

The Bleacher Lassie of Kelvinhaugh

June Tabor

As I was walkin' one fine summer's evening
A-walkin' doon by the Broomielaw
It was there I met wi' a fair young maiden
She'd cherry cheeks and a skin like snaw.

Says I, "My lassie, is it you that wanders?
All alone by the Broomielaw?"
"Indeed it's the truth I'll tell ye,
I'm a bleacher lassie on Kelvinhaugh."

"Oh lassie, lassie do you remember
The ships that sailed by the Broomielaw,
And the sailor laddies they all admired
The bleacher lassie on Kelvinhaugh?"

"Oh laddie, laddie I do remember
The ships that sailed by the Broomielaw
And the sailor laddies they all got tipsy
With the bleacher lassie on Kelvinhaugh."

Says I, "My lassie will ye gang wi' me?
I will dress you in fine satins braw."
"Indeed kind sir, I can plainly tell ye
I've a lad o' my ain and he's far awa."

"It's sieven lang years that I loo'ed a sailor;
It's sieven lang years that he gaed awa
And anither sieven I will wait upon him
And bleach my claes here on Kelvinhaugh."

"Oh lassie, lassie, ye are hard-haired
I wish your face I never saw;
For my heart's aye bleedin', baith nicht and mornin'
For the bleacher lassie on Kelvinhaugh."

"Oh lassie, lassie, ye hae been faithful
And thocht on me when far awa';
Twa hairts will surely be rewarded,
We'll pairt nae mair here on Kelvinhaugh."

It's now this couple, it's they've got marr-i-ed
And they keep an ale-house atween them twa
And the sailor laddies, they all come drinkin'
To see that lassie on sweet Kelvinhaugh.