

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Coble O Cargill

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DAVID DRUMMOND'S destinie,
Gude man o appearance o Cargill;
I wat his blude rins in the flude,
Sae sair against his parents' will.

She was the lass o Balathy toun,
And he the butler o Stobhall,
And mony a time she wauked late
To bore the coble o Cargill.

His bed was made in Kercock ha,
Of gude clean sheets and of the hay;
He wudna rest ae nicht therein,
But on the prude waters he wud gae.

His bed was made in Balathy toun,
Of the clean sheets and of the strae;
But I wat it was far better made
Into the bottom o bonnie Tay.

She bored the coble in seven pairts,
I wat her heart might hae been fu sair;
For there she got the bonnie lad lost
Wi the curly locks and the yellow hair.

He put his foot into the boat,
He little thocht o ony ill;
But before that he was mid-waters,
The weary coble began to fill.

`Woe be to the lass o Balathy toun,
I wat an ill death may she die!
For she bored the coble in seven pairts,
And let the waters perish me.

`Oh, help, oh help, I can get nane,
Nae help o man can to me come!
This was about his dying words,
When he was choaked up to the chin.

`Gae tell my father and my mother
It was naebody did me this ill;

I was a-going my ain errands,
Lost at the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

She bored the boat in seven pairts,
I wat she bored it wi gude will;
And there they got the bonnie lad's corpse,
In the kirk-shot o bonnie Cargill.

Oh a' the keys o bonnie Stobha
I wat they at his belt did hing;
But a' the keys of bonnie Stobha
They now ly low into the stream.

A braver page into his age
Neer set a foot upon the plain;
His father to his mother said,
'Oh, sae soon as we've wanted him!

'I wat they had mair luv than this
When they were young and at the scule;
But for his sake she wauked late,
And bored the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

'There's neer a clean sark gae on my back,
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;
There's neither coal nor candle-licht
Shall shine in my bouir foe evir mair.

'At kirk nor market I'se neer be at,
Nor yet a blythe blink in my ee;
There's neer a ane shall say to anither,
That's the lassie gard the young man die.

'Between the yates o bonnie Stobha
And the kirk-style o bonnie Cargill,
There is mony a man and mother's son
That was at my love's burial.'

Child #242

Version in Child from Motherwell
LMP