



Scottish Songs



The Auld Scotch Sangs

O sing to me the auld Scotch sangs
I' the braid Scottish tongue.
The sangs my father loved to hear,
The sangs my mither sung,
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or croon'd me on her knee.
And I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet,
The auld Scotch sangs to me.
And I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet
The auld Scotch sangs to me.
Yes! Sing the auld, the guid auld sangs
Auld Scotia's gentle pride,
O' the wimpling burn and sunny brae,
An' the cosie ingle side;
Sangs o' the broom an' heather.
Sangs o' the trysting tree,
The laverock's lilt and the gowan's blink;
The auld Scotch sangs for me.
The laverock's lilt and the gowan's blink;
The auld Scotch sangs for me.
Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blithesome or the sad,
They mak' me smile when I am wae,
And greet when I am glad.
My heart goes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tears dim my e'e,
And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing the sangs to me.
And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing the sangs to me.
Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow i' the past
Where mem'ry lo'es to dwell,
Tho' hair grows grey and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me.
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me.