

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Lord Thomas and Fair Annet G

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Sweet Willie and Fair Anne,
They sat on yon hill,
And frae the morning till night
This twa neer talked their fill.

Willie spak a word in jest,
And Anne took it ill:
"We's court na mare maidens,
Against our parent's will."

`It's na against our parent's will,'
Fair Annie she did say,
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Willie is hame to his bower,
To his book all alane,
And Fair Annie is to her bower,
To her book and her seam.

Sweet Willie is to his mother dear,
Fell low down on his knee:
"An asking, my mother dear,
And ye grant it to me;
O will I marry the nut-brown may,
An lat Fair Annie gae?"

"The nut-brown may has ousen, Willie,
The nut-brown may has key;
An ye will winn my blessing, Willie,
And latt Fair Annie be."

He did him to his father dear,
Fell low down on his knee:
"An asking, my father,
An ye man grant it me."

"Ask on, my ae son Willie,
Ye'r sur yer askin's free;
Except it is to marry her Fair Annie,
And that manna be."

Out spak his little sister,
As she sat by the fire:
"The ox-leg will brack in the plough,
And the cow will drown in the mire.

"An Willie will ha nathing
But the dam to sitt by the fire;
Fair Annie will sit in her beagly bower,
An winn a earl's hire."

"Fair faa ye, my little sister,
A guid dead mat ye die!
An ever I hae goud,
Well tochered sall ye be."

He's awa to Fair Annie,
As fast as gan could he:
'O will ye come to my marriage?
The morn it is to be.'

"O I will come to yer marriage,
The morn, gin I can win."

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Annie did her to her father dear,
Fell down on her knee:
"An askin, my father,
And ye man grant it me;
Lat me to Sweet Willie's marriage,
The morn it is to be."

"Yer horse sall be siller shod afore,
An guid red goud ahin,
An bells in his mane,
To ring against the win."

She did her to her mother dear,
Fell down on her knee:
"Will ye lat me to Willie's marriage?
The morn it is to be;"
"I'll lat ye to Willie's marriage,
An we the morn see."

Whan Annie was in her saddle set
She flam'd against the fire;
The girdle about her sma middle
Wad a won an earl's hire.

Whan they came to Mary kirk,
And on to Mary quire,
"O far gat ye that watter, Ann,
That washes ye sae clear?"

"I got it in my father's garden,
Aneth a marbell stane;

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"O whar gat ye that water, Annie,
That washes ye sae fite?"

"I gat it in my mother's womb,
Whar ye's never get the like.

"For ye ha been christned wi moss-water,
An roked in the reak,
An ser brunt in yer mither's womb,
For I think ye'll neer be fite."

The nut-brown bride pat her hand in
. . . at Annie's left ear,
And gin her
A deep wound and a sare.

Than . . Annie ged on her horse back,
An fast away did ride,
But lang or cock's crowing,
Fair Annie was dead.

Whan bells were rung, and mess was sung,
An a' man boun to bed,
Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride
In a chamber were laid.

But up and wakend him Sweet Willie
Out of his dreary dream:
"I dreamed a dream this night,
God read a' dream to guid!

"That Fair Annie's bowr was full of gentlemen,
An herself was dead;
But I will on to Fair Annie,
An si't if it be guid.'

Seven lang mile or he came near,
He heard a dolefull chear,
Her father and her seven brithern,
Walking at her bier;

The half of it guid red goud,
The other silver clear.

"Ye deal at my love's leak
The white bread an the wine;
But on the morn at this time
Ye's dee the like at mine."

The ane was buried at Mary kirk,
The ither at Mary quire;
Out of the ane grew a birk,
Out of the ither a briar.

An aye the langer that they grew,
They came the ither near,
An by that ye might a well kent
They were twa lovers dear.

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