

Silly

"The Twa Brothers"

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Two pretty boys were goin' tae the school
And one evening coming home
Says William to John, Can you throw a stone
Or can you play at a ball, a ball, or can you play at a ball

Says John to William, I canna' throw a stone
Little can I play at a ball
But if you'll go down to a merry green woods
I'll try you a wrestlin' fall, a fall, I'll try you a wrestlin'
Fall

So they went down tae a merry green woods
Beneath the spreadin' bough
The little penknife fell out of William's coat
And gave John his deadly wound, wound, and gave
John his deadly
Wound

Ah, now you'll take off your white Holland shirt
And teer it frae gore tae gore
And you will bind my deadly wounds
That they might bleed no more, no more, that they
might bleed no
More

So he's ta'en off his white Holland shirt
And he's torn it frae gore tae gore
And though he's bound his deadly wounds
Ah, they bled ten times more, more, they bled ten
times more

Ah but what shall I tell to your father dear
This night when I go home
Tell him I'm away to a London school
And a good scholar I'll come home, home, a good
scholar I'll come
Home

Ah but what shall I tell to your sister dear
This night when I go home
Tell her I'm away to a London school

And the good books I'll bring home, home, the good
books I'll bring
Home

Ah but what shall I tell to your sweetheart dear
This night when I go home
Tell her I'm dead and in the grave laid
And the grass is growin' green, green, the grass is
growin' green

Ah but what shall I tell to your stepmother dear
This night when I go home
Tell her I'm dead and in the grave laid
For she prayed I might never come home, home, she
prayed I might
Never come home

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