

Lord Thomas and Fair Annet (Child 73A)

- 1 LORD THOMAS and Fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.
- 2 Lord Thomas said a word in jest, 5
Fair Annet took it ill:
'A, I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends' will.'
- 3 'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee:' 10
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.
- 4 'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,
'A gude rede gie to mee;
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride, 15
And let Faire Annet bee?'
- 5 'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty Fair Annet haes
O it wull soon be gane.' 20
- 6 And he has till his brother gane:
'Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let Fair Annet bee?'
- 7 'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother, 25
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast Fair Annet bye.'
- 8 'Her oxen may dye i the house, billie,
And her kye into the byre, 30

And I sall hae nothing to mysell
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'

- 9 And he has till his sister gane:
'Now, sister, rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride, 35
And set Fair Annet free?'
- 10 'I 'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame!' 40
- 11 'No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me owt o hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leive the land.'
- 12 Up then rose Fair Annet's father, 45
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein Fair Annet lay.
- 13 'Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says, 50
'Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.'
- 14 'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whaireir yee laid a plait before, 55
See yee lay ten times mair.
- 15 'My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o the holland fine,
The other o needle-work.' 60
- 16 The horse Fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi siller he was shod before,

Wi burning gowd behind.

- 17 Four and twanty siller bells 65
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.
- 18 Four and twanty gay gude knichts 70
Rade by Fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.
- 19 And whan she cam to Marie's kirk,
She sat on Marie's stean:
The cleading that Fair Annet had on 75
It skinkled in their een.
- 20 And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmerd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi pearles bedone. 80
- 21 She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan Fair Annet drew near.
- 22 He had a rose into his hand, 85
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.
- 23 Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi meikle spite: 90
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white?'
- 24 'O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water 95
Into my mither's wame.'

- 25 The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak nevir mair. 100
- 26 Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee;
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.
- 27 He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp, 105
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.
- 28 'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,
'Now stay, my dear,' he cry'd; 110
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.
- 29 Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,
Fair Annet within the quiere,
And o the tane thair grew a birk, 115
The other a bonny briere.
- 30 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil
They were twa luvvers deare. 120