

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Gruel

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There was a weaver o' the north
And oh, but he was cruel;
The very first nicht that he got wed.
He sat and grat for gruel.
He widna wint his gruel,
He widna wint his gruel.
The very first nicht that he got wed.
He sat and grat for gruel.

There is nae a pot in a' the hoose
That I can mak' your gruel.
Oh, the washing pot it'll dae wi' me.
For I mun hae ma gruel.
For I mun hae ma gruel.
I canna wint ma gruel.
Oh the washing pot it'll dae wi' me.
For I mun hae ma gruel.
There is nae a spoon in a' the hoose
That ye can sup your gruel.
Oh, the gairden spade it'll dae wi' me.
For I mun hae ma gruel.
For I mun hae ma gruel.
I canna wint ma gruel.
The gairden spade it'll dae wi' me
For I mun hae ma gruel.

She gaed ben the hoose for cakes and wine,
She brocht them on a towel ;
Oh gae awa, gae awa, with your fol-de-rols.
For I mun hae ma gruel.
For I mun hae ma gruel.
I canna wint ma gruel.
Oh gae awa, gae awa, with your fol-de-rols.
For I mun hae ma gruel.

Come all young lasses take my advice
And never marry a weaver;
The very first nicht that he got wed.
He sat and grat for gruel.
He widna wint his gruel.
He widna wint his gruel.
Oh, the very first nicht that he got wed,

He sat and he grat for gruel.

tune: Lincolnshire Poacher

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