

Folk Celtic

"The Dowie Dens O' Yarrow"

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THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW

O late at e'en, and drinking the wine
Ere we made the lawing
We set a pact o' the two between
Tae fecht it in the dawning.

O stay hame, stay hame my bonny bairn
Bide wi' me the morrow
For my cruel brothers will ye betray
On the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow

O as he gaed doon by Tenny's field
I wa't he gaed wi' sorrow
For there in a den, were nine armed men
Tae fecht wi' him on Yarrow.

Well have ye cam' tae part yer land ?
Or cam' ye here tae borrow ?
Or did ye cam'tea wield yer brand
On the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow ?

I hav'na' cam' tae part my land
Not yet tae beg or borrow

But I cam' here tae wield my brand
On the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.

If I see ye all, yer nine tae wan
And that's an unfair marrow
But I will fecht while lasts my brand
On the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.

Well five did he hack, and four did he slay
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow
Till that fause knight cam' in ahint
And ran his body through-o.

Gae hame, gae hame, guid brother John
Find yer sister Sarah
Her lief lord lies cruelly slain

On the bloody braes o' Yarrow.

As she gaed doon yon high high hill
I wa't she gaed wi' sorrow
For there in a den, there were ten slain men
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow.

Traditional Borders ballad.

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