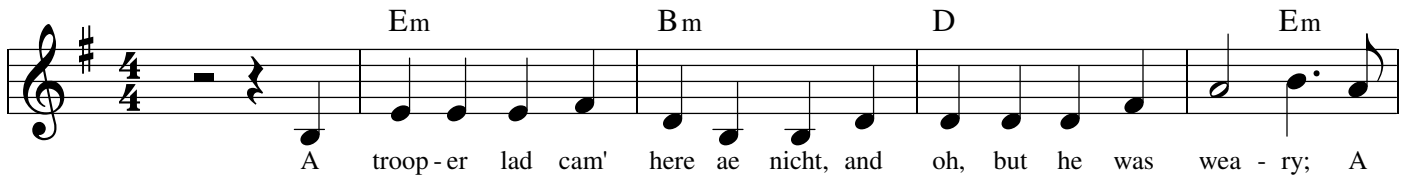
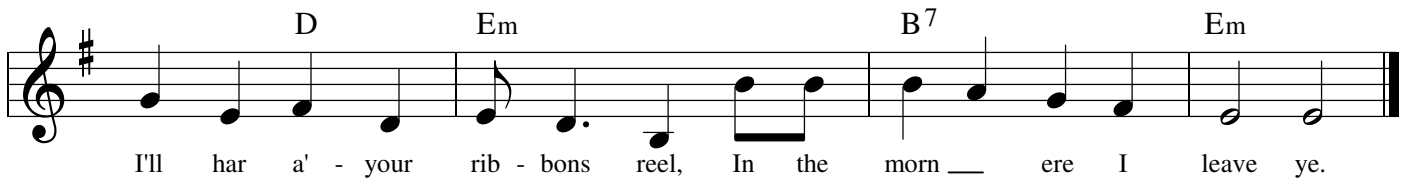
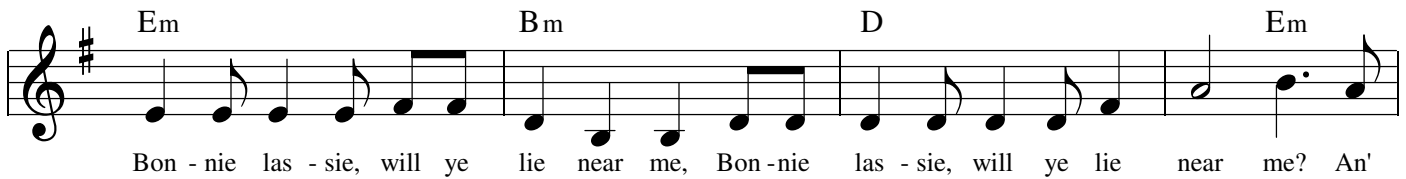


The Trooper and the Maid



Chorus:



A trooper lad cam' here ae nicht,
And oh, but he was weary;
A trooper lad came here ae nicht,
When the moon was shining clearly.

CHORUS:
Bonnie lassie, will ye lie near me,
Bonnie lassie, will ye lie near me?
An' I'll har a'your ribbons reel,
In the morn ere I leave ye.

She's ta'en the horse by the halter right
And led it to the stable;
She's gi'en him oats and hay to eat,
As muckle as he was able.

She's ta'en the sodger by the lily-white hand,
And led him to her chamber;
She's gi'en him a stoup o'wine to drink,
His love it fleered like aimber.

She's made her bed baith lang and wide,
She's made it like a lady;
She's ta'en her wee coatie over her heid,
Said, "Sodger, are ye ready?"

And he's ta'en off his belted coat,
Likewise his hat and feather,
And leaned his sword against the door,
And noo he's doon aside her.

They hadna been but an hour in bed,
An hour but and a quarter,
When the drum cam' soundin' up the street
And ilka feat was shorter.

"It's up, up, up, and our colonel cries,
It's up, up, up and away then;
I maun sheathe my sword in its scabbard case,
For tomorrow's our battle day then."

"And when will ye come back again,
My ain dear sodger laddie?
When will ye come back again,
And be your bairn's daddie?"

"O, haud your tongue, my bonnie wee lass,
Divna let this pairtin' grieve ye;
When heather coves grow ousen bows,
Bonnie lassie, I'll come and see ye."

She's ta'en her wee coatie over her heid,
And followed him up to Stirlin',
She's grown sae fu' that she couldna boo,
And he's left her in Dunfermline.

It's breid and cheese for carles and dames,
And oats and hay for horses;
A cup of tea for auld maids,
And bonnie lads for lasses.

ae = one
gar = make
glen = given
muckle = much
stoup = jug
fleered = dared
aimber = amber
over = over
ilka = every
divna = don't
coves = bushes, twigs
ousen bows = oxen yokes