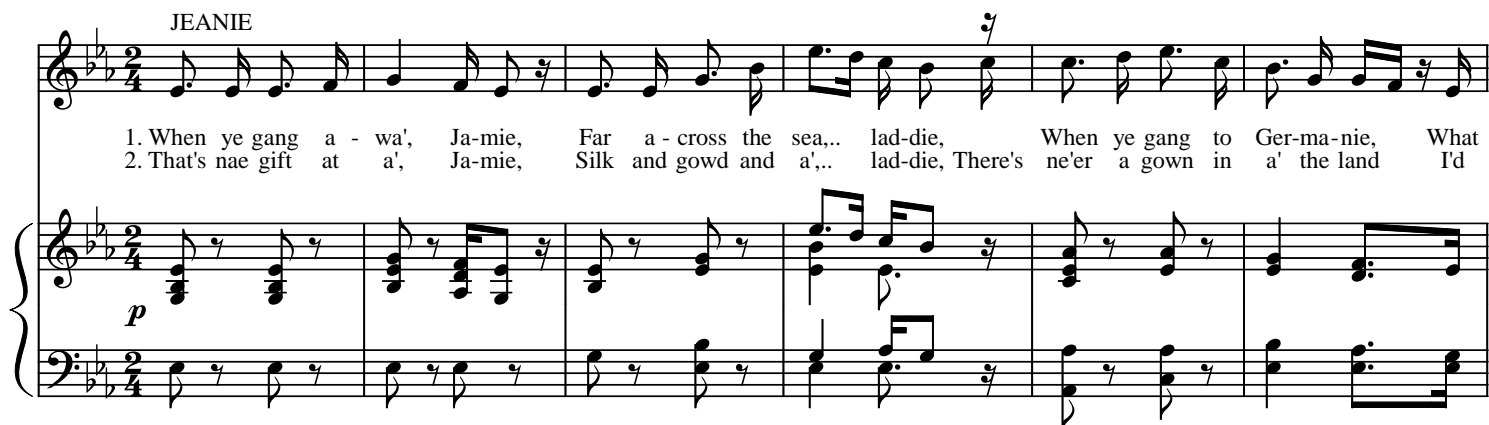


Huntingtower

Scottish traditional

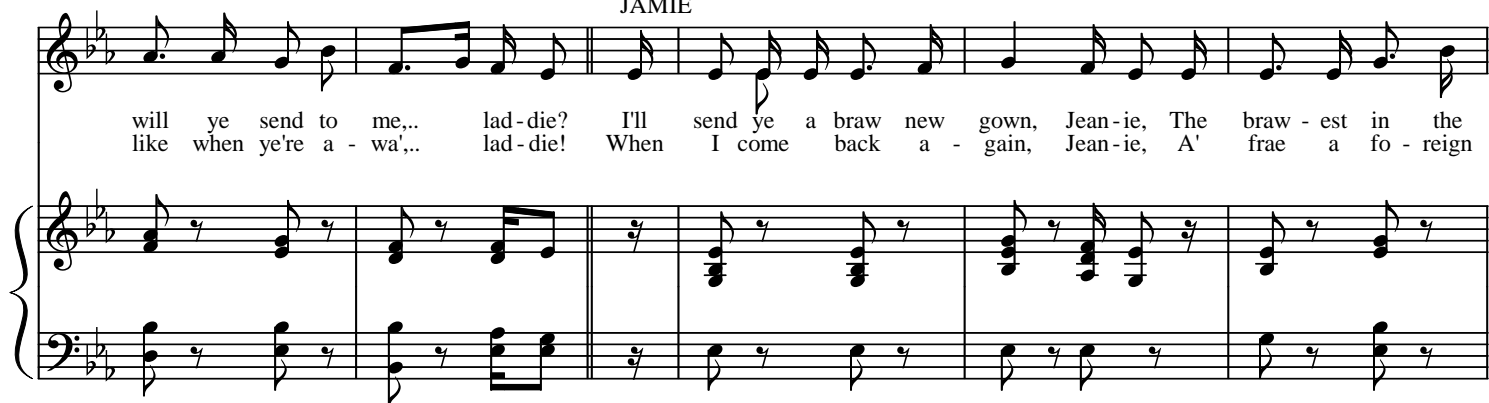
JEANIE



1. When ye gang a - wa', Ja-mie, Far a - cross the sea... lad-die, When ye gang to Ger-ma-nie, What
2. That's nae gift at a', Ja-mie, Silk and gowd and a'... lad-die, There's ne'er a gown in a' the land I'd

p

JAMIE



will ye send to me... lad-die? I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jean-ie, The braw - est in the
like when ye're a - wa'... lad-die! When I come back a - gain, Jean-ie, A' frae a fo - reign



town, las-sie; And it shall be of silk and gowd, Wi' Va - lenci-ennes set round, las-sie.
land, las-sie, I'll bring wi' me a gal-lant gay, To be your ain gude man, las-sie.

JEANIE

3. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie!
Marry me yer ain sel', laddie!
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie!

JAMIE

I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And am not sure how ye'd gree, lassie.

JEANIE

4. Ye s'uld hae tel't me that in time, Jamie,
Ye s'uld hae tel't me that lang syne, laddie,
For had I ken't o' you r ause heart,
Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie!

JAMIE

Your e'en were like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitched me sae,
I couldna help mysel', lassie.

JEANIE

5. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A braken heart like me, laddie.

JAMIE

Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed none but thee, lassie!

JEANIE

6. Think weel, for fear ye rue, Jamie,
Ye'll nae get ane mair true, laddie;
But I've got neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE

Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
St. Johnstone's Bower, and Huntingtower,
And a' that's mine is thine lassie.