'The Reivers of Meikledale'

Mus: composed by
John M Mason, MBE

March of Clan Little

Words written by
Capt. A. C. Little

1. The Reivers are in order
   As they ride across the Border,
   And all are gaily living
   As they canter along.
   Thro' Cumberland sae bonnie
   They return to meet their Johnnie
   As they journey ever northwards
   Thro' the old West March.

2. By Logan Water flowing
   The Clansmen are all going
   From Walchoopedale and Eskdale
   On to Caerlanrig.
   Thro' Langholm toon sae bonnie
   They are off to meet their Johnnie
   As they journey ever northwards
   Thro' the old West March.

3. In their heads no thought are running
   Of the ghastly deed that's coming
   As they gaily ride past Meikledale
   Their aye peel tower.
   At Caerlanrig sae bonnie
   They're gaun to meet their Johnnie
   As they journey ever northwards
   Thro' the old West March.

4. The King he's no' debating
   As bygallows tree he's waiting
   By Geordie's Hill, by Moss Paul
   They are travelling fast.
   The mouses are all ready
   For the Clansmen who gang steady
   As they journey ever northwards
   Thro' the old West March.

For Border and Scottish Lowland Pipes

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