

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Overgate

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Now as I gaed up the Overgate I met a bonnie wee lass
She winked tae me wi' the tail o' her e'e as I was a-walkin' past

cho: Wi' me too-ran-ay, lilt-for-laddie
Lilt-for-laddie, too-ran-ay

Noo, I asked her if she'd tak a glass, she said she'd like it fine,
Says I: "I'm ower frae Auchtermuchty tae the market wi' some swine"

Noo, I took her tae a sittin' room, a wee bit doon the burn
It's true what Robbie Burns said: "A man was made to m'urn"

She'd four hot pies and porter, she swallid them baith galore;
She ate and drank as much hersel' as an elephant or a score

O, then we baith get up the stair to hae a contented night
When an a'ful knock cam to the door at the breakin' o' the light

O, it was a big fat bobby, he got me by the top o' the hair
And he give me the whirlijig right doon to the foot o'the stair

Noo, I get up the stair again, I was seekin' oot my claes
You'd better gang oot o' this, young man, or I'll gie ye sixty days

Says I: "I've lost my waistcoat, my watchchain and my purse."
Says she: "I've lost my maidenhead and that's a damn sight worse"

O noo, I'll go back to Auchtermuchty an' contented I will be
With a-breakin' o' my five pound note wi' a lassie in Dundee.

Note: alt. chorus:

Wi' my roving eye
Fal-the-doo-a-die
My rovin' di-dum-derry
Wi' my roving eye.

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Collected from Belle Stewart, 1954
Recorded by Jean Redpath