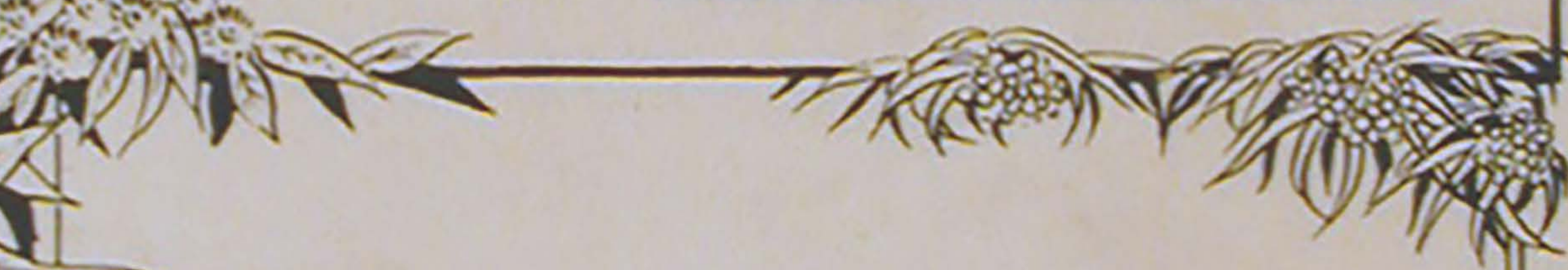





Four  
**SONGS OF THE WEST**

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY Walter P. Meston.

- 
1. "Bonnie Perth wi the Swan creepin' by O"
  2. "Sailing on the Swan"
  3. "As bonnie as ony in Scotland."
  4. "My Jeanies comin' oot frae Aberdeen."

1. Bonnie Perth wi' the Swan creepin' by O

\* \* \* \* \*  
Fond memories o' Scotland ne'er die O  
But aye will the West be a hame o' the best  
Bonnie Perth wi' the Swan creepin' by O

2. Sailing on the Swan

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ye will find a theme for Singin'  
O' a land wi' Sunshine Clingin'  
O you'll sing a Sang o' Sailing on the Swan

3. As Bonnie as ony in Scotland

\* \* \* \* \*  
That for Nature's abundance we're top o' the tree  
And the Girls o' Westralia are bonnie to see  
As bonnie as ony in Scotland

4. My Jeanie's comin' oot frae Aberdeen

Oh the West land is the best land  
And it's never winter here,  
Nature's blessings wi' a free hand,  
Yours to gather year by year

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# Bonnie Perth wi' the Swan creepin by o'

Words & Music . . . by . . . Walter P Meston.

Moderato.

Piano *p* *cresc*

Oh ken ye auld Perth on the banks o' the Tay. The firth wi' the  
You've mebbly heard tell o' the fairmaid o' Perth. Did ev-er ye

sweet waters meet . . . in Dear hame o' my youth thoughts  
hear o' an . . . ith . . . er The bonniest maids fra' the

lang syne the day. Saut tears o' fare-weel we were greet . . .  
ends o' the Earth. Are a' in West-ral-ia th . . . gith . . .

----- in, Youll no' think it wrang when I sing ye this sang, For  
 ----- er, Noo din-na think wrang when I sing ye this sang, Fond

Scot. land nae langer I sigh O, The Toon I lo'e  
 memories o' Scotland ne-er die O, But aye will the

best is the Croon o' the West, Bonnie Perth wi' the Swan creepin  
 West be a hame o' the best, Bonnie Perth wi' the Swan creepin

by  
 by





Words & Music

by

Walter P. Meston.

*Moderato*

Piano. *p.*

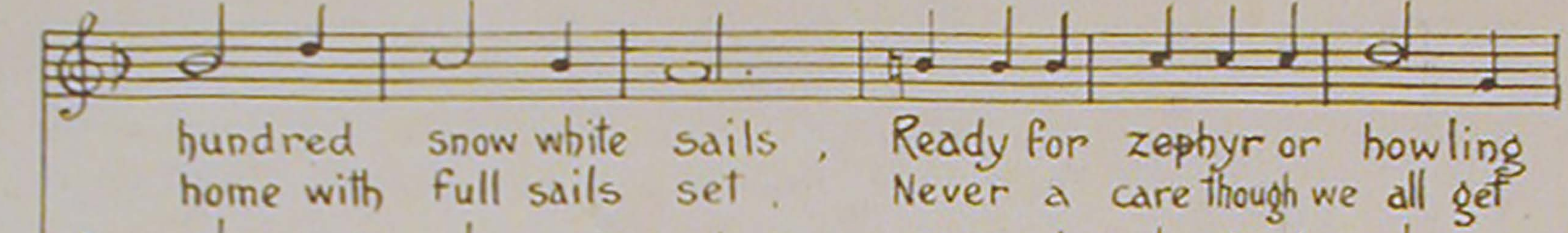
1 When ye-re done wi' singin' songs a-boot auld Scotland's heather braes, The  
 2. When ye-re head-in' back to Perth, and the sun is glintin' doon. Through the

banks o' Clyde an' bonnie Doon, an' haunts o' langsyne days, Ye will find a theme for  
trees o' Mount E-li-za, on Westralia's bonnie toon, O' you'll hae life's greatest

