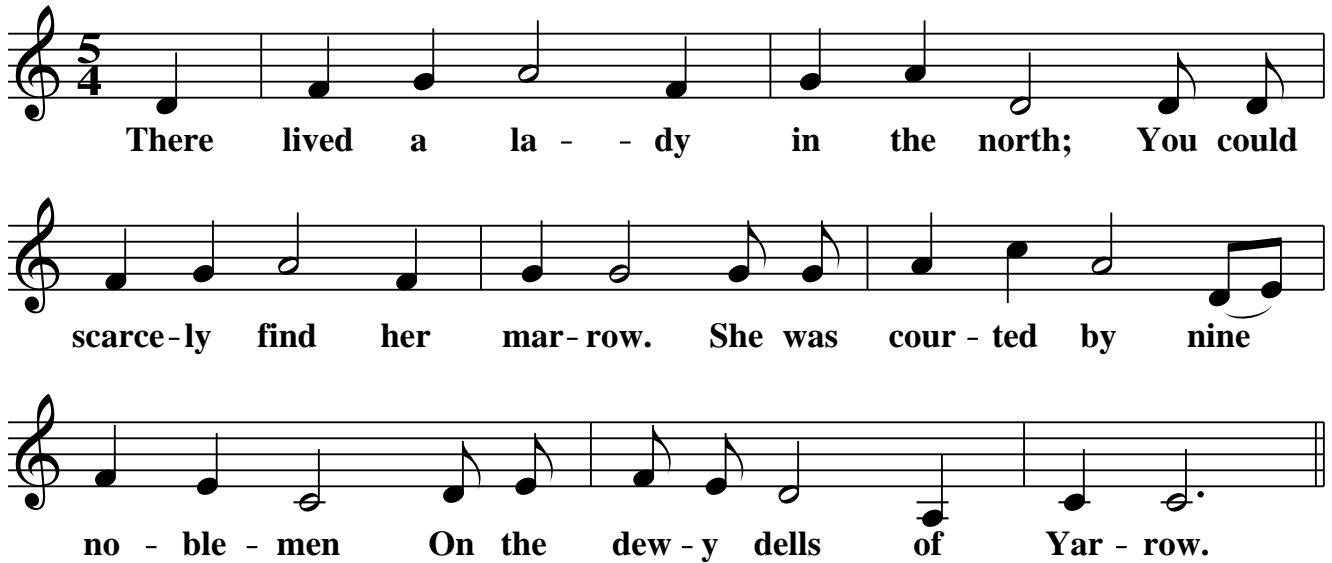


The Dewy Dells of Yarrow.



There lived a la - - dy in the north; You could
scarce-ly find her mar-row. She was cour - ted by nine
no - ble - men On the dew - y dells of Yar - row.

There lived a lady in the north;
You could scarcely find her marrow.
She was courted by nine noblemen
On the dewy dells of Yarrow.

Her father had a bonny ploughboy
And she did love him dearly.
She dressed him up like a noble lord
For to fight for her on Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As oft she had done before O,
She gilted him with a right good sword
For to fight for her on Yarrow.

As he climbed up yon high hill
And they came down the other,
There he spied nine noblemen
On the dewy hills of Yarrow.

'Did you come here for to drink red wine,
Or did you come here to borrow?
Or did you come here with a single sword
For to fight for her on Yarrow?'

'I came not here for to drink red wine,
And I came not here to borrow,
But I came here with a single sword
For to fight for her on Yarrow'

'There are nine of you and one of me,
And that's but an even number,
But it's man to man I'll fight you all
And die for her on Yarrow'

Three he drew and three he slew
And two lie deadly wounded,
When a stubborn knight crept up behind
And pierced him with his arrow.

'Go home, go home, my false young man,
And tell your sister Sarah
That her true lover John lies dead and gone
On the dewy hills of Yarrow'

As he gaed down yon high hill
And she came down the other,
It's then he met his sister dear
A-coming fast to Yarrow.

'O brother dear, I had a dream last night,' she said,
'I can read it into sorrow;
Your true lover John lies dead and gone
On the dewy hills of Yarrow.'

This maiden's hair was three-quarters long,
The colour of it was yellow.
She tied it around his middle side
And carried him home to Yarrow.

She kissed his cheeks, she kamed his hair
As oft she had done before O,
Her true lover John lies dead and gone,
And she carried him home to Yarrow.

'O father dear, you have seven sons;
You can wed them all tomorrow,
For the fairest flower amongst them all
Is the one that died on Yarrow.

O mother dear, make me my bed,
And make it long and narrow,
For the one that died for me today,
I shall die for him tomorrow