

79th NYV Co. C Song Book

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1. 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 dare be poor for a' that,
For a' that and a' that, our toils obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinie stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that.
What though on hamely fare we dine, wear hoden grey and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, a man's a man for a' that,
For a' that and a' that, their tinsel show and a' that
The honest man though e'er sae poor, is king o' men for a' that.
Ye see yon birkie ca'd a laird, wha struts and stares and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word, he's but a coof for a' that,
For a' that and a' that, his ribbon star and a' that,
The man o' independent mind, he looks and laughs at a' that.
A prince can make a belted knight, a marquis, duke and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might, goud faith he keeps for a' that,
For a' that and a' that, their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth, are higher rank then a' that.
Then let us pray that come it may, as come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth, shall bare the gree and a' that,
For a' that and a' that, it's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er, shall brothers be for a' that.

2. Ae Fond Kiss

Ae fond kiss an' then we sever, Ae fairweel an' then forever,
Deep in hait-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, warring sighs an' groans I'll wage thee,
Who shall say that fortune grieves him, while the star of hope she leaves him,
Me nae cheerful twinkle lights me, Dark despair around benights me.
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy; Nae thing could resist my Nancy,
But to see her is to love her, Love but her, and love forever.
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, Fare thee weel thou best and dearest,
Thine be ilka joy an' treasure, Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.
Ae fond kiss an' then we sever, Ae fareweel alas forever,
Deep in hait-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs an' groans I'll wage thee,

3. And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

When I was a young man I carried me pack, and I lived the free life of the rover,
From the Murray's green basin, to the dusty outback, I Waltzed my Matilda all over,
Then in 1915 my country said, son, it's time to stop ramblin', there's work to be done,
So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun, and they sent me away to the war.
And the band played Waltzing Matilda, as the ship pulled away from the quay,
And amid all the tears, flag waving and cheers, we sailed off for Gallipoli
It's well I remember that terrible day, when our blood stained the sand and the water,
And how in that hell that they called Suvla bay, we were butchered like lambs at the slaughter,
Johnny Turk, he was ready, he primed himself well,
He rained us with bullets, and showered us with shell,
And in five minutes flat, we were all blown to hell, nearly blew us back home to Australia.
And the band played Waltzing Matilda, as we stopped to bury our slain,
Well we buried ours, and the Turks buried their's, then it started all over again.
Though that were living, just tried to survive, in that mad world of blood, death and fire,
And for ten weary weeks, I kept myself alive, while around me the corpses piled higher,
Then a big Turkish shell, knocked me ass over head, and when I awoke in me hospital bed,
And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead, I never knew there was worse things than dying.
And I'll go no more Waltzing Matilda, All around the green bush far and near,
For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs, no more Waltzing Matilda for me.
They collected the wounded, the crippled, the maimed, and they shipped us back home to Australia,
The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane, those proud wounded heroes of Suvla,
And when the ship pulled into circular quay, I looked at the place where me legs used to be,
And thanked Christ there was no one there, waiting for me, to grieve, and to morn, and to pity.
And the band played Waltzing Matilda, as they carried us down the gangway,
Oh, nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared, then they turned all their faces away.
Now every April, I sit on my porch, and I watch the parade pass before me,
I see my old comrades how proudly they march, renewing their dreams of past glory,
I see the old men, all tired, stiff and sore, those weary old heroes, of a forgotten war,
And the young people ask, what are they marching for? And I ask myself the same question.
And the band played Waltzing Matilda, and the old men still answer the call,
But year after year, their numbers get fewer; someday no one will march there at all.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda, who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard, as they march by the billabong,
Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me?

4. Annie Lorie

Maxwellton's brase are bonnie, as early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Lorie gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true, which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Lorie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
Her brow is like the snowdrift, her throat is like the swan,
Her face, it is the fairest, that e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on, and dark blue was her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Lorie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
Like the dew on the gowen lying, is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer, sighing, her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet, and she's a' the world tae me,
And for bonnie Annie Lorie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

5. 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 dear, for auld lang syne,

We'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint stoup, and surely I'll be mine,

And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

(Chorus)

We twa hha'e run aboot the braes, and pou'd the gowans fine,

We've wonder'd mony a weary foot, sin auld lang syne.

(Chorus)

We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn, frae morning sun till dine,

But sees between us braid hae roar'd, sin auld lang syne.

(Chorus)

And there's a hand my trusty friend, and gie us a hand o' thine,

And we'll take a right good willie-waught, for auld lang syne.

(Chorus)

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6. Barrett's Privateers

Well the year was 1778; I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

When the letter of marque was sent by the king, to the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

Chorus

Well, dam them all, I was told we'd sail the seas for American gold,

We'd fire no guns, shed no tears, I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier,

The last of Barrett's Privateers.

T'was then Sid Barrett cried the town; I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

For twenty men, all fisherman who, would make for him the Antelope's crew,

Chorus

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight; I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

With a list to the port, and her sails in rags, and the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags,

Chorus

On the king's birthday we sailed away, I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

We were 91 days to Manti go bay, pumping like mad men all the way,

Chorus

On the 96th day we sailed again, I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight, with our cracked four pounders we made to fight,

Chorus

Well the Yankee lay low down with gold; I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

She was broad and fat and loose in her stays, but to catch her, took the Antelope three whole days,

Chorus

At length we stood two cables away; I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

Our cracked four pounders made an awful din, but with one fat ball, the Yank stove us in,

Chorus

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side, I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs, and the main track took away both my legs,

Chorus

Now here I lie in my 25th year, I wish I was in Edinburgh now,

6 years since we sailed away, And I just made Halifax yesterday,

Chorus

7. Blue Bonnets

All the blue bonnets are over the border,

Chorus

March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale, why the deed din' ye march forward in order,

March, March, Eskdale and Liddesdale, all the blue bonnets are over the border.

Many a banner spread flutters above your head, many a crest that is famous in story,

Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen, fight for your king and the old Scottish glory.

(Chorus)

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing, come from the glen of the buck and the roe,

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing; come with your buckler, your lance and your bow.

(Chorus)

Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding, stand to your arms and march in good order,

England shall many a day, tell of the bloody fray, when the blue bonnets came over the border.

