Hieland Laddie 2

2
Hieland Laddy (Jacobite)

Where ha' ye been a' the day?
    Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie
Saw ye him that' far awa'
    Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie
On his head a bonnet blue
    Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie
Tartan plaid and Hielan' trews
    Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie

When he drew his gude braid-sword
Then he gave his royal word.
Frae the field he ne'er wad flee
Wi' his friends wad live or dee.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair
But I think he'll no bide there.
Charlie yet shall mount the throne
Weel ye ken it is his own.

From Minstrelsy of Scotland, Moffatt
Note: words are a fragment of "a long and very coarse Jacobite ballad" published in Jacobite Relics, 1810. A version of the tune appeared in Playford, 11th edition, 1701.