

THE TROOPER AND THE MAID

Scotch
(It's not just for
breakfast anymore)

Whistle

B m F#m Em F#m B m

A sol-dier lad came here last night, With ri-ding he was wea-ry; A so-l-

F#m Em F#m Em B m B m

6
dier lad came here last night and the moon was shi-ning clar-ly.

Chorus

**Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye yet
Bonnie lassie, I'll lie near ye
And I'll gar all your ribbons reel
In the morning eer I leave ye**

She's taken his good horse by the head
And led him to the stable
She's given him corn and hay to eat
As muckle as he was able

She's taken the trooper by the hand
And led him to her chamber
She's given him a bit of the wine to drink
And his love it flared like tinder

She's made her bed both broad and long
She's made it like a lady
She's taken her nitegown over her head
Saying soldier are you ready

He's taken off his belted coat
Likewise his hat and feather
He's leaned his sword against the door
And now he's down beside her

They had not been in bed an hour
An hour but scarce a quarter
When the drums came sounding up the street
And still th' beat was shorter

Its up, up, up, our colonel cried
It's up, up, up and away, then
It's up, up, up, our colonel cried
The morn's our battle day then

She's taken her coatie over her head
She's followed him up to Stirling
She grew so full that she couldn't bow
And he left her in Dunferline

It's when will you come back again
My own dear soldier laddie
When will you come back again
And be your baby's daddy

Oh, hold your tongue my bonnie wee lass
Never let this parting grieve thee
When heather cows grow oxen bows
Bonnie lassie I'll come and see ye