(Chorus)

8. Bonnie Dundee

To the lords o' convention t'was Claverhouse spoke,
E'er the king's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke,
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come 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 with the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.
Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost douce man said just let him be,
The toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee.

Chorus

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north,
There are brave downie wasels, three thousand times three,
Cry hey for the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.

Chorus

Then awa tae the hills, tae the lee and the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll couch wi' the fox,
And tremble false Whigs in the mid'st o' your glee,
For ye've no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Chorus

9. Bonnie Portmore

Oh, bonnie Portmore, I am sorry to see
Such a woeful destruction of your ornament tree,
For it stood on your shore, for many's the long day,
Till the long boats from Antrim, came to float it away.

Chorus

Oh, bonnie Portmore, you shine where you stand,
And the more I think on you, the more I think long,
If I had you now, as I had once before,
All the lords in old England would not purchase Portmore.
All the birds in the forest, they bitterly weep,
Saying, where shall we shelter, where shall we sleep,
For the Oak and the Ash, they are all cuttin' down,
And the walls of bonnie Portmore are all down to the ground.

Chorus

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10. 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 away
I've been tellin' stories, singing songs
That made me think, about where I've come from
And that's the reason why I seem so far away today.

Chorus

Let me tell you that I love you
And I think about you all the time
Caledonia you're calling me, now I'm goin' home
But if I should become a stranger
Know that it would make me more than sad
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

I have moved, and I've kept on movin'
Proved the points that I needed provin'
I Lost the friends that I needed losin'
Found others on the way
I've kissed the girls and left them crying
Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying
I 've traveled hard sometimes with conscience flyin'
Somewhere in the wind

Chorus

Repeat Chorus

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11. Donald, Where's Your Troosers?

I've just come doon frae the Isle o' Skye, I'm no' very big and I'm awful shy,
The lassies shout as I go bye, Donald where's your troosers.

Chorus

Let the winds blow high, let the winds blow low, through the streets in my kilt I'll go,
All the lassies say hello, Donald where's your troosers.

A lassie took me tae a ball, and it was slippery in the hall,
And I was fear'd that I would fall, for I had nae on me troosers.

Chorus

I went doon tae London toon, tae have some fun in the underground,
The lassies turned their heeds aroond, saying, Donald, where are your trousers.

Chorus

They'd like tae wed me, everyone, just let them catch me if they can,
Ye cann'ae tak' the breeks aff a heilan man, for I dan'a wear the troosers,

Chorus

Tae wear the kilt is my delight, it is nae wrong, I know it's right,
The Islanders would gae a fright, if they saw me in the troosers.

Chorus

.....

12. Farewell to Nova Scotia

The sun was setting in the west, the birds they sang on every tree,
All nature seemed inclined for to rest, but still there is never a rest for me.

Chorus

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea bound coast, Let your mountains dark and dreary be,
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed, Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?
I grieve to leave my native home; I grieve to leave my comrades all,
And my parents that I love so dear, and the bonnie, bonnie lassie I do adore.

Chorus

I have three brothers, they are at rest, their arms are folded on their chest,
But a poor, simple, sailor just like me, Must be tossed and driven on the deep dark sea.
The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm, my captain calls and I must obey,
So farewell, farewell to my Nova Scotia's charm, for it's early in the morning and I'm far, far away.

13. Finnegans Wake

Tim Finnegans lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman, mighty odd
He'd a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet, and to rise in the world, he carried a hod.
You see he'd a sort of a tipplin' way, with a love for the liquor poor Tim was born.
To help him on with his work each day, he'd a drop o' the craythur every morn.

Chorus

Whack fol the darn, and dance to your partner. wharl the floor , your trotters shake.
Wasn't it the truth I told you, lots o' fun at Finnegans wake?
One morning Tim got rather full, his head felt heavy, which made him shake.
He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull, so they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out upon the bed.
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet, and a barrel of porter at his head.

Chorus

His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs. Finnegans called for lunch.
First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry, such a nice clean corpse did you ever see,
Tim auvreen, O' why did you die; now hold your gobbs said Paddy McGee.

Chorus

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, O' Biddy said she, your wrong I'm sure.
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob, and left her sprawling on the floor.
Then the war did soon engage t'was woman to woman and man to man.
Shillelagh law was all the rage, and a row and a ruction soon began.

Chorus

Then Micky Maloney raised his head, when a noggin of whiskey flew at him.
It missed him, falling on the bed and the liquor scattered over Tim.
Now Tim revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed.
Saying, whirl your whiskey round like blazes, Thanam an' de'el do you think I'm dead.

Chorus

14. Free and Green

Captain Taggart took the field with his men as hard as steel.
And we drove the bloody rebels to the sea.
Before the guns were stilled, there were many hundreds killed.
There's many an Irish girl sad tonight.
When the smoke had cleared, it was just as we had feared.
Captain Taggart lay wounded on the ground.
With his head upon my knee, there he met eternity.
I proudly closed his eyes and then I cried.

Chorus

And it's whiskey in the mornin', and whiskey in the night.
Another Irish soldier-lad has fought his final fight.
We'll toast him till we're drunk boys, and douse the candle light.
And tell them Captain Taggart is comin' home tonight.
Well, we took his body home, and the drums and pipes did drone.
And pulled a fine black casket through the streets.
We told his grievin' wife, that he loved her more than life.
And gave to his young son, his father's sword.
Now the people, they all dream of an Ireland free and green.
Where nowhere can be heard the battle-cry.
The fighting's gone to long, and it just drags on and on.
I'd like to know some peace before I die.
repeat Chorus twice

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15. Haughs o' Cromdale

As I cam' in by Auchindoon, just a wee bit frae the toon,
Tae the Hielan's I was boon', tea view the Haugh's o' Cromdale,
I met a man in tartan troos, speared at him, what was the news,
Quo he, the Hielan' army ruse that e'er they cam' tae Cromdale.
We were in bed sir, every man, when the English host upon us cam',
A bloody battle then began, upon the Haugh's o' Cromdale,
The English horse, they were sae rude, they bathed their hooves in Hielan' blood,
But oor brave clans, they boldly stood, upon the Haugh's o' Cromdale.
But alas we could no longer stay, and o'er the hills we cam' away,
Sore we did lament the day, that e'er we cam' tae Cromdale,
Thus the great Montrose did say,, Hielan' men show me the way,
For I will o'er the hills this day, tae view the Haugh's o' Cromdale.
They were at dinner every man, when the great Montrose upon them cam',
A second battle then began, upon the Haugh's o' Cromdale,
The Grant, McKenzie and Mackay, as Montrose they did aspy,
Then they fought most valiantly, upon the Haugh's o' Cromdale.
The McDonalds, they returned again, the Camerons did their standards join,
The MacIntosh played a bloody game, upon the Haugh's o' Cromdale,
The Gordons boldly did advance, the Frasers fought wi' sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heeds tae dance, upon the Haugh's o' Cromdale.
Then the loyal Stuarts wi' Montrose, sae boldly set upon their foes,
Laid them low wi' Hielan' blows, upon the Haugh's o' Cromdale
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men, a thousand fled tae Aberdeen,
The rest o' them lay on the plain, there on the Haugh's o' Cromdale.

16. Here's a Health to the Company

Chorus

Here's a health to the company, and one to this place,
Let us drink and be marry, let us drink from one glass,
Let us drink and be marry as we sing this refrain,
For we may or may never pass this way again.
Colonel Stuart cried come on lads; we've a long way to go,
So we trudge ever onward with our heads hanging low,
We trudge ever onward, and we dare not complain
For the life of a private belongs to the queen.

Chorus

Jamie McEwen was our piper, but he's with us nae more,
Death and destruction, he warned, is what we have in store,
Alas, like poor Jamie who lies deep now in the dust?
The grim reaper comes looking for soldiers like us.

Chorus

Well the time is drawing near when we must part for the night,
May your dreams all be splendid and bring you delight,
May your dreams all be splendid and may you sleep safe and well,
So tak' care o' your selves my friends, and I'll see ye in hell.

Chorus

.....

17. Highland Lads in Blue

We came from Caledonia, to a land where we'd be free,
So many battles won and lost, the price of liberty,
Though Scotland holds my heart and soul, I pledge fidelity,
To this land they call America, where we can all be free.

Chorus

Once again we hear the call, the bugles sound for me,
Come on ye highland lads in blue, so all men can be free.
We walk the dusty roads by day, and hug the earth at night,
The bullets fly and fill the air; those rebels sure can fight,
No one can know what we have seen, nor the price that has been paid,
We'll not forget our fallen men, or the dirge the piper played.

Chorus

So come on lads there's work to do, we dare not lose this war,
And we'll return to hearth and home, to live in peace once more
The old men must be smiling now, for our cause is truly just,
Brave highland men, with heads held high, we've won our country's trust.

Chorus

.....

18. Hush, Hush

Chorus

Hush, hush, tis time to be sleepin' hush, hush, dreams come creepin',
Dreams o' peace an' o' freedom, dinna cry in your sleep bonnie babbie.
Once oor valleys were ringin', wi' the sounds o' oor children singin',
Now sheep bleat on in the e'nin, an' oor sheelings lie empty an' broken.

Chorus

We stood oor heeds bowed in prayer, while factors burned oor cottages bare,
The flames licked the clear mountain air, an' mony were deed by the mornin'.

Chorus

Where was oor fierce highland metal, oor men once sae fearless in battle,
Now stand cold, huddled like cattle, an' wait to be shipped o'er the ocean

Chorus

There's nae use in cryin' or pleadin', gang, gang all hope o' stayin',
Sae hush now, the anchors are weighin', dina cry in your sleep bonnie babbie,

Chorus

Hush, hush, tis time to be sleepin', hush, hush, dreams come creapin',
Dreams o' peace an' o' freedom, sae smile in your sleep bonnie babbie.

.....

19. I Have Seen the Highlands

I was born and raised in Glasgow, in the Gallowgate tenement,
When people spoke of my bonnie land, I didn't know what they meant,
But then I took to travel, I moved far and wide,
And now when I speak of my native land, I speak with love and pride.

Chorus

For I have seen the highlands, and I have seen the low,
And I will sing of my native land, where ever I may go.
All nature took a tantrum, many's the day gone by,
To out do all of her wondrous work, she thought she'd have a try,
She toiled and she thundered, she rumbled and she rolled,
She made the highlands of Scotland, then she threw away the mould.

Chorus

Go rambling up by Oban, strolling down by Perth,
In the rugged hills of Argyllshire see the sweetest place on Earth,
Go gaze upon the Cuillins, see the Lomond in the mist,
On the lovely Isle of Mulla, hear the songbird at its best.

Chorus

.....

20. I Will Go

Chorus

I will go; I will go, when the fighting is over,

To the land of McCloud that I left to be a soldier,

I will go, I will go.

When the king's son came along, he called us all together,

Saying brave highland men, will ye fight for my father,

I will go, I will go.

I've a buckle on my belt, a sword in my scabbard,

A red coat on my back, and a shilling in my pocket,

I will go, I will go.

Chorus

When they put us all onboard, the lassies were singin',

But the tears came to their eyes, when they heard the bells a ringin',

I will go, I will go.

When we landed on the shore, and saw the foreign heather,

We knew that some would fall, and would stay there forever,

I will go, I will go.

Chorus

When we came back to the glen, the winter was turnin',

Our goods lay in the snow, and our houses were burnin',

I will go, I will go.

Chorus

Repeat Chorus

21. Jamie Raeburn's Farewell

Oh, my name is Jamie Raeburn, frae Glasgow toon I came,
My place o' habitation, I'm forced to leave in shame,
Frae my place o' habitation, I nu' mon' gang awa',
Far frae the bonnie hills and dales o' Caledonia.
It was early in the morning, before the brake o' day,
We were wakened by the turnkey, who unto us did say,
Arise ye hapless convicts, arise ye ain an' a',
This is the day ye are ta stray from Caledonia.
So we a' arose, put on oor clothes, Oor hairts were foe' o' grief,
Oor friends that stood aboot the coach could grant us nae relief,
Oor parents, wives an' sweethairts, their hairts were broke in twa,
Tae see us leave the hills an' dales o' Caledonia.
So farewell my aged maither, I'm vexed for what I've done,
I hope nane will cast up to thee, the race that I have run,
I hope God will protect you, when I am far awa,
Far frae the bonnie hills an' dales o' Caledonia.
So farewell my aged faither, ye are the best o' men,
And likewise my ain sweethairt, Kathrine is her name,
Nae mare ma' walk by Clyde's cleer stream, or by the broomie law,
For I mon' leave the hills an' dales o' Caledonia.

