

Fisherrow

D G D A D
Upstairs, downstairs Timberstairs fears me,
G (Gm)
thought it lang to lie me lane,
D A
when I son near my dearie.

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D G
As I came in by Fisherrow,
D A
Musselburgh was near me.
D G D A D
I threw off my musselpock and courted wi my deary.

Oh had her apron bidden down.
The kirk would ne'er had kend it,
but since the word's gone through the town,
my dear, I cannot mend it.

Upstairs...

But you may mount the cutty-stool,
and I may mount the pillar,
and thats the way that poor folks do,
because they have no sillier.

||: *Upstairs...* :||