

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 HillFor 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 HillAnd 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 HillAnd 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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