

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Bold Archie

(alternate:)

BOLDARCH.1

Bold Archie

"Come, come," Bold Archie he cried  
"Come and speak a word with me  
For I've a brother in yonder prison  
Who is condemned and this day must dee"

"Oh no, oh no," the other he said  
"Oh no, that never can be  
For I have ten men as good as myself  
We will go and set the poor prisoner free"

So they mounted their horses and away rode they  
Who but they so merrily  
Until they came to the prison gate  
There they all dismounted most sorrowfully

"Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie," Bold Archie he cried  
"Come and speak a word with me  
For I have come with full forty men  
And I am determined to set thee free

"Oh no, oh no," Bold Dickie he cried  
"Oh no, that never can be  
For I've full forty weight of good Spanish iron  
Betwixt my anklebone and my knee"

But they broke bolts and they broke bars  
And they broke whatever came in their way  
And they took the poor prisoner under his arms  
And they marched him out courageously

So they mounted their horses and away rode they  
Who but they so merrily  
Until they came to the riverside  
Where they all dismounted sorrowfully

"Bold Archie, Bold Archie," Bold Dickie he cried  
"Come and speak a word with me  
My horse is lame and he cannot swim

And oh, I fear this day I dee"

"Oh no, oh no," Bold Archie he cried

"Oh no, that never can be

My horse is strong and I know he swims

He will take us both over most joyfully"

So they mounted their horses and away rode they

Who but they so merrily

Until they came to the other side

Where they all dismounted most sorrowfully

"Bold Archie, Bold Archie," the sheriff he cried

"Come and speak a word with me

If you'll bring back the iron that you carried off

I am sure we will set the poor prisoner free."

"Oh no, oh no," Bold Archie he cried

"Oh no, that never can be

Well the iron will serve to shoe our horses

And a blacksmith he rides in our company"

So they mounted their horses and away rode they

Who but they so merrily

Until they came to the tavern gate

Where they all dismounted most joyfully

They hired a fiddle, they hired a room

Who but they so merrily

And one of the best dancers that was in the room

Was this poor prisoner just set free

From the Frank Warner collection

Child #187 and/or

Child #188

This seems to be assumed to be local on both sides of the Atlantic.

Recorded by Tony Rose

SOF