

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter (5)

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It's of a pretty shepherdess, kept sheep all on the plain
Who should ride by but Knight William and he was drunk with wine,
Line, twine, the willow and the dee.

You've stolen all my [heart, young sir] [or maiden bloom], yourself you
are to blame,
So if your vows are made in truth, Pray tell to me your name.

O some do call me Jack he said, and some do call me John
But when I'm in the fair king's court, my name is Sweet William

He mounted on his milk-white steed and away then he did ride
She tied a handkerchief 'round her waist and rode [ran?] by the horses' side.

She rode till she came to the river's side, she fell on her belly and swam
And when she came to the other side, she took to her heels and ran.

She ran till she came to the king's fair court, she pull-ed at the ring
There was none so ready as the king himself to let this fair maid in.

Good morning to you, my pretty maid, Good morning sir, said she,
You have a knight in all your court this day has robbed me.

O has he robbed you of your gold or any of your fee?
Or has he robbed you of the rarest branch that grows in your body?

He has not robbed me of my gold nor any of my fee
But he has robbed me of the rarest branch that grows in my body.

Here's twenty pounds for you, he said, all wrap-ped in a glove;
And twenty pounds for you, he said, to seek some other love.

I will not have your twenty pounds nor any of your fee
But I will have the king's fair knight this day to marry me.

The king called up his merry men all by one, by two, by three
Young William once the foremost was but now behind came he.

Accurs-ed be that very hour that I got drunk with wine,
To have the farmer's daughter here to be a true love of mine.

If I a farmer's daughter am pray leave me all alone

If you can make me a lady of a thousand lands I can make thee lord of ten

The dog shall eat the flour you sowed and thou shall eat the bran
I'll make thee rue the day and hour that ever thou wast born.

He mounted on his milk-white steed and she on her pony grey
He threw the bugle round his neck and together they rode away

The very next town that they came to the wedding bells did ring
And the very next church that they csame to there was a gay wedding.

Child #110

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