

Johnnie Armstrong

Steeleye Span

Some speak of lords, some speak of lairds
Some speak of man of high degree
Of a gentle man I did sing a song
Sometime called Lord of Gilnocky

The king he writes a loving letter, with his own hand so tender
ly
And he has sent it to Johnny Armstrong
To come and speak with him speedily
The Elliots and the Armstrongs did converse

They were a gallant company
We'll ride and meet our lawful king
And bring him safe to Gilnocky
McDune and Cape already fell

There is sun in great plenty
We'll welcome home our royal king
And hope he'll dine in Gilnocky
Now John he is for Edinburgh bound

And his eight score men so gallantly
And each upon a milk white steed

With buckles and swords hanging down to their knees
When Johnny came before the king
He fell down upon his knee
Oh pardon my sovereign liege he said
Pardon my eight score men and me

Away, away thou traitor strong
Out of my sight you soon will be
I have never granted any traitor's life
And I'll not begin with thee

Away, away thou traitor strong
Out of my sight you soon will be
For tomorrow morning by the ten o'clock
You shall hang on the gallows tree

Grant me my life my liege my king
And a bonnie gift I'll give to thee
Four and twenty mills complete
That work all around the year for me
Grant me my life my liege my king