

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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White Fisher

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'It's but a month, my lady gay,
Now since I wedded thee,
Tell me fa's is the bonnie baby
That I see you go wi?

'O is it to a man o might,
Or a baron o high degree?
Or is it to your father's footpage? -
My lady, ye dinna lee.'

'It's not to man o might,' she said,
'Or baron o high degree,
But it is to my father's foot-page,
My good lord, I'll tell thee.

'He sair'd my father seven year,
An' he never paid him no fee,
But he got me in a bower my leen,
An' he made me pay the fee.'

Then it fell eence upon a day,
Her good lord went from home,
An' heavy heavy were the pains, the pains o travailin,
An' her good lord far from home.'

She bolted the door without, without,
She bolted it within,
She bolted her room round about,
None to her could come in.

Then word is gone to that good lord,
As he sat drinkin wine,
Word is gone to that good lord,
An' merrily cam he home.

'Ye open the door, my lady,' he said,
'Ye open the door to me,
Or I'll mak a vow an keep it true,
In the floor I'll gar it flee.'

'I'll open the door, my ain good lord,
I'll open, lat you come in,

But all that I do ask o you
Is that you come in your leen.'

But wi her fingers long an' small
She lifted up the pin,
An' wi her arms long an wide
She embraced her good lord in.

'O ye tak up this little boy
That ye see here wi me,
O ye tak up this little boy,
An' throw him in the sea.

'An' if he sink ye lat him sink,
If he swim, ye lat him swim,
But never lat him return again
Till fite fish he fess home.'

He's taen up this little boy,
An' he rowed him in his sleeve,
An' he is on to his mother,
At his lady he asked nae leave

'Open the door, my mother,' he says,
'Open, lat me come in,
Open the door, my mother,' he says,
'An tak in my little young son.'

'Didna I tell you, my dear son dear,
When ye was gaun to ride,
Didna I tell you, my dear son dear.
It was nae leal virgin that ye did wed.'

'O haud your tongue, my mother dear,
Lat a your folly be,
For I wyte it was a king's daughter
That sent this boy to me.

'I wyte it was a king's daughter
I loved beyond the sea,
An' gin my lady knew o it,
Righ, angry wad she be.'

'Gin that be true, my dear son dear,
As your ain tongue winna lee,
I will tak in your little young son,
An' gie him a nerice tee.
There will never be waur done to your young son
Nor ever was done to thee.'

When he came home to his lady,
An' sair mournin was she,
'O what does ail my gay lady,
I pray you tell to me?'

'O bonnie was the fite fisher
That I sent to the sea;
Long will I mourn in my bower my leen
Ere fite fish come to me

'O haud your tongue, my gay lady,
Lat a' your mourning be,
There'll never be waur done to your young son
Nor ever was done to thee. '

'Gin that be true, my ain dear lord,
This day noo well is me;
But gin it hadna come o you,' she says,
'It never wad come o me.

'My blessin on your cheek, your cheek,
My blessin on your chin,
My blessin on your red rose lips
For ye're aye awoman's frien'.'

Child #264

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