

Real McCoy

"The Ballad Of Greyfriars Bobby"

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John Gray was a gardener
Who, with his wife and bairn
Arrived in Edinburgh
The century was nearly turned
The year was 1800
That year was harsh and cold
He could nae find nae work
Their future so unsure

To avoid the workhouse
And for his family
He joined the police force
A constable was he
A condition of his service
He had to take a dog
To watch by his side
He chose a terrier frae sky

This is the balla of Greyfriars Bobby
The dog with whom his master
He would stay
No pain of fear
For 14 long years
He stood by his master's grave
(And he's still standing there today)

Succumbing to his fate
In 1858
Johnny Gray passed away
Laid down in Greyfriars Churchyards
No marker on his grave
His faithful terrier stayed there
He would not go away

The groundskeeper was told
The dog must be a lout
The Greyfriars parish told him
To keep that rascal out
But Bobby so devoted to his master after death
The people fed and sheltered him
And idoled him instead

Now Bobby and his
Master stand together
Though they're dead
Their bonds, as they say
Reaches far beyond the grave
So now you know the story
If anybody asks you
You tell em of the Statue
That's in Edinburgh today

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