

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter (A)

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O WILLIE'S large o limb and lith,  
And come o high degree,  
And he is gane to Earl Richard,  
To serve for meat and fee.

Earl Richard had but ae daughter,  
Fair as a lily-flower,  
And they made up their love-contract  
Like proper paramour.

It fell upon a simmer's nicht,  
Whan the leaves were fair and green,  
That Willie met his gay ladie  
Intil the wood alane.

`O narrow is my gown, Willie,  
That wont to be sae wide;  
And gane is a' my fair colour,  
That wont to be my pride.

`But gin my father should get word  
What's past between us twa,  
Before that he should eat or drink,  
He'd hang you oer that wa.

`But ye'll come to my bower, Willie,  
Just as the sun gaes down,  
And kep me in your arms twa,  
And latna me fa down.'

O whan the sun was now gane down,  
He's doen him till her bower,  
And there, by the lee licht o the moon,  
Her window she lookit oer.

Intill a robe o red scarlet  
She lap, fearless o harm;  
And Willie was large o lith and limb,  
And keepit her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude green wood,  
And, ere the night was deen,

She's born to him a bonny young son,  
Amang the leaves sae green.

Whan night was gane, and day was come,  
And the sun began to peep,  
Up and raise the Earl Richard  
Out o his drowsy sleep.

He's ca'd upon his merry young men,  
By ane, by twa, and by three:  
`O what's come o my daughter dear,  
That she's nae come to me?

`I dreamt a dreary dream last night,  
God grant it come to gude!  
I dreamt I saw my daughter dear  
Drown in the saut sea flood.

`But gin my daughter be dead or sick,  
Or yet be stown awa,  
I mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
I'll hang ye ane and a'!

They sought her back, they sought her fore,  
They sought her up and down;  
They got her in the gude green wood,  
Nursing her bonny young son.

He took the bonny boy in his arms,  
And kist him tenderlie;  
Says, Though I would your father hang,  
Your mother's dear to me.

He kist him oer and oer again:  
`My grandson I thee claim,  
And Robin Hood in gude green wood,  
And that shall be your name.'

And mony ane sings o grass, o grass,  
And mony ane sings o corn,  
And mony ane sings o Robin Hood  
Kens little whare he was born.

It wasna in the ha, the ha,  
Nor in the painted bower,  
But it was in the gude green wood,  
Amang the lily-flower.

Version A in Child from Jamieson

LMP

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