

December
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THE HALIFAX BURNS CLUB
"AWFIERST CHOIR"
SONGSHEETS.



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O Canada

O Canada!
Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free!
From far and wide,
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
God keep our land glorious and free!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

A Man's a Man

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, an' a' that
 The coward slave, we pass him by
 We dare be poor for a' that
 For a' that, an' a' that
 Our toils obscure an all that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp
 The man's the gowd for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord
 Wha struts an' stares an' a' that
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word
 He's but a coof for a' that
 For a' that, an' a' that
 His ribband , stars and a' that
 The man o' independent mind
 He looks an' laughs at a' that

Then let us pray that come it may
 (as come it will for a' that)
 That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree an' a' that
 For a' that an' a' that
 It's coming yet for a' that
 That man to man, the world o'er...(pause)
 Shall brithers be... for a'...that...

Auld Lang Syne

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne!

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

2. We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

3. And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne!

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

Bonnie Mary of Argyle

I have heard the Mavis singing
His love song to the moon
I have seen the dewdrop clinging
To the rose just nearly born

But a sweeter song has cheer'd me
At the evening's gentle close
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dewdrop on the rose

'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary
And thine artless winning smile
That made this world an Eden
Bonnie Mary of Argyle

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness
Thine eye it's brightness too
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness
And thy hair it's sunny hue

Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world shall own
I have loved thee for thy beauty
But not for that alone

I have watched thy heart, dear Mary
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine forever
Bonnie Mary of Argyle

Caledonia

1. I don't know if you can see
 The changes that have come over me
 In these last few days I've been afraid
 That I might drift away
 So I've been telling old stories, singing songs
 That make me think about where I came from
 And that's the reason why I seem
 So far away today

Chorus:

- Oh, but let me tell you that I love you
 That I think about you all the time
 Caledonia you're calling me
 And now I'm going home
 If I should become a stranger
 You know that it would make me more than sad
 Caledonia's been everything
 I've ever had
2. Now I have moved and I've kept on moving
 Proved the points that I needed proving
 Lost the friends that I needed losing
 Found others on the way
 I have kissed the ladies and left them crying
 Stolen dreams, yes there's no denying
 I have traveled hard with coattails flying
 Somewhere in the wind

(Chorus)

3. Now I'm sitting here before the fire
 The empty room, the forest choir
 The flames that could not get any higher
 They've withered now they've gone
 But I'm steady thinking my way is clear
 And I know what I will do tomorrow
 When the hands are shaken and the kisses flow
 Then I will disappear

(Chorus)

Farewell to Nova Scotia

1. The sun was setting in the west,
The birds were singing on every tree.
All nature seemed inclined to rest
But still there was no rest for me.

Chorus:

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast,
Let your mountains dark and dreary be.
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed,
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

2. I grieve to leave my native land,
I grieve to leave my comrades all,
And my parents whom I love so dear,
And the bonnie, bonnie lass/lad that I do adore.

Chorus:

3. The drums they do beat and the wars to alarm,
The captain calls, and I must obey.
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms,
For it's early in the morning and I'm far, far away.

Chorus:

4. I have three brothers and they are at rest,
Their hands are folded on their breast.
But a poor simple sailor just like me,
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea.

Chorus:

Flower of Scotland

1. O flower of Scotland
 When will we see
 Your likes again
 That fought and died for
 Your wee bit hill and glen
 And stood against him
 Proud Edward's army
 And sent him homeward
 Tae think again

 2. *(Softly)...* The hills are bare now
 And autumn leaves lie thick and still
(Louder)... O'er land that is lost now
 Which those so dearly held
 And stood against him
 Proud Edward's army
 And sent him homeward
 Tae think again

 3. *(Softly)...* Those days are passed now
 And in the past they must remain
(Let it rip)... But we can still rise now
 And be the nation again
 And stood against him
 Proud Edward's army
 And sent him homeward
 Tae think again
- And send him homeward...*(slow down)*...
 ...to
 ...think
 ...again

Loch Lomond Song

1. By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon'
Where me and my true love were ever wont tae gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'

Chorus:

Oh you tak' the high road and I'll tak the low road
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'

2. Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen.
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue, the hielan' hills we view,
An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

Chorus:

Oh you tak' the high road and I'll tak the low road
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'

3. The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
While in sunshine the waters are sleepin'
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Tho' the waefu' may cease free their greetin'.

Chorus:

Oh you tak' the high road and I'll tak the low road
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'

My Heart's in the Highlands

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Chorus:

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

Chorus:

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

O My Love's like a Red, Red, Rose

O my Love's like a red, red, rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Love's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Love!
And fare-thee-weel, a while!
And I will come again, my Love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

Roamin' in the Gloamin'

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks O' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' a lassie by your side,
When the sun has gone to rest
That's the time that I love best,
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'

Oh-Oh-Oh

Roamin' in the gloamin' when the moon is full an' bright,
Roamin' in the gloamin' and you're holding her real tight,
As you tell her she's so fair,
And your hands are everywhere,
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'

Oh-Oh-Oh

Roamin' in the gloamin' an' the stars are in her eyes,
Roamin' in the gloamin' and you hope you get the prize,
And if she does say yes,
Then you can all guess the rest,
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'

Oh-Oh-Oh

Roamin' in the gloamin' an' she coories doon beside
Roamin' in the gloamin' - aye your heart just burst wi' pride,
After all is done and said,
That is how we all got wed,
'Cause we all went roamin' in the gloamin'.

