

Twa Sisters

There were twa sis - ters in a bower, It's — hey wi' the gay and the grind - ing
And — ae king's — son has — court - ed them baith, At the bon - ny bon - ny bows o' Lon - don
He — court - ed the young - est wi' broach and — ring, It's — hey wi' the gay and the grind - ing;
And he court - - - ed the el - - - dest wi'
mo - ny oth - er thing, At the bon - ny, bon - ny bows o' Lon - don

There were twa sisters in a bower,
(Hey wi the gay and the grinding)
And ae king's son has courted them baith.
(At the bonny bonny bows o London)

He courted the youngest wi broach and ring,
He courted the eldest wi some other thing.

It fell ance upon a day
The eldest to the youngest did say,

'Will ye gae to yon Tweed mill-dam,
And see our father's ships come to land'?

They baith stood up upon a stane,
The eldest dang the youngest in.

She swimm'd up, sae did she down,
Till she came to the Tweed mill-dam.

The miller's servant he came out,
And saw the lady floating about.

'O master, master, set your mill,
There is a fish, or a milk-white swan.?

They could not ken her yellow hair,
[For] the scales o gowd that were laid there.

They could not ken her fingers sae white,
The rings o gowd they were sae bright.

They could not ken her middle sae jimp,
The stays o gowd were so well laced.

They could not ken her foot sae fair,
The shoes o gowd they were so rare.

Her father's fiddler he came by,
Upstart her ghaist before his eye.

'Ye'll take a lock o my yellow hair,
Ye'll make a string to your fiddle there.

'Ye'll take a lith o my little finger bane,
And ye'll make a pin to your fiddle then.?

He's taen a lock o her yellow hair,
And made a string to his fiddle there.

He's taen a lith o her little finger bane,
And he's made a pin to his fiddle then.

The firstand spring the fiddle did play,
Said, 'Ye'll drown my sister, as she's dune me.?