

- 11 'You are high and I am low;
Let me have a kiss before you go.'
- 12 She was louting down to kiss him sweet, 25
Wi his penknife he wounded her deep.
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- 13 'O lead me over into yon stile,
That I may stop and braeth a while.
- 14 'O lead me over to yon stair,
For there I 'll ly and bleed ne mair.' 30
- 15 'O what will you leave your father dear?'
'That milk-white steed that brought me here.'
- 16 'O what will you leave your mother dear?'
'The silken gown that I did wear.'
- 17 'What will you leave your sister Ann?' 35
'My silken snood and golden fan.'
- 18 'What will you leave your brother John?'
'The highest gallows to hang him on.'
- 19 'What will you leave your brother John's wife?'
'Grief and sorrow to end her life.' 40
- 20 'What will ye leave your brother John's bairns?'
'The world wide for them to range.'