

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Meg Drummond

Meg Drummond
(Andrew Douglas)

The king's at hame in Holyrood
There's lights in every ha'.
Of a' the dancers gathered there
Meg Drummond shines maist braw.

The grey Scots lords lords stand round the king
Desire the king to wed,
But it isna Meg o' the gowden hair
They choose to share his bed.

"The English princess, sire, is fair
A marriage there would lead
To English Gowd and English gear
to fill our country's need."

Fair deaved was Jamie by their words
Fair deaved by night and day
But he thocht o' Meg wi' the gowden hair
And aye he answered "Nay."

And when she cam tae the kings ha' door
And curtsied down fu' low,
Wi' at her back her sisters twa
They made a bonny show.

The Scots lords in the ha' did glower
And grimly did they see
For well they knew tis happy hour
Their ruin soon could be.

The candle now is guttering low,
"To bed!" the king doth cry,
And he himsel' did light her up
To her chamber door sae high.

Oh gladly, gladly rose the king
At the dawning of the day,
But Meg and her sisters ne'er rose up
Lay stiff and cauld as clay.

No court did speir whit wey they died
By sickness or poison dread
To Dunblane Kirk wi' haste at night
Their corpses soon were sped.

And when on Flodden's fatal field
King James was doomed tae dee
A sma' voice in the wind did sigh
"O Jamie, come to me!"

O Drummond's woods are fine and fair
And Drummond's woods are green,
And some folks say they still do walk
The bonny birks atween.