

Sawney Bean - Ukulele

Bm F# Bm A
Go ye not by Gallowa, come bide a while, my frein,
Bm Bm
I'll tell ye o the dangers there
Bm A Bm
Beware o Sawney Bean

There's nae body kens that he bides there for his face is seldom seen
But tae meet his eye is tae meet your fate
At the hands o Sawney Bean

For Sawney he has taen a wife and he's hungry bairns tae wean
And he's raised them up on the flesh o men
In the caves of Sawney Bean

An Sawney's sons are young an strong and their blades are sharp and keen
Tae spill the blood o travellers wha
Meet wi Sawney Bean

So if you ride frae there tae here, be ye wary in between
Lest they catch your horse and spill your blood
In the cave o Sawney bean

They'll hing ye ap an cut yer throat an they'll pick yer carcass clean
An they'll yase yer banes tae quiet the weans
In the cave o Sawney Bean

But fear yet not, oor Captain rides on an errand o the Queen
And he carries the writ of fire and sword
For the head o Sawney Bean

They've hung them high in Edinburgh toon an likewise a their kin
An the wind blows cauld on their banes
An tae hell they a hae gaen