

The Swan Swims Bonnie (Two Sisters)

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There were twa sisters that liv'd in a bower
Hi ho and sae bonnie-O
And there cam' a bonnie laddie tae be their wooer
And the swans they swim sae bonnie-O

Oh sister, oh sister, will ye come for a walk?
And I'll show ye wonders afore ye come back.

Oh sister, oh sister, pit your fit on yon stane
And I'll show ye wonders afore we go hame.

So she's pit her fit upon yon stane,
And sae slyly her sister has pushed her in the stream.

Oh sister, oh sister, come gie me your hand
And I'll gie ye my houses and half o' my land.

Oh sister, oh sister, ye winna get my hand
And I'll still hae gour houses and a' o' your land.

Sometimes she sank and sometimes she swam
Until she has come tae the miller's mill dam.

The miller he cam' oot and he looked intae his dam
Says, "Here is a maid or a milk white swan."

He's lifted her oot and he's laid her on a stane
And three fiddlers spied her as they walked along.

The first ane o' them's ta'en three lengths o' her hair
Says, "This'll mak' me strings for a fiddle sae rare."

The second ane o'them, he has ta'en her finger banes
Says, "This'll mak' the fiddle some fine fiddle pins."

But the third ane o' them he has ta'en her breist bane,
Says, "This'll mak' a fiddle that'll play a tune its lane."

They've picked the fiddle up and it's they've gane on their way,
Till they've come tae her faither's castle that stood sae high.

They gaed in and they sat doon tae dine,
When they laid the fiddle by, it began tae play its lane.

The first tune it played: "There's my father, the King"
And the second that it played: "There's my mither the Queen."

But the third that it played: "There's my fause sister Jean
And sae slyly she pushed me intae the running stream."

Then up and there spk' her fause sister Jean,
Says, "We'll pey these three fiddlers and let them be gone."

Then up and there spak', it's her father the King,
"I'll pey these three fiddlers tae play that tune again."

They've built a fire that would near burn a stane,
And intae the middle o't they've pushed her sister Jean.

Child #10

From the Scottish Folksinger, Buchan and Hall