TUNE BOOK

BURN'S SUPPER 2007

ATHOLL HIGHLANDERS

OF

STONE MOUNTAIN

CONTENTS

Athole Gathering (Gallant Murray) 3
Auld Lang Syne 4
The Bonnie Ship the Diamond 5
Flower Of Scotland 5
Mary Mac 6
Queen Of All Argyll 7
Rolling Home 7
Scotland The Brave 8
Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled 8
The Scotsman 9
We're No' Awa' Tae Bide Awa' 10

Athole Gathering (Gallant Murray)

Chorus:

Wha will ride wi' gallant Murray?
Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel'?
He's the floow'r o' a' Glenisla
And the Darlin' o' Dunkel'
See the white rose in his bonnet
See his banner o'er the Tay
His guid sword' he now has drawn it
And he's flung the sheath away

Every faithful Murray follows
First of Heroes! Best of men
Every true and trusty Stewart
Blythely leaves his native glen
Athole lads are lads of honour
Westland rogues are rebels a'
When we come within their border
We may gaur the Campbells claw

Chorus

Menzies, he's our friend and brother
Gask and Strowan are nae slack
Noble Perth has ta'en the field
And a' the Drummonds at his back
Let us ride wi' gallant Murray
Let us fight for Cherlie's crown
From the right we'll never sinder
Till we bring the tyrants down

Chorus

MacKintosh, the gallant soldier
Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay
They have ta'en the field of honour
Spite of all their chiefs could say
Point the musket, end the rapier
Shift the brogue for lowland shoe
Scour the dirk and face the danger
MacKintosh has all to do

Chorus

From the book "Ancient Jacobite Relics II" by Hogg. It can be heard on Tannahill Weavers Album " St. Kilda Wedding" and Andy M. Stewart's "Donegal Rain"

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of **auld lang syne?**

Chorus:
For auld lang syne, my Jo,
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the **gowans** fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

We twa hae **paidl't** in the **burn**
Frae morning sun till **dine**
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus

And surely ye'll be your pint **stoup**
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

And here's a hand my trusty **fiere**,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne

Old Long Ago

(Sassenach Translation)

Should old acquaintances be forgotten
And never to be remembered?
Should old acquaintances be forgotten
and days of **old long ago?**

Chorus:
For old long ago, my dear,
For old long ago
We'll drink a cup of kindness yet
For old long ago!

We two have run about the hills
And pulled the **daisies** fine
But we've wandered many a weary mile
Since old long ago.

Chorus

We two have **paddled** in the **stream**
From morning sun till **dinner-time**
But the seas between us broad have roared
Since old long ago.

Chorus

And surely you'll pay for your pint **cup**
And surely I'll pay for mine.
And we'll drink a cup of kindness yet
For old long ago.

Chorus

And here's my hand, my trusty **friend**,
And give me your hand too,
And we'll drink a cup of kindness yet,
For old long ago.

(Additional UNSANCTIONED verses)
Let's have a drink or maybe two, or maybe three or four
or five or six or seven or eight, or maybe even more.

When it gets to closing time, and if you still want more,
I know a pub in Inverness, that never shuts its door.

The Bonnie Ship the Diamond

The Diamond is a ship me lads,
For the Davis Straits she's bound
And the Quay it is all garnished
With bonnie lassies round
Captain Thompson gives the order
To sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets me lads
Nor darkness dims the sky.

Chorus:
And it's cheer up, me lads
Let your hearts never fail,
For the bonnie ship The Diamond
Goes a-fishing for the whale!

Along the quay at Peterhead
The lassies stand around
Wi' their shawls all pulled about them
And the salt tears runnin' down
Oh don't you weep, my bonnie lass,
Though you be left behind
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice
Before we change our mind.

Chorus:

Here's a health to The Resolution,
Likewise the Eliza Swan
Here's a health to the Battler of
Montrose
And The Diamond ship of fame
We wear the trousers of the white
And the jackets of the blue
When we return to Peterhead,
We'll hae sweethearts enoo.

Chorus:

It'll be bright both day and night
When the Greenland lads come hame
Wi' a ship that's fu' o' oil me lads
And money to our name
We'll make the cradles for to rock
And the blankets for to tear
And every lass in Peterhead
Sing hushabye my dear!

Chorus:

Flower of Scotland

O flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen,
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

The hills are bare now
And autumn leaves lie
Thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held,
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

Those days are passed now
And in the past
They must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him,
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

Mary Mac

There's a nice wee lass and her name's Mary Mac
Make no mistake, she's the miss I'm going to take
There's a lot of other chaps that would get up on her track
But I'm thinking that they'd have to get up early.

Chorus
Mary Mac's father's making Mary Mac marry me
My father's making me marry Mary Mac
And I'm going to marry Mary
To get married and take care of me
We'll all be making merry when I marry Mary Mac

Now this wee lass she has a lot of brass
She has a lot of gas and her father thinks I'm class
So I'd be a silly ass to let the matter pass
Her father thinks she suits me fairly

Chorus...

