

BIRKS OF ABERFELDY,

7

Plaid amang the

HEATHER,

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS,

Highland Laddie;

KING'S AND ANTHEM
KING'S ANTHEM.

1817.

BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

BONNY lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie, will ye go,
To the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;
Come, let us spend the happy days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie &c.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd with flowers,
While o'er the lins the burnie pours,

and rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonny lassie &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 supremely blest with love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Benny lassie &c.

PLAID AMANG THE HEATHER.

The wind blew hie o'er muir and lea,
 and dark and stormy grew the weather,
 The rain rain'd sair, nae shelter near,
 but my love's plaid amang the heather.

CHORUS.

O my bonny highland laddie,
 My winsome weelfar'd highland laddie.
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel row't in his tartan plaidie.

Close to his breast he held me fast
 sae cozy, warm, we lay thegither;
 Nae summer heat was half sae sweet,
 As my love's plaid amang the heather.
 O my bonny &c.

Mid wind and rain he told his tale,
 My lightsome grew like a feather,
 It lap sae quick I could nae speak,
 But silent sigh'd among the heather.
 O my bonny &c.

The storm blew past, we kiss'd in haste,
 I hameward ran and told my mither,
 She gloom'd at first but soon confess'd,
 The bowls row'd right among the heather.
 O my bonny &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,
 Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather,
 Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
 Kind hearted lad among the heather.

O my bonny highland laddie,
 My winsome weelfar'd highland laddie,
 Should storms appear my Will's ay near,
 To row me in his tartan plaidie.

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

WHAT? is there ill news you're so sad,
 Robin Gray,
 That thy blue bonnet's pull'd o'er thy brow,
 O sad news, sad, sad!

Robin

Poor Robin is dead.

And the plowman weeps over his plow

Well a well a day,

And the plowman weeps over his plow.

Is his pipe mute for ay and for ay,

Robin Gray,

No more shall we tend to his song.

Aye, cold as a clod,

Beneath the green sod,

Poor Robin they've lain all along,

Well a well a day,

Poor Robin they've lain all along

Adieu then the forest and hill,

Robin Gray,

And farewell the vallies and grove.

Why, the forest and hill,

And the vallies ring still,

Still echo his ditties of love,

Well a well a day,

Still echo his dittles of love.

The last sound of echo I'll shun,

Robin Gray,

Its dying notes live on my mind,

Can you them as you roam,

From your forefathers home,

Leave your country's feeling behind,

*Next day**Next day**John**Smith*

Well a well a day,
 Leave your country's feeling behind.

Still the blackbird shall sing on the thorn,
 Robin Gray,
 And the lark early carol on high,
 But the lowly lodg'd swain,
 As he scatters his grain,
 Will chant Robin's verse with a sigh;
 Well a well a day,
 Will chant Robin's verse with a sigh,

Soft lies on his bosom the turf,
 Robin Gray,
 Rest his ashes unmingled and pure,
 May the tomb of his urn
 Caledonia adorn,
 And his much lov'd remains ay secure
 Well a well a day,
 And his much lov'd remains ay secure.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Oh where, tell me where is your Highland Lad-
 die gone, [die gone,
 Oh where, tell me where is your Highland Lad-
 die gone, [die gone,
 He is gone with streaming banners, where noble
 deeds are done, [home.
 And its ch in my heart but I wish him safe at

O what, tell me what did your Highland Laddie
wear,

O what &c.

A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge
of war, [will wear a star.

And a plaid across his manly breast, that soon

O where, tell me where did your Highland Lad-
die stay,

O where &c.

He dwelt beneath the Holly-tree, beside the ra-
pid Spey, [gaed away.

And mony a blessing followed him that day he

Ah suppose, ah suppose that some cruel cruel
wound [and all your hopes confound;

Should pierce your Highland Laddie's breast

The pipes should play a cheerful strain, the ban-
ners round him fly, [ter in his eye.

And the spirit of a Highland chief should glis-

The pipes &c.

And for his King and Ccountry dear, with plea-
sure he will die.

But I hope yet to see him in Scotland's bonny
bounds,

But I hope

His native land of liberty will nurse his glorious
wounds [warlike name resounds.

While wide through all the Highland hills his

KING'S ANTHEM.

Fame, let thy trumpet sound;
 Tell all the world around,
 Great George is King.
 Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
 Britannia scorns their chain,
 All their vile arts are vain;
 Great George is King.

FINIS.