Dowie Dens of Yarrow

(alternate:)

YARROW1.2.gif"

Dowie Dens of Yarrow

There lived a lady in the North
You could scarcely find her marrow
She was courted by nine noble lords
And a plooman lad fae Yarrow

They nine sat drinking at the wine
Sat drinking wine in Yarrow
And they've made a vow among themselves
For tae fecht for her on Yarrow

She's washed his face, she's combed his hair
As oft she'd done afore oh
She's made him like a noble lord
For tae fecht for her on Yarrow

As he gaed doon the high, high hill
Doon tae the howe o' Yarrow
'Twas there he spied nine armed men
Come tae fecht wi' him on Yarrow

There's three he slew and three withdrew
And three he wounded sairly oh
Till her brother John came in fae behind
'And has wounded him most foully

"Oh, faither dear, I dreamed a dream
I doubt it will bring sorrow
I dreamed I pulled the heather green
On the dowie dens o' Yarrow"

So she gaed doon the high, high hill
Doon tae the howe o' Yarrow
And there she's found her lover John
Lying pale and wan on Yarrow

Her hair it was three quarters long
The color it was yellow
She's wrapped it round his middle sae small

And she's bore him up frae Yarrow

"Oh faither dear, ye've seven sons
Ye may wed them all tomorrow
For the fairest floo'r amang them a'
Was the lad that I lo'ed on Yarrow

Child #214
sung by Jean Redpath

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