

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## He's Owre the Hills

He's Owre the Hills

cho: He's ow're the hills that I lo'e weel;  
He's owre the hills we darena name,  
He's ow're the hills ayont Dumblane,  
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,  
My brithers winna bide at hame,  
My mither greets and prays for them,  
And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer  
But, ah! that luve maun be sicere,  
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,  
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

His right these hills, his right these plains  
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;  
What lads e'er did, our lads will do:  
Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air  
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair  
Oh ! did you but see him, ye'd do as we've done  
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run,  
He'a owre the hills, &c.

From The Songs of Scotland, Maurice Ogle publisher