

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Outlaw Murray 3

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ETTERICK FOREST's pleasant land,
And it grows mony a bonny tree;
With buck and doe and a' wild beast,
As castle stands right bonnilie.

Yon castle has twa unicorns,
The like I never saw wi my ee,
The picture of a knight and lady bright,
And the green hollin's aboon her bree.

Word is gane to Edinbro town

.
That there's an Outlaw in Etterick forest
That keeps as fine a court as he.

The king has sworn a solemn oath,
And he has sworn by the Virgin Mary,
He would either be king of Etterick forest,
Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.

He has ca'd up Mr James Boyd,
A highland laird I'm sure was he:
'Ye must gae to Etterick forest
And see of wha he hads his land,
And wha pays yon men meat and fee.'

He's tane his leave o the king and court,
Een as hard as he may dree;
When he came in O'er London edge,
He viewed the forest wi his eee.

He thought it was as pleasant a land
As ever his two eyes did see,
But when he came in oer . . .',
They were a' ranked on Newark lee.

O waly, but they were bonny to see!
Five hundred men playing at the ba;
They were a' clad in the Lincoln green,
And the Outlaw's sell in taffety.

'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,

`You and your brave companie;
The King of Scotland hath sent me here,
To see whom on you hold your lands,
Or who pays thir men meat and fee.'

The first ae man the answer made,
It was the Outlaw he:
`The lands they are all mine,
And I pay thir men meat and fee,
And as I wan them so will I lose them,
Contrair the kings o Cristendie.

`I never was a king's subject,
And a king's subject I'll never be;
For I wan them i the fields fighting,
Where him and his nobles durst not come and see.'

O out bespeaks the Outlaw's lady,
I wot she spake right wisely;
`Be good unto your nobles at home,
For Edinbro mine shall never see;'
But meat and drink o the best I'm sure got he.

He has taen his leave o the Outlaw free,
And een as hard as he may dree,
While he came to the king's court,
Where he kneeld low down on his knee.

`What news? what news, James,' he says,
`Frae yon Outlaw and his company?'
`Yon forest is as fine a land
As ever I did see.

`Yon Outlaw keeps as fine a court
As any king in Cristendie;
Yon lands they are here all his own,
And he pays yon men meat and fee,
And as he wan them so will he lose them,
Contrair the kings of Cristendie.

`He never was a king's subject,
And a king's subject he'll never be;
For he wan them in the fields fighting,
Where the king and his nobles durst not come to see.'

The king has sworn a solemn oath,
And he has sworn by the Virgin Mary,
He would either be king of Etterick forest,
Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.

The king has ca'd up Mr James Pringle,
Laird of Torsonse at the time was he:

‘Ye must gae to Etterick forest,
And see wha of he hads his land,
And wha pays yon men meat and fee.’

He's tane his leave o the king and court,
Een as hard as he may dree;
When he came in O'er London edge,
He viewed the forest wi his eee.

He thought it was as pleasant a land
As ever his two eyes did see,
But when he came in oer . . . ,
They were a' ranked on Newark lee.

O waly, but they were bonny to see!
Five hundred men playing at the ba;
They were a' clad in the Lincoln green,
And the Outlaw's sell in taffety.

‘Weel met you save, Outlaw,’ he says,
‘You and your brave companie;
The King of Scotland hath sent me here,
To see whom on you hold your lands,
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The first ae man the answer made,
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Contrair the kings o Cristendie.

‘I never was a king's subject,
And a king's subject I'll never be;
For I wan them i the fields fighting,
Where him and his nobles durst not come and see.’

O out bespeaks the Outlaw's lady,
I wot she spake right wisely;
‘Be good unto your nobles at home,
For Edinbro mine shall never see;’
But meat and drink o the best I'm sure got he.

‘And as I wan them so will I lose them,
Contrair the kings o Cristendie;
I wan them frae the Soudan Turk,

Whem their cuckold king durst not come to see;
For I wan them in the fields fighting,
Where him and his nobles durst not come to see.'

O out bespeaks the Outlaw's lady,
I wot she spake right wisely;
`Be good unto your nobles at home,
For Edinbro mine shall never see;'
But meat and drink o the best I'm sure got he.

