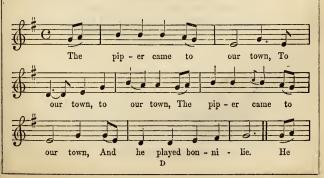
THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

Dundee, as the winter haunt of the Forfarshire gentry, was, in 1715, as remarkable for its Jacobite prepossessions as it has since been for the meritorious industry which in sixty years has quadrupled its population. So much may be said in partial explanation of an enigmatical song, called *The Piper o' Dundee*, which seems to hint at a private meeting of the Jacobite party in preparation for the rising under the Earl of Marr. It can only be added, that if Carnegie of Finhaven was the person meant by the piper of Dundee, he proved a roguey indeed, as he afterwards deserted his party—not to speak of his proving the best runner from the field of Sheriff-muir.





The piper came to our town,
To our town, to our town,
The piper came to our town,
And he played bonnilie.
He played a spring the laird to please,
A spring brent new frae yont the seas;
And then he ga'e his bags a wheeze,
And played anither key.
And wasna he a roguey,
A roguey, a roguey,
And wasna he a roguey,
The piper o' Dundee?

roguey, The

was - na

he

pi - per

Dun - dee.

He played 'The welcome ower the main,'
And 'Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,'
And 'Auld Stuarts back again,'
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

He played 'The Kirk,' he played 'The Quier,'
'The Mullin Dhu' and 'Chevalier,'
And 'Lang awa', but welcome here,'
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane, And some were dancing mad their lane, And mony a vow o' weir was taen That night at Amulrie! There was Tullibardine and Burleigh, And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie, And brave Carnegie, wha but he, The piper o' Dundee?