

## Johnnie Cope

1. Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar,  
Sayin' Charlie meet me an' y'daur,  
An' I'll learn ye th' art of War,  
If y'meet me in the mornin'!

Chorus

Hi, Johnnie Cope, are y'waukin' yet?  
And are your drums a beatin' yet?  
If ye were waukin', I wad wait,  
When y'come wi' yer carls in the mornin'!

2. When Charlie looked the letter on,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from,  
Come, follow me my merry men,  
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning!  
Chorus

3. Now, Johnnie, be guid as yer word,  
Come let us try baith fire and sword,  
And dinna flee like a frichted bird,  
That's chased from it's nest in the morning!  
Chorus:

4. When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss  
Tae hold a horse in readiness,  
Tae flee awa' in the mornin'!  
Chorus

5. Fie, now Johnnie, get up and run!  
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din!  
It's better tae sleep in a hale skin,  
For it will be a bluidy mornin'!  
Chorus

6. When Johnnie Cope tae Dunbar cam,  
They speired at him "Whaur are your men?"  
"The de'il confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' in the mornin'!"  
Chorus

7. Now, Johnnie, troth ye werena blate,  
To cam wi' news of your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait,  
Sae early in the mornin'!  
Chorus

8. "In Faith," quo Johnnie, "I got sae flegs  
Wi' their claymores and philibegs!  
Gin I face them again, de'il break my legs!  
Sae I wish ye all good mornin'!"  
Chorus