Johnnie Sangster

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O,a' the seasons o' the year
When we maun wark the sairest,
The harvest is the only time,
And yet it is the rarest,
We rise as seen as mornin' licht,
Nae craters can be blither
We buckle on oor finger steels
And follow oot the scyther.

cho: For you, John-nie, you John-nie,
You, Johnnie Sangster
I'll trim the gavel o' my sheaf
For ye're the gallant bandster

A mornin' piece to line oor cheek
Afore that we gets forder,
Wi' cloods o' blue tobacco reek
We then set out in order.
The sheaves are risin' thick and fast
And Johnnie he maun bind them;
The busy group, for fear they stick,
Can scarcely look behind them.

I'll gie ye bands that winna slip
I'll pleat them weel and thraw them,
I'll lay my leg oot owre the sheaf
And draw the band sae handy.
Wi' ilka strae as straucht's a rash
And that'll be the dandy.

If e'er it chance to be my lot
To get a gallant bandster
I'll gar him wear a gentle coat
And bring him gopwd in handfuls.
But Johnnie he can please himsel'
I wadna wish him blinkit
Sae, after he has brewed his ale
He can sit doon and drink it.

A dainty cowie in the byre,
For butter and for cheeses

A grump[hie feedin' in the sty
Wad keep the hoose in greases
A bonnie ewie in the bucht
Wad help to creesh the ladle
An we'll get tufts o' canie woo
Wad help to theek the cradle.

From the Scottish Folksinger, Buchan and Hall
Oct00

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