

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Two Sisters (7)

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There lived an old lord in the North Countree

Bow down

There lived an old lord in the North Countree

Bow and balance to me,

There lived an old lord in the North Countree

And he had daughters, one two and three

That will be true, true to my love

Love and my love will be true to me.

There went a young man a-courting there

He chose the youngest daughter fair

He gave to her a beaver hat

The older she thought much of that.

He gave the youngest a gay gold ring

The older, not a single thing.

O sister, O sister come walk with me

To see the ships upon the sea.

But when they reached the water's brim

The oldest pushed the yougest in.

O sister, O sister, O give me your hand

And you may have my house and land.

I will not give you my hand nor my glove

But I will have your own true-love.

Down she sank and away she swam

And down to the miller's mill-pond she swam.

O miller, O miller, there swims a swan

A-swimming about in your mill-pond.

The miller ran out with his fish-hook

And fished that fair maid out of the brook.

He's robbed her of her gay gold rings

And into the pond he's pushed her again.

The miller was hung at his mill gate
For drowning of his sister, Kate.

Child #10

Note: This is how I remember it; it may well be a pastiche of several
versions. No magic in this one. RG