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**Johnny of Braidesley**

Johnny of Braidesley

Johnnie rose on a May morning  
Called for water tae wash his hands  
Says, "Gae loose tae me my guid grey dogs  
That lie bound in iron bands

"Ye'll busk, ye'll busk, my noble dogs  
Ye'll busk and make them bound  
For I'm gaun tae the Broadspear Hill  
Tae ding the dun deer doon"

When Johnnie's mother she heard o' this  
Her hands wi' dule she rung  
Says, "Johnnie for my benison  
Tae the green woods dinna gang

"Enough ye hae o' the guid white breid  
Enough o' the blude red wine  
So Johnnie, for your venison  
Tae the green woods dinna gang"

But Johnnie has buskit up his guid bent bow  
His arrows ane by ane  
And he's awa' tae Durisdeer  
Tae ding the dun deer doon

Johnnie shot, the dun deer lap  
And he wounded her in the side  
But atween the water and the wood  
His hounds they laid her pride

Johnnie ate o' the venison  
His dogs drank o' the blude  
Till they a' lay doon and fell asleep  
Asleep as they'd been deid

The by there cam' a silly auld carle  
A silly auld man was he  
And he's awa' tae the king's foresters  
Tae tell wha' he did see

Then up an' spak' the king's forester

An angry man was he  
"If this be Johnnie o' Braidesley  
We soon will gar him dee"

"Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs  
Stand stout and dinna flee  
Stand fast, stand fast, my guid grey hounds  
And we wi' mak' them dee"

Johnnie he shot six o' them  
He's wounded the seventh sair  
Syne he swung his hough ower his horse's back  
And he swore he would hunt mair

Now Johnnie's guid bent bow is brak'  
His guid grey dogs are slain  
And his body lies in Durisdeer  
His hunting days are done

Child #114  
sung by Jean Redpath and Ewan Maccoll  
SOF