Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl

Saturday Night at the Bull & Mouth
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8731

SIDE 1

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   trad. arr. Neill MacColl, Peggy Seeger
Band 2. RAMBLING MAN
   trad. arr. Peggy Seeger
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   Ewan MacColl; arr. Neill MacColl, Peggy Seeger
   (Oak Pub.)

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   trad. arr. Peggy Seeger

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the Bull & Mouth

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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Side I

Band One: BLACKLEG MINER

The term blackleg was originally used to describe racehorse swindlers and gamblers who betted without intending to pay their losses, and is thought to allude to the legs of a rooster, another name for a swindler. Since 1885, it has become the generally accepted term for a stabil or stickbreaker. The hatred and contempt of organized workers for those who desert to the enemy is perfectly expressed in this hand-sitting song (chorus)

It's every evening after dark, The blackleg miner creeps to work Wi' moleksin pants and dirty shirt, There goes the blackleg miner. They take their picks and down they go To hew the coal that lies below, There's not a woman in our town row Will look at a blackleg miner.

Delaval is a terrible place, They rub wet clay on a blackleg's face And around the pit heap they run a foot race To catch the blackleg miner. Don't go near that Seghill mine, Across the way they stretch a line, To catch the throat and break the spine Of the dirty blackleg miner. They'll take your tools and classes as well And throw them down the pit of hell (throw) It's done you go and fare thee well, Thou dirty blackleg miner!

So joins the union while you may Don't wait until your dyin' day For that may not be far away Thou dirty blackleg miner.

chorus: IDDI RAN DIDI RAN GRAIN DEE RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME, RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME, AWAY WITH THE RAMBLIN' MAN.

O, the ramblin' man was weary and wet Down by the side of the fire he sat, He had a bundle and a walking stick And merrily he did sing. With his pipe in his jaw, and his jaw full of smoke, A beard hung down to the top of his coat, He laughed and danced with a ramblin' joke, For he was a ramblin' man. (chorus)

O, the youngest girl sat down by the fire, O, she sang to his desire; With every verse she did enquire, Could I ramble along with you? O, pretty little girl, try if you can To walk and talk like a ramblin' man, Chaw your tobacco like a ramblin' man And away with me you'll go. O, she beat her back and she whisked her eye, Shuffled along with many a sigh, And when he laughed she began to cry, Could I ramble along with you? (chorus)

He says, "My dear, if I was free As when I came to your country, I'd dress you up like a fine lady And away with me you'd go." She says, "My dear, if I was free I'd leave my ma and my own country I'd dress me up all beggary And away with you I'd go." (chorus)

chorus: IDDI RAN DIDI RAN GRAIN DEE RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME, RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME, AWAY WITH THE RAMBLIN' MAN.

Band Two: THE RAMBLING MAN

This American version of "The Gathering Man" (No. 279, Appendix, in the Child collection of ballads) has turned the Scots beggarman into a new world standard. The ballad has rarely been collected at all in the United States, but to this day it is a favourite amongst traditional and revival singers in Scotland, where it lives a vigorous and varied life. (guitar, Peggy Seeger)

CHORUS: IDDI RAN DIDI RAN GRAIN DEE RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME, RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME, AWAY WITH THE RAMBLIN' MAN.

When the song was sung, when the tale was told, She was sly and he was bold, And though the night was wet and cold, Away they both did go.

O, down in the hollow there's a white oak tree, The grass as green as you ever did see, She was lovin' and he was free, For he was the ramblin' man. (chorus)

When the years was passed about three or four, And the corn was cut five times or more, A ramblin' man came up to my door The same old ramblin' man. Well, I don't welcome a ramblin' man, That's where sorrow and tears began, I had a daughter and you never can, Away with the ramblin' man. (chorus)

O, yonder's a lady, comin' with me, She has babies, one-two-three, One at her hip and one at her knee And another one a ramblin' man, She has a wagon, she rides to town, Silver spoons and a taffety gown, She has a pig and a muley cow Since she went with the ramblin' man. (chorus)

chorus: IDDI RAN DIDI RAN GRAIN DEE RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME, RAMBLE TO RICHMOND ALONG WITH ME, AWAY WITH THE RAMBLIN' MAN.

