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 hereHe'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 tuneAnd 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 drumAnd 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/