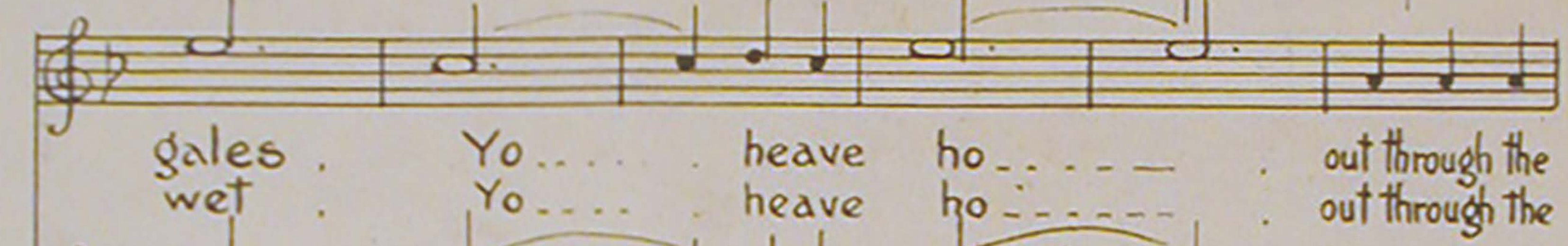
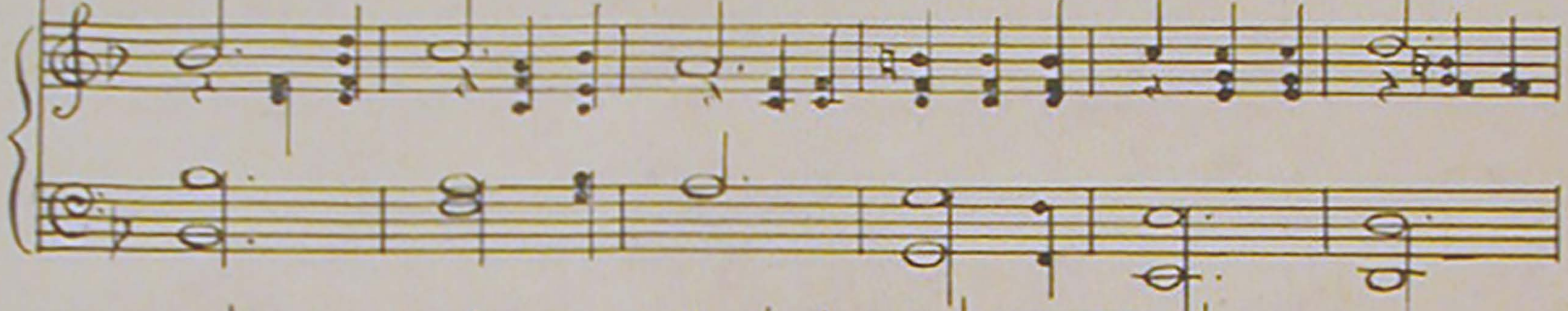
singin' o' a land wi' sunshine clingin', O' you'll sing a sang o' sa-il-ing o'  
pleasure wi' your arm a-roon your treasure, for the lasses loo the sa-il-ing, the

sailing on the Swan. Sail... ing S... a...  
sailing on the Swan. Sail... ing S... a...

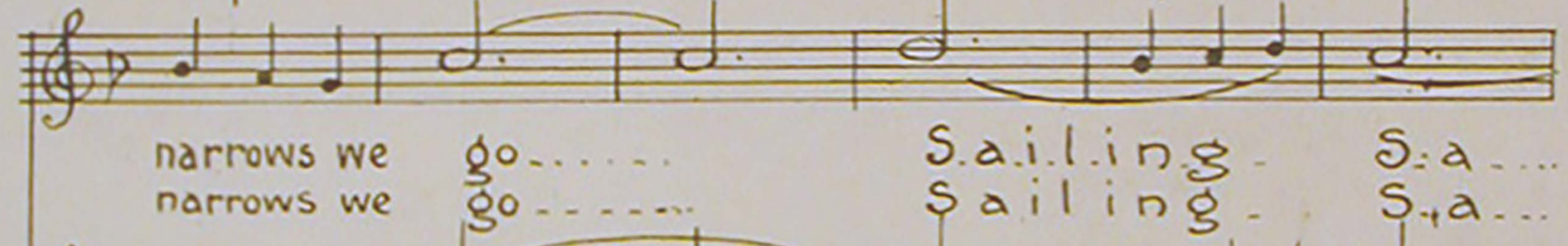
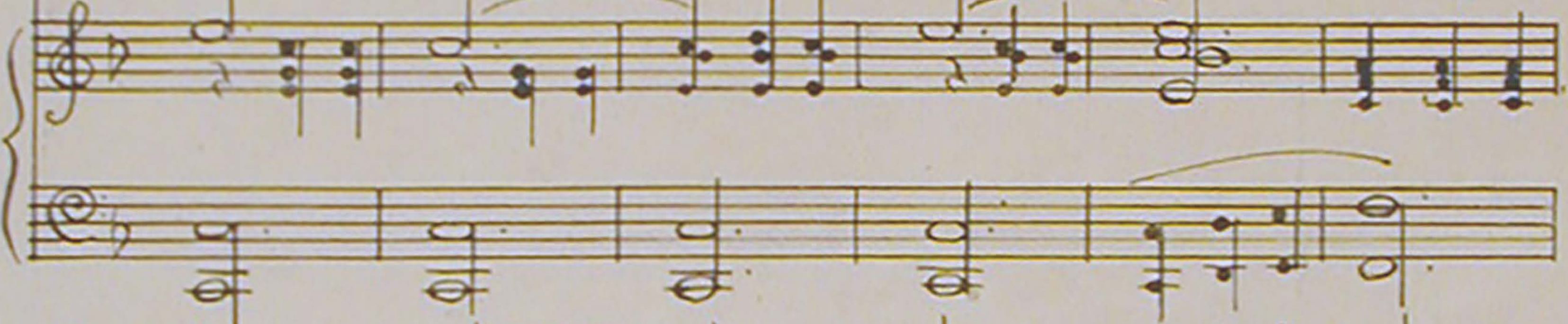
iling, Morning breezes b-l... ow. Filling a  
iling, Evening breezes b-l... ow. Speeding us