Band Three: YOUNG PEGGY

It isn't often that one finds a traditional ballad as lyrical and tender in feeling as this one. Here there is no blood, no cruelty, just two people in love and determined to consummate their love as quickly as possible.

Whar hae ye been, Peggy. Whar hae ye been? In the garden 'mang the gillyflowers, Twee the hours of twelve and ane. Ye werenae yourself, Peggy. No' there your lane (alone) Your father saw ye in Jamie's arms 'Tweed the hours of twelve and ane. What though we were seen, mither, Though we were seen? I would sleep in Jamie's arms Though his grave was growin' green.

Your Jamie's a rogue, Peggy, Jamie's a loon, (a boy, a lazy person) For the trystin' o' oor se dochter (only) And her saw very young. Jamie's no' to blame, mither, The blame lies on me, For I would sleep in Jamie's arms Though the world should die. (die) She's gane tae her ain chaumer, Jamie was there, I'm bitlie to see ye, Jamie dear, Though we maun meet nae mair. (must)

We'll tak' a pairtin' glass, Jamie, Pour oot the wine - And since we maun meet nae mair, my love, We'll drink your health and mine. Tak' me in your arms, laddie, Here's kisses five, And since we maun meet nae mair, my love We'll drink weel may we thrive.

Come to my arms, Peggy, Close to my heart, And as lang's the sun hings in the lift I swear we'll never part.

Your father keeps a crawlin' cock, Divides nicht frae day, And in the middlewatch o' the night In greenwood ye'll meet me. When mass was sung and bells were rung And a' bound for bed, She's killed up her gay clothing, Met Jamie in the wood.

'Twas early in the morning, The clock chappit twas, Her father rose up in his bed, Cryin', 'Peggy, she's awa'. They've mounted their horses And fast they did rin, But lang ere they come to the top o' the hill The lad and lass were rin. (one)
Band Four  JOHN J. CURTIS

This song was taken from the singing of Andrew Rada, Shenandoah, Pennsylvania in 1935. John J. Curtis was a miner in the Morea Colliery and he lost his sight in 1888. Thereafter, led by a boy, he roamed the anthracite region singing this ballad and selling broadsheets on which it was printed. The text was made for him by the Landford bard, Joseph Gallagher.

My name is John J. Curtis, my age is twenty-eight,
Born in Schuylkill County, and there I met my fate;
So friends with your attention, if you will be so kind,
I'll tell you of that fatal day that was stricken blind.

It was a fine May morning, the sun peeped o'er the hill,
The little birds sang loud and sweet, I seem to see them still;
My heart was full of purest joy as to the mines I'd stray
To earn an honest living in the colliery of Morea.

At eight o'clock I clambered my pitch and to my work did go,
I drilled two holes and loaded them, lit one and ran below;
It soon went off, I then went back, the one that did remain,
When by its mouth it, too, went off and blew me down again.

I lay there in the darkness, covered up with coal,
Like tears my blood ran down my face, great lumps did on me roll;
When I got up, my cap and lamp was all that I could find,
And when I lit a match, my friends, I saw that I was blind.

So, kind friends, do take pity, oh him you chance to find,
Wandering through your city, that in both eyes is blind;
You know not when your time may come, that the same road you'll stray,
So, good friends, be so generous to the colliery of Morea.

Band Five  JOHN HARDY

The "hero" of this song died on the gallows on January 18, 1894, in McDowell County, West Virginia. He worked for the Shawnee Coal Company and was said to be "black as a crow, over six feet tall, weighed about 300 pounds, and was enormously long-armed." During one payday, he killed a man in a circus game over a dispute of twenty-five cents. In the traditional song repository, the gambler, drunkard and murderer John Hardy is occasionally confused with the epic black trailbracer, John Henry.

