

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Lady Dysie 2

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There once was a king and a very great king
And a king of muckle fame
He had a lovely dochter fair
Lady Dysie was her name
And word's gane up and word's gane doon
And word's gane right roond about
Lady Dysie she gars right roond about
And tae whom they darena ken

When bells were rung and Mass was sung
And they've all gan tae their rest
The king's gane tae Lady Dysie's bower
And he wasnae a welcome guest
He's pu'd the curtains right roond about
And there he sat him doon
Tell tae me Lady Dysie he said
What gars ye gan so roond?

It is tae a lord or tae a laird
Or to a Baron o' high degree
Gae tell tae me Lady Dysie he said
And I pray ye darena lee
O it's no to a lord and it's no to a laird
Nor to any mon o' high degree
It's tae Roger the kitchie boy
Wha calls sae aye tae me

He's called his merry men oot by one
By one by twa by three
At last came Roger the kitchie boy
And he's dashed him tae a tree
He's taken oot that bonnie boy's heirt
Put it in a cup o' gold
And sent it tae Lady Dysie's bower
Because she'd been sae bold

Farewell mither farewell faither
Farewell to comfort and joy
He died for me I'll die for him
Though he was but a kitchie boy
Farewell mither farewell faither
Farewell my brothers free

Ye thought ye had taken the life of yin
But you've taken the life of three

Child #269

AJS