

The Haddington Turnpike

Song

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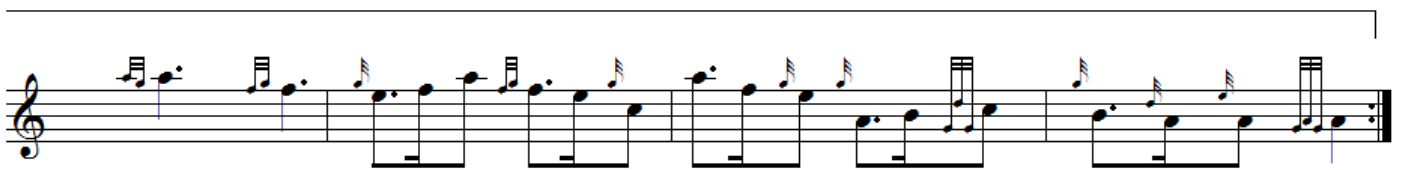
1. The coach-man is cry - ing his red cloak is fly - ing. Get on my black beau-ties and ov - er the brae. Your
2. The wind it is blow-ing, our hearts they are soa-ring. We're out on the coast road and spee - ding the lane. The



coats have been brushed and your shoes you can trust now. So pull my good dea-ries there's no time to play.
wheels they are spinn - ing but tyres they are cling-ing. The crack o' the whip and the strain of the rein.



3. The dune grass, sway - ing and wea-ving. The sea gulls are call - ing on high. They're
4. The tall ships, bound for far pla - ces. Head east - wards, go sail - ing on by.



swoo - ping, di - ving and play - ing. Their life is so fr - ee up there in the sky.



On backs of white hor - ses which rock them and toss them. But still they sail o with no pass - age de - nied.



5. A fine day we hear the church bells so clear. St Ma - ry's calls from banks o' the Tyne. We're
 6. In Ha - dding - ton town an Inn can be found. A land - lady waits to wel - come the guests. Her



glid - ing a - long our hearts full of song. The wind on our backs we'll be there in good time.
 sta - bles are fine for hor - ses of mine. Trot on my black beau - ties you'll soon get your rest.



7. Post ho-rn, post ho-rn, you h - ear post ho-rn. We're up in the morn-ing and off with the dawn. Hitch
 8. Gait o - n gait o - n, we bid you good mo-rn'. We're off on the road now and tro - tting a - long .



o - n, hitch o - n, all h - ands hitch o - n. We're so - rry to leave but we must jour - ney on.



The La - mmer - muir Hills they're dark and for - lorn. Gait on my black beau-ties it's the Turn-pike your on.