

Amang the trees, where humming bees
Amang the Trees
A Fiddler In The North
Robert Burns, 1794

Amang the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O.
'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathpeys, and Reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O!

2. Their capon craws an' quer 'ha, ha's,'
They made our lugs grow eerie, O.
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
Till we were wae and weary, O.
But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a Fiddler in the North,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O!