

The Gallowgate Lad

The Unthanks

One night near the grand Central Station
Among crowds that were hurrying by
I happened to see Meggy Bensin
And sairly the lassie did cry
Says I, canny lass what's the matter?
Says she, quite dejected, I's sad
I'm grieving for Jack, that's my lover
My bonny bit Gallowgate lad

You'll know him, Joe isn't he handsome?
As clever a lad as you'll see
He was striker at Stivvisin's Factory
But lately he's been on the spree
He got baged for getting on the fuddle
Oh I think he mun fairly gone mad
When he went and he's joined the Militia
My bonny bit Gallowgate lad

All the neighbours declared he was lazy
But spite'll make bissey folks speak
Though I know, though I oughtn't to mention
He never worked more than a week
But with folks gone keep quiet their faillings
I grieve for my love that's a swad
Oh, his best o' claes are his soldier's
My brave-looking Gallowgate lad

Man I've mended the holes in his elbows
And made his old trousers like new
Well I thought he might spoke about marriage
When his grandfather bought him a coo
But he selled it and spent all his money
And folks said that his love was but cawd
Oh I wish that I couldn't believe them
My curly haired Gallowgate lad

I was fairly heart-broke since he left us
I cannot live well be myself
And my tongue gans as though it would keep telling
A long way more than I should tell
When the heart's full it's great consolation
To whisper what makes you so bad
Oh what made you join the Militia?
My good-looking Gallowgate lad