[THE BERRY FIELDS O BLAIR](https://www.tobarandualchais.co.uk/track/11382?l=en)

**sung by Belle Stewart**

When berry time comes roond each year

Blair's population's swellin,

There's every kind o picker there

And every kind o dwellin.

There's tents and huts and caravans,

There's bothies and there's bivvies

And shelters made wi tattie-bags

And dug-outs made wi divvies.

There's corner-boys fae Glesgae,

Kettle-boilers fae Lochee,

There's miners fae the pits o Fife,

Mill-workers fae Dundee,

And fisherfowk fae Peterheid

And tramps fae everywhere,

Aa lookin fir a livin aff

The berry fields o Blair.

There's travellers fae the Western Isles,

Fae Arran, Mull and Skye;

Fae Harris, Lewis and Kyles o Bute,

They come their luck to try,

Fae Inverness and Aberdeen,

Fae Stornoway and Wick

Aa flock to Blair at the berry time,

The straws and rasps to pick.

There's some wha earn a pound or twa,

Some cannae earn their keep,

There's some wid pick fae morn till nicht,

And some wid raither sleep.

There's some wha hae tae pick or stairve,

And some wha dinna care

There's comedy and tragedy

Played on the fields o Blair.

There's faimilies pickin for one purse,

And some wha pick alane,

There's men wha share and share alike

Wi wives wha's no their ane.

There's gladness and there's sadness tae,

There's happy herts and sare,

For there's some wha bless and some wha curse

The berry fields o Blair.

Before I put my pen awa,

It's this I would like to say:

You'll travel far afore you'll meet

A kinder lot than they;

For I've mixed wi them in field in pub

And while I've breath to spare,

I'll bless the hand that led me tae

The berry fields o Blair.