Now Mary and her Mither gain an awful lot together
In fact you never see the one or the one without the other
And the fellows often wonder if it's Mary or her mither
Or the both of them together that I'm courtin'

Chorus...

Now the wedding day's on Wednesday and everything's arranged
Her name will soon be changed to mine unless her mind be changed
And we're making the arrangements and I'm just a bit deranged
For marriage is an awful undertakin'

Chorus...

It's sure to be a grand affair and grander than a fair
There's going to be a coach and pair for every couple there
We'll dine upon the finest fare I'm sure to get my share
If I don't we'll all be very much mistaken

Chorus...

Queen of All Argyll

Gentle men it is my duty
To inform you of one beauty
Though I'd ask you of a favor,
Not to seek her for a while
Though I own she is a creature
Of character and feature
No words can paint the picture
of the Queen of all Argyll.

CHORUS
And if you could have seen her there,
Boys if you had just been there
The swan was in her movement,
and the morning in her smile.
All the roses in the garden,
They bow and ask her pardon
For not one could match the beauty
of the queen of all Argyll.

On that evening that I mention,
I passed with light intention
Through a part of our dear country
Known for beauty and for style
Being a place of noble thinkers,
Of scholars and great drinkers
But above them all for splendour
Shone the Queen of all Argyll

Chorus

So my lads my needs must leave you,
My intention's not to grieve you
Nor indeed would I decieve you,
Oh I'll see you in a while
I must find some way to gain her,
To court her and to tame her
I fear my heart's in danger
From the Queen of all Argyll

Chorus

Rolling Home

By **"Old Blind Dogs"**

Call all hands to man the capstan
See the cable running clear
Heave around and with the wheel, boys
For our homeland we must steer

Chorus (after each verse):
Rolling home, rolling home
Rolling home across the sea
Rolling home to Caledonia
Rolling home, dear land, to thee

From the pines of California
And by Chile's endless strand
We have sailed the world twice over
Every port in every land

Chorus

And to all ye blaggard pirates
Who would chase us from the waves
Heed ye well that those who've tried us
Soon have found their watery graves

Chorus

We were boarded in Jamaica
Where the Jolly Rodger flew
But our swords were hardly drawn, boys
'Ere they took a rosy hue

Chorus

We return with precious cargo
And with bounty coined in gold
And our sweethearts will rejoice, boys
For they lo'e their sailors bold

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 old highland men.

Chorus:
Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame
High may your proud standards
Gloriously wave

Land o' my high endeavor
Land o' the shining river
Land o' 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 to meet you
Staunch are the friends that greet you
Kind as the light that shines
From fair maiden's eyes.

Chorus
Towering in gallant fame
Scotland my mountain hame
High may your proud standards
Gloriously wave

Land o' my high endeavor
Land o' the shining river
Land o' my heart forever
Scotland the brave

Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory!
Now's the day an' now's the hour
See the front of battle lour
See approach proud Edward's pow'r
Chains and slavery!

Wha would be a traitor knave?
Wha would fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king an' law
Freedom's sword would strongly draw
Freeman stand and freeman fa'
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud userpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe
Liberty's in every blow
Let us do or dee!

The Scotsman

A Scotsman clad in kilt, left the bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how he walked he'd drunk more than his share
He staggered on until he could no longer keep his feet
then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.
Oh, Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh
Ring di-diddle oh day
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Well later on two young and lovely girls just happened by
And one says to the other, with a twinkle in her eye
"Oh see yon sleepy Scotsman, so strong and handsome built?"
" I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt."
Oh,Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh
Ring di-diddle- oh day
" I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt."

So they creeped up to the sleeping Scotsman, quiet as could be
And they lifted up his kilt above the waist so they could see
And there behold, for them to view, beneath his Scottish skirt,
Twas nothing but what God had blessed him with upon his birth.
Oh Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh
Ring di-diddle-oh day
Twas nothing but what God had blessed him with upon his birth.

Well they marveled for a moment, then one said, "We best be gone."
"But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along."
So as a gift, they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt lifted showed.
Oh Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh
Ring di-diddlee-oh day
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt lifted show.

When the Scotsman woke to nature's call, he stumbled towards the trees
Behind the bush, he lifts his kilt, and he gawks at what he sees,
And in a startled voice, he says to what's before his eyes,
"My friend, I don't know where you've been, but I see you won first prize!
Oh Ring-ding diddle diddle aye-dee-oh
Ring di-diddlee-oh day
"My friend, I don't know where you've been, but I see you won first prize!"

We're No' Awa' Tae Bide Awa'

As I was walking doon the Overgate
I met with Johnie Scobie.
I says, 'Man, will ye hae a hauf?'
He says, 'Man, that's ma hobbie!'

Chorus
For we're no' awa tae bide awa,
For we're no' awa tae leave ye;
We're no' awa tae bide awa,
We'll aye come back an' see ye.

Oh, we had a hauf, and anither hauf,
And then we had anither,
And she got drunk, and he got drunk,
And we a'went hame thegither.

Chorus
For we're no' awa tae bide awa,
For we're no' awa tae leave ye;
We're no' awa tae bide awa,
We'll aye come back an' see ye.