

1. Auld Langs Syne,

By Robert Burns, 1788

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We two have run about the hills,
And pulled the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot,
Since auld lang syne.

We two have paddled in the brook,
From morn' till dinnertime:
But seas between us broad have roared,
Since auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
And give us a hand of thine;
And we'll take a right good willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

2. Eriskay Love Lilt (1909)

**Vair me oh, horo van oh,
Vair me oh, horo van ee,
Vair me oh, horo ho,
Sad am I, without thee**

Thou art music of my heart;
Harp of joy, oh cush ma creery,
Moon of guidance by night;
Strength and light, thou art to me.

In the morning, when I go
To the white and shining sea,
In the calling of the seals
Thy soft calling to me.

When I'm lonely, dear white heart,
Black the night and wild the sea,
By love's light, my foot finds
The old pathway to thee.

3. Ye Banks and Braes, Burns, 1791.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I so weary, full of care!

You'll break my heart, you warbling bird,
That frolics through the flowering thorns:
You remind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine:
And every bird sang of its love,
And fondly so did I of mine.

With lightsome heart I pulled a rose,
Full sweet upon its thorny tree!
But my false lover stole my rose,
And ah! She left the thorn with me

4. The Selkirk Grace, Burns 1794.

Some have meat and cannot eat,
And some can't eat that want it;
But we have meat and we can eat
And so the Lord be thanked.

5. Mary Mack (Scottish& Gaelic)

Mary Mack's mother's making
Mary Mack Marry me and
My mother's making me
Marry Mary Mack!
Oh I need to marry Mary
To get Mary to take care of me
We'll all be making merry
When I marry Mary Mack!

Furem be me heen, zanna vis ma gor chas
Furem be me heen, zanna vis ma gor chas
Furem be me heen, zanna vis ma gor chas
Furem be me heen, Veena gor chas zan

6. The Mingulay Boat Song, 1938.

**Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys,
Bring her head round into the weather,
Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!**

What care we how white the Minch is,
What care we, for wind and weather?
Let her go boys, every inch is,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!

Wives are waiting, by the pier heads,
Or looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her head round, then you'll anchor,
Where the sun sets on Mingulay!

Ships returning, heavy laden,
Mothers holding bairns a'cryin
We'll return boys, when the sun sets,
We'll return home to Mingulay!

7. Oh When the Saints

Oh when the saints go marching in,
Oh when the saints go marching in,
I'm gonna be in that number,
Oh when the saints go marching in

I'm gonna dance, dance, dance, I'm gonna
Sing, sing, sing, I'm gonna dance, I'm
gonna sing, alleluia! Oh when the gates are
Open wide, I'll be standing by your side,
I'm gonna dance, I'm gonna sing, alleluia!

She'll be coming round the mountain
When she comes, she'll be coming round
The mountain when she comes, She'll be
Coming round the mountain, Coming
Round the mountain, coming round the
Mountain when she comes

8. Wild Mountain Thyme, (1800's)

Oh, the summertime is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will you go, lassie, go?

**And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will you go, lassie, go?**

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear and crystal fountain
And on it, I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain
Will you go, lassie, go?

If my true love won't have me
I'll surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will you go, lassie, go?

9. Mairi's Wedding,

Step we gaily, on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row
All for Marie's wedding

Step we gaily, on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row
All for Marie's wedding

**10. The The Skye Boat Song,
Sing me a song of a lass that is gone,
Say could that lass be I?
Merry of soul, she sailed on a day,
Over the sea to Skye**

Mull was astern, rum on the port.
Eigg on the starboard bow:
Glory of youth glowed in her soul.
Where is that glory now?

Give me again, all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone
Give me the eyes, give me the soul
Give me the lass that's gone.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone