**Auld Lang Syne**

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
and never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
and auld lang syne\*?

For auld lang syne, my jo,  
for auld lang syne,  
we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
for auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup!  
and surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak' a cup o’ kindness yet,  
for auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
and pou'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,  
sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!  
and gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,  
for auld lang syne.

**Ae fond kiss**

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;

Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him

While the star of hope she leaves him?

Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,

Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;

Naething could resist my Nancy;

For to see her was to love her,

Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,

Had we never loved sae blindly,

Never met—or never parted,

We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!

Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!

Thine be ilka joy and treasure,

Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!

Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

**Loch Lomond**

**1**. On yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes

Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond

Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae

On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

--------------------------------------------------------------------------

2. ‘Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen

On the steep steep side o’ Ben Lomond

Where in purple hue many Hieland hills we’d view

And the moon coming out in the gloaming

Chorus:

Oh ye’ll tak’ the high road and I’ll tak’ the low road

And I’ll be in Scotland afore ye

But me and my true love will never meet again

On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

**My Luve's like a red, red rose**

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my Luve's like the melodie,  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;   
And I will luve thee still, my dear,   
Till a' the seas gang dry.   
  
Till a the seas gang dry, my dear,   
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;   
And I will luve thee still, my dear,   
While the sands o' life shall run.   
  
And fare-thee-weel, my only Luve!   
And fare-thee-weel, a while!   
And I will come again, my Luve,   
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

**Ye banks and braes**

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon   
How ye can bloom so fresh and fair   
How can ye chant ye little birds   
And I sae weary fu' o' care

Ye'll break my heart ye warbling birds   
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn   
Ye mind me o' departed joys   
Departed never to return

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon   
To see the rose and woodbine twine   
And ilka bird sang o' its love   
And fondly sae did I o' mine   
  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose   
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree   
But my false lover stole my rose   
But ah! She left the thorn wi' me

**Mingalay Boat Song**

Chorus:

*Hail ya ho boys, let her go boys*  
*Bring her head 'round, and all together*  
*Hail ya ho boys, let her go boys*

*Sailing homeward to Mingalay*

What care we how wild the minch is  
What care we for windy weather  
Hail ya ho boys, every inch is  
Sailing closer to Mingalay

Wives and sweethearts on the hillside  
Looking seaward through the heather  
Let her go boys, and we'll anchor  
'Ere the sun sets on Mingalay

When the wind is wild with shouting  
And the waves mount ever higher  
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward  
To see us home, boys, to Mingalay

**Cod Liver Oil and the Orange Juice**

1. Out of the East there came a hard man

Oh oh oh, all the way from Brigtown

Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil and the orange juice

2. He went into a pub and come out paralitic

Oh oh oh, VP and cider

Oh oh oh what a hell of a mixture, cod liver oil ……

3. Does this bus go to the Denistown Palais

Oh oh oh, I’m lookin’ for a lumber

Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil …..

4. In the dancin’ he met hairy Mary

Oh oh oh, the flower o’ the Gorbbals

Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil …..

5. Now then Mary are you dancin’

Oh oh no, its just the way I’m standin’

Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil …..

6. Now then Mary can I run you hame

Oh oh oh, I’ve got a pair of sand shoes

Oh oh oh helluva funny, cod liver oil …..

7. Down the backclose and into the dunny

Oh oh oh, it was ne for the first time

Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil ….

8. Out came her mammy she was lookin’ for the cludgie

Oh oh oh, I buggered off sharpish

Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil ….

9. Now hairy Mary she had a little baby

Oh oh oh, her father’s in the army

Oh oh oh glory hallelujah, cod liver oil ……

**Down in Old Invertotty**

1. It was down in old Invertotty

The Gestapo were out on their beat

Looking for murder and arson

And drunks as they rolled down the street

2. One of the Chief Constable’s agents

Had a note book quite full of names

Fourteen women, three men and a dog

For peeing up closes and lanes

3. It was twelve o’clock when they found it

Lying there just like a log

It was a badly bashed about body

With tyre marks scorched up its fizzog

4. They went through the usual procedure

Kicked it to make sure it was dead

Went through its pockets and shared out its cash

And took off its boots while it bled

5. Then they carried off the body

One at its head and its feet

Took it up to an alley way

And dumped it on another man’s beat

6. It was four o’clock when they re-found it

Propped up in an old chip shop door

It was naked by now with a note round its neck

Not wanted on beats three or four

**Glencoe**

Chorus:

Cold is the snow that sweeps Glencoe

and covers the grave o’ Donald

And cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe

and murdered the house of McDonald

1. They came in a blizzard we offered them heat

A roof o’er their heads dry shoes for their feet

We wined them and dined them they ate of our meat

And slept in the house of McDonald

2. They came from Fort William with murder in mind

The Campbells had orders King William had signed

Put all to the sword these words underlined

And leave none alive called McDonald

3. They came in the night while the men were asleep

The band of Argylls in snow soft and deep

Like murdering foxes among helpless sheep

They slaughtered the house of McDonald

4. Some died in their beds at the hands of the foe

Some fled in the night and were lost in the snow

Some lived to accuse him that struck the first blow

But gone was the house of McDonald

**MacPherson’s Farewell**

Fareweel, ye dungeons dark and strong,

Fareweel, Fareweel tae thee.

MacPherson's time will nae be lang

On yonder gallows tree.

CHO: Sae rantin'ly, sae wantonly

Sae dauntin'ly gaed he

He played a tune and danced it roon'

Below the gallows tree.

'Twas by a woman's treacherous hand

That I was condemned to dee.

Below a ledge at a window she stood

And a blanket she threw o'er me.

The Laird o' Grant, that hieland sant

That first laid hands on me,

He played the cause on Peter Broon

Tae let MacPherson free.

Untie these bands frae off my hands

And gie to me my sword.

There's no' a man in all Scotland

But I'll brave him at a word.

There's some come here tae see me hanged

And some to buy my fiddle.

But before I do part wi' her

I'll brak her thro' the middle.

He took the fiddle in both of his hands

And he broke it o'er a stone.

Says,"There's nae ither hand shall play on thee

When I am dead and gone.

"O little did my mother think

When first she cradled me,

That I would turn a rovin' boy

And die on the gallows tree.

The reprieve was comin' o'er the brig o' Banf

Tae let MacPherson free,

But they pit the clock a quarter before

And hanged him tae the tree.