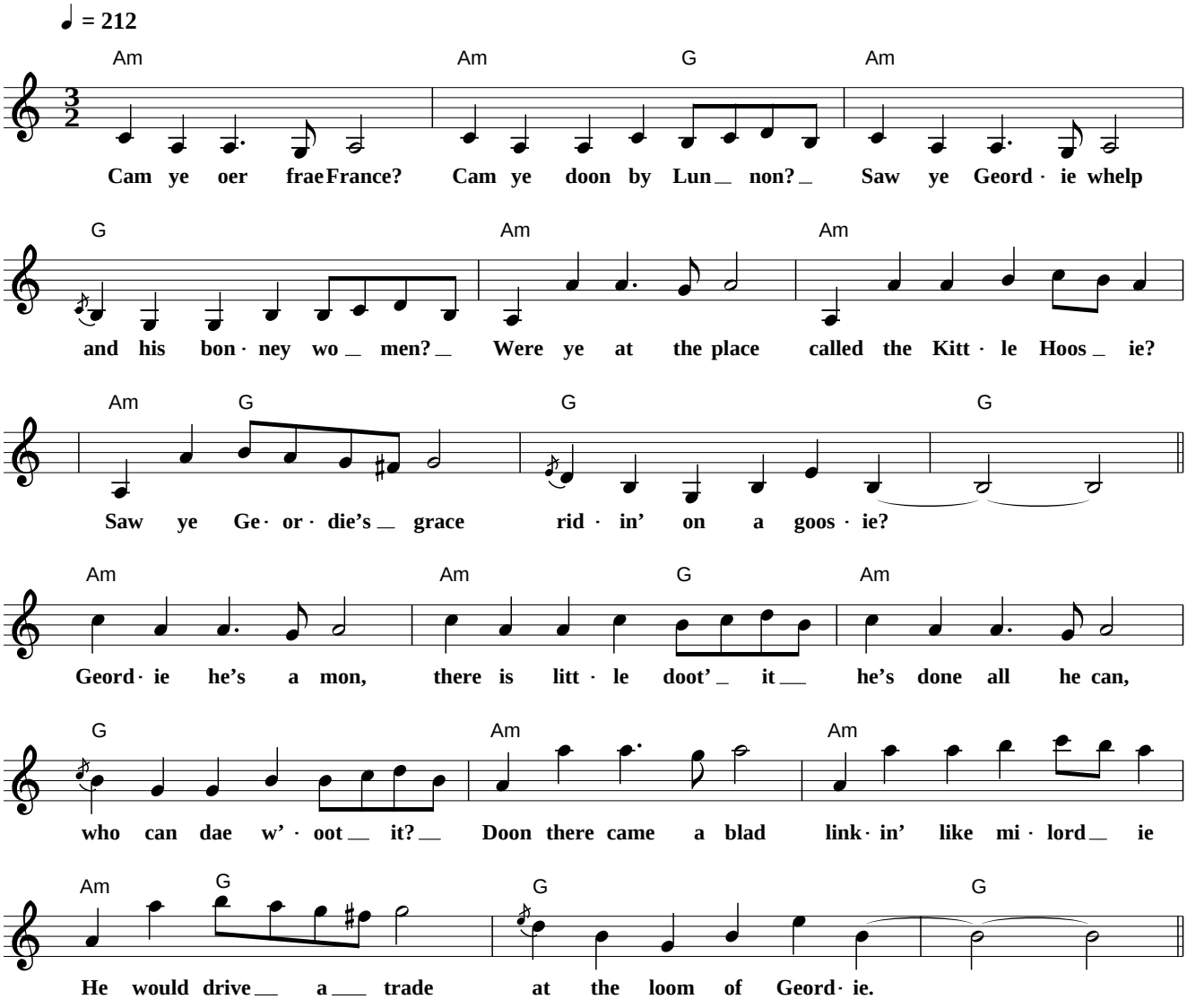
Cam Ye O’er Frae France



Though the claith were bad, blithely may we niffer
Gin we get a wab, it makes little differ,
We hae tint our plaid, bonnet, belt and swordie,
Haes and mailins braid, but we hae our Geordie!

Jocky’s gone to France, and Montgomery’s lady
There they’ll learn tae dance, Madam, are ye ready
They’ll be back betide, belted, brisk and lordly
Bra’ly may they thrive, tae dance a jig wi’ Geordie.

Hey for Sandy Don, hey for Cockelorum,
Hey for Bobbin John, and his hietin quorum
Monie a sword and lance, swings at hielin hurdie
How they’ll step and dance, o’er the bum o’ Geordie!

(repeat 1st verse)