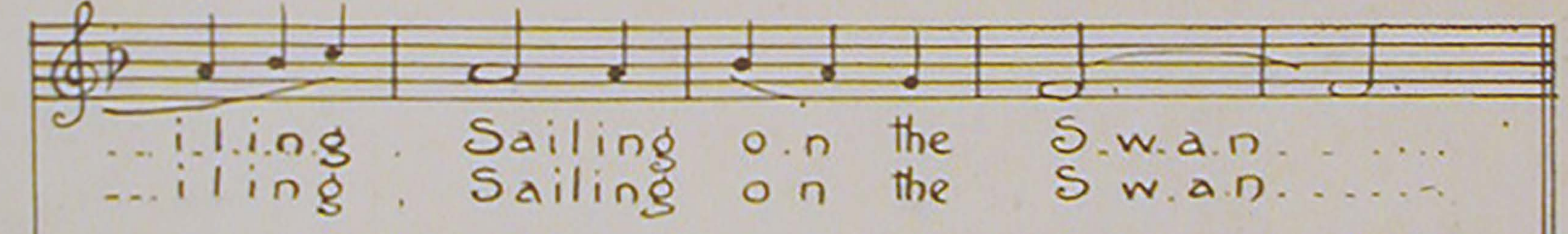
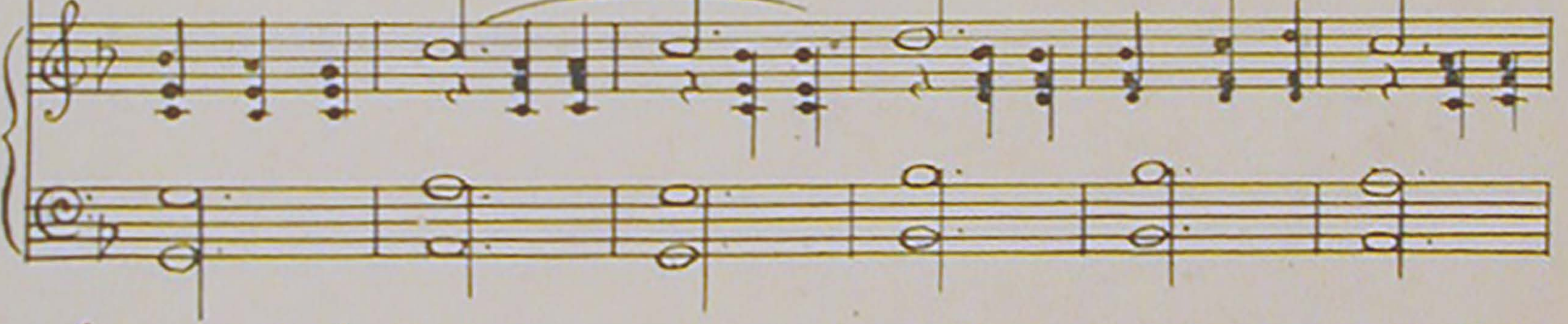
hundred snow white sails , Ready for zephyr or howling  
home with full sails set . Never a care though we all get



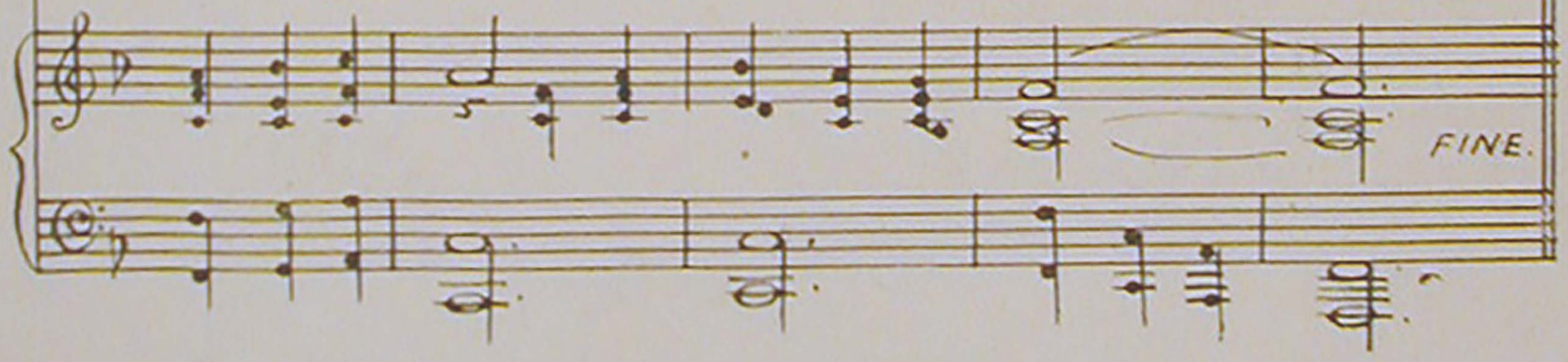
gales wet . Yo... heave ho... out through the  
wet . Yo... heave ho... out through the



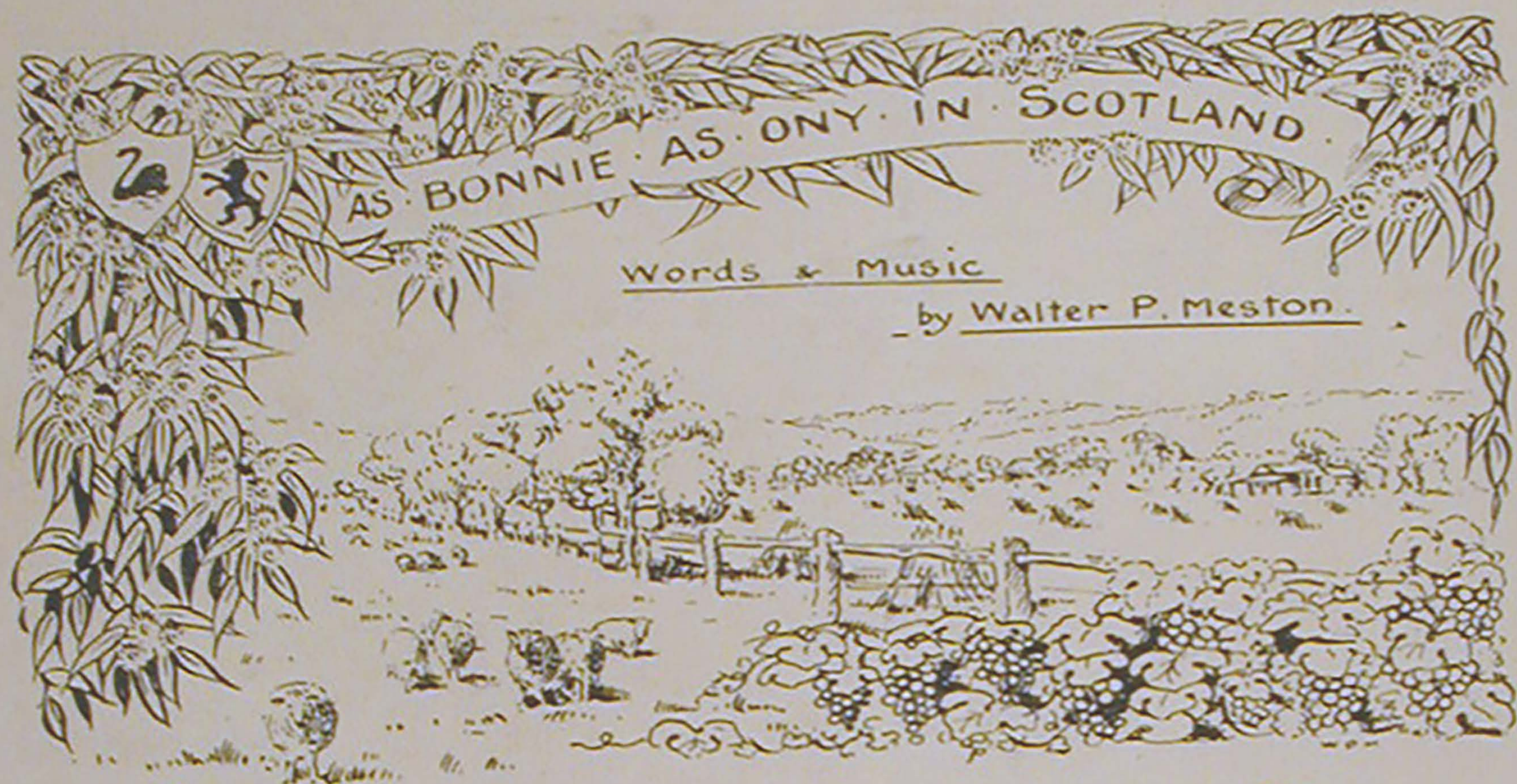
narrows we go... Sailing Sa...  
narrows we go... Sailing Sa...



...iling Sailing on the Swan...  
...iling Sailing on the Swan...



FINE.



AS BONNIE AS ONY IN SCOTLAND

Words & Music

by Walter P. Meston.

8

Piano.

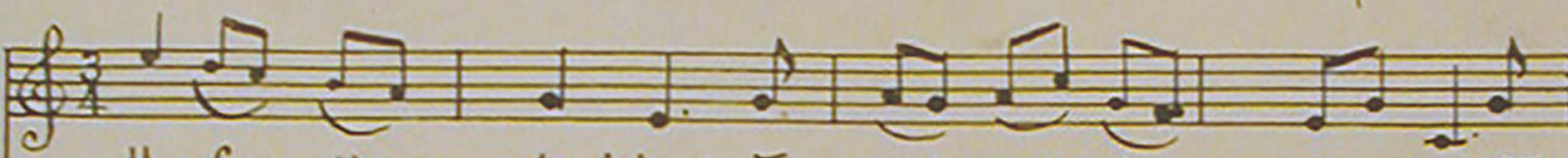
1. Ye braw Scottish lads frae the north o' the Tweed Come join me in  
 2. O, th' loveliest lasses that ever ye hae seen, Are waitin' to

singin' this lay. . . . . O' a' glor-ious land neath a  
 name ye the day. . . . . There's a charming young Jess, or a

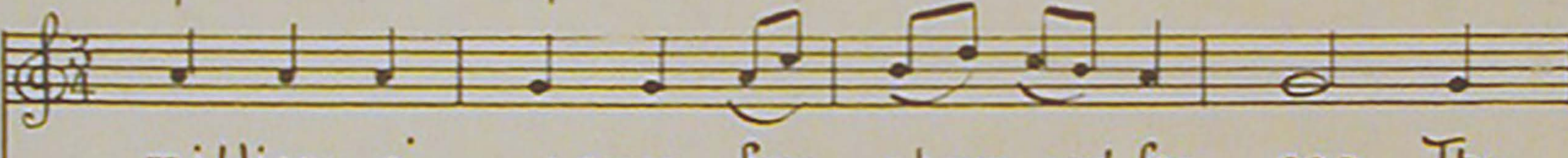
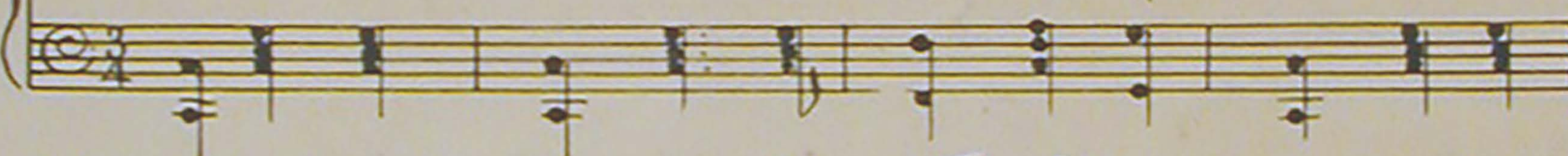
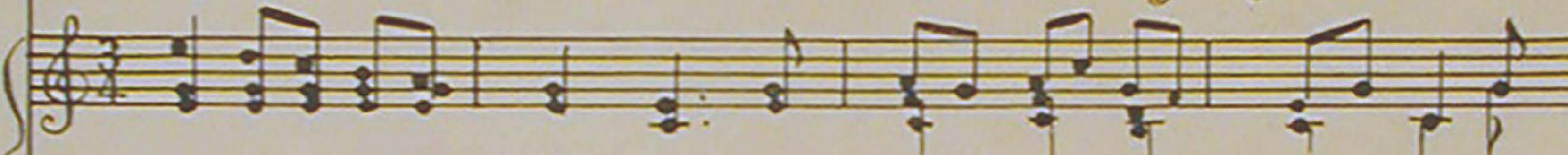




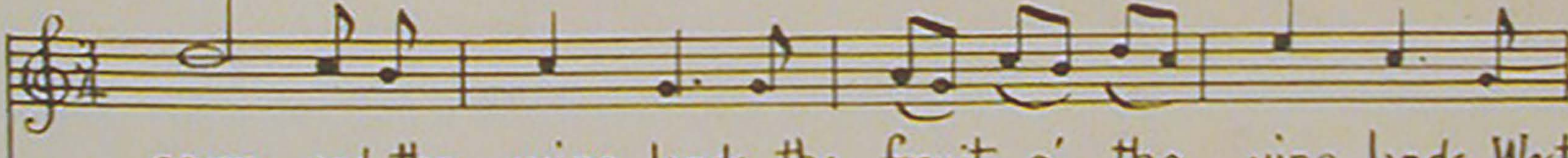
southern sky, And a sunshine nae winter can stay. Sing  
lovely young Jean, For the laddie frae the purple heather brae Sing



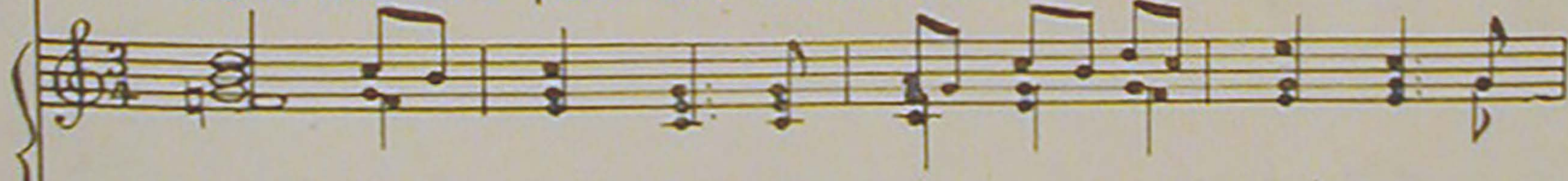
Hey, for .. the .. wheat lands, The .. plenty .. to .. eat .. lands, The  
Hey, for .. the .. lasses, The bonnie bonnie young lasses, Wi



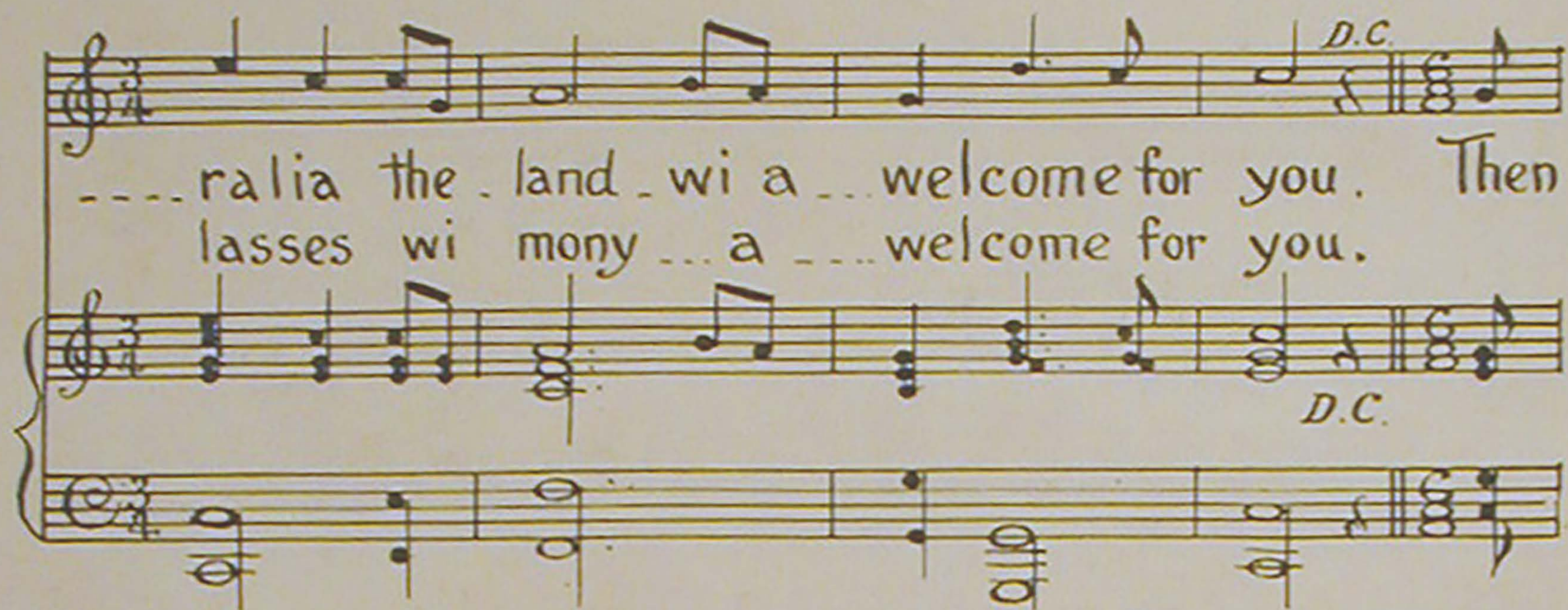
millions o' .. acres, for .. sheep and for .. coo, The  
natures o' .. sunshine and hearts ever true There's



