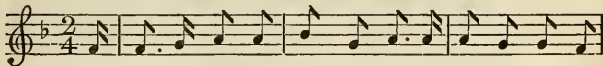
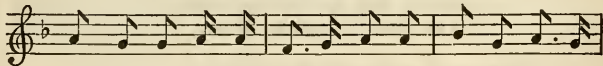


THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

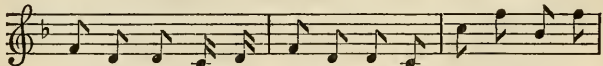
The old tune of the *Highland Laddie*, consisting of but one part, was fitted by Ramsay with the following words, and published in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. A second part was afterwards added. The song, however, has long been adapted by the irresistible will of the people to the air here subjoined.



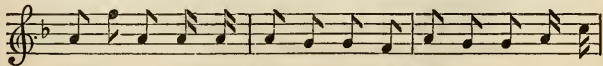
The Low-land lads they think they're fine, But O they're vain and



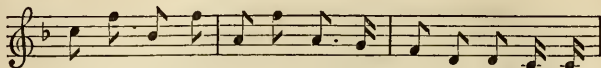
id - ly gaw - dy! How much un - like the graceful mien And



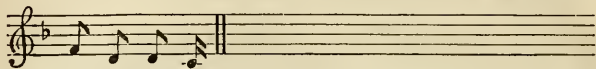
man - ly looks of my Highland lad - die. O my bon - nie



Highland lad - die, My handsome, charming, Highland lad - die! May



heaven still guard, and love re - ward, The Low - land lass and her



Highland lad - die!

The Lowland lads they think they're fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy!
 How much unlike the graceful mien
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie.
 O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming, Highland laddie!
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 The Lowland lass and her Highland laddie!

If I were free at will to choose
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.

The brawest beau in borrows-toun,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compared to him, he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.

Few compliments between us pass;
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie;
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.