

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Buck o' Kingwatter

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(Robert Anderson)

When I was single I rid a feyne naig
And was caw'd the Buck o' King Watter, *
Now the cwoat o' my back has got but ae sleeve
And my breeks are a in a tatter.

CHO: Sing Oh! The lasses! The lazy lasses,
Keep frae the lasses o' Branton,
I ne'er wad hae married, that day I married
But I was young, feulish and wanton.

I courtet a lass an angel I thowt-
She's noo turn'd a picture ov evil;
She geapes, yen may coont ivry tuith in her heed,
An bawls fit to freeten the deevil.

To-day she slipt oot, some 'bacco to buy,
An bade me meynd rock the cradle;
I cowpt owre asleep, but suin she corn in,
An then brak mey heed wi' the ladle.

I ne'er hed a neart to hannel a gun,
Or I'd run away an leave her,
She pretens to win purns ** but that's aw fun,
They say she's owre keynd wi' the weaver.

I dinnerless gang ae hawf o' the week;
If we get a bit collop on Sunday,
She cuts me nee mair ner wad physic a sneype;
Then we've tateys an point, on Monday.

Tho' weary o'leyfe, wid' a guid-fer-nowt weyfe,
I wish I cud git sec anudder,
An then I cud give the deevil the teane,
For teakin away the tudder!

Keep frae the lasses o' Branton!
I ne'er wad hae married, the day I married,
But I was young, feulish, an wanton.

* The river King near Gilsland.

** Purn-(1) a Quil or Reed (2) the yarn wound on a Reed.

Theme: A far from kind commentary upon the qualities of the ladies of Branton
(Brampton - a market town to the east of Carlisle).

Tune - The Breckans O' Branton

JiB

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