, that make me think  
About where-I- came-from, and that's the reason why I seem,  
so far aw-ay tod-ay

## Chorus

Let me tell you that I love you,  
And I think about you all the time  
Caledonia, you're calling me, And now I'm go-ing hom-e  
For-if I should become a stranger  
know that it would make me, more than sad  
Caledonia's been everything I've ever ha-d

I have moved and I've kept on moving  
Proved the points that I needed proving  
Lost the friends that I needed loosing  
Found others o-n the wa-y  
I have kissed the ladies, and left them crying  
stolen dreams, yes there's no denying  
I have traveled hard,  
Sometimes with connsience flying  
Somewhere wi-th the win-d

## Chorus

Now I'm sitting here, before the fire  
The empty room, the forest choir  
The flames that couldn't get any higher  
They've withered now they've gone  
But I'm steady thinking, My way is clear  
and I know what I will do tomorrow  
When the hands have shaken and the kisses flowed  
Then I will disappe-ar

## Chorus x2

# Charlie is ma Darlin' (Oh)

O'h Charlie is ma darlin', ma darlin',  
ma darlin  
Charlie is ma darlin, the young  
Che-va-lier.

Twass on a Monday mornin, right  
early in the year  
That Charlie came te oor toon, the  
young Che-va-lier

O'h Charlie is ma darlin', ma darlin',  
ma darlin  
Charlie is ma darlin, the young  
Che-va-lier.

As he came marchin' up the street,  
the pipes played loud and clear  
and a' the folks came runnin' oot  
tae greet the Che-va-lier

O'h Charlie is ma darlin', ma darlin',  
ma darlin  
Charlie is ma darlin, the young  
Che-va-lier.

Wi' hieland bonnets on their heids,  
and claymores bright and clear  
they've gone tae fight for  
Scotland's right  
and the young Che-va-lier

O'h Charlie is ma darlin', ma darlin',  
ma darlin  
Charlie is ma darlin, the young  
Che-va-lier.

They've left their bonnie hieland  
hills  
Their wives and bairn-ies dear  
Tae draw the sword for Scotland's  
lord  
The gay Che-va-lier

O'h Charlie is ma darlin', ma darlin',  
ma darlin

Charlie is ma darlin, the young  
Che-va-lier.

where tell me where is your hieland  
laddie gone?

O'h where tell me where is your  
hieland laddie gone?  
He's gone with streaming banners  
Where noble deeds are done  
And oh! In my heart I, wish him  
safe at hame

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hieland laddie dwell?  
O'h where tell me where did yer  
hieland laddie dwell?  
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blossoms the sweet bluebell  
And oh! In my heart I lo'ed my  
laddie well.

Oh what tell me what should yer  
hieland lad be slain  
Oh what tell me what should yer  
hieland lad be slain  
Oh no! true love will be his guard  
and bring him home again  
For oh! My heart would break if my  
hieland lad be slain

O'h where tell me where did yer  
hieland laddie dwell?  
O'h where tell me where did yer  
hieland laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in Bonnie Scotland, where  
blossoms the sweet bluebell  
And oh! In my heart I lo'ed my  
laddie well.

# Ho-ro my Nut-brown Maiden

## Chorus

Ho-ro my nut-brown maiden,  
He-ree my nut brown maiden  
Ho-ro-ro, maiden, for she's the maid for me

Her eyes so brightly beaming  
her look so frank and free  
in waking and in dreaming,  
Is ever more with me

## Chorus

Oh Mary mild-eyed Mary  
By land or on the sea  
Though time and tide may vary  
My heart beats true to thee

## Chorus

And when with blossom laden  
Bright summer comes again  
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden  
Down from the bonnie glen

## Chorus

## I Once Loved a Lass

I once loved a lass, and I loved her say weel  
I hated all others who spoke of her ill  
But now she's rewarded me well for my love  
For she's gang tae be wed tae another

I saw my love tae the church go  
Wi' brid groom and bride maidens  
she made a fine show  
and I followed on wi' my heart full o' woe  
she was gan tae be wed tae another