Repeat first verse

O' my name is...

.....

22. Johnnie Cope

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar, saying Charlie meet me and ye dar',
An' I'll learn ye the art o' war, if ye'll meet me in the mornin'.

Chorus

Hey Johnnie Cope are ye waukin' yet, or are you're drums a beatin' yet,
If ye were waukin', I would wait to gang to the coles 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 mornin.

Chorus

Now Johnnie be as good as your word, come let as try baith fire an' sword,
An' da'na flee like a frightened bird, that's chased frae it's nest in the mornin'.

Chorus

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this, he thought it would nae be amiss,
to hae a horse in readiness, to flee awa' in the mornin'.

Chorus

Fye now Johnnie get up an' rin, the highland bagpipes mak' a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin, for it will be a bloody mornin'.

Chorus

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came, they spier'd at him, where's a' your men,
The devil confound me gin I ken, for I left them a' in the mornin'.

Chorus

Now Johnnie troth ye were nae blate, to come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
An' leave your men in sic' a strait, so early in the mornin'.

Chorus

In faith quoth Johnnie, I got sic' flegs, wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them again, de'il break my legs, so I'll wish ye a' a good mornin'.

Chorus

23. Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo.

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo.

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, a stick in me hand, a drop in me eye.

A doleful damsel I heard cry. Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Chorus

Wi' your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, hurroo, hurroo.

Wi' your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, hurroo, hurroo.

Wi' your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, the enemy nearly slew ye.

O' me darlin' dear ye look sae queer. Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are the eyes that looked sae miled? hurroo, hurroo.

Where are the eyes that looked sae miled? hurroo, hurroo.

Where are the eyes that looked sae miled, when my poor heart ye first beguiled?

Why did ye skidaddle frae me an' the child? Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Chorus

Where are the legs wi' which ye run? hurroo, hurroo.

Where are the legs wi' which ye run? hurroo, hurroo.

Where are the legs wi' which ye run, when first ye went to carrie a gun?

Indeed ye're dancin' days are done. Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Chorus

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, ye're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg.

Ye'll have to be put wi' a bowl to beg. Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Chorus

Still, I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo.

Still I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo.

Still, I'm happy for to see ye home. O're from the island of Salloam.

So long in the flesh an' high in the bone. Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Chorus

They're rollin' out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo.

They're rollin' out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo.

They're rollin' out the guns again, and takin' all the best O'men.
But they'll never take our sons again. Johnny I swear it to ye.
Wi' your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, hurroo, hurroo.
Wi' your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, hurroo, hurroo.
Wi' your guns an' drums, an' drums an' guns, the enemy NEVER slew ye.
O' my darlin' dear ye look sae queer. Johnny I hardly knew ye.

24. Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes, where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond.
Where me and my true love were ever want to gae, on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
Chorus
For ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye .
But me and my true love will never meet again, on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen, on the steep, steep sides of Ben Lomond.
Where in deep purple hue, the highland hills we view, and the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.
Chorus
The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring, and in sunshine the waters are sleeping.
But the broken hearted ken nae second spring again, and the world does nae ken how we're greeting.
Chorus

25. MacPherson's Farewell

Fareweil ye dungeons, dark and strong, the reches destiny,
MacPherson's time will no' be lang, on yonder gallows tree.

Chorus

Sae rantly, sae wantonly, and sae dauntingly gaed he,
He played a tune and he danced aroon', below the gallows tree.
It was by a woman's treacherous hand, that I was condemned tae dee,
She stood abin a window ledge, and a blanket she threw o'er me.

Chorus

Untie these bands frae off my hands, and gae tae me my bow,
I've not tae leave my brave Scotland, but a tune afor I go.

Chorus

There's some come here tae see me hang, and some tae buy my fiddle,
But afore that I do part wi' her, I'll break her doon the middle.

Chorus

He's tain his fiddle intae both o' his hands, and broke it o'er a stone,
Saying no aither hand shall play on thee, when I am deed and gone.

Chorus

I have lived a life o' strut and strife, I die by treachery,
It burns my heart that I must depart, and no avenged be.

Chorus

O' little did me Maither think, when first she cradled me,
That I would turn a rovin' boy, and die on the gallows tree.

Chorus

Sae take these bands frae off my hands, and gae tae me my sword,
There's no a man in a' Scotland, that I'll brave him at a word.

Chorus

O' what is death but parting breath, on mony a bloody plane,
I've dared his face, and in this place, I scorn him yet again.

Chorus

Now fareweil night, thou parting light, and all beneath the sky,
My coward shame, distain his name, the rech that dare not die.

Chorus

The reprieve was coming o'er the brig o' Banth, tae set MacPherson free,
But they put the clock a quarter afore, and they hanged him frae a tree.

Chorus

26. O 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; to 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?
That stood against him, proud Edward's army.
And sent him homeward; to think again.
Those days are past now, and in the past they must remain.
But we can still rise now, and be a nation again.
That stood against him, proud Edward's army.
And sent him homeward; to think again.
Repeat first verse

27. Paddy Doyle's Boots

In memory of Tim Smith.
Paddy way ay ay ay ay ay ay ya! we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.
Paddy way ay ay ay ay ay ay ya! we'll all shave under the chin.
Paddy way ay ay ay ay ay ay ya! we'll all drink whiskey and jin.
Paddy way ay ay ay ay ay ay ya! we'll all throw mud at the cook.
Paddy way ay ay ay ay ay ay ya! we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

28. Rise and Follow Charlie

(* Tha tighin fodham) is pronounced, (Ha cheen foe am)

It means (It came upon me) or (I have the wish)

Sound the pibroch loud on high, frae John a Grout, tae Ile o' Skye,

Let every man his slogan cry, rise and follow Charlie.

*Chorus

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham, (I will rise and follow, follow,)

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham, (i will rise and follow, follow,)

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham, (I will rise and follow on,)

Rise and follow Charlie.

