Earl Brand

Earl Brand

Wake you up, wake you up, you seven sleepers
And do take warning of me;
O do take care of your oldest daughter dear
For your youngest are going with me.

He mounted her up on his bonny, bonny brown
Himself on the dark apple grey,
He grewn (drew) his buckles down by his side
And away he went singing away.

Get tou up, get tou up, my seven sons bold
Get on your arms so bright;
For it never shall be said that a daughter of mine
Shall lie with a lord all night.

He rode, he rode that livelong day
Along with his lady so dear,
Until he saw her seventh brother come
And her father were walking so near.

Get you down, get you down, Lady Margaret, he cried
And hold my horse for awhile,
Until I can fight your seventh brother bold
And your father is walking so nigh.

She held, she held, she better, better held
And never shedded one tear,
Until she saw her seventh brother fall
And her father she loved so dear.

Do you choose for to go? Lady Margaret, he cried,
Do you choose for to go or to stay?
O I'll go, I'll go, Lord Thomas, she cried
For you've left me without any guide.

He mounted her up on his bonny, bonny brown
Himself on the dark apple grey,
He grewn (drew) his buckles down by his side
And away he went bleeding away.

He rode, he rode, that livelong noght

Till he came to his mother's stand;
Get you down, get you down, Lady Margaret, he cried
So that we can rest for a while.

It's mother, mother, make my bed
And fix it smooth and wide,
And lie my lady down by my side
So that we can rest awhile.

Lord Thomas he died by midnight,
Lady Margaret before it was day;
And the old woman for the loss of her son
And there was several lives lost.

Note: The last line sums it all up, neatly. RG

Child #7
Laws M27
From Sharpe and Karpeles, 1932
Collected from Mrs. Lizzie Gibson, VA 1918

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