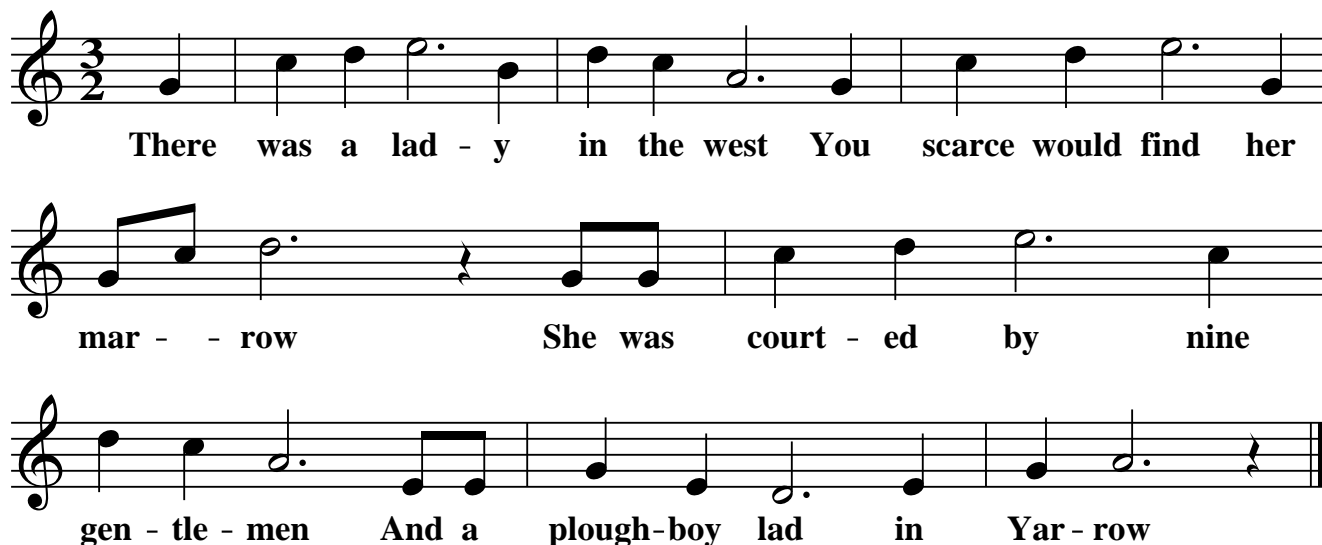


## The Dowie Dens of Yarrow



There was a lad - y in the west You scarce would find her  
mar - - row She was court - ed by nine  
gen - tle - men And a plough-boy lad in Yar - row

There was a lady in the west  
You scarce would find her marrow  
She was courted by nine gentlemen  
And a ploughboy lad in Yarrow.

These nine sat drinking at the wine  
As oft they'd done before-O  
And they made a vow among themselves  
To fight with him on Yarrow.

She's washed his face, she's combed his hair  
As oft she's done before-O  
Gave him a brand down by his side  
To fight for her on Yarrow.

As he came o'er yon high high hill  
And down the glen so narrow  
Nine armed men lay waiting him  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.

It's three he wounded, three withdrew  
And three he's killed on Yarrow  
Till her brother John stepped in behind  
And pierced his body thorough.

O father dear, I dreamed a dream  
I fear it will prove sorrow  
I dreamed I was pulling heather green  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.

O daughter dear I read your dream  
To you it will prove sorrow  
Your true love John lies dead and slain  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.

As she went o'er yon high high hill  
And down the glen so narrow  
Twas there she found her true love John  
Lying cold and dead on Yarrow.

She washed his face, she combed his hair  
As she had done before-O  
And she kissed the blood from off his wounds  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.

Her hair it was three quarters long  
The colour it was yellow  
She tied it round his middle small  
And carried him home to Yarrow.

O daughter dear, dry up your tears  
And weep no more for sorrow  
I'll wed you to a better man  
Than the ploughboy lad of Yarrow.

O father dear you've seven sons  
You may wed them all tomorrow  
But the fairest flower among them all  
Was the lad I wooed on Yarrow.