

# The Ballad of Greyfriars Bobby

The Real McKenzies

John Gray was a gardener  
Who, with his wife and bairn  
Arrived in Edinburgh  
The century was nearly turned  
The year was 1800  
That year was harsh and cold  
He could nae find nae work  
Their future so unsure  
To avoid the workhouse  
And for his family  
He joined the police force  
A constable was he  
A condition of his service  
He had to take a dog  
To watch by his side  
He chose a terrier frae sky  
This is the balla of Greyfriars Bobby  
The dog with whom his master  
He would stay  
No pain of fear  
For 14 long years  
He stood by his master's grave  
(And he's still standing there today)  
Succumbing to his fate  
In 1858  
Johnny Gray passed away  
Laid down in Greyfriars Churchyards  
No marker on his grave  
His faithful terrier stayed there  
He would not go away  
The groundskeeper was told  
The dog must be a lout  
The Greyfriars parish told him  
To keep that rascal out  
But Bobby so devoted to his master after death  
The people fed and sheltered him  
and idoled him instead  
Now Bobby and his  
Master stand together  
Though they're dead  
Their bonds, as they say  
Reaches far beyond the grave  
So now you know the story  
If anybody asks you  
You tell em of the Statue  
That's in Edinburgh today