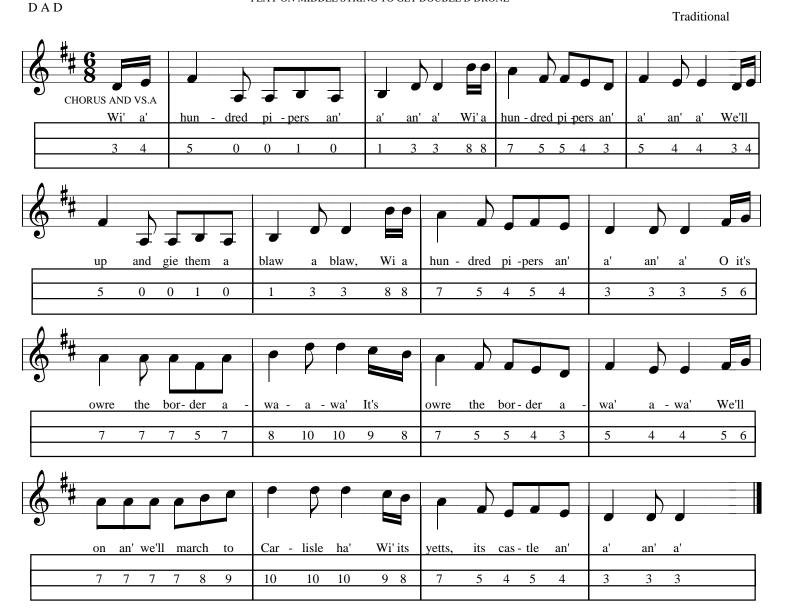
Wi' A Hundred Pipers

PLAY ON MIDDLE STRING TO GET DOUBLE D DRONE



Oh our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw Wi' their tartan kilts and' a', an' a' Wi' their bonnets and' feathers an' glitt'rin' gear An' pibrochs sounding loud and clear Will they a' return to their ain dear glen? Will they a' return oor Heilan' men? Second sichted Sandy looked fu' wae An' mithers grat when they march'd away

Oh wha' is foremos o' a' o' a'
Oh wha' is foremos o' a' o' a'
Bonnie Charlie the King o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'
His bonnet and feathers he's waving high
His prancing steed maist seems to fly
The nor' win' plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers play wi' an unco flare.

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep. Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground An' danced themselves to the pibroch's sound. Dumfound'er'd the English saw, they saw Dumfound'er'd they heard the blaw, the blaw Dumfound'er'd they a' ran awa', awa' Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'

Dulcimer Arr. S. Stevens '05