Lauchie Wilson

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I'm Lauchie Wilson, the weaver's son,
An' I come fraae Rutherglen toon,
An' mony's the happy nicht I've spent
Alang wi' Geordie Broon.
Noo Geordie he lives at the croft
An' dochters he has twa,
An' ane fine nicht in the month o' May
There was ane o' them ran awa'.

O, I think I'll gang and droon mysel'
In the deepedt part o' Clyde,
But water-rats and Simmer sprats
Wi' me they micht abide.
If there's ony lassie here the nicht
That's ta'en a notion o' me,
Just write a letter tae oor hoose
In' invite me tae my tea.

I'm Lauchie Wilson, the weaver's son
An' I wrocht in Harvey's dike,
Fu'in' tatties, cuttin' hay
And corn when it's ripe.

From Personal Choice, MacColl
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