

Unknown

"Captain Wedderburns Courtship"

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CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP

The Laird o' Roslin's daughter
Walked through the woods her lane
And met wi' Captain Wedderburn, a servant tae the
King
Says he untae his servant man, "Were't nae against the
law
I'd tak her tae my ain bed and lay her at the wa'"

"I'm walkin' here my lane," she says, "Amang my
faither's trees
An' you maun let me walk my lane, kind sir now, if you
please
The supper bell it will be rung an' I'll be missed awa'
So I'll nae lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

Says he, "My bonnie lady, I pray gie me yer hand
And ye'll hae drums and trumpets always at your
command
And fifty men tae guard ye wi' that weel their swords
can draw
So we'll baith lie in ae bed, an' ye'll lie at the wa'"

"Oh haud awa fae me, kind sir, I pray let go my hand
The supper bell it will be rung - I maun no longer stand
My faither will nae supper tak' if I am missed awa'
So I'll nae lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

My name is Captain Wedderburn, my name I'll ne'er
deny
And I command ten thousand men upon yon mountain
high
If yer faither and his men were here o' them I'd stand
nae awe
But I'd tak' ye tae my ain bed and lay ye at the wa'"

Then he lap off his milk-white steed and set the lady on
And a' the way he gaed on foot and held her by the
hand
He held her by the middle jimp for fear that she would

fa'

Saying, "I'll tak' ye tae my ain bed and lay ye at the wa'"

He's ta'en her tae his lodging hoose, the landlady
looked ben

Sayin, "Many's a pretty lady in Edinburgh I've seen
But sicna bonnie lady is nae intae it at a'

So mak' for her a fine down bed and lay her at the wa'"

Oh haud awa' fae me, kind sir, I pray ye let me be
For I'll nae lie untae your bed till I get dishes three
It's dishes three ye maun dress me, gin I should eat
them a'

Afore I'll lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

"For my supper I maun hae a chicken withoot a bane
An for my supper I maun hae a cherry withooten a
stane

An for my supper I maun hae a bird withoot a ga'
Afore I'll lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

"When the chicken's in the shell, I'm sure it has nae
bane

And when the cherry's in the bloom, I wat it has nae
stane

The doo she is a genty bird, and flies withoot a ga'
So we'll baith lie in ae bed and ye'll be at the wa'"

"Oh haud awa' fae me, kind sir, I pray ye gie me ower
For I'll nae lay untae your bed till I get presents fower
It's presents fower ye maun gie me and that is twa an'
twa

Afore I'll lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

"I maun hae some winter fruit that in December grew
And I maun hae a silken goon that waft gaed never
through

A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn this nicht tae join us
twa

Afore I'll lie untae your bed at either stock or wa'"

"My faither has some winter fruit that in December
grew

My mither has a silken goon that weft gaed never
through

A sparrows horn ye sune would find - there's ain on ilka
claw

And twa upon the gob o'it and ye shall hae them a'"

The priest he stands withooten the yett just ready tae

come in
Nae man can say that he was born, nae man unless he
sin
For he was whale-cut fae his mither's side and fae the
same lat
fa'
So we'll baith lie in ae bed an' ye'll lie at the wa''

Oh little did that lady think that morning when she raise
That this was for tae be the last o' a' her maiden days
But noo there's nae within the realm tae be found a
blither twa
For noo she's Mistress Wedderburn and she lies at the
wa''

Child #46
@courtship @riddle @ballad
sung by Jean Redpath
filename[CAPWEDER
play.exe PADWEST
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