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Earl Crawford

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O we were sisters, sisters seven
We were a comely crew to see
And some got lairds and some got lords
And some got knichts o hie degree
And I mysel got the Earl o Crawford
And wasna that a great match for me!

It was at fifteen that I was married
And at sixteen I had a son
And wasna that an age ower tender
For a lady to hae her first-born
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For a lady to hae her first-born

But it fell ance upon a day
I gaed into the garden green,
And naebody was therein walking
But Earl Crawford and his young son.

I wonder at you, ye Earl Crawford,
I wonder at you wi your young son;
Ye daut your young son mair than your Lillie;
[I'm sure you got na him your lane.]

[He turned about upon his heel,
I wite an angry man was he;
Says, If I got nae my young son my lane,
Bring me here the one that helpet me.]

['O hold your tongue, my Earl Crawford,
And a' my folly lat it he;
There was nane at the gettin o oor son,
Nae body only but you and me.]

He set her on a milk-white steed,
Her little young son her before;
Says, Ye maun gae to bonny Stobha,
For ye will enter my yates no more.

When she cam to her father's bowers,
She lichtit low down on the stane,

And wha sae ready as her auld father
To welcome Lady Lillie in?

'O how's a' wi you, my daughter Lillie,
That ye come here sae hastilie?
And how's a' wi' the Earl o Crawford,
That he didna send a boy wi thee'

'O haud your tongue now, my old father,
And ye'll lat a' your folly be,
For ae word that my merry mou spak
Was parted my good lord and me.

'O haud your tongue, my daughter Lillie,
And a' your follies lat them he;
I'll double your portion ten times ower,
And a better match I'll get for thee.

O haud your tongue now, my old father,
And a' your folly lat it be;
I wouldna gie ae kiss o Crawford
For a' the goud that ye can gie.

'Where will I get a bonny boy,
That's willin to win meat and fee,
What will gae on to Earl Crawford
And see an 's heart be fawn to me?'

'O here am I, a bonny boy,
That's willin to win meat and fee,
That will go on to Earl Crawford's,
And see an 's hairt be faen to thee.

When he cam to the yates o Crawford,
They were a' sitting down to dine:
'How comes it now, ye Earl Crawford,
Ye arena takin Lady Lillie hame'

'Ye may gae tell her Lady Lillie,
And ye maun neither lee nor len,
She may stay in her father's bowers,
For she'll not enter my yates again.'

When he cam back to her father's yates,
He lichtit low down on his knee:
'What news, what news, my bonny boy?
What news, what news hae ye to me?'

'I'm bidden tell you, Lady Lillie

I'm bidden neither to lee nor Ien
She may stay in her father's bowers,
For she'll not enter my yates again.

She stretched out her lily hand,
Says, 'Adieu, adieu to ane and a!
Adieu, adieu to Earl Crawford'
Wi that her sair heart brak in twa.

Then dowie, dowie her father raise up,
And dowie, dowie the black put on,
And dowie, dowie he mounted the brown,
And dowie, dowie sat thereon.

And dowie rade to the yates o Crawford,
And when to Crawford's yates he came,
They were a' dressd in the robes o scarlet,
Just gaun to tak Lady Lillie hame.

'Ye may cast aff your robes o scarlet--
I wyte they set you wondrous weel
And now put on the black sae dowie,
And come and bury your Lady Lill.'

He took his hat into his hand,
And laid it low down by his knee:
'An it he true that Lillie's dead,
The sun shall nae muir shine on me.

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