

Celtic Folk

"Come A' Ye Tramps An' Hawkers"

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There are dozens of traditional verses to this one.
Which ones do you
know? Add them in and let's see how far we can get.
Come a' ye tramps and hawkers noo,
Ye gaitherers o'blaw
That tramps the countrie roun' an' roun'
Come lissen ane an' aw'

Ah'll tell tae you a rovin' tale
O sights as Ah hae seen
Far up intae thae snawy north
An' sooth be Gretna Green.

Ah've seen the high Ben Lomond
a-towerin' tae the moon
Ah've been by Creiff and Callendar
and roond be bonnie Doune.

Ah've seen Loch Ness'es silvery tides,
And places ill tae ken:
Far up intae the snawy north
Lies Urquharts fairy glen.

It's aft Ah've laffed untae masel'
As Ah trudged alang the road
Wi' a bag o'blaw upon ma back
an' face as broun's a toad's.
Wi' lumps o'cake an' tattie scones
Cheese and braxie hams
It's nae thinkin' waur Ah'm comin' fae
Nor waur Ah'm gawn tae gang.

For Ah'm happy in the summer time
Aneath the bricht blue sky
Nae thinkin' in the mornin'
Waur at nicht that Ah sall lie.

If in a barn, or yet a byre
Or jist amang the hay
So lang's the weather doth permit,
Ah'm happy every day.

But Ah think Ah'll go tae Paddy's Land,
Ah makkin up ma mind.
For Scotland's fairly altered noo,
Ye cannae raise the wind.

But Ah will trust in Providence,
an Providence prove true,
Ah'll tell ye a' o' Erin's Isle
Win Ah come back tae you.

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