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CAMPBELL'S DAUGHTER

George Campbell was a hard and ruthless man
Hated and feared by most who knew him
Dark as the Highland Hills from which he sprang
A wild cruel streak ran through him
But still he was a man o' wealth and property
While I was a landless cotter
And therein lay the seeds of grief and tragedy
For I was in love with Campbell's daughter.

Isla Campbell was as fair as her father was dark
As different as the night is frae the mornin'
Not before or since have I met a truer heart
Or one that was so full o' yearmin'
She hungered after love, and she hungered after life
And what I knew o' both I gladly taught her
For soon I was resolved to make her my wife
For I was in love with Campbell's daughter.

So I put on my best clothes, and to Campbell's house I went
The lion in his own den to beard him
For Isla would not marry me without his consent
She knew him too well, aye, and she feared him
When I asked for his consent he damned me all to hell
For a shiftless and landless pauper
"Afore I'd let her marry you" he said, "I'd kill her mysel'!
You shall never have my daughter!"

He struck me in the face and he knocked me to the ground
And he cursed me as I lay there bleedin'
Darkness filled my eyes as more blows came raining down
I could feel my consciousness recedin'
Then I heard an awful cry and I lifted up my head
And beheld a hellish scene o' bloody slaughter
Wi' a long knife in his throat, George Campbell lay dead
And behind him stood Isla, his daughter.

When Isla came tae trial on the Bible she swore
That she struck to stop her father's killing anger
But the prosecution painted her as a wanton and a whore
The Jury a' agreed and they hanged her
A stolen kiss or two and an unjust early grave
Was the little that my hopeless love had brought her
Until my dying breath I shall curse the day
When I fell in love with Campbell's Daughter.