

Clerk Saunders (Child 69A)

- 1 CLARK SANDERS and May Margret
Walkt ower yon graveld green,
And sad and heavy was the love,
I wat, it fell this twa between.
- 2 'A bed, a bed,' Clark Sanders said, 5
'A bed, a bed for you and I;
'Fye no, fye no,' the lady said,
'Until the day we married be.
- 3 'For in it will come my seven brothers, 10
And a' their torches burning bright;
They 'll say, We hae but ae sister,
And here her lying wi a knight.'
- 4 'Ye 'l take the sourde fray my scabbord, 15
And lowly, lowly lift the gin,
And you may say, your oth to save,
You never let Clark Sanders in.
- 5 'Yele take a napken in your hand, 20
And ye 'l ty up baith your een,
An ye may say, your oth to save,
That ye saw na Sandy sen late yestreen.
- 6 'Yele take me in your armes twa,
Yele carrey me ben into your bed,
And ye may say, your oth to save,
In your bower-floor I never tread.'
- 7 She has taen the sourde fray his scabbord, 25
And lowly, lowly lifted the gin;
She was to swear, her oth to save,

She never let Clerk Sanders in.

- 8 She has tain a napkin in her hand,
And she ty'd up baith her een; 30
She was to swear, her oth to save,
She saw na him sene late yestreen.
- 9 She has taen him in her armes twa,
And carried him ben into her bed;
She was to swear, her oth to save, 35
He never in her bower-floor tread.
- 10 In and came her seven brothers,
And all their torches burning bright;
Says thay, We hae but ae sister,
And see there her lying wi a knight. 40
- 11 Out and speaks the first of them,
'A wat they hay been lovers dear;'
Out and speaks the next of them,
'They hay been in love this many a year.'
- 12 Out an speaks the third of them, 45
'It wear great sin this twa to twain;'
Out an speaks the fourth of them,
'It wear a sin to kill a sleeping man.'
- 13 Out an speaks the fifth of them,
'A wat they 'll near be twaind by me;' 50
Out an speaks the sixt of them,
'We 'l tak our leave an gae our way.'
- 14 Out an speaks the seventh of them,
'Altho there wear no a man but me,
. 55
I bear the brand, I 'le gar him die.'

- 15 Out he has taen a bright long brand,
And he has striped it throw the straw,
And throw and throw Clarke Sanders' body
A wat he has gard cold iron gae. 60
- 16 Sanders he started, an Margret she lapt,
Intill his arms whare she lay,
And well and wellsom was the night,
A wat it was between these twa.
- 17 And they lay still, and slepted sound, 65
Untill the day began to daw;
And kindly till him she did say
'It 's time, trew-love, ye wear awa.'
- 18 They lay still, and slepted sound,
Untill the sun began to shine; 70
She lookt between her and the wa,
And dull and heavy was his een.
- 19 She thought it had been a loathsome sweat,
A wat it had fallen this twa between;
But it was the blood of his fair body, 75
A wat his life days wair na lang.
- 20 'O Sanders, I 'le do for your sake
What other ladys would na thoule;
When seven years is come and gone,
There 's near a shoe go on my sole. 80
- 21 'O Sanders, I 'le do for your sake
What other ladies would think mare;
When seven years is come and gone,
Ther 's nere a comb go in my hair.

- 22 'O Sanders, I 'le do for your sake 85
 What other ladies would think lack;
 When seven years is come an gone,
 I 'le wear nought but dowy black.'
- 23 The bells gaed clinking throw the towne, 90
 To carry the dead corps to the clay,
 An sighing says her May Margret,
 'A wat I bide a doulfou day.'
- 24 In an come her father dear,
 Stout steping on the floor;
 95

- 25 'Hold your toung, my doughter dear,
 Let all your mourning a bee;
 I 'le carry the dead corps to the clay,
 An I 'le come back an comfort thee.' 100
- 26 'Comfort well your seven sons,
 For comforted will I never bee;
 For it was neither lord nor loune
 That was in bower last night wi mee.'