

Rare's Hill

Mary Black

Last year at Lady Mary's fair when I was in Dundee
I fell in with an old sweetheart and he being on a spree
His company I did accept and with him I did go
But to my sad misfortune it proved my overthrow

We wandered east we wandered west we wandered through the lawn
He said he'd see me home that night but home I never saw
He kept beside me all the while resolved to have his will
And by and by we lost our way, at the back of Rare's Hill

For when we got to Rare's Hill, the laddie said to me
We can't go home tonight my dear, it's far to late you'll see
But the night is warm and in my bush, I've got another drill
And we can lie down here, content, at the back of Rare's Hill

For then he poured a nip a piece to quiet all alarm
When I awoke in the morning we were locked in each other's arms
He handed me the bottle, another glass to fill
And I drank his heath, in store o'wealth, at the back of Rare's Hill

And then the lad he said to me, "Oh lassie do not mourn"
"For while I draw the breath of life from you I'll never part"
"If you will come to yonder town, my wedded wife you'll be"
"we'll be the happiest couple t'was ever in Dundee"

So it's may I never prosper, and may I never thrive
In anything I take in hand as long as I'm alive
If e'er I say I rue the day, my laddie had his will
Success to Lady Mary's fair, and the back of Rare's Hill.