

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Young Allan (2)

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A' the sailors in Merry London
An they were drinking wine
They fell a-reasoning among themselves
About some unlucky time.

cho: Young Allan he grat an he wrang his hands
An kent na well fer to dae
For the wind wis loud an the waves wis proud
An weel a he lost by sea.

Some o thim praised their ladies gay
An some o thim their wine
Eut Young Allan he praised his bonnie new ship,
For she cost him mony a pound.

O what will ye wager wi me, my boys
Oh what will ye wager wi me?
That there's nae a ship in a' the coast
To morrow will sail wi me.

Except the rose o the heckling game
An the decks o the dorminee
And the muckle black snake wi her lee lang end
I winna count in the three.

Out it spak a little wee boy
That sat by young Allan's knee
Said , "Ye lee ye lee, young Allen", he cried,
"Sae loud I hear ye lee."

My father has a bonny boat
To morrow will sail wi thee;
An thirty times the lee lang nicht
She'll turn the wind wi thee.

There's nane o' them took to their ships
Till they got mess and dine;
And they took fare weel o' their sweethearts
An took to their ships syne.

They sailed east and they sailed west

Out our the ragin main;
Till they saw the Rose of the Heckling Game
Sink down among the fame.

They sailed east and they sailed west
Out our the ragin main;
Till they saw the deck of the Dorminee
Wi her topmast rent in twain.

They sailed east and they sailed west
Out our the ragin main;
Till the nuckle black snake we her lee lang end
Sank never to rise again

"Oh where will I get a boy sae kind
That'll take my helm in hand,
Till I go up to my high top mast
To look out for some dry land. "

"Here am I, a little wee boy,
That'll tak your helmn in hand
Till ye gang up to your high top mast
To look out for some dry land."

Come down come down young Allan he cried
Ye see not what I see
For through an through yere bonnie ship's sails,
I see the Greenland (sic) Sea.

O where will I get a clever boy
That'll tak my ship in hand
An if he brings me safe on shore
He'll wed my daughter Ann.

"Hell hae the ae half o' my gear
An the third part o my land
An if he brings me safe on shore
He'll wed my daughter Ann."

"Here am I a clever wee boy
That'll tak yere ship in hand
An gin I bring ye safe on shore
I'll wed your daughter Ann.

I'll hae the ae half o your gear
An the third part o your land
An gin I bring ye safe to shore
I'll wed your daughter Ann.

Y'ell tak [four an] twenty feather beds
An busk yere bonnie ship roun
An as much o the canvas claith
As gar her gang hale an soun.

An where ye want an iron nail
Ye'll ca' a siller pin
An where ye want an oaken spale
Ye'll beat the yellow gold in.

An where he wanted an iron nail
He caad a siller pin
An where he wanted an oaken spale
He beat the yellow gold in.

The firstan shore that they came tull
It was the shore o ?Lynes
Wi guns an swords they held them out
An widna lat them in.

The nextan shore that they came tull
Wis bonnie Aberdeen
Wi' pipes played and merry dancin
They welcomed Young Allan in.

I'll hae the half o yere gere
And the third part o yere land,
An since I've brought ye safe on shore
I'll wed yere daughter, Ann.

Note: "There should be another verse, stating that he drowned him, instead
of giving him his daughter" AB

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