

## The Highland Clearances

Silly Wizard

Ah, for the glens are lyin' bare,  
And the wee bit farm deserted,  
And the woods of Germany,  
Grows in rows o'er the broken hearted.

Black is the wood on the roofance was braw  
But blacker still is your heart, Victoria,  
Sent your men untae our glens  
You'll need the Good Lord lookin' o'er ye.

Many hae gane tae Americay  
You burnt their hames and garred them wander  
Gor a' would have stayed wi' the deil himsel'  
As bide an hour wi' the cruel Gillanders.

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