

Sheath and Knife (Child 16A)

- 1 IT is talked the warld all over,
The brume blooms bonnie and says it is fair
That the king's dochter gaes wi child to her brither.
And we 'll never gang doun to the brume onie mair
- 2 He 's taen his sister doun to her father's deer park,
Wi his yew-tree bow and arrows fast slung to his back.
- 3 'Now when that ye hear me gie a loud cry,
Shoot frae thy bow an arrow and there let me lye.
- 4 'And when that ye see I am lying dead,
Then ye 'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
- 5 Now when he heard her gie a loud cry,
His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let fly.
Now they 'll never, etc.
- 6 He has made a grave that was lang and was deep,
And he has buried his sister, wi her babe at her feet.
And they 'll never, etc.
- 7 And when he came to his father's court hall,
There was music and minstrels and dancing and all.
But they 'll never, etc.
- 8 'O Willie, O Willie, what makes thee in pain?'
'I have lost a sheath and knife that I 'll never see again.'
For we 'll never, etc.
- 9 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee.'
- 10 'There is ships o my father's sailing on the sea,
But sic a sheath and a knife they can never bring to me.'
Now we 'll never, etc.