

### The Bonie Lass Of Albany

My heart is wae, and unco wae,  
To think upon the raging sea,  
That roars between her gardens green  
An' the bonie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood  
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,  
But oh, alas! for her bonie face,  
They've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde  
There sits an isle of high degree,  
And a town of fame whose princely name  
Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,  
That fills the place where she should be;  
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,  
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,  
A false usurper wan the gree,  
Who now commands the towers and lands-  
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,  
On bended knees most fervently,  
The time may come, with pipe an' drum  
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.