

You ravenous villains, you bloodthirsty hounds,
How could you have killed us before we had found,
Had found our dear father we sought with such care
When he hears of our fate he will die of despair.

He left us in Scotland seven twelvemonths ago.
Perhaps you may know him, his name is Monroe.
The old man astonished, in wonder he stood
A-gazing on his sons who lay bleeding in the wood.

He cried out in sorrow: Oh, what have I done?
A curse on my hands, I have slain my own son
If you be my father young man did cry,
I'm glad that I've seen you before that I die.

I'll sink beneath sorrow, give way to despair.
I'll linger a while till death ends my care,
In hopes for to meet you on a happier shore
Where I won't be able to kill you any more.