

6 “They are seeking me wi hound an hawk
As I well expect they’ll be,

And I have killed the young colonel,
Your own dear lover was he.”

7 If ye have killed the young colonel
 Then cast oot shall ye be.
 You’ll hang upon the gallus tree
 And ne’er be chanced tae flee.”

8 He’s spurred his steed and swiftly rode
 Like lightning ower the lea,
 Til he did come to his sweetheart’s gate
 And he tinkled at the pin.

9 “I dreamt a dream, love dear Johnstone,
 And I hope it’s for your good.
 They’re seeking ye wi hound an hawk
 And the young colonel is dead.”

10 “They’re seeking me wi hound an hawk
 As I well expect they’ll be,
 And I have killed the young colonel,
 Your own dear brother was he.”

11 “Come in, come in, love dear Johnston,
 Come in and take a sleep.
 I care no more for the young colonel
 When your ain dear body is safe.”

12 He was scarcely landed up the stairs
 Into the tower above,
 When four and twenty well-belted knights
 Came seeking him at the gate.

13 “Oh did you see a bloody knight,
 And a bloody knight is he?
 Oh did you see a bloody knight
 Ride furiously ower the lea?”

14 “Alight, alight please, gentlemen,
 And have some bread and wine.
 If the steed be good he rides upon
 He’s across the bridge of Tyne.”

15 “Oh thank you, lady, for your bread
 And thank ye for your wine,
 But rather than thrice a thousand pounds

That your fair body was mine.”

- 16 Now Johnston had a gey broad sword
And a gay broad sword had he,
He reared it through the lady’s breast
Til she dropped upon her knee.
- 17 “What ails thee now, love dear Johnston?
What ails thee now at me?
I’ve given you all my father’s land,
Beside my mother’s fee.”
- 18 “Oh live, oh live, Lady Margaret,” he cried,
Live for half an hour!
And there’s not a leech in broad Scotland
But I’ll have at your bower.”
- 19 “How can I live, love dear Johnston,
Even for one half hour?
For can’t you see my very heart’s blood
Is trinklin on the floor?”
- 20 Now Johnston had a gey broad sword,
And it hung down by his side.
He reared it through his jealous heart
And clutching her he died.

All: *[Applause, words of appreciation.]*

DW: Magic, Betsy. Nobody in the world — you’re the only person in the world that sings the “Young Johnstone.” De ye know that? There’s nobody in the world that could compete wi you at singing the “Young Johnstone.” There’s nobody could sing it! That’s true! There’s nobody that’s singin “Johnstones.”