corn and the wine lands, the fruit o' the vine lands, West  
nane that sur .. pass .. es, Westralia's dear lasses, The



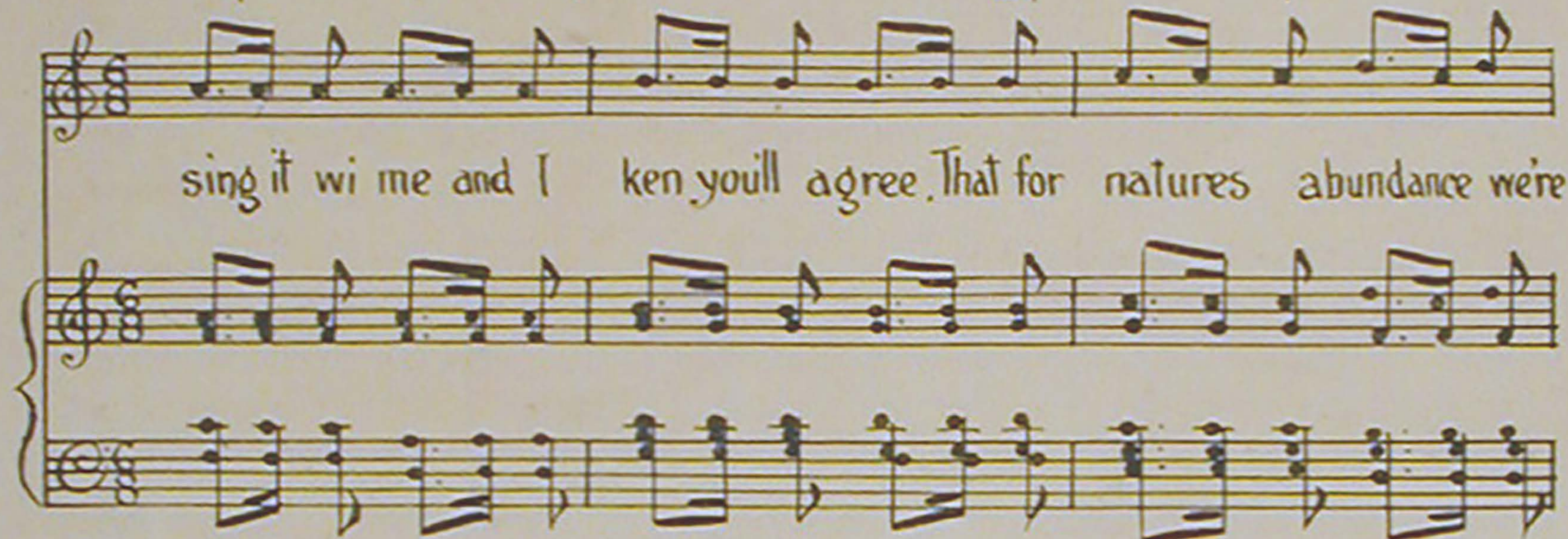
... ralia the land wi a ... welcome for you. Then  
lasses wi mony ... a ... welcome for you.




D.C.

D.C.

