

Jim Moray

"Lord Douglas"

Visit "[Lord Douglas](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Awake, awake, arise, you seven sleepers,
So long before the day,
For Lord Douglas comes all in your lady's chamber
To steal his love away.

Put on, put on the gold and chains of silver;
Don't let your father know
That I will take in hand his youngest daughter,
And to the hills we'll go.

But there was one in the lady's house
Who heard what they did say;
He rang the bells both loud and shrill
So long before the day.

Awake, awake, arise, you seven brothers.
Put on your armour bright,
For Lord Douglas comes all in your lady's chamber
To steal his love by night.

They had not rode but few short miles together,
Across the wooded green.
"Well, light down, light down," he says, "my own true
lover,
For dawn is coming in."

The sourwood and the ash grew up together
Across the wooded plain,
And all the trees in the green wood start to tremble
To whisper Douglas' name.

"I think I hear your father's steed, his hooves upon the
ground,
And I will wager that it won't be long till we are found,
But I have run from all that was before me, and put my
house to shame,
So fear the curse my mother placed upon me, and dare
not speak my name."

"Light down, light down," he says, "my own true lover,
And hold my steed to stand,

While I do go and fight your seven brothers
And your father just at hand."

So well she stood and held his horse and harness;
She never she'd a tear,
Until his keening blade took seven brothers
And the father she held so dear.

"Hold your hand, my love," she says.
"Your strokes are wondrous all.
For sweethearts I will have again,
But father I'll get no more."

"Hold off, hold off, Lord Douglas," she calls towards
him --
She calls him by his name --
"For all the blood that you've she'd in anger,
Love runs in every vein."

"Oh, you must choose, oh choose then, Lady Margaret,
If you do stay or bide."
"Well I must go with you into the green wood,
Since you have left no guide."

So he's placed her on the saddle seat beside him,
His sword hung to the ground,
And how his wounds did tremble and did quaver,
And soaked his shirt with blood.

"Lie down and rest, my love," she says;
"I fear that you are slain.
Your body trembles to the touch;
There's not much life within."

They had not rode but few short miles together,
Till they came to the town.
"Oh mother, make my bed then," cries Lord Douglas,
"For I want to lie down."

But slowly, slowly, the sun rose up before them.
The cocks began to crow.
For every wound Lord Douglas had upon him,
The crimson blood did flow.

Lord Douglas died so long before the morning;
His love she died tomorrow.
Lord Douglas died of the wounds her father gave him;
His lady died for sorrow.

She was buried in the yard,
And he was buried by her,

And out her heart a crimson rose,
And out his heart a briar.

The briar and the rose grew up together,
Till they could get no higher,
And there they twined a true love's knot together
For all love to admire.

Visit [Jim Moray](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.