

Kate Rusby **"Bonny House Of Airlie"**

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It fell on a day, a bonnie, bonnie day,
When the corn, grew green and yellow,
That there fell out, a great dispute,
Between Argyll and Airlie

Argyll he's raised up, five hundred men,
Five hundred men, and many,
He's led 'em down to the bonnie Dunkell,
Made them shoot the bonnie house of Airlie

A Lady was looking, over the castle walls,
And oh, but she looks weary,
And there she spied, the gret Argl, *(sic)*
Come to plunder the bonnie house of Airlie

Come down, the stairs, Lady he said,
Come down and kiss me fairly,
I'll not come down, nor kiss you she said,
Though you won't leave, a standing stone at Airlie

I have but one favour, to ask of thee Argyll,
And I hope, that you will grant me fairly,
Oh take me down to some dark, dowry town,
Where I can't see, the plundering or Airlie

He's taken her by, her left shoulder,
And oh, but she looks weary,
He's led her up, to the top of the town,
Made her watch, the plundering of Airlie

Oh fire on, fire on,

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