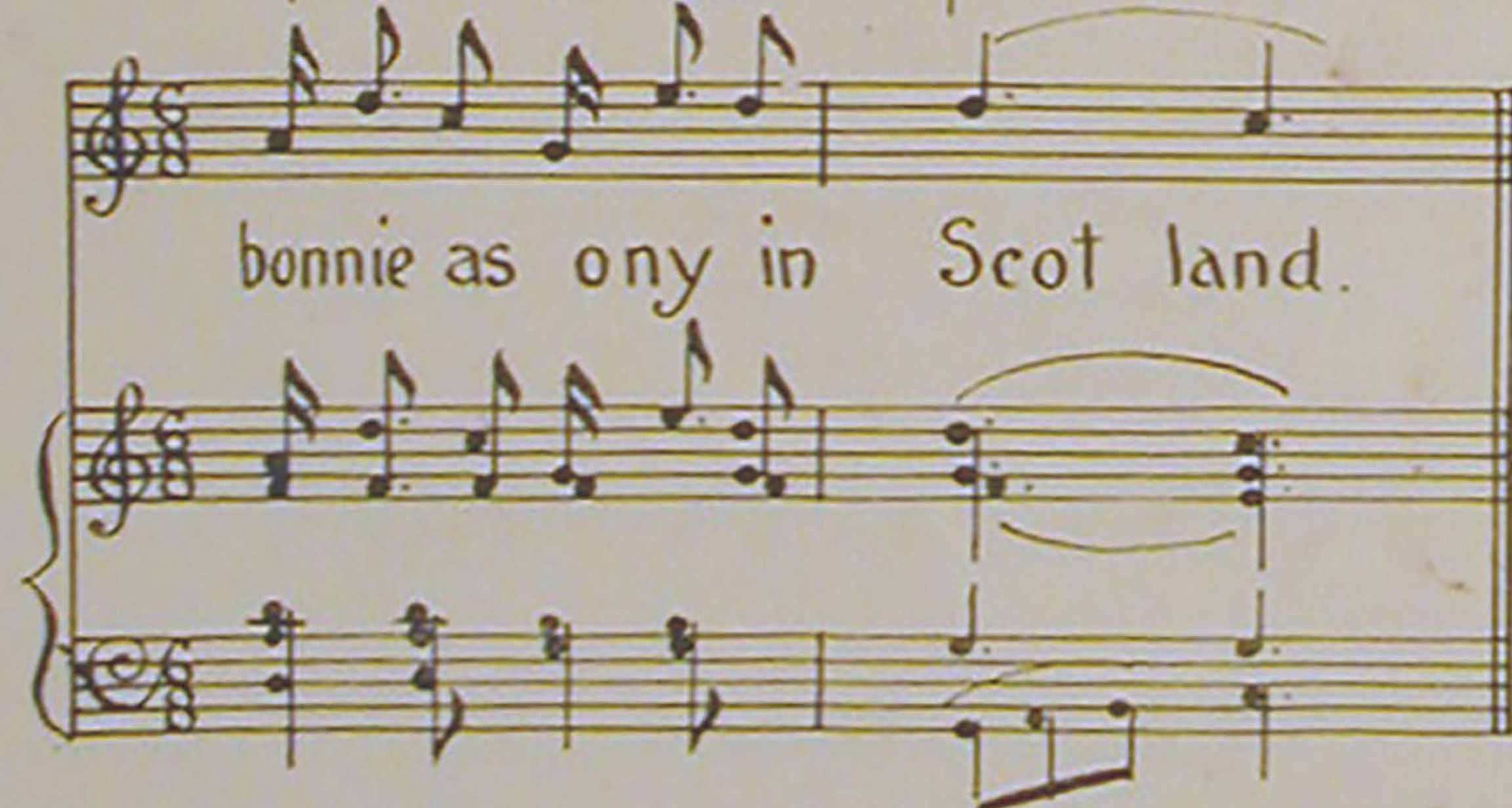
sing it wi me and I ken youll agree. That for natures abundance were



tap o' the tree And the girls o' Australia are bonnie to see. As



bonnie as ony in Scot land.





# My Jeanie's comin' oot frae Aberdeen."



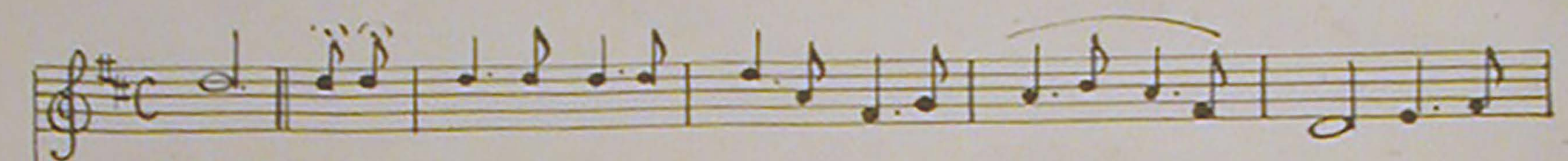
Words and music by Walter P. Meston.

Piano.

1. Oh I'm far frae bonnie Scotland, Wi its purple heather braes, And its wee bit Summer  
 2. There's a wee hoose in the cleerin', Where the wild flowers scent the air, And the gowden wattle  
 3. Oh the West-land is the best land And its never winter here, Nature's blessings wi' a

sunshine And its lang cauld winter days. Now the heather hills o' Scotland, Are  
 blooming, Nature's garden ev-ry-where. So good bye bonnie Scotland. The  
 free-hand, Yours to gather year by year. Then haste ye oot frae Scotland, Memories

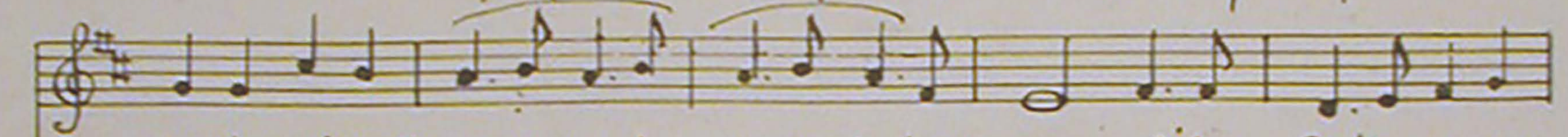
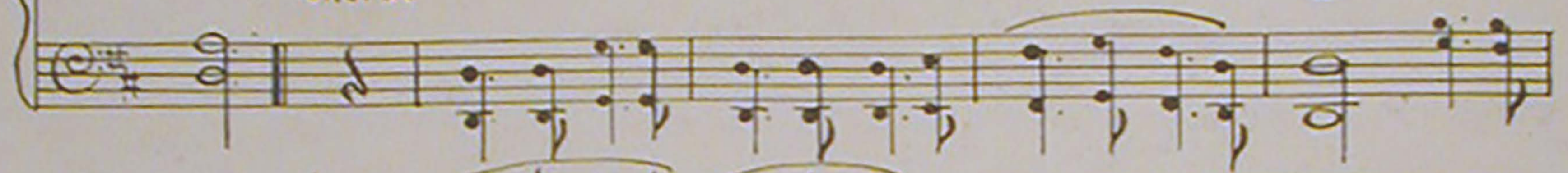
but a dream to me. And bonnie Jean, frae Ab-er-deen, [s com-in' ow're the  
 West will aye do me. When lovely Jean, frae Aberdeen, Comes oot my bride to  
 bring o' auld lang-syne. My bonnie Jean, frae Aberdeen, Westralias gifts are



