

Johnie Armstrong.

Violin

Slow

Some spicks of Lords fum spick of lairds, And fic like men of hie de -

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gree; Of a gen - - tle - - man I fing a fang fum tyme call'd

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Laird of Gil no ckie. The King he writes a kind letter, Wi'

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his ain hand fae ten - - der lie, And he has fent it to

2 6 5 7 5 3 4 8 7 6 4 5 3 6 4

Joh - - nie. Arm - ftrang, To cume and spick with him spee - - di - - lie.

3 6 6 4 5 3 6 5 2 6 5 6 3 3 3

JOHNNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM spiek o' lords, fum spiek o' lairds,
 And sic like men of hie degree;
 Of a gentleman I fing a fang,
 Sumtyme call'd laird of Gilnockie.
 The King he writes a kind letter,
 Wi' his ain hand fae tenderlie,
 And he has sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
 To cum and spiek wi' him speedilie.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene;
 They were a gallant companie:
 We'll ryde and meit our lawful King,
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
 Make kinnen and capon ready then,
 And venison in great plentie;
 We'll welcum hame our royal King,
 I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie.

They ran their horse on the Langum Hawn,
 And brak their speirs wi' meikle main;
 The ladys lukit frae their loft windows,
 God bring our men weel back again.
 Quhen Johnie came before the King,
 Wi' a' his men fae brave to see,
 The King he mov't his bonnet to him,
 He wein'd he was King as well as he.

May I find grace, my fovereign Liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me,
 For my name is Johnie Armstrang,
 And subject of zour's, my Liege, said he,
 Awa', awa', thou traytor strang,
 Out of my ficht thou may'ft fune be,
 I grantit ne'er a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin wi' thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonnie gift I'll gi' to thee,
 Full four and twenty milk-whyte steids,
 Were a' foal'd in a zeir to me:
 I'll gi'e thee all these milk-whyte steids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.

Farweil my bonnie Gilnock-hall,
 Quhair on Elk side thou standest stout:
 Gif I had liev'd but seven zeirs mair,
 I wou'd haif gilt thee round about;
 John murd'ered was at Carlingrigg,
 And all his gallant companie;
 But Scotland's heart was ne'er so wae,
 To see fae mony brave men die.