

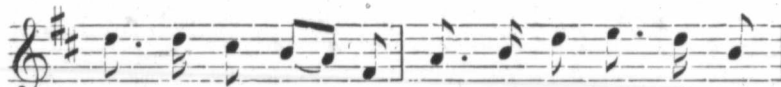
AULD ROBIN GRAY.—Continued.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four, We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the away
door I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it dee;
he, Oh, why do I live to say, O wae's me.
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
marry thee." I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a
sin,
O, sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
say; For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

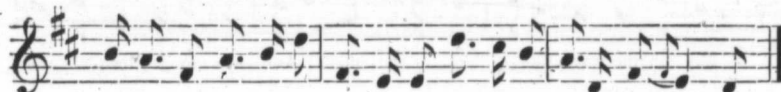
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.



1. Cam' ye^o by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la-beg, Down by the Tummel or



banks o' the Gar - ry? Saw^o ye my lad, wi' his



bon-net an' white cockade, Leaving his mountains to fol-low Prince Charlie?



Fol - low thee, fol - low thee, wha wad - na fol - low thee?



Lang hast thou lo'ed and trust - ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie,



wha wad-na fol-low thee? King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glen-
garry!
Health to Macdonald, and gallant clan
Ronald,
For they are the lads that would die for
Prince Charlie.

Follow thee, follow thee, etc.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin and kneel to
them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie;

Brave MacIntosh, he shall fly to the field
wi' them,
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, etc.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the
Whigamores,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them
rarely,
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' your braid
claymores,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, etc.