

# Tears For Beers, Cruel Sisters

Lived a lady by the north sea shore  
lay the band tae the bonny broom  
two daughters wear the beirn she bore  
fa la la la la la la

One she was bright as the sun  
so coalblack grew the elder one

A knight came right into the ladies door  
he travelled far for to be their wore

He courted one ay with gloves and ring  
but he loved the other above all things

Come sister, sister want you go with me  
and see the ship's sail upon the sea

And as they stood on that windy shore  
the elder sister pushed the younger off

Two minstrels walking down the north sea strand  
they found the maiden afloat at land

they made a harp out of her breast bone  
the sound of which would melt heart of stone

They took three locks of her yellow hair  
and weeded strings for that harp so rare

All the things played beneath the bone  
and surely know, her tears will flow