

The Banner of Buccleuch

12 Scottish Songs

Sir Walter Scott

arr. Ludwig Beethoven
adapted and alto added by M. Whitmire

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1. From the brown crest of Ne-wark its sum-mons ex-tend-ing, Our—
(2. When the) south-ern in-vad-er spread waste—and dis-ord-er, At the
(3. And) when it is ov-er, we'll drink a blithe mea-sure, To each

1. From the brown crest of Ne-wark its sum-mons tend-ing, Our—
(2. When the) south-ern in-vad-er spread waste—and ord-er, At the
(3. And) when it is ov-er, we'll drink a blithe mea-sure, To each

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sig-nal is wav-ing in smoke and in flame; And each for-est-er blithe, from his
glance of her cre-scent he paused and with-drew; For a-round them were mar-shalled the
laird and each la-dy that wit-ness'd our fun, And to ev-ery blithe heart that took

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moun-tain de-scending, Bounds light o'er the heat-er to join in the game. Then up with the ban-ner, let
pride of the bord-er, The flowers of the For-est, the bands of Bucc-leuch. A strip-ling's weak hand to our
part in our plea-sure, To lads that have lost, and the lads that have won. May the for-est still flou-rish, both

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for - est winds fan her, She has blaz'd ov - er Et - trick eight a - ges and more; In
 re - vel has borne her, No mail glove has grasp'd her, no spear - men sur-round; But
 bo - rough and land-ward, From the hall of the peer to the herd's in - gle-nook; And

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sport we'll at - tend her, in bat - tle de - fend her With heart and with hand, like our
 ere a bold foe - man should scathe or should scorn her, A thou - sand true hearts would be
 huz - za! My brave hearts, for Bucc-leuch and his stan - dard, For the King and the Coun - try, the

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fath - ers of yore.
 cold on the ground.
 Clan and the Duke.

2. When the
 3. And

fath - ers of yore.
 cold on the ground.
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 3. And