

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Redesdale and Wise William (B)

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ROUDESDALES an Clerk William

Sat birlin at the wine,
An a' the talk was them atween
Was about the ladies fine, fine,
Was about the ladies fine.

Says Roudesdales to Clerk William,
I'll wad my lands wi thee,
I'll wad my lands against thy head,
An that is what I'll dee,

`That there's no a leddy in a' the land,
That's fair, baith ee an bree,
That I winna wed withoot courtin,
Wi ae blink o my ee.'

Says William, I've an ae sister,
She's fair, baith ee an bree;
An you'll no wed her withoot courtin,
Wi ae blink o your ee.'

He has wrote a broad letter,
Between the nicht an the day,
An sent it to his ae sister
Wi the white feather an the gray.

The firsten line she luekit on,
A licht lauchter gae she;
But eer she read it to the end
The tear blindit her ee.

`Oh wae betide my ae brither,
Wald wad his head for me,
...
...'

Roudesdales to her bour has gane,
An rade it round about,
An there he saw that fair ladie,
At a window lookin oot.

`Come doon, come doon, you fair ladie,

Ae sicht o you to sed;
For the rings are o the goud sae ried
That I will gie to thee.'

`If yours are o the goud sae ried,
Mine's o the silver clear;
So get you gone, you Roudesdales,
For you sall no be here.'

`Come doon, come doon, you lady fair,
Ae sicht o you to see;
For the gouns are o the silk sae fine
That I will gie to thee.'

`If yours are o the silk sae fine,
Mone's o the bonnie broun;
Sa get you gone, you Roudesdales,
For I will no come doon.'

`Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,
Ae sicht o you to see;
For the steeds are o the milk sae white
That I will gie to thee.'

`If yours are o the milk sae white,
Mine's o the bonnie broun;
Sae get you gone, you Roudesdales,
For I will no come doon.'

`Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,
Ae sicht o you to see;
Or I will set your bour on fire
Atween your nurse an thee.'

`You may set my bowr on fire,
As I doubt na you will dee,
But there'll come a sharp shour frae the wast
Will slocken 't speedilie.'

He has set her bour on fire,
An quickly it did flame;
But there cam a sharp shour frae the wast
That put it oot again.

Oot amang the fire an smoke
That bonnie lady cam,
Wi as muckle goud aboon her bree
As wald bocht an earldom.

`Oh wae betide you, ill woman,
An ill, ill died may you dee!
For ye hae won your brither's head,
An I go landless free.'

Child #246

Version B in Child from Harris

LMP