

## The Braes o Yarrow (Child 214A)

- 1 'I DREAMED a dreary dream this night,  
That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
I dreamed I was pouing the heather green  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 2 'O true-love mine, stay still and dine, 5  
As ye ha done before, O;  
'O I 'll be hame by hours nine,  
And frae the braes of Yarrow.'
- 3 I dreamed a dreary dream this night, 10  
That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
I dreamed my luve came headless hame,  
O frae the braes of Yarrow!
- 4 'O true-luve mine, stay still and dine,  
As ye ha done before, O;  
'O I 'll be hame by hours nine, 15  
And frae the braes of Yarrow.'
- 5 'O are ye going to hawke,' she says,  
'As ye ha done before, O?  
Or are ye going to weild your brand,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow?' 20
- 6 'O I am not going to hawke,' he says,  
'As I have done before, O,  
But for to meet your brother Jhon,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.'
- 7 As he gade down yon dowy den, 25  
Sorrow went him before, O;  
Nine well-wight men lay waiting him,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 8 'I have your sister to my wife,  
'Ye' think me an unmeet marrow; 30

- But yet one foot will I never flee  
Now frae the braes of Yarrow.'
- 9 'Than' four he killd and five did wound,  
That was an unmeet marrow!  
'And he had weel nigh wan the day 35  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.'
- 10 'Bot' a cowardly 'loon' came him behind,  
Our Lady lend him sorrow!  
And wi a rappier pierced his heart,  
And laid him low on Yarrow. 40
- 11 'Now Douglas' to his sister 's gane,  
Wi meikle dule and sorrow:  
'Gae to your luv, sister,' he says,  
'He 's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'
- 12 As she went down yon dowy den, 45  
Sorrow went her before, O;  
She saw her true-love lying slain  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 13 'She swoond thrice upon his breist 50  
That was her dearest marrow;  
Said, Ever alace and wae the day  
Thou wentst frae me to Yarrow!'
- 14 She kist his mouth, she kaimed his hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
She 'wiped' the blood that trickled doun 55  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 15 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
It hang baith side and yellow;  
She tied it round 'her' white hause-bane,  
'And tint her life on Yarrow.' 60