

The Twa Brothers (49A)

- 1 THERE were twa brethren in the north,
 They went to the school thegither;
 The one unto the other said,
 Will you try a warsle afore?
- 2 They warsled up, they warsled down, 5
 Till Sir John fell to the ground,
 And there was a knife in Sir Willie's pouch,
 Gied him a deadlie wound.
- 3 'Oh brither dear, take me on your back,
 Carry me to yon burn clear, 10
 And wash the blood from off my wound,
 And it will bleed nae mair.'
- 4 He took him up upon his back,
 Carried him to yon burn clear,
 And washd the blood from off his wound, 15
 But aye it bled the mair.
- 5 'Oh brither dear, take me on your back,
 Carry me to yon kirk-yard,
 And dig a grave baith wide and deep,
 And lay my body there.' 20
- 6 He 's taen him up upon his back,
 Carried him to yon kirk-yard,
 And dug a grave baith deep and wide,
 And laid his body there.
- 7 'But what will I say to my father dear, 25
 Gin he chance to say, Willie, whar 's John?'
 'Oh say that he 's to England gone,
 To buy him a cask of wine.'
- 8 'And what will I say to my mother dear,

- Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar 's John?' 30
'Oh say that he 's to England gone,
To buy her a new silk gown.'
- 9 'And what will I say to my sister dear,
Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar 's John?'
'Oh say that he 's to England gone, 35
To buy her a wedding ring.'
- 10 'But what will I say to her you loe dear,
Gin she cry, Why tarries my John?'
'Oh tell her I lie in Kirk-land fair,
And home again will never come.' 40