

# Silly Wizard, The Twa Brithers

Two pretty boys were goin' tae the school  
And one evening coming home  
Says William to John, Can you throw a stone  
Or can you play at a ball, a ball, or can you play at a ball

Says John to William, I canna' throw a stone  
Little can I play at a ball  
But if you'll go down to a merry green woods  
I'll try you a wrestlin' fall, a fall, I'll try you a wrestlin'  
fall

So they went down tae a merry green woods  
Beneath the spreadin' bough  
The little penknife fell out of William's coat  
And gave John his deadly wound, wound, and gave John his deadly  
wound

Ah, now you'll take off your white Holland shirt  
And teer it frae gore tae gore  
And you will bind my deadly wounds  
That they might bleed no more, no more, that they might bleed no  
more

So he's ta'en off his white Holland shirt  
And he's torn it frae gore tae gore  
And though he's bound his deadly wounds  
Ah, they bled ten times more, more, they bled ten times more

Ah but what shall I tell to your father dear  
This night when I go home  
Tell him I'm away to a London school  
And a good scholar I'll come home, home, a good scholar I'll come  
home

Ah but what shall I tell to your sister dear  
This night when I go home  
Tell her I'm away to a London school  
And the good books I'll bring home, home, the good books I'll bring  
home

Ah but what shall I tell to your sweetheart dear  
This night when I go home  
Tell her I'm dead and in the grave laid  
And the grass is growin' green, green, the grass is growin' green

Ah but what shall I tell to your stepmother dear  
This night when I go home  
Tell her I'm dead and in the grave laid  
For she prayed I might never come home, home, she prayed I might  
never come home