O Logie O Buchan

O Logie O Buchan

O Logie O Buchan O Logie the laird
They have taken away Jemy the delight of the yard
He played on his pipe and his vilot so small
They have taken away Jemy the flower of them all

cho: She's a-thinking long lassie though I gang awa'
She's a-thinking long lassie though I gang awa'
The summer is coming cold winter is awa'
I'll come back and see you in spite of them all

Oh Sandy has houses and gear and has kye
A house and lands and silver for by
I would sooner take my ain lad with a staff in his hand
Than him with all his houses and land

My daddy looks sulky my mamy 'looks sour
They frown upon Jemy because he is poor
I loved them as well as a daughter should do
But not half so well, my Jemy, as you

I'll sit on my crippy and spin at my wheel
And think on the laddie that I love so weel
We had but one sixpence he broke it in twa
And he gave me one half before he went awa'

From Songs the Whalemen Sang, Huntington
Collected from the journal of the Galaxy 1827

Note:(Huntington) In the Galaxy journal this song is called only "Scotch Ballad" But "O Logie O Buchan" seems to be its proper title. In "Gems of Scottish Song it is ascribed to George Halket who died in 1756. There seems no doubt at all but that it had become traditional.

Note: The tune, titled Logie O'Buchan, appears in 6/8 time as a jig in several dance collections. RG
RG