

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Lads o' Wamphray

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TWIXT the Girthhead and Langwood-end  
Livd the Galiard and Galiard's men.

It is the lads of Lethenha,  
The greatest rogues among them a'.

It is the lads of Leverhay,  
That drove the Crichtons' gier away.

It is the lads o the Kirkhill,  
The gay Galiard and Will o Kirkhill,

But and the lads o Stefenbiggin,  
They broke the house in at the riggin.

The lads o Fingland and Hellbackhill,  
They were neer for good, but aye for ill.

Twixt the Staywood Bass and Langside Hill,  
They stelld the broked cow and branded bull.

It is the lads o the Girthhead,  
The diel's in them for pride and greed.

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The Galiard is to the stable gane;  
Instead of the Dun, the Blind he's taen.

`Come out now, Simmy o the Side,  
Come out and see a Johnston ride!

`Here's the boniest horse in a' Nithside,  
And a gentle Johnston aboon his hide.'

Simmy Crichton's mounted then,  
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane.

The Galiard thought his horse had been fleet,  
But they did outstrip him quite out o sight.

As soon as the Galiard the Crichton he saw,  
Beyond the saugh-bush he did draw.

The Crichtons there the Galiard hae taen,  
And nane wi him but Willy alane.

`O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,  
And I vow I'll neer do a Crichton wrang!

`O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,  
And a peck o goud I'll gie to thee!

`O Simmy, Simmy, let me gang,  
And my wife shall heap it wi her hand!'

But the Crichtons wadna let Willy bee,  
But they hanged him high upon a tree.

O think then Will he was right wae,  
When he saw his uncle guided sae.

`But if ever I live Wamphray to see,  
My uncle's death revenged shall be!'

Back to Wamphray Willy's gane,  
And riders has raised mony a ane.

Saying, My lads, if ye'll be true,  
Ye's a' be clad in the noble blue.

Back to Nidsdale they are gane,  
And away the Crichtons' nout they hae taen.

As they came out at the Wallpath-head,  
The Crichtons bad them light and lead.

And when they came to the Biddess-burn,  
The Crichtons bad them stand and turn.

And when they came to the Biddess-strand,  
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.

But when they cam to the Biddess-law,  
The Johnstons bad them stand and draw.

Out then spake then Willy Kirkhill:  
`Of fighting, lads, ye's hae your fill.'

Then off his horse Willy he lap,

And a burnishd brand in his hand he took.

And through the Crichtons Willy he ran,  
And dang them down both horse and man.

O but these lads were wondrous rude,  
When the Biddess-burn ran three days blood!

`I think, my lads, we've done a noble deed;  
We have revengd the Galiard's blood.

`For every finger o the Galiard's hand,  
I vow this day I've killed a man.'

And hame for Wamphray they are gane,  
And away the Crichtons' nout they've taen.

`Sin we've done na hurt, nor we'll take na wrang,  
But back to Wamphray we will gang.'

As they came in at Evanhead,  
At Reaklaw-holm they spred ahead.

`Drive on, my lads, it will be late;  
We'll have a pint at Wamphray Gate.

`For where eer I gang, or eer I ride,  
The lads o Wamphray's on my side.

`For of a' the lads that I do ken,  
The lads o Wamphray's king o men.'

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