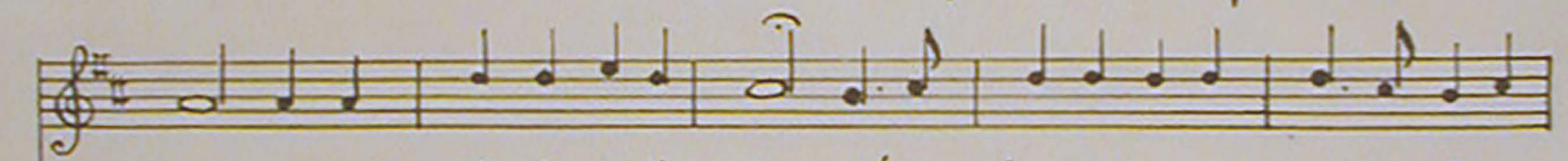
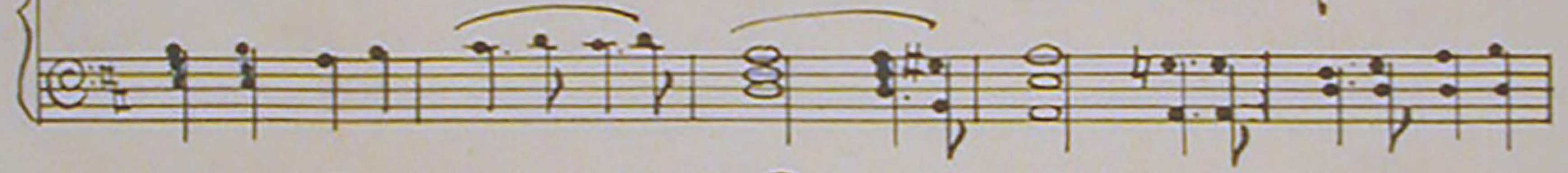
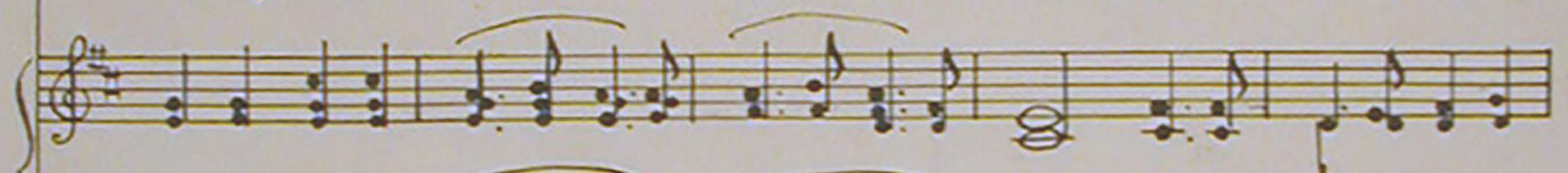
sea. be. thine. O my Jeanie's comin' oot frae Aber - d - e - e - - n Frae a



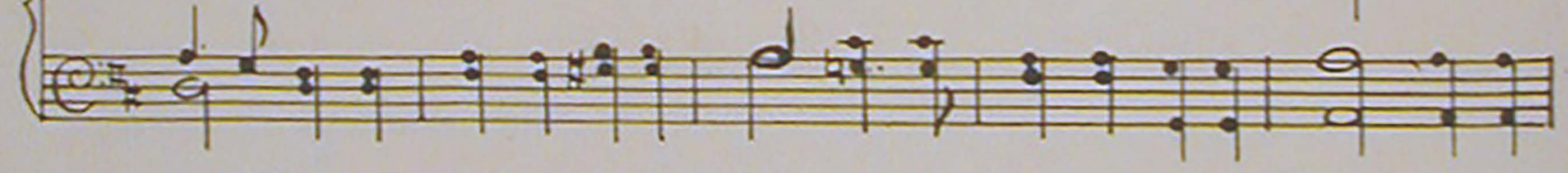
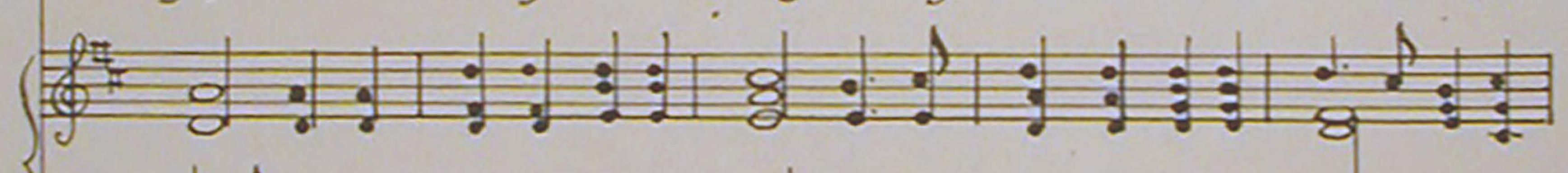
Chorus



country where the s - u - n is s - e - l - d - o - m seen, O im feelin' unco



gay, and im singin' a' the day, O my Jeanie's comin' oot frae Aber-



d . e . . e . . n .

