

# 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 3

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

6 6 b4 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.

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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 fatten;  
 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.