John Highlandman

John Highlandman
(Robert Burns)

cho: Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing Ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a'the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn
But he still was faithfu to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an tartan plaid,
An guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An liv'd like lords an ladies gay,
For a Lalland face he feared none,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

They banished him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast:
My curse upon them every one-
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!

And now a widow I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.

TUNE: O, an ye were dead, Guidman (84)