

- 12 Says, 'Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?' 25
- 13 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.
- 14 'For I hae a brother in this wood,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee.' 30
- 15 'What's thy brother's name? come tell to me.'
'My brother's name is Baby Lon.'
- 16 'O sister, sister, what have I done!
O have I done this ill to thee!
- 17 'O since I've done this evil deed, 35
Good sall never be seen o me.'
- 18 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.