

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Whirley Wha

The Whirley Wha

There was a bridal in our town
Upon a holy day,
And there was muckle, muckle mirth,
And there was muckle play.
The bells were rung, the auld wives sung,
We to the kirk gied a',
When the bride came hame wi' her silly bridegroom,
To play wi' his whirleywha.

First she turn'd her back to him,
And then she turn'd her wame,
And lang she look'd for kindness,
But kindness there was nane.
She took him in her arms twa'
And kiest him 'gainst the wa',
Says--Ly ye there, ye silly auld diel,
Ye've lost your whirleywha.

What's this my father's dane to me?
He's dane me muckle ill,
He's wedded me to a silly auld man,
Sair, sair against my will.
Had I been married to ony young man,
Though never a sark ava',
He's lovingly squeeze me in his arms,
And play'd wi'th's [sic] whirleywha.

Now a' the lasses o' our town,
They bear me muckle envy,
But gin their case was bad as mine
Their cheeks wou'd never dry.
But I'll dress mysell in ribbons fine,
Nae body was e'er sae braw,
And hire some bonny young lad o' my ain,
To play wi' his whirleywha.

Buchan, *Secret Songs of Silence* (1832), [MS. at Harvard], pp. 80-81.

PB gives a footnote: "This was written by Mary Hay, daughter of one of the Earls of Errol, after she was married to General Scott, from whom she eloped for want of --." In st. 3.2, Buchan originally by mistake wrote "wrang" (cf. the similar error of Cunningham).

MS
apr00