

Maggie Lauder



Wha wad na be in love Wi bon-nie Ma_ggi-e Lau - der? A



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scorn-ful-ly she ans-wered him "Be - gone ye hal - an - sha - ker. Jog _



on your gait, ye bla-ther-skate, My name is Mag-gie Lau-der."

Wha wadna be in love
Wi bonnie Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun tae Fife,
An' spier'd what was't they ca'd her.
Right scornfully she answered him
"Begone ye halanshaker.
Jog on your gait, ye blatherskate,
My name is Maggie Lauder."

"Maggie" quo' he, "and by my bags
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
I troth I winna steer thee.
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft
When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper" quo Meg, "ha'e your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you
Live you upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Ha'e heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right guid will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed
About the drone he twistet;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green
For brawly could she frisk it.
"Weel done", quo he - "play up", quo she
"Weel bobb'd," quo Rob the Ranter.
"'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I ha'e sic a dancer."

"Weel ha'e you played your part," quo' Meg,
"Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder."