

Kate Dalrymple

Traditional (Scotland)

♩ = 140

Part A

D A7 D A7 D G A7 D

A

DUL D 0 0 2 1 1 2 0 0 2 1 1 2 0 7 6+ 5 4 3 2 1 4 2 0

D

DUL A 3 3 5 4 4 5 3 3 5 4 4 5 3 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 7 5 3

Part B

D D D D

A

DUL D 4 4 5 4 3 2 3 4 7 4 2 3 4 4 5 4 3 2 3 4 7 6+ 5 4 3 2

D

DUL A 7 7 8 7 6 5 6 7 10 7 5 6 7 7 8 7 6 5 6 7 10 9 8 7 6 5

G D A7 D G A7 D

A

DUL D 3 3 4 2 2 3 1 1 2 4 3 2 1 0 7 6+ 5 4 3 2 1 4 2 0

D

DUL A 6 6 7 5 5 6 4 4 5 7 6 5 4 3 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 7 5 3

KATE DALRYMPLE (words by William Watt, 1792–1859)

In a wee cot house far across the muir
Where pease—weeps, plovers, an' waups cry dreary,
There liv'd an' auld maid for mony lang years,
Wha ne'er a woo—er did e'er ca', dearie.
A lanely lass was Kate Dalrymple,
A thrifty quean was Kate Dalrymple;
Nae music, exceptin' the clear burnie's wimple,
Was heard round the dwellin' o' Kate Dalrymple.

Her face had a smack o' the gruesome an' grim,
That did frae the fash o' a' woo—ers defend her;
Her long Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin,
That brang folk in mind o' the auld witch o' Endor.
A wiggle in her walk had Kate Dalrymple,
A sniggle in her talk had Kate Dalrymple;
An' mony a cornelian an' cairngorm pimple,
Did blaze on the dun face o' Kate Dalrymple.

She span terry woo' the hale winter thro'
For Kate ne'er was lazy, but eident and thrifty;
She wrocht 'mang the peats, coil'd the hay, shor the corn,
An' supported her sel' by her ain hard shift aye.
But ne'er a lover came to Kate Dalrymple,
For beauty an' tocher wanted Kate Dalrymple;
Unheeded was the quean, baith by gentle and simple,
A blank in existence seem'd puir Kate Dalrymple.

But mony are the ups an' the downs in life,
When the dice—box o' fate's jumbled a' tapsal—teerie,
Sae Kate fell heiress to a rich frien's estate,
An' nae langer for woo—ers had she cause to weary.
The Laird came a—wooin' soon o' Kate Dalrymple,
The Lawyer, scrapin', bowin', fan oot Kate Dalrymple;
Owre ilk woo—ers face was seen love's smilin' dimple,
Sae noo she's nae mair, Kate, but Miss Dalrymple.

She often times thocht when she dwelt by hersel',
She could wed Willie Speedyspool, the sarkin' weaver;
An noo unto Will she the secret did tell,
Wha for love or for interest did kindly receive her.
He flung by his beddles soon for Kate Dalrymple,
He brent a' his treddles doon for Kate Dalrymple;
Tho' his richt e'e doth skellie an' his left leg doth limp ill,
He's won the heart an' got the hand o' Kate Dalrymple.