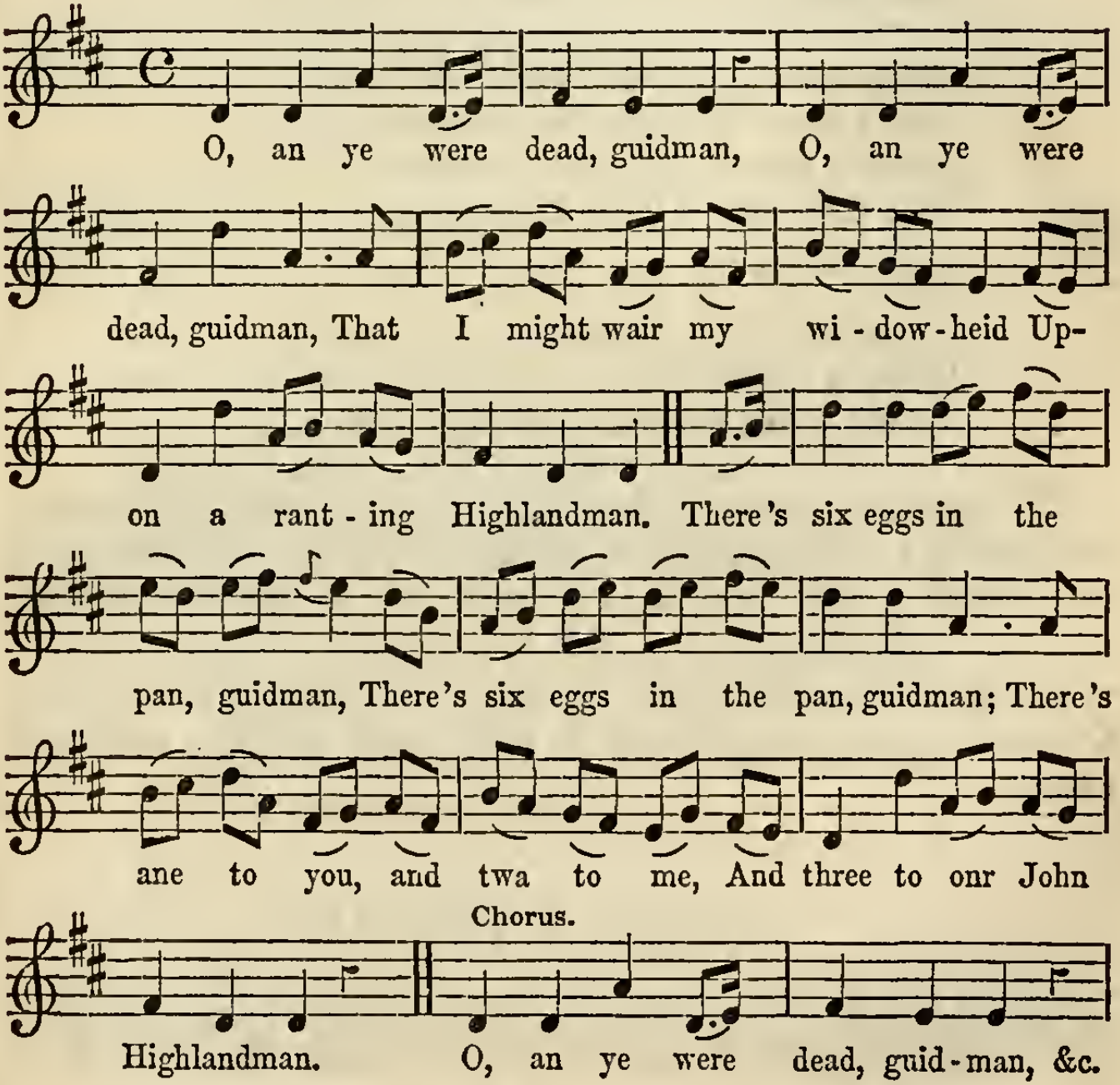
O, AN YE WERE DEAD, GUIDMAN.



O, an ye were dead, guidman,
O, an ye were dead, guidman,
That I might wair my widowheid
Upon a ranting Highlandman.

There 's six eggs in the pan, guidman,
There 's six eggs in the pan, guidman ;
There 's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.

There 's beef into the pot, guidman,
There 's beef into the pot, guidman ;
The banes to you, the broe to me,
And the beef for our John Highlandman.

There 's sax horse in the sta', guidman,
There 's sax horse in the sta', guidman ;
There 's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.

There 's sax kye in the byre, guidman,
There 's sax kye in the byre, guidman ;
There 's nane o' them yours, but twa o' them mine,
And the lave is our John Highlandman's.

This is one of the old fireside traditionary songs of Scotland, embodying a reckless humour defiant of session and presbytery, and shewing what was in the heart of the nation under all external appearances. It does not, however, appear in any collection before Johnson. It was a favourite with Thomas Campbell, who used to sing it with much unction and good effect.