

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Lias Laddie

Lias Laddie

(Richard Gary, Sue Richards)

My darling wee worldling, wert thou my ain jewel,
Thy bed were not bracken, thy cover no plaidie,
Thy cot not a hut at the foot of Glen Trool,
And thou not another ain's sweet lias laddie.

List little luggie (ear) as I croon ye hooly,
Wi' a cloud for a pillow, I'd cradle ye doon.
Wi' cannel (candle) stars blinkin', in sleep ye'd be sinkin',
While floating a-dream twixt the horns of the moon.

Couldst thou be my lammie, my dear lias laddie,
Thy heart would ne'er suffer the maist (most) o' life's stoure (strife).
Wi' a Queen for thy mammie and a King for thy daddie,
And thou Prince of Faerie to live evermore.

But waefu' (woeful) and doolie (sadly) do I whisper to ye,
For I ken'd (knew) at ye're Kimm'rin (birthing) ye'd ne're be my ain.
Twas the lias that doomed me, my heart brak and soumed (flooded) me
For the dear lias laddie and the wan chancey sain (unlucky blessing)."

From Ceoltoiri's Silver Apples of The Moon CD:
A song called ""Lias Laddie"" - In Celtic lore, the fairie
people populated their underworld by stealing infants from
mortal parents. But a child born with a lias, a particular
type of birthmark, was considered safe from fairie schemes.
This lullaby is the lament of a faerie queen for a lias child
she cannot keep. JMcD

JMcD
OCT98