

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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### Kemp Owyne

Kemp Owyne

Her mother died when she was young  
Which gave her cause to make great moan  
Her father married the worst woman  
That ever lived in Christendom

She served her with foot and hand  
In everything that she could dee  
Till once in an unlucky time  
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea

Says, Lie you there, dove Isobel  
And all my sorrows lie with thee  
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea  
And borrow you with kisses three  
Let all the world do what they will  
Oh borrowed shall you never be

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang  
And twisted thrice around the tree  
And all the people far and near  
Thought that a savage beast was she

These news did come to Kemp Owyne  
Where he lived, far beyond the sea  
He hasted him to Craigy's sea  
And on the savage beast looked he

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang  
And twisted thrice about the tree  
And with a swing she came about  
"Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,  
"That I have found in the green sea  
And while your body it is on  
Drawn shall your blood never be  
But if you touch me, tail or fin  
I vow my belt your death shall be"

He stepped in, gave her a kiss  
The royal belt he brought him wi'  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang

And twisted twice about the tree  
And with a swing she came about  
"Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me"

"Here is a royal ring," she said  
"That I have found in the green sea  
And while your finger it is on  
Drawn shall your blood never be  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
I swear my ring your death will be"

He stepped in, gave her a kiss  
The royal ring he brought him wi'  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang  
And twisted aince about the tree  
And with a swing she came about  
"Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me"

"Here is a royal brand," she cried,  
"That I have found in the green sea  
And while your body it is on  
Drawn shall your blood never be  
But if you touch me tail or fin  
I swear my brand your death will be"

He stepped in, gave her a kiss  
The royal brand he brought him wi'  
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short  
And twisted nane about the tree  
And smilingly she came about  
As fair a woman as fair could be

Child #34  
in Child, from Buchan, "Ballads of the North of Scotland"  
sung by Margaret MacArthur  
SOF