

# Hughie Graham.

Violin

Slow

Our Lords are to the mountains gane, A hunting O the fal-low

Deer; And they hae grip-et Hughie Graham, For ftealing O' the Bishop's

mare. And they hae tied him hand and foot, And led him up thro' Stirling town; The

lads and lasses met him there, Cried Hughie Graham thou art a loun.

*HUGHIE GRAHAM.*

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OUR lords are to the mountains gane,  
 A hunting o' the fallow deer;  
 And they ha'e gripet Hughie Graham,  
 For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot;  
 And led him up thro' Stirling town;  
 The lads and lasses met him there,  
 Cried, Hughie Graham thou art a loun.

O lowfe my right hand free, he says,  
 And put my braid-fword in the fame,  
 He's no in Stirling town this day  
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,  
 As he sat by the Bishop's knee,  
 Five hundred white stots I'll gi'e you,  
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the Bishop says,  
 And wi' your pleading let me be;  
 For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,  
 Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,  
 As she sat by the Bishop's knee,  
 Five hundred white pence I'll gi'e you  
 If ye'll gi'e Hughie Graham to me

O haud your tongue now lady fair,  
 And wi' your pleading let it be;  
 Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,  
 Its for my honour he maun die.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,  
 He looked to the gallows tree,  
 Yet never colour left his cheek,  
 Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

At length he looked round about  
 To see whatever he could spy,  
 And there he saw his auld father,  
 And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue my father dear,  
 And wi' your weeping let it be;  
 Thy weeping's fairer on my heart  
 Than a' that they can do to me:

And ye may gi'e my brother James  
 My fword that's bent in the middle brown,  
 And bid him come at four o'clock  
 To see his brother Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,  
 I never did disgrace their blood;  
 And when they meet the Bishop's cloak,  
 To mak it shorter by the hood.