

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Alison and Willie

Alison and Willie

I 'MY luve she lives in Lincolnshire,  
I wat she's neither black nor broun,  
But her hair is like the thread o gowd,  
Aye an it waur weel kaimed doun.

2 She's pued the black mask owre her face,  
An blinkit gaily wi her ee:  
'O will you to my weddin come,  
An will you bear me gude companie ?'

3 'I winna to your weddin come,  
Nor will I bear you gude companie,  
Unless you be the bride yoursell,  
An me the bridegroom to be.'

4 'For me to be the bride mysel,  
An you the bonnie bridegroom to be  
Cheer up your heart, Sweet Willie,' she said, '  
For that's the day you'll never see.

5 'Gin you waur on your saiddle set,  
An gaily ridin on the way,  
You'll hae nae mair mind o Alison  
Than she waur dead an laid in clay.

6 When he was on his saiddle set,  
An slowly ridin on the way,  
He had mair mind o Alison  
Than he had o the licht o day.

7 He saw a hart draw near a hare,  
An aye that hare drew near a toun,  
An that same hart did get a hare,  
But the gentle knicht got neer a toun.

8 He leant him owre his saiddle-bow,  
An his heart did brak in pieces three;  
Wi sighen said him Sweet Willie,  
'The pains o luve hae taen bald o me.'

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There cam a white horse an a letter,  
That stopped the weddin speidilie.

10 She leant her back on her bed-side,  
An her heart did brak in pieces three;  
She was buried an bemoaned,  
But the birds waur Willie's companie.

Child #256

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