

Elfin Knight 5

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- 1 THE Elfin knight stands on yon hill,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw
Blawing his horn loud and shrill.
And the wind has blawin my plaid awa
- 2 'If I had yon horn in my kist,
And the bonny laddie here that I luv best!
- 3 'I hae a sister eleven years auld,
And she to the young men's bed has made bauld.
- 4 'And I mysell am only nine,
And oh! sae fain, luv, as I woud be thine.'
- 5 'Ye maun make me a fine Holland sark,
Without ony stitching or needle wark.
- 6 'And ye maun wash it in yonder well,
Where the dew never wat, nor the rain ever fell.
- 7 'And ye maun dry it upon a thorn
That never budded sin Adam was born.'
- 8 'Now sin ye've askd some things o me,
It 's right I ask as mony o thee.
- 9 'My father he askd me an acre o land,
Between the saut sea and the strand.
- 10 'And ye maun plow't wi your blawing horn,
And ye maun saw't wi pepper corn.
- 11 'And ye maun harrow 't wi a single tyne,
And ye maun shear't wi a sheep's shank bane.
- 12 'And ye maun big it in the sea,
And bring the stathle dry to me.
- 13 'And ye maun barn't in yon mouse hole,
And ye maun thrash't in your shee sole.
- 14 'And ye maun sack it in your gluve,

And ye maun winno't in your leuve.

15 'And ye maun dry't without candle or coal,
And grind it without quirn or mill.

16 'Ye'll big a cart o stane and lime,
Gar Robin Redbreast trail it syne.

17 'When ye've dune, and finishd your wark,
Ye'll come to me, luve, and get your sark.'

Child #2

This is Child's version D

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