

(scrap book)

The Dowie dens of Yarrow;



Oh stay at home, my noble Lord, oh stah at home my marrow,
~~My cruel brother will you betray, on the dowie braes of Yarrow,~~

Oh fare-thee-well, my Lady Gay, oh fare-thee-well my marrow,
For I must go, tho' I ne'er return, from the dowie braes of Yarrow,

She kissed his cheek, she combed his hair, as e'er she done before, O.
~~She belted him on his trusty blade, and he's away to Yarrow,~~

As he goed up the Tennies bank, I no he gazed with sorrow,
When down in a den, he spied nine men, in the dowie dens of Yarrow,

~~Oh come ye here, to part your land, the bonnie forest thru?
Or come ye here, to wield your brand, on the bonnie braes of Yarrow,~~

I come not here, to part my lane, and neither to beg or borrow,
I come to wield, my noble blade, on the bennie banks of Yarrow,

~~If I see all, your nine to one, and thats an unequal marrow,
Yey will I fight, whaie lasts my blood, on the bonnie braes of Yarrow,~~

Four has he hurt, and five has slain, on the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Il that cruel brother came from behind, and run him thru at Yarrow,

~~Go home, go home, ye brother John, and tell your sister sorrow,
To come and lift, her lawful Lord, who's sleeping sound on Yarrow,~~

Yestreen, I dreamed a doleful dream, I fear there will be sorrow,
I dreamed I put the heather green, On my true love on Yarrow,

~~Oh gentle wind, that bloweth south, from where my love repairith,
Convey a kiss from his dear lips, and tell me how he fairith,~~

But in the glen, strive armed men, they've wrought me dole and sorrow,
They've slain the comliest Knight they've slain,
He's bleeding now on Yarrow,

As she sped down yon high, high, hill, she gazed with wee and sorrow,
And in the den, she spied nine slain men, on the dowie braes of Yarrow,

She kissed his cheek, she combed his hair, she searched his wounds all thru
She kissed them till her lips grew red, on the dowie braes of Yarrow,

Oh hold your tongue, my daughter dear, for of this breeda but sorrow,
'll wed ye to a better Lord, than the one ye lost, at Yarrow,

~~Oh hold your tongue, my father dear, ye mind me of my sorrow,
A father man, did never bloom, than he who sleeps on Yarrow,~~