

Unknown Artist, Auld Matrons

Auld Matrons

My love she is a gentlewoman
Has her living by the seam
I ken nae how she is provided
This nicht for me and my foot-groom
Willie's gane tae Annie's bower door
And tirl'd gently at the pin
Sleep ye or wake ye, my dear Annie?
Open the door and let me in
Wi' her white fingers lang and sma'
She's lifted gently at the pin
Flang her arms a' about him
Kindly welcomed Willie in
O, will ye gang tae cairds or dice
Willie will ye gang tae play
Or will ye gang tae a weel-made bed
And lie and sleep awhile till day?
My love Annie, my dear Annie
I would be at your desire
If it wasna for yon auld matrons
Sitting by the kitchen fire
Willie dear, keep up your hairt
Keep up your hairt and dinna fear
For seven year and mair hae passed
Since last her feet did file the floor
They hadna kissed nor gi'en love's handsel
The way of lovers when they meet
When up arose yon auld matrons
And sae weel she spread her feet
O woe befa' yon auld matrons
Sae clever as she took the gate
And she's gane up yon high, high hill
And chappit at the sheriff's yett
Sleep ye or wake ye, my good lord
And are ye no your bower within?
There's a knicht in bed wi' your dochter
And I fear she's gotten wrang
Ye'll gae doon through Kelso toon
And wauken a' my merry men
And when ye hae this wark weel done
Then I will come and tak' command
She's done her doon through Kelso toon
And waukened a' his merry men
And when she has this wark well doon
Then he has come and ta'en command
He has his horse wi' corn foddered
A' his men were armed in mail
He's gi'en auld matrons half a mark
Tae lead his men oot o'er the hill
Willie slept but Annie waukened
When she heard their blades ring
She shook her Willie by the shouther
Rise, my love, ye sleep o'er lang
O gi'es nae sign my ain dear lassie
Till I've pit on my shooting gear
Then I wadna fear the King himsel'
Though he and a' his men were here
They shot their arrows through the window
Ane o' them grazed Willie's broo
The maid she wept and tore her hair,
Says, this can never do.
Then they shot in, and he shot out,
The bow brunt Willie's hand;
But aye he kissed her ruby lips,

Said, My dear, thinkna lang,
He set his horn to his mouth,
And has blawn loud and shrill,
And He's call'd on his brother John,
In Ringlewood be lay still.
The first an shot that Lord John shot,
He wound fifty and fifteen ;
The next an shot that Lord John shot,
He ca'd out the sheriff's een.
O some o you lend me an arm,
Some o you lend me twa;
And they that came for strife this day,
Take horse, ride fast awa.
But wa mat fa yon, auld matrons
An ill death mat ye dee
I'll burn ye on yon high hill-head
Blaw yer ashes on the sea.
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