Caledonia

(alternate:)

CALDONIA.2

Caledonia

Twa Scottish women sat down to sigh and mourn,
By cam' a troop o' their ain countrymen,
Says, "Rise ye up, my bonnie lass, mak' haste and come awa'
There's a vessel lying and bound for Caledonia

Oh, says the sailor, are ye willing for to pay,
Five hundred guineas before on board ye go,
But ye must pay them plack and farthin' before on board ye go,
And we'll take ye to yer bonnie Caledonia.

Oh, says the lassie, I'm willing for to pay,
Five hundred guineas before on board I go,
I'II pay them plack and farthin' before on board I go,
If ye take me to my pretty Caledonia.

Oh, said the sailor, her money we will take,
And when she's on seas we'll throw her over deck,
Or We'll sell her for a slave lang or she win there ava,
And she'll never see her pretty Caledonia.

Oh, says the captain, that would never do,
There are no slaves sold intil our country noo,
They wad kill us every man, they wad hang us ane and a'
If we offered a slave for sale in Caledonia.

They've sailed east and they've sailed west,
And they've sailed past many a seaport town,
The seas they did beat and the winds they did blaw,
And it's caused them a' to weep for Caledonia.

One night as the captain he lay upon his bed,
He dreamed a dream that something to him said-,
Tak' care o' yon bonnie lass that ye brocht awa
For she's caused ye a' to weep for Caledonia.

The captain away to the sailor he's gone,
Says, Where is yon bonnie lass that ye brought far fae home?
Where is yon bonnie lass that ye brought far awa?

For she's caused us a' to weep for Caledonia.

O, says the sailor, she's lying very low,
She lies bound hand and foot ready over deck to throw,
She lies bound hand and foot ready over deck to throw,
And she'll never see her pretty Caledonia.

O The captain away to this fair maid is gone,
Says, What is the reason that ye lie here so long?
For what is the reason that ye lie here ava?
For ye've paid your passage dear for Caledonia.

Oh, says the lassie, ah wae's me,
'It ever I wis born sic hardships for to see,
But he'll hae got a sweetheart he likes better far than me,
And it causes me to weep for Caledonia.

Oh, says the captain, if a promise ye will make,
That when we go to land then upon me you will wait,
If I wad spare your life and let naebody know,
Ye'll maybe see your pretty Caledonia.

Oh, says the lassie, a promise I will make,
That when we go to land then upon you I will wait,
If ye will spare my life and let naebody know,
And we'll maybe see oor pretty Caledonia.

The captain away to the sailor he's gone
He's ta'en him by the neck and 'im overdeck he's thrown
Says, Tak' this cup of caul watter, though the liquor be but sma'
And drink your lassie's health in Caledonia.

They've sailed east and they've sailed west,
They've sailed past many a seaport town,
The seas they did beat and the win's they did blaw,
And they've a' safe arrived at Caledonia.

They hidna been there but three-quarters O' a year,
When in fine silks and satins he's made her for to wear,
When in fine silks and satins he's made her for to go,
And she lives the captain's lady in Caledonia.

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