Davy Faa

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

There was a jolly tinker lad cam' tae this farm hoose
"Have ye any pots or pans or candlesticks to mend
Or have ye any lodgin's for me, a single man?"

Weel, the farmer he thocht it nae harm the tinker for tae keep
The lassie she thocht it nae harm the tinker's bed tae mak'
But the tinker followed after her and he did bar the door

He's catched her by the middle sma' and laid her on the floor
He's catched her by the middle sma' and up against the door
Twas there he took the wills o' her afore she was won awa'

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

Six weeks had passed and gone, this maid grew white and pale
Nine months and summer brocht her forth a bonnie son
"And since the baby's born," said she, "I'll ca' him Davy Faa
And we'll mind upon the happy nicht among the bales o' straw"

"For it's any man that weds my girl, it's he'll get lands quite free
For any man that weds my girl, he will get gowd quite free
For although she's lost her maidenhead, oh what's the waur is she?"

recorded by Jean Redpath on Song of the Seals
SOF