

14. The 100 Pipers (in Character).

(BY REQUEST.)

Chorus—||: Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'. :||

We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

||: O, it's owre the border, awa', awa', :||

We'll up an' we'll march to Carlisle ha'!

Wi' its yets, an' castles an' a', an' a'.—*CHO.*

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,

Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a'.

Wi' their bonnets an' feathers an' glitterin' gear,

An' pibrochs soonding sweet an' clear,

Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?

Will they a' return, our Hi'lan men?

Second-sighted Sandy looked a' fu' wae,

An' mithers grat when they marched awa'.—*CHO.*

Oh, wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'?

Oh, wha diz follow the blaw, the blaw?

Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurrah!

Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!

His bonnet an' feather he's waving high,

His prancin' steed maist seems to fly;

The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,

While the pipers blaw an' unc' flare'.—*CHO.*

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,

But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;

2,000 swam owre to fell English ground.

An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's soond.

Dumbfoonder'd the English they saw, they saw,

Dumbfoonder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,

Dumbfoonder'd they a' ran awa', aw.....a',

Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.—*CHO.*

15. The British Lion.

Oh, the British Lion is a noble scion,

And proud in his conscious might,

The terror of those he has made his foes,]

For he ever defends the right.

And yet so mild that a timid child

May approach him, and need not quail,

And may pat him on the crown and stroke him down,

But beware how you tread on his tail.

||: Oh, beware, have a care; :|| Oh, beware how you tread on
his tail.—(Repeat in Chorus.)

'Twill much require to rouse his ire,

For he's fond of a quiet snooze;

No idle vaunt, or threat, or taunt

Will provoke him his strength to use;