

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Gled Cam Owre the Stormy Sea, the

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The gled cam owre the stormy sea,
And says to me, and says to me,
I hae seen mony a braw thing
Wad mak the bells o' Embro ring!
As I cam by the Bass Rock,
There wis birdies in a flock,
Makin' them a waddin' braw
Atween a wilmot an' a crow.
The seamew read the waddin' grace,
And keekit in the bridegroom's face;
Tammie Norie drew the bell,
He was a handsome lad himsel',
But aye he kept his leesome lane
And turned him tae the wa' again.
The feast wis fu' o' richt guid meat,
The fishes they were guid tae eat,
And then they had the waddin' wine,
I've no had better sin' lang syne.
As soon as a' the feast was owre,
The crow she then began tae glower,
And aft she sighed, and aft she said,
O wae's me on the mairriage-bed!
'Twas then they a' began a dance,
And bobbed and becked, and reeled and pranced,
Said fareweel tae the linket pair,
And that was a'--I saw nae mair.

Coll. by M.S., Newbattle, 1973, dated to c. 1915.

Another Hogmanay rhyme beginning with the same words is

A Gude Noo Year,
A bottle o' beer,
A skelp ee lug
For next Noo Year.

(Rodger, Lang Strang [1948], 48.)

MS
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