And see a small devoted band, by dark Loch Shiel, have ta'en their stand,

And proudly vow wi' heart and hand, to rise and follow Charlie.

Chorus

Frae 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 fought but can nae more, They died for Royal Charlie.

Chorus

Nae more we'll see such deeds again, deserted is each highland glen,

And lonely cairns are o'er the men, who fought and died for Charlie.

Chorus

29. Rosin the Bow

I've travelled all over this world, and now to another I go.

And I know that good quarters are waiting, to welcome old Rosin the Bow.

To welcome old rosin the Bow oh oh, to welcome old Rosin the Bow.

I know that good quarters are waiting, to welcome old Rosin the Bow.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter, a voice you will hear from below.

Saying send down a hogs head of whiskey, to drink with old Rosin the Bow.

To drink with old Rosin the Bow oh oh, to drink with old Rosin the Bow.

Saying send down a hogs head of whiskey to drink with old Rosin the Bow.

Then get a half dozen stout fellows, and stack them all up in a row.

Let 'em drink out of half gallon bottles, to the memory of Rosin the Bow.

To the memory of rosin the Bow oh oh, to the memory of Rosin the Bow.

Let 'em drink out of half gallon bottles, to the memory of Rosin the Bow.

Then get this half dozen stout fellows, and make them all stagger and go.

And dig a great hole in the meadow, and in it put Rosin the Bow.

And in it put Rosin the Bow oh oh, and in it put Rosin the Bow.

And dig a great hole in the meadow, and in it put Rosin the Bow.

Then get ye a couple of bottles, put one at me head and me toe.

With a diamond ring scratch upon 'em, the name of old Rosin the Bow.

The name of old Rosin the Bow oh oh, the name of old Rosin the Bow.

With a diamond ring scratch upon 'em, the name of old Rosin the Bow.

I fear that old tyrant approaching, that cruel remorseless old foe.

And I lift up me glass in his honor; take a drink with old Rosin the Bow.

Take a drink with old rosin the Bow oh oh, take a drink with old Rosin the Bow.

And I lift up me glass in his honor; take a drink with old Rosin the Bow.

30. Scotland the Brave

Hark when the night is falling, hear, hear the pipes a 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 the mountain hame.
High may your proud standards gloriously wave.
Land of the high endeavor, 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 to meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you.
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens eyes.

Chorus

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31. Scotts Wha Hae

Scotts wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scotts wham Bruce has often 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 Edward's power, chains an' slavery.
Wha will be a traitor nave, wha will fill a cowards grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave let him turn an' flee.
Wha for Scotland's King and law, freedoms sword will strongly draw,
Free man stand or free man 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 usurper low, tyrants fa' with every foe,
Liberty's in every blow, let us do or dee.

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32. The Bonnie Lass of Fyvie

There once was a troop o' Irish dragoons, cam marching doon through fyvie O,
And the Captain fe'en in love wi' a very bonnie lass, and her name it was ca'd pretty Peggy O.
There's mony a bonnie lass in the Howe o' Auchterless, there's mony a bonnie lass in the Garioch,
There's mony a bonnie Jaen in the streets o' Aberdeen, but the floower o' them a' lies in Fyvie O.
So come doon the stair pretty Peggy my dear, come doon the stair pretty Peggy O,
Come doon the stair, bind up your yellow hair, tak' a last fareweil o' your daddy O.
It's braw, aye it's braw, a captain's lady for tae be, it's braw tae be a captain's lady O,
It's braw tae rant and roll and tae follow at his word, and tae ride when your captain he is ready O.
The Colonel he cried, mount, boys, mount, tarry says oor Captain, o' tarry O,
O' tarry for a while, just another day or twa, til I see if this bonnie lass will marry 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.
Twas in the early morning, when we marched awa, and o' but oor Captain was sorry O,
The drums they did beat o'er the bonnie brase o' Gight, and the pipes played the lowlands of Fyvie O.
Lang e'er we come to the Howe o' Auchterless, we had oor Captain to carrie O,
And lang e'er we won into the streets o' Aberdeen, it's we had oor Captain to bury O.
Green grow the birks on bonnie Ythanside, and low lie the lowlands o' Fyvie O,
Oor Captain's name was Ned, and he died for a maid, he died for the bonnie lass o' Fyvie O.

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33. The Dark Island

In the years long gone by, since I first left my home.

I was young, and I wanted the wide world to roam.

But now I am older, and wiser you see.

And that lovely dark island is calling to me.

Chorus

Though I wondered away from the land o' my birth.

I've been roamin' around to the ends o' the Earth.

Still my heart is at home in that land far away.

And that lovely dark island where memories stray.

One day I'll return, to that far distant shore.

And from that dear island, I'll wander no more.

Till the day that I die, I will no longer roam.

And that lovely dark island will be my last home.

Chorus

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34. The girl I left behind me

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill, and o'er the Merr an' valley,

Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill, since parting wi' my Sally,

I seek no more the fine an' gay, for each but does remind me,

How swift the hours did pass away, wi' the girl I left behind me.

Oh ne'er shall I forget the night, the stars were bright above me,

And gently lent their silvery light, when first she vowed she loved me,

But now I'm bound for Briton camp, kind heaven may favor find me,

And send me safely back again; to the girl I left behind me.

The bee, shall honey taste no more, the dove become a ranger,

The crashing wave shall cease to roar; e'er she's to me a stranger,

The vows we registered above, shall ever cheer and bind me,

In constancy to her I love, the girl I left behind me.

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35. The Green Fields of France

Well how do you do young Willie McBride?

Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave side,

And rest for a while neath the warm summer sun,

I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done,

I see by your gravestone you were only 19,

When you joined the great fallen in 1916,

Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean,

Or young Willie McBride was it slow and obscene.

Chorus

Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly,

Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down?

Did the band play the Last Post in Chorus?

Did the pipes play The Flowers of the Forest?

Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?

In that faithful heart is your memory enshrined,

Although you died back there in 1916,

In that faithful heart are you forever 19,

Or are you a stranger without even a name,

Enclosed and forgotten behind a glass pane,

In an old photograph torn tattered and stained,

And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame.

Chorus

The sun how it shines on these green fields of France,

There's a warm summer breeze, it makes the red poppies dance,

The trenches are vanished long under the plough,

There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now,

But here in this graveyard it's still no man's land,

The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,

To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,

To a whole generation that were butchered and damned.

