

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Bonny Shepherd Lad

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There was a bonny shepherd lad, kept sheep on yonder hill
He fell in wi' Loughie's daughter and he vowed to hae his will

cho: Singin' heigh ho the mornin' dew, heigh ho the rose an rue
Follow me my bonny lass for I'll nae follow you

Noo he couked her on a grassy bank, the lassie fer tae please
But aye she sighed and sweetly cried but wouldnae pairt her knees

Noo it's easy easy wi' me, Sir, and ye shall hae yer will
Gin we lay down in the bothy at the back o' yonder hill

But she snecked and barred the bothy door, and merrily did shout
Now I'm a maiden here within and you a fool without

And my faither bought at great expense a grand high-steppin gray
But when he put her tae a fence she backed and backed away

And yer like a cock ma faither had, it crowed and waved it's camb
And ne'er a hen trod in the yard, I think yer just the same

And my mither bought a likely hen on last St. Martin's day
She clucked and clucked and clucked again but still she'd never lay

Oh, the de'il gang wi' ye lassie, gin the bridal bed ye see
Ye'll be coupit down and loupit on by a lesser man than me

From an album of Scottish songs by Celia Fisher and Artie
Tresize.

I just have to grin at the image of the outwitted shepherd lad
exchanging insults with the bonny lass until finally he retreats,
stroking his ego as he goes...JW

Child #112

JW

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