

The Hamars o' Syradale

Ethel Findlater

Many a long year has now passed by
Since two lovers in Harray did dwell
Who might have joined the nuptial tie
But for the foul crime that befell

The maiden's age was just nineteen
A graceful lassie fair was she
Her lover one year more had seen
A brave young lad likewise was he
From childhood days this loving pair
Were never well except together
And lovers that so loving are
No one should ever try to sever

Her father was a proud old man
A haughty spirit he also had
Never reared I my daughter Ann
To be the wife of a ploughboy lad
Oh father dear father speak not so bold
For these words are like to kill me
What care I for riches, pearls and gold
All I want is my ain' dear Willie

One night as Will to Annie went
A dark and dreary night was it
Her father out on evil bent
Right in the teeth did Willie meet
He grasped her dear boy by the throat
Who to the ground was quickly thrown
His choking cries were all as naught
He soon gave out his dying groan
When Annie heard the dreadful tale
She went in such a frantic state
Leapt o'er the Hamars o' Syradale
Thus desperately did end her fate

Her father took great thought at this
Day after day he long repined
Until about twelve months or less
He died of a distracted mind
All parents do a warning take
Don't cut the tie that's knit above
Advise but do not try to break
That many stranded warp of love
That many stranded warp of love
That many stranded warp of love