

76. The white cockade

Koželuch
Unpublished

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

6

11

16

Chorus

High-land-man. Sing hey, my braw John High-land-man, Sing ho, my braw John High-land-man, There's

Sing hey, my braw John High-land-man, Sing ho, my braw John High-land-man, There's

21

not a lad in a' the land Was match for my John High-land-man!

not a lad in a' the land Was match for my John High-land-man!

25

fz

fz

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE WHITE COCKADE.

A highland lad my love was born,
 The lawland laws he held in scorn;
 But he still was faithful to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
 Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,
 There's not a lad in a' the land
 Was match for my John Highlandman!

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
 And good claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman
 Sing hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
 For a lawland face he feared none,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman
 Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing hey, &c.

But oh! 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!
 Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn
 Departed joys that ne'er return;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.
 Sing hey, &c.