

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Black Haired Lass

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Down in the lowland there did dwell
A comely maid I knew full well
And for her favor many did go
To tip a cup of kindness with her brothers, oh

She's sublime with her delicate hair
She's the flower beyond compare
Many's the lad has tippled his glass
All for the love of the black haired lass

Now, there was a youth I knew him well
All up on the mountain he did dwell
And for her favor he did go
To tip a cup of kindness with her brothers, oh
Then on his way her brothers did lie
By their blades this youth did die
As for her favor he did go
To tip a cup of kindness with her brothers, oh

Then in the twilight of the year
His ghostly form it did appear
And for her favor it did go
To tip a cup of kindness with her brothers, oh

Oh maiden, maiden hear me well
False-hearted kindred here do dwell
Take heed my plight to all who go
To tip a cup of kindness with her brothers, oh