

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Hoo Mony Miles is It tae Glesca-Lea?

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1.

Hoo mony miles is it tae Glesca-Lea?

Sixty, seventy, eighty-three.

Will I be there gin canle licht?

Juist if yer legs be lang and ticht.

Open yer gates and let me through!

No without a beck and a boo.

There's yer beck and there's yer boo,

Open yer gates and let me through!

2.

"Hoo mony miles tae Babylon?

"Six, or seven, or aucht, or ten."

"Will I get there by caun'le licht?"

"Just if your legs are lang an' ticht."

(1) J.M. McBain, *Arbroath: Past and Present* (1887),

whence SC (1948) 73 (no. 96).

(2) MacLennan SNR (1909), 11.

Moffat 50 TSNR (1933), 29 (with music), = no. 1 above, with

var.: How many miles to Babylon?/ ten, Sir// Yes, and back

again, Sir! -- more resembling the English versions, as also

in Ritchie *Golden City* (1965), 150 (and 151, variant). There

are two rows facing each other, each singing their own line,

becking (bending backward) and bowing at the appropriate

points. At line 8 Row 2 forms itself into arches, and Row 1

rush through, forming the next Row 2; and so on.

Cf. "Chick my naigie", "King and Queen of Cantelon"; also

"My theerie and my thorie", no. 6. [ODNR ("Babylon"), 63 (no. 26),

with refs.]

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