

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Crow and Pie

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1 THROUGHE a forest as I can ryde,
To take my sporte yn an mornyng,
I cast my eye on euery syde,
I was ware of a bryde syngyng.

2 I sawe a faire mayde come rydyng;
I speke to hur of loue, I trowe;
She answered me all yn scornynge,
And sayd, The crowe shall byte yow.

3 'I pray yow, damesell, scorne me nott;
To wyn your loue ytt ys my wyll;
For your loue I haue dere bought,
And I wyll take good hede thertyll.'

4 'Nay, for God, ser, that I nyll;
I tell the, Jenken, as I trowe,
Thew shalt nott fynde me suche a gyll;
Therefore the crowe shall byte yow.

5 He toke then owt a good golde ryng,
A purse of velweytt, that was soo fyne:
'Haue ye thys, my dere swetyng,
With that ye wylbe lemman myn.

6 'Be Cryst, I dare nott, for my dame,
To dele with hym that I doo nott knowe ;
For soo I myght dyspyse my name;
Therefore the crow shall byte yow.

7 He toke bur abowte the mydell small,
That was soo faire of hyde and hewe;
He kyssed hur cheke as whyte as whall,
And prayed hur that she wolde vpon hym rewe.

8 She scornyd hym, and callyd hym Hew;
His loue was as a paynted blowe:
'To-day me, to-morowe a newe ;
Therefore the crow shall byte yow.

9 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,
And layd hur downe vpon the grene;

Twys or thrys he served hur soo withall,
He wolde nott stynt yet, as I wene.

10 'But sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,
Ye wyll wedde me now, as I trowe:
'I wyll be aduysed, Gyll,' sayd he,
' For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.

11 'But sythe ye haue i-leyn me by,
And brought my body vnto shame,
Some of your good ye wyll part with me,
Or elles, be Cryst, ye be to blame.'

12 'I wylbe aduysed,' he sayde;
the wynde ys wast tht thow doyst blowe
I haue a-noder that most be payde;
Therefore the pye hathe pecked yow.

13 'Now sythe ye haue i-leyn me bye,
A lyttle thyng ye wyll tell;
In ase that I with childe be
What ys your name? Wher do ye dwell?

14 'At York, at London, at Clerkenwell,
At Leycester, Cambryge, at myrye Brystowe;
Some call be Rycharde, Robart, Jacke, and Wyll;
For now the pye hath peckyd yow'

15 'But all medons, be ware, be rewe,
And lett no man down ye throwe;
For an yow doo, ye wyll ytt rewe,
For then the pye will pecke yow.

16 'Farewell corteor,our the medoo,
Pluke vp your helys, I yow beshrew!
Your trace, wher so euer ye ryde or goo,
Crystes curse goo wythe yow.

17 'Thoughe a knave hath by me layne,
Yet am I noder dede nor slowe;
I trust to recouer my harte agayne
And Crystes curse goo wythe yow!

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