

## 37b John Raeburn - Mr Donger

My - name it is John Rae - burn, in Glas - gow I was born; my  
place and ha - bi - ta - tion in all its u - ni - form. From the  
place of my - re - si - ding I'm forced to go a - way. Fare -  
well to the love - ly hills and dales of Ca - le - do - ni - a.

1  
My name it is John Raeburn, in Glasgow I was born;  
my place and habitation in all its uniform.  
From the place of my residing I'm forced to go away.  
Farewell to the lovely hills and dales of Caledonia.

2  
It was early in the morning, just by the break of day,  
when we did heard the turnkey, to us these words did say,  
'Arise ye trembling convicts, arise ye and awa',  
this day you're forced to leave the hills of Caledonia.'

3  
'Tis quickly then we did arise; put on our clothes  
straight'way.  
With heavy irons they bound us lest we should run away.  
We mounted all upon the coach, our hearts were full  
of grief;  
our friends stood all about us, they could give no relief.

4  
Farewell my agèd mother I'm grieved for what I've done,  
I hope you will not cast me up all for the race I've run.  
I hope you will protected be when I am far awa'.  
Farewell to the lovely hills and dales of Caledonia.

5  
Farewell my agèd father, you are the best of men,  
likewise unto my sweetheart, Catherine was her name.  
No earthly judge will judge us, but he that knows our wa'.  
Farewell unto the hills and dales of Caledonia.

6  
And when we chance to meet again then we will meet  
above,  
and allelujahs will be sung, and all is precious love.  
No earthly judge will judge us, but He that rules us a'.  
Farewell to the lovely hills and dales of Caledonia.