John Hardy was a desperate little man
He carried two guns every day,
Killed a man on the West Virginia line
You oughta seen John Hardy gettin' away, poor boy (2).

John Hardy stood at the gamblin' table
Didn't have no interest in the game,
"Long come a little gal, threw a dollar down,
Says, "Deal my Johnny in the game, poor boy (2)."

John Hardy took that little gal's dollar
And then he began to play,
"The man that wins my little gal's dollar,
That'll be his din' day, poor boy (2)."

John Hardy drew to a four-card straight
And the Chinaman drew to a pair;
Johnny failed to catch and the Chinaman won
And he left him sittin' dead in his chair, poor boy (2).

Then he ran to catch that eastbound train,
So dark that he could not see.
"Long comes the deputy, took him by the arm,
Says, "Johnny, come and go along with me, poor boy (2)."

He called for his father and his father come down
To come and to go his ball;
But money don't go for a murderin' man
And they threw John Hardy back in jail, poor boy (2).

John Hardy had a pretty little wife,
Children she had three,
He cared no more for his wife and his babies
Than he did for the bottom of the sea, poor boy (2).

John Hardy had another little girl
The dress that she wore was blue.
She come a-runnin' to the old jailhouse,
Says, "Honey, I'll be true to you." (2)

I been to the east and I been to the west
Been this wide world round,
Been to the river and I been baptised
And now I'm on my hangin' ground, poor boy (2).

They took John Hardy to his hangin' ground
They hung him there to die,
Very last word that poor boy said,
My forty-gum it never told a lie, poor boy (2).

Band Six  WILLIE'S LYKE-WAKE

Feigning death in order to entice a shy young woman into one's bed might, in these times, be regarded as an unnecessarily devious strategem. But for Willie it works. According to Professor Child the theme "enters considerable popularity in European ballads." The song is a great favourite with Singers' Club audiences.

O Willie, my lad, what mak's ye sae sad?
FINE FLOORERS IN THE VALLEY
I lie sorely sick for the sake of a maid.
AMONG THE BLUE FLOORERS AND THE YELLOW.
O, is she an heiress or lady fine?
FINE FLOORERS (etc.)
That she wins tak' o' pity on thee?
AMONG THE (etc.)
O Willie, my lad, I'll learn ye a wile, (etc.)
(trick)
And this bonnie lassie ye may beguile (etc.)
O ye'll lie doon as if ye were deid
And hin' your windin'-sheet around about your heed. (wrap)
Ye'll pay the bellman his deid-groat,
To ring the deid-bell at your lover's gate.
He's laid doon as if he was deid,
And he's happed the windin'-sheet around about his heed.
He's paid the bellman his deid-groat,
To ring the deid-bell at his lover's gate.
O, wha is this that's deid I hear?
O, wha but Willie, that loved ye sae dear?
O father, it's a' for pity's sake,
I must gang to Willie's lyke-wake (must go)
When she cam' to her true-love's gate,
She's gien out the red gold and silver for his sake. (given, gold, silver)
When she cam' to her love's bedhead,
She's tae'en aside the windin'-sheet to look upon the deid.
But he's ta'en her by the middle sae jimp and sae sae neat
And he's laid her cold between him and the wall.

Though a' your folk were about this bower,
Ye'd no' stay a maiden a single hour.
Ye cam' here a maiden sae meek and sae mild,
But ye will gang hame a wedded wife wi' a child.

Band Seven  THE BALLAD OF SHARPVILLE

In 1980, in the township of Sharpville, South Africa, blacks taking part in a peaceful demonstration against the infamous pass law were mowed down by the police. Sixty-seven blacks were killed in the space of seven minutes. This song was written a few days after the event. The mounting struggle of the people of Southern Africa and, in particular, the recent events in Soweto, have had the effect of maintaining the song's topicality.

