

# Lindsay

## Archie Fisher

Lindsay, he has ta'en to the road  
Straight to the north he'll steer  
Wi' a Speyside fiddle in his pack  
Aye, and he'll make a livin' up here  
He's well met wi' a peddler drouth  
And a chance to adjourn to the inn  
He's called for ale and he's ta'en up a pipe  
And has carelessly slipped to the tune  
And a' the nicht they fiddled and piped  
For the dancers had ta'en tae the floor  
They neither wanted a pipe nor a glass  
Or a lass 'till the music was o'er  
They played up through markets and fairs  
'Till at last tae the north they've come  
There they met black Janet the widow  
Who sang as she rattled her drum  
And Lindsay called black Janet tae dance  
And you ne'er saw so bonny a pair  
She had ta'en him firm by the hand  
And they tripped to the top of the stair  
"Here" she said, "is a fine feather bed  
Where a man be he weary or drear  
May step for me a gay Strathspey  
With me lilting a tune in his ear"  
And Janet was as good as her word  
And Lindsay has proven his worth  
May ya all ha'e sae merry a dance  
If ever you come to the north

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