

Glenogie

There's three score o' no - bles rade up the King's ha', But
 bon - nie Glen - o - gie's the flow'r o' them a'; Wi' his
 milk - white steed, and his bon - nie black e'e, 'Glen -
 o - gie, dear Mi - ther, Glen - o - gie for me!

O had your tongue dochter, ye'll get better than he, O say na sae, mither, for that canna be,
 Tho' Drumlie is richer and greater than he, Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon, Will gae to Glenogie, and cum shune again,
 O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon, Will gae to Glenogie and cum shune again.

When he gaed to Glenogie, 'twas wash and go dine, 'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine,
 O 'twas ne'er my Faither's fashion, and it ne'er shall be mine, To gar a Lady's hasty errand wait til I dine.

But there is, Glenogie, a letter to thee, The first line that he read, a low smile gae he,
 The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e, But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

Gar saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown, Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town,
 But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to the green, O bonnie Glenogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there, Bonnie Jeannie's Mother was tearing her hair,
 Ye're welcome, Glenogie, ye're welcome said she, Ye're welcome, Glenogie, your Jeannie to see.

Pale and wan was she, when Glenogie gaed ben, But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down,
 She turned awa her head, but the smile was in her e'e, O binna feared Mother, I'll may be no dee.