

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Highland Clearances

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Ah, for the glens are lyin' bare,
And the wee bit farm deserted,
And the woods of Germany,
Grows in rows o'er the broken hearted.

Black is the wood on the roofance was braw
But blacker still is your heart, Victoria,
Sent your men untae our glens
You'll need the Good Lord lookin' o'er ye.

Many hae gane tae Americay
You burnt their hames and garred them wander
Gor a' would have stayed wi' the deil himsel'
As bide an hour wi' the cruel Gillanders.

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From singing of Silly Wizard

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