

The Death of Parcy Reed

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O Parcy Reed has Crozer taen,
And has deliverd him to the law;
But Crozer says he'll do warse than that,
For he'll gar the tower of the Troughend fa.

And Crozer says he will do warse,
He will do warse, if warse can be;
For he'll make the bairns a' fatherless,
And then the land it may lie lea.

O Parcy Reed has ridden a raid,
But he had better have staid at hame;
For the three fause Ha's of Girsenfield
Alang with him he has them taen.

He's hunted up, and he's hunted down,
He's hunted a' the water of Reed,
Till wearydness has on him taen,
I the Baitinghope he's faen asleep.

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And the fause, fause Ha's o Girsenfield,
They'll never be trowed nor trusted again.

They've taen frae him his powther-bag,
And they've put water i his lang gun;
They've put the sword into the sheathe
That out again it'll never come.

'Awaken ye, awaken ye, Parcy Reed,
For I do fear ye've slept owre lang;
For yonder are the five Crozers,
A coming owre by the hinging-stane.'

'If they be five and we be four,
If that ye will stand true to me,
If every man ye will take one,
Ye surely will leave two to me.

'O turn, O turn, O Johny Ha,

O turn now, man, and fight wi me;
If ever ye come to Troughend again,
A good black nag I will gie to thee.
He cost me twenty pounds o gowd
Atween my brother John and me.'

`I winna turn, I canna turn,
I darena turn and fight wi thee;
For they will find out Parcy Reed,
And then they'll kill baith thee and me.'

`O turn, O turn now, Willie Ha,
O turn, O man, and fight wi me,
And if ever ye come to the Troughend again
A yoke of owsen I will gie thee,'

`I winna turn, I canna turn;
I darena turn and fight wi thee;
For they will find out Parcy Reed,
And they will kill baith thee and me.'

`O turn, O turn, O Thommy Ha,
O turn now, man, and fight wi me;
If ever ye come to the Troughend again,
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee.'

`I winna turn, I darena turn;
I winna turn and fight with thee;
For they will find out Parcy Reed,
And then they'll kill baith thee and me.'

`O woe be to ye, traitors a' !
I wish England ye may never win;
Ye've left me in the field to stand,
And in my hand an uncharged gun.

`Ye've taen frae me my powther-bag,
And ye've put water i my lang gun;
Ye've put the sword into the sheath
That out again it'll never come.

`O far ye weel, my married wife!
And fare ye weel, my brother John!
That sits into the Troughend ha
With heart as black as any stone.

`O fare ye weel, my married wife!
And fare ye weel now, my sons five!
For had ye been wi me this day

I surely had been man alive.

‘O fare ye weel, my married wife
And fare ye weel now, my sons five!
And fare ye weel, my daughter Jean!
I loved ye best ye were born alive.

‘O some do ca me Parcy Reed,
And some do ca me Laird Troughend,
But it's nae matter what they ca me,
My faes have made me ill to ken.

'The laird O Clennel wears my bow,
The laird O Brandon wears my brand;
Whae ever rides i the Border side
Will mind the laird O the Troughend.'

Child #193

From The Singing Tradition of Child's Popular Ballads, Bronson