The Laird o' Elfin

The Laird o' Elfin

The Laird o' Elfin stands on yon hill
    Ba-ba-ba leelie ba
And he blows his trumpet loud and shrill
    And the wind blaws aye my plaid awa

O gin that I'd that horn in my kist
And then get wedded wi' him next

But afore I do that to thee
A weel-sewed sark ye maun sew to me

An ye maun sew it needle-thread free
And a weel-sewed sark ye maun sew to me.

But before I do this to thee
I'll gie ye some wark to do to me.

I have a little wee acre of lan'
That's atween the salt seas and the san'

And ye maun ploo't wi' your bugle horn
And ye maun saw't wi' Indian corn

And ye maun cut it wi' your pen knife
And bund it up just as your life.

And ye maun thrasht in your shee-sole
And ye maun riddle't in younder moose hole.

And ye maun winny't in your nieves
And ye maun seek it in your gloves.

And ye maun stook it on the sea
And a dry sheaf ye maun bring to me.

Robin Redbreast and the wran
They'll bring me my corn hame

And when ye have done a' this warl
Come to me and ye'll get your sark.

Child #2
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