

GLASGOW GLENMORE CLUB



Song Book

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The Day We Went to Rothesay, O!

TML #002487 Key C Major



One Hogmanay at Glesca Fair,
There was me, mysel' and sev'ral
mair, We a' went off to hae a tear
An' spend the night in Rothesay, O,
We wandered thro' the Broomielaw,
Thro' wind an' rain an' sleet an' snaw,
And at forty minutes after twa, We
got the length o' Rothesay, O.

Chorus:

*A dirrum a doo a dum a day, A
dirrum a doo a daddy O, A
dirrum a doo a dum a day, The
day we went to Rothesay, O.*

A sodger lad named Ru'glen Will,
Wha's regiment's lyin' at Barra
Hill, Gaed off wi' a tanner to get a
gill In a public hoose in Rothesay,
O. Said he 'I think I'd like to sing'
Said I 'Ye'll no' dae sic a thing'
He said 'Clear the room and I'll mak' a ring
And I'll fecht them all in Rothesay, O.

Chorus

In search of lodgings we did slide,
To find a place where we could
bide; There was eighty-twa o' us
inside In a single room in Rothesay,
O. We a' lay doon to tak' our ease,
When somebody happened for to
sneeze, And he wakened half a million
fleas In a single room in Rothesay, O.

Chorus

There were several different kinds of
bugs, Some had feet like dyer's clogs,
And they sat on the bed and they cockit
their lugs,
And cried 'Hurrah for Rothesay, O !
'O noo', says I, 'we'll have to 'lope'
So we went and joined the Band
O'Hope, But the polis wouldna let us
stop Another night in Rothesay, O.

Chorus

The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen

*The Northern Lights of old Aberdeen mean home, sweet home to me;
The Northern Lights of Aberdeen are what I long to see.
I've been a wand'rer all of my life and many a sight I've seen.
God speed the day when I'm on my way to my home in Aberdeen.*

1. When I was a lad, a tiny wee lad, my mother said to me,
"Come see the Northern Lights my boy, they're bright as they can be."
She called them the heavenly dancers, merry dancers in the sky,
I'll never forget that wonderful sight, they made the heavens bright.

2. I've wandered in many far-off lands, and travelled many a mile,
I've missed the folk I've cherished most, the joy of a friendly smile.
It warms up the heart of a wand'rer the clasp of a welcoming hand.
To greet me when I return, home to my native land.

The Skye Boat Song



Speed bon- nie boat like a bird on a wing, On- ward the sai- lers cry;



Car- ry the lad that's born to be king O- ver the sea to Skye.



Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, thun- der- claps rend the air.



Baf- fled our foes stand on the shore, Fol- low they do not dare.

Chorus

C Am Dm G
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing

C F G
Onward the sailors cry

C Am Dm G
Carry the lad that's born to be king

C F C
Over the sea to Skye

Am Dm
Loud the wind howls, loud the waves roar,

Am F Am
Thunderclaps rend the air

Am Dm
Baffled our foes, stand by the shore

Am F Dm-G7
Follow they will not dare

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

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

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men,
Yet e'er the sword cool in the
sheath
Charlie will come again.

Bonnie Lass of Fyvie, O



There was a troop of Ir- ish dra- goons cam'

march- in' doon through Fy- vie O, Our cap- tain's fa'en in love, Wi' a

ver- y bon- ny lass, and her name it was called pret- ty Peg- gy O.

G
 There once was a troop of Irish dragoons
 D7 Am
 Come marching down thru Fyvie, O
 C G D7 G C
 And the captain fell in love with a very bonnie lass
 Am G Am G
 And the name she was called was pretty Peggy-o

There's many a bonnie lass in the glen of Auchterlass
 There's many a bonnie lass in Gairloch-o
 There's many a bonnie Jean in the streets of
 Aberdeen But the flower of them all lives in Fyvie, O

O come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy, my dear
 Come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy-o
 Come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair
 Bid a long farewell to your mammy-o

It's braw, aye it's braw, a captain's lady for to be
 And it's braw to be a captain's lady-o
 It's braw to ride around and to follow the camp
 And to ride when your captain he is ready-o

O I'll give you ribbons, love, and I'll give you
 rings I'll give you a necklace of amber-o
 I'll give you a silken petticoat with flounces to the
 knee If you'll convey me doon to your chamber-o

What would your mother think if she heard the guineas
clink And saw the haut-boys marching all before you o
O little would she think gin she heard the guineas
clink If I followed a soldier laddie-o

I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be
A soldier shall never enjoy me-o
I never did intend to gae tae a foreign land
And I will never marry a soldier-o

I'll drink nae more o your claret wine
I'll drink nae more o your glasses-o
Tomorrow is the day when we maun ride away
So farewell tae your Fyvie lasses-o

The colonel he cried, mount, boys, mount, boys,
mount The captain, he cried, tarry-o
O tarry yet a while, just another day or twa
Til I see if the bonnie lass will marry-o

