THE NIGHTINGALE

E B7 E
As I went a-walking one morning in May,
B7
I met a young couple who fondly did stray,
E B7
And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair,
E A B7 E
And the other was a soldier and a brave grenadier.

A B7 E
And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other,
B7
They went arm in arm along the road like sister and brother,
E B7
They went arm in arm along the road till they came to a stream,
E A B7 E
And they both sat down together love to hear the nightingale sing.

E B7 E
From out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle
B7
And he played such merry tunes as you ever did hear
E B7
And he played such merry tunes that the valley did ring
E A B7 E
And they both sat down together to hear the nightingale sing

E B7 E
0 soldier, o soldier will you marry me
B7
O no, said the soldier, that never can be
E B7
For I have my own wife at home in my own counteree
E A B7 E
And she is the sweetest little thing that you ever did see.

E **B7** **E**
Now I'm off to India for seven long years
B7
Drinking wines and strong whiskey instead of cool beers,
E **B7**
And if ever I return again it'll be in the spring
E **A** **B7** **E**
And we'll both sit down together and hear the nightingale sing.

NORLAND WIND

D **G** **A**
“Oh, tell me what was on yer road, you roarin' norlan' wind.
D **G** **A**
As ye cam' blawin' frae the noth that's never frae my mind.
D **G** **A**
My feet they've travelled England but I'm deein' for the north.”
G **A** **D**
“My man I saw the siller tides run up the Firth o' Forth.”

D **G** **A**
“Aye wind, I ken them weel enuich and fine they fa' an' rise
D **G** **A**
And fain I'd feel the creepin' mist on yonder shore that lies
D **G** **A**
But tell me, as ye passed them by what saw ye on yer way?”
G **A** **D**
“My man, I’ve rocked the rovin' gulls that sailed abune the Tay.”

D **G** **A**
“But saw ye nothing, leein' wind, afore ye cam' tae Fife?
D **G** **A**
There's muckle lyin' 'yont the Tay means mair to me nor life.”
D **G** **A**
“My man, I’ve swept the Angus braes ye ha'ena trod for years.”
G **A** **D**
“O wind, forgi'e a hameless loon that canna see for tears.”

D **G** **A**
“And far abune the Angus straths I saw the wild geese flee,
D **G** **A**
A lang, lang skein o' beatin' wings, wi' their heids towards the sea,
D **G** **A**
And aye their cryin' voices trailed a hint them on the air.”
G **A** **D**
“O wind, hae mercy, haud yer whish, and daurna listen mair.”