

Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

Johnnie Sangster (traditional)

1. O' a' the seasons o' the year, When we maun wark the sair - est,
The her vest is the ain - ly time, And yet it is the rar - est.
We rise as soon as morn-in's licht, Nae crat - ers can be bly - ther,
We buc - kle on the fin - ger steels and fal - ley oot the scy - ther.

Chorus: For you, Johnnie, you, Johnnie, You my John-nie Sang - ster,
I'll trim the gavel o' my sheaf, For you, my gallant bandster.



- Verse 1 + chorus
- Verse 2 + chorus
- Instrumental x1
- Verse 3 + chorus
- Chorus a capella
- Instrumental x4

2. I'll gie ye bands that winna slip,
I'll pleat them weel and thraw them,
I'm sure they winna tine the grip,
Hooever weel ye draw them.
I'll lay my leg oot owre the sheaf,
And draw the band sae handy.
Wi' ilka strae as straucht's a rash,
And that'll be the dandy.

Chorus: *For you, Johnnie, you Johnnie,
You, my Johnnie Sangster,
I'll trim the gavel o' my sheaf,
For you, my gallant bandster.*

3. If e'er it chance to be my lot
To get a gallant bandster
I'll gar him wear a gentle coat,
And bring him gowd in handfu's.
But Johnnie he can please himsel',
I wadna wish him blinket;
Sae, aifter he has brewed his ale,
He can sit doon and drink it.

Chorus: *For you, Johnnie, you Johnnie,
You, my Johnnie Sangster,
I'll trim the gavel o' my sheaf,
For you, my gallant bandster.*

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