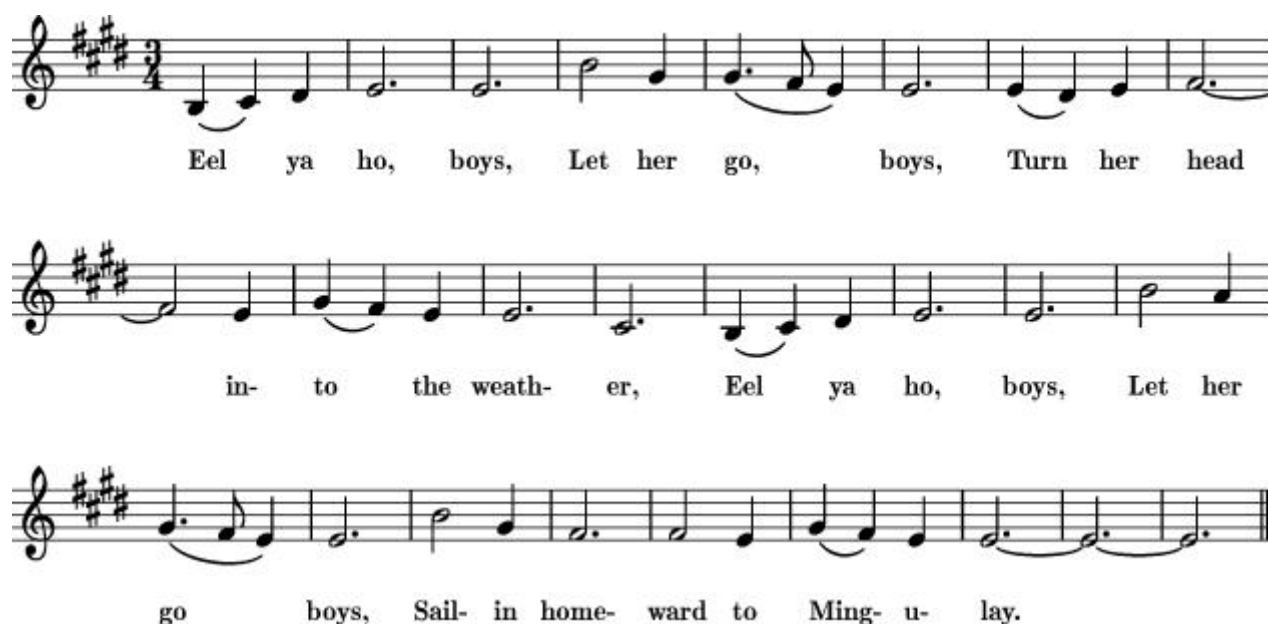
Twass in the early morning, when we marched
awa And O but the captain he was sorry-o
The drums they did beat on the merry braes o' Gight
And the band played the bonnie lass of Fyvie, O

Long ere we came to the glen of Auchterlass
We had our captain to carry-o
And long ere we won into the streets of
Aberdeen We had our captain to bury-o

Green grow the birks on bonnie Ethanside
And low lie the lowlands of Fyvie, O
The captain's name was Ned and he died for a
maid He died for the bonny lass of Fyvie, O

Mingulay Boat Song

E



E B7 E
Heel ya ho, boys; let her go, boys;
B7 A
Bring her head round, now all together,
E. B7 E
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
F#m B7 E
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

What care we tho' white the Minch is?
 What care we for wind or weather?
 Let her go boys; every inch is
 Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Wives are waiting, by the pierhead,
 Looking seaward, from the heather;
 Pull her round, boys and we'll anchor
 'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Ships return now, heavy laden
 Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
 They'll return, though, when the sun sets
 They'll return to Mingulay.

Killiecrankie



Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? Whare hae ye been sae bran- kie, O? Whare



hae ye been sae braw, lad? Cam ye by Kil- li- cran- kie, O? An



ye had been whare I hae been, Ye wad na be sae can- tie, O! An



ye had seen what I hae seen, On the braes o' Kil- lie- cran- kie, O!

G C
Whaur hae ye been sae braw, lad?

G D
Whaur hae ye been sae brankie-o?

G C
Whaur hae ye been sae braw, lad?

GDCG Cam' ye by
Killiecrankie-o?

G C
An' ye had been whaur I hae been

G D
Ye wadna been sae cantie-o

G C
An' ye had seen what I hae seen

G DCG *On the braes o'
Killiecrankie-o*

Or I had fed an Athol gled
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o

Oh fie, MacKay, What gart ye lie
I' the brush ayont the brankie-o?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loff
Than come tae Killiecrankie-o

It's nae shame, it's nae shame
It's nae shame to shank ye-o
There's sour slaes on Athol braes
And the de'ils at Killiecrankie-o

I fought at land, I fought at sea
At hame I fought my auntie-o
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o

The bauld pitcur fell in a furr
And Clavers gat a crankie-o

Westering Home



Tell me o' lands o' the o- ri- ent gay, Sing me o' ri- ches and joys o' Ca- thay;



Man! but it's grand to a- wa- ken each day, And find your- self nea- rer to Is- la, For we're



wes- ter- ing home with a song in the air, Light in me heart and it's good- bye to care;



Laugh- ter o' love and a wel- co- ming there, Isle o' my heart, my own land.

Tell me o' lands o' the Orient gay,

chorus

Sing o' the riches and joys o' Cathay

Now I'm at home and at home I do lay,
Dreaming of riches that come from
Cathay,

Man! But it's grand to awaken each day

I'll hop a good ship and be on my way

And find yourself nearer to Islay.

And bring back my fortune to Islay.

Chorus:

*For we're Westering home wi' a song in the
air*

Light in the eye an' it's goodbye to care

Laughter o' love and a welcomin' there

Isle o' me heart, me own land.

Where are the folks like the folks o' the west?

Canty an' couthy an' kindly, the best.

There I would hie me and there I would rest

At hame wi' my ain folk in Islay.

The Jeelie Piece Song



I'm a sky- scra- per wean; I live on the nine- teenth flair, But



I'm no' gaun oot tae play a- ny mair, 'Cause since we moved tae Cas- tle- milk I'm



wa- sting a- way Cause I'm get- ting wan meal less ev- 'ry day.

I'm a skyscraper wean, I live on the nineteenth flair,
But I'm no gaun oot to play ony mair,
Since we moved to Castlemilk, I'm wasting away
'Cause I'm getting one less meal every day.

Chorus

*O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-story flat,
Seven hundred hungry weans will testify to that,
If it's butter, cheese or jeely, if the breid is plain or pan,
The odds against it reaching earth are ninety-nine to one.*

On the first day my maw flung out a piece o' Hovis broon
It came skyting oot the winda and went up insteid o' doon,
Noo every twenty-seven hours it comes back into sight,
'Cause ma piece went into orbit and became a satellite.

On the second day my maw flung me a piece oot once again.
It went and hit the pilot in a fast, low-flying plane.
He scraped it off his goggles, shouting through the intercom:
'The Clydeside Reds have got me wi' a breid-and-jeely bomb!'

