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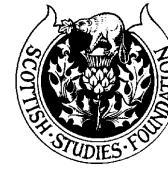
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*This will entitle you to membership in the Scottish Studies Foundation
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Please mail this form to:

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Song Sheet

Scottish Studies Society
Tall Ship Cruise
August 31, 2003

1. The Flower of Scotland

O flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again?
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen.
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army,
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

The hills are bare now
And autumn leaves lie
Thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

Those days are passed now
And in the past
They must remain
But we can still rise now
And be a nation again
That stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

2. The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen

When I was a lad, a tiny wee lad,
my mother said to me,
"Come see the Northern Lights
my boy, they're bright as they
can be."
She called them the heavenly
dancers,
merry dancers in the sky,
I'll no forget that wonderful
sight,
they made the heavens bright.

Chorus:
The Northern Lights of Old
Aberdeen
mean home sweet home to me
The Northern Lights of
Aberdeen
are what I long to see
I've been a wanderer all of my
life
and many's the sight I've seen.
But God speed the day
when I'm on my way
to my home in Aberdeen.

3. Glencoe

Chorus: *Oh, cruel was the snow that sweeps Glen Coe
And covers the grave o' Donald
Oh, cruel was the foe that raped Glen Coe
And murdered the house of MacDonald*

They came in a blizzard, we offered them heat
A roof for their heads, dry shoes for their feet
We wined them and dined them, they ate of our meat
And they slept in the house of MacDonald

Chorus...

They came from Fort William with murder in mind
The Campbell had orders King William had signed
"Put all to the sword"- these words underlined
"And leave none alive called MacDonald"

Chorus...

They came in the night when the men were asleep
This band of Argyles, through snow soft and deep
Like murdering foxes amongst helpless sheep
They slaughtered the house of MacDonald

Chorus...

Some died in their beds at the hand of the foe
Some fled in the night and were lost in the snow
Some lived to accuse him who struck the first blow
But gone was the house of MacDonald

Chorus...

18. Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time has come
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And wild mountain thyme
Grows around the purple heather.

Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the purple heather.

Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower,
By yon clear crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile,
All the flowers of the mountain.

Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather.

Will you go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds
And the deep land so dreary
And return with the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.
Will ye go lassie go ?

And we'll all go together,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

If my true love she'll not come,
Then I'll surely find another,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather.
Will you go, lassie, go?

16. Roamin In The Gloamin

*Chorus: Roamin' in the gloamin' by the bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' ma lassie by my side,
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best,
O it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'!*

I've seen lots of bonnie lassies trav'llin' far and wide,
But my heart is centred noo on bonnie Kate McBride;
And tho' I'm no the type o' chap that throws a word away,
I'm surprised mysel' sometimes at all I've got to say.

Chorus...

Last nicht after strollin' we got hame at half-past nine.
Sittin' by the kitchen fire I asked her to be mine.
And when she promised me, I danced the Hielan' Fling
I've just been to the jew'llers and I've picked a nice wee ring.

Chorus...

17. These are my Mountains

For fame and for fortune I wandered the earth
And now I've come back to the land of my birth
I've brought back my treasures but only to find
They're less than the pleasures I first left behind
For these are my mountains and this is my glen
The braes of my childhood will know me again
No land's ever claimed me tho' far I did roam
For these are my mountains and I'm going home

Kind faces will meet me and welcome me in
And how they will greet me my ain kith and kin
The night round the ingle old sangs will be sung
At last I'll be hearing my ain mother tongue.

For these are my mountains and this is my glen
The braes of my childhood will know me again
No land's ever claimed me tho' far I did roam
For these are my mountains and I have come home

4. The Road Tae Dundee

Cold winter was howling o'er moor and o'er mountain
And wild was the surge on the dark rollin' sea
When I met aboot daybreak a bonnie young lassie
Wha asked me the road and the miles tae Dundee

I said, "My young lassie, I canna weel tell ye
The road and the distance I ne'er can weel gie
But if ye'll permit me tae gang a wee bittie
I'll show ye the road and the miles tae Dundee

At once she consented and gave me her airm
Ne'r a word did I speir wha that lassie might be
She appeared like an angel in feature and form
As she walked by my side on the road tae Dundee

So here's tae the lassie, I ne'er will forget her
Tae ilka young laddie that's list'nin' tae me
Never beswear to convoy a young lassie
Though it's only to show her the road tae Dundee

5. I Love A Lassie

I love a lassie, a bonnie bonnie lassie,
She's as pure as a lily in the dell,
She's sweet as the heather,
the bonnie bloomin' heather,
Mary, my Scots bluebell.

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,
If you saw her you would fancy her as well:
I met her in September, popped the question in November,
So I'll soon be havin' her a' to ma-sel'.

I love a lassie, a bonnie bonnie lassie,
She's as pure as a lily in the dell,
She's sweet as the heather,
the bonnie bloomin' heather,
Mary, my Scots bluebell.

6. The Skye Boat Song

*Chorus: Speed bonnie boat,
like a bird on the wing,
Onward the sailors cry!
Carry the lad that's born to
be king,
Over the sea to Skye!*

Loud the winds howl,
loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled our foes, stand by
the shore,
Follow they will not dare!

Chorus...

Many's the lad, fought on
that day,
Well the claymore could
weild;
When the night came,
silently lay,
Dead on Culloden's field.

Chorus...