I saw my love sit doon tae dine  
As I sat doon beside her, I poured oot the wine  
I drank tae the lassie that should have been mine  
Even though she'd been wed tae another

The men o' the forrest they ask it o' me  
How many strawberries grow in the salt sea  
I answer them a' wi' a tear in ma' e'e  
How many ships sail in the forrest

Dig me a grave, dig it sae deep  
And cover me over wi' flowers sae sweey  
And I will lie doon and I'll tak a lang sleep  
And maybe in time I'll forget her

So we dug him a grave, and we dug it sae deep  
And we covered him over wi' flowers sae sweet  
And we layed him in tae it  
Tae tak a lang sleep  
And maybe by now he's forgotten.

# Jonnie Cope

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar  
Sayin' Charlie meet me, if ye dar  
And I'll learn you the art o' war  
If ye'll meet me in the mornin'

## Chorus

Hey Jonnie Cope are ye waukin' yet  
Or are yer drums a beatin' yet  
If you were waukin' I wid wait  
Tae gang te the coals in the mornin'

When Charlie looked the letter upon  
He drew his sword, the scabbard from  
Come wie me ma merry men  
An' we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the  
mornin'

## Chorus

Now Johnnie be as good as yer word  
Come let us try by fire and sword  
And dinna flee like a frichted bird  
That's chased fae it's nest in the  
mornin'

## Chorus

When Johnnie Cope he hearded o' this  
He thought it widne go-o a miss  
Te hae his horse in readiness  
Te flee fae the coals in the mornin'

## Chorus

Hey, Johnnie noo get up and run  
The heelan' bagpipes mak a din  
It's best te sleep in a ha-il skin  
For 'twill be a bloody mornin'

## Chorus

When Johnnie Cope te Berwick came  
They spierded him, 'where's aw yer  
men?'  
The deil confound me, I dinne ken  
For I left them in the mornin'

## Chorus

## **Maid When yer Young**

An old man came courtin' her, Hey ding-a-doorum-down  
An old man came courtin' her, Hey doorum-down  
An old man came courtin' her, Sayin' he'd marry her  
Maid when yer young, never wed an old man

### Chorus

For they've got no fa-loorum, fa-liddle, fa-loorum  
They've got no fa-loorum, fa-liddle all day-y  
They've got no fa-loorum, they've lost their ding-doorum  
Maid when yer young, never wed an old man

When she went up to church, Hey ding-a-doorum-down  
When she went up to church, hey doorum-down  
When she went up to church, he left her in the lurch  
Maid when yer young, never wed an old man

### Chorus

When they went up to bed, Hey ding-a-doorum-down  
When they went up to bed, hey doorum-down  
When they went up to bed, it lay as if't was dead  
Maid when yer young, never wed an old man

### Chorus

When he went off to sleep, Hey ding-a-doorum-down  
When we went off to sleep, hey doorum-down  
When we went off to sleep, out of bed she did creep  
Into the arms of a fine strappin' lad

(last Chorus)

Now she's found his fa-loorum, Fa-liddle, fa-loorum  
She's found his fa-loorum, fal-diddle all day  
She's found his fa-loorum, he's got a big doorum  
Maid when your young, never wed an old man.

# Mairi's Wedding

## Chorus

Step we gaily, on we go  
Heel for heel and toe for toe  
Arm in arm and row on row  
All for Mairi's wedding

Over hillways up and down  
Myrtle green and bracken brown  
Past the shielings thro' the toon  
All for sake of Mairi

## Chorus

Red her cheeks as rowans are  
Bright her eyes as any star  
Fairest o' them aw by far  
Is our darlin' Mairi

## Chorus

Plenty herring, plenty meal  
Plenty peat tae fill her creel  
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel  
That's our toast for Mairi

## Chorus (twice)

## Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore

From Derry quay we sailed away on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of May  
We were boarden by a pleasant crew all bound for Americay  
Fresh water there, we did take on,  
Five thousand gallons or more  
In case we'd run short, bound to new York  
Far away from the Shamrock shore.