He has taen his leave o the Outlaw free,
And een as hard as he may dree,
While he came to the king's court,
Where he kneeld low down on his knee.

`What news? what news, James,' he says,
`Frae yon Outlaw and his company?'
`Yon forest is as fine a land
As ever I did see.

`Yon Outlaw keeps as fine a court
As any king in Cristendie;
Yon lands they are here all his own,
And he pays yon men meat and fee,
And as he wan them so will he lose them,
Contrair the kings of Cristendie.

`He never was a king's subject,
And a king's subject he'll never be;
For he wan them in the fields fighting,
Where the king and his nobles durst not come to see.'

The king has sworn a solemn oath,
And he has sworn by the Virgin Mary,
He would either be king of Etterick forest,
Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.

`Gar warn me Perthshire and Angus both,
Fifeshire up and down, and Loudons three,
For I fear of them we hae great need,
.....!'

Then word is come to the Outlaw then,
`Our noble king comes o the morn,
Landless men ye will a' be;
He's called up his little foot-page,
His sister's son I trow was he.

`Ye must tak Etterick head

Een as hard as ye can drie;
Ye must gae to the Corhead and tell
Andrew Brown this frae me.

‘The noble king comes in the morn,
And landless men we will a’ be;
.....
And tell him to send me some supply.’

The boy has taen Etterick head,
And een has hard as he may drie,
Till he came to the Corhead,
And he shouted out and cry’d well he.

‘What news? what news, my little boy?
What news has thy master to me?’
‘The noble king comes in the morn,
And landless then ye will a’ be.

‘Ye must meet him on the morn,
And mak him some supply;’
‘For if he get the forest fair frae him,
He’ll hae Moffat-dale frae me.

‘I’ll meet him the morn wi five hundred men,
And fifty mair, if they may be;
And if he get the forest fair
We’ll a’ die on the Newark lee.’

Word is gane to the Border then,
To . . . , the country-keeper I’m sure was he:
‘The noble king comes in the morn,
And landless me ye will a’ be.’

‘I’ll meet him the morn wi five hundred men,
And fifty mair, if they may be;
And if he get the forest fair,
We’ll a’ die on the Newark lee.’

Word is gane to Philiphaugh,
His sister’s son I’m sure was he,
To meet him the morn wi some supply,
‘For the noble king comes in the morn,
And landless men ye will a’ be.’

‘In the day I daur not be seen,
For he took a’ my lands frae me
And gifted me them back again;
Therefore against him I must not be;

For if I be found against him rebel,
It will be counted great treasonrie.

`In the day I daur not be seen,
But in the night he shall me find
With five hundred men and fifty, if they may be,
And before he get the forest fair
We'll a' die on the Newark lee.'

When the king came in oer Loudon edge,
Wi three thousand weel teld was he,
And when he came in oer . . .
He viewd that forest wi his ee.

The Outlaw and his men were a'
Ranked on the Newark lee;
They were a' clad in the Lincoln green,
And he himsell in the taffety.

An auld grey-haird knight has taen aff his cap,
.....
`Pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Two or three words to speak wi you.

`If you please to send for the Outlaw,
To see if he could with you agree,
There's not a man yon Outlaw has
But of yours he'll choose to be.'

The king he has taen af his cap,
He held it on his majesty;
`I'll meet him the morn at the poor man's house,
In number not above two or three.'
The Outlaw says, I'll hae as few as thee.

`There's Andrew Brown, and Andrew Murray,
And Mess James Murray shall gang wi me,
.....
And nae mae shall my number be.'

And when they came to the poor man's core
They waited two lang hours or three,
And they were aware of the noble king coming,
And hundreds three in his company.

`I wonder what the muckle Deel
He'll learned kings to lie,
For to fetch me here frae amang my men
Even like a dog for to die;

But before I gang to Edinbro town
Monny toom saddles shall there be.'

The king he has taen aff his cap;

.....

'It were great offence here,' he says,
'And great pity to see thee die.

'For thou shalt be laerd o this forest fair
As lang as upwards grows the tree
and downward the twa rivers run,
If the steads thou can but rightly name to me'

'There's Hangingshaw high and Hangingshaw laigh,

.....

The Tinis and the Tinis-burn,
The Newark and the Newark lee.'

* *

Child #305

Version B from Child

LMP