

Wandering Willie

There once was a lassie, inclined for to marry
And she loved a laddie, inclined for to roam
So Willie and Nannie agreed they would tarry
Then wed when he'd wandered his fill and come home.

And so they were severed with one parting oath
That Willie'd return in the space of one year
And the cauld winter wind left a chill in them both
As she waved him away through a curtain of tears

Thus Wandering Willie took up his possessions
And later at Greenock he took to the sea
And off to America fired with impressions
Of fortune and fame in the land of the free

So Nanie she spun and she pined and she wept
And all new advances summarily spurned
And within her ain hoose her ain company kept
And wished away time till her true love returned

Through each long lonely day she braved sorrow and grief
Her faith in his promise determined to keep
But the lonely nights hours were a blackhearted thief
That stole hope and conviction and robbed her of sleep

Aye Waulkin o'

The long restless nights of the winter gave way
But the coming of springtime nae joy could impart
Not even the warmth of the long summer days
Could thaw the deep chill in her poor lonely heart

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;
Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the breer, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

Spring, summer and autumn, they came and they passed
The daylight grew short and the darkness grew long
And Nanie was certain that soon, at long last
She'd be back in his arms where her being belonged.

But Willie's adventure had not gone as planned
The little he earned barely kept him alive
His dreams and his hopes trickled into the sand
But to earn his way home he continued to strive

The nights they drew in and the nights they drew out
And once more the dark wintertime passed into spring
And with each fading sunset and each growing doubt
Poor Nannie would sit by her window and sing

Wandering Willie

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
Now welcome the Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o'your slumbers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But if he's forgotten his faithullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

And thus broken hearted Poor Nanie she sickened
And thus broken hearted Poor Nanie she cried
And nature's revival the spring sunshine quickened
But alas, broken hearted, Poor Nanie she died

And as for poor Willie starvation was staved
By the tunes of his fiddle and toil of his hands
The price of a passage he'd finally saved
And he cursed the New World as her sailed from her lands

And barely a fortnight of mourning had passed
Since Nanie's sweet body was laid in the ground
When Wandering Willie arrived home at last
And perished within at the news that he found.

My Nanie's awa.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er her braes;
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,
But to me it's delightless-my Nanie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violetes bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie- and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity-my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snew
Alane can delight me-now Nanie's awa.

Wandering Willie

So once again Willie he took up his pack
And aimlessly wandered in guilty dispair
Till fate's guiding hand led him finally back
To his childhood home at Crockellan, once mair

His rattling roaring young days of romance
Now lost in his penniless, hopeless despair
And nae Sunday clad lass even spared him a glance
As, she hurried on by on her way to the fair

And even his fiddle whose comforting strings
Had often through sorrow enlightened his heart
Nae solace or lightness of spirit could bring
And so he resolved that their fates should depart.

On reaching Crockellan's auld fairground at last
Wi traders and showmen and labour for hire
And meeting an auld camarade from the past
He sadly requested advice on a buyer

Rattling Roaring Willie

Divested at last o the last thing in life
For which he held any affection or care
His spirits seemed somehow unburdened o strife
And a sense o belonging cam ower him once mair

So wi thoughts o his folks long departed in mind
He set himself off of the old market square
Concerned by the changes but hoping to find
His auld aunties alehouse still prominent there

As soon as he ever set foot ower the door
Her landlady's sternest façade was undone
A wave of emotion enveloped her o'er
And she welcomed him in like a prodigal son

My goodness my laddie how long has it been
It's surely been nigh on ten year
Oh my how you've grown, you're a sight for sair een
If your poor mam could only be here.

Sit doon at your ease, smoke a pipe if you please
Ach it looks like you're doon on your luck
Nae nephew o mine need be brought to his knees
Auntie Bessie will no see ye stuck

You're welcome, Willie Stewart,

You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art!

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it,
The tappet hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart,

You're welcome, Willie Stewart, &c.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack
Ilk action, may he rue it,
May woman on him turn her back
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, &

*Nae sadness of spirit could ever withstand
The warmth of that welcome heartfelt and strong
And tenderly kissing her toil-worn hand
He vented his joy in the following song*

Fiddle ower the lave,

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me an' be my dear;
An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

Chorus

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
An' O sae nicely's we will fare!
We'll bowse about till Daddie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursel's about the dyke;
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

*And thus being noticed by this ane and that
A crowd of aold friends soon appeared
All anxious to greet him and join in the chat
Reminiscences misted by years*

Just wait till the twins find oot that you're here
Ye mind how you aye walked them to school
My, my how they've blossomed wi each passing year
Despite being sired by a fool

Did ever you see a more beautiful pair
The local lads all fancy Annie
And my you should see how they fidget and stare
At the sight o my bonnie wee Fanny

Wandering Willie

Happy are we a the gather

Happy are we a the gather
Happy we are yin and a
Time shall find us a' the blyther
Ere we rise tae gan awa.

I hae lusted after treasure
I hae chased a dream o fame
But for me the road to pleasure
Is the track that leads us hame

We like chaps of wit and reading
Not too shy but not too proud
I like men of charm and breeding
I prefer them well endowed

Men o breeding, style and fashion
Seek the love o Annie o'
Them that want to vent their passion
Aye go after Fanny o

I hae kinfolks by the dozen
Maist of whom I've never met
But when it comes to kissing cousins
I'll take all that I can get

I hae known a few nice fellows
They all loved their Fanny o
But I'll swear the smiddy bellows
Been less pumped than Annie o

Lassies call me four inch WILLE
But don't write me off too quick
Few and far between's the filly
That can take one quite so thick

If you've skilled in arts o wooing
Try your skills on Annie o
If your pleasure's frequent screwing
Try your luck wi Fanny o

There's a lot to be said
For the love of one maid
A monogamous life may be fine
But when shove come to push
And if comes to the bush
Give me two in the hand everytime.

doubt, the invisible theif
Her love and her longing to cherish and keep
Determined her hopes and her memories to keep
The daylight hours troubled weighed on her breast like a
stone
She longed for sweet dreams of