

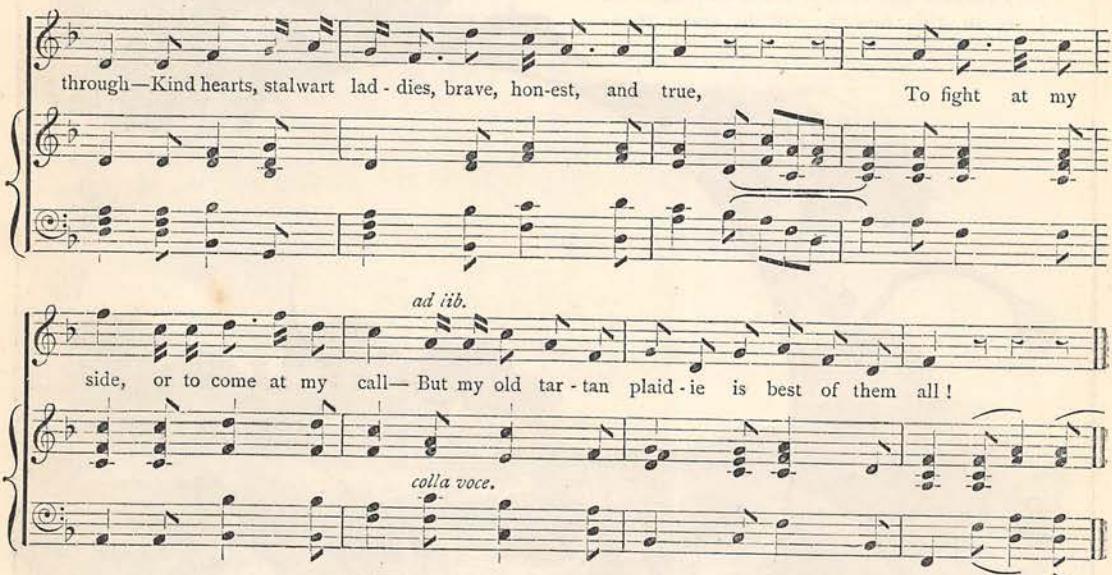
# My Old Plaidie.

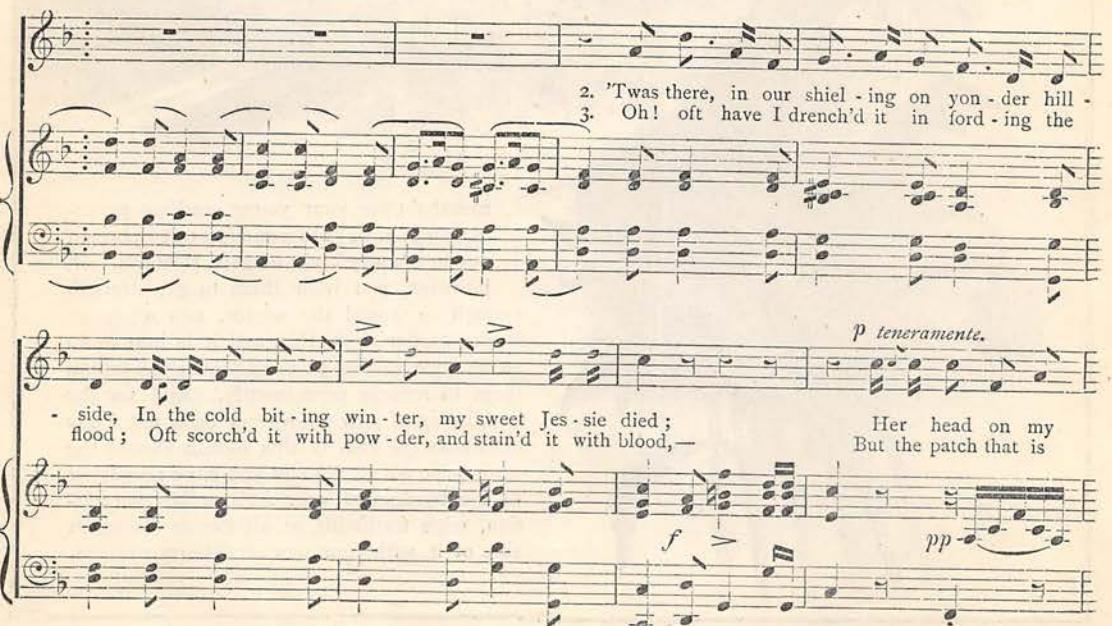
Words by FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

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

*With natural expression of the words.*

VOICE. { 

PIANO. { 

{ 

1. 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  
side, or to come at my call—But my old tar - tan plaid - ie is best of them all!

2. 'Twas there, in our shiel - ing on yon - der hill -  
3. Oh! oft have I drench'd it in ford - ing the  
- side, In the cold bit - ing win - ter, my sweet Jes - sie died;  
flood; Oft scorch'd it with pow - der, and stain'd it with blood,—  
Her head on my  
But the patch that is

*ad lib.*

shoulder, 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.*

4. Oh! wrap it close

*Agitato.*

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

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

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!