

Connie Dover, Lady Keith's Lament

I may sit in my wee old house
At the spinning wheel to toil so dreary
I may think of a day that is gone
And sigh and some till I grow weary
I ne'er could brook I ne'er could brook
A foreign king to own or flatter
And I will sing a ranting song
The day our king comes o'er the water

I have seen the good old day
The day of pride and chieftain's glory
When royal Stuart held the sway
And none heard tell of Whig or Tory
Though silver be my hair one day
And age has struck me down what matter
I'll dance and sing the happy day
The day our king comes o'er the water

If I live to see the day
That i have begged and begged from Heaven
I'll fling my rock and reel away
And dance and sing from morn till evening
For there is one I will not name
Who comes the be-engine bike to scatter
And I'll put on my bridal gown
The day our king comes o'er the water

A curse on dull and drawling Whig
The whining ranting low deceiver
With heart so black and lies so big
The canting tongue of clish mclaver
My father was a good lord's son
My mother was an earl's daughter
And I'll be Lady Keith again
The day our king comes o'er the water