

# Sae Will We Yet

Words: Scottish traditional

Music: Tony Cuffe

Arr. George Emlen

## Baritone solo

1. Sit doun here, my cro - nies, and gie us your  
crack, Let the wind tak the cares o' this life on its back; For oor  
hairts tae des - pon - den - cy we nev - er will sub - mit, For we've aye been pro -  
vi - ded for, and sae will we yet. And sae will we  
yet, and sae will we yet, For we've aye been pro -  
vi - ded for, and sae will we yet. 2. So fill up a tan - kard o'  
nap - pie brown ale, It' - ll com - fort our hearts and en - li - ven the  
tale; For we'll aye be the mer - ri - er the lang - er that we sit, For we

Baritone solo

drank the-gith-er mo-ny's a time, and sae will we yet. And sae will we yet, and  
And sae will we yet, and  
And sae will we yet, and  
And sae will we yet, and  
And sae will we yet, and

sae will we yet, For we drank the-gith-er mo-ny's a time, and sae will we yet.  
sae will we yet, For we drank the-gith-er mo-ny's a time, and sae will we yet.  
sae will we yet, For we drank the-gith-er mo-ny's a time, and sae will we yet.  
sae will we yet, For we drank the-gith-er mo-ny's a time, and sae will we yet.  
sae will we yet, For we drank the-gith-er mo-ny's a time, and sae will we yet.

3. Here's a health to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
Rewarding his ardent toils a' the year through;  
For it's seed time and it's harvest we ever will get,  
For we've lippen'd aye tae Providence, and sae will we yet.  
*Refrain:*  
And sae will we yet, and sae will we yet,  
For we've lippen'd aye tae Providence, and sae will we yet.