

THE QUEEN O' BONNY SCOTLAND'S A MITHER  
LIKE MYSEL'.

*Music by W. M'Leod.*

THERE'S walth o' themes in Scotland,  
That ham'art tongue might sing  
Wi' glee sae canty, that wad mak'  
Its laneliest valleys ring;  
But there is ane I dearly lo'e  
In wimplin' sang to swell—  
The Queen o' bonny Scotland's  
A mither like mysel'.

Her wee bit rum'lin' roguie,  
When rowin' on her knee,  
Or cuddlin' in her bosie,  
Will gladden heart an' e'e,  
Wi' kissin' owre an' owre again,  
His rosy cheeks will tell—  
The Queen o' bonny Scotland's  
A mither like mysel'.

She kens fu' weel how tenderly  
A mither dauts her wean,  
And a' the hinnied words that fa'  
Atween them when alane;  
Oh! if I were but near her,  
O' breadless bairns to tell,  
She'd listen, for our bonny Queen's  
A mither like mysel'

Then come to bonny Scotland,  
There's no a neuk in't a',  
Frae hill to haugh, that disna bear  
Baith buirdly men and brow;

They'll welcome you to Scotland—  
The thistle and blue-bell—  
And ye'se be bless'd by women-fock,  
And mithers like yoursel'.

William Miller