

## The White Cockade

The Corries

My love was born in Aberdeen,  
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;  
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,  
He's taen the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a rantin, rovin blade,  
He's a brisk and a bonny lad,  
Betide what may, my heart is glad,  
To see my lad wi his white cockade.  
Oh leeze me on the philabeg  
The hairy hough and garten'd leg;  
But aye the thing that blinds my ee,  
The white cockade aboun the bree.

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 white cockade.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,  
My good grey mare and hawkit cow,  
that every loyal Buchan lad  
May tak the field wi the white cockade.