

Amang the Trees

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(Robert Burns)

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, Strathspeys and Reels-
She dirl'd them aff fu clearly, O!
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O!

Their capon craws an queer 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 anee was cas'd
A prisoner, aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the North,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O!

tune: The King of France, he rade a race ARB