

Dubliners, The Dundee Weaver

Oh I am a Dundee weaver and I come fra' bonny Dundee
I met a Glasgy' fella and he cam' courting me
He took me oot a'walking dun by the Calvin Ha'
And there the dirty wee rascal sto'
My thingamajig awa'
And there the dirty wee rascal sto'
My thingamajig awa'

He took me oot a'walking dun by the Ruthen glen
He showed to me the bonny wee birds
And he showed me a bonny wee hen
He show to me the bonny wee birds
Fray a linnet tae a crow
And he showed to me the bird that sto'
My thingamajig awa'
He showed to me the bob that sho'
My thingamajig awa'

Noo I'll gan back to Dundee looking bonny neat and fair
I'll put on me buckle and shoe and tie up my bonny broon hair
I'll put on the corset tight to mak' my body look small
And wha' will ken frae me rosy cheeks
That me thingamajigs awa'
And wha' will ken frae me rosy cheeks
That me thingamajigs awa'

O' all you Dundee weavers tak' this advise by me
Never let a fairlay an inch abov' your knee
Never stond' the back of ye' clothes or up again' the wa'
For if you' di' you can safely say
That me thingamajigs awa'
For if you' di' you can safely say
That me thingamajigs awa'