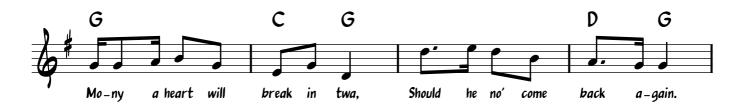
## Bonny Charlie

Lady Nairne Scottish Folk









Mony a gallant sodger faught, Mony a gallant cheif did fa', Death itself were dearly bought, A' for Scotland's king and law.

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles Brak the band o' natures laws; Mony a traitor wi' his wiles, Sought to wear his life awa'.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing, Unto the evening sinking down, Or merl that makes the woods to ring, To me they hae nae other sound.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang, Lilting wildly up the glen; And aye the o'erword o' the sang, "Will ye no' come back again?"