Lass of Glenshee (3)

Lass of Glenshee (3)
(Andrew Sharpe)

Ae braw summer day, when the heather was blooming,
And the silent hills hummed wi' the honey-lade bee,
I met a fair maid as I hameward was roaming,
A-herding' her sheep on the hills o7 Glenshee.

'The rose on her cheek, it was gem'd wi' a dimple,
And blithe was the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e,
Her face was enchantin' sae sweet and sae simple,
My heart soon belanged to the lass o' Glenshee.

I kiss`d and caress'd her, and said, "My dear lassie,
If you will but gang to St. Johnstone wi' me
There's nane o' the fair shall set foot on the causeway
Wi' clothing mair fine than the lass o' Glenshee.

"A carriage o' pleasure ye shall ha'e to ride in,
And folks shall say 'madam' when they speak to thee:
An' servant ye'll ha'e for to beck at your biddin',
I'll make you my lady, sweet lass o' Glenshee."

"Oh! mock na me, sir, wi' your carriage to ride in,
Nor think that your grandeur I value a flea:
I would think mysel' blessed in a coatie o' plaidin',
Wi' an innocent herd on the hills o' Glenshee."

"Believe me, dear lassie, Caledonia's clear waters
May alter their course and run back frae the sea
Her brave, hardy sons may submit to the fetters,
But alter what will I'll be constant to thee,

The lark may forget his sweet sang in the mornin'.
The spring may forget to revive on the lea,
But never will I, while my senses do govern,
Forget to be kind to the lass o' Glenshee.

Oh. leave me, sweet lad, for I am sure I would blunder.
An' set a' the gentry a-laughin' at me:
They are book-taught ill manners. baith auld and young yonder
A thing we ken nocht o' up here in Glenshee

"They would say look at him wi' his dull Highland lady,
Set up for a show in a window sae hie,
Rol'd up like a witch in a hameit-spun plaidie,
And, pointing, they'd jeer at the lass o' Glenshee

Dinna think o' sic stories, but come up behind me.
Ere Phoebus gae round my sweet bride you shall be
This night, in my arms, I'1l dote on you kindly:
She smiled, she consented. I took her wi me.

Now years hae gane by since we buskit thegither.
And seasons ha'e changed, but nae change is wi` me,
She's ever as gay as th' fine summer weather.
When the sun's at its height on the hill o' Glenshee

To meet wi' my Jenny my life I would venture,
She's sweet as the echo that rings on the lea,
She's spotless and pure as the snaw-robe o' winter.
When laid out to bleach on the hills o' Glenshee

DT #471
Laws O6
From Cazden et al, Folk Songs of the Catskills
text from R. Ford, 1904
SOF
oct97

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.