

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Lady Margrie

Lady Margrie

Down stepped her old father dear
He stepped over the floor,
It's how do you do, Lady Margrie, said he,
Since you became a whore.

O dear father, I am no whore,
Nor never expect to be;
But I have a child by an English lord,
And I hope he'll marry me.

Down stepped her old mother dear,
She stepped over the floor.
It's how do you do, Lady Margrie, said she,
Since you became a whore ?

O dear mother, I am no whore,
Nor never expect to be;
But I have a child by an English lord,
And I hope he will marry me.

Down stepped her oldest brother dear,
He stepped over the floor.
It's how do you do, Lady Margrie, said he,
Since you became a whore? (or, How do you do to-day ?)

Very bad, very bad, dear brother,
As you can plainly see,
For my father and my mother is both gathering wood
To burn my poor body.

I wish I had some pretty little one,
One errand for to run.
I'd run to my young lord's house
And tell him I said to come.

And tell him I said to come.
And to come quickly,
For my father and mother are both gathering wood
To burn my poor body.

Down stepped her brother's eldest son,

And stepped down over the floor,
And says: Many a mile that I have run,
And one for you I'll go.

I wish him well, for ever well,
And here send him a ring,
In hopes that he may mourn after me
But come to my burying.

I wish him well, for ever well,
And here I send him a glove,
In hopes that he might mourn after me,
But seek him another true love.

He run and he run till he came to the broad water,
He pitched in and swum;
He swum to the other side
And took to his heels and run.

He run to the young lord's gate,
And tingled on the bell;
And no one was so ready to rise and let him in
As the young lord himself.

What news, what news, my pretty little page,
What news have you brought to me ?
[Your lady bids you to come quickly
To save her poor body]

Go saddle unto me the make-speed horse,
Go saddle unto me the brown,
Go saddle unto me the fastest horse
That ever run on ground.

He got his pistols and sword and bugle,
And threw his bugle around his neck.

As he was going round them lone fields
And a-going in full speed,
The ring bursted off his finger
And his nose broke out for to bleed.

O dear mother, I value you not
I value you not one straw,
For my young lord is coming,
I hear his bugle blow.

Child #65 (or a portion therof, with a happier ending tacked on)
From English Folk Songs in the Southern Appalachians, Sharp

Collected from Mrs. Dan Bishop, KY 1917