Banks of Yarrow (4)

(alternate:)

Banks of Yarrow (4)

My Willie's fair, my Willie's rare
My Willie's wondrous bonnie
He promised he would marry me
If ever he married any
  any, any, if ever he married any
  He promised he would marry me
  If ever he married any

My Willie's to the hunting gone
Afraid that he might tarry
He sent a letter back to me
That he was too young to marry
  marry, marry ...

Last night I had a dreadful dream
Twas full of pain and sorrow
I dreamt I was pulling the heather so green
High upon the banks of Yarrow...

Oh came you by yon waterside
Pulled you the rose or lily
Or came you by yon meadow green
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She wondered high, she wandered low
High on the braes of Yarrow
'Til right beneath a rock she found
Her true love drowned in the Yarrow

Her hair it was three quarters long
The color of it was yellow
She's turned it round her Willie's waist
And she's pulled him out of the Yarrow

Yestereen I made my bed full broad
Tonight I'll make it narrow
For all the livelong winter's night
I lie twined of my marrow

My Willie's fair, my Willie's rare
My Willie's wondrous bonnie
He promised he would marry me
If ever he married any

alternate verse 4:
  She sought him east she sought him west
  She sought him broad and narrow
  Till in the clifting of a craig
  She found him drownd in Yarrow

Child #215
sung by Helen Schneyer, Ed Trickett
tunes from Sedley, Seeds of Love
  tune B collected from Lucy Broadwood of Peebleshire

SOF

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.