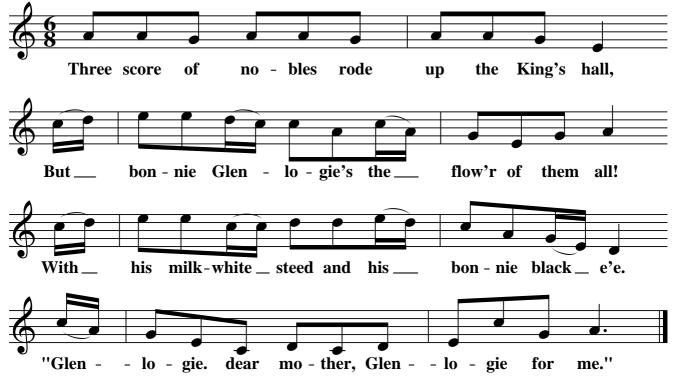
## Glenlogie



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 doun; She then turned away with a smile in her e'e, "O dinna fear, mother, I'll maybe no dee!"