

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Wind, the Wind

The Wind, the Wind

1.

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
The rain comes scattering from the sky;
Lizzie Johnston says she'll die
For all the boys on the rolling tide.

She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the flower of the golden city;
She is just by one, two, three;
Pray come tell me who shall be.

Now they've got married with hope and great joy,
Every year after a girl or a boy;
Loving each other like sister and brother,
I pray, young couple, come kiss together.

2.

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
The rain comes sparkling down from sky,
This little girl says she'll die
For want of a lover with a rolling eye.
Johnnie Noble says he'll have her,
Someone else is waiting for her;
Wait ere Johnnie grows some bigger,
He will kiss her in his gigie,
Crack the whip, and away he'll go
To Newcastle races O.

3.

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
The rain comes dashing from the sky.
[Girl's name] she must die
For her lover in the golden sky.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the girl of the Golden City,
She has lovers one two three,
Pray her tell me who they be.

4.

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
Rain comes dashing from the sky,

For her lover she must die,
For the want of the Golden City.

She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the girl of the Golden City;
She has lovers, one, two, three
Pray now tell me who they be.

5.

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high,
The snow comes scattering from the sky.
Jeannie Rodger says she'll die-ie,
For the lad with the rolling eye-eye.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the girl from the golden city.
She has lovers, one, two, three-ee,
Pray come and tell me, who is he.
Harry so-and-so says he loves her;
All the boys are fighting for her.
Wait till Harry grows some bigger,
He will drive her on the digger.

6.

Weary, weary, waiting on you,
I shall wait no longer now.
Three times have I whistled on you,
Lovie, are you coming out?
The wind blows high, the wind blows low,
The snow comes scattering down below.
Isn't Jeannie very, very pretty?
She is the pride of London city.
She is the pride of one, two, three.
Please come and tell me, who is he.

Harry so-and-so says he loves her,
All the boys are fighting for her.
Let the boys say what they will,
Harry so-and-so loves her still.

(1) Greig FSNE clii.2, from Orkney; (2) *ibid.* clix.2 (Kininmonth). (3) skipping song, sung by Jackie Mearns and other children in Aberdeen, from Lomax, Scotland (gramophone disc), Side A no. 8(d). (4) MacColl Streets of Song, no. 15; girls' ring game, learned in Glasgow. (5) Rodger Lang Strang (1948), 35. "The girls stand in a circle and choose a girl for the centre. She tells her `lad's name' to two of the girls. They then sing the last four lines. We used to give `daft names', e.g., Lang Tam." (6) Rodger, *loc. cit.*

Gomme Trad. Games II (1898), 389, has versions supplied by Gregor from Tyrie and other places, rather close to (5) above, with differs: 2 rain comes sparkling 4 For a lad with a rolling eye. 6 flower 7 She's got lovers 8 Come pray and tell me who they be. 9-12 [A boy's name] says he'll have her./ Some one else is waiting for her./ Lash the whip and away we go/
this: 10 In his bosom he will clap her 8 seq. Wait till [a boy's name] grows some bigger./ He will ride her in his giggie./ Lash your whip and away you go/ To see Newcastle races, O! [Pittulie] Another has: 4 For the want of the golden eye [Fochabers]. A further Perth version (p. 390) runs: The wind blows high, and the wind blows low./ The snow comes scattering down below./ Is not ---- very pretty?/ She is the flower of one, two, three./ Please to tell me who is he./ ---- says he loves her./ All the boys are fighting for her./ Let the boys say what they will./ ---- loves her still. This last ends like an Argyll version of 1901 (Folk-Lore XVI, 202): The wind and the rain, and the wind blows high./ The rain comes dashing through the sky./ Peggie Mactavish says she'll die./ if she'll get not the boy with the laughing eye./ She is is handsome, she is pretty./ She is the flower of the golden city./ She has lovers, one, two, three./ Pray can you tell me who they be?/ [Two rivals are decided upon, and the pair in t
Fraser (1975), 111-2 has a selection of various versions. See also Opies Singing Game (1985), 133, with tune from Lancs. and many more versions.

MS
oct99