FEAR A' BHATA; OR, THE BOATMAN.-Continued.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tursach, deurach, Mar Eala bhan 's i an deigh a reubadh ; Guileag bais aic' air lochan feurach, As caoh gu leir an deigh a treigsinn.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
By all her comrades at last forsaken.
O, my boatman, &c

Fhir a bhata, na horo eile, &c.

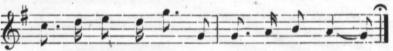
BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.



March! March! Ett-rick and Te-viot-dale, Why, my lads, din - na ye march



forward in or - der? March! march! Esk-dale and Lid - des-dale.



All the blue bon - nets are o - ver the bor - der.



1. Many a banner spread, flutters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is



famous in sto ry: Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,



Fight for your Queen and the old Scot - tish glo - ry.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding

Come from the glen of the buck and the Stand to your arms and march in good roe,

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance and the

When blue bonnets came over the border.

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