

SCOTTISH TUNES

CONTENTS

A Man's A Man For A' That.....	3
Athole Gathering (Gallant Murray)	4
Auld Lang Syne.....	5
Ballad of Glencoe.....	6
Bonnie Dundee	7
The Bonnie Lass O' Fyvie	8
Brown Haired Maiden.....	10
Caller Herrin'	11
Dark Island.....	12
The Flowers O' The Forest	13
Garryowen.....	14
The Green Hills Of Tyrol.....	15
Highland Cathedral.....	16
The Hundred Pipers.....	17
Johnnie Cope	18
Mairi's Wedding [The Lewis Bridal Song].....	20
Mingulay Boat Song.....	21
Roses of Prince Charlie!	22
The Rowan Tree.....	23
Scotland The Brave	24
Scots Wha Hae.....	25
Sic A Parcel of Rogues In A Nation.....	26
The Skye Boat Song.....	27
Teribus.....	28
We're No' Awa' Tae Bide Awa'	30
When The Battle's O'er	31
Will Ye No' Come Back Again?.....	32

A Man's A Man For A' That

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We daur be puir for a' that.

Chorus:

For a' that an' a' that,
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the Guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey an' a' that,
Gi'e fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Their tinsel show an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a Lord,"
Wha struts, an stares, an a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independant mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A Prince can mak' a belted Knight,
A Marquis, Duke an' a' that!
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that,
The pity o' sense an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that

The let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that!
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

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

Auld Lang Syne

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

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp! And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.
We twa ha'e run about the braes and pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot, sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paddled i' the burn, frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared, sin' auld lang syne.
An' there's a hand my trusty fiere! And gi'es a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude-willy waught, for auld lang syne.

Glossary:

Auld lang syne - "olden time"

Burn - "a rivulet".

Dine - dinner-time.

Fit - "foot".

Fiere - "sound, healthy, a brother, a friend"

Gowans - "daisies".

gude-willie waught - "friendly draught".

Paidle - "to wander aimlessly"

Pint stowp - "a measure of drink"

Ballad of Glencoe

They came in a blizzard, we offered them heat
A roof for their heads, dry shoes for their feet
We wined them and dined them, they ate of our meat
And they slept in the house of MacDonald

Chorus

O, cruel was the snow that sweeps Glencoe
And covers the grave o' Donald
O, cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe
And murdered the house of MacDonald.

2. They came from Fort William with murder in mind
The Campbell had orders King William had signed*
"Put all to the sword" these words underlined
"And leave none alive called MacDonald"

Chorus

3. They came in the night when the men were asleep
This band of Argyles, through snow soft and deep
Like murdering foxes amongst helpless sheep
They slaughtered the house of MacDonald

Chorus

4. Some died in their beds at the hand of the foe
Some fled in the night and were lost in the snow
Some lived to accuse him who struck the first blow
But gone was the house of MacDonald.

Chorus

*The Note read such (In old English, exactly as it appeared):

To Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon

' For Their Majesties' Service'

Sir,

You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the M'Donalds, of Glencoe and putt all to the sword under seventy. You are to have special care that the old fox and his sons doe upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man may escape. This you are to putt in execution at five o'clock in the morning precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be att you with a stronger party. If I doe not come to you att five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on. This is by the King's special command, for the good of the country, that these miscreants be cutt off root and branch. See that this be putt in execution without feud or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the king's government, nor a man fitt to carry a commission in the king's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

Master of the Stair

(John Dalrymple)

(The "old fox" was the clan Chief of the MacDonalds. The "king" referred to was William, Prince of Orange.)

Bonnie Dundee

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
"Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke;
So each Cavalier that loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee."

Chorus:

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men,
Unhook the West Port and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backwards, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee!"

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry, "Hey!" for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble false Whigs in the midst o' your glee,
Ye ha'e no seen the last o' my bonnets and me!

The Bonnie Lass O' Fyvie

There was a troop of Irish Dragoons,
Cam' marchin' in doon thro' Fyvie Oh,
An' their Captain's fa'n in love wi' a very bonnie lass,
An' her name it was ca'd pretty Peggy Oh!

Noo there's mony a bonnie lass in the Howe o' Auchterless,
There's mony a bonnie lass in the Garioch,
Oh! there's mony a bonnie Jean in the toon o' Aberdeen,
But the floo'er o' them a' is in Fyvie Oh!

