THE OLD PIPER'S LAMENT (A' Torpaulin Jacket)

Bagpipe setting and words by J. D. R.

The old castle piper lay dying. And while on his death bed he lay, he lay:

To his friends who around him were sighing. These last farewell words he did say:

Wrap me up in my old hie-land plaid-ie, plaid-ie. They say an old piper must go, must go;

Lay me doon, let my chief's tartan cover me, cover me. And say an old clansman has gone, has gone;

Let a braw kil-ted hie-land lads carry me, carry me. With steps lagging mournful and slow.

REFRAIN

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