

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Leesome Brand

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'The morn is the day,' she said,
'I in my father's court maun stan',
An' I'll be set in a chair o gold,
To see gin I be maid or nane.

'Ye go into my father's stable,
The steeds stan' there both wight an' able.

'Ye gie ony o them upon the breast,
The swiftest will gie his head a cast.

'Ye tak him oot upon the green,
An' tak me shortly on ahin.'

He went into her father's stable,
The steeds stood there both wight an' able.

He gae ane o them upon the breast,
The swiftest gae his head a cast.

He took him oot upon the green,
An' took her shortly on ahin.

But they hadna ridden a mile but twa,
Till aff o the horse she was like to fa'.

They hadna ridden a mile but three,
Till on the horse she was like to dee.

'O, gin I lout me to my tae,
My very back will go in twa;

'An gin I lout me to my knee,
My silver sneeds they'll go in three.

'Ye tak your flint an' fleerishin,
An' kindle up a fire richt seen.

'Ye dee ye doon to yon greenwood,
An' shortsome you wi deer an rae.

'See that ye harm not yon ae fite hin,

For she is come o women kin'

He's taen his flint an' fleerishin,
An' kindled up a fire richt seen.

He's done him down to yon greenwood,
To shortsome him wi deer an' rae.

He took such delight in deer an' rae,
That he his lady clean forgot.

Till by it cam yon ae white hin',
That min't him on his lady syne.

Then he has to his lady gane,
An' aye as fast as gang could he;

An' there he found his lady dead,
An' his little young son laid at her head.

His mother lay o'er castle wa',
An' she beheld both dale an' down,
An' she beheld Sir Lishen Brand,
He was comin rakin to the town.

'Ye get me pipers to play,' she says,
'An ladies to dance in a reel,
For here is my son Lishen Brand,
An' he's comin rakin to the town.'

'Ye get nae pipers to play, mother,
Nor ladies to dance in a reel,
For I am your son Lishen Brand,
But I'm comin sorry to the town.

'For I hae lost my gay gold knife,
I loved it dearer than my life;

'An' I have lost a better thing,
I hae lost the sheath that the knife lay in.'

'Is there not a smith in a' my lan'
Could mak to you a knife again?

'Is there souter in a' my lan'
Could seam to you a sheath again?'

'There's nae a smith in a' your lan'
Could shape the blade oot o the tang;

'There's nae a souter in a' your lan'
Could sew to me a sheath again.

'O ye hae lost your lady gay
An' ye hae lost your little young son.

'But do ye to your mother's bedhead,
Ye'll find a horn has hung lang
An' there ye'll find three drops o bleed
That has hung there since one was born.

'Ye drap twa on your lady gay,
An' ane upon your little young son,
An' ye'll fin' them as life-livin
As the first hour that ye got them in.'

He's done him to his mother's bed-head,
An' found a horn had hung lang,
An' there he found three draps o bleed
That had hung there since one was born.

He drappit twa on his lady gay,
An' ane upon his little young son,
An' he fan them as life-livin
As the first hour that he got them in.

Child #15
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