Bonny Lizie Baillie

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Lizae Baillie's to Gartartan gane, To see her sister Jean;
And there she's met wi' Duncan Graeme, And he's convoy'd her hame.

My bonny Lizae Baillie, I'll row ye in my plaidie
And ye maun gang alang wi' me And be a Highland Lady.

"I am sure they wad nae ca' me wise, Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;
For I can neither card nor spin, Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir."

"My bonny Lizae Baillie, Let nane o' these things daunt ye.
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin, Your mither weel can want ye."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen, Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her highland brogues, To skip amang the heather:

And she's cast aff her bonny gown, Made o' the silk and sattin,
And she's put on a tartan plaid, To row amang the braken:

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird, Nor be an English lady;
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graeme And row her in his plaidie.

She was nae ten miles frae the town, When she began to weary;
She aften looked hack, and said, "Farewell to Castlecarry.

"The first place I saw my Duncan Graeme Was near yon holland bush.
My father took frae me my rings, My rings but and my purse.

"But I wad nae gie my Duncan Graeme For a' my father's land,
Though it were ten times ten times mair And a' at my command."

Now wae be to you, logger-heads, That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa sic a bonny lass, A Highlandman to marry.

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