



Scottish Songs



My Lodging's on the Cold, Cold Ground

My lodging it is on the cold ground,
And oh! very hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me most is
The unkindness of my dear.
Yet still I cry, 'Oh turn, love,'
And Prithee, love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
And alack! what remedy?'

'I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a rush ring;
My frozen hopes shall thaw, then,
And merrily will we sing:
O turn to me, my dear love,
And prithee love, turn to me;
For thou art the man that alone canst
Procure my liberty.'

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still
And tumble in straw alone:
Yet still I cry, 'O turn love,
And prithee, love, turn to me!
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misery.'