

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Brouchy Wa's

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1 Burd Helen was her mother's dear,
Her father's heir to be;
He was the laird of Broughty Walls,
And the provost o Dundee.

2 Burd Helen she was much admired
By all that were round about;
Unto Hazelan she was betrothed,
Her virgin days were out.

3 Glenhazlen was a comely youth,
And virtuous were his friends;
He left the schools o bonny Dundee
And on to Aberdeen.

4 It fell upon a Christmas Day
Burd Helen was left alone
For to keep her father's towers;
They stand two miles from town.

5 Glenhazlen's on to Broughty Walls,
Was thinking to win in;
But the wind it blew, and the rain dang on
And wat him to the skin.

6 He was very well entertaind,
Baith for his bed and board,
Till a band o men surrounded them,
Well armd wi spear and sword.

7 They hurried her along wi them,
Lockd up her maids behind;
They threw the keys out-ower the walls,
That none the plot might find.

8 They hurried her along wi them,
Ower mony a rock and glen,
But, all that they could say or do.
From weeping would not refrain.

9 'The Hiland hills are hie, hie hills,
The Hiland hills are hie;

They are no like the banks o Tay!
Or bonny town o Dundee.'

10 It fell out ance upon a day
They went to take the air;
She threw hersell upon the stream,
Against wind and despair.

11 It was sae deep he coudna wide,
Boats werna to be found,
But he leapt in after himsell,
And sunk down like a stone.

12 She kilted up her green claiding
A little below her knee,
And never rest nor was undrest
Till she reachd again Dundee.

13 'I learned this at Boughty Walls,
At Broughty near Dundee,
That if water were my prison strong
I would swim for libertie.'

Child #258

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