

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

## [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

### Richie's Lady

#### Richie's Lady

There were ladies in yon ha',  
Seven ladies in Cumbernauld;  
The youngest and fairest o' them a'  
Has faun in love wi' her footman laddie.  
He gaed down the garden green,  
In amang the birks sne bonnie;  
And there he saw his lady gay,  
Wi' ribbons on her shoulders mony.

"Here's a letter to thee, Madam;  
Here's a letter to thee, Lady;  
With Earl Hume's humble desire,  
Your servant for to be, Lady."  
"I'll ha'e nane o' his letters, Richie;  
Nane from Earl Hume, Richie;  
But I'll ha'e him that I like best,  
And I'll ha'e nane but you, Richie."

"Say na' that to me, Lady,  
Say na' that to me, Lady;  
For I ha'e neither lands nor rents,  
For to maintain you wi', Lady."  
"Say na that again, Richie,  
Say no that again, Richie,  
The House o' Athole it is mine,  
Taranadie shall be thine, Richie."

He gaed from the garden green,  
Thinking he would shun his lady;  
But quickly she follow'd after him,  
Says. "Ye maun leave your comrades, Richie.  
To the Borders we maun gae,  
I'll gae to them wi' thee, Richie;  
For gin my faither hear o' our love,  
High hanged ye will be, Richie."

"To the Borders we will gae,  
We will to them gang, Lady;  
But tho' your father hear o' our love,  
It's me he daurna' hang. Lady."  
As they rode by her sisters bowers,

Her sisters they were wondrous sorry;  
They bade her cast off her robes o' silk,  
And gang and beg wi' her Richard Storie.

As they rode thro' yon burrow town,  
Her gold watch, it shone sae bonny,  
And mony a ane saluted her;  
But nane thought that she was to be his Lady.  
As they were riding up yon high hill,  
The Lady, she grew wondrous weary  
She looked over her left shoulder,  
Says, "I wish I were at the Cumbernauldie !"

"Oh, are ye not sorry, Lady?  
Oh, are ye not sorry, Lady  
To leave your home and kindred dear,  
And follow Richard Storie, Lady!"  
"What needs I be sorry, Richie?  
What needs I be sorry, Richie?  
When I get him that I like best,  
And what is laid before me, Richie."

As they rode by yon bonny house,  
They heard music sounding bonny;  
And four and twenty gallant knights  
Came out to welcome Richie's Lady  
A coach and four was soon prepar'd  
A coach and four was soon made ready  
And now she rides in her coach and four  
And blesses the day that made her his lady.

Child #232

From Bronson, Singing Tradition of Child's Popular Ballads

SOF

oct97