

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Wylie Wife of the Hie Toun Hie 4

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ALL the soldiers in Edinburgh town  
Were sitting drinking at the wine,  
An all the toasts that were among them  
Was a health to the lassie that goes sae fine.

Up then spake an officier,  
The bravest in the company;  
'To every one I will give a guinea,  
A guinea and a pint of wine,  
To the ostler's wife I wald double it a',  
If she'd entice that young lassie in.'

The old wife tripped down the stair,  
And aye she said, 'A good morrow, dame!'  
And aye she said, an the maid replied,  
'What is your will wi me, madam?'

'It's not to do you any harm,  
Or yet your body any ill,  
But, if you would my favour gain,  
Come up an taste one glass of wine.'

'My father stands on the stair-head,  
Just lookin for me to come in;  
I am so proper and so tall  
I'm much afraid of your merry men.'

'My merry men, they are all gone out,  
An they will not be in till dine;  
So, if you would my favour gain,  
Come up an taste a glass of wine.'

The fair maid tripped up the stair,  
The old wife bolted the door behind;  
He's tane her in his arms twa,  
Says, O but ye are a bonny thing!

Twenty times he kissed her cheek,  
An twenty times her bonny chin,  
An twenty times her ruby lips!  
'O but ye are a bonny thing!'

`Noo, since ye've got your wills o me,  
What is your name, I pray you tell;

.....

.... where you dwell.'

.....

`My eldest brother, he heirs the land;  
I was forced to be a highwayman,  
Or else a soldier, as I am.'

An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
An aye thae words spak them atween,  
An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

They had na been in Edinburgh  
A month, a month but only nine,  
When they have got the royal commission  
For to march to Aberdeen.

An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
An aye thae words spak them atween,  
An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

They had na been in Aberdeen  
A month, a month but only one,  
When he got on the captain's coat,  
An made her lady o his land.

An aye the lassie she sat an sang,  
An aye thae words spak them atween,  
An aye the lassie she sat an sang,  
An hersed the auld wife that brocht her in.

Child #290

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