10. The deuks dang o'er my daddy

Koželuch
Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 37

Vivace

The deuks dang o'er my daddy
Nae gentle dames, tho'
e'er sae fair, Shall ever be my Muse's care; Their titles a' are empty show; Gie
10. The deuks dang o'er my daddy

me my high-

me my high-

land lass-

land lass-

ie, O. With-

ie, O. With-

in_ the glen_ sae bush-

in_ the glen_ sae bush-

y, O. A-

y, O. A-

boon, the plain_ sae rash-

boon, the plain_ sae rash-

y, O, I set_ me down_ wi' right_ good will, To_ sing my high-

y, O, I set_ me down_ wi' right_ good will, To_ sing my high-

land lass-

land lass-

ie, O.
NAE GENTLE DAMES, THO' E'ER SO FAIR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDY.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I love my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar;
For her I'll trace a distant shore;
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O!
To other lands I now must go
To sing my highland lassie, O.