

GLENLOGIE

Scottish Folk Song

1. Three score o' no-bles rade up the King's ha' But bon-nie Glen-lo-gie's the
 2. "Haund your tongue, doch-ter, there's bet-ter than he," "O say na sae, mo-ther, for
 3. "There is, Glen-lo-gie, a let-ter for thee, O there is, Glen-lo-gie, a
 4. Then to Glen-fel-dy's but sma' mirth was there, An bon-nie Jean's mo-ther was
 5. Pale and wan was she when Glen-lo-gie gae'd ben, But ro-sy red grew she when

flow'r o' them a' Wi' his milk-white steed and his bon-nie black e'e,
 that can-na be; Tho' Doum-lie is great-er and rich-er than he,
 let-ter for thee!" The first line he look'd at, a licht lauch lauched he,
 tear-in' her hair, "Ye're wel-come, Glen-lo-gie, ye're wel-come," quo' she,
 e'er he sat down; She turned a-wa' wi' a smile in her e'e.

"Glen-lo-gie, dear mo-ther, Glen-lo-gie for me!"
 Yet if I maun tak' him, I'll cer-tain-ly dee."
 But ere he had read thro't tears blind-ed his e'e.
 "Ye're wel-come, Glen-lo-gie, your Jea-nie to see."
 "O din-na fear, mo-ther, I'll may-be no dee!"