Traiveller's Joy

Emily Smith

I ken a lass she has nae name*
Nor hame that she will own to
She traivels lighter than the swan
That builds its nest on Lochan Dhu[Chorus:]
It's will ye bundle and will ye go
And are ye awa tae leave me
It's will ye bundle and will ye go
Or up the Shian wi meLet Inverara folk look doon
She's sunshine tae the Shira
And gans mair braw in her apron
Than they in aa their gearHer hands sae rough wi weary work
The mair her face entrances
As whiter blooms the April thorn
Upon it's blackened branchesThe flooer that twines in yon broon hedge
Grows sweet for the wayfarer
But I wouldna gie my traiveller's joy
For the rose o InveraraWi doon cast eyes she'll pass us by
Withoot a word for ony
Just like the little mountain road
As bleek and dour and bonnyI ken a lass she has nae hairt
Ayeways awa tae leave us
She's gane aa through the mountain range
Nae mair she says she'll see us

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