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Arthur and Mollee

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As noble Sir Arthur one morning did ride,
With his hounds at his feet and his sword by his side,
He saw a fair maid sitting under a tree;
He asked her name, and she said 'twas Mollee

"Oh, charming Mollee, you my butler shall be,
To draw the red wine for yourself and for me!
I'll make you a lady so high in degree,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!"

"I'll give you fine ribbons, I'll give you fine rings,
I'll give you fine jewels and many fine things;
I'll give you a petticoat flounced to the knee,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!"

"I'll have none of your ribbons, and none of your rings,
None of your jewels and other fine things;
And I've got a petticoat suits my degree,
And I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

"Oh, charming Mollee, lend me then your penknife,
And I will go home and I'll kill my own wife;
I'll kill my own wife and my bairnies three,
If you will but love me, my charming Mollee!"

"Oh noble Sir Arthur, it must not be so,
Go home to your wife, and let nobody know;
For seven long years I will wait upon thee,
But I'll ne'er love a married man till his wife dee."

Now seven long years are gone and are past,
The old woman went to her long home at last;
The old woman died, and Sir Arthur was free,
And he soon came a-courting to charming Mollee.

Now charming Mollee in her carriage doth ride,
With her hounds at her feet and her lord by her side.
Now all ye fair maids take a warning by me,
And ne'er love a married man till his wife dee.

From Songs of Northern England, Stokoe