

The Bonny Birdy (Child 82)

- 1 THERE was a knight, in a summer's night,
 Was riding oer the lee, diddle
An there he saw a bonny birdy,
 Was singing upon a tree. diddle
 O wow for day! diddle 5
 An dear gin it were day! diddle
 Gin it were day, an gin I were away!
 For I ha na lang time to stay. diddle
- 2 'Make hast, make hast, ye gentle knight,
 What keeps you here so late? 10
Gin ye kent what was doing at hame,
 I fear you woud look blate.'
- 3 'O what needs I toil day an night,
 My fair body to kill,
Whan I hae knights at my comman, 15
 An ladys at my will?'
- 4 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye gentle knight,
 Sa loud 's I hear you lee;
Your lady 's a knight in her arms twa
 That she lees far better nor the.' 20
- 5 'Ye lee, you lee, you bonny birdy,
 How you lee upo my sweet!
I will tak out my bonny bow,
 An in troth I will you sheet.'
- 6 'But afore ye hae your bow well bent, 25
 An a' your arrows yare,
I will flee till another tree,
 Whare I can better fare.'
- 7 'O whare was you gotten, and whare was ye clecked?
 My bonny birdy, tell me:' 30
 'O I was clecked in good green wood,

Intill a holly tree;
A gentleman my nest herryed,
An ga me to his lady.

- 8 'Wi good white bread an farrow-cow milk 35
He bade her feed me aft,
An ga her a little wee simmer-dale wanny,
To ding me sindle and saft.
- 9 'Wi good white bread an farrow-cow milk 40
I wot she fed me nought,
But wi a little wee simmer-dale wanny
She dang me sair an aft:
Gin she had deen as ye her bade,
I woudna tell how she has wrought.'
- 10 The knight he rade, and the birdy flew, 45
The live-lang simmer's night,
Till he came till his lady's bowr-door,
Then even down he did light:
The birdy sat on the crap of a tree,
An I wot it sang fu dight. 50
- 11 'O wow for day! diddle
An dear gin it were day! diddle
Gin it were day, an gin I were away!
For I ha na lang time to stay.' diddle
- 12 'What needs ye lang for day, diddle. 55
An wish that you were away? diddle
Is no your hounds i my cellar,
Eating white meal an gray? diddle
O wow, etc.
- 13 'Is nae your steed in my stable, 60
Eating good corn an hay?
An is nae your hawk i my perch-tree,
Just perching for his prey?
An is nae yoursel i my arms twa?
Then how can ye lang for day?'