One the third day my maw thought she would try another throw.
The Salvation Army band was staundin' doon below.
'Onward, Christian Soldiers' was the piece they should have played,
But the oompah-man was playing on a piece an'marmalade.

We've wrote away tae Oxfam to try and get some aid,
And a' the weans in Castlemilk have formed a "Piece brigade";
We're going to march to George's Square, demanding civil rights
Like 'Nae Mair Hooses Over Piece-Flinging Height!

The Dark Island

(Benbecula) David Silver/Ian MacLaughlan 1963

Away to the west's where 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

*Oh, isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee,
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree.
Soon 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 forever more The Dark Island.

True gem of the Hebrides, bathed in the light
Of the midsummer dawning that follows the night.
How I yearn for the cries of the seagulls in flight
As they circle high above The Dark Island.

Uist Tramping Song

*Come along, come along, let us foot it out together,
Come along, come along, be it fair or stormy weather,
With the hills of home before us, and the purple of the heather,
Let us sing in happy chorus, come along, come along.*

So gaily sings the lark, and the sky is awake,
With the promise of a new day for the road we gladly take;
So it's heel and toe and forward, singing farewell to the town,
And the welcome that awaits us e're the sun goes down.

Chorus

It's the call of sea and shore it's the tang of bog and peat,
And the scent of briar and myrtle that puts magic in our feet;
So it's on we go rejoicing, over bracken, over stile,
And it's soon we will be tramping out the last long mile.

Chorus

McPhersons Farewell



Fare- weel ye dun- geons dark and strong, Fare- weel, fare- weel tae thee, Mc-



Pher- son's time will nae be lang, On yon- der gal- lows tree. Sae



ran- ting- ly, Sae daun- ting- ly, Sae wan- ton- ly gaed he, He



play'd a sprig an' danced a jig Be- low the gal- lows tree.

G D

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong,

G C

Farewell, farewell tae thee,

G D

Macphersons time will no be long,

G C Em

On yonder gallows tree.

D G

Sae rantinly, sae wantonly

D C

Sae dauntingly gaed he

D C D

He played a tune and danced it roon

G C Em

Ablow the gallows tree

It was by a womans treacherous hands
That I was condemned tae dee,
She stood abune a window ledge,
And a blanket threw ower me.

Twass the laird o grant that heiland saunt,
That first laid hands on me,
He pleads the cause o Peter Broon
Tae let Macpherson dee.

There's some come here tae see me hanged,
And some tae buy my fiddle,
Before that I dae part wi her,
I'll break her through the middle.

He took the fiddle intae baith o his hands,
And broke it over a stone,
Saying no anither hand shall play on thee,
When I am dead and gone.

The reprieve was coming ower the Bridge o
Banff,
tae set Macpherson free,
But they put the clock a quarter before,
And hanged him tae the tree.

Scots Wha Hae



Scots, wha' hae wi' Wal- lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has aft- en led, Wel-



come to your gor- y bed Or to vic- to- rie, Now's the day and now's the hour,



See the front o' bat- tle lour, See ap- proach proud Ed- ward's power, Chains and slav- er- y.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

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

Wha would be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flie:

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Let him follow me.

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us Do - or Die!!!

The Welly Boot Song



We're all met to- ge- ther here to sit and to crack, With our glas- ses in our hands and our



work up- on our backs; And there's not a trade a- mong them all can nei- ther mend nor



mak, Gin it was- na for the work of the wea- vers. If it was- na for the wea- vers



what would you do? You would- na hae cloth that's made o' wool. You would- na hae a



coat nei- ther black nor the blue Gin it was- na for the work o' the wea- vers.

Wellies they are wonderful, oh wellies they
are swell,
Cause they keep oot the water, an' they keep
in the smell,
An' when yer sittin in a room, you can
always tell,
When some bugger takes off his wellies.

*If it wasna for your wellies where would
you be?
You'd be in the hospital or infirmary,
Cause you would have a dose of the flu or
even plurisy,
If you didna have your feet in your
wellies!*

But when yer oot walking, in the country
way about
An yer strolling over fields just like a
fairmer's herd.
And somebody shouts "Keep aff the grass,"
and you think "How absurd,"

And, squelch, you find why fairmers a' wear
wellies.

Chorus

There's fishermen and firemen, there's
farmers an a',
Men oot digging ditches an' working in the
snaw;
This country it would grind tae a halt and no'
a thing would graw
If it wasna for the workers in their wellies.

Chorus

Noo Tony Blair and George Bush, they
havna made a hit,
They're ruining this country, mair than just a
bit,
If they keep on the way they are goin', we'll
all be in the sh...,
So you'd be'er ge(t) your feet in your
wellies.

Chorus

Wild Mountain Thyme



Oh, the sum- mer time is co- ming, And the trees are sweet- ly bloo- ming And the



wild moun- tain thyme, grow a- mong the bloo- ming hea- ther And we'll go, las- sie



go. And we'll all go to- ge- ther To pull wild moun- tain



thyme, All a- round the bloo- ming he- ther, Will ye go, las- sie, go.

1. Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
grows around the blooming heather.

Chorus:

Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together

To pull wild mountain thyme

All around the blooming heather

Will you go lassie, go?

2. I will build my love a bower
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.

3. If my true love, she were gone,
I would surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.

4. Oh, the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

I'm a Rover and Seldom Sober



I'm a ro- ver, and sel- dom so- ber, I'm a ro- ver of high de- gree; It's when I'm



drink- ing I'm al- ways think- ing, How to gain my love's com- pa- ny.

cho: I'm a a rover and seldom sober

I'm a rover, o' high degree;

And when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking

How to gain my love's company.

Though the night be dark as dungeon

No' a star to be seen above,

I will be guided without a stumble

Into the airm's o' my ain true love.

He steppit up to her bedroom window,

Kneelin' gently upon a stone;

He rappit at her bedroom-window

"Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?"

She raised her heid on her snaw-white
pillow

Wi' her arms about her breast,

"Wha' is that at my bedroom window

Disturbin' me at my lang night's rest?"

