

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Fair Mary of Wallington

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'o we were sisters seven, Maisry,  
And five are dead wi child;  
There is nane but you and I, Maisry,  
And we'll go maidens mild.'

She hardly had the word spoken,  
And turnd her round about,  
When the bonny Earl of Livingston  
Was calling Maisry out.

Upon a bonny milk-white steed,  
That drank out of the Tyne,  
And a' was for her Ladie Maisry,  
To take her hyne and hyne.

Upon a bonny milk-white steed,  
That drank out o the Tay,  
And a' was for her Lady Maisry,  
To carry her away.

She had not been at Livingston  
A twelve month and a day,  
Until she was as big wi bairn  
As any ladie coud gae.

She calld upon her little foot-page,  
Says, Ye maun run wi speed,  
And bid my mother come to me,  
For of her I'll soon have need.

'See, there is the brootch frae my hause-bane,  
It is of gowd sae ried;  
Gin she winna come when I'm alive,  
Bid her come when I am dead.'

But ere she wan to Livingston,  
As fast as she coud ride,  
The gaggs they were in Maisry's mouth,  
And the sharp sheers in her side.

Her good Lord wrang his milk-white hands,  
Till the gowd rings flaw in three:

'Let ha's and bowers and a' gae waste,  
My bonny love's taen frae me!'

'O hold your tongue, Lord Livingston,  
Let a your mourning be;  
For I bare the bird between my sides,  
Yet I maun thole her to die.

Then out it spake her sister dear,  
As she sat at her head:  
'That man is not in Christendoom  
Shall gar me die sicken dead.'

'O hold your tongue, my ae daughter,  
Let a your folly be,  
For ye shall be married ere this day week  
Tho the same death you should die.'

Child #91

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