

411**"Hugh The Graeme"**Visit "[Hugh The Graeme](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Our lords are all a-hunting gone
Over the hills and mountains fair
And they have taken Hugh the Graeme
For stealing of the bishop's mare

And they have bound him hand and foot
And led him up through Stirling town
The lads and lasses met him there
Cried Hugh the Graeme must be set down

Oh, loose my right hand free he said
And put my broadsword in the same
There's none in Stirling town this day
Dares tell this lie of Hughie Graeme

Then up bespoke the Lady Black
As she sat by the bishop's knee
One thousand pounds I'll give to thee
If Hugh the Graeme you will set free

Then out did speak the Lady White
And aye, a sorry woman was she
I'll give one hundred milk-white steeds
If you give Hugh the Graeme to me

Oh, hold your tongue you ladies fair
And you let all your pleading be
Though you would give ten thousand pounds
He should be hanged high for me

They brought him to the gallows hill
He looked on the gallows tree

Yet ne'er the color left his cheek
Nor tear did blind his eye

At length he looked round about
To see whatever he could see
And there he saw his old father
And he was weeping piteously

Oh, hold your tongue my father dear
And you let all your mourning be
Thy weeping's harder on my heart
Than all that they can do to me

And brother John take here my sword
With silver glittering all around
Come up the hill at twelve o'clock
To see your brother Hugh cut down.

And remember me to Maggie, my wife
Who does not hold my life so dear
And bid her come at eight o'clock
To see me pay for the bishop's mare

Bring the news to my lady wife
She is the cause that I am here
'Twas she who stole the bishop's mare
She is his wanton mistress fare

And hear me now, my kith and kin
I never did dishonor thee
And though they bereave me of my life
They cannot hold the heavens from me

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