

CLYDE'S WATER Song Words

DAVY FAA

Traditional

There was a wealthy farmer lived in the north country
He had a lovely dochter, she was always frank and free
And it's day by day and night by night she was always in my e'e

There cam a rovin tinker lad tae this farm hoose
Have ye ony pots or pans or candlesticks to mend
Or have ye ony lodgins for me, a single man?

Noo the farmer he thocht it nae hairm the tinker for tae keep
The lassie she thocht it nae hairm the tinker's bed tae mak
But the bonnie laddie followed her and he did bar the door

He's caught her by the middle sma and laid her on the floor
He's caught her by the middle sma and up against the wa
And it's there he's ta'en the wills o her afore she's won awa

And it's oh the bonnie lassie blushed, and oh but she thocht shame
Since ye've ta'en the wills o me, come tell tae me your name
He's whispered in the lassie's ear, they call me Davy Faa
Ye'll aye mind upon the happy nicht, amang the pease straw

Six weeks has passed and gane, this maid grew white and pale
Nine months and better brocht her forth a bonnie son
Since the bairnie's born said she, we'll call him Davy Faa
We'll aye mind upon the happy nicht amang the pease straw

Ony man that weds my girl, I'll gie him gold quite free
Ony man that weds my girl, I'll gie him farms three
For although she's tint her maidenhead, what the waur is she?

YOWIE WI THE CROOKIT HORN

Traditional

The yowie wi the crookit horn
Sic a yowie was never born
Sic a yowie was never born
Here about nor there ava
When a' the yowies loup't the dyke
And ate my kail for a' their might
My yowie never did the like
But pickit at the barn wa'

What dae ye think for a' my keepin?
There cam the nickums when I was sleepin
There cam the nickums when I was sleepin
Stole my yowie and horn and a'
For it's doon by the bush o thorn
There I found my yowie's horn
There I found my yowie's horn
But my yowie was awa

The nicht is dark, the hoolets screamin
There's thirsty men and thirsty weemin
There's thirsty men and thirsty weemin
Sin the nickums ta'en my yowie awa
But gin I got the lad that did it
I would kill him as sure as I said it
I would kill him as sure as I said it
I would gie his neck a thraw

THE BLEACHER LASS O KELVINHAUGH

Traditional

As I was walkin one simmer's evenin
Doon by Cochrane's Bleachfields on the Kelvinhaugh
It's wha did I spy but a bonnie young lassie
She had cherry cheeks and a skin like snaw

Says I my lassie will ye gang wi me?
I'll dress ye in fine satins braw
Oh no kind sir I would raither tarry
A wee bleacher lass, here on Kelvinhaugh

Oh lassie, lassie, ye are hard herted
And I wish yer fair face I never saw
But I will go an find anither lassie
Doon by the bleachfields here on Kelvinhaugh

It's seven year since I loved a sailor
And seven year since I did him see
And seven mair I will wait upon him
And if he's alive he'll return to me

Oh lassie, lassie, ye hae been faithful
Oh lassie, lassie, ye hae been true
For I'm yer young lad and single sailor
That's traivelled far tae wed wi you

If ye're my young lad and single sailor
Your face and features they seem strange to me
Aye but seven year maks great alteration
The ragin seas between you and me

It's noo this couple they hae got mairriet
They run an ale hoose between them twa
And the sailor lads, they aye gang drinkin
Tae the bleacher lassies here on Kelvinhaugh

THE BURNING OF AUCHINDOUN

Traditional

As I cam in by Fiddichside on a May morning
I spied Willie McIntosh, an hour afore the dawnin
Turn again, turn again, turn again I bid ye
If ye burn Auchindoun, Huntly he will heid ye

Heid me or hang me, that will never fear me
I will burn Auchindoun although the life leaves me

As I cam in by Fiddichside on a May morning
Auchendoun was in a bleeze, an hour afore the dawnin
Crawin, crawin, for a' yer crouse crawin
Ye've burnt your crop and tint your wings, an hour afore the dawnin

THE FALSE BRIDE

Traditional

When I saw my bonnie love tae the kirk go
Wi bridegroom and maidens she made a fine show
And I followed her on, wi a hert fu o woe
For she's gane tae be wed tae another

