

Robert Burns, Up An Waun Them A Jamie

Up an Waun Them a' Jamie
(Robert Burns)

The Laddies by the banks o Nith
Wad trust his Grace wi a' Jamie;
But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King-
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

ch. Up and waun them a'Jamie,
Up and waun them a'!

The Johnstones hae the guidin o't:
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa!

The day he stude his eountry's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin wan-
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie!

There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk-
Lang may his whistle blae, Jamie!

And Maxwell true, o sterling blue;
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

second version -

As I cam doon the banks o' Nith
And by Glenriddell's ha', man,

There I heard a piper play
Turn-coat Whigs awa; man.

Drumlanrig's towers hae tint the powers
That kept the lands in awe, man:

The eagle's dead, and in his stead
We've gotten a hoodie-craw, man.

The turn-coat Duke his King forsook,,
When his back was at the wa', man:

The rattan ran wi'a'his clan
For fear the house should fa', man.

The lads about the banks o' Nith,
They trust his Grace for a', man:

But he'll sair them as he sair't his King,
Turn tail and rin awa, man.

tune:Up and waur them a', Willie (212)

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