

IV. Appendice

I. Alister McAlpine's Lament (1912)

The lowlands o' Scotland will ne'er be my hame,
 Tho' fresh and fair is the gowany lea,
 The lowlands o' Scotland will ne'er be my hame,
 It will ne'er be like my ain countrie.

In the lowlands o' Scotland nae hills are seen
 Rising wi' snaw-white taps sae hie,
 And the heather is burnt, and the rose it is fa'en,
 That bloomed sae sweet in my ain countrie.

The lowlands o' Scotland will ne'er be my hame,
 And there's no a hame on earth for me,
 The clans are a' broken and I am alane,
 Thinking upon my ain countrie.

II. Five English Folk Songs (1913)

1. The Dark-eyed Sailor

It was a comely young lady fair,
 Was walking out for to take the air;
 She met a sailor all on her way,
 So I paid attention to what they did say.

Said William, "Lady, why walk alone?
 The night is coming and the day near gone."
 She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,
 "It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proving my downfall."

"It's two long years since he left the land;
 He took a gold ring from off my hand,
 We broke the token, here's part with me,
 And the other lies rolling at the bottom of the sea."

Then half the ring did young William show,
 She was distracted midst joy and woe.
 "O welcome, William, I've lands and gold
 For my dark-eyed sailor so manly, true and bold."

Then in a village down by the sea,
 They joined in wedlock and well agree.
 So maids be true while your love's away,
 For a cloudy morning brings forth a shining day.

2. The Spring Time of the Year

As I walked out one morning,
 In the springtime of the year,
 I overheard a sailor boy,
 Likewise a lady fair.

They sang a song together,
 Made the valleys for to ring,
 While the birds on spray
 And the meadows gay
 Proclaimed the lovely spring.

3. Just as the Tide was Flowing

One morning in the month of May,
 Down by some rolling river,
 A jolly sailor, I did stray,
 When I beheld my lover,
 She carelessly along did stray,
 A-picking of the daisies gay;
 And sweetly sang her roundelay,
 Just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk,
 And jewels did adorn her.
 Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,
 Just like some lady of honour.
 Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,
 Her hair in ringlets hanging down;
 She'd a lovely brow, without a frown,
 Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said, Fair maid,
 How came you here so early?
 My heart, by you it is betray'd
 For I do love you dearly.
 I am a sailor come from sea,
 If you will accept of my company
 To walk and view the fishes play,
 Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
 We'd gang'd along together;
 The small birds sang, and the lambs did play,
 And pleasant was the weather.
 When we were weary we did sit down
 Beneath a tree with branches round;
 For my true love at last I'd found,
 Just as the tide was flowing.

III. Loch Lomond (1921)

By you bonny banks and you bonny braes,
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
 On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

O you'll take the high road and I'll take the low road
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
 But me and my true love will never meet again
 On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
 Where deep in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
 And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flow'rs spring,
 And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
 Tho' the woeful may cease from their greeting.