

# Tramps and Hawkers

The Corries

O come a' ye tramps and hawker-lads an' gaitherers o'  
bla'  
That tramp the country roun' and roun', come listen one  
and a'  
I'll tell tae ye a rovin' tale, an' places I hae been  
Far up into the snowy north, or sooth by Gretna Green.

I've seen the high Ben Nevis that gangs towerin' tae  
the moon  
I've been roun' by Crieff an' Callander an' by Bonny  
Doon  
I've been by Nethy's silvery tide an' places ill tae  
ken  
Far up into the stormy north lies Urquart's fairy glen

Sometimes noo I laugh tae mysel' when dodgin' along the  
road  
Wi' a bag o' meal slung upon my back, my face as  
broun's a toad  
Wi' lumps o'cheese and tattie-scones or breid an'  
braxie ham  
Nae thinking whar' I'm comin' frae nor thinkin' whar  
I'm gang.

I'm happy in the summer-time beneath the dark blue sky  
Nae thinkin' in the mornin' at nicht where i'm gang to  
lie  
Bothies or byres or barns, or oot amangst the hay  
And if the weather does permit, I'm happy a' the day.

Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, they've oft been seen by  
me  
The Dee, the Don, the Devron, that a' flows tae the sea  
Dunrobin Castle, by the way, I nearly had forgot  
And the reckless stanes o'cairn that mairks the hoose  
o' John  
o' Groat.

I've been by bonny Gallowa', an' often roun' Stranraer  
My business leads me anywhere, I travel near an' far  
I've got that rovin' notion I wouldna like tae loss  
For It's my daily fare an' as much'll pay my doss.

I think I'll gang tae Paddy's Lan', I'm makin' up my  
mind  
For Scotland's greatly altered noo, I canna raise the  
wind  
But if I can trust in Providence, if Providence should  
prove true  
I'll sing ye's a' of Erin's Isle when I come back to  
you.