

# Unknown Artist, Allison Gross

ALLISON GROSS

Oh, Allison Gross, that lives in yon tower  
The ugliest witch in the north country  
Has trysted me one day up in her bower  
And many fair speech she made to me  
She stroked my head and she combed my hair  
And she set me down softly on her knee  
Says, &quot;Gin ye will be my leman so true  
Sae many braw things as I would ye gi'&quot;  
She showed me a mantle of red scarlet  
With golden flowers and fringes fine  
Says, &quot;Gin ye will be my leman so true  
This goodly gift it shall be thine&quot;  
&quot;Away, away, you ugly witch  
Hold far away and let me be  
I never will be your leman so true  
And I wish I were out of your company&quot;  
She next brought me a sark of the softest silk  
Well wrought with pearls about the band  
Says, &quot;Gin ye will be my ain true love  
This goodly gift you shall command&quot;  
She showed me a cup of the good red gold  
Well set with jewels so fair to see  
Says, &quot;Gin ye will be my leman sae true  
This goodly gift I will ye gi'&quot;  
&quot;Away, away, you ugly witch  
Hold far away and let me be  
For I wouldna aince kiss your ugly mouth  
For all the gifts that you could gi'&quot;  
She's turned her right and round about  
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn  
And she swore by the moon and the stars abeen  
That she would gar me rue the day I was born  
Then out she has taken a silver wand  
And she's turned her three times round and round  
She's muttered such words till my strength it failed  
And I fell down senseless upon the ground  
She's turned me into an ugly worm  
And gard me toddle around the tree  
And aye, on ilka Saturday night  
My sister Maisry came to me

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With silver basin and silver comb  
To comb my head upon her knee  
Before I had kissed her ugly mouth  
I'd rather have toddled about the tree  
But as it fell out on last Halloween  
When the seely court was riding by  
The queen lighted down on a rowan bank  
Not far frae the tree where I wont to lie  
She took me up in her milk white hand  
And she's stroked me three times on her knee  
She changed me again to my ain proper shape  
And I nae more maun toddle about the tree

Child #35

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