

38b. Lewie Gordon

Koželuch

Thomson Vol II (1801), 74

Andante

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

fz

fz

[fz]

O send Lew - ie Gor - don hame,

And the lad I win - na name; Tho' his back be at the wa'.

38b. Lewie Gordon

8

Here's to him that's far a - wa'. **Chorus** O hon my High - land - man,
O hon my High - land - man,

10

O my bon - ny High - land man, Weel wou'd I my true love ken A -
O my bon - ny High - land man, Weel wou'd I my true love ken A -

12

mang ten thou - sand High-land-men. *[fz]* *fz*
mang ten thou - sand High-land-men. *[fz]* *[fz]*

O SEND LEWIE GORDON HAME.

AIR. - LEWIE GORDON.

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee:
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

This lovely youth, of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see this princely one,
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' wou'd disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highland man,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power, -
Edward, chains, and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward, let us do or die!