

Robert Burns, The Bonie Lass Of Albanie

The Bonie Lass of Albanie

(Robert Burns)

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens green
An the bonie lass of Albanie.
This lovely maid's of royal blood,
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three;
But Oh, alas for her bonie face!
They hae wrang'd the lass of Albanie.
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle o' high degree,
And a town of fame, whose princely name
Should grace the lass of Albanie.
But there is a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albanie!
Alas the day, and woe the day!
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and lands,
The royal right of Albanie.
We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees mast fervently,
The time may come, with pipe and drum
We'll welcome hame fair Albanie.

tune: Mary weep no more for me (188)

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