The Cape to South West Africa
From the Transvaal to the sea,
The Pass Law holds the people down,
The pass of slavery, DOM PASS;
The pass of slavery.

The morning wind blows through the land,
It murmers in the grass
And every leaf of every tree
Whispers words of hope to me,
"This day will end the pass, DOM PASS; This day will end the pass."

The sun comes up on Sharpville Town,
And drives the night away,
The word is heard in every street
Against the Pass Law we will meet,
No-one will work today, DOM PASS;
No-one will work today.

It was on the twenty-first of March,
The day of Sharpville's shame,
How they shout the crowd did grow
One voice that cried, "The pass must go."
It spoke in freedom's name, DOM PASS;
It spoke in freedom's name.
Outside the police headquarter's fence
The Sharpville people stand,
Inside the fence the white men pace,
Drunk with power and pride of race.
Each with a gun in hand, DOM PASS;
Each with a gun in hand.

The Sharpville crowd waits patiently
They talk and laugh and sing,
At eleven fifteen the tasks come down
Roll through the streets of Sharpville Town
To join the armed ring, DOM PASS;
To join the armed ring.
Neighbour talks to neighbour
And the kids play all around,
Until — without a warning word —
The sound of rifle fire is heard
And men fall to the ground, DOM PASS!
And men fall to the ground.
The panic-stricken people run
To flee the wild attack.
The police re-load and fire again
At running children, women, men
And shoot them in the back, DOM PASS!
And shoot them in the back.

Sixty-seven Africans
Lay dead there on the ground,
Apartheid's harvest for a day
Three times their number wounded lay,
Their blood stained all around, DOM PASS!
Their blood stained all around.

There's blood on the men who fired the guns,
On the men who made the laws —
There's blood on the hands of the Whitehall ranks,
Who gave the thugs their guns and tanks,
Who help in oppression's cause, DOM PASS!
Who help in oppression's cause.

Side 2

Freight Train

FREIGHT TRAIN, FREIGHT TRAIN, GOING SO FAST,
FREIGHT TRAIN, FREIGHT TRAIN, GOING SO FAST,
PLEASE DON'T TELL THEM WHAT TRAIN I'M ON
SO THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT ROUTE I HAVE GONE.

When I die, just bury me deep,
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street,
Place a stone at my head and my feet
And tell them not to grieve after me. (chorus)

When I die, just bury me deep,
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street
So I can't hear old Number Nine
As she goes roaring on by.

("The Wilson Rag")

When I die, just bury me deep,
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street,
Place a stone at my head and my feet,
And tell them all I've gone to see. (chorus)

Ythan-side

The river Ythan rises at the Wells of Ythan in Aberdeenshire and empties into the North Sea near Newburgh, a mere 36 miles away. Not much of a competitor in the big river stakes! Nevertheless, the Ythan has inspired this almost perfect portrayal of rural courtship prose, once again, that small can be beautiful.

As I gaed doon by Ythan-side,
Where gently flows the rolling tide,
A bonnie laes come me beside,
Her looks did me ensamce.

I own she was a beauty bright
As ever trod the braes o' Gight,
I would ha' spent the feelang nicht
Wi' her on Ythan-side.

So I turned my back on Fyvie's belles
And my poor heart gied mony a knell,
I spiered the road for St. John's Wells
With courage stout and bold.

This lassie turned without delay
And unto me these words did say,
"I scarcely gang twa miles this way,
The truth I'll tell you plain.

"But if ye gang the road ye cam'
I'll get a man will show ye hame,
Oot ower yon bonnie flowery glen
And doon by Ythan-side."

I thanked the maid and grew richt bold,
Her flocks were drivin' to the fold,
And mony a lively tale she told
Just as we gaed alog.

At length we reached her father's hame,
She beshakly as I gaed bon.
Thinks I myself, "I'm far frae hame
Although on Ythan-side."

