

Captain Wedderburn's Courtship

(alternate:)

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The Laird o' Roslin's daughter
Walked through the woods her lane
And met wi' Captain Wedderburn, a servant tae the King
Says he untae his servant man, "Were't nae against the law
I'd tak her tae my ain bed and lay her at the wa'"

"I'm walkin' here my lane," she says, "Amang my faither's trees
An' you maun let me walk my lane, kind sir now, if you please
The supper bell it will be rung an' I'll be missed awa'
So I'll nae lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

Says he, "My bonnie lady, I pray gie me yer hand
And ye'll hae drums and trumpets always at your command
And fifty men tae guard ye wi' that weel their swords can draw
So we'll baith lie in ae bed, an' ye'll lie at the wa'"

"Oh haud awa fae me, kind sir, I pray let go my hand
The supper bell it will be rung - I maun no longer stand
My faither will nae supper tak' if I am missed awa'
So I'll nae lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

My name is Captain Wedderburn, my name I'll ne'er deny
And I command ten thousand men upon yon mountain high
If yer faither and his men were here o' them I'd stand nae awe
But I'd tak' ye tae my ain bed and lay ye at the wa'"

Then he lap off his milk-white steed and set the lady on
And a' the way he gaed on foot and held her by the hand
He held her by the middle jimp for fear that she would fa'
Saying, "I'll tak' ye tae my ain bed and lay ye at the wa'"

He's ta'en her tae his lodging hoose, the landlady looked ben
Sayin, "Many's a pretty lady in Edinburgh I've seen
But sicna bonnie lady is nae intae it at a'
So mak' for her a fine down bed and lay her at the wa'"

Oh haud awa' fae me, kind sir, I pray ye let me be
For I'll nae lie untae your bed till I get dishes three
It's dishes three ye maun dress me, gin I should eat them a'

Afore I'll lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

"For my supper I maun hae a chicken withoot a bane
An for my supper I maun hae a cherry withooten a stane
An for my supper I maun hae a bird withoot a ga'
Afore I'll lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

"When the chicken's in the shell, I'm sure it has nae bane
And when the cherry's in the bloom, I wat it has nae stane
The doo she is a genty bird, and flies withoot a ga'
So we'll baith lie in ae bed and ye'll be at the wa'"

"Oh haud awa' fae me, kind sir, I pray ye gie me ower
For I'll nae lay untae your bed till I get presents fower
It's presents fower ye maun gie me and that is twa an' twa
Afore I'll lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

"I maun hae some winter fruit that in December grew
And I maun hae a silken goon that waft gaed never through
A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn this nicht tae join us twa
Afore I'll lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

"My faither has some winter fruit that in December grew
My mither has a silken goon that weft gaed never through
A sparrows horn ye sune would find - there's ain on ilka claw
And twa upon the gob o'it and ye shall hae them a'"

The priest he stands withooten the yett just ready tae come in
Nae man can say that he was born, nae man unless he sin
For he was whale-cut fae his mither's side and fae the same lat
fa'
So we'll baith lie in ae bed an' ye'll lie at the wa"

Oh little did that lady think that morning when she raise
That this was for tae be the last o' a' her maiden days
But noo there's nae within the realm tae be found a blither twa
For noo she's Mistress Wedderburn and she lies at the wa'"

Child #46

sung by Jean Redpath