

Cam ye o'er frae France

Maggie Reilly

Cam ye o'er frae France?
Cam ye doon by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps
And his bonny woman?
Were ye at the place
Ca'd the Kittle Housie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace
Riding on a goosie?

Geordie he's a man
There is little doubt o't;
He's done a' he can
Wha can do without it?
Down there came a blade
Linkin' like my lordie;
He wad drive a trade
At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
Blythly may we niffer;
Gin we get a wab,
It makes little differ.
We hae tint our plaid,
Bannet, belt and swordie,
Ha's and mailins braid --
But we hae a Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France,
And Montgomery's lady;
There they'll learn to dance:
Madame, are ye ready?
They'll be back belyue
Belted, brisk and lordly;
Brawly may they thrive
To dance a jig wi' Geordie!

Hey for Sandy Don!
Hey for Cockolorum!
Hey for Bobbing John,
And his Highland Quorum!
Mony a sword and lance
Swings at Highland hurdie;
How they'll skip and dance
O'er the bum o' Geordie!