



## Scottish Songs



### **My Lodging's on the Cold, Cold Ground**

My lodging it is on the cold ground,  
And oh! very hard is my fare,  
But that which troubles me most is  
The unkindness of my dear.  
Yet still I cry, 'Oh turn, love,'  
And Prithee, love turn to me,  
For thou art the man that I long for,  
And alack! what remedy?'

'I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,  
And I'll marry thee with a rush ring;  
My frozen hopes shall thaw, then,  
And merrily will we sing:  
O turn to me, my dear love,  
And prithee love, turn to me;  
For thou art the man that alone canst  
Procure my liberty.'

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still  
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
Then I must endure the smart still  
And tumble in straw alone:  
Yet still I cry, 'O turn love,  
And prithee, love, turn to me!  
For thou art the man that alone art  
The cause of my misery.'