

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Sheath and Knife 3

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One king's daughter said to anither

Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair

'We'll gae ride like sister and brither.'

And we'll never gae down to the brume nae mair.

'We'll ride down into yonder valley,

Whare the greene green trees are budding sae gaily.

'Wi hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,

And we'll come back in the morning early.'

They rade on like sister and brither,

And they hunted and hawket in the valley thegether.

'Now, lady, hauld my horse and my hawk,

For I maun na ride, and I downa walk.

'But set me doun be the rute o htis tree,

For here hae I dreamt that my bed sall be.'

The ae king's dochter did lift down the ither,

And she was licht in her armis like ony fether.

Bonne Lady Ann sat doun be the tree,

And a wide grave was houkit where nane suld be.

The hawk had nae lure, and the horses had nae master,

And the faithless hounds thro the woods ran faster.

The one king's dochter has ridden awa,

But bonnie Lady Ann lay in the deed-thraw.

Child #16

the source is a semi-legible manuscript in Motherwell's hand.

Child offered some conjectural emendations. [RW]

RW

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