Oh! it's "Come doon the stair, pretty Peggy, my dear,
Oh! come doon the stair, pretty Peggy Oh!
Oh! come doon the stair, kame back your yellow hair,
Tak' a last fareweel o' your daddy Oh!"

"Oh! I ha'e got ribbons for your bonnie gowden hair,
I'll gi'e ye a necklace o' amber Oh!
I'll gi'e ye silken petticoats wi' flounces tae the knee,
If ye'll convoy me doon tae my chaumer Oh!"

"Oh! I ha'e got ribbons for my bonnie gowden hair,
An' I ha'e got a necklace o' amber Oh!
An' I ha'e got petticoats befitting my degree,
An' I'd scorn tae be seen in your chaumer Oh!"

"What would your mammy think if she heard the Guineas clink,
An' the hautboys a-playin' afore you Oh?
What would your mammy think when she heard the Guineas clink,
An' kent you had married a sodger Oh?"

"Oh! a sodger's wife I never shall be,
A sodger shall never enjoy me Oh!
For I never do intend to go to a foreign land,
So I never shall marry a sodger Oh!"

"A sodger's wife ye never shall be,
For ye'll be the Captain's Lady Oh!
An' the regiment shall stand wi' their hats intae their hands,
An' they'll bow in the presence o' my Peggy Oh!"

"It's braw, aye, its braw, a Captain's Lady tae be,
It's braw tae be a Captain's Lady Oh!
It's braw tae rant an' rove an' tae follow at his word,
An' tae march when your Captain he is ready Oh!"

But the Colonel he cries, "Now mount, boys, mount!"
The Captain he cries, "Oh tarry Oh!
Oh! gang nae awa' for anither day or twa,

Till we see if this bonnie lass will marry Oh!"

It was early next morning that we rode awa'
An' Oh! but oor Captain was sorry Oh!
The drums they did beat owre the bonnie braes o' Gight,
An' the band played "The Lowlands o' Fyvie" Oh!

Lang ere we wan intae auld Meldrum toon,
It's we had oor Captain tae carry Oh!
An' lang ere we wan intae bonnie Aberdeen,
It's we had oor Captain tae bury Oh!

Green grow the birks upon bonnie Ythanside,
An' law lies the lawlands o' Fyvie Oh!
The Captain's name was "Ned" an' he died for a maid.
He died for the bonnie lass o' Fyvie Oh!

Brown Haired Maiden

Chorus:

Ho-ro! My nut brown maiden, hee-ree! My nut brown maiden,
Ho-ro! Ro! Maiden, Oh she's the maid for me.

Her eyes so brightly beaming,
Her look so frank and free,
In waking and in dreaming,
Is evermore with me.

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

With thy fair face before me,
How sweetly flew the hour,
When all thy beauty o'er me
Came streaming in its power.

The face with kindness glowing,
The face that hides no guile,
The light grace of thy going,
The witchcraft of thy smile!

And when with blossoms laden
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut brown maiden
Down from the bonny glen.

Caller Herrin'

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
Just new drawn frae the Forth.

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught of our puir fellows?
Darklin' as they face the billows,
A' tae fill our woven willows.

Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Buy my caller herrin',
Just new drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no' brought here without brave darin'.
Buy my caller herrin',
Haul'd in thro' wind and rain.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh ye may ca' them vulgar farin'
Wives and mothers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.

And when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silk and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
Just new drawn frae the Forth.

Noo neebour's wives come tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish you're sellin',
At a' work aye be your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin'.

Buy my caller herrin',
Thy're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
Just new drawn frae the Forth.

Dark Island

Lyrics: David Silver
Music: Ian MacLachlan

Away to the westward
I'm longing to be,
Where the beauties of heaven
Unfold by the sea;
Where the sweet purple heather blooms
Fragrant and free
On a hilltop high above
The Dark Island

Chorus:

Isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree.
I'll capture the magic that lingers for me
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.

So gentle the sea breeze,
That ripples the bay,
Where the stream joins the ocean,
And young children play;
On the strand of pure silver,
I'll welcome each day,
And I'll roam for every more,
The Dark Island

Chorus:

Isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree.
I'll capture the magic that lingers for me
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.

True gem of the Hebrides,
Bathed in the light,
Of the mid-summer dawning,
That follows the night;
How I yearn for the cries,
Of the seagulls in flight,
As they circle above
The Dark Island

Chorus:

Isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree.
I'll capture the magic that lingers for me
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.

