

Rare's Hill

Mary Black

Last year at Lady Mary's fair when I was in Dundee
I fell in with an old sweetheart and he being on a spree
His company I did accept and with him I did go
But to my sad misfortune it proved my overthrow.
We wandered east we wandered west we wandered through the lawn
He said he'd see me home that night but home I never saw
He kept beside me all the while resolved to have his will
And by and by we lost our way, at the back of Rare's Hill
For when we got to Rare's Hill, the laddie said to me
We can't go home tonight my dear, it's far too late you see
But the night is warm and in my pouch, I've got another gill (English measurement equal to 1/4 pint).
So we can lie down here, content, at the back of Rare's Hill
And then he poured a nip apiece to quiet all alarm
When I awoke in the morning we were locked in each other's arms
He handed me the bottle, another glass to fill
And I drank his heath, and store o'wealth, at the back of Rare's Hill
And then the laddie said to me, "Oh lassie
do not mourn"
"For while I draw the breath of life from you I'll never turn"
"If you will come to yonder town, my wedded wife to be
We'll be the happiest couple yet t'was ever in Dundee"

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