

Lizie Lindsay (Child 226B)

- 1 IT 's of a young lord o the Hielands,
A bonnie braw castle had he,
And he says to his lady mither,
'My boon ye will grant to me:
Sall I gae to Edinbruch city,
And fesh hame a lady wi me?'
- 2 'Ye may gae to Edinbruch city,
And fesh hame a lady wi thee,
But see that ye bring her but flattrie,
And court her in grit povertie.'
- 3 'My coat, mither, sall be o the plaiden,
A tartan kilt oure my knee,
Wi hosens and brogues and the bonnet;
I 'll court her wi nae flattrie.'
- 4 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,
He playd at the ring and the ba,
And saw monie a bonnie young ladie,
But Lizie Lindsay was first o them a'.
- 5 Syne, dressd in his Hieland grey plaiden,
His bonnet abune his ee-bree,
He called on fair Lizie Lindsay;
Says, Lizie, will ye fancy me?
- 6 'And gae to the Hielands, my lassie,
And gae, gae wi me?
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,
I 'll feed you on curds and green whey.
- 7 'And ye 'se get a bed o green bracken,
My plaidie will hap thee and me;
Ye 'se lie in my arms, bonnie Lizie,
If ye 'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'
- 8 'O how can I gae to the Hielands,
Or how can I gae wi thee,
Whan I dinna ken whare I 'm gaing,
Nor wha I hae to gae wi?'
- 9 'My father, he is an auld shepherd,

My mither, she is an auld dey;
My name it is Donald Macdonald,
My name I 'll never deny.'

- 10 'O Donald, I 'll gie ye five guineas
To sit ae hour in my room,
Till I tak aff your ruddy picture;
Whan I hae 't, I 'll never think lang.'
- 11 'I dinna care for your five guineas;
It 's ye that 's the jewel to me;
I 've plenty o kye in the Hielands,
To feed ye wi curds and green whey.
- 12 'And ye 'se get a bonnie blue plaidie,
Wi red and green strips thro it a';
And I 'll be the lord o your dwelling,
And that 's the best picture ava.
- 13 'And I am laird o a' my possessions;
The king canna boast o na mair;
And ye 'se hae my true heart in keeping,
There 'll be na ither een hae a share.
- 14 'Sae gae to the Hielands, my lassie,
O gae awa happy wi me;
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,
And hird the wee lammies wi me.'
- 15 'O how can I gae wi a stranger,
Oure hills and oure glens frae my hame?'
'I tell ye I am Donald Macdonald;
I 'll ever be proud o my name.'
- 16 Doun cam Lizie Lindsay's ain father,
A knicht o a noble degree;
Says, If ye do steal my dear daughter,
It 's hangit ye quickly sall be.
- 17 On his heel he turned round wi a bouncie,
And a licht lauch he did gie:
'There 's nae law in Edinbruch city
This day that can dare to hang me.'
- 18 Then up bespak Lizie's best woman,
And a bonnie young lass was she;

- ‘Had I but a mark in my pouchie,
It ’s Donald that I wad gae wi.’
- 19 ‘O Helen, wad ye leave your coffer,
And a’ your silk kirtles sae braw,
And gang wi a bare-houghd puir laddie,
And leave father, mither, and a’?’
- 20 ‘But I think he ’s a witch or a warlock,
Or something o that fell degree,
For I ’ll gae awa wi young Donald,
Whatever my fortune may be.’
- 21 Then Lizie laid down her silk mantle,
And put on her waiting-maid’s gown,
And aff and awa to the Hielands
She ’s gane wi this young shepherd loun.
- 22 Thro glens and oure mountains they wanderd,
Till Lizie had scantlie a shoe;
‘Alas and ohone!’ says fair Lizie,
‘Sad was the first day I saw you!
I wish I war in Edinbruch city;
Fu sair, sair this pastime I rue.’
- 23 ‘O haud your tongue now, bonnie Lizie,
For yonder ’s the shieling, my hame;
And there ’s my guid auld honest mither,
That ’s coming to meet ye her lane.’
- 24 ‘O ye ’re welcome, ye ’re welcome, Sir Donald,
Ye ’re welcome hame to your ain.’
‘O ca me na young Sir Donald,
But ca me Donald my son;’
And this they hae spoken in Erse,
That Lizie nicht not understand.
- 25 The day being weetie and daggie,
They lay till ’twas lang o the day:
‘Win up, win up, bonnie Lizie,
And help at the milking the kye.’
- 26 O slowly raise up Lizie Lindsay,
The saut tear blindit her ee:
‘O, war I in Edinbruch city,
The Hielands shoud never see me!’

- 27 He led her up to a hie mountain
And bade her look out far and wide:
'I'm lord o thae isles and thae mountains,
And ye 're now my beautiful bride.
- 28 'Sae rue na ye 've come to the Hielands,
Sae rue na ye 've come aff wi me,
For ye 're great Macdonald's braw lady,
And will be to the day that ye dee.'