When I saw my bonnie love at the kirk style
I trod on her coat tails but didna them fyle
And she's turned hersel roon and she's gied a sweet smile
But she's gane tae be wed tae another

The clerk o the parish, he's gied a loud cry
Gin ye've ony objections, pray bring them by
And I thocht tae myself, guid objections hae I
But I hadna the will tae affront her

When I saw my bonnie love sit doon tae dine
I sat doon beside her and poured oot the wine
And I drank tae the lassie that should hae been mine
But noo she is wed tae another

Up spake the bridegroom, be ye gane for a coward
For ye've bidden ower lang on the edge of my sword
And ye've ridden ower deep through an unknown ford
So be gane for ye ne'er shall enjoy her

Ye but wear my auld sheen, ye but wear my auld sheen
And ye may dance in them till ye dance them deen
And when they are deen, ye maun sole them again

For they're just my auld sheen and ye've gotten them
And so she is gane, even tho let her go
For I'll never gie ower tae sorrow and woe
But I'll cheer up my hert and a rovin I'll go
Never fear, but I'll soon find another

THE LAIRD O COCKPEN

Lady Nairne

The Laird o' Cockpen he was prood, he was great
His mind was ta'en up wi the things o the state
He's wanted a wife his braw hoose tae keep
But favour wi wooin was fashious tae seek

Doon by the dykeside a lady did dwell
At his table heid he thocht she'd look well
McLeish's ae daughter o Clavers ha' lee
A penniless lass wi a lang pedigree

His wig was well pouthered and as guid as new
His waistcoat was white and his coat it was blue
He put on a ring and a sword and cocked hat
And wha could refuse a laird wi a' that?

He's ta'en the grey mare and he's rade cannily
He's rapped at the yetts o' Clavers ha' lee
Gae tell mistress Jean tae come speedily ben
She's wanted tae speak wi the Laird o' Cockpen

Mistress Jean she was makin the elderflooer wine
And what brings the laird at sic a like time?
She's put aff her apron, put on her silk goon
Her mutch wi red ribbons and gaed awa doon

And when she cam ben he bowed fu low
And what was his errand he soon let her know
Amazed was the laird when the lady said "naw"
And wi a leigh courtsey she's turned awa

Dumfoun'ered was he, but nae sigh did he gie
He mounted the mare and he rade cannily
And aft times he thocht as he gaed through the glen
She was daft tae refuse the Laird o' Cockpen

CLYDE'S WATER

Traditional

Oh Willie stands at his ha' door
Combing doon his milk white steed
And then oot ower his white fingers
His nose began to bleed.

O mither gie ma horse its corn
And gie some meat tae ma servant man
For I'm awa tae Maggie's bower
I'll lay in ere she lies doon

O bide this nicht at hame, Willie
Bide this nicht at hame wi me
And the bestan sheep in a' the fold
At yer supper it shall be.

Ye can hae yer sheep and a' yer flocks
For them I wandna gie a pin
For I'm awa tae Maggie's bower
And this nicht I'll win in

Gin ye should gang tae Maggie's bower
It shall be sair against my will
The deepest hole in Clyde's Water
My malison ye'll fill

Then he rode up yon high, high hill
And he rode doon yon dowie glen
The rush that was in Clyde's water
Would fear five hundred men

Oh Clyde ye roar ower loud this nicht
Yer waters they seem wondrous strang
Ye can wrack me when I come back this way
Gin ye spare me as I gang

Then he rode on tae Maggie's door
And he has turllet at the pin
Oh sleep ye or wake Maggie Dear?
But rise and let me in
Oh wha's that stands at my ha door?
Wha's that calls me by my name?
It is yer ain true love, yer Willie
That's newly come frae hame

Open the door o Maggie dear
Open the door and let me in
For my boots are full of Clyde's water
And I'm shiverin tae the chin

My barns are full o corn Willie
And a' my byres are full of hay
My bower is fu o gentlemen
And they'll no come oot till day

Then fare ye weel my fause Maggie
Fare ye weel and a lang adieu
I got my mother's malison
This nicht when I cam tae you

Then he rode up yon high, high hill
And he rode doon yon dowie glen

The rush that was in Clyde's Water
Took the whip frae Willie's hand

The rush that was in Clyde's Water
Took his hat frae him by force

The rush that was in Clyde's Water
Took Willie frae his horse

Noo at the hour young Willie fell
Intae the hole sae wide and deep
It was then awoke his ain dear Maggie
Oot o her drowsy sleep
Come here, come here o mither dear
Mither come here and read my dream
I dreamed my love stood at oor ha' door
And nane would let him in

