

Paddy Schmidt

"TRAMPS AND HAWKERS"

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O come a' ye tramps and hawker-lads an'
gaitherers o' bla'

That tramp the country roun' and roun', come listen
one and a'

I'll tell tae ye a rovin' tale, an' places I hae been

Far up into the snowy north, or sooth by Gretna Green.

I've seen the high Ben Nevis that gangs towerin' tae
the moon

I've been roun' by Crieff an' Callander an' by
Bonny Doon

I've been by Nethy's silvery tide an' places ill tae
ken

Far up into the stormy north lies Urquart's fairy glen

Sometimes noo I laugh tae mysel' when dodgin'
alang the road

Wi' a bag o' meal slung upon my back, my face as
broun's a toad

Wi' lumps o' cheese and tattie-scones or breid an'
braxie ham

Nae thinking whar' I'm comin' frae nor thinkin'
whar' I'm gang.

I'm happy in the summer-time beneath the dark blue
sky

Nae thinkin' in the mornin' at nicht where i'm gang
to lie

Bothies or byres or barns, or oot amangst the hay

And if the weather does permit, Iâ€™m happy aâ€™ the
day.

Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, theyâ€™ve oft been seen
by me

The Dee, the Don, the Devron, that aâ€™ flows tae the
sea

Dunrobin Castle, by the way, I nearly had forgot

And the reckless stanes oâ€™ cairn that mairks the hoose
oâ€™ John oâ€™ Groat.

Iâ€™ve been by bonny Gallowaâ€™, anâ€™ often rounâ€™
Stranraer

My business leads me anywhere, I travel near anâ€™ far

Iâ€™ve got that rovinâ€™ notion I wouldna like tae loss

For Itâ€™s my daily fare anâ€™ as muchâ€™ll pay my doss.

I think Iâ€™ll gang tae Paddyâ€™s Lanâ€™, Iâ€™m makinâ€™ up
my mind

For Scotlandâ€™s greatly altered noo, I canna raise the
wind

But if I can trust in Providence, if Providence should
prove true

Iâ€™ll sing yeâ€™s aâ€™ of Erinâ€™s Isle when I come back to
you

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