

Bonnie James Campbell

June Tabor

High upon highlands and low upon Tay
Bonny James Campbell rode out on a day
He saddled, he bridled, how gallant rode he
Home came his good horse but never came he
Home came his good horse but never came he

Out came his mother, weeping full sore
Out came his new bride, a-tearing her hair
"My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to build and my baby unborn,
My barn is to build and my baby unborn."

Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee
His hounds running by him, his hawk flying free
Home came his good horse but never came he
Home came his good horse but never came he

Empty the saddle, all bloody to see...
Home came his good horse but never came he
Home came his good horse but never came he