

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Kempy Kay

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King Knapperty he's a hunting gane,
O'er hills and mountains high, high, high,
A gude pike-staff intill his hand,
And dulgets anew forbye, I, I, I,
And dulgets anew forbye.

Then he met in wi an auld woman,
Was feeding her flocks near by, I, I, I
"I'm come a wooing to your daughter,
And a very gude bargain am I, I, I."

And she's awa to her wee hole house,
Lookd in a wee chip hole,
And there she saw her filthy wee flag,
Was sitting athort the coal.

"Get up, get up, ye filthy foul hag,
And make your foul face clean;
There are woosers coming to the town,
And your foul face mauna be seen."

Then up she raise, an awa she gaes,
And in at the back o the door,
And there a pig o water she saw,
T'was seven years auld an mair.

Aye she rubbed, an aye she scrubbed,
To make her foul face clean,
And aye she bannd the auld wife, her mither,
For nae bringing clean water in.

King Knapperty he came in at the door,
Stood even up in the floor;
Atho that she had neer seen him before,
She kent him to be her dear.

He has taen her in his arms twa,
And kissd her, cheek and chin:
I neer was kissd afore in my life,
But this night got mony ane.'

He har put his hand in his pocket,
And he's taen out a ring:
Says, "Take ye that, mg dearest dear,
It is made o the brazen pan."

She thankd him ance, she thankd him twice,
She thankd him oer again:
"I neer got a ring before in my life,
But this night hae gotten ane"

These lovers bed it was well made,
And at their hearts' desire;
These lovers bed it was well made,
At the side o the kitchen fire.

The bolster that these lovers had
Was the mattock an the mell,
And the covring that these lovers had
Was the clouted cloak an pale.

The draps that fell frae her twa een
Woud have gard a froth-mill gang,
An [the] clunkerts that hung at their heels
Woud hae muckd an acre o land.

An ilka hair that war in their head
Was like a heather-cow,
And ilka tenant that it containd
Was like a lintseed-bow.

Child #33
from Buchan's MSS, I, 133.
SOF