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The Four Maries

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Yestreen there were four Maries
The nicht there'll be but three
There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton
And Mary Carlmichael and me.

Come doon, come doon, my Mary Mild
Come low doon by my hand,
For there's nae a Mary in my bower
But'll be at your command.

For no, for no, Madam, the Queen,
For no, it maunna be,
There's nae a Mary in your bower,
But would think fu little o' me.

Play up, play up, noo Geordie Cooper,
And ye sall hae my hose.
For they were dyed at the West Brunell
As rid as onie rose.

Play up, play up, noo, Geordie Cooper,
And ye sall hae my shoon

Ye'll tak a napkin roon' my een
And ye'll nae lat me see to dee,
And ye'll nae lat on to my father or mither,
But I'm awa ower the sea.

Oh little did my mither think,
When first she cradled me,
That I wad dee sae far frae hame,
Or hing on a gallows tree.

But little care I for a nameless grave,
For I've hopes for eternity,
But I pray that the faith o' the dying thief
May be granted through grace unto me.

Child #173

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