

2 THE GALLANT FORTY SECOND,

*A Favorite Scots Ballad,*

SUNG BY MISS DANIELS AT

*Sauxhall,*

*the Music Composed by*

*J. MOOREHEAD,*

*The Poetry by C. Dibdin, Jun<sup>r</sup>.*

*Pr. 1<sup>s</sup>*

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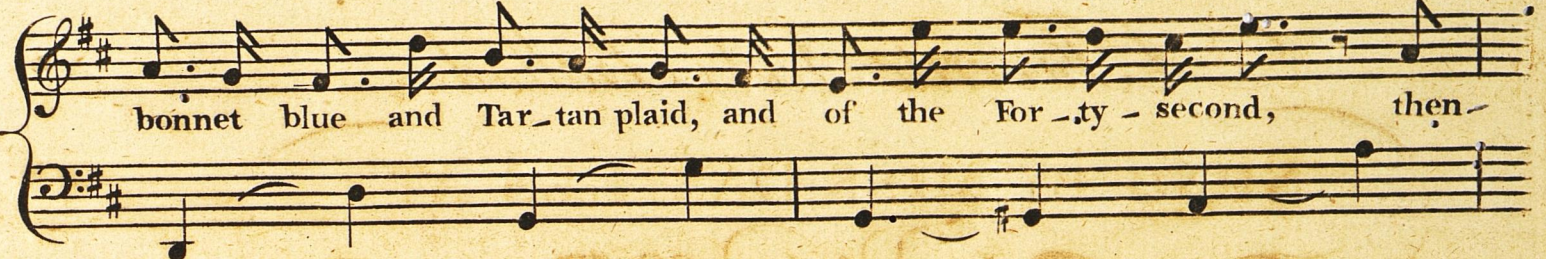
Con  
Brio

I'se kilt my coats my arms a-boon in spite of Mam or Daddy, and

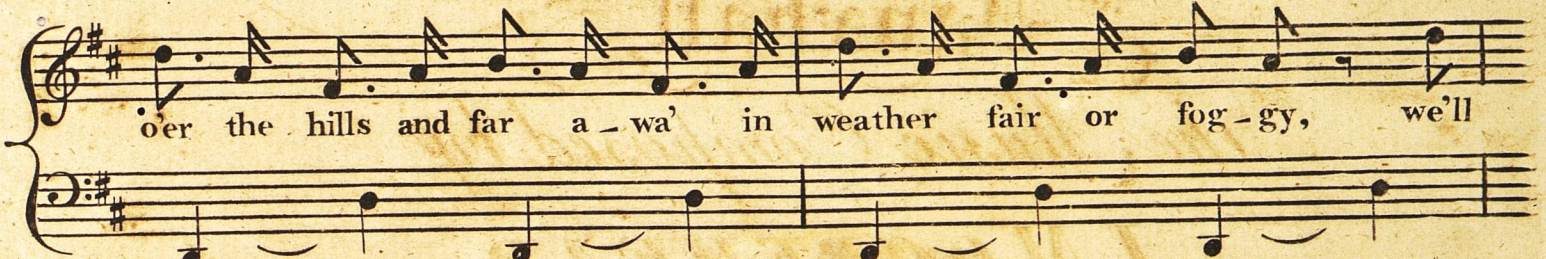
trip it to the Pi-per's tune the world o'er wi' my Lad-die.

For he's a bonny Scottish lad a gallant Sol-dier reckon'd, wi'

THE GALLENT FORTY SECOND



bonnet blue and Tar-tan plaid, and of the For-ty - second, then-



o'er the hills and far a-wa' in weather fair or fog-gy, we'll



trip wi' glee fu' hearts and bra blythe Donald and his Mog-gy.



*f*

2

The Lasses Say, my Heart's not right  
 Set toward my Mim and Daddy  
 But that's because they brast wi' Spight  
 And envy me my Laddie .

Oh, he's &c .

3

But let the Lasses jeer and ca'  
 Or Mither rant and Daddy,  
 I'ze gi' my Hand in spite of a'  
 To bless my bonny Laddie

Oh, he's &c .