"It's only me, your ain true lover,

Open the door and let me in.

For I hae come on a lang journey,

And I'm near drenched to the skin."

She opened the door wi' the greatest
pleasure,

She opened the door and let him in,

They baith shook hands and embraced each
other

Until the mornin' they lay as one.

The cocks were crawin', the birds were
whistlin'

The burns they ran free abune the brae;

"Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie

And the fairmer I must obey."

"Noo, my lass, I must gang and leave thee

And though the hills they are high above,

I will climb them wi' greater pleasure

Since I been in the airm's o' my love.

The Leaving of Liverpool

Fare- well to you, my own true love. I am go- ing far a-
 way. I am bound for Cal- i- for- ni- a but I know that I'll re-
 turn some day. So, fare thee well my own true love, and when
 I re- turn u- ni- ted we will be. It's not the leav- ing of
 Li- ver- pool that grieves me, but my dar- ling when I think of thee.

Fare thee well, the Prince's Landing Stage

River Mersey, fare thee well,

I am bound for California,

A place I know right well.

So fare thee well, my own true love,

When I return united we will be,

It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me

But my darling when I think of thee.

I'm bound for California
 By the way of stormy Cape Horn
 And I'm bound to write you a letter, love
 When I am homeward bound

I have signed on a Yankee Clipper ship
 Davy Crockett is her name
 And Burgess is the Captain of her
 And they say she's a floating Hell

I have shipped with Burgess once before
 And I think I know him well
 If a man's a seaman, he can get along,
 If not, then he's sure in Hell.

Farewell to lower Frederick Street,
 Ensign Terrace and Park Lane,
 For I think it will be a long, long time
 Before I see you again.

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love
 And I wish I could remain,
 For I know it will be a long, long time
 Till I see you again

A tug is waiting at the pierhead
 To take us from the shore,
 Our sails are loose and our anchors secure,
 So I'll bid you goodbye once more.

I'm bound away to leave you,
 With sorrow on my mind,
 But there's one thing that grieves me
 And that's leaving you behind.

Water is Wide



The wa- ter is wide I can- not get o'er, Nei- ther do I have wings to fly;



Build me a boat that will car- ry two, And both will row, my love and I.

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er

Neither have I wings to fly,

Give me a boat that can carry two,

And both shall row, my love and I.

When cockle shells turn silver bells,
Then will my love come back to me,
When roses bloom in winter's gloom,
Then will my love return to me.

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back against an oak,
Thinking it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent and then it broke,
So did my love prove false to me.

I reached my finger into some soft bush,
Thinking the fairest flower to find,
I pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the fairest flower behind.

Oh love be handsome and love be kind,
Gay as a jewel when first it is new,
But love grows old and waxes cold,
And fades away like the morning dew.

Must I go bound while you go free?
Must I love a man who doesn't love me?
Must I be born with so little art?
As to love a man who'll break my heart?

The Rattlin' Bog



O- ro the rat- tlin' bog, the bog down in the val- ley- O, O- ro the



rat- tlin' bog, the bog down in the val- ley- O And on that fea- ther there



was a flea, a rare flea, a rat- tlin' flea, with a flea on the fea- ther with the



fea- ther on the bird with the bird in the nest with the nest on the limb with the



limb on the tree with the tree in the bog with the bog down in the val- ley- O

Hey ho, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o
The rare bog, the rattlin' bog
The bog down in the valley-o

Now in this bog there was a tree
A rare tree, a rattlin' tree
Tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

Now on this tree there was a limb
A rare limb, a rattlin' limb
Limb on the tree, tree in the bog, and the bog down in
the valley-o...

branch, twig, nest, egg, bird, wing, feather, flea, eye, gleam

Wild Rover



I've been a wild ro-ver for man-y a year, I've spent all my mo-ney on



whisk-ey and beer. But now I'm re-turn-ing with gold in great store, I nev-er will



play the wild rov-er no more. And it's no, nay, nev-er. No nay nev-er no



more, Will I play the wild rov-er, No nev-er no more.

I've been a wild rover for many a year

And I spent all my money on whiskey and
beer,

And now I'm returning with gold in great
store

And I never will play the wild rover no
more.

cho: And it's no, nay, never,

No nay never no more,

Will I play the wild rover

No never no more.

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was
spent.

I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any
day."

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with
delight.

She said "I have whiskey and wines of the
best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in
jest."

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've
done

And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal
son.

And if they forgive me as oftentimes before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no
more.

Last Thing on My Mind



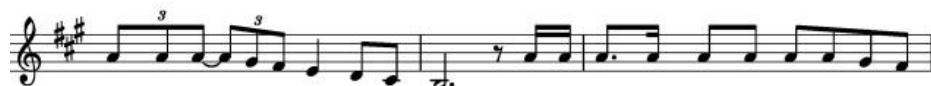
It's a les- son too late for the lear- ning. Made of sand. Made of



sand. In the wink of an eye my soul is turn- ing in your hand, in your



hand. Are you go- ing a- way with no word of fare- well?



Will there be not a trace left be- hind? Well, I could have loved you bet- ter did- n't



mean to be un- kind. You know that was the last thing on my mind.

It's a lesson too late for the learnin'

Made of sand, made of sand

In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'

In your hand, in your hand.

*Are you going away with no word of
farewell?*

Will there be not a trace left behind?

Well, I could have loved you better

Didn't mean to be unkind

*You know that was the last thing on my
mind.*

As we walk on, my thoughts are a'tumblin'
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subways rumblin'
Underground, underground.

As I lie in my bed in the mornin'
Without you, without you.
Every song in my breast dies a burnin'
Without you, without you.

You've got reasons a-plenty for goin'
This I know, this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growin'
Please don't go, please don't go.