Chorus

Well young Willie McBride I can't help wonder why,
Do those who lay here, really know why they died,
And did you believe when they told you the cause,
Did you really believe that this war would end wars,
With the sorrow, the suffering, the glory and the shame,
The killing, the dyeing, it was all done in vane,
For young Willie McBride, it all happened again,
And again, and again, and again, and again.

Chorus

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36. The Massacre of Glencoe

Chorus

Cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe, and covers the grave o' Donald.
And cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe, and murdered the house o' McDonald.
They came in a blizzard, we offered them heat. A roof o'er their heads, dry shoes for their feet.
We wined them, and dined them, they ate of our meat. And slept in the house of McDonald.

Chorus

They came from Fort William with murder in mind. The Campbell had orders, King William had signed.
Put a' to the sword, these words underlined. Leave no one alive called McDonald.

Chorus

They came in the night, while our men were asleep. This band of Argyles through snow soft an' deep.
Like murdering foxes, among helpless sheep. They slaughtered the house o' McDonald.

Chorus

Some died in their beds, at the hands o' the foe. Some fled in the night, and were lost in the snow.
Some lived to accuse them, who struck the first blow. But gone was the house o' McDonald.

Chorus

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37. The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy, to the war is gone. In the ranks o' death you will find him.
His father's sword, he has girded on. And his wild harp slung behind him.
Land o' song, cried the warrior bard. Though all the world betrays thee.
One sword at least, thy rights shall guard. One faithful harp shall praise thee.
The minstrel fell, but the foe-mans chains, could not bring that proud soul under.
The harp he loved, never spoke again. For he tore its chords asunder.
And cried, no chains shall sully thee, thou soul of love and bravery.
Thy songs were made for the pure and free. They shall never sound in slavery.
The minstrel boy will return we pray, when we hear the news we all will cheer it.
The minstrel boy will return one day, torn perhaps in body, not in spirit.
Then may he play on his harp in peace, in a world such as heaven intended.
For all the bitterness of man must cease and every battle must be ended.

38. The Parting Glass

Of all the money that e'er I spent, I spent it in good company.
And of all the harm that e'er I did, alas it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass. Good night and joy be with you all.
If I had money enough to spend, and leisure time to sit awhile.
There is a fair maid in the town that sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart enthralled.
So fill to me the parting glass. Good night and joy be with you all.
Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had, they're sorry for my going away.
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had, they'd wish me one more day to stay.
But since it falls unto my lot, that I should rise and you should not.
I'll gently rise and softly call. Good night and joy be with you all.

39. The Rocky Road to Dublin

While in the merry month of May, from me home I started,
Left the girls of Tuarn, nearly broken hearted,
Saluted Father dear, kissed me darling Mother,
Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn, and leave where I was born,
Cut a stout Blackthorn, to banish ghost and goblin,
Brand new pair of brogues, to rattle o'er the bogs,
And frighten all the dogs, on the rocky road to Dublin,
Chorus

One, two, three, four, five,
Hunt the hare, and turn her down the rocky road,
And all the way to Dublin, wack fol la de ra.
In Mullingar that night, I rested, Limbs so weary,
Started by day light, next morning light and early,
Took a drop of the pure, to keep me heart from sinking,
That's the Paddy's cure, whenever he's on for drinking,
To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while,
At my curious style, t'would set your heart a bubblin',
Asked me was I hired, wages I required,
Till I was almost tired, over the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus
In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived, a view of that fine city,
Then I took the stroll, all among the quality,
Bundle it was stolen, in that neat locality,
Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind,
No bundle could I find, upon me stick a wobblin',
Crying after the rogue, they said me Connaught brogue,
It wasn't much in vogue, on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus
From there I got away, me spirits never failing,

Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing,
The captain at me roared, said that no room had he,
Then I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy,
Down among the pigs, did some hearty rigs,
Played some hearty jigs, the water round me bubblin'
When off to Holly head, wished myself was dead,
Or better far instead, on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

The boys of Liverpool, when we safely landed,
Called myself a fool, I could no longer stand it,
Blood began to boil, temper I was losing,
Poor old Erin's Ile, they began abusing,
Hooray me soul, says I, let the shillelagh fly,
Some Galway boys were by, and saw I was a hobblin',
With a loud hurray, they joined me in the affray,
Quickly cleared the way, on the rocky road to Dublin.

Chorus

40. The Rovin' Dies Hard

My name's John McKenzie I'm a master at arms. An' I carry my sword an' my shield on my shoulder
I've fought every fight frae the Don tae the Danube. None braver, none better, none bolder.
I've stood wi' Montrose and against him. I've battled wi' Swedes an' wi' Danes.
An' I've carried the standard o' many's the army, through many's the bloody campaign.
But now as I sit in the firelight it seems, there's a distant horizon to the sword buckles gleam.
Till a pull at the wine brings an auld soldiers dreams from afar. For the rovin' dies hard.
I'm Callum McLean I'm a trapper to trade. An' it's forty lang years since I saw Tobemory.
Through Canada's forests I've carried my plaid. An' her pine trees can tell ya my story.
But my wonderin' days they are over. An' I'm thankful to still be alive.
For it's mony's the kinsmen who died in the hulks, at the end o' the bold forty five.
I've an Indian lass, now I'll never deceive her. But there's nights when I'd up wi' my gun an' I'd leave her,
For the land where the bear an' the fox an' the beaver are lord. For the rovin' dies hard.
My name's Robert Johnstone, I'm a man o' the cloth. An' I'll carry my Bible as lang as I'm breathin'.
I've preached the lord's Gospel, frae Shanghai tae Glasgow. Where e'er He saw fit tae make heathens.
But now the Kirk's callin' me homewards. It's the mance an' the elders for me.
An' the sins o' the session will no be sae far, as the sins o' the South China Sea.
Perhaps it's the voice o' the divil I've heard. For it speaks o' the clipper ships flyin' like birds,
Till a man's only comfort is scripture an' the words o' the Lord. For the rovin' dies hard.
My name's Willie Campbell, I'm a ships engineer. An' I've known every birth between Lisbon an' Largo.
I've sweated mare diesel in thirty five year, then a big tanker takes for a cargo.
O' the good times, I've always had plenty, where the whiskey an' lassies were wild.
An' there's mony the wayne wi' the red locks o' the Campbell, That's ne'er seen the coast o' Argyle.
But now as the freighters unload on the quay. The sound o' the engines is callin' tae me.
An' it sings me a song o' the sun an' the sea an' the stars. For the rovin' dies hard.
I've tuned up me fiddle, I've rosined my bow. I've sung o' the Clans an' the clear crystal fountains.
I can tell you the road an' the miles frae Dundee, to the back o' Alaska's wild mountains.
When my wonderin' days, they are over. An' the next o' the rovers is come.
He'll take all the songs, an' he'll sing them again. Tae the beat o' a different drum.
An' if ever I'm asked why the Scotts are beguiled; I'll lift up my glass in her health an' I'll smile.
An' I'll tell them that fortune dealt Scotland the wildest o' cards. For the rovin' dies hard.
(Period Alternates for verse 4 and 5)

