

The White Cockade

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The boniest lad that e'er was seen,
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He takes the field wi' his White Cockade.

(full)

Chorus:
O, he's a ranting, roving lad,
He is a brisk an' a bonie lad;
Betide whaty may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

I'll sell my rok, my reel, my tow,
My guid gray mare and hawkit cow;
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

(flaxing gear, fibre)
(good, spotted_
(full body kilt)