

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Young Laird of Craigstoun

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Father, she said, you have done me wrong
For ye have married me on a child young man
For ye have married me on a child young man,
And my bonny love is long a growing.

Daughter, said he, I have done you no wrong
For I have married you on a heritor of land
He's likewise possess'd of many bill and band
And He'll be daily growing,
Growing, deary, growing, growing
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly's my bonny love growing.

Daughter said he, if ye do weel
Ye will put your husband away to the scheel,
That he of learning may gather great skill,
And he'll be daily growing.
Growing, &c.

Now young Craigston to the College is gane
And left his Lady making great mane
That he's so long a growing
Growing, &c.

She dress'd herself in robes of green
They were right comely to be seen
She was the the picture of Venus the Queen
And she's to the College to see him.
Growing, &c.

Then all the colleginers was playing at the ba'
But young Craigstone was the flower of them a'
He said - play on, my school fellows a'
For I see my sister coming.

Now down into the College park
They walked about till it was dark,
Then he lifted up her fine holland sark-
And she had no reason to complain of his growing.
Growing,

In his twelfth year he was a married man,

In his thirteenth year there he got a son,
And in his fourteenth year his grave grew green,
And that was an end of his growing -
Growing, &c.

"The text is from the Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe transcript at Broughton House, Kirkudbright, of the MS. entitled in the Scott transcript 'North Country Ballads'. A printed version of the Nicol [?] text also appears in James Maidment, 'A North Country Garland' (Edinburgh, 1824)... As Sharpe's text is untitled, this title comes from Maidment." David Buchan, 'A Book of Scottish Ballads', Regrettably, but unsurprisingly, no tune was recorded for this version."

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