The Flowers O' The Forest

Oh I've heard them liltin' at the ewe milkin'
Lasses a-liltin' before dawn o' day.
Now there's a moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The Flow'rs o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the mornin', nae blyth lads are scornin',
Lassies are lanely, an' dowie, an' wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' an' sabbin',
Ilk ane lifts her leglin', an' hies her away.

At e'en in the gloamin, nae swankies are roamin',
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamentin' her dearie,
The Flow'rs o' the Forest are a' wede away.

In har'st, at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin',
Bandsters are runkles, an' lyart, or grey;
At fair or at preachin', nae woin', nae fleechin',
The Flow'rs o' the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool for the order sent our lads to the Border,
The English, for ance, by guile won the day;
The Flow'rs o' the Forest that fought aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll ha'e nae mair liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Women an' bairns are heartless an' wae;
Sighin' an' moanin' on ilk green loanin',
The Flow'rs o' the Forest are a' wede away.

Garryowen

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed
But join with me, each jovial blade
Come, drink and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus:

Chorus:

Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
If he regards a whole skin.

Chorus

Our hearts so stout have got no fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they fear the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Chorus

Garryowen, or Owen's Garden, is a suburb of Limerick.

The Green Hills Of Tyrol

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier,
Who wandered far away, and soldiered far away.
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulder,
He'd fought in many a fray, and fought and won.

He's seen the glory, he's told the story,
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious,
But now he's dying, his heart is sighing,
To see those 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 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 a lay... a pibroch sad to play
Upon a hillside, a 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'd seen the glory, he'd told his story
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
The bugles cease now, he is at peace now
Far from those green hills of Tyrol

Chorus:

Highland Cathedral

Land of my fathers, we will always be
faithful and loyal to our own country.
In times of danger, we will set you free,
Lead you to glory and to victory.

Hail, Caledonia, to our ancient prayer,
in this Highland Cathedral, let our standards bear,
Joining together with one dream to share,
God bless the people of this land so fair.

Gone is the past, let us start anew,
Let this hope of peace always remain,
Spirit of Scotia, be strong and true,
then your children will smile again.

Rise Caledonia, let your voices ring
in this Highland Cathedral of our God and King,
Whom, joy and liberty, to all, will bring,
Come, let your heart, with love and courage, sing.

Lonely the exile o'er distant seas,
the home of their birth, gone from their eyes.
Bring back their souls o'er the ocean breeze
to the land where their fathers lie.

Rise Caledonia

The Hundred Pipers

Carolina Oliphant, (Lady Nairne), 1766-1845

Chorus:

Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw
Wi' a hundred pipers, a' a', an' a'.

O it's owre the border awa', awa'
It's owre the border awa', awa',
We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle ha'
Wi' its yetts, its castle an' a', an' a'.

O! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartan kilts an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets an' feathers an' glitt'rin' gear,
An' pibrochs sounding loud and clear.

Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return oor Heilan' men?
Second sighted Sandy looked fu' wae.
An' mithers grat when they march'd away.

Chorus

2. O! wha' is foremos o' a', o' a',
Oh wha' is foremost o' a', o' a',
Bonnie Charlie the King o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

His bonnet and feathers he's waving high,
His prancing steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' win' plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers play wi'an unco flare.

Chorus

3. The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.

Dumfoun'er'd the English saw, they saw,
Dumfoun'er'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfoun'er'd they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Chorus

Johnnie Cope

Chorus:

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waukin' I wad wait,
Tae gang tae the coals in the mornin'!

Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar saying:
"Charlie meet me an' ye daur,
An' I'll learn ye the art o' war,
if ye'll meet me in the mornin'."

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning."

"Now Johnnie be as good as your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frichted bird,
That's chased frae it's nest i' the morning."

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thocht it wadna be amiss,
Tae ha'e a horse in readiness,
Tae flee awa' in the morning.

Eye now, Johnnie, get up an' rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din,
It's better tae sleep in a hale skin,
For it will be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope tae Dunbar cam'
They speired at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The de'il confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning."

Now Johnnie, troth ye were na late,
Tae come wi' news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early in the morning.

"In faith," quo Johnnie, "I got sic flegs,
Wi' their claymores an' philabegs
Gin I face them again, de'il brak my legs,
So I wish you a' good morning."

Killiecrankie

Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Where ha'e ye been sae brankie Oh?
Where ha'e ye been sae braw. lad?
Cam' ye by Killiecrankie Oh?

An' had ye ha'e been where I ha'e been my lad,
Ye wad na been sae cantie Oh!
An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes o' Killicrankie Oh!

