

The Riccarton Tollmans Daughter Battlefield Band

The Riccarton Tollmans Daughter
by The Battlefield Band

Capo 3

[Intro]:

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e-----0-0h2-----0-2-3---0---0h2-----0-----|
B---3-----3-3-----3---3-----3---3--0h3---|
G-2-----2-----|
D-0-----|
A-----|
E-----|
```

-Verse-

```
      D                      G
As I was a walkin' through old Killie town,
      D                      A
It was at the back end o' November.
      D                      G
My gaze was drawn tae a gathering o' folk,
      D                      A
All assembled by the Kilmarnock water.
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-Chorus-

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      Em
In the dreich winter's morn,
      A
A game was well begun,
      Em          G          A
The curling stain slid back and forwards.
      Em
And the breaths like clouds,
      A
Floated upwards to the skies,
      Em          G          A
With the whoops and cries o' the teams o' Curlers.
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      D                      G
My attention was drawn tae a young, bonny lass,
      D                      A
As she stood and watched as a close observer.
      D                      G
My eyes were consumed as she followed all the play,
      D                      A
And she cheered on her father, and her brother.
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      Em
I gaid and I spoke,
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A

And I tellt her my name,

Em

G

A

And she said she was cried Jean Alexander.

Em

She lived wiâ€™ her folk,

A

At the Riccarton toll,

Em

G

A

And she was the tollmanâ€™s only Daughter.

[Instrumental Bridge] **D, G, Ax3 Em, G, A**

D

G

At the end oâ€™ the game, her Father came across,

D

A

And he shook my hand, and he looked me over.

D

G

He says young man come and join us on the road

D

A

Then he took her arm, and we walked together.

Em

And when we had went,

A

Tae their cottage by the toll,

Em

G

A

I was asked inside for a drink and a bladder.

Em

And that was the start,

A

Oâ€™ the winning oâ€™ my heart.

Em

G

A

And the courtin of the tollmanâ€™s daughter.

[Instrumental Bridge]

D

G

Hereâ€™s a helf tae the good folk, oâ€™ old Killie Town,

D

A

The engineers, and the carpet workers.

D

G

The wabsters, the coopers, the distiller oâ€™ the dram,

D

G

Their women folk, and their sons and daughters.

Em

And hereâ€™s to the winter

A

That brought us all the snow

Em

G

A

And the ice that froze Kilmarnock water

Em

And hereâ€™s to the curlers,

A

That brought me to my love,

Em

G

A

The Riccarton tollmanâ€™s only daughter

[Instrumental Bridge] as Outro

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