

Adria, Highland Widow's Lament

Oh I am come to the low country
Ochon ochon ochrie
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me
It wasna sae in the hieland hills
Ochon ochon ochrie
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me
For then I had a score of kye
Ochon ochon ochrie
Feeding on yon hill sae high
And giving milk tae me
And then I had three score of yowes
Ochon ochon ochrie
Skipping on yon grassy knowles
And casting woo' tae me
I was the happiest of all the clan
Sair, sair may I repine
For Donald was the bravest man
And Donald he was mine
Til Charlie Stewart cam' at last
For to set us free
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me
Their waefu' fate what need I tell
Right to the wrang did yield
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field
Ochon Oh Donald Oh
Ochon ochon ochrie
Nae woman in the world sae wide
Sae wretched now as me.