I fought at land, I fought at sea,
At hame I fought my Auntie Oh!
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killicrankie Oh!

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie Oh!
Or I had fed an Atholl gled,
On the braes o' Killicrankie Oh!

Mairi's Wedding [The Lewis Bridal Song]

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 sheiling, thro' the town,
All for sake of Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' them a' by far,
Is our darling Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel;
That's the toast for Mairi.

Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus:

* Heel y'ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round now all together
Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

1. What care we tho' white the sea is
What care we for wind and weather?
Let her go boys, every inch is
Wearing homeward to Mingulay!

Chorus

2. Wives are waiting on the bank, boys,
Looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her 'round boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets at Mingulay!

Chorus

Roses of Prince Charlie!

The Corries

Chorus:

Come now, gather now,
Here where the flowers grow!
White is the blossom
As the snow on the ben
Hear now freedom's call!
We'll make a solemn vow,
Now by the Roses of Prince Charlie!

1. Fight again at Bannockburn,
Your battle-axe tae wield!
Fight wi' your grandsires
On Flodden's bloody field!
Fight at Culloden,
The Bonnie Prince tae shield!
Fight by the Roses of Prince Charlie!

Chorus:

2. Spirits of the banished
In far and distant lands
Carved out a New World
With sweat and blood and hands
Return now in glory,
And on the silver sand,
Fight by the Roses of Prince Charlie!

Chorus:

3. Tak' your strength frae the green fields
That blanket fields of coal
Ships frae the Clyde have
A nation in their hold!
The water-of-life some men need
Tae mak' them bold!
Black gold, and fishes frae the sea, man!

Chorus:

Chorus again:

The Rowan Tree

The Rowan tree (or Mountain Ash) with its clusters of orange-red berries in Autumn, is a common sight in Scotland, and indeed, in many other parts of the world now. In olden days in Scotland, it used to be believed that a Rowan Tree planted in the garden protected against evil spirits, and even to this day, many in the Highlands will not cut down a Rowan tree. The traditional Scottish shepherds crooks are made from this tree.

Oh Rowan tree, Oh Rowan tree, thou'll aye be dear to me,
Entwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy.
Thy leaves were aye the first of spring, thy flowers the simmers pride,
There was na sic a bonnie tree in a' the countryside.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white;
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright!
On thy fair stem were mony names which now nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be.

We sat aneath thy spreadin' shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang;
My mither, Oh! I see her still, she smiled our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeannie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee.

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy ev'ning's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the 'Martyrs'" psalm!
Now a' are gane! We meet nae mair aneath the Rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.

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)

Scots Wha Hae

Scots wha hae wae Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce hae aftimes led,
Welcome tae your gory bed,
Or tae victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front o battle lour,
See approach proud Edwards power,
Chains and slavery.

Wha' will be a traitor knave,
Wha' can fill a cowards grave
Wha' sae base as be a slave,
let him turn and flee.

All for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand and freeman fa',
let him follow me.

By oppressions woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow,
let us do or dee.

Sic A Parcel of Rogues In A Nation

Robert Burns, 1791

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel to e'en our Scottish name
Sae fam'd in sang and story.
Now Sark rins tae th' Solway sands,
An' Tweed runs t' th' ocean..
Tae mark whaur England's Province stands:
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!

2. What force or guile could not subdue
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station.
But English gold has been our bane:
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!

3. Oh, would or had I seen the day
That treason thus could sell us!
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But, pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll make this declaration:
We were bought and sold for English gold!
Sic a parcel of rogues in a nation!

The Skye Boat Song

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!

Though the waves leap, soft you shall sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed;
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad, fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield;
When the night came, silently lay,
Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are our homes, exile and death,
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet, ere the sword cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again!

Teribus

Scotia felt thine ire, O Odin;
On the bloody field of Flodden;
There our fathers fell with honour,
Round their King and Country's banner.

Chorus:
Teribus ye Teri-Odin,
Sons of heroes slain at Flodden,
Imitating Border bowmen,
Aye defend your rights and Common.

'Twas then Drumlanrig, gen'rous donor,
Gave (immortal be his honour),
What might sooth Hawick's dire
disaster,
Land for tillage, peats and pasture.

Chorus

Sacred was the widow's portion,
Sacred long from all extortion;
Frugal temperance urged no cesses,
Birthday rates, nor baillies' messes.

Chorus

After Flodden was decided,
Surrey had his troops divided,
When he turned them loose to plunder,
O, heaven just! Why slept thy thunder?

