

# The Bramble Brier - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## THE BRAMBLE BRIER

Near Bine-water a rich man dwelt.  
With two sons And a daughter fair.  
Who of his wife had been bereft.  
Which caused their hearts much fear.  
These young men journeyed across the sea,  
To get riches was their aim,  
But finding things not as they wished them to be,  
Returned with a factor to their domain.

Now this factor was tall and handsome.  
Neat and genteel withal,  
Their sister soon in love with him fell,  
Quite unbeknown to them all.  
One night as the lovers were talking,  
The young brother chanced to o'erhear  
The secrets to each they were telling.  
Those secrets to lovers most dear.

He resolved that their love should be blighted.  
This love-making nipped in the bud,  
On the morrow they'd take him out hunting  
And secretly have him removed.  
Bright And early the following morning,  
On their errand they quickly set forth.  
Induced the young man to go with them,  
On the mountains to have a day's sport.

They hunted o'er hill and o'er mountain.  
Through valleys before quite unknown,  
Till they came to a dense bramble brier,  
Into which his dead body was thrown.  
On returning home to their sister,  
She questioned them as to the man,  
And asked them why did they whisper-  
Pray, brother, tell me if you can.

We lost him while we were out hunting,  
Searched for him, but nowhere could find.  
But you need not in this wise confront us,  
We were thus forced to leave him behind.  
Late that night she lay restlessly tossing,  
At her bedside a vision appeared,  
His eyes full of tears to o'erflowing.  
And his form all covered with blood.

He said, my dear, give o'er your weeping,  
It is lolly for you thus to grieve;  
Your cruel brothers have sought to kill me,  
And that die I may, I do believe.  
Deep in a ditch, from view quite hidden,  
Thickly with briers and thorns overgrown.  
There was the scene of the bloody encounter.  
There sought to kill me, there I was throw a.

She roamed far over hills and high mountains.  
Through lone valleys to her quite unknown,  
Till she came to the dense bramble briar.  
Where they killed him and where he was thrown.  
His handsome cheeks were all marred And bloody.  
Ills manly form quite cold in death;  
Fondly she kissed him, with ardor exclaiming  
She would be true to him while she had breath.

When she returned and met her brothers,  
They questioned her as to where she had been,  
From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

To all of which she made a quick answer.  
She the young man's dead body had seen.  
You have brutally murdered my own true love,  
Committed a sin of deepest dye.  
Just punishment you'll receive from above,  
I feel that your end is nigh.

Soon after the brothers went forth to swim  
And were met by a mighty wave,  
By it were engulfed in its surging foam,  
And both found a watery grave.