

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Gude Wallace

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O for my ain king, quo gude Wallace,
The rightfu' king of fair Scotland.
Between me and my soverign blude
I think I see some ill seed sawn.

Wallace out over yon river he lap,
And he has lighted low down on yon plain,
And he was aware of a gay ladie,
As she was at the well washing.

What tydins, what tydins, fair lady, he says,
What tydins hast thou to tell unto me
What tydins, what tydins, fair lady, he says,
What tydins hae ye in the south Countrie.

Low down in yon wee Ostler house,
There is fyfteen Englishmen,
And they are seekin for gude Wallace,
It's him to take and him to hang.

There's nocht in my purse, quo gude Wallace,
There's nocht, not even a bare pennie,
But I will down to yon wee Ostler house
Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.

And when he cam to yon wee Ostler house,
He bad bendicite be there;

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Where was ye born: auld crookit Carl,
Where was ye born in what countrie
I am a true Scot born and bred,
And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.

I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl,
To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,
If ye will get me gude Wallace,
For he is the man I wad very fain see.

He hit the proud Captain along the chafft blade,

That never a bit o' meal he ate mair;
And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,
And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there.

Get up, get up, gudewife, he says,
And get to me some dinner in haste;
For it will soon be three lang days
Sin I a bit o' meat did taste.

The dinner was na weel readie,
Nor was it on the table set,
Till other fyfteen Englishmen
Were a' lighted about the yett.

Come out, come out, now gude Wallace
This is the day that thou maun die;
I lippen nae sae little to God, he says,
Altho' I be but ill wordie.

The gudewife had an auld gudeman
By gude Wallace he stiffly stood
Till ten o' the fyfteen Englishmen
Before the door lay in their blude

The other five to the greenwood ran
And he's hang'd these five upon a green
And on the morn wi' his merry men a'
He sat to dine at Lochmaben town.

Child #157

From Bronson, Singing Tradition of Child's Popular Ballads

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