



BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad!
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie O?

An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
I'th' braes o' Killiecrankie O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O;
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
I'th' braes o' Killiecrankie O.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole Gled
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
I'th' braes o' Killiecrankie O.

*Where have you been in such finery, lad?
Where have you been dressed so gaudy,
oh?
Where have you been in such finery, lad?
Did you come from Killiecrankie, oh?*

*If you had been where I have been,
You wouldn't be so cheerful, oh;
If you had seen what I have seen,
On the hills of Killiecrankie, oh.*

*I fought at land, I fought at sea,
At home I fought my auntie, oh;
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On the hills of Killiecrankie, oh*

*The bold Pitcur fell in a furrow
And Claver's made a loud noise, oh,
I would have fed an Athol hawk
On the hills of Killiecrankie, oh.*

*Oh damn, Mackay, what caused you to lie
In the bushes beyond the gaudy, oh?
You'd do better to kiss King William's
hand,
Than to come to Killiecrankie, oh.*

*There's no shame, there's no shame,
There's no shame to a strapping youth, oh;
There are sour sloes on Athol hills,
And the Devil's at Killiecrankie, oh.*



“AULD LANG SYNE”

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

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o’ lang syne!*

For auld lang syne, my Dear,
For auld lang syne,
We’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

*For auld lang syne, my Dear,
For auld lang syne,
We’ll take a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae paidlet i’ the burn,
Frae mornin’ sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar’d,
Sin auld lang syne.

*We two have paddled in the brook,
From mornin’ sun till dinnertime:
But seas between us broad have roar’d,
Since auld lang syne.*

And there’s a hand, my trusty feire,
And gie’s a hand o’ thine;
And we’ll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

*And there’s a hand, my trusty friend,
And give us a hand o’ thine;
And we’ll take a right goodwill draft,
For auld lang syne.*

And surely ye’ll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I’ll be mine;
And we’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

*And surely ye’ll buy your pint-cup,
And surely I’ll buy mine;
And we’ll take a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*