

For a' that and a' that.

The Soldier's Gratitude.

Lowland Lassie, wilt thou go.

The Year that's awa.

The Land o' the Lea'.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS;

WILLIAMSON & CO. 10, N. B. ROY STREET.

FOR A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that;
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure for a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.
 What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodding grey and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves the
 wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their tinsel show and a' that;
 The honest man, tho' e'er so poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.
 Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares and a' that!
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that!

r a' that and a' that,
His ribband, star and a' that,
The man of independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that.

or a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

When let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.

or a' that and a' that,
Its coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be-for a' that.

THE SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam,
By sorrow still opprest;

I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home
That gave the wanderer rest.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
Then may you claim a soldier's thank,
A soldier's gratitude.

The peaceful sigh, the balmy tear,
That meek-ey'd pity gave;
My last sad dying words shall cheer
And bless a wanderer's grave.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd;
Then may you claim a soldier's thanks,
A soldier's gratitude.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go
Where the hills are clad wi' snow,
Where, beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland Plaid.

Soon the voice of cheerie Spring
Will gar a' our plantins ring;

10.
Soon our bonnie heather braes,
Will put on their simmer claes;
On the mountain's sunnie side,
We'll lean us on my Highland Plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,
Basks the glens in leafy bowers,
Then we'll seek the cauld's shed,
Lean us on the primrose bed;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonnie boat,
Skim the loch in cantie glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Lowland lads may dress main fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads hae mair of art,
A' my boast 's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride—
O row thee in my Highland Plaid.

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart wad break at our fareweel;

Lang your love has made me fain,
Tak me—tak me for your ain.
'Cross the Frith, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

O here's to the year that's awa,
We'll drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ilk bonny young lassie we
lo'ed,
In the days o' the year that's awa.

O here's to the soldier wha bled,
To the sailor wha bravely did fa';
Their fame is on high, tho' their spirits
have fled,
On the wings of the year that's awa.

O here's to the friend we can trust
When the storms of Adversity blaw;
May they join in our sorrow and be near-
est our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa

To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And we grudg'd her right sair,

To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me,

To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sell wears past, Jean,
And joy's coming fast, Jean,

The joy that's aye to last,
In the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jezn,
We've lang been left alane; Jean,
We'll a' meet again,
In the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my aye Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fa'in,
In the land o' the leal.