

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Linplum Windings

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Come all ye fine fellows, I pray you give ear
I pray you look twice before ye leap once
For there's mony a chap has been caught in a snare
Wi' takin a loup before he was shair, laddie,
Singing fol de lol lay, laddie, fol lol lay.

Aye, I'll warn ye all, the time's drawin nigh,
Dinna hire tae yon Red Raw they ca' Linkylee
For depend if ye do, yer sorrows will come
If ye hire tae auld Hall, the auld grieve o' Linplum, laddie,
Singing fol de lol lay, laddie, fol lol lay.

Aye I ken o' a chap, an a gie Hielan chiel,
That wis yince sent tae feer that very same field,
An the big Johnnie, he bubbled and grat,
When his ploo widna work and his horse took the sprat, laddie,
Singing fol de lol lay, laddie, fol lol lay.

That lad be cam hame wi' a tear in his ee
Said nae mair will ah feer that field o' Auld Lee
Of all the places that ever I've seen
The windings beat a' that ever I've seen, laddie
Singing fol de lol lay, laddie, fol lol lay.

Well I think a' about plooin' I've said very weel
I'll tell ye noo somethin concerning our mill
If gaun tae thresh auld Puff gies a shout
Every yin tae their places and tak turn aboot, laddie,
Singing fol de lol lay, laddie, fol lol lay.

Aye there's twa yokin cairts, the stack for tae drive
There's twa in the laft the sheaves tae untie
And if the orraman the sheaves disna get
He turns on the weemin like a bull in a fit, laddie
Singing fol de lol lay, laddie, fol lol lay.

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Sung by Dod Hay. The farm of Linkylee, the homefarm of the Linplum estate, lies between Gifford Morham and Garvald.

loup = leap
shair = sure
yince = once

feer = a ploughing term

grat = cried

sprat = unclear

windings = a ploughing term (the windings went out and the 'happens'
went in until the field was complete)

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