

# My Old Plaidie.

Words by FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

Music by CHARLES WILLIAM PEARCE, Mus.D., Cantab.

*With natural expression of the words.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

*In the Scotch style.*

I. I've scores of good friends if I search'd the world

through—Kind hearts, stalwart lad - dies, brave, hon-est, and true, To fight at my

*ad lib.*

side, or to come at my call— But my old tar - tan plaid - ie is best of them all!

*colla voce.*

2. 'Twas there, in our shiel - ing on yon - der hill -

3. Oh! oft have I drench'd it in ford - ing the

*p teneramente.*

- side, In the cold bit - ing win - ter, my sweet Jes - sie died ; Her head on my  
flood ; Oft scorch'd it with pow - der, and stain'd it with blood, — But the patch that is

*f* *pp*

*ad lib.*

shoul-der, her sweet gold-en head, And my plaid-ie was wet with the tears that she shed.  
dear-est for love of past years, Is the patch that was wa-ter'd by Jes-sie's last tears.

*colla voce.*

*f*

4. Oh! wrap it close

*Agitato.*

*p* *cres.* *f*

round me: my fight-ing is past— But true to my plaid-ie I'll stick to the last!

*p* *cres.* *f con forza.*

*p* *ad lib.*

In our grave on the moun-tains so blest shall we be, For her sweet tears have hal-low'd my plaid-ie and

*p arpa.* *colla voce, legato.*

me!