Bawbee Allan

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It fell aboot the Martinmas time
When the green leaves they were fallin';
Then Sir John Graeme, o' the North Countrie
Fell in love with Bawbee Allan.

He's sent a man a' through the toon
Tae the place where she was dwellin',
"Come doon, come doon to my master dear
Gin ye're name be Bawbee Allan."

Oh hooly, hooly rose she up
And slowly she gaed to him;
An' when she cam' tae his bedside
"Young man, I think you're dyin'"

"It's I am sick and very sick
An' it's a' for Bawbee Allan."
"It's better for me ye'll never be
For bonnie Bawbee Allan.

"When ye were in the tavern, sir
An' at the wine a'swillin'
Ye made the toast gang roon and roun
And ye slighted Bawbee Allan."

He's turned his face unto the wa'
An' death was wi' him dealin'
"Then fare ye weel, my dear friends a'
But be kind to Bawbee Allan.

"Then pit your hand anienst the wa'
And there ye'll find a token,
Wi' my gold watch and my gold ring
Gie that tae Bawbee Allan.

"Then pit your hand anienst my side
An there ye'll find a warran'
An there ye'll get my blood-red sark
It bled for Bawbee Allan.

She had nae gane a step, a step,

When she heard the deith bell knellin'
And ilka clap the deith-bell gied
Said "Wae" tae Bawbee Allan.

"Oh mither, dear, ye'll mak' my bed
Ye'll mak' it saft and narrow;
My love has died for me this day
I'll die for him tomorrow.

From singing of Ewan MacColl
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