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Brewer Lad

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In Perth there lived a bonnie lad
A brewer tae his trade, O
And he has courted Peggy Roy,
A young and handsome maid, O.

cho: Wi' a fal dal diddle um a die dum doo,
Wi' a fal dal diddle um a die do.

He courted her for seiven lang years,
A' for to gain her favour;
But there cam' a lad oot o' Edinburgh toon,
Wha swore that he would have her.

"It's will ye gang alang wi' me,
And will ye be my honey;
It's will ye gang alang wi' me,
And leave your brewer laddie?"

"Oh, I will gang alang wi' you,
And alang wi' you I'll ride, O;
I'll gang wi' you to the ends o' the earth,
Tho' I'm spoke to the brewer lad, O."

The brewer he cam' hame at e'en,
A'speirin' for his honey;
Her faither he made this reply:
"She's no' been here since Monday."

Oh, wasna that an unco ploy,
Wouldna' anyone been offended?
To court wi' a lad for seiven years
And leave him at the end o't.

"Oh, be it so and let her go,
For it shall never grieve me;
I'm a lad that's free, as you can see,
And a sma' thing will relieve me. "

"There's as guid fish intae the sea,
As ever yet was taken;
I'll cast my net and try again,
Although I am forsaken."

She's rambled up, she's rambled doon,
She's rambled through Kirkcaldie,
And mony's the time she's rued the day,
She jilted her brewer laddie.

He's ta'en his course and away he's gane,
The country he has fled, O;
And he's left nae sark upon her back,
Nor blanket on her bed, O.

The brewer lad set up in Perth,
And there he brews strong ale, O;
And he has courted anither lass,
And ta'en her tae himsel', O.

Ye lovers a', where'er ye be,
Just let this be a warning;
And never slight your ain true love,
For fear ye get a waur ane.

From Songs and Dances of Scotland, Thomson