

# 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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