

By Violet Jacob, 1915
As sung by Mike Kennedy, 10/21/12

Norland Wind

Tell me what was on your road, you roarin' Norland wind?
As ye go gangin' frae the north that's ever on my mind
Ma feet then traveled England, though I'm dying for the north.
"Aye, man, I saw the siller tide run up the Firth o' Forth."

Aye, wind, I know it well enough, and find it fall and rise
And from the fields the creeping mist on yonder shore does lie
But tell me as you pass them by, what saw ye on your way?
"Aye, man I saw the rovin' gulls that sailed up in the Tay."

But saw ye nothing, leeing wind, afore you came a Fife?
For there's muckle lying yond the Tay that's mair to me than life
"Aye, man, I swept the Angus straths that you hivna trod in years"
Oh wind, where goes the lonely loon, aye, that cannot see for tears?

"And as I swept the Angus straths, I saw the wild geese flee
A lang, a lang skean of beatin' wings with their heads towards the sea
And aye, their roaring voices trailed behind them in the air."
Oh wind, have mercy, hold your tongue, for I canna listen mair.