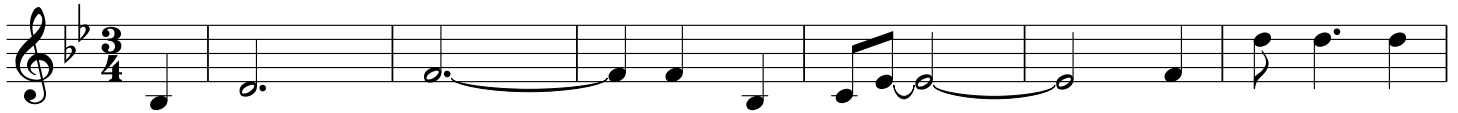


Ettrick

poem by Lady John Scott (1810-1900)

Lady John Scott (née Alicia Ann Spottiswoode)

guitar capo 3 **G**
Bb



When we first rode down Et-trick, Our bri-dles were
When we next rode down Et-trick, The day - was
When I last rode down Et-trick, The wind - was

D
F

Em
Gm

C
Eb

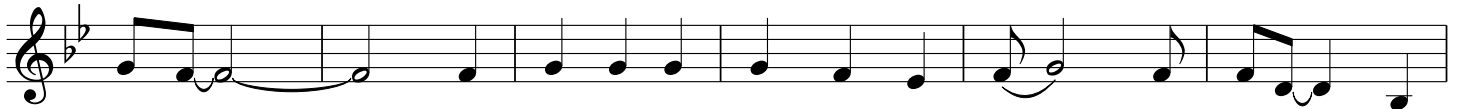


ring - ing, our hearts were danc - ing, The wa - ter was sing - ing, the sun was
dy - ing, the wild birds call - ing, The wind - was sigh - ing, the leaves were
shift - ing, the storm was wak - ing, The snows - were drift - ing, my heart was

G
Bb

C
Eb

G
Bb



glanc - ing, And blithe - ly our voic - es rang out to - ge - ther, As
fall - ing, And tir - ed and wear - y, but closer to - ge - ther, We
break - ing, For ne - ver a - gain would we ride to - ge - ther Through

Am
Cm

G
Bb

Am
Cm



we brushed the dew from the bloom - ing hea - ther, When we first
urged - our steeds through the fad - ed hea - ther, When we next
sun - or storm on the moun - tain hea - ther, When I last

G
Bb



rode down Et-trick
rode down Et-trick.
rode down Et-trick.