

A Highland Lad my Love was Born

A Highland lad my love was born,
The laland laws he held in scorn; (lowlands)
But he was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highland-man! (handsome)

Chorus:
Sing , hey, my braw John Highland-man!
Sing, ho, my braw John Highland-man!
There's not a lad in a' the lan' (land)
Was match for my John Highland-man!

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid, (plaid Highland kilt)
An' gude claymore down by his side, (good two edged sword)
The ladies hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highland-man.
Chorus

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Laland face he feared nane, (none)
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Chorus

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree
A down y cheeks and pearls ran, (down)
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Chorus

But oh! They caughted him at last
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one;
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Chorus

And now a widow, I must mourn,
The pleasures that shall ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty cann, (drinking jar)
When I think on John Highlandman.
Chorus