Banks of Skene

(alternate:)

Banks of Skene

When I was a young girlie about the age o sixteen
I fell in love wi a heckler lad below the banks o Skene
I fell in love wi a heckler lad below the banks o Skene

I dressed myself in men's clothing as a boy I had been
An I went unto the heckler lad below the banks of Skene...

O want ye any apprentices or want ye any men?
If ye want any apprentices I'll take ye for ane

O ye are a bonnie boy an o ye're neat and clean
As I want two apprentices I'll take ye for ane

Then I took up my heckling trade as a boy I had been [flax dressing]
And the girlies fell in love wi me below the banks o Skene

There was a ball into the town o muckle mirth an fame
My master call-ed his men an called on me the same

All the night we sat and drank the red beer an the wine
An for ilka glass my master drank he would have gean me twain

But I took up a notion of what he meant to do
An' I scarcely ever tasted's drink or pat it to my moo'

As we wis coming hame again below the banks o Skene
My master he laid hands on me among the gowans green

I cried out for help for help but nean there could be gene
My master he laid hands on me among the gowans green

When twenty weeks were come an gone twenty weeks an three
I sent for my heckler to come an speak wi me

When forty weeks were come an gone forty weeks an one
I sent for my heckler to come and see his son

O he is a bonnie boy and o he's neat an clean
An noo I am the heckler's wife beloe the banks o Skene

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