Band o' Shearers

Band o' Shearers
or GANG NAE MAIR TAE THE SHEARING

When simmer days and heather bells
Come reelin ower yon hieland hills
There's yellow corn in a' the fields
And the autumn brings the shearin'

cho: Bonnie lassie, will ye gang
And shear wi' me the whole day lang?
And love will cheer us as we gang
Tae join the band o' shearers

And gin the weather, it be hot
I'll cast my cravat and cast me coat
And we will join the happy lot
As they gang tae the shearin'

And gin the thistle be ower strang
An' pierce your lily, milk white hand
It's wi' my hook, I'll cut it doon
As we gang tae the band o' shearers

An' if the folk that's passing by
Say there is love 'tween you and I
An' we will proudly pass them by
As we gae tae the shearin'

An' when the shearin' is a' dune
We'll hae some roaring, rantin' fun
We'll hae some roarin', rantin fun
An' forget the toils o' shearin'

final cho:
So bonnie lassie, bricht and fair
Will ye be mine for ever mair?
Gin ye'll be mine, syne I'll be thine
And we'll gang nae mair tae the shearin'
sung by Norman Kennedy
from Willie Scott Songbook
SOF