Bonnie Lass of Anglesey

Bonnie Lass of Anglesey

There he sits and there he stands
Alone and o what a frightened king is he
Fifteen lords have all come down
To dance and gain the victory

Our king he keeps a good treasure
And he keeps it locked with a silver key
And fifteen lords have all come down
To dance his gold and his lands away

There he stands at the castle high
And so loud, so loud, I heard him cry
Go saddle your horse and bring to me
The bonnie lass of Anglesey

Some rode North and some rode South
But some to the East they rode straightway
Spied her there on the mountain high
The bonnie lass of Anglesey

Up she starts as white as the milk
Between the king and all of his company
Crying what is the prize I have to ask
If I do gain the victory

Fifteen plows, a house and a mill
I will give to thee till the day thou dies
The fairest knight in all my court
To take your husband for to be

Fifteen plows, a house, and a mill
Come now, that's no prize for the victory
And there is no knight in all your court
That shall have me as a wife to be

Up she starts as white as the milk
She dances light as a leaf on the broken sea
Fifteen lords all cried out loud
For the bonnie lass of Anglesey

She's taken fifteen, one by one

Saying, sweet kind sir, will you dance with me
But e'er it's ten o'clock at night
They gave it o'er right shamefully

But up and rose the fifteenth knight
And o, what an angry man was he
He laid aside his buckler and sword
Before he strode so manfully

He's danced high and he's danced low
And he has danced the livelong day
He swore, My feet will be my death
Before she gains the victory

O my feet shall be my death
Before this lass shall gain the victory
But e'er it's ten o'clock of the morn
He gave it o'er right shamefully

She's taken the king all by the hand
Saying, Sweet kind sir, will you walk with me
But e'er the king had gone one step
She danced his gold and his lands away

Saying fifteen plows, a house, and a mill
Come now, that's no prize for the victory
And away she's gone with his treasure
The bonnie lass of Anglesey

She's taken all their bucklers and swords
She's taken their gold and their bright money
And back to the mountains she's away
The bonnie lass of Anglesey

There's fifteen lords come a swaggering down
To dance and gain the victory
There's fifteen lords and one high king
Go ragged and bare today

Child #220
recorded by Cindy Mangsen and Carthy on Crown of Horn

SOF

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