

Wi' My Dog and Gun

Silly Wizard

Wi' my dog and gun, through the bloomin' heather,
For game and pleasure I took my way.
I met a maid, she was tall and slender,
Her eyes enticed me some time to stay. I said "Fair maid, do you know I love you?
Tell me your name and your dwelling, oh so?"
"Oh, excuse my name, but you'll find my dwelling
By the mountain streams where the moorcocks crow." I said "Fair maid, if you wed a farmer,
You'll be tied for life tae one plot of land.
I'm a rovin' Johnny, if you gone wi' me,
You will have no ties, so gi' me your hand." "Ah, but if my parents knew I loved a rover,
It is that I'm sure would be my overthrow,
So I'll stay at home for another season
By the mountain streams where the moorcocks crow." "So it's fare thee well, love, another season,
We will meet again in yon woodland vale,
And I'll set you down all upon my knee, love,
And I'll listen to your lovesick tale." And it's arm in arm we will go together
Through the lofty trees, in the valley below,
Where the lencies sing their song so sweetly
By the mountain streams where the moorcocks crow."

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