But a' the folk they were discret
And like ane shoot did creep
The saul guidman brought ben a seat
And bid me to sit doon.

I sat me doon the folk to please,
They treated me tae breet and cheese,
The hairpin flackt around like bees
A bith become aicht tae see.

I sat me doon there weel content
The auld guidman for news was bent;
To court the laes was my intent,
The truth I'll tell ye plain.

But the servant lads began to split
And gather a' up tae their feet,
Thinks I, "My laes, you're gaun tae fit
And all bound for your beds."

So up I rose then, straight upricht,
And bid them a' a bithle gudnight,
And spiered the road to Main'd o' Gight
To which this maid replied:

"I'll show ye by the barn door."
Judge ye gin we're thak ben sore
To think we'd naena meet nane more
On bonnie Ythan-side.

So I took the lassie by the hand,
For time was short, we had to stand,
I got a kiss upon demand,
And then these words she said:

"When you come by this road again,
It's then wi' you I'll be gaun."
So I gaid whishtlie' doon the glen
And hame by Ythan-side.

Soap

This story is told in North Carolina, but its theme is a common one in European folktales. Usually the central figure is a simpleton who repeats his instructions over and over, forgetting them when he stumbles.

Th' Owd Chap

In this Lancashire version of "Our Gudeman" (Child 274), our unfortunate hero is neither drunk nor particularly scandalized by the evidence of his wife's infidelity. One feels that he has become accustomed to the weight of his horns and all that matters to him now is having the last querulous work in the verbal battle with his contemptuous spouse.

Th' Owd Chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a pair o' mucky clogs where his owd clogs should be,
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this mucky pair o' clogs where my owd clogs should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
Them's just a couple of pickis-jars me owd mam sent to me,
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT GIRL HOB-NAILS ON A PICKLE-JAB I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Th' Owd Chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a cot on back o' t' door, where his owd cot should be,
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this cot on t' back o' t' door, where my owd cot should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
That's just an owd dish-clout me owd mam sent to me,
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT BUTTONS ON A DISH-CLOUT I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Th' Owd Chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a cot on t' pillow where his owd head should be.
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this head on t' pillow, where my owd head should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
That's just a home-grown turndip me owd mam sent to me,
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT GIRL BIG TEETH IN A TURNIP I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Th' Owd Chap came ower t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a pair of hairy cods where his owd cods should be.
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this pair of hairy cods where my owd cods should be?
Y'owd bugger, ye daft bugger, can't you plainly see?
That's just a couple of home-grown spuds me owd mam sent to me,
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES, ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT HOME-GROWN SPUDS WITH HAIRS ON I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
Th'ewd chap came ow'er t' bank, bawling for his tea,
Saw a girl big standing prick where his owd prick should be,
Come here wife, come here wife, what's this here I see?
How come this girl big standing prick where my owd prick should be?
Y'owd pricker, ye daft pricker, can't you plainly see?
That's just a home-grown carrot me owd mam sent to me.
I'VE BEEN OWER HILLS AND DALES ME LASS,
AND MANY A GRASSY MOOR,
BUT A CARROT DODGIN' A GREAT BIG HOLE I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

Band Five  RATTLING ROARING WILLIE
The hero of this short piece is a fiddle player. Robert Burns added the third stanza as a compliment to his friend William Dronke, a member of the Edinburgh club, The Crochallan Fencibles, and "one of the worthiest fellows in the world."
(English concertina, Peggy Seeger)

O rattling roaring Willie, and he come to the fair
And for to sell his fiddle and buy some other ware,
But paitsin' wi' his fiddle the saut tear blin' his eye. (eye)
O rattlin' roarin' Willie, you're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, com' sell your fiddle, com' sell your fiddle sae fine,
O Willie, com' sell your fiddle and buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle, the world would think I was mad
For mony the rastin' day my fiddle and I have had.

