

Glenlogie



Three score of no - bles rode up the King's hall,



But ___ bon - nie Glen - lo - gie's the ___ flow'r of them all!



With ___ his milk-white ___ steed and his ___ bon - nie black ___ e'e.



"Glen - - lo - gie. dear mo - ther, Glen - - lo - gie for me."

Three score of nobles rode up the King's hall,
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flow'r of them all!
With his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e.
"Glenlogie. dear mother, Glenlogie for me."

"Hold your tongue daughter, there's better than he."
"O say name sae, mother, for that cannot be;"
"Through Drumlie is richer and greater than he,
Yet if I must take him, I'll certainly dee."

Then came Glenlogie but joy was not there,
For bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair,
"You're welcome, Glenlogie, you're welcome" said she;
"You're welcome. Glenlogie, your Jeannie to see."

Jeannie was pale as he entered the room,
But red rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
She then turned away with a smile in her e'e,
"O dinna fear, mother, I'll maybe no dee!"