

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Glenkindie

Glenkindie

Glenkindie was a harper guid
He harpit tae the king,
Glenkindie was the best harper
That ever harped on a string.

He could harpit a fish oot o' saut water
or water oot a' a stane; (stone)
He could harpit the milk fae a maiden's breist
Wha' ne'er gi'ed souk tae wean. (never suckled a child)

He's harpit in the King's castle,
He's harpit them a' asleep;
A' but the bonnie young countess
Wha' love did wauken keep. (waking)

First he harpit a dowie air (sad)
And syne he harpit a gay (then)
And many a sigh between the hands
I wat the lady gie. (know, give)

When day is dawen and cocks are crawin'
And wappit their wings sae wide; (flapped)
It's ye may come unto my bower
And lie doon by my side.

But mind that ye tell na Jock, your man,
Whatever that ye dae:
For if an ye tell Jock, your man,
He'll beguile baith you and me.

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand
He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame tae Jock, his man,
As fast as he can gang.

I think that I could tell ye, Jock,
Gin I a man had slain (if)
Aye that ye nicht, my maister dear,
Although ye had slain ten.

When day is dawen and cocks hae crawin,
And wappit their wings sae wide,

I'm bidden to yon lady's bower
Tae lie doon by her side.

Then harken weel noo, Jock my man,
And tak' tent whit I say: (take notice)
Gin ye dinna wauken me in time,
High hangit ye shall be.

Than gang tae your bed, my maister dear,
I fear ye've waked over lang,
I'll waukin ye in as guid time
As ony cock in the land.

Jock's ta'en his harp intil his hand
He harpit and he sang
Until Glenkindie laid him doon
And fast asleep did gang.

Then he has gane tae the lady's bower
As fast as he could rin;
And when he ca' tae the bower door,
He tirlid at the pin. (twirled the latch)

O, wha is this the lady cried
That tirlid at the pin?
Wha but Glenkindie your ain true love?
O, rise and let me in.

She kent he was nae gentle knicht (knew)
That she had letten in;
For neither when he came or went
Kissed he her cheek nor chin.

He neither kissed her when he cam'
Nor clappit her when he gaed (embrace, went)
And in and at her bower window
The moon shone like a gleid. (hot ember)

O ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
Riven are your sheen; (torn shoes)
A raivelled is your yellow hair (disheveled)
That I saw late yestereen. (yesterday)

The stockings they are Jock, my man's,
Cam' First intae my hand;
the sheen as well belong tae him
At my bed-foot they stand;
And I raivelled a' my yellow hair
Wi' rinnin' against the wind.

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang
And he's awa' tae his maister dear,
As Fast as he could gang.
C'wa, c'wa, ny maister dear, (come away)
I fear ye sleep ower lang,
There's no' a cock in a' the land
But has wappit his wings and crawn.

Glenkindie's ta'en his harp in hand,
He harpit and he sang;
And when he cam' to the lady's bower
He chappit wi' his hand. (knocked)

He chappit at the lady's bower
And tirdled at the pin;
Rise up, rise up, my bonnie may,
O rise and let me in!

O, hae ye left behind wi me
Your hat or else your glove?
Or are ye come to me again
To ken mair o' my love? (know more)

Glenkindie swore a mickle oath (great)
By airn, by oak, by thorn (alder)
I was never in your chamber, lass
Since the day that I was born. '

Then God forbid the lady cried
Sic shame should e'er betide
That I should first be a wild loon's thing
And then a young knight's bride

Then she has ta'en her wee pen knife
That hung doon by her gair (side)
My body's kent a man this nicht
But it shall ken nae mair

Glenkindie's rode up yon high hill
As fast as he could gae
C'wa, c'wa, noo Jock, my man
And I will pay your fee

Then he has ta'en him, Jock, his man
And hangit him fu' high
He's hangit him ower his ain yett (own gate)
As high as he could be

He's ta'en his harpit intil his hand
Sae sweetly as it rang
But wae and weary was tae hear
Glenkindie's dowie song

His lady she was cauld and dead
And didna hear he mane (moan)
And gin he harps till doomisday
She'll never hear him again

Child #67

story of Glasgerion was in Chaucer, House of Fame (1300s)
and Percy's Reliques (1765)

recorded by MacColl and Seeger on Blood and Roses 3

SOF