

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Kitchie Boy A

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THERE was a lady fair,  
An een a lady of birth an fame,  
She eyed her father's kitchen-boy,  
The greater was her shame.

She could never her love reveal,  
Nor to him talk,  
But in the forest wide an brade,  
Where they were wont to walk.

It fell ance upon a day  
Her father gaed frae home,  
And she sent for the kitchen-boy  
To her own room.

`Canna ye fancy me, Willie?  
Canna ye fancy me?  
By a' the lords I ever saw  
There is nane I loo but ye.'

`O latna this be kent, lady,  
O latna this be . . . ,  
For gin yer father got word of this  
I vou he'd gar me die.'

`Yer life shall no be taen, Willie,  
Yer life sal na be taen;  
I wad er loss my ain heart's blood  
Or thy body gat wrang.'

Wi her monny fair speeches  
She made the boy bold,  
Till he began to kiss an clap,  
An on her sine lay hold.

They hadna kissed an love claped,  
As lovers whan they meet,

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`The master-cook he will on me call,  
An answered he man be;

An it wer kent I war in bower wi thee,  
I fear they wad gar me die.'

`The master-cook may on ye call,  
But answerd he will never be,

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`For I hae three coffers fu o goud,  
Yer eyen did never see,  
An I will build a bonny ship for my love,  
An set her to the sea,

And sail she east or sail she wast  
The ship sal be fair to see.'  
She has built a bonny ship,  
And set her to the sea;

The topmasts war o the red goud,  
The sails of tafetie.  
She gae him a gay goud ring,

...

To ming him on a gay lady  
That ance bear love to him.

The day was fair, the ship was rare,  
Whan that swain set to sea;  
Whan that day twal-moth came and gaed,  
At London landed he.

A lady looked our the castle-wa,  
Beheld the day gae down,  
And she beheld that bonny ship  
Come hailing to the town.

`Come here, come here, my maries a',  
Ye see na what I see;  
The bonniest ship is come to land  
Yer eyes did ever see.

`Gae busk ye, busk ye, my maries a',  
Busk ye unco fine,  
Till I gae down to yon shore-side,  
To invite yon squar to dine.

`O ye come up, gay young squar,  
An take wi me a dine;  
Ye sal eat o the guid white loaf,  
An drink the claret wine.'

`I thank ye for yer bread,  
I thank ye for yer wine,  
I that ye for yer courticie,  
But indeed I hanna time.'

`Canna ye fancy me?' she says,  
`Canna ye fancy me?  
O a' the lords an lairds I see  
There's nane I fancy but ye.'

`The'r far awa fra me,' he says,  
`The'r clean ayont the sea,  
That has my heart in hand,  
An my love ae sal be.'

`Here is a guid goud ring,  
...  
It will mind ye on a gay lady  
That ance bare love to ye.'

`I ha a ring on my finger  
I loe thrice as well as thine,  
Tho yours were o the guid red goud  
An mine but simple tin.'

The day was fair, the ship was rare,  
Whan that squar set to sea;  
Whan that day twal-month came an gaed,  
At hame again landed he.

The lady's father looked our castle-wa,  
To see the day gae cown,  
An he beheld that bonny ship  
Come hailing to the town.

`Come here, my daughter,  
Ye see na what I see;  
The bonniest ship is come to land  
My eyes did ever see.

`Gae busk ye, my dochter,  
Gae busk ye unco fine,  
An I'll gae down to yon shore-side,  
To invite the squar to dine;  
I wad gie a' my rents  
To hae ye married to him.'

The'r far awa frae me,' she says,

`Far ayont the sea,  
That has my heart in hand  
An my love ai sal be.'

`O will ye come, ye gay hine squar,  
An take wi me a dine?  
Ye sal eat o the guid white bread,  
And drink the claret wine.'

`I thank ye for yer bread,  
I thank ye for yer wine,  
I thank ye for yer courticie,  
For indeed I hanna grait time.

`O canna ye fancy me?' he says,  
`O canna ye fancy me?  
O a' the ladys I eer did see  
There's nane I loo by ye.'

`They are far awa fra me.' she says,  
`The'r far ayont the sea,  
That has my heart in hand,  
An my love ay sall be.'

`Here it is, a gay goud ring,

...

It will mind ye on a gay hin chil  
That ance bare love to ye.'

`O gat ye that ring on the sea sailing?  
Or gat ye it on the land?  
O gat ye it on the shore laying,  
On a drowned man's hand?'

`I got na it on the sea sailing,  
I got na it on the land,  
But I got it on the shore lying,  
On a drowned man's hand.

`O bonny was his cheek,  
An lovely was his face!  
`Allas!' says she, 'it is my true-love Willie,'

...

He turned him round about,  
An sweetly could he smile;  
She turned her round, says, My love Willie,  
How could ye me beguile?

`A priest! a priest!' the old man cries,  
`An lat this twa married be:  
Little did the old man kin  
It was his ain kitchen-boy.

Child #252

Version A from Child from Skene

LMP

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