

# All for Our Rightful King

A

It \_\_\_ was all \_\_\_ for our \_\_\_ right - ful \_\_\_ king. We

D E A

left fair \_\_\_ Scot - land's . stand. It was \_\_\_ all \_\_\_ for our

E A Bm A D

right \_\_\_ ful \_\_\_ king we \_\_\_ 'er saw I \_\_\_ rish \_\_\_ land, my dear, We \_

F#m Bm E A

e'er saw I \_\_\_ rish \_\_\_ land.

2. Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done in vain;  
My love, my native land, farewell,  
For I maun cross the main, my dear,  
For I maun cross the main.
3. He turned him right, an'round about,  
Upon the Irish shore,  
An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, Adieu, for evermore, my dear,  
Adieu, for evermore.
4. The sodger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main;  
But I ha'e parted frae my love,  
Never to meet again, my dear,  
Never to meet again.
5. When day is gone, an' night is come,  
An' a' folk bound to sleep;  
I think on him that's far awa',  
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear  
The lee-lang night, and weep.