7. Mingulay Boat Song

*Chorus: Heel you ho, boys;
Let her go, boys;
Swing her head round,
And all together.
Heel you ho, boys;
Let her go, boys;
Sailing homeward
to Mingulay.*

What care we though white the
Minch?
What care we for wind or
weather?
Heel you ho, boys;
Let her go, boys!
Sailing homeward
to Mingulay.

Chorus....

Wives are waiting by the
harbour,
They've been waiting since
break of day-o
Pull her head round
And we'll anchor,
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Chorus:

14. I Belong To Glasgow

*Chorus: I belong to
Glasgow,
Dear old Glasgow town;
But what's the matter wi'
Glasgow,
For it's goin' roun' and
roun'!
I'm only a common old
working chap,
As anyone here can see,
But when I get a couple o'
drinks on a Saturday,
Glasgow belongs to me!*

I've been wi' a couple o'
cronies,
One or twa pals o' my ain;
We went into a hotel, and
we did very well,
And then we came out once
again;
Then we went into anither,
And that is the reason I'm
fu';
We had six deoch-an-
doruses,
then sang a chorus,
Just listen, I'll sing it to you:

Chorus...

15. Mairi's Wedding

Step we gaily, on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Mairi's wedding.
Over hillways, up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken
brown,
Past the sheiling, thro' the
town,
All for sake of Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' them a' by far,
Is our darling Mairi.
Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel;
That's the toast for Mairi.

Step we gaily, on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Mairi's wedding.
Over hillways, up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken
brown,
Past the sheiling, thro' the
town,
All for sake of Mairi.

13. The Green Hills of Tyrol

There was a soldier, a
Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away
and soldiered far away
There was none bolder,
with good broad shoulder
He's fought in many a fray,
and fought and won.
He'd seen the glory and told
the story
Of battles glorious and
deeds victorious
But now he's sighing, his
heart is crying
To leave these green hills of
Tyrol.

*Chorus: Because these
green hills are not highland
hills
Or the island hills, they're
not my land's hills
And fair as these green
foreign hills may be
They are not the hills of
home.*

And now this soldier, this
Scottish soldier
Who wandered far away
and soldiered far away
Sees leaves are falling and
death is calling
And he will fade away, in
that far land.

He called his piper, his trusty
piper
And bade him sound a lay... a
pibroch sad to play
Upon a hillside, a Scottish
hillside
Not on these green hills of
Tyrol.

Chorus...

And so this soldier, this Scottish
soldier
Will wander far no more and
soldier far no more
And on a hillside, a Scottish
hillside
You'll see a piper play his
soldier home.
He'd seen the glory, he'd told his
story
Of battles glorious and deeds
victorious
The bugles cease now, he is at
peace now
Far from those green hills of
Tyrol.

Chorus...

8. Scotland The Brave

Hark when the night is
falling
Hear! hear the pipes are
calling,
Loudly and proudly calling,
Down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are
sleeping,
Now feel the blood a-
leaping,
High as the spirits of the old
Highland men.

Towering in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain
hame,
High may your proud
standards gloriously wave,
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the shining river,
Land of my heart for ever,
Scotland the brave.

High in the misty
Highlands,
Out by the purple islands,
Brave are the hearts that
beat
Beneath Scottish skies.
Wild are the winds to meet
you,
Staunch are the friends that
greet you,
Kind as the love that shines
from fair maiden's eyes.

Towering in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain
hame,
High may your proud
standards gloriously wave,
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the shining river,
Land of my heart for ever,
Scotland the brave.

Far off in sunlit places,
Sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss
Of sweet Scottish rain.
Where tropic skies are
beaming,
Love sets the heart a-
dreaming,
Longing and dreaming for
the homeland again.

Towering in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain
hame,
High may your proud
standards gloriously wave,
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the shining river,
Land of my heart for ever,
Scotland the brave.

9. Westering Home

Chorus:

And it's Westering home, and a song in the air,

Light in the eye, and its good-bye to care;

Laughter o' love and a welcoming there;

Isle of my heart, my own one!

Tell me o' lands o' the Orient gay!

Speak o' the riches and joys of Cathay,

Aye, but its grand to be wakin' each day,

To find yourself nearer to Islay.

Chorus...

Where are the folk like the folk o' the west?

Canty, and couthy, and kindly, the best!

There I would hie me and there I would rest.

At home wi' my ain folk in Islay.

Chorus...

10. Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,

And gie's a hand o' thine;

We'll tak' a right gude-willy waught,

For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne.

11. Sound The Pibroch

Sound the pibroch loud and high
From John O'Groats to the Isle of Skye!

Let all the Clans their slogan cry
And rise tae follow Charlie!

Choris:

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham

Arise and follow Charlie!

And see a small devoted band

By dark Loch Shiel have taen their stand

And proudly vow wi' heart and hand
To fight for Royal Charlie!

Chorus...

Frae every hill and every glen

Are gatherin' fast the loyal men

They grasp their dirks and shout again

"Hurrah! for Royal Charlie!"

Chorus...

On dark Culloden's field of gore

Hark! They shout "Claymore!

Claymore!"

They bravely fight what can they more?

They die for Royal Charlie!

Chorus...

12. Will ye no come back again?

Bonnie Charlie's noo awa',

Safely o'er the friendly main;

Mony a heart will break in twa,

Should he ne'er come back again.

Chorus:

Will ye no' come back again?

Will ye no' come back again?

Better lo'ed ye canna be,

Will ye no' come back again?

We watched thee in the gloamin hour;

We watched thee in the mornin grey;

Though thirty thousand pounds they gie,

Oh, there is nane that would betray!

Chorus...