

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Kitchie Boy (D)

Kitchie Boy (D)

THERE lived a lady in the north
O muckle birth an fame;
She's faun in love wi her kitchie-boy,
The greater was her shame.

`Maister cook, he will cry oot,
An answered he maun be;'

.....

...

`I hae a coffer o ried gowd
My mither left to me,
An I will build a bonnie ship,
And send her ower the sea,
An you'll come hame like lord or squire,
An answered you maun be.'

She has biggit a bonnie ship,
Sent her across the main,
An in less that sax months an a day
That ship cam back again.

`Go dress, go dress, my dochter Janet,
Go dress, an mak you fine,
An we'll go down to yon shore-side
An bid yon lords to dine.'

He's pued the black mask ower his face,
Kaimed doun his yellow hair,
A' no to lat her father ken
That ere he had been there.

`Oh, got you that by sea sailin?
Or got you that by land?
Or got you that on Spanish coast,
Upon a died man's hand?'

`I got na that by sea sailin,
I got na that by land;
But I got that on Spanish coast,

Upon a died man's hand.'

He's pued the black mask aff his face,
Threw back his yellow hair,

.....
.....

`A priest, a priest,' the lady she cried,
`To marry my love an me;'
`A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,
`To sign her tocher free.'

Child #252

Version D from Child from Harris

LMP

July01