My name's Willie Campbell, I'm a ship's carpenter.
An' I've known every port where a tall ship can take ya.
I've sweated mare good rum in thirty five year, then the clipper ships hall frae Jamaica.
O' the good times I've always had plenty, where the whiskey and the lassies were wild.
An' there's mony the wayne wi' the red locks o' the Campbell, that's ne'er seen the coast o' Argyle.
But now as the barrels are stowed on the quay, the sound o' the canvas is callin' tae me.
An' it sings me a song o' the sun an' the sea an' the stars. For the rovin' dies hard.
I've tuned up my fiddle, I've rosined my bow. I've sung o' the Clans an' the clear crystal fountains.
I can tell you the road an' the miles frae Dundee tae the back o' the great Rocky Mountains.
When my wanderin' days they are over, an' the next o' the rovers has come.
He'll take a' the songs an' he'll sing them again, tae the beat o' a different drum.
An' if ever I'm asked why the Scotts are beguiled; I'll lift up my glass in her health an' I'll smile.
An' I'll tell them that fortune dealt Scotland the wildest o' cards. For the rovin' dies hard.

41. The Scottish Soldier

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier, who wandered far away, an' soldiered far away.

There was none bolder, wi' good broad shoulders, He'd fought in many a fray an' fought an' won.

He'd seen the glory, an' told his story, of battles glorious, an' 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 lands hills.

An' fare as these green foreign hills may be, they are not the hills of home.

An' now this soldier, this Scottish soldier, who wandered far away, an' soldiered far away.

Sees leaves are falling, an' death is calling, an' he will fade away in that far land.

He called his piper, his trusty piper, An' baid him sound a lay, a piobroch sad to play.

Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside, not on these green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus

An' so this soldier, this Scottish soldier, Will wander far no more, an' soldier far no more.

An' on a hillside, a Scottish hillside, you'll see the piper play his soldier home.

He'd seen the glory, and 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

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42. The Skye Boat Song

Chorus

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing, onward the sailors cry.
Carry the lad that was born to be king, over the sea to Skye.
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, thunder claps 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 in the deep, Flora will keep watch by your weary head.

Chorus

Many's the lad, fought on that day, well the claymore could 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 er' the sword cools in the sheath, Charlie will come again.

Chorus

43. The Stoutest Man in the Forty Twa

Behold I am a soldier bold; I'm only twenty five years old.

A finer warrior never was seen, frae Inverness to Gretna Green.

When I was young my father said, he would put me to a decent trade.

I did nae like that job at a', so I went an' I joined the Forty Twa.

Chorus

The winds may blow, the cock may crow.

The rains may rain, an' the snow may snow.

But ye wa'na fecht an' joke McGraw.

The stoutest man in the Forty Twa.

The corporal who enlisted me, he slapped my back an' then said he.

A man like you so big an' tall, could ne'er be killed by a cannon ball.

The colonel then when he came roon, he looked me up an' he looked me doon.

An' then said he, I'll tak' my guess, ye must be the beastie o' Loch Ness.

Chorus

At oor last battle across the sea, the general he sent after me.

When I got there wi' my big gun, the battle was as good as won.

For the enemy they a' ran awa', when they saw the size o' big McGraw.

A man like me so big an' neat, ye ken yersel' ye can ne'er be beat.

Chorus

The King then held a grand review, an' we numbered a thousand an' fifty two.

The Forty Twa came marching past, an' Jock McGraw came marching last.

The royal party grabbed their specs, an' they a' began tae stretch their necks.

Said the King to the Colonel, upon my soul, I took that lad for a telegraph pole.

Chorus

44. The Wild Rover

Well I've been a wild rover for many's the year. And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer.

But now I'm returning with gold in great store. And I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more.

Will I play the wild rover? No never no more.

I went down to an ale house I used to frequent. And I told the land lady me money was spent.

I asked her for credit, she answered me nay. Saying, customers like you I can get any day.

Chorus

So I pulled from me pocket a handful of gold. And on the round table, it glittered and rolled.

She said we have whiskey and beer o' the best. What I told you before, it was only in jest.

Chorus

I'll go to me parents, confess what I've done. And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.

And if they forgive me, as oft' times before. I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus

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45. The Yew Tree

A mile frae Pen Kateland on the road to the sea, Stands a yew tree a thousand years auld.
And the auld women swear by the grey o' their hair, that it knows what the future will hold.
For the shadows of Scotland stand round it, mid the kale an' the corn an' the kye.
A' the hopes an' the fears o' a thousand lang years, Under the Lothian sky.
My bonnie yew tree, tell me what can you see.
Did you look through the hase o' the lang summer days, To the south an' the far English boarder.
All the bonnets are steal on Flodden's far field, did they march by your side in good order.
Did you ask them the price o' the glory, when you heard the great slaughter begin.
O' the dust o' their bones would rise up frae the stones, To bring tears to the eyes o' the wind.
My bonnie yew tree, tell me what do you see.
Did ye no think tae speak for the poor and the weak, when the moss-troopers lay in your shade.
To count out the plunder an' hide frae the thunder, an' share a' the spoils o' their raids.
But you saw the smiles o' the gentry and the laughter o' the lairds at their games.
When the poor hunt the poor across mountain an' moor, the rich man can keep them in chains.
My bonnie yew tree, tell me what do you see.
Did you no thing to tell when John Knox himsel', Preached under your branches sae black.
To the poor common folk who would lift up the yoke, O' the bishops an' priests wi' their backs.
But you knew the bargain he showed them, an' freedom was only one part.
For the price o' their souls was a gospel sae cold, it would freeze up the joy in their hearts.
My bonnie yew tree, tell me what do you see.
An' I thought as I stood an' laid hands on your wood, that it might be a kindness to fell ya.
One kiss o' the axe an' your freed frae the racks, O' the sad bloody tales that men tell ya.
But a wee bird flew out frae your branches, singin' like never before.
An' the words o' the song were a thousand years lang, An' tae learn them a lang thousand more.
My bonnie yew tree, tell me what can you see.

