

CASTLES IN THE AIR

James Ballantine (1808-1877)

Bonnie Jean o' Aberdeen

1. The bon-nie, bon-nie bairn sits pok-in' in the ase, Glow-rin' in the fire wi' his
 2. He sees muck-le cas-tles tow-rin' to the moon, He sees lit-tle sodg-ers
 3. Sic a night in win-ter may weel mak' him cauld; His chin up-on his buffy hand will

wee round face; Laugh-in' at the fuf-fin' lowe— what sees he there?
 pu'-in' them a' doon; Warlds whom-lin' up and down, blaz-in' wi' a flare,
 soon mak' him auld; His brow is bent sae braid, oh pray that Dad-dy Care Wad

Ha! the young dreamer's big-gin' cas-tles in the air! His wee chub-by face, an' his
 Losh! how he louns as they glim-mer in the air! For a' sae sage he looks, what
 let the wean a-lane wi' his cas-tles in the air. He'll glow-er at the fire, an' he'll

tow-zy cur-ly pow Are laugh-in' an' nod-din' to the danc-in' lowe; He'll
 can the lad-die ken? He's think-in' up-on nae-thing, like mon-y migh-ty men; A
 keek at the light; But mon-y spark-ling stars are swal-lowed up by night;

brown his ros-y cheeks and singe his sun-ny hair,
 wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,— There are
 Auld-er een than his are glam-our'd by a glare,

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Glow - rin' at the imps wi' their cas - tles in the air!
mair folk than him big - gin' cas - tles in the air!
Hearts are bro - ken, heads are turn'd wi' cas - tles in the air!