

# “ THE GAIRDENER AND THE PLOOMAN ”

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When I was in my sixteenth year  
 From trouble I was free.  
 My hert my ain it did bide true,  
 But noo it'll hardly dee:  
     But noo it'll hardly dee, bonnie lad,  
 But noo it'll hardly dee.

A gairdener lad cam a-coortin' me  
 Amangst the rue an' thyme.  
 He has teen fae me my maidenheid,  
 And he gied me cause tae rue:  
     An' he gied me cause tae rue, bonnie lad,  
 An he's gien me cause tae rue.

O it's braw tae be wi' the gairdener lad  
 Amangst the rue an' thyme,  
 But it's better tae be wi' the plooman lad  
 Gyaun whistlin' at his ploo:  
     Gyaun whistlin' at his ploo, bonnie lad,  
 Gyaun whistlin' at his ploo.

Moderato

When I was in my sixteenth year from trouble I was  
 free. My heart my ain it did bide true but  
 noo it'll hardly dee. But noo it'll hardly  
 dee bonny lad but noo it'll hardly dee

Collected from Mrs. Elsie Morrison, Nether Dallachy, Spey Bay, on 5th April 1956. Mrs. Morrison, a native of Ballindalloch, learned many of her songs when she was fee'd on Speyside farms in her young days. (See page 249 for notes.)

been picked up by the travelling folk from the farm servants of the area.

Willie Gordon's first verse is the one usually heard:

Peggy on the banks o' Spey  
She's aye sae blythe and cheerie O:  
She looks sae shy when I pass by  
She would hardly be my dearie O.

HAMISH HENDERSON.

Music transcribed by Francis Collinson.

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Note on "The Gairdener and the Plooman"

(Song on page 182)

This song was collected from Mrs Elsie Morrison, Nether Dallachy, Spey Bay, on 5th April 1956. Mrs Morrison, a native of Ballindalloch, learned many of her songs when she was fee'd on Speyside farms in her young days. "I used tae be in the fairm-kitchens, cook, and ye ken what it is in the fairms, at nicht they wad play the melodcon in the kitchen and sing sangs, and then they had tae clear oot at nine o'clock—but ye ken whit the fairms is, the bothy lads wad be singin' a' that kin' o' sangs, ye see, an' me bein' a young quine, I just pickit them up."

Two versions of this song were printed by Gavin Greig in his *Folksongs of the North-East* (reprints of articles which appeared between December 1907 and June 1911 in the *Buchan Observer*). The first is in Article CXXVI; John Ord subsequently reprinted it, with a few minor alterations, in his *Bothy Songs and Ballads* (p. 94). Greig's second version (*Folksongs of the North-East*, Article CXXVIII) is closer to ours.

The song appears to be a distant descendant of a classical ballad "The Gardener" (Child, 219). As Professor Child himself indicates (Vol. V, pp. 258-9), a version of this ballad printed by Wm. Forrest in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, in 1766 shares stanzas with two other songs, "The Seeds of Love" and "A Sprig of Thyme". The farm servants of the North-East have inherited these, severally and as a sort of compost. From the latter has sprung a new song, bringing in a "plooman lad" to comfort the gardener's forsaken sweetheart.

HAMISH HENDERSON.