

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Gight's Ladye

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Will ye gang to the Hielands, my bonnie love?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Geordie?
I'll tak' the high road gin ye tak' the low,
And I'll be in the Hielands afore ye.

I'd rather for to stay on the bonnie banks o' Spey
To see a' the fish boaties rowin',
Afore that I would gang to your high Hieland hill
To hear a' the black kye lowin .

He had not been in the high Hieland hills
Months but barely twa, O,
When he was put in a prison strong
For hunting the deer and the roe, O.

Where will I get a little wee boy
That is both true and steady,
That will run on to the bonnie Bog o' Gight
Wi' a letter to my ladye?

Oh, here am I, a bonnie wee boy
That is baith true and steady,
And I'll run on to the bonnie Bog o' Gight
Wi' a letter to your ladye.

When you come where the grass grows green
You'll slacken your shoes and run, O
And when you come where the bridge is broke
You'll bend your bow an' swim, O.

And when you come to the bonnie Bog o' Gight
You'll neither shout nor call, O,
But you'll bend your bow to your left breast
Then leap in over the wall, O.

When he came where the grass grew green
He slackened his shoes and ran, O,
And when he came where the bridge was broke
He bent his bow and swam, O.

And when he came to the gates of Gight

He did neither shout nor call, O,
But he bent his bow to his left breast
And he leaped in over the wall, O.

When that the ladye the letter looked on,
I wat little laugh got she, O;
Afore she had read it half-way dow'n
A saut tear blinded her e'e, O.

Gae saddle to me the grey horse, she cried,
The broon never rode so smartly,
And I'll awa to Edinburgh town
And borrow the life o' my Geordie.

When she came to the pier o' Leith
The puir folk stood thick and mony.
She threw the red gowd right them among,
Bade them pray for the life o' her Geordie.

When that she came to Edinburgh town
The nobles there were mony,
Ilka ane wi' his hat on his head,
But hat in hand stood Geordie.

O has he killed, or has he robbed,
Or has he stolen ony?
O what's the ill that my love has done
That he's going to be hanged shortly?

He has not killed, he has not robbed,
He has not stolen ony,
But he has hunted the King's young deer,
So he's going to be hanged shortly.

Will the red gowd buy aff my love, she said,
Will the red gowd buy aff Geordie ?
Ten thousand crowns, if ye pay down,
Ye'll get on your hat on your Geordie.

Then out it speaks Lord Montague
(O woe be to his body),
This day we hanged young Charlie Hay,
The morn we'll hang your Geordie.

She's taen the silk mantle frae her neck,
And, O, but she spread it bonnie;
Wi' his hat in her hand she has begged all around,
Till she's begged the life o' her Geordie.

Some gave crowns and some gave pounds,
Some gave dollars mony;
The King himself gave five hundred crowns
To get on her hat on her Geordie.

Then out it speaks Lord Montague
(O wae be to his body),
I wish that Gight had lost his head,
I might enjoyed his ladye.

But out it speaks the ladye herself,
Ye need ne'er wish my body;
O ill befa' your wizened snout,
Would ye compare wi' my Geordie ?

Now since she's on her high horse set,
And on behind her Geordie,
There was ne'er a bird so blythe in a bush
As she was behind her Geordie.

First I was lady at bonnie Auchindoun,
And next I was mistress at Kincraigie,
But now I'm guidwife at the bonnie Bog o' Gight,
And I've ventured my life for my Geordie.

Child #209

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