

Lizae Baillie.

Violin

Slow

My bon - - ny Li - - zae Bail - - - lie, I'll

5 3 6 5 4 3 9 6 # 6 5

row ye in my Plai - - - die, And

5 6 b5 3 4 6 3

ye. maun gang a - lang wi' me, And

6 6 4 6

he a High - - - land La - - - dy.

6 5 6 b 6 9 4 8 6 5 3

L I Z A E B A I L L I E.

MY bonny Lizae Baillie,
 I'll row ye in my plaidie,
 And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
 And be a Highland lady.

“ I am fure they wad nae ca' me wife,
 Gin I wad gang wi' you, fir ;
 For I can neither card or spin,
 Nor yet milk ewe or cow, fir.”

“ My bonny Lizae Baillie,
 Let nane o' these things daunt ye ;
 Ye'll ha'e nae need to card or spin,
 Your mither weel can want ye.”

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen,
 Made o' the gilded leather ;
 And she's put on her Highland brogues,
 To skip amang the heather.

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
 Made o' the filk and fattin ;
 And she's put on a tartan plaid,
 To row amang the braken.

She wad nae ha'e a Lawland laird,
 Nor be an English lady ;
 But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme,
 And row her in his plaidie.