

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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My Collier Laddie

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'O, where live ye, my bonnie lass,
And tell me how they ca'ye ?'
'My name,'she says,'is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the collier laddie.'

'O, see you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie ?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie!

'An ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy,
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie!

'Tho ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my collier laddie.

'I can win my five pennies in a day,
An spend it at night fu brawlie,
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi my collier laddie.

'Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
Tho the wee cot-house should haud me,
And the warld before me to win my bread-
And fair fa' my collier laddie!'

ARB