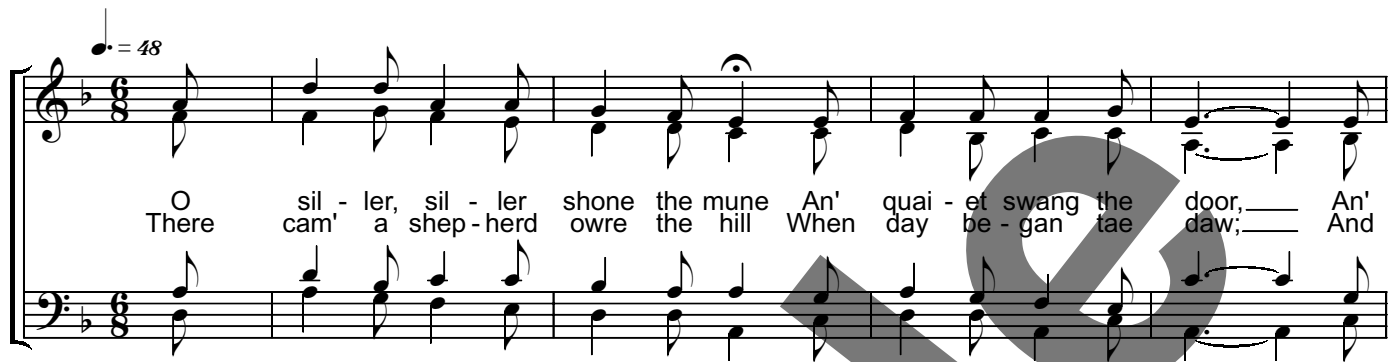


# Ballad of lost ladye

words by Helen Cruikshank

music by Michael Buck

$\bullet = 48$



O There sil - ler, sil - ler shone the mune An' quai - et swang the door, An'  
cam' a shep - herd owre the hill When day be - gan tae daw; And

6  
eer - ie skraighed the flaught-ered gulls As she gaed by the shore. O saft tae her the  
is this noo a seg - git ewe Or flour-ish frae the schaw? It was - na lamb nor

11  
mea-dow girse, But set wi' rock the hill, An' scored wi' bluid her la - dye feet Or  
seg - git ewe Nor flour-ish frae the schaw, It was the la - dye bright an' still, But

16  
she cam' the place in - till. The sheen o' steel was in her hand, The sheen o' stars in her  
she had won a - wa'. The peace an' love - li - ness up - on Her broosaid, 'Lat a -

21  
een, An' she wad o - pen the fair - y hill An' she wad let oot the queen.  
bee, Here fand I that I sair - ly socht, Ye need - na pee - ty mee.'