

# Andy M. Stewart, I Mourn For The Highlands

I mourn for the Highlands, now drear and forsaken  
The lands of my fathers the gallant and brave  
To make room for the sportsmen, their lands were all taken  
And they had to seek out new homes far away

Oh shame on the tyrants who brought desolation  
Who banished the brave and put sheep in their place  
Where once smiled the gardens rank weeds in their station  
And deer are preferred to the leal-hearted braves

Oh where are the parents and bairns yonder rovin  
The scene o' their gladness is far o'er the main  
No blithe-hearted milk-maid now cheers at the gloaming  
The herd-boy no longer seen on the plain

But the lark is still soaring; she sings in her glory  
With no one to listen her sweet morning lay  
The clansmen are gone, but their deeds live in story  
Like chaff in the wind, they were borne far away

this may actually be "The Highland Clearances" (which it's obviously about) from Silly Wizard's So Many Partings -- but I only have it on vinyl and my turntable's dead.