

Highland laddie (3).pdf/3



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And the spirit of a Highland chief should glister in
his eye.

The pipes should play a cheerful strain, the banners
round him fly,

And for his king and country with pleasure he will
die.

But I hope yet to see him in Scotlands bonny
bounds,

But I hope yet to see him, 8c.

His native land of liberty will nurse his glorious
wounds.

While wide thro' all the Highland hills his warlike
name resounds.

THE WEARY PUND O TOW.

The weary pund, the weary pund,

The weary pund a' tow;

I think my wife will end her life,

Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,

As good as e'er did grow ;

And a' that she has made o' that,
Is we poor pund o' tow.
The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in the bole,
Beyond the ingle low,

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