

# A Yankee Lad's Love - song lyrics

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A YANKEE LAD'S LOVE.

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Words by A. G. Burgoyne. Music by Louis Frederick.

Twixt Yankee laddie and Scottish lassie,  
Words of anger passed one day,  
And he was sighing, she was saucy,  
Proud and jealous sweethearts were they.  
Lover's quarrels are quick in the starting,  
Quick in the going, like sunshowers in May,  
And so they smiled and kissed at the parting;  
Happily homeward they wended their way, singing-

Chorus.

Scottish songs, like "Annie Laurie,"

"Robin, tell me why,"

And "Bonnie Jean," "Blue bells of Scotland,"

"Comin' thro' the rye."

Next day the bugle note resounding  
Called to war that Yankee lad.  
And he, in trappings gay, was saucy;  
She, poor lass, was silent and sad.  
Time rolled on, and there came not a message,  
Never a line to say, "Love, I am true,"  
Was he dead or had he forgotten  
Sweet summer evenings when his sweetheart he'd woo, singing- Cho.

But Yankee ladies are not fickle,  
Yankee vows are ne'er in vain,  
And so the wand'rer, true forever,  
One fine day came home again.  
Church belle gaily rang out for the wedding.  
Soon at the altar they stood side by side,  
And Scottish maidens still tell the story.  
And long for a Yankee that's hunting a bride.-Chorus.