Waltzing Matilda



Once a jol- ly swag- man sat be- side a bil- la- bong, Un- der the shade of a

coo- li- bah tree. And he sang as he sat and wai- ted til his bil- ly boiled,

You'll come a- walt- zing Ma- til- da with me. Walt- zing Ma- til- da, Walt- zing Ma- til- da,

You'll come a- walt- zing Ma- til- da with me. And he sang as he sat and he

wai- ted til his bil- ly boiled, You'll come a- walt- zing Ma- til- da with me.

Once a jolly swagman sat beside the
billabong,

Under the shade of a coulibah tree,

And he sang as he sat and waited by the
billabong,

You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda,

You'll come a waltzing matilda with me,

*And he sang as he sat and waited by the
billabong,*

You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the
billabong

Up jumped the swagman and seized him
with glee

And he sang as he tucked jumbuck in his
tuckerbag

You'll come a waltzing matilda with me

Down came the stockman, riding on his
thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
"Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in
your tuckerbag?
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the
billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive," cried he
And his ghost may be heard as you ride
beside the billabong,
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Times They Are a Changing

Bob Dylan (1963)

Come gather 'round people

Wherever you roam

And admit that the waters

Around you have grown

And accept it that soon

You'll be drenched to the bone

If your time to you is worth savin'

Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink

like a stone

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics

Who prophesize with your pen

And keep your eyes wide

The chance won't come again

And don't speak too soon

For the wheel's still in spin

And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'

For the loser now will be later to win

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen

Please heed the call

Don't stand in the doorway

Don't block up the hall

For he that gets hurt

Will be he who has stalled

There's a battle outside and it is ragin'

It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your
walls

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers

Throughout the land

And don't criticize

What you can't understand

Your sons and your daughters

Are beyond your command

Your old road is rapidly agin'

Please get out of the new one if you can't lend
your hand

For the times they are a-changin'

The line it is drawn

The curse it is cast

The slow one now

Will later be fast

As the present now

Will later be past

The order is rapidly fadin'

And the first one now will later be last

For the times they are a-changin'.

Blowing in the Wind

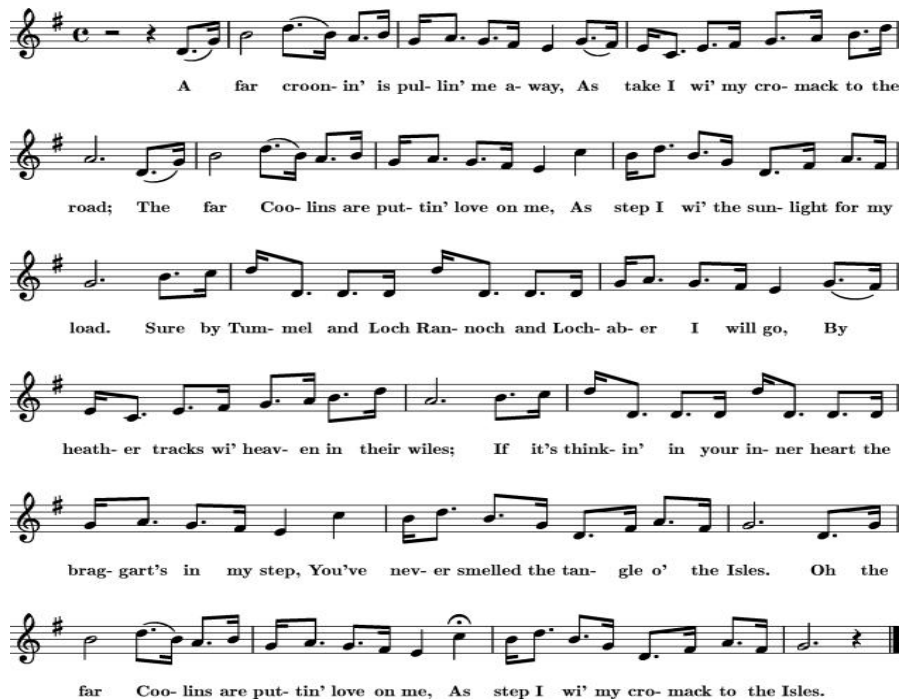
Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, 'n' how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Road to the Isles



A far croon-in' is pul-lin' me a-way, As take I wi' my cro-mack to the
road; The far Coo-lins are put-tin' love on me, As step I wi' the sun-light for my
load. Sure by Tum-mel and Loch Ran-noch and Loch-ab-er I will go, By
heath-er tracks wi' heav-en in their wiles; If it's think-in' in your in-ner heart the
brag-gart's in my step, You've nev-er smelled the tan-gle o' the Isles. Oh the
far Coo-lins are put-tin' love on me, As step I wi' my cro-mack to the Isles.

A far croonin' is pullin' me away

As take I wi' my cromack to the road.

The far Coolins are puttin' love on me

As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go

By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles.

If it's thinkin' in your inner heart the braggart's in my step,

You've never smelled the tangle o' the Isles.

Oh the far Coolins are puttin' love on me, As step I wi' my cromack to the Isles.

It's by Shiel water the track is to the west
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea,
The cool cresses I am thinkin' of for pluck
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.

The blue islands are pullin' me away
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame;
The blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

The Wee Room Underneath the Stair

Now if yer tired and weary, feelin' sad and blue
Don't let your cares upset ye 'al tell ye what tae do
Just tak a cor tae Springburn go inta Quin's Pub there
Go doon intae the wee room underneath the stair

For it's doon in the wee room underneath the stair

Everybody's happy everybody's there

And they're all makin' merry each in his chair

Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

A king went a huntin' his fortunes for tae seek
He lost his cor at Partick went missin' for a week
Days and nights they hunted sorrow and despair
They foun' him in the wee room underneath the stair

Fur it's doon in the wee room underneath the stair
Everybody's happy everybody's there
And they're all makin' merry each in his chair
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

Noo when am gettin' auld and ma bones begin tae set
I'll never worry naw I'll never fret
For I'm savin' up ma pennies tae buy a hurrly chair Tae
tak me tae the wee room underneath the stair

Fur it's doon in the wee room underneath the stair
Everybody's happy everybody's there
And they're all makin' merry each in his chair
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair.

