The Banner of Buccleuch

12 Scottish Songs

Sir Walter Scott

arr. Ludwig Beethoven

adapted and alto added by M. Whitmire

1. From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending. Our
southern invaders spread when it is over, we'll
waste and disorder, At the
drink a blithe measure, To each

2. When the

(2. And)

3. And

(3. And)

signal is waving in glance of her crescent he laird and each lady that smoke and in flame; And each
paused and withdrew; For a witness'd our fun, And to
forester blithe, from his round them were marshalled the
evry blithe heart that took

mountain descending, Bounds pride of the border, The light o'er the heat to join in the game. Then
part in our pleasure, To flowers of the Forest, the bands of Buccleuch. A
lads that have lost, and the up with the banner, let stripling's weak hand to our
forest still flourish, 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 gras'ed her, no spe ar men sur round; But
bo rough and land'ward, From the hall of the peer to the herd's ing lee nook; And
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 gras'ed her, no spe ar men sur round; But
bo rough and land'ward, From the hall of the peer to the herd's ing lee nook; And

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 sea cle 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

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

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

2. When the

3. And