

# Donocht Head.

*Violin*

*Slow*

Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht head, The snaw drives Snel-ly

thro' the dale, The Ga-ber lun-zie tirls my sneck, And shiv'ring tells his wae fu'tale

Cauld is the night, O let me in, And din-na let your minstrel fâ, And

din-na let his win-din-sheet, Be-naething but a wreath O' snaw.

*DONOCHT HEAD.*

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KEEN blaws the wind o'er Donocht Head,  
 The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,  
 The gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,  
 And shivering tells his waefu' tale.  
 Cauld is the night, O, let me in,  
 And dinna let your minstrel fa';  
 And dinna let his windin-sneet,  
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen,  
 And pip'd where gorcocks whirring flew,  
 And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,  
 To lilt which frae my drone I blew.  
 My Eppie wak'd, and foon she cry'd,  
 Get up, guidman, and let him in;  
 For weel ye ken the winter night  
 Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow its sweet !  
 E'en tho' she bans and scaulds a wee ;  
 But when its tun'd to sorrow's tale,  
 O haith its doubly dear to me.  
 Come in, auld carl ! I'll steer my fire,  
 I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame ;  
 Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,  
 Ye should na stray fae far frae hame.