



# Scottish Songs



## Blue Bells of Scotland

Oh where, tell me where is your Hielan' laddie gone?  
Oh where, tell me where is your Hielan' laddie gone?  
He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,  
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home.

Oh where, tell me where, did your Heilan' laddie stay?  
Oh where, tell me where, did your Heilan' laddie stay?  
He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid spey,  
And many a blessing follow'd him the day he went away.

Oh what, tell me what, does your Heilan' laddie wear?  
Oh what, tell me what, does your Heilan' laddie wear?  
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
An' a plaid across his manly breast that's yet to wear a star.

Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel, wound  
Should pierce your Heilan' laddie and all your hopes confound;  
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,  
And for his king and country with pleasure would he die.

But I'll hope to see him in Scotland's bonnie bounds,  
But I'll hope to see him in Scotland's bonnie bounds;  
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,  
While wide thru' our Heilan' hills his warlike name resounds.