Four Strong Winds

*Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high,
All those things that don't change, come what may.
But our good times are all gone, and I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.*

Guess I'll go down to Alberta, weather's good there in the fall.
Got some friends that I can go to workin' for.
Still I wish you'd change your mind, if I asked you one more time
But we've been through that a hundred times or more.

CHORUS

If I get there before the snow flies, and if things are looking good.
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare,
But by then it would be winter, not enough for you to do.
And those winds sure do blow cold way up there.

CHORUS

Mairi's Wedding



Step we gai- ly on we go, Heel for heel and toe for toe; Arm in arm and on we go,



All for Mair- i's wed- ding! O- ver hill- ways up and down, Myr- tle green and



brack- en brown, Past the sheil- ing through the town, All for sake of Mair- i.

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, through the town,

All for sake of Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal,

Plenty peat to fill her creel,

Plenty bonny bairns as weel

That's the toast for Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are,

Bright her eye as any star,

Fairest o' them a' by far

Is our darlin' Mairi.

Streets of London

Ralph McTell (1969)



Have you seen the old man in the closed down mar- ket, Kick- in' up the pa- per with his
worn out shoes? In his eyes you see no pride, And held loose- ly at his side, Yes- ter- day's
pa- per tel- ling yes- ter day's news. So How can you tell me you're lone- ly? And say for you
that the sun don't shine? Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the
streets of Lon- don; Show you some- thing to make you change your mind.

Have you seen the old man in the closed
down market,

Kicking up the papers with his worn out
shoes?

In his eyes you see no pride,

Hands held loosely by his side,

yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news.

So how can you tell me you're lonely

And say for you that the sun don't shine?

Let me take you by the hand

And lead you through the streets of London,

*I'll show you something to make you change
your mind.*

Have you seen the old girl who walks the
streets of London,
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right
on walking,
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

In the all-night cafe at a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there on his own,
Looking at the world over the rim of his
teacup,
Each tea lasts an hour and he wanders
home alone.

Have you seen the old man outside the
seaman's mission,
Memory fading like the medal ribbons that
he wears?
In our winter city, the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero in a world that
doesn't care.

Three Crows



- Three craws sat u- pon a wa', Sat u- pon a wa' Sat u- pon a wa- a- a- a



Three craws sat up- on a wa- On a cold and fros- ty mor- ning.

Three craws sat upon the wa',

Sat upon the wa', sat upon the wa'-a'-a'-a',

Three craws sat upon the wa'

On a cold and frosty morning.

The first crow he flew awa'

The second crow fell and broke his jaw

The third crow was greetin' for his maw

The fourth crow he wisnae there at a'

And that's a', absolutely a'.

The Boxer

Simon and Garfunkel

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my resistance for a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest

When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station running scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know

Lie-la-lie-Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie
Lie la lie Lie-la-lie la la la la lie la la la la lie

Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job
But I get no offers, just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there
Lie lie lie lie

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone
Going home where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me
Leading me-e, going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
And he carries a reminder of ev'ry glove that laid him down or cut him till he cried
out
In his anger and his shame "I am leaving, I am leaving" but the fighter still remains
Lie la lie ...

Sloop John B

C
We came on the Sloop John B, my grandfather and me.
G - G7
Around Nassau town we did roam,
C-C7 F
Drinking all night, Got into a fight,
C G7 C
Well I feel so broke up, I wanta go home.

C
So hoist up the John B sail, see how the mains'l sets,
G - G7
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.
C - C7 F
Let me go home, I wanta go home,
C G7 C
Well I feel so broke up, I wanta go home.

First Mate, he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone?
Well I feel so break up, I wanta go home.

Chorus

The poor cook he caught the fits, threw away all my grits,
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.
Let me go home, I wanta go home,
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Chorus

Eriskay Love Lilt.

Capo 1

Bheir me o, horo van o
Bheir me o, horo van ee
Bheir me o, o horo ho
Sad am I, without thee.

When I'm lonely, dear white heart,
Black the night or wild the sea,
By love's light, my foot finds
The old pathway to thee.

Chorus

Thou'rt the music of my heart;
Harp of joy, o cruit mo chruidh;
Moon of guidance by night;
Strength and light thou'rt to me.

Chorus

A Munro for Me

words by Connie Thomson
to the tune of "A Gordon for me..."

*A Munro for me, a Munro for me,
If it's no a Munro it's nae use tae me.
Stac Pollaidh is braw, the Cobbler an a',
But if it's no a Munro it's nae use at a'.*

One day while hill-walking we climbed a Munro,
Then on tae another we thought we would go,
But when halfway up it, we came to a stop,
For it wasn't classed as a separate top!

We sighted some climbers all tied up with rope,
To get to the summit was what they did hope,
"Come and join us!" they said, "it's 2000 feet sheer!"
But it wasnae a Munro so we said "No fear!"

To all Munro-baggers this message we send:
Always be sure of your ultimate end,
Climb ever upwards with tables in pack,
Lest you find that it wasn't one when you get back.

The Hiking Song

Oh the wanderlust is on me
And tonight I strike the trail
And the morning sun will find me
In the lovely Lomond Vale.
Then I'll hike it through Glen Falloch
Where the mountain breezes blow
And I'll drum up in the evening
In the valley of Glencoe.

*Then sing along to the hiking song
On the highway winding west
Tramping highland glens and bracken bens
To greet the Isles we love the best.*

Islay, Jura, Scarba, Lunga
Lovely islands o' the sea,
Luing and Mull, Colonsay, Staffa,
Coll, Iona and Tiree,
Sgurr of Eigg and Rum and Canna
With the Minch waves rolling by
And the heather-tinted Cuillins
Of the lovely Isle of Skye.

Then I'll bivouac and slumber
Till the dawn gives place to day
And I'll wander by the river
That inspired old Ossian's Lay,
Then I'll do some mountaineering
On the Bidean's snowy crest
Just to view the Hills o' Derry
And the islands o' the west.

