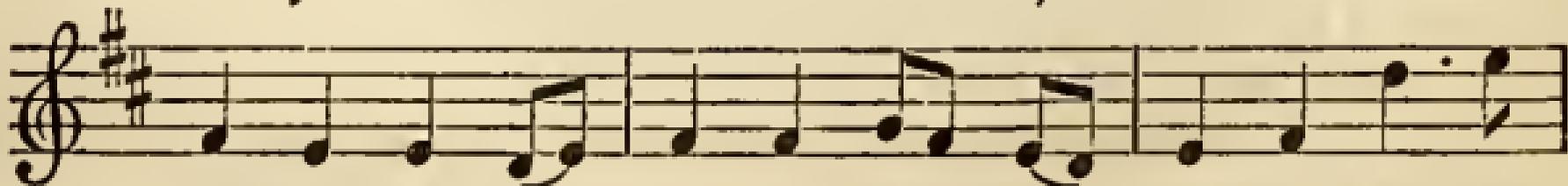


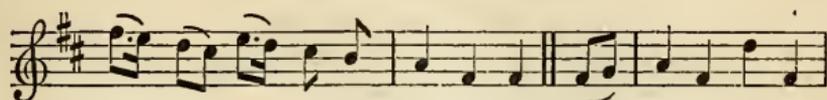
THE WHITE COCKADE.



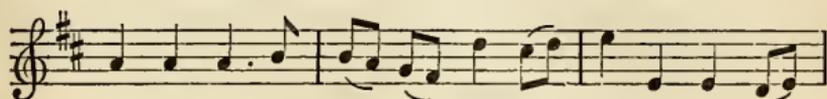
My love was born in A - ber - deen, The bonniest lad that



e'er was seen, But now he maks my heart full sad, He's



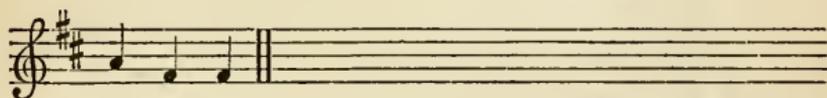
ta'en the field wi' his white cockade. O he's a rantin'



rov-in' blade, O he's a brisk and bonnie lad, Be-



tide what may, my heart is glad To see my lad wi' his



white cockade!

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen,
 But now he maks my heart full sad,
 He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
 O he's a rantin' rovin' blade,
 O he's a brisk and bonnie lad,
 Betide what may, my heart is glad
 To see my lad wi' his white cockade!¹

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 My rippling-kaim and spinning-wheel,
 To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
 A braid sword, durk, and a white cockade.

¹ Variation in Herd's Collection :

'Betide what will, I'll get me ready,
 And follow the lad wi' the tartan plaidie.'

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
My guid gray mare and hackit cow,
That every loyal Buchan lad,
May tak' the field wi' his white cockade.¹