So fare thee well sweet Lisa dear  
And likewise to Derry town  
And twice farewell to my comrade boys  
Who dwell on that sainted ground  
If fortunate teller should favour me  
For I do have money in store  
I'd go back and I'll wed the sweet lassie I left  
On Paddy's green shamrock shore

We sailed three days, we were all sea sick  
Not a man on board was free  
We were all confined unto our bunks  
With no one to pity poor me  
No father dear, nor mother kind  
To lift up my head when twas sore  
Which made me think more, wee lassy I'd left  
On Paddy's green shamrock shore

We safely reached the other side  
In three and twenty days  
We were taken as passengers by a man  
All led round in six different ways  
We each of us drank a parting glass  
In case we might never meet more  
And we drank a health to old Ireland  
And to Paddy's green shamrock shore

So fare thee well sweet Lisa dear  
And likewise to Derry town  
And twice farewell to my comrade boys  
Who dwell on that sainted ground  
If fortunate teller should favour me  
For I do have money in store  
I'd go back and I'll wed the sweet lassie I left  
On Paddy's green shamrock shore.

## Road To The Isles

A far croonin' is pullin' me away  
As take I wi' my cromak tae the road  
The far coolins are puttin love on me  
As step I wi' the sunlight for my road

### Chorus

Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will  
go

By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles  
If it's thinkin' in yer inner heart, braggart's in yer step  
You've never smelt the tangle o' the Isles  
Oh, the far Coolins are puttin' love on me  
As step I wi' my cromak tae the Isles

It's by sheil water the track is to the west  
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea  
The cool cresses I am thinkin' o' for pluck  
And bracken for a wink on mother's knee

### Chorus

It's the blue Islands are pullin' me away  
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame  
The blue Islands from the Sherries to the Lewis  
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name

### Chorus

## Scotland the Brave

Hark when the night is falling  
Hear, hear the pipes are calling  
Loudly and proudly calling  
Down through the glen  
There where the hills are sleeping  
Now feel the blood a leaping  
High as the spirits of the auld heeland men

### Chorus

*Towering in gallant fame  
Scotland my mountain hame  
High may your proud standards gloriously wave  
Land of my high endeavour  
Land of the shining river  
Land of my heart forever, Scotland the brave*

High in the misty highlands  
Out by the purple islands  
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies  
Wild are the winds that meet you  
Staunch are the friends that greet you  
Kind as the love that shines from fair maiden's eyes

### Chorus

Far off in sunlit places  
Sad are the Scottish faces  
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain  
Where tropic skies are beaming  
Love sets the heart a dreaming  
Longing and dreaming for the homeland again

### Chorus

## Scottish Soldier (Green Hills of Tyrol)

There was a soldier, A Scottish soldier  
Who wandered far away, and soldiered far away  
There was none bolder, with broad-back shoulders  
He's fought in many a fray, and fought and won

He's seen the glory and told the story  
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious

But now he's sighing, his heart is crying  
To leave these green hills of tyrol

### Chorus

*Because these green hills are not highland hills  
Or the island hills, they're not my land's hills  
And fair as these green foreign hills may be  
They are not the hills of home.*

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier  
Who'd wandered far away and soldiered far away  
Sees leaves are falling and death is calling  
And he will fade away, in that far land

He called his piper, his trusty piper  
And bade him sound alay, a pibroch sad to play  
Up on a hillside, but Scottish hillside  
Not on these green hills of Tyrol [Chorus]

And so this soldier, this Scottish Soldier  
Will wander far no more and soldier far no more  
And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside  
You'll see a piper play his soldier home

He's seen the glory, he's told the story  
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious  
The bugles cease now, he is at peace now  
Far from those green hills of Tyrol [Chorus]

## Skye Boat Song (the)

### Chorus

*Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing  
Onward the sailors cry  
Carry the lad that's born to be king  
Over the sea to Skye*

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar  
Thunderclaps rend the air  
Baffled our foes, stand by the shore  
Follow they will not dare

### Chorus

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep  
Ocean's a royal bed  
Rocked by the deep, Flora will keep  
Watch o'er yer weary head

### Chorus

Many's the man, fought on that day  
Well the Claymore did wield  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead on Culloden's field

### Chorus

Burned are our homes, exile and death  
Scattered the loyal men  
Yet as our swords cool in their sheath  
Charlie will come again.