Chorus

At the word each fiend advances,
Flodden's blood yet dimmed their
lances;
Entering hamlet, town or village,
Marked their way with blood and
pillage.

Chorus

Far they spread this dire disorder,
O'er fair Scotia's Alpine border,
O'er the vales of Tweed and Teviot,
'Tween Moffat hills and lofty Cheviot.

Chorus

Hawick they left in ruins lying,
Nought was heard but widows crying:
Labour of all kinds neglected;
Orphans wandering unprotected.

Chorus

All were sunk in deep dejection,
Non to flee to for protection;
Till some youths who stayed from
Flodden,
Rallied up by Teriodin.

Chorus

Armed with sword, with bow and quiver,
Shouting, "Vengeance now or never"
Off they marched in martial order
Down by Teviot's flowery border.

Chorus

Nigh where Teviot falls sonorous
Into Hornshole dashing furious,
Lay their foes with spoil encumbered;
All was still each sentry slumbered.

Chorus

Hawick destroyed, their slaughtered
sires -
Scotia's wrongs each bosom fires -
On they rush to be victorious,
Or to fall in battle glorious.

Chorus

Down they threw their bows and arrows,
Drew their swords like veteran heroes,
Charged the foe with native valour,
Routed them and took their colour.

Chorus

Now with spoil and honours laden,
Well revenged for fatal Flodden,
Home they marched, this flag displaying
Teribus before them playing.

Chorus

Numbers more our heroes aiding,
Soon they checked all base marauding;
English bands, in wild disorder,
Fled for safety o'er the border!

Chorus

High the trump of fame did raise them,
Poets of those times did praise them -
Sung their feats in muirland ballants;
Scotia's boast was, "Hawick's callants."

Chorus

Scarce a native glen or mountain -
Rugged rock or running fountain,
But have seen those youths with
bravery,
Fight the tools of southern slavery.

Chorus

Thus we boast a Muir and colour
Won by deeds of hardy valor -
Won in fields where victory swithered -
Won when Scotia's laurels withered.

Chorus

Annual since our flag's been carried
Round our Muir by men unmarried,
Emblem grand of those who on it -
Matrimonial hands would stain it.

Chorus

Magistrates! Be faithful trustees,
Equal poise the scales of justice,
See our common rightly guidit,
quirky lairds nae mair divide it.

Chorus

"Hawick shall triumph 'mid destruction,
Was a Druid's dark prediction;
Strange the issues that unrolled it
Centuries after he'd foretold it.

Chorus

Back to fable-shaded eras,
We can trace a race of heroes,
Hardy, brave, inured to perils,
Foreign wars and feudal quarrels.

Chorus

Spite of levelling conflagration,
Spite of swelling inundation,
Spite of frequent lawless pillage,
Hawick arose by trade and tillage.

Chorus

Imitating Rome and Sparta,
Practised patriotic virtue,
Wisely taught each art and science,
Bravely bade her foes defiance.

Chorus

Peace be thy portion, Hawick for ever!
Thine arts, thy commerce, flourish ever!
Down to latest ages send it -
HAWICK WAS EVER INDEPENDENT!

Chorus

Hawick was ever independent!
Hawick was ever independent!
Down to latest ages send it -
Hawick was ever independent!

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.

When The Battle's O'er

I return to the fields of glory,
Where the green grasses and flowers grow,
And the wind softly tells the story,
Of the brave lads of long ago.

Chorus:

March no more, my soldier laddie,
There is peace where there once was war,
Sleep in peace, my soldier laddie,
Sleep in peace, now the battle's o'er.

In the great glen they lay a sleeping,
Where the cool waters gently flow,
And the grey mist is sadly weeping,
For those brave lads of long ago.

Chorus....

See the tall grass is there awaiting,
As their banners of long ago,
With their heads high, forward threading,
Marching lightly to meet the foe.

Chorus....

Some returned from the fields of glory,
To their loved one who held them dear,
But some fell in that hour of glory,
And were left to their resting here.

Chorus....

Will Ye No' Come Back Again?

Bonnie Charlies now awa',
Safely o'er the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.

Chorus:

Will ye no' come back again?
Will ye no' come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no' come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hielan' men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie,
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death and exile braving.

English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' puir and puirer we maun be,
Siller canna buy a heart,
That aye beats warm for thine an' thee.

We watch'd thee in the gloamin' hour,
We watch'd thee in the mornin' grey;
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gi'e,
Oh there is nane that wad betray!

Sweet's the lav'rock's note and lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
"Will ye no' come back again?"