

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dugall Quin

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DUGALL QUIN came to the toun,
An he's ben lang awaa,
An he is one to Lissie's bed,
Tartan, trues, an a'.

`Hou wad ye leak me, Lisie,' he says,
`Gin that I war yer ain,
We raged cot apon my back,
An singel-soled sheen,
A littel we bonnet on my head,
An tua merry wenking ean?'

`Well wad I leak ye, Dugall,' she says,
`Gin that ye war my ain,
We ragged coat upon yer back,
An singel-soled sheen,
A littel we bonnet on yer head,
An tua merry wenking eyn.

`Hou wad ye leak me, Dugall,' she says,
`Gin I wer yer ain,
We silken sneed upon my head,
An gold fann in my hand,
An madins ning, a' clead in green,
To be att my comand?'

`Well wad I leak ye, Lisie,' he says,
`Gin ye wer my ain,
We silken sneed upon yer head,
An a goud fan in yer hand,
An madins nine, a' clad in green,
To be att yer command.

`Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,
`Follou me throu Farie,
An reap the boddoms of my pakets,
An ye'll gett tempeng chiss of farei.'

Outspak her father, says,
Lissie, I widna wish ye,
For gin ye gay we this young man
They will say I ha bat lost ye.

`O had yer toung, my father dear,
For a' that winne brake me;
For I will gaa we this young man,
Since it's his will to take me.'

`Follou me nou, Lisse:,' he says,
`An follou me throu Farie,
An reap the boddom of my poket,
An ye'll gett tempeng chess of farie.'

`Wea matt worth yer well-fared face,
Alas that ever I saa ye!
The first an thing that ever ye gaa to me
Was the tempen chess of farie.'

Dugall Quin read down the toun,
Upon Dumfarling's horses,
An Lisie Meanes folloued him,
For a' her father's forces.

`Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,
`An follou me our Boggie;
I ill make ye lady of ning mills,
An lady of bonny Garloge:.'

She has folloued her trou-love
An folloued him our Boggie,
An she has marred Dugall Quin,
An lives belou Strathbogy.

Child #294

LMP