When the wanderlust has left me
And I grow too old to roam
Still the memory will linger
Of my lovely highland home,
Silvery streams and mumbling rivers,
Verdant vales and glorious glens
And the pride of Caledonia,
Heather hills and bracken bens.

Flower of Scotland

The Corries

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again?
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him –
Proud Edward's Army –
And sent him homeward tae think again.

The Hills are bare now
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now,
Which those so dearly held
That stood against him –
Proud Edward's Army –
And sent him homeward tae think again.

Those days are past now
And in the past they must remain,
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him –
Proud Edward's Army –
And sent him homeward tae think again

Coulter's Candy

Robert Coltart (c.1870)

*Ally bally, ally bally bee,
Sittin' on yer mammy's knee,
Greetin' for another bawbee,
Tae buy mair Coulter's Candy.*

Ally bally, ally bally bee,
When you grow up you'll go to sea,
Makin' pennies for yer daddy and me,
Tae buy mair Coulter's Candy.

Mammy gie me ma thrifty doon,
Here's auld Coulter comin' roon',
Wi' a basket on his croon,
Selling Coulter's Candy.

Little Annie's greetin' tae
Sae whit can pur wee Mammy dae
But gie them a penny atween them twae
Tae buy mair Coulter's Candy.

Poor wee Jeanie's lookin' awfy thin,
A rickle o' banes covered ower wi' skin,
Noo she's gettin' a wee double chin,
Wi' sookin' Coulter's Candy.

The "Coulter" in this song was Robert Coltart (Coulter) who sold his "candy" (sweeties in Scottish parlance) round the houses. His song would alert the children to beg for pennies from their parents to buy his wares (a bit like the music played by ice-cream vans going round the streets).

The House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun,
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And God, I know I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,
She sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gamblin' man,
Down in New Orleans.

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk,
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's all drunk.

Oh mother, tell your children
Don't do what I have done,
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.

One foot on the platform,
The other's on the train,
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And God, I know I'm one.

Swing low, sweet chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming too
Coming for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home.
But still my soul feels heaven-bound.
Comin' for to carry me home.

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 wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

*O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland a'fore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.*

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in soft purple hue, the hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Chorus

The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,
Though the waeful may cease frae their greetin'.

Chorus

Loch Tay Boat Song

When I've done my work of day and I row my boat away
Doon the waters of Loch Tay as the evening light is fading
And I look upon Ben Lawers where the after-glory glows;
And I think on two bright eyes and the melting mouth below.

She's my beauteous nighean ruadh, she's my joy and sorrow too;
And although she is untrue, well I cannot live without her,
For my heart's a boat in tow, and I'd give the world to know
Why she means to let me go, as I sing horee horo.

Nighean ruadh, your lovely hair has more glamour I declare
Than all the tresses rare tween Killin and Aberfeldy,
Be they lint white, brown or gold, be they blacker than the sloe,
They are no more worth to me than a melting flake of snow.

Her eyes are like the gleam o' the sunlight on the stream;
And the songs the fairies sing seem like songs she sings at milking.
But my heart is full of woe, for last night she bade me go
And the tears begin to flow, as I sing horee, horo.

Highland Lullaby

Jim McLean 1968

Hush, hush, time to be sleepin'.
Hush, hush, dreams come a-creepin';
Dreams of peace and of freedom,
So smile in your sleep, bonny Baby.

Once, our valleys were ringin'
with sounds of our children singin',
But now sheep bleat 'til the evenin'
And shielings lie empty and broken.

We stood with heads bowed in prayer
As factors stripped our cottages bare.
The flames fired the clear mountain air,
and many were dead in the morning.

Where was our proud Highland mettle?
Our men once so fearless in battle
now stand, cowed, huddled like cattle,
and wait to be shipped o'er the ocean.

No use in pleadin' or prayin',
For gone, gone is all hope of stayin'.
So hush, hush, the anchor's a-weighin',
Don't cry in your sleep, bonny Baby.

Hush, hush, time to be sleepin'...

Caledonia

Dougie MacLean

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.
So I've been telling stories, singing songs that make me think about where I come from
And that's the reason why I seem so far away today.

*Oh, but let me tell you that I love you, that I think about you all the time,
Caledonia you're calling me and now I'm going home.
If I should become a stranger, you know that it would make me more than sad,
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.*

Oh and I have moved and I've kept on moving, proved the points that I needed proving,
Lost the friends that I needed losing, found others on the way.
Oh and I have tried and kept on trying, stolen dreams, yes, there's no denying,
I have travelled hard with conscience flying somewhere with the wind.

Now I'm sitting here before the fire, the empty room, the forest choir,
The flames that couldn't get any higher, they've withered, now they've gone.
But I'm steady thinking, my way is clear and I know what I will do tomorrow,
When the hands are shaken and the kisses flow, then I will disappear.

Wild Mountainside

John Douglas

Beauty is within grasp, hear the highlands call,
The last mile is upon us, I'll carry you if you fall,
I know the armour's heavy now, I know the heart is tired,
It's beautiful just over the wild mountainside.

Snow is falling all over out of clear blue sky,
Crow is flying high over, you and I are going to wander,
High up where the air is rare, wild horses ride,
It's beautiful, let's go over the wild mountainside.

Wild and free we roam, only a mile to go

Beauty is within grasp, hear the highlands call,
The last mile is upon us, I'll carry you if you fall,
I know the armour's heavy now, I know the heart inside,
It's beautiful, let's go over the wild mountainside,
It's beautiful just roaming the wild mountainside.

500 Miles

The Proclaimers

When I wake up, yeah I know I'm gonna be,
I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you
When I go out, yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you
If I get drunk, yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you
And if I haver, yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's havoring to you

*But I would walk 500 miles and I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walked 1000 miles to fall down at your door*

When I'm working, yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you
And when the money, comes in for the work I do
I'll pass almost every penny on to you
When I come home (When I come home) yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you
And if I grow old, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you

*But I would walk 500 miles and I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walks 1000 miles to fall down at your door
Ta la la la, Ta la la la, La la la la la, La la la la la, La la la x2*

When I'm lonely, yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you
And when I'm dreaming, yes I know I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna dream about the time when I'm with you
When I go out (When I go out), yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you
And when I come home (when I come home), yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you
I'm gonna be the man who's coming home to you

And I would walk 500 miles...

