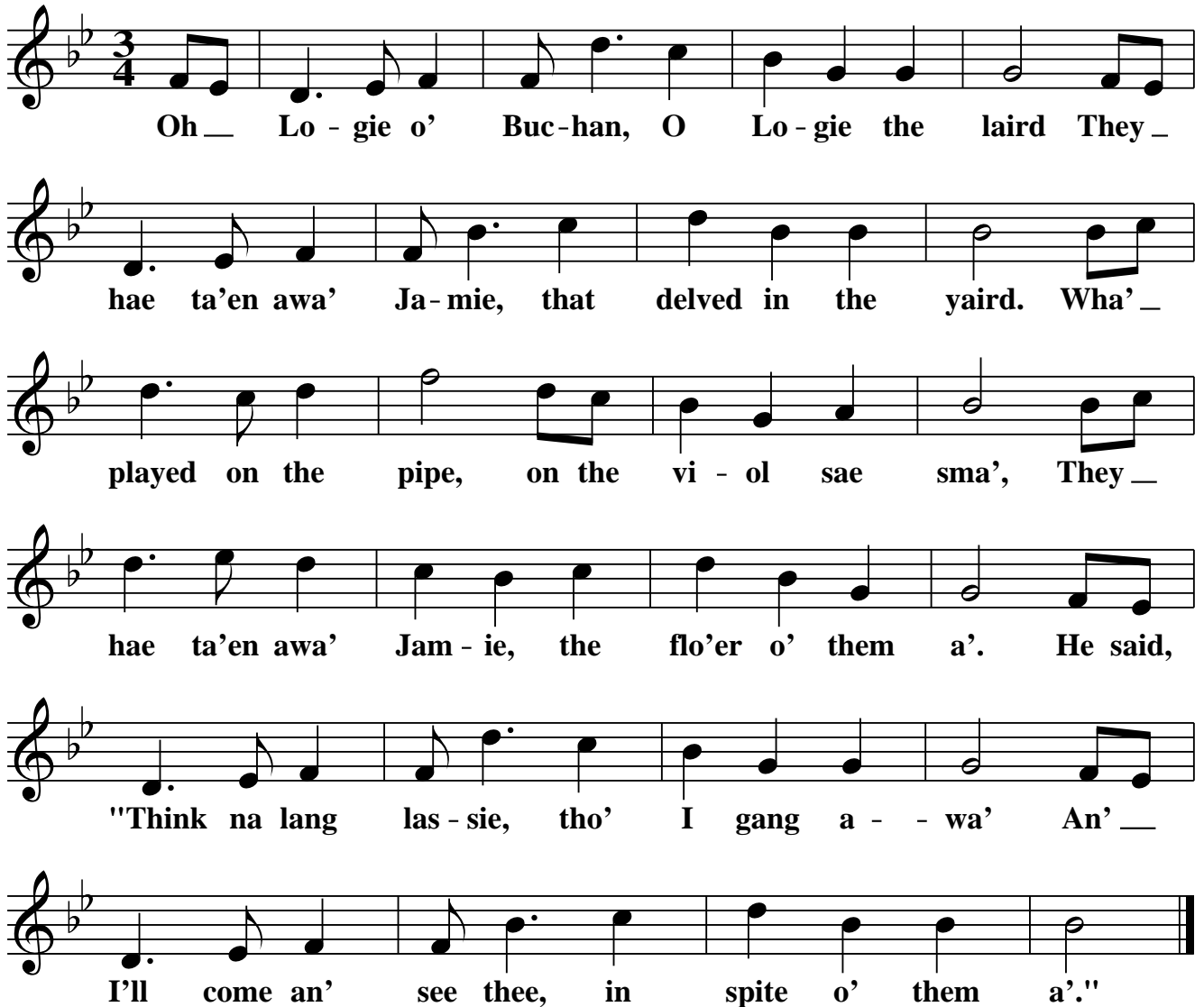


Logie o' Buchan



Oh — Lo - gie o' Buc-han, O Lo - gie the laird They —
hae ta'en awa' Ja-mie, that delved in the yaird. Wha' —
played on the pipe, on the vi - ol sae sma', They —
hae ta'en awa' Jam - ie, the flo'er o' them a'. He said,
"Think na lang las - sie, tho' I gang a - - wa' An' —
I'll come an' see thee, in spite o' them a'."

Oh Logie o Buchan, O Logie the laird
They hae ta'en awa? Jamie, that delved in the yaird.
Wha? played on the pipe, on the viol sae sma?,
They hae ta'en awa? Jamie, the flo'er o? them a?.

Chorus:

He said, ?Think na lang lassie, tho? I gang awa?
An? I?ll come an? see thee, in spite o? them a?.

Tho? Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haudin?, and siller forbye;
Yet I?d tak? my ain lad wi? his staff in his hand,
Before I?d hae him wi? his houses and land.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks soor,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Though I like them as weel as a dochter should do,
They're nae hauf so dear to me, Jamie as you.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo?ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak? it in twa,
And he gied me the half o?t when he gaed awa?