

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Rob Roy

Rob Roy

Now, Rob Roy's from the Highlands come  
Unto our lowland border  
And he has stolen a lady awa'  
To keep his house in order

"Come go with me, my dear," he said  
"Come go with me, my honey  
And you shall be my own true wedded wife  
I love you best of onie"

"I will not go with you," she said  
"Nor will I be your honey  
I ne'er shall be your true wedded wife  
You love me for my money"

But she he drew amangst his crew  
She holdin' by her mother  
Wi' mournful cries and watery eyes  
They parted from each other

No time they gave her to be dressed  
As ladies when they're brides, oh  
But hurried her away in haste  
They rowed her in their plaids, oh

They passed away by Drymen Town  
And at Buchanan tarried  
They bought to her a cloak and gown  
Yet she would not be married

But without consent they joined their hands  
By law ought not to carry  
The priest his zeal, it was so hot  
On her he would not a-tarry

"Now you're come to the Highland hills  
Out of your native clime, lady  
Oh, never think of goin' back  
But take this for your home, lady

"Oh, Rob Roy was my father called  
But MacGregor was his name, lady

In all the country far and near  
None his fame did exceed, lady

"Oh, I'm as bold as any man  
I'm as bold and more, lady  
And everyone that does me wrong  
Shall feel my claymore, lady

"My father, he has stots and ewes  
And he has goats and sheep, lady  
But you and twenty thousand pounds  
Makes me a man complete, lady"

Child #225

recorded by Hermes Nye on Ballads Reliques  
SOF