

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Elfin Knight 4

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1 THERE. stands a knicht at the tap o you hill,
Ours the hills and far awa
He has blawn his horn loud and shill.
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa

2 'If I had the horn that I hear blawn,
And the knicht that blaws that horn!'

3 She had na sooner thae words said,
Than the elfin knicht cam to her side.

4 'Are na ye oure young a may
Wi onie young man doun to lie?'

5 'I have a sister younger than I,
And she was married yesterday.

6 'Married wi me ye sail neer be nane
Till ye mak to me a sark but a seam.

7 'And ye maun shape it knife-, sheer-less,
And ye maun sew it needl , threed-less.

8 'And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,
Where water never stood nor ran.

9 'And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,
Whare the sun neer shon sin man was born.'

10 'Gin that courtesie I do for thee,
Ye maun do this for me.

11 'Ye'll get an acre o gude red-land
Atween the saut sea and the sand.

12 'I want that land for to be corn,
And ye maun aer it wi your horn.

13 'And ye maun saw it without a seed,
And ye maun harrow it wi a threed.

14 'And ye maun sheer it wi your knife,

And na tyne a pickle o't for your life.

15 'And ye maun moue it in yon mouse-hole
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe-sole.

16 'And ye maun fan it wi your luves,
And ye maun sack it in your gloves.

17 'And ye maun bring it oure the sea,
Fair and clean and dry to me.

18 'And whom that your wark is weill dean,
Yese get your sark without a seam.'

Child #2

This is Child's version C

Kinloch's A. S. ballads, p. 145. From the recitation of M. Kinnear, a native of
Mearnsshire, 23 Aug., 1826.

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