

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Auld Fisher's Last Wish

The Auld Fisher's Last Wish  
(Thomas Doubleday)

The morn is grey, and green the brae, the wind is frae the wast;  
Before the gale the snow-white clouds are drivin', light and fast;  
The airly sun is glintin' forth, owre hill, an' dell, an' plain,  
And Coquet's streams are glitt'rn as they rin frae muir to main.

My Sun is set; my eyne are wet; cauld poortith now is mine,  
Nae mair I'll range by Coquetside, and thraw the gleesome line;  
Nae mair I'll see her bonnie streams in spring-bright raiment drest,  
Save in the dream that stirs the heart, when the weary e'e's at rest.

Oh! were my limbs as ance they were, to jink across the green;  
And were my heart as light again as sometimes it has been;  
And could my fortunes blink again, as erst when youth was sweet,  
Then, Coquet, hap what might betide, we'd no be lang to meet.

Or had I but the Cushat's wing, where'er I list to flee,  
And wi' a wish might wend my way owre hill, an' dale, an' lea;  
'Tis there I'd fauld that weary wing; there gaze my latest gaze;  
Content to see thee once again, then sleep beside thy Braes!

From "Allan's Illustrated Edition of Tyneside Songs and Readings," 1891. CB  
Words: Thomas Doubleday, 1841; tune: traditional, "My Love is Newly Listed."  
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