Chorus

## **Song of the Clyde (the)**

I sing of a river I'm happy beside  
The song that I sing is the song of the Clyde  
Of all Scottish rivers, it's dearest to me  
It flows from Leadhills all the way to the sea  
It borders the orchards of Lanark so fair  
Meanders through meadows  
with sheep grazing there  
But from Glasgow to Greenock,  
in town on each side  
The hammers ding-dong is the song of the Clyde

### Chorus

O the River Clyde, the wonderful Clyde  
The name of it thrills me and fills me with pride  
And I'm satisfied, what er may betide  
The sweetest of songs is the song of the Clyde.

## Sound the Pibroch

Sound the pibroch loud and high  
From John O' Groats tae the Isle of Skye  
Let every clan their slogan cry, Rise and follow Chairlie

### Chorus

*Hatcheen foam, n' foam, n' foam*  
*Hatcheen foam, n' foam, n' foam*  
*Hatcheen foam, n' foam, n' foam, Rise and follow Chairlie*

From every hill and every glen  
Are gathering fast the loyal men  
They grasp their dirks and shout again,  
Hurrah! For Royal Charlie. Chorus

On dark Culloden's field of gore  
Hark they shout; Claymore!, Claymore!  
They bravely fight what can they more,  
Than die for Royal Charlie. Chorus

How on the barren heath they lie  
Their funeral dirge the eagle's cry  
And mountain breezes o'er them sigh,  
Wha' fought and died for Chairlie

No more we'll see such deeds again  
Deserted is each highland glen  
And lonely cairns lie o'er the men  
Wha' fought and died for Chairlie

Sound the pibroch loud and high  
From John O' Groats tae the Isle of Skye  
Let every clan their slogan cry, Rise and follow Chairlie

### Chorus (twice)

# Uist Tramping Song

## Chorus

Come along, come along  
let us foot it out together  
Come along, come along  
be it fair or stormy weather  
with the hills of home before us  
and the purple o' the heather  
let us sing in happy chorus  
come along, come along

so gaily sings the lark  
and the sky is all awake  
with the promise of the day  
for the road we gladly take  
so it's heel and toe and forward  
bidding farewell to the town  
for the welcome that awaits us  
ere the sun goes down

## Chorus

It's the call of sea and shore  
It's the tang of bog and peat  
And the scent of brier and myrtle  
That puts magic in yer feet  
So its on we go rejoicing  
Over bracken, over style  
And it's soon we will be tramping  
Out the last long mile

## **Chorus (twice)**

# Westering Home

## Chorus

*And it's westering home, and a song in the air  
Light in the eye and it's goodbye to care  
Laughter o' love and a welcoming there  
Isle of my heart, my own one*

Tell me o' lands o' the orient gay  
Speak o' the riches and joys o' Cathay  
Eh, but it's grand to be walking ilk day  
To find yerself nearer to Isla

## Chorus

Where are the folk like the folk o' the west?  
Canty and couthy and kindly the best  
There I would hie me and there I would rest  
At hame wi' my ain folk in Isla

## Chorus x2

## Ye banks and braes (Key of F)

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

Ye'll break my heart ye warbling bird  
that wanton thro' the flow'ry thorn  
Ye mind me o' departed joys  
departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonny Doon  
To see the rose and woodbine twine  
and ilka bird sang o' it's love  
and fondly sae did I o' mine

Wi light-some heart I pu'd a rose  
Fu' sweet upon it's thorny tree  
and my fause lover stole my rose  
Bur ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

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

Ye'll break my heart ye warbling bird  
that wanton thro' the flow'ry thorn  
Ye mind me o' departed joys  
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