

The Lass of Glenshee

Cara Dillon

One bright summer morning as day was a dawning
Bright Phoebus had risen shone over the lea
I spied a fair maiden all down by the river
While herding her flocks on the hills of Glenshee

I stood in amazement, said I, "Pretty fair maid
If you will come down to James Town with me
There's ne'er been a lady set foot in my castle
There's ne'er been a lady dressed grander than thee"

"A coach and six horses to go at your bidding
And all men that speak shall say "ma'am unto thee"
Fine servants to serve you and go at your bidding
I'll make you my bride, my sweet lass of Glenshee"

"Oh what do I care for your castles and coaches?
And what do I care for your gay grandeury?
I'd rather be home at my cot, at my spinning
Or herding my flocks on the hills of Glenshee"

"Away with such nonsense and get up beside me
When summer has come my sweet bride you will be
And then in my arms I will gently caress thee"
'Twas then she consented, I took her with me

Many years have rolled on since we were united
There's many's a change, but there's no change on me
And my love, she's as fair as that morn on the mountain
I plucked me a wild rose