As I come by Crochallies, I cannily see a ben (looked in)
And rattlin' roarin' Willie was sittin' at yon board-end,
Sittin' at yon' board-end amang good company
O rattlin' roarin' Willie, you're welcome hame to me.

Band Six  UP IN WISCONSIN
The writer of this song, Don Lange, lives in Iowa, where he drives trucks for a living. The last verse was written by Peggy Seeger, with Robert MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

Up in Wisconsin just the other day
They bombed a timber with a chemical spray
Wanted it cleared, didn't care how,
Had to have a place to feed the cows....

Up in Alaska, where the men are men,
They hunt timber wolves from an aeroplane;
Pelts don't bring but a dollar or two,
Just enough to pay the pilot and the crew.

CHORUS: LORD I WANT TO GO BACK HOME
AND FISH THOSE COLD CRYSTAL STREAMS,
O LORD, I WANT TO GO BACK HOME ONCE AGAIN
WHERE THE EVERGREENS ARE GREEN.

Way down south, in a bayou swamp,
Alligator lived in a cypress stump,
Posser-man comes with a hook and gun,
Make a briefcase for a rich man's son....

Farmer had a field of oats and hay
Till they come to build another highway,
Condemned his land, bought at their price,
Made a concrete runway out of paradise. (chorus)

They say somewhere, just this side of hell,
You might still find a big blue whale,
They say somewhere, in the land of love,
You can hear the song of the mourning dove....

They say somewhere, out in the wild,
They wouldn't napalm a little child,
They say somewhere, beyond the Screams,
You can still find an American dream. (chorus)

Band Seven  MYSTERIOUS LOVER
Christine Cuthbert is a London teacher who hails from Yorkshire. She wrote this song as part of a songwriting seminar, which took place in London in 1968.

A young girl walked out all alone
In the quiet mist of morning,
The fields were black as any stone,
And the winter day was dawning.

She dipped her hand into the stream,
In the quiet mist of morning,
She looked down where the elders lean
For springtime was coming.

There came a gentle, smiling man,
In the quiet mist of morning,
He took her gently by the hand,
And springtime was flowering.

He laid her down in the birchwood glade,
In the quiet mist of morning,
She were glad to be no more a maid,
For summertime was blooming.

He drew her up and held her there
In the quiet mist of morning,
She was a bird, she was a star;
And summertime was blazing.

But when she turned to look at him,
In the quiet mist of morning,
She held an oak tree in her arms,
And winter snow was falling.

Band Eight  I'M A ROVER
This handsome nightingale has become one of the great club choruses throughout Britain. It is generally used to wind up a Saturday night at the Singers' Club.
(English concertina, Peggy Seeger)

CHORUS: I'M A ROVER AND SELDOM SOBER
I'M A ROVER OF HIGH DEGREE,
IT'S WHEN I'M DRINKIN' I'M ALWAYS THINKIN'
HOW TO GAIN MY LOVE'S COMPANY.

Though the night be as dark as dungeon
And no' a star to be seen above,
I will be guided without a stumble
Into the arms o' my ain true love. (chorus)

He steppit up to her bedroom window,
Kneelit' gently upon a stone,
He rappit at her bedroom window,
O darlin', dear, do you lie alone? (chorus)

She raised her head on her snow-white pillow
Wi' her arms about her breast,
Was it that at my bedroom window,
Disturbing me at my lang night's rest? (chorus)

It's only me, your ain true lover,
Open the door, love, and let me in,
For I am come on a lang journey
And I am near drenched to the skin. (chorus)

She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,
She opened the door and she let him in,
They bathed shoo hands and embraced each other,
Until the morning, they lay as fin. (chorus) (one)

The day was dawning', the cocks were crowin',
The birks they ran frae above the brae.
Remember lass, I'm a poorman laddie
And the feisherman must obey. (chorus)

Fare ye well, lass, I must leave thee
Though the hills they are high above,
But I will climb them wi' greater pleasure
Since I've been in the arms o' my love. (chorus)