Lie doon, lie doon o Maggie Dear
Maggie lie doon and tak yer rest
For yer ain true love was at oor ha' door
Scarce twa quarters is past

Then sadly, sadly rose she up
Nae word she spak, but her claithes put on
But the higher that the lady cried
The louder blew the wind

The firstan step that she stepped in
She stepped in untae the queets
The nextan step the lady cried
This water's wondrous deep

The nextan step that she stepped in
She stepped in untae the chin
The deepest hole in Clyde's Water
She's found sweet Willie in

Oh ye have had a cruel mither
And a cruel one had I
But we shall cheat them baith Willie
In Clyde's Waters we will lie

WHEN THE KING COMES O'ER THE WATER

Traditional

I may sit in my wee croo hoose, wi my rock and my reel tae toil fu dreary
And I may think on the day that's gane, and sigh and sab till I grow weary
I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook, a foreign loon tae own or flatter
But I will sing a rantin sang, the day oor King comes o'er the water

I hae seen the guid auld day, the day o pride and chieftain's glory
When Royal Stuart bare the sway, and we ne'er heard tell o Whig or Tory
Tho lyart be my locks and gray, eild has crook't me doon, what matter
I'll dance and sing anither day, the day oor King comes o'er the water

Gin I live tae see the day that I hae begged and begged frae heaven
I'll fling my rock and reel away, and I'll dance and sing frae morn till even
For there is ane I winna name, that comes the beengin byke tae scatter
And I will put on my bridal goon, the day oor King comes o'er the water

A curse on dull and drawlin Whig, the whining, rantin low deceiver,
Wi hert sae black and look sae big, and cantin tongue o clishmaclaver
My faither was a guid Lord's son, my mither was an Earl's daughter
And I will be Lady Keith again, the day oor King comes o'er the water

THE SHUTTLE RINS

Traditional

The weaver's wife sits at the fire
And ca's the pirn wheel
She likes to hear her ain guid man
Drive on the shuttle wheel

Thread after thread maks up the claith
Until the wage he wins
And ilka weaver maks the mair
The mair his shuttle rins

(Ch.) The shuttle rins, the shuttle rins
The shuttle rins wi speed
Oh sweetly may the shuttle rin
That wins the bairn's bread

He rises early in the morn
And toils fu late at night
He fain would independent be
He kens what is his richt

He fondly soothes a neighbour's grief
Or shares a neighbour's glee
And fain tae gie his bairns lair
He gars the shuttle flee

State cormorants may craw fu crouse
And haughty be and proud
But were they paid by "ells o keels,"
They widnae laugh sae loud

The proudest o the land wad pine
Wi oot the weaver's wark
The pamper'd priest, the haughty peer
Would gang wi oot a sark

Then cheer yer herts ye workin men
And all like brithers be
Rouse up against restrictive laws
And set industry free

THE SEASONS

Traditional

The hills are clad in purple, and the trees are clad in gold
The autumn wind is sighin for a beauty growing old
The gray grouse in the heather and the wild deer in the glen
I'm dreamin of the sunshine, when I see the spring again

That merry laughing summer, in its mantle cloak of green
The trees and all the flowers, such a beauty tae be seen
But autumn, gentle autumn, wi its quiet eyes of gray
Enwrap me in the twilight, and stole my hert away

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O

Robert Burns

When o'er the hill, the Eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near my jo
And owsen frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf and weary o
Doon by the burn whaur scented birks
Wi dew are hangin clear my jo
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig
My ain kind dearie, o

In mirkest glen at midnight hour
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie o
If thro that glen I gaed tae thee

My ain kind dearie, o

Altho the nicht were ne'er sae wild
And I were ne'er sae weary o
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig
My ain kind dearie, o

The hunter luv's the mornin sun
Tae rowse the mountain deer my jo
At noon the fisher seeks the glen
Alang the burn tae steer my jo
Gie me the hour o gloamin grey
It maks ma heart sae cheerie o
Tae meet thee on the lea-rig
My ain kind dearie, o