

Cam Ye O'er Frae France

Steeleye Span

Cam ye o'er frae France? Cam ye down by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps and his bonny woman?
Were ye at the place ca'd the Kittle Housie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace riding on a goosie? Geordie he's a man there is little doubt o't
He's done a' he can, wha can do without it?
Down there came a blade linkin' like my lordie
He wad drive a trade at the loom o' Geordie Though the claith were bad, blythly may we niffer
Gin we get a wab, it makes little differ
We hae tint our plaid, bannet, belt and swordie
Ha's and mailins braid, but we hae a Geordie Jocky's gane to France and Montgomery's lady
There they'll learn to dance, Madam, are ye ready?
They'll be back belyve belted, brisk and lordly
Brawly may they thrive to dance a jig wi' Geordie Hey for Sandy Don, hey for Cockolorum
Hey for Bobbing John and his Highland Quorum
Mony a sword and lance swings at Highland hurdie
How they'll skip and dance o'er the bum o' Geordie

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