Ta la la la...

And I would walk 500 miles...

Beautiful Sunday

Sunday morning, up with the lark,
I think I'll take a walk in the park,
Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day.

I've got someone waiting for me,
And when I see her I know that she'll say,
Hey hey hey, it's a beautiful day.

*Hi, hi, hi beautiful Sunday,
This is my, my, my beautiful day,
When you say, say, say, say that you love me
Oh my, my, my it's a beautiful day.*

Birds are singing, you by my side,
Let's take a car and go for a ride,
Hey, hey, hey, it's a beautiful day.

We'll drive on and follow the sun,
Making Sunday go on and on,
Hey, hey, hey it's a beautiful day.

Is this the way to Amarillo

Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la la

Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la

When the day is dawning, on a Texas Sunday Morning,
How I long to be there with Marie who's waiting for me there.
Every lonely city where I hang my hat
Ain't as half as pretty as where my baby's at.

*Is this the way to Amarillo? Every night I've been hugging my pillow,
Dreaming dreams of Amarillo and sweet Marie who waits for me.
Show me the way to Amarillo, I've been weeping like a willow,
Crying over Amarillo and sweet Marie who waits for me.*

Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la la

Sha la la la la la la la, and Marie who waits for me

There's a church bell ringing with a song of joy that it's singing
For the sweet Maria and the guy who's coming to see her.
Just beyond the highway there's an open plain
and it keeps me going through the wind and rain.

Is this the way to Amarillo?

Sha la la la la la la la

Scotland the Brave

Hark when the night is falling, hear! hear the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling, down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping now feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

*Towering in gallant fame, Scotland my mountain hame,
High may your proud standards gloriously wave!
Land of my high endeavour, land of the shining river,
Land of my heart for ever, 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.

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

Bonnie Dundee

Tae the Lords o' convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
E'er the King's Crown go down there are crowns to be broke,
So each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

*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 and rides up the street,
The bells they ring backwards, the drums they are beat,
But the provost douce man says, 'Just let it be.'
For the toon is well rid o' that devil 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 downiewassles three thousand times three,
Cry hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

So awa' tae the hills, tae the lee and the rocks,
'Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch wi' the fox,
So tremble false wigs in the midst of yer glee,
For you've no' seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Bonnie Wee Jeannie McColl

*A fine wee lass, a bonnie wee lass, is bonnie wee Jeannie McColl,
I gave her ma mither's engagement ring and a bonnie wee tartan shawl;
I met her at a waddin' in the Co-operative Hall,
I wis the best man and she wis the belle o' the ball.*

The very first nicht I met her she wis awfy, awfy shy,
The rain cam' poorin' doon, but she wis happy, so wis I.
We ran like mad fur shelter an' we landed up a stair,
The rain cam' poorin' oot ma breeks, but och I didna care:

For she's a fine wee lass...

Noo I've wad my Jeannie an' bairnies we hiv three,
Twa dochters and a braw wee lad that sits upon my knee.
They're richt wee holy terrors an' they're never still fur lang,
But they sit and listen every nicht while I sing to them this song:

Oh she's a fine wee lass...

Donald Where's your Troosers?

I've just come down from the Isle of Skye,
I'm no' very big and I'm awful shy,
And the lassies shout when I go by
"Donald, where's your troosers?"

*Let the wind blow high, let the wind 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 to a ball,
And it was slippery in the hall,
And I was feared that I would fall,
For I had nae on my troosers.

Now I went down to London Town,
And I had some fun in the underground,
The ladies turned their heads around
Saying, "Donald, where are your trousers?"

To wear the kilt is my delight,
It is not wrong, I know it's right,
The Highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the troosers.

The lassies want me every one
I let them catch me if they can
You canna put the breeks on a Highland man,
And I don't wear the troosers.

The Glenmorons came to Torridon

Words by Chris Huxham (2021) to the tune of Build a Bonfire/Clementine

The Glenmorons came to Torridon
It's a place of majesty,
There's big mountains with great ridges
There are lochans and the sea

There is Alligin, there is Liathach
And there's Slioch, take your pick;
There are Munros, Corbetts, Grahams,
Some of each we had to tick.

There's good foot paths, there are wet bogs
And rock slabs to add some spice,
If you can handle keds and midgies,
It is surely paradise!

The Glenmorons came to Torridon...

A Man's a Man for A' That

Is there for honest Poverty That hings his head, an' a' that
The coward slave – we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that, Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin grey, an' 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, 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 coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that, His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent 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, Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that, Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth, Are higher rank than 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 bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that, It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that.

Ae Fond Kiss

Robert Burns

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and 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,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd 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 and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

O my love is like a red, red rose

Robert Burns

O my love is like a red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June,
O my love is like a melody, that's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so deep in love am I.
And I will love thee still, my dear, till a` the seas gang dry.

Till a` the seas gang dry, my dear, till a` the seas gang dry,
and I will love thee still, my dear, till a` the seas gang dry.

Till a` the seas gang dry, my dear, and the rocks melt wi` the sun,
O I will love thee still, my dear, while the sands o` life shall run.

But fare thee weel, my only love, and fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love, tho` `twere ten thousand miles!

Tho` `twere ten thousand miles, my love,
tho` `twere ten thousand miles.
And I will come again, my love, tho` `twere ten thousand miles.

Green grow the rashes O

Robert Burns

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?

Green grow the rashes O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!

The warl'y race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O,
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow the rashes, O...

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

Green grow the rashes, O...

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O...

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon

Robert Burns

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How ye can bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love
And fondly sae did I o' mine

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
But my false lover stole my rose,
But ah! He left the thorn wi' me.

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and auld lang syne?

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.*

And here's a hand my trusty fiere!
and gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
for auld lang syne.

