

11 Songs from

The Corries annanged for

PENNY WHISTLE by

Nigel Gatherer



Ettrick Lady



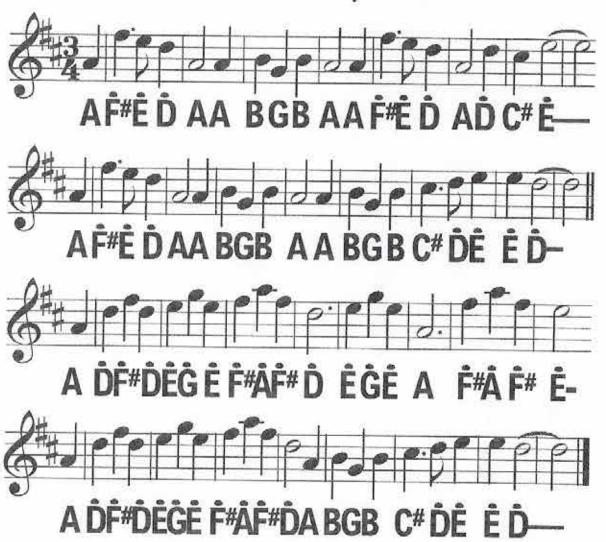
As I gaed doon the Ettrick valley
At the hour of twelve at night,
Wha did I spy but a bonnie lassie
Combin' her hair in the candle light.
First she combed it, then she brushed it,
Tied it up wi' a velvet band;
Ne'er hae I seen such a handsome lassie
All up an' doon o'er all Scotland!

Roses of Prince Charlie



Come now, gather now,
Here where the flowers grow,
White is the blossom as the snow on the ben,
Hear now, freedom's call,
We'll make a solemn vow,
Now by the Roses of Prince Charlie.

The Massacre of Glencoe



O, cruel was the snow that sweeps Glencoe
And covers the grave o' Donald
O, cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe
And murdered the house of MacDonald

Shoals of Herring



O it was a fine and a pleasant day Out of Yarmouth harbor I was faring As a cabinboy on a sailing lugger For to go and hunt the shoals of herring.

Weep Ye By Atholl



O, weep ye weel, my dear, by Atholl, Weep ye for oor finest jewel; Weep ye for oor John, wha battled By the Garry's deepest pool. By the heights o' Killiecrankie, by the tears o' morning dew; Lay the broadswords o' Killamey wi' the tartan and the blue.

The Braes o' Killiecrankie O



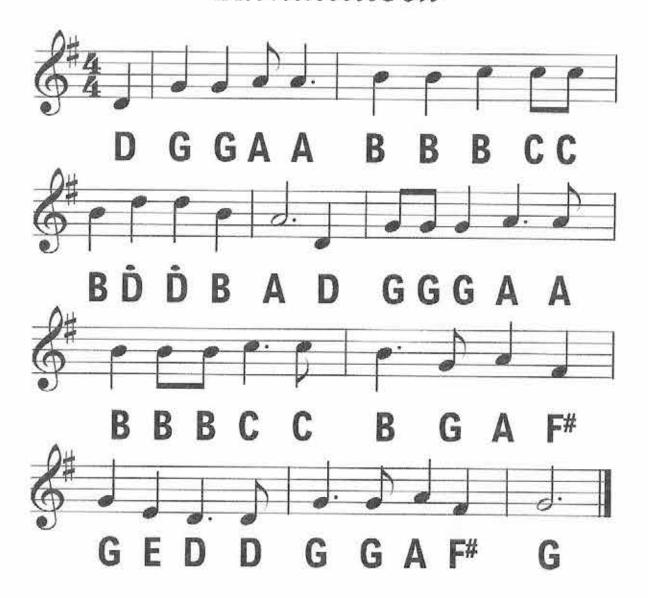
The Braes o' Killiecrankie O



Whaur hae ye been sae braw lad? Whaur hae ye been sae brankie-o? Whaur hae ye been sae braw lad? Cam' ye by Killiecrankie-o?

And ye had been whaur I hae been Ye wadna been sae cantie-o And ye had seen what I hae seen On the braes o' Killiecrankie-o

Kirkintilloch



In Kirkintilloch there's nae pubs,
An' I'm shair ye'll wonder why.
My brother and me we went on a spree,
We drank the pubs a' dry, a' dry,
We drank the pubs a' dry.

I Once Loved a Lass



I once loved a lass, I loved her sae weel,
I hated all others wha spoke o her ill
But noo she's rewarded me weel for my love,
For she's gone to be wed til another.

Flower of Scotland



O flower of Scotland, when will we see Your like again? That fought and died for Your wee bit hill and glen, and stood against him Proud Edward's army And sent him homeward tae think again.

Cam Ye Ower Frae France



Cam ye o'er frae France?
Cam ye doon by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps
And his bonnie woman?
Were ye at the place
Ca'd the Kittle Hoosie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace
Riding on a goosie?

The Bonnie Lass o' Fyvie O



There once was a troop o' Irish dragoons
Cam marching down through Fyvie, O
And the captain fell in love
Wi' a very bonnie lass
And the name that she had was pretty Peggy-O.



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