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46. There'll Never Be Peace until Jamie Comes Hame

By yon castle wall at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing though his heed it was grey,
And as he was singing the tears doon came,
O' there'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.
The Kirk is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions and murderous wars,
We dar' nae weil say it, but we ken wha's tae blame,
O' there'll never be peace until Jamie comes Hame.
My seeven braw sons, for Jamie drew sword,
And it's now I greet roon' their green beds in the yaird,
It broke the sweet hairt o' my faithful auld dame,
O' there'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.
Now my life is a burden that bows me doon,
Sin' I tint my bairnies, and he tint his crown,
But until my last moment, my woed's aye the same,
O' there'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

47. Twa Recruiting Sergeants

Twa recruitin' sergeants come frae the Black Watch. Tae markets an' fairs, some recruits for tae catch.
But a' that they've listed is forty an' twa. Sae list my bonnie laddie, an' come, come awa'.

Chorus

An' it's over the mountains, an' over the mane. Through Gibraltar, tae France an' tae Spain.
Put a feather tae yer bonnet, a kilt aboon yer knee. An' list my bonnie laddie, an' come awa' wi' me.
Ach, laddie ye du'na ken the danger that yer in, If yer horses were to fleg an' yer oosin was tae rin.
This greedy auld fairmer, he wi'na pay yer fee. Sae list my bonnie laddie, an' come awa' wi' me.

Chorus

An' it's in tae the barn an' oot o' the byre. This auld fairmer thinks ye'll never tire.
It's a slavery job, o' low degree. Sae list my bonnie laddie an' come awa' wi' me.

Chorus

Ach, laddie if ye've got a sweetheart an' bearn. ye'll easily get rid o' that ill spun yarn.
Twa ratles o' the drum, an' that'll pay it a'. Sae list my bonnie laddie an' come, come awa'.

Chorus

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48. Westering Home

Chorus

And it's westering home with a song in the air, light in me eye and it's goodbye to care,
Laughter or love and a welcoming there, Isle of my heart, my own one.
Tell me a tale of the orient gay; tell me of riches that come from Cathay,
Ah, but it's grand to be waken each day, and find oneself nearer to Islay.

Chorus

Where are the folks, like the folks of the west, canty and couthy and kindly our best?
There I would hie me and there I would rest, at home with my own folks in Islay.

Chorus

Now I'm at home, and at home I do lay, dreaming of riches that come from Cathay,
I'll hop a good ship, and be on my way, and bring back my fortune to Islay.

Chorus

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49. Whiskey in the Jar

As I was goin' over the far famed Kerry Mountains,
I met with captain Ferrell and his money he was countin'.
I first produced my pistol, I then produced my rapier.
Saying, stand and deliver, for you are the bold deceiver.

Chorus

Musha ring dumma du dumma da, wack fol the daddyo.
Wack fol the daddyo, there's whiskey in the jar.
He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me.
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

Chorus

Well I went up to me chambers, all for to take a slumber.
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water.
Then sent for captain Ferrell to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

It was early in the morning, before I rose to travel.
Up comes a band of foot-men and likewise captain Ferrell.
I first produced me pistol, for she'd stole away me rapier.
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

Now if anyone can save me, it's me brother in the army.
If I can learn his station in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' in Kilkenny.
And I know he'll treat me better than me darlin' sportin' Jenny.

Chorus

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rollin'.
Others take delight in the hurlin' and the bowlin'.
But I take delight in the juice o' the barley.
And courtin' pretty fair maids in the mornin' bright and early.

50. Whiskey you're The Devil

Chorus

Whiskey you're the devil, you're leading me astray,
Over hills and mountains, And to Americay,
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier then tae, (tay)
Oh whiskey you're me darlin' drunk or sober.
Oh all brave boys we're on the march, and off to Portugal and Spain,
The drums are beatin', the banners are flyin', the devil at home, Will come tonight,
Love fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da,
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da,
Me rikes fall tour da laddie oh, there's whiskey in the jar.
Said the mother, Do not wrong me, Do not take me daughter from me,
For if ya do, I will torment you, and after death, me goast 'ull haunt ya,
Love fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da,
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da,
Me rikes fall tour da laddie oh, there's whiskey in the jar.
Well, the French are fightin' boldly, Men are dyin' hot and coldly,
Give every man his flask of powder, His firelock upon his shoulder,
Love fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da,
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da,
Me rikes fall tour da laddie oh, there's whiskey in the jar.

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51. Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time has come, and the trees are sweetly bloomin'.
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the bloomin' heather.

Chorus

Will ye go, lassie go. And we'll all go together.
To pull wild mountain thyme, all around the bloomin' heather.
Will ye go, lassie go.

I will build my love a bower, by yon cool crystal fountain.
And round it I will pile all the wild flowers o' the mountain.

Chorus

I will range through the wilds, and the deep glens sae dreary.
And return with their spoils, tae the bower o' my dearie

Chorus

If my true love she'll not go, then I'll surely find another.
To pull wild mountain thyme, all around the bloomin' heather.

Chorus

52. Will Ye No Come Back Again

Bonnie Charlie's nu' awa', safely o'er the friendly mane.
Mony a hairt 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'd ye can'nae be, will ye no come back again.
Ye trusted in yer highland men, they trusted you brave Charlie.
They kent ye hidin' in the glen, death oor exile bravin'.

Chorus

Sweet the laverock's note an' lang, liltin' wildly up the glen.
But aye for me he sings a song, will ye no come back again.

Chorus
