

# 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 fleer  
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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