

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Young Andrew

Young Andrew

As I was cast in my first sleepe,
A dreadffull draught in my mind I drew,
for I was dreamed of a yong man,
Some men called him yonge Andrew.

The moone shone bright, and itt cast a fayre light,
Sayes shee, Welcome, my honey, my hart, and my sweete!
For I bane loued thee this seuen long yeere,
And our chance itt was wee cold neuer meete.

Then he tooke her in his armes two,
And kissed her both cheeke and chin,
And twise or thrise he pleased this may
Before they tow did part in twinn.

Saies, Now, good sir, you haue had your will,
You can demand no more of mee
Good sir, remember what you said bef
And goe to the church and marry mee

'Ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold ;

...

Goe home and fett thy fathers redd gold,
And I'le goe to the church and marry thee.

This ladye is gone to her fathers hall,
And well she knew where his red gold lay,
And counted forth five hundred pound,
Besides all other iuells and chaines:

And brought itt all to younge Andrew,
Itt was well counted vpon his knee;
Then he tooke her by the lillye white hand,
And led her vp to an hill soe hye.

Shee had vpon a gowne of blacke veluett,
(A pittylfull sight after yee shall see:)
'Put of thy clothes, bonny wenche,' he sayes,
For noe foote further thoust gang with mee.'

But then shee put of her gowne of veluett,
With many a salt teare from her eye,

And in a kirtle of fine breaden silke
Shee stood beffore young Andrews eye.

Sais, O put off thy kirtle of silke,
for some and all shall goe with mee
And to my owne lady I must itt beare,
Who I must needs loue better then thee.

Then shee put of her kirtle of silke,
With many a salt teare still from her eye;
In a peticoate of scarlett redd
Shee stood before young Andrewes eye.

Saies, O put of thy peticoate,
For some and all of itt shall goe with mee
And to my owne lady I will itt beare,
Which dwells soe farr in a strange countrye

But then shee put of her peticoate,
With many a salt teare still from her eye,
And in a smocke of braue white silke
Shee stood before young Andrews eye.

Saies, O put of thy smocke of silke,
For some and all shall goe with mee;
Vnto my owne ladye I will itt beare,
That dwells soe farr in a strange countrye.

Sayes, O remember, young Andrew,
Once of a woman you were borne;
And for that birth that Marye bore,
I pray you let my smocke be vpon 1

Yes, fayre ladye, I know itt well,
Once of a woman I was borne;
Yett for noe birth that Mary bore,
Thy smocke shall not be left here vpon.'

But then shee put of her head-geere fine;
Shee hadd billaments worth a hundred pound;
The hayre that was vpon this bony wench head
Couered her bodye downe to the ground.

Then he pulled forth a Scottish brand,
And held itt there in his owne right hand;
Saies, Whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords point, ladye,
Or thow wilt goe naked home againe ?

'Liffe is sweet,' then, 'sir,' said shee,

'Therefore I pray you leaue mee with mine
Before I wold dye on your swords point,
I had rather goe naked home againe.

'My father,' shee sayes, 'is a right good erle
As any remaines in his countrye;
If euer he doe your body take,
You 'r sure to flower a gallow tree.

'And I haue seuen brethren,' shee sayes,
'And they are all hardy men and bold;
Giff euer they doe your body take,
You must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold.'

'If your father be a right good erle
As any remaines in his owne countrye,
Tush! he shall neuer my body take,
I'le gang soe fast ouer the sea.

'If you haue seuen brethren,' he sayes,
'If they be neuer soe hardy or bold,
Tush! they shall neuer my body take,
I'le gang soe fast into the Scottish mold.'

Now this ladye is gone to her fathers hall,
When euery body their rest did take;
But the Erle which was her father
Lay waken for his deere daughters sake.

'But who is that,' her father can say,
'That soe priuilye knowes the pinn
'It's Hellen, your owne deere daughter, father,
I pray you rise and lett me in.'

...

'Noe, by my hood!' quoth her father then,
'MY [house] thoust neuer come within,
Without I had my red gold againe.'

'Nay, your gold is gone, father!' said shee,

...

'Then naked thou came into this world,
And naked thou shalt returne againe.'

'Nay! God forgauē his death, father,' shee sayes,
And soe I hope you will doe mee;
'Away, away, thou cursed woman,
I pray God an ill death thou may dye!'

Shee stood soe long quacking on the ground
Till her hart itt burst in three;
And then shee fell dead downe in a swoond,
And this was the end of this bonny ladye.

Ithe morning, when her father gott vpp,
A pittyfull sight there he might see;
His owne deere daughter was dead, without clothes,
The teares they trickeled fast from his eye.

...
Sais, 'Fye of gold, and ffye of fee!
For I sett soe much by my red gold
That now itt hath lost both my daughter and mee!'

...
But after this time he neere dought good day,
But as flowers doth fade in the frost,
Soe he did wast and weare away.

But let vs leaue talking of this ladye,
And talke some more of young Andrew;
for false he was to this bonny ladye,
More pitty that he had not beene true.

He was not gone a mile into the wild forrest,
Or halfe a mile into the hart of Wales,
But there they cought him by such a braue wyle
That hee must come to tell noe more tales.

...
...
full soone a wolfe did of him smell,
And shee came roaring like a beare,
And gaping like a feend of hell.

Soe they fought together like two lyons,
And fire betweene them two glashet out;
They raught echo other such a great rappe,
That there young Andrew was slaine, well I wott.

But now young Andrew he is dead,
But he was neuer buryed vnder mold,
For ther as the wolfe devoured him,
There lyes all this great erles gold.

Child #48
Version in Child from Percy

Very like Isobel and the ElfKnight (Child 4) without Isobel winning
and with a moral ending tacked on [SOF]

SOF