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks O' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' a lassie by your side,
When the sun has gone to rest
That's the time that I love best,
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'

Scots, wha hæ

1. Scots, wha hæ wi Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome tæ yer gory bed,
Or tæ victorie.
Now's the day, an now's the hour:
See the front o battle iour,
See approach proud Edward's power
Chains and Slaverie.
2. Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sæ base as be a slave?
Let him turn an flee.
Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa,
Let him on wi me.
3. By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Libertie's in every blow!
Let us do or dee.

The Green Hills Of Tyrol

1. There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier,
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away,
There was none bolder, with good broad shoulders,
He fought in many a fray and fought and won.
He's seen the glory, he's told the story,
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious.
But now he's sighing, his heart is crying,
To leave these green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus:

2. Because these green hills are not Highland hills
Or the Island's hills, they're not my land's hills,
As fair as these green foreign hills may be
They are not the hills of home.
And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier,
Who wandered far away and soldiered far away,
Sees leaves are falling, and death is calling,
And he will fade away, on that dark land.
He called his piper, his trusty piper,
And bade him sound away, a pibroch sad to play,
Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside
Not on these green hills of Tyrol

Chorus:

3. And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier,
Who wanders far no more, and soldiers far no more,
Now on a hillside, a Scottish hillside,
You'll see a piper play this soldier home.
He's seen the glory, he's told the story,
Of battles glorious, and deeds victorious;
But he will cease now, he is at peace now,
Far from these green hills of Tyrol.

Chorus:

The Star O' Rabbie Burns

There is a star whose beaming ray Is shed on ev'ry clime.
 It shines by night, it shines by day And ne'er grows dim wi' time.
 It rose upon the banks of Ayr, It shone on Doon's clear stream
 Twa hundred years are gane and mair, Yet brighter grows its beam.

Chorus:

Let kings and courtiers rise and fa',
 This world has mony turns
 But brightly beams aboon them a'
 The star o' Rabbie Burns.

Though he was but a ploughman lad,
 And wore the hodden grey,
 Auld Scotland's sweetest bard was bred Aneath a roof o'strae.
 To sweep the strings o'Scotia's lyre, It needs nae classic lore;
 It's mither wit an native fire That warms the bosom's core.

Chorus:

Let kings and courtiers rise and fa',
 This world has mony turns
 But brightly beams aboon them a'
 The star o' Rabbie Burns.

There Was a Lad

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But whatna day o' whatna style,
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi 'Robin.
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' Win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.
 The Gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo'scho wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof,
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But ay a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
 But sure as three times three mak nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.

"Guid faith," quo'scho, "I doubt you Stir,
 Ye gar the lasses lie aspar;
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur-
 So blessin's on thee, Robin."

Will Ye No Come Back Again?

1. Bonnie Charlie's no awa
Safely o'er the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he no come back again.

Chorus:

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better loed ye canna be;
Will ye no come back again?

2. English bribes were a in vain
Tho puir and puirer we mun be;
Siller canna' buy the heart
That aye beats warm for thine an thee.

Chorus:

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better loed ye canna be;
Will ye no come back again?

3. Sweet's the laverock's note an lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings a sang,
"Will ye no come back again?"

Chorus:

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better loed ye canna be;
Will ye no come back again?

Ye banks and braes

Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I'm sae weary, fu' o' care!
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
That wanton through the flow'ring thorn
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft I have rove by bonnie doon,
To see the rose of woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang of it's love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I put a rose,
Full sweet upon the thorny tree.
But my false lover stole my rose,
And ah, she left the thorn wi' me.

Ye Jacobites By Name

1. Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear, lend an ear
 Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear
 Ye Jacobites by name your fautes I will proclaim
 Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear,... you shall hear,
 Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear.....

2. What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?
 What makes heroic strife famed afar?
 What makes heroic strife, to whet th' assassin's knife
 Or hunt a parent's life with bloody war – bloody war.
 Or hunt a parent's life with bloody war.....

- (Let it rip.....)

3. Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear, lend an ear
 Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear
 Ye Jacobites by name your fautes I will proclaim
 Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear,... you shall hear, Your
 doctrines I maun blame,

you...

shall...

hear...

Silvester, Richard

From: Silvester, Richard
Sent: Thursday, December 07, 2017 1:02 PM
To: Silvester, Richard
Subject: Skye boat song

Chorus:

*Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
Forward, the sailors cry.
Hurry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.*

*Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Underclaps rend the air,
Ruffled our foes stand by the shore,
How long they will not dare.*

Chorus:]

*Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
The sea's a royal bed.
Lashed in the deep Flora will keep
Watch o'er your weary head.*

Chorus:]

*Burned are our homes, exile and death,
Wattered the loyal man.
Hot ere the sword, cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.*

Chorus:]

