

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dreg Song

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I rade to London yesterday
On a crucket hay-cock,
Hay-cock, quo' the seale to the eel,
Cock nae I my tail weel?
Tail-weel, or if hare,
Hunt the dog frae the deer,
Hunt the dog frae the deil-drum;
Kend ye na Johny Young?
John Young and John Auld
Strove about the moniefald;
Jemmy Jimp and Jenny Jeus
Bought a pair of jimp deus,
Wi' nineteen stand of feet;
Kend ye nae white breek?
White breek and steel pike,
Kiss't the lass behind the dyke,
Kiss't the lass behind the dyke,
And she whalpet a bairnie;
Hey hou Harry, Harry,
Mony a boat skail'd the ferry,
Mony a boat, mony a ship;
Tell me a true note;
True note, true song,
I've dreg'd o'er long,
O'er lang, o'er late,
Quo' the haddock to the scate,
Quo' the scate to the eel,
Cock na I my tail weel?
Tail weel, and gins better,
It's written in a letter:
Andrew Murray said to Meg,
How many hens hae you wi' egg?
Steek the door and thraw the crook,
Grape you and I'se look;
Put your finger in her dock,
And see gin she lays thereout,
She lays thereout days ane,
Sae dis he days twa,
Sae dis he days three,
Sae dis he days four,
Quo' the carle o' Aberdour;
Aberdour, Aberdeen,

Grey claith to the green,
Grey claith to the sands,
Trip it, trip it through the lands;
Thro' lands, or if hare,
Hunt the dog frae the deer,
Hunt the deer frae the dog,
Waken, waken, Willie Tod,
Willie Tod, Willie Tay,
Cleckit in the month of May,
Month of May and Averile,
Good skill o' raisins,
Jentlens and fentlens,
Jeery ory alie;
Weel row'd five men,
As weel your ten,
The oysters are a gentle kin,
They winna tak unless you sing.
Come buy my oysters aff the bing,
To serve the sheriff and the king,
And the commons o' the land,
And the commons o' the sea;
Hey benedicete, and that's good Latin.

Herd 1776, II.163 [cf. "Said the haddock to the skate",
"The carle sits upo' the sea".] Last 7 lines in SC (144,
no. 257).

MS