

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go, sleep thou with them,
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden,
Lie scentless and dead.

Old Jacobite Air. Charlie.

Came ye by Athol, Lad wi' the Philabeg,
Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garey;
Saw ye my lad wi' his bonnet and white cockade,
Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, wha would na follow thee,
Long hast thou lov'd and trusted us fairly,
Charlie, Charlie, wha wad na follow thee,
King o' the Hieland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry,
Health to M^c Donald, and gallant Clanronald,
For they are the lads that would die for Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, &c.

*Einlass-Billets à 16 Groschen sind in den Musikalienhandlungen der Herren
W. Härtel und Fr. Kistner zu haben. Später und an der Casse kostet das
Billet 1 Thaler.*

Anfang um 7 Uhr.

MT/1313/2002