

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

'Twas deep in the Forest o' Windsor, ye ken,
A chieftain attested his steel,
An' should e'en a hart e'er attempt it again,
He maun dee o' the han' o' a chiel.

I'm gannin' awa' ta a picnic ta-day,
The lassies their baskets til' bring;
I'll tell o' mi foicht wi' the buck until they
Rise up an' ga'n forrit an' sing.

There's nathing sa graun as a tale o' the bold,
An' a maun that is fearless an' free;
Tho' my tale o' the battle, althoo' it is old,
Was tell'd o' na one but mc.

I'm no the Chieftain o' Lochiel, sa graun,
Nor Laird o' Ben Nevis sa hie;
A foeman I'll face wi' mi dirk in mi haun,
An' I'll combat ta won or ta dee.

I'm off for the boat, for the whistle I hear,
I'll no' ha' a moment tae spare;
An' ou' I maun loose it I very much fear,
See! The lassies are ca'ing me there!