

THE LURE O' THE KILT

Dedicated to the Band of the 134th Batt., C. E. F.

In attendance at the Ceremony in Westminster Abbey, commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Confederation of the Provinces of Canada, in the presence of Their Majesties the King and Queen.

WORDS BY
George Cox

Author of

It's Not Without Thorns
You And I Alone
Fragrant Perfume
Smile and Sing



MUSIC BY
Kingsley O'Tay

Composer of

It's Not Without Thorns
You And I Alone
Fragrant Perfume, Etc.

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"THE LURE O' THE KILT"

I watched a Scotch regiment march doon the glae
Frae Edinburgh Castle—a grand sight they made.
Wi' hanners a-flying they swung doon the hill,
The soldiers o' Scotland! What heart wad na thrill?
As the laddies marched past, ah! sure it was fine;
Ev'ryane in a kilt, ev'ryane in his prime.
Wi' kilts a' a-swing, plaids and sporrans, foreby—
I flung a bit heather as they passed me by.

CHORUS

A sprig o' white heather frae some Scottish glen
I flung tae the kilties, for luck, don't ye ken?
The skirl o' the pipes wi' echoing lilt
Arouses the soul o' the man wi' a kilt.
The swing o' the kilts, the skirl o' the pipes,
And the beat o' the drums,—the people excites.
The lure o' the kilt! Crowds cheer and hurrah!
For the pipes and the kilties are coming, hurrah!

Some honnie sweet lassies were standing quite near,
Sae proud o' their men folk, their spell I could hear:
"The lure o' the kilt mak's some men, wee or brau,
Wear the dress o' Scotsmen, though no' Scots at a'."
Mair regiments appeared and fell intae line,
A' sae lythesome and strong—how their e'en brightly shine!
The haggpipes and drums—"Hooch, ay!" I did cry,
I had nae mair heather as they passed me by.

A sprig o' white heather frae some Scottish glen
Tae gie tae the kilties, for luck, don't ye ken?

Extra verse:
Optional

etc.

*A young Scottish soldier in far distant clime
O' au mithers' sons that dear laddie was mine.
He's deeing sae far frae his hamelands awa'
I, alane in Scotland, could but hope and pray.
Just a kiss for mither, maybe a bit prayer—
A hospital nurse was the only aye there—
A wee bit heather she treasured wi' care
She took frae her bosom and placed in his hair.*

CHORUS—3rd Verse

*A sprig o' white heather frae some Scottish glen
She gi' en the deae laddie—God bless her! Amen.
The wailing pibroch wi' mournful lament
Wafes onward the soul to eternal content.
The swing o' the kilts, the skirl o' the pipes;
And the beat o' the drums,—the people unites.
The lure o' the kilt! *Crowds murmur, "Och-hey!"
As the pipers and kilties march slowly awa'.*

*Note instructions
on music for 3rd chorus



"The Lure O' The Kilt"

Introduction
Con Spirito e moderato

I watched a Scotch reg-i-ment march down the grade, Frae
Some bon-nie sweet las-sies were stand-ing quite near, Sae

rit. Ed-in-burgh Cas-tle a grand sight they made, *allegro* Wi' ban-ners a-fly-ing they
prood o' their men folk their spell i could hear, "The lure o' the kilt mak's some

accel. swung down the hill, The *ff* sol-diers o' Scot-land! what heart wad na thrill. As the
men, wee or brau, Wear the dress o' Scots-men though no' Scots at a!" *rit.* *tempo* Mair reg-

lad-dies marched past, Ah! sure it was fine, Ev-ry a-ne in a kilt, ev-ry
i-ments ap-peared, and fell in tae line, A' sae lythe-some and strong, how their

ane in his prime; Wi' kilts a' a-swing, plaids and apor-rans fore-by, I
e'en bright-ly shine! The bag-pipes and drums "hocch ay!" I did cry, I

rall. flung a bit heath-er as they passed me by. *ten.*
had nae mair heath-er as they passed me by.

CHORUS *Ben marcato* *rit.* *Poco accel.*

A sprig o' white heath-er frae some Scot-tish glen, I flung tae the kilt-ies for
Tae gie tae the kilt-ies for

ff

luck don't ye ken. The skirl o' the pipes wi' ee - ho - ing liit, A -
 luck don't ye ken.

rous - es the soul o' the man wi' a kilt; The swing o' the kilts, The

rit. *mp*

skirl o' the pipes, And the beat o' the drums the peo-ple ex-cites; The lure o' the kilt Crowds

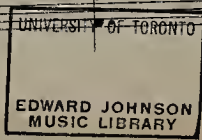
(The small notes to be used in the third chorus only.)

Poco accel. *ff* *(opp)*

cheer and hur-rah! For the pipes and the kilt-ies are eom - ing, hur-rah!

ff *ff*

(Tremolo effect)



WORDS BY A SONG OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARM MUSIC BY
 George Cox YOU AND I ALONE Kingsley O'Tay

CHORUS *Adante espressivo*

1st. When heart beats to heart, and soul speaks to soul, On-ly im-a-gine just
 2nd. Then heart beats to heart, and soul speaks to soul, I can im-a-gine and
 3rd. Would heart beat to heart, would soul speak to soul, Can you im-a-gine or

mf *a tempo*

pic-ture in fan-cy You and I a-lone.
 pic-ture in fan-cy You and I a-lone.
 pic-ture in fan-cy You or I a-lone.

pp

On-ly im-a-gine, just pic-ture in fan-cy You and I a-lone. —
 I can im-a-gine, and pic-ture in fan-cy You and I a-lone. —
 Can you im-a-gine, or pic-ture in fan-cy You or I a-lone. —

pp *rall*

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