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The Bonnie Lassie's Answer

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THE BONNY LASSIE'S ANSWER.

GILES SCROGGINS.

Farewell to Glasgow,
Likewise to Lanarkshire,
And farewell my dearest parents,
For I'll ne'er see ye mair :
For the want of pocket money,
And for the want of cash,
Makes mony a bonny laddie
To leave his bonny lass.

CHORUS.

For I am forced to go, love,
Where no one shall me know,
But the bonny lassie's answer
Was aye no, no.
For the king is wanting men,
And I for one must go,
And it's for my life, love,
I dar not answer no,
O ! stay at home my bonny lad,
And dinna gang afar,
For little do you know
The dangers of the war.
For I am bound, &c.

It's I'll cut off my yellow hair,
And go along with thee,
And be your faithful comrade
In some foreign country,
Stay at home, my bonny lass,
And dinna gang wi' me,
For little, little do you know
Of the dangers of the sea.
For I am bound, &c.

He lifted up her lily hand,
And laid it on his heart,
And said, my bonny lassie,
From you I canna part ;
The fervent love I have for you,
Is constant, true and kind,
You're always present to my view,
And never from my mind.
But I am forced, &c.

Farewell to Cascon's sunny braes,
Where oft-time I hae been,
And farewell to the banks of Clyde,
And bonny Glasgow green,
Farewell my loving comrades,
I own my heart is sair,
Farewell for aye, my bonny Jean,
For I'll ne'er see ye mair.
For I am forced, &c.

GILES Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
Fol de riddle lol, fol de riddle di !
The fairest wench in all our town,
Fol de riddle, &c.

He bought her a ring with posey true,
" If you loves I as I loves you,
No knife can cut our loves in two."
Fol de riddle, &c.

But scissors cut as well as knives,
Fol de riddle, &c.
And quite unsartin's all our lives,
Fol de riddle, &c.

The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissors cut poor Gile's thread,
So they could not be mar-ri-ed,
Fol de riddle, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
Fol de riddle, &c.
And cried herself quite fast asleep,
Fol de riddle, &c.

When standing all by the bed-post,
A figure tall, her sight engross'd,
And it cried, " I beez Giles Scroggins Ghost !"
Fol de riddle, &c.

The ghost it said all solemnly,
Fol de riddle, &c.
" Oh, Molly ! you must go with me ;
Fol de riddle, &c.

" All to the grave your love to cool : "
She says, " I am not dead, you fool ! "
Says the ghost, says he, " Vy, that's no rule ; "
Fol de riddle, &c.

The ghost he seized her all so grim,
Fol de riddle, &c.
All for to go along with him,
Fol de riddle, &c.

" Come, come," said he, " ere morning's beam ; "
" I vont ; said she, and she scream'd a scream :
Then she woke, and found she'd dream'd a dream,
Fol de riddle, &c.

Walker, Printer, Durham.