

THE WHITE COCKADE
(Traditional - lyrics by Robert Burns)

My love was born in Aberdeen
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad
He's ta'en the Field wi' his White Cockade

CHORUS :

O he's a rantin, rovin blade
He is a brisk and a bonny lad
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad with his White Cockade

Oh leeze me on my philabeg
The hairy hough and garter'd leg
But aye the thing the blinds my ee
Is the White Cockade aboun the bree

CHORUS

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
My rippling-kame and spinning wheel
To buy my lad a tartan plaid
A braidsword, dirk and a White Cockade

CHORUS

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow
My good grey mare and hawkit cow;
That every loyal Buchan lad
May tak' the field in a White Cockade

CHORUS