

Up an Awa

Chorus

*Up an awa, an awa wi the leverock
Up and awa, an awa in the mornin
Up an awa wi the leverock
Up an awa tae the hills for me!*

Wi yer cast an yer gut an yer flea
an yer heuk
Wi yer cast an yer gut an yer rod
an yer reel
Wi yer cast an yer gut an a wee
puckle luck
There'll be plenty o fish for tae fill
up yer creel!

Chorus

O there's troot in the Ja an there's
troot in Loch Awe
There's troot in the Leven, the
Tummel, the Spey!
Loch Katrine's watter is good for a
batter
The mair ye can slochter the mair
ye can fry!

Chorus

Wi yer drum on the fire ye're laird o
the shire
Wi yer drum on the fire fan yer
makin yer tea
Wi yer drum on the fire ye canni
weel tire
O the weepin curelee coorilin free!

Chorus

Bonnie Wee Jeannie McColl

*A fine wee lass, a bonnie wee lass,
Is bonnie wee Jeannie McColl;
I gave her my mother's
engagement ring
And a bonnie wee tartan shawl.
I met her at a waddin'
In the Co-operative Hall
I wis the best man
And she was the belle of the ball.*

The very first nicht I met her,
She was awfy, awfy shy,
The rain cam' pourin' doon,
But she was happy, so was I.
We ran like mad for shelter,
An' we landed up a stair,
The rain cam' poorin' oot o' ma
breeks,
But och I didna care:
For she's a fine wee lass...

2. Noo I've wad my Jeannie,
An' bairnies we have three,
Two dochters and a braw wee lad,
That sits upon my knee.
They're richt wee holy terrors,
An' they're never still for lang,
But they sit an' listen every nicht,
While I sing to them this sang:
For she's a fine wee lass...