Johnnie Cope

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Saying, “Charlie, meet me, an’ ye daur,
And I’ll learn ye the art of war,
If you meet me in the mornin’!”

**Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin’ yet? –
And are your drums a-beatin’ yet? –
If ye were waukin’, I would wait
When ye come wi’ yer carls in the mornin’!”**

When Charlie looked the letter on,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
“Come follow me, my merry men,
An’ we’ll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning!

**Chorus**

“Now, Johnnie, be as guid as your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frichted bird
That’s chased frae its nest in the morning!”

**Chorus**

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
He tae hold a horse in readiness,
Tae flee awa’ in the morning.

**Chorus**

“Fie now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Hieland bagpipes mak a din —
It’s better to sleep in a hale skin,
For it will be a bloody morning.”

**Chorus**

When Johnnie Cope tae Dunbar came,
They speired at him, “Where’s a’ your men?”
“The de’il confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a’ in the morning!”

**Chorus**

“Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To come wi’ news o’ your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early in the morning.”

**Chorus**

“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 with ye all good mornin’!”

**Chorus**