

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Burning of Auchindoun

Burning of Auchindoun

As I cam' in by Fiddichside, on a May morning
I spied Willie MacIntosh an hour before the dawning

Turn agin, turn agin, turn agin, I bid ye
If ye burn Auchindoun, Huntly he will heid ye

Heid me or hang me, that shall never fear me
I'll burn Auchindoun thought the life leaves me

As I cam' in by Auchindoun on a may morning
Auchindoun was in a bleeze, an hour before the dawning

Crawing, crawling, for a' your crouse crawin'
Ye brunt your crop an' tint your wings an hour before the dawning

Child #183

Printed in Buchan and Hall The Scottish Folksinger
SOF