

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Eppie Morrie

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Four-and-twenty Hielan' men
Cam' frae the Carron side
To steal awa' Epple Morrle
For she wadna be a bride, a bride,
She wadna be a bride.

Then oot it's cam' her mither then,
It was a moonlicht nicht,
She couldnae see her dochter (daughter)
For the water shine sae bricht, sae bricht
The water shine sae bricht.

Haud awa' frae me, mither, (hold)
Haud awa' frae me!
There's no' a man in' Strathdon
Shall wedded be with me, with me,
Shall wedded be with me.
They've taken Eppie Morrie, then,
And a horse they've bound her on,
And they hae rid to the minister's hoose
As fast as horse could gang, could gang,
As fast as horse could gang.

Then Willie's ta'en his pistol oot (taken)
And set it to the minister's breist,
O marry me, marry me, minister,
Or else I'll be your priest, your priest
Or else I'll be your priest.

Haud awa' frae me, Willie,
Haud awa' frae me,
I daurna avow to marry you
Except she's willin' as thee, as thee,
Except she's willin' as thee.

Haud awa' frae me, good sir,
Haud awa' frae me,
There's no' a man in a' Strathdon
Sball married be by me, by me,
Shall married be by me.

They've taken Eppie Morrie then,
Sin' better couldna' be,
And they hae rid o'er Carron side
As fast as horse could flee, could flee,
As fast as horse could flee.

The mass was sung and bells were rung
And they'r awa' to bed,
And Willie and Eppie Morrie,
In ane bed they were laid, were laid
In ane bed they were laid.

He's ta'en the sark frae aff his back
And kicked awa his shoon,
And thrown awa the chaulmer key,
And naked he lay doon, lay doon
And naked he lay doon.

"Haud awa frae me, Willie,
Haud awa' frae me,
Before I lose my maidenheid
I'll try my strength wi' thee, wi' thee.
I'll try my strength wi' thee:"

He's kissed her on the lily breist
And held her shouthers twa
But aye she grat and aye she spat
And turned tae the wa', the wa',
And turned tae the wa'.

"Haud awa frae me, Willie,
Haud awa' frae me,
Before I lose my maidenheid
I'll fecht wi' you till day, till day
I'll fecht wi' you till day.
A' through the nicht they warssled there
Until the licht o' day,
And Willie grat and Willie swat
But he couldna' streitch her spey, her spey
He couldna' streitch her spey

Then, early in the morning
Before the licht o' day
In came the maid o' Scallater
Wi' a gown and shirt alane, alane
Wi' a gown and shirt alane

Get up, get up, young woman
And drink the wine wi' me,

You nicht hae ca'd me "maiden",
For I'm sure as hale as thee, as thee,
For I'm sure as hale as thee.

Weary fa' you, Willie, then,
That ye couldna' prove a man,
Ye nicht hae ta'en her maidenheid,
She wuuld hae hired your hand, your hand,
She would hae hired your hand.

"Haud awa' frae me, lady,
Haud awa' frae me!
There's no' a man in a' Strathdon
Shall wedded be with me, with me,
Shall wedded be with me.

Then in there came young Breadalbane
Wi' a pistol on each side,
O, come awa', Eppie Morrie,
And I'll mak' you my bride, my bride,
And I'll mak' you my bride.

Gae get to me a horse, Willie,
Get it like a man,
And send me back to my mither
A maiden as I cam', I cam'
O a maiden as I cam'.
The sun shines ower the westlin hills (wesiward)
By the lamplicht o' the moon,
O --- saddle your horse, young John Forsythe,
Just whistle and I'll come soon, come soon,
Just whistle and I'll come soon.

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