

Sheath and Knife

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Oh tis whispered in the kitchen, tis whispered in the hall
Oh the broom blooms bonnie, the broom blooms fair
That king's daughter goes with child by her brother
And they will never go down to the broom any more

He has taken his sister down to his father's deer park
With a yew tree bow and arrow slung fast across his back

And it's when you hear me give a loud cry
From your bow shoot an arrow and there let me lie

And when you see that I am dead
Then dig me a grave, lay some turf at my head

And it's when he did hear her give a loud cry
He shot a silver arrow and there he let her lie

Then he dug her a grave both long, wide and deep
And he buried his own sister with their baby at her feet

Then he has gone home to his father's own hall
There was music, there was dancing, there were minstrels and all

Oh Willie, oh Willie, what gives you such pain
I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never see again

My father has ships all sailing on the sea
But such a sheath and knife they can never bring to me

Child #16

recorded by Jean Redpath (Minstrels), MacColl (Solo), and
Gordeanna McCoullough
SOF