The Duke of Athol's Nurse

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As he cam in by yon toon en,
She heard his bridles ringin,
An' when he cam in by the Castle wa,
He heard her bonnie voice singin.

"O I'm the Duke O' Athole's nurse,
My post is very weel becomin,
But I wid gie a' my half year's fee
For ae sicht o my leman."

"Ye say ye're the Duke o Athole's nurse,
An' your post it is very weel becomin;
Keep weel, keep weel your half year's fee,
Ye'll get twa sichts o your leman."

He leaned him ower his saddle bow,
An' cannily kissed his dearie;
Said, "Ye ha my heart, but another has my han',
What better can ye be o me!"

'Gin I hae your heart, an' another has your han',
These words hae fairly undone me;
But let us set a time, an' tryst to meet again,
Then in good friends ye'll twine me.

"Ye'll do ye doon to yon tavern house,
An' drink till it be dawin
An' as sure as I'm a woman true,
I'll come an clear your lawin.

"Ye'll spare not the wine, although it be fine,
Nor any drink though it be rarely;
But ye'll aye drink to the bonnie lassie's health
That's to clear your lawin fairly."

Then he's done him doon to yon tavern house,
An' drank till the day was dawin,
An' ilka gless he drank, he drank the lassie's health
That was comin to clear his lawin.

"It's a wonder to me," the squire he did say,

"That my bonnie lassie's sae delayin;
She promised as sure as she loved me,
She wad be here by the dawin."

He's teen him up to a shott window,
A little before the dawin,
An' there he spied her brothers three
Wi' their swords a' weel drawn.

"O where shall I rin, or where shall I gang,
Or where shall I gang an' hide me?
She that was to meet me in friends this day
Has sent her brothers to slay me."

He's gane to the landlady o the house,
To see gin she could save him.
She dressed him in her ain clothin,
An' she set him to the bakin.

She gae him a suit o her ain female claes,
An' set him to the bakin;
The birds never sang mair sweet on the busk
Than the young squire sang at his bakin.

As they came in at the ha' door,
Sae loodly as they rappit,
An' when they cam upon the floor,
Sae loodly as they chappit.

"O had ye a quarterer here last nicht,
Who drank till the day was dawin!
Come show us the room where the quarterer lies
An' we'll shortly clear his lawin."

"There was nae quarterer here last nicht
That drank till the day was dawin.
He called for a pint, an' he paid it ere he went,
Ye've got naething to do wi his lawin."

One of them bein in a very merry mood,
To the young squire fell a-talkin;
The wife took her foot an' she gae him a kick
Says, "Haste ye, bonnie Annie, wi your bakin."

They socht the house up, an' they socht the house doon
An' they spared nae the curtains for the rivin
An' ilka ane o them, as they passed by,
They kissed the bonnie lassie at her bakin.

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From Bronson
Child #212

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