Willies Lyke-Wake

Willies Lyke-Wake

If my love loves me, she lets me not know,
This is a dowie chance;
I wish that I the same could do,
Tho' my love were in France, France,
Tho' my love were in France.

O lang think I, and very lang,
And lang think I, I trow;
But langer and langer will I think,
'Ore my love o' me rue, rue,
'Ore my love o' me rue.

But I will write a broad letter,
And write it sae perfite;
That gin she winna o' me rue,
I'll bid her come to my lyke, lyke,
I'll bid her come to my lyke.

Then he has written a broad letter,
And seal'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it on to his true love,
As fast as boy could gang, gang,
As fast as boy could gang.

When she looked the letter upon,
A light laugh then gaed she
But ere she read it to an end
The tear blinded her e'e, e'e,
The tear blinded her e'e.

"O saddle to me a steed, father,
O saddle to me a steed;
For word has come to me this night,
That my true love is dead, dead,
That my true love is dead.

The steeds are in the stable, daughter,
The keys are casten by;
Ye canna won the night, daughter,
The morn ye'se won away, away,
The morn ye'se won away.

She has cut aff her yellow locks,
A little aboon her e'e;
And she is on to Willie's lyke,
As fast as gang could she, she,
As fast as gang could she.

As she gaed ower yon high hill head,
She saw a dowie light;
It was the candles at Willie's lyke,
And torches burning bright, bright,
And torches burning bright.

Three o' Willie's eldest brothers
Were making for him a bier;
One half o' it was gude red gowd,
The other silver clear, clear,
The other silver clear.

Three O' Willie's eldest sisters
Were making for him a sark;
The one half o' it was cambric fine,
The other needle wark, wark,
The other needle wark.

Out spake the youngest o' his sisters,
As she stood on the fleer;
"How happy would our brother been,
If ye'd been sooner here, here,
1f ye'd been sooner here."

She lifted up the green covering,
And ga'e him kisses three;
Then he look'd up into her face,
The blythe blink in his e'e, e'e,
The blythe blink in his e'e.

O then he started to his feet,
And thus to her said he:
"Fair Annie, since we're met again,
Parted nae mair we'se be, be,
Parted nae mair we,se be."

Child #25
Printed in Bronson
Recorded by Clutha on Bonnie Mill Dams
SOF

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.