

Logie of Buchan.

Violin

Slow

O Logie of Buchan! O Logie the Laird! They hae taen awa Jamie that

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delv'd in the yard! Who play'd on the Pipe wi' the Viol fae sma; They hae taen awa

6 3 3

Chorus

Jamie the flow'r o' them a! He said think na lang Ladsie, tho' I gang a -

6 # 5 6

- wa; He said think na lang Ladsie tho' I gang a - wa; For the Simmer is

coming, cauld Winters a - wa, And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN,

O! Logie of Buchan, O! Logie the laird,
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
 Who play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol fae sma';
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie the flower o' them a'!

Sandy has owfen, has gear, and has kye;
 A house and a hadden, and filler forby.
 But I'd tak mine ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.

He said, &c.

CHORUS,

He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
 He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

My daddy looks fulky, my minny looks four,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
 Tho' I looe them as well as a daughter shou'd do,
 They are nae half fae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, &c.

I fit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that loo'd me fae weel;
 He had but a fix-pence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.

CHORUS:

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';
 Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa'
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.