

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Maskin Rung

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A farmers daughter and she went out
To milk her daddy's kye;
A young man he got word o' this
And he followed her instantly.

cho: For the holland grows, the holland grows,
The holland grows so green;
And there's nae a tree in a' the land
Like the birk and the holland green.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she said,
"Oh haud them aff frae me.
And in yon place of the gay green woods
Tomorrow I'll meet with thee."

"Fair ye fa', ye weel-faur'd maid
And ye maun set the time,
And in what place o' the gay green woods
Ye will meet ne at e'en "

"It's doon aside yon mickle birk,
Aside yon little well;
And there I will meet you at e'en,
And that you winna tell."

She's ta'en her milk-pails on ker heid,
And she's gane singing hame; And she's mindit her a' the leelang
nicht
How she wad beguile the young man.

Noo she's gane me a widow wife
An' borrowed a suit o' clothes,
An, she's buskit them on the maskin rung,
An' awa' tae the green wood goes.

Her middle was made o' the apple tree,
Her arms o' the willow wand;
On every finger a gay gold ring
For tae shine in the young man's hand.

She's gane on tae the gay green woods,

Tae the gay green woods gaed she;
An' there she's placed the maskin rung
Below the birken tree.

The laddie be cam' through the woods,
He whistled an' be sang,
"Oh, I see my true love loves me weel
For she hasnae tarried lang."

"But I wonder what can ail my love
For, oh, but she is meek
And aye she smiles intae my face
But ne'er a word she'll speak."

So he's lifted up her petticoat
A little below the knee,
But there's naething there but the maskin rung
And the fair maid was awa'.

"A false maid has been my true love,
False has she been tae me;
If I had her in this green wood
She wadna gang maiden free."

The maid being in a bush near by,
She heard him mak' his moan,
Says, "Here am I in this green wood,
An' I'll gang maiden home."

Then oot there spak' the auld woman,
Sat in the hoose nearby,
What want ye wi' my claes, young man,
That I hung oot tae dry?"

Near Edinburgh toon this trick was played
That I sing in my song;
An' a' ye young men that go tae woo,
Beware o' the maskin rung.

From The Scottish Folksinger, Buchan and Hall
note: Maskin' Rung was the pole used to stir whisky malt. The
net effect would be a scarecrow.