

## Kemp Owyne (34B)

- 1 'COME here, come here, you freely feed,  
An lay your head low on my knee;  
The hardest weird I will you read  
That eer war read to a lady.
- 2 'O meikle dollour sall you dree,  
An ay the sat seas oer ye[']s] swim;  
An far mair dollour sall ye dree  
On Eastmuir craigs, or ye them clim.
- 3 'I wot ye's be a weary wight,  
An releived sall ye never be  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig and thrice kiss thee.'
- 4 O meickle dollour did she dree,  
An ay the sat seas oer she swam;  
An far mair dollour did she dree  
On Eastmuir craigs, or them she clam;  
An ay she cried for Kempion,  
Gin he would come till her han.
- 5 Now word has gane to Kempion  
That sich a beast was in his lan,  
An ay be sure she would gae mad  
Gin she gat nae help frae his han.
- 6 'Now by my sooth,' says Kempion,  
'This fiery beast I [']ll] gang to see;'  
'An by my sooth,' says Segramour,  
'My ae brother, I 'll gang you wi.'
- 7 O biggit ha they a bonny boat,  
An they hae set her to the sea,  
An Kempion an Segramour  
The fiery beast he gane to see:  
A mile afore they reachd the shore,

I wot she gard the red fire flee.

- 8 'O Segramour, keep my boat afloat,  
An lat her no the lan so near;  
For the wicked beast she 'll sure gae mad,  
An set fire to the land an mair.'
- 9 'O out o my stye I winna rise —  
An it is na for the fear o thee —  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'
- 10 He 's louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
An he has gien her kisses ane;  
Awa she gid, an again she came,  
The fieryest beast that ever was seen.
- 11 'O out o my stye I winna rise —  
An it is na for fear o thee —  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'
- 12 He louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
An he has gien her kisses twa;  
Awa she gid, an again she came,  
The fieryest beast that ever you saw.
- 13 'O out o my stye I winna rise —  
An it is na for fear o ye —  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'
- 14 He 's louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
An he has gien her kisses three;  
Awa she gid, an again she came,  
The fairest lady that ever could be.
- 15 'An by my sooth,' say[s] Kempion,  
'My ain true love — for this is she —  
O was it wolf into the wood,  
Or was it fish intill the sea,

Or was it man, or wile woman,  
My true love, that misshapit thee?

16 'It was na wolf into the wood,  
Nor was it fish into the sea,  
But it was my stepmother,  
An wae an weary mot she be.

17 'O a heavier weird light her upon  
Than ever fell on wile woman;  
Her hair 's grow rough, an her teeth 's grow lang,  
An on her four feet sal she gang.

18 'Nane sall tack pitty her upon,  
But in Wormie's Wood she sall ay won,  
An relieved sall she never be,  
Till St Mungo come oer the sea.'