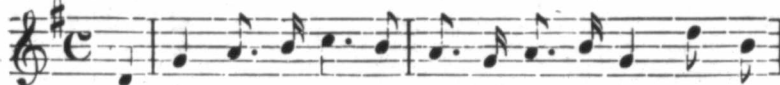
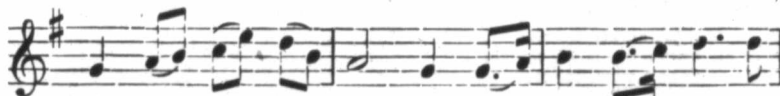


THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

Moderato.

1. It fell on a day, a bon-ny sim-mer day, When the



corn grew green and yel-low, That there fell out a



great dis-pute Be-tween Ar-gyle and Air-lie, That



there fell out a great dis-pute Be-tween Ar-gyle and Air-lie.

Argyle he has ta'en a hundred o' his men,
A hundred men and mairly,
And he's awa' on yon green shaw,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady look'd owre the hie castle wa',
And oh! but she sighed sairly,
When she saw Argyle and a' his men,
Come to plunder the bonnie house o'
Airlie.

"Come down, Lady Margaret," he says,

"Come down to me, Lady Airlie,
Or I swear by the brand I haud in my hand,
I winna leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie."

"I'll no come down, ye proud Argyle,
Until that ye spak mair fairly,

Tho' ye swear by the sword that ye hand in
your hand,

That ye winna leave a stan'in' stane in
Airlie.

"Had my ain lord been at his hame,
But he's awa' wi' Charlie,
There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle
Dare hae trod on the bonnie green o'
Airlie.

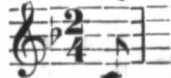
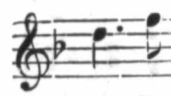
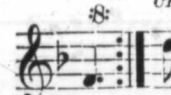
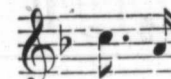
"But since we can haud out nae mair,
My hand I offer fairly;
O! lead me down to yonder glen,
That I may na see the burnin' o' Airlie."

He's ta'en her by the trembling hand,
But he's no ta'en her fairly,
For he led her up to a hie hill tap,
Where she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke, and flames sae hie,
Soon left the wa's but barely;
And she laid her down on that hill to dee
When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

ODE

Comp

Affettuoso. 8:1. { We're S
When Skin, Yet
freen, An'in. } W
green. }

if you

We're Sons o' Scot
An' prood o' kit
Yet tho' frae hame
We lo'e the lan'
When Scotchmen
They like to me
An' crack about th
An' keep its me

CHORUS—We're a'
An' a'
An' if y
We'll

We meet to sing t
An' crack about
An' they wha riel