Craigie Hill
Trad

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   G          C        G               Em     D9          C
It being the spring time, and the small birds  were singing,
         Em      D      C         G                C
Down by yon shady arbour I    carelessly did stray;
      Em        Dsus4      C                G                   C
The thrushes they were warbling, The violets they were charming:
     G          Em               C                       D
To view fond lovers talking, a while I did delay.

     G                                      Em  D9      C
She said, "My dear don't leave me all for another season,
         Em      D       C              G                  C
Though fortune does be pleasing I 'll     go along with you.
         Em          Dsus4    C           G              C
I 'll forsake friends and     relations and bid this holy nation,
      G               Em               C                        D
And to the bonny Bann banks forever I 'll bid adieu."

    G                                    Em    D9        C
He said, "My dear, don't grieve or yet annoy my patience.
      Em      D         C           G                  C
You know I love you dearly the more I'm going away,
     Em          Dsus4  C          G                  C
I'm going to a foreign nation to purchase a plantation,
    G               Em          C         Em
To comfort us hereafter all in Amerikay.


Then after a short while a fortune does be pleasing,
It'll cause them for smile at our late going away,
We'll be happy as Queen Victoria, all in her greatest glory,
We'll be drinking wine and porter all in Amerikay.

If you were in your bed lying and thinking on dying,
The sight of the lovely Bann banks, your sorrow you'd give o'er,
Or if were down one hour, down in the shady bower,
Pleasure would surround you, you'd think on death no more.

Then fare you well, sweet Cragie Hill, where often times I've roved,
I never thought my childhood days I 'd part you ever more,
Now we're sailing on the ocean for honour and promotion,
And the bonny boats are sailing, way down by Doorin shore."
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