

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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I Mourn for the Highlands

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I mourn for the Highlands, now drear and forsaken
The lands of my fathers the gallant and brave
To make room for the sportsmen, their lands were all taken
And they had to seek out new homes far away

Oh shame on the tyrants who brought desolation
Who banished the brave and put sheep in their place
Where once smiled the gardens rank weeds in their station
And deer are preferred to the leal-hearted braves

Oh where are the parents and bairns yonder rovin
The scene o' their gladness is far o'er the main
No blithe-hearted milk-maid now cheers at the gloaming
The herd-boy no longer seen on the plain

But the lark is still soaring; she sings in her glory
With no one to listen her sweet morning lay
The clansmen are gone, but their deeds live in story
Like chaff in the wind, they were borne far away

this may actually be "The Highland Clearances" (which it's obviously about) from Silly Wizard's So Many Partings -- but I only have it on vinyl and my turntable's dead. TD

TD
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