

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Mary Mild

Mary Mild

Word went up, and word went doon,
And word went through the ha',
That Mary Mild was great with child
To the highest Steward o' a'.

They've sought it up, and so did they doon,
And in below the bed;
There they found the little habe,
Lyin' wallowin' in its blood.

Ye'll sit low doon by me, Mary Mild,
Ye'll sit low doon by me;
And there's nae a favour that ye will ask
But I will grant it thee.

It's seyven lang years I hae made the queen's bed,
And as lang dressed her hair,
But this is the reward that I'm to get,
The gallows tow to wear.

There is Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
Anti there's Mary Carmichael and me;
This nicht there is four Maries o,
But the morn there'll be but three.

Will ye pit on the black, the black,
Or will ye pit on the broon?
Or will ye pit on the sky-blue silk,
It would shine a' the toon?

I winna pit on the black, the black,
Nor will I pit on the broon,
But I'll pit on the sky-blue silk,
To shine owre Edinburgh toon.

Child #173

From the Grieg-Duncan Collection