Subway To Sally, Bonnie Johnnie Lowrie

Of a'the lads in tinwald woun
the lovely fair, the black or broun
there never was sae droll a loon
as bonnie Johnnie Lowrie
my dad a peck o'lint did sow
I gaed top see how it did grow
when wha come skipping owre the knowe
but bonnie Johnnie Lowrie

terry owden dowden day
the queerest loon in laich or brae
is bonnie Johnnie Lowrie

I wandred oot to weed the same
my laddie ken'd I was frae hame
to follow me ha wasna lame
my bonnie Johnnie Lowrie
I took the flax unto the mill
my jewel follow'd after still
and coming hame I gat a gill
frae bonnie Johnnie Lowrie

terry owden dowden day ...

at last, a'e night, into the park
I met with him when it was dark
and, oh, the kissin' that I gat
frae bonnie Johnnie Lowrie
but Johnnie's true, he did me wed
yestreen before the priest we gaed
I carena noo for man or dad
sin' I hae Johnnie Lowrie

terry owden dowden day ...

a fig, say I, for jacking grown
or priest or elder in the toun
I'll tak' the warld, rough and roun'
wi' bonnie Johnnie Lowrie