

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Bonny John Seaton

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1 IT fell about the month of June,  
On Tuesday, timouslie,  
The northern lords hae pitchd their camps  
Beyond the brig o Lee.

2 They ca'ed him Major Middleton  
That mand the brig o Dee;  
They ca'ed him Colonel Henderson  
That gard the cannons flee.

3 Bonny John Seton o Pitmedden,  
A brave baron was he;  
He made his tesment ere he gaed,  
And the wiser man was he.

4 He left his lands unto his heir,  
His ladie her dowrie;  
Ten thousand crowns to Lady Jane,  
Sat on the nourice knee.

5 Then out it speaks his lady gay,  
'O stay my lord wi me;  
For word is come, the cause is won  
Beyond the brig o Lee.'

6 He turned him right and round about,  
And a light laugh gae he;  
Says, I wouldna for my lands see broad  
I stayed this night wi thee.

7 He's taen his sword then by his side,  
His buckler by his knee,  
And laid his leg in oer his horse,  
Said, Sodgers, follow me!

8 So he rade on, and further on,  
Till to the third mile corse;  
The Covenanters' cannon balls  
Dang him aff o his horse.

9 Up then rides him Cragievar,  
Said, Wha's this lying here?

It surely is the Lord o Aboyne,  
For Huntly was not here.

10 Then out it speaks a fause Forbes,  
Lived up in Druminner;  
'My lord, this is a proud Seton.  
The rest will ride the thinner.

11 'Spulyie him, spulyie him,' said Craigievar,  
'O spulyie him, presentlie;  
For I could lay my lugs in pawn  
He had nae gude will at me.

12 They've taen the shoes frae aff his feet,  
The garters frae his knee,  
Likewise the gloves upon his hands;  
They've left him not a flee.

13 His fingers they were sae sair swelld  
The rings would not come aff;  
They cutted the grips out o his ears,  
Took out the gowd signets.

14 Then they rade on, and further on,  
Till they came to the Crabestane,  
And Craigievar, he had a mind  
To burn a' Aberdeen.

15 Out it speaks the gallant Montrose,  
Grace on his fair body!  
'We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
We'll even laet it be.'

16 Then out it speaks the gallant Montrose,  
'Your purpose I will break;  
We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
We'll never build its make.

17 'I see the women and their children  
Climbing the craigs sae hie;  
We'll sleep this night in the bonny burgh,  
And even lat it be.'

Child's version B

From: Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 136.

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