The Heiress of Northumberland

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"Why, fair maid, have pity on me,"
Waly's my love wi the life that she wan
"For I am bound in prison strong,
And under the heir o Northumberland."

"How can I have pity on thee,"
Waly's my love, etc.
"When thou hast a wife and children three,
All dwelling at home in fair Scotland?"

Now he has sworn a solemn oath,
And it was by eternity,
That wife and children he had none,
All dwelling at home in fair Scotland.

Now she's gone to her father's bedstc>ck,
Waly's my love, etc.
And has stolen the key of the dungeon-lock,
And she the great heir o Northumberland.

And she's gone to her father's chest,
She has stolen away a suit of the best,
Altho she was heir o Northumberland.

Now she's gone to her father's coffer,
And has taen out gold nane kens how meickle,
Altho she, etc.

She's gane to her father's stable,
And taen out a steed baith lusty and able,
For a' she was heir, etc.

The rade till they cam to Crafurdmoor,
He bade her light down for an English whore,
Altho she, etc.

The rade till the came to the water o Clyde,
He bade her light down, nae farer she should ride,
"For now I am at hame in fair Scotland."

"Yonder view my castle," said he;

"There I hae a wife and children three,
All dwelling at home," etc.

"O take me by the middle sae sma
And thro me oer your castle-wa,
For I darena gang hame to Northumberland."

When she came to her father's yett,
She durst hardly rapp thereat,
Altho she was, etc.

Out then spoke her stepmother sour,
She bad her pack off for an impudent whore,
"For thou shalt not be heir o Northumberland."

Out then spock her bastard brother;
"She'll hae nae mair grace than God has gien her,
And she shall be heir o Northumberland."

Out and spoke her father sae mild,
"She's no the first maid a false Scot has beguild,
And she shall be," etc.

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