

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Pennyworth of Pins

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1.
I'll gie you a pennyworth o' preens,
That's aye the way that love begins;
If ye'll walk with me, leddy, leddy,
If ye'll walk with me, leddy.

I'll no hae your pennyworth o' preens,
That's no the way that love begins;
And I'll no walk with you, with you,
And I'll no walk with you.

O Johnie, O Johnie, what can the matter be,
That I love this leddy, and she loves na me?
And for he sake I must die, must die,
And for her sake I must die!

I'll gie you a bonny silver box,
With seven silver hinges, and seven silver locks,
If ye'll walk, &c.

I'll no hae your bonny silver box,
With seven silver hinges, and seven silver locks,
And I'll no walk, &c.

O Johnie, O Johnie [as in 3rd verse].

But I'll gie you a bonnier silver box,
With seven golden hinges, and seven golden locks,
If ye'll walk, &c.

I'll no hae [as in 5th verse].

O Johnie [as in 3rd verse].

I'll gie you a pair o' bonny shoon,
The tane made in Sodom, the tother in Rome,
If ye'll walk, &c.

I'll no hae [as in 5th verse].

O Johnie [as in 3rd verse].

I'll gie you the half o' Bristol town,
With coaches rolling up and down,
If ye'll walk, &c.

I'll no hae [as in 5th verse].

O Johnie [as in 3rd verse].

I'll gie you the hale o' Bristol town,
With coaches rolling up and down,
If ye'll walk with me, leddy, leddy,
If ye'll walk with me, leddy.

If ye'll gie me the hale o' Bristol town,
With coaches rolling up and down,
I will walk with you, with you,
And I will walk with you.

2.
Oh, I'll gie you a dress o' red,
A' stitched roon wi' a silver thread,
If you will marry, arry arry arry,
If you will marry me.

Oh I'll no' tak your dress o' red,
Aw stitched roon wi' a silver thread,
An' I'll no marry, arry, arry, arry,
An' I'll no marry you.

Well, I'll gie you a silver spoon,
Tae feed the wean in the efternoon,
If you, etc.

Oh I'll no' tak your silver spoon,
Tae feed the wean in the efternoon,
An' I'll no' marry, etc.

Well I'll gie you the keys o' my chest,
An' aw the money that I possess,
If you, etc.

Oh yes I'll tak the keys o' your chest,
An' aw the money that you possess,
An' I will marry, arry, arry, arry,
An' I will marry you.

Oh ma Goad, ye're helluva' funny,
Ye dinna love me but ye love my money,
An I'll no marry, arry, arry, arry,

An' I'll no marry you!

(1) Chambers PRS (1847), 213 (1870), 61, titled "The Tempted Lady"; whence Montgomerie SNR 74 (no. 86) [cf. "Dig for silver"]. In Moffat 50 TSNR (1933), 15, with music (st. 1,2,4,5,16,17).

R.C. introduces it thus (the old nurse speaks):

"Noo, lasses, ye should never be owre proud; for ye see there was ance a leddy, and she was aye fond o' being brawer than other folk; so she gaed awa' to take a walk ae day, her and her brother: so she met wi' a gentleman-but it was nae gentleman in reality, but Auld Nick himsel', who can change himsel' brawly into a gentleman-a' but the cloven feet; but he keepit them out o' sight. So he began to make love to the young leddy" [rhyme follows; then] And aff he flew wi' her! Noo, lasses, ye see ye maun aye mind that."

(2) Glasgow street song, coll. by ed. 1957; Buchan 101 SS (1962), 143, with music. Disc: Hall-MacGregor. With slight variations in Fraser Dae Ye Min' Langsyne? (1975), 116.

Cf. Opies Singing Game (1985), 140 (with a tune from 1863); and Delia Murphy's Irish version, "If you will marry me", in Walton's New Treasury of Irish Songs and Ballads part 2 (Dublin, 1966), 80. MS

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