

Drowned Lovers

Kate Rusby

Willie sits in his stable door,
and he's combing his coal black steed.
He's doubting on fair Margaret's love,
and his heart begins to bleed.

"Give corn unto my horse, mother,
and meat to my man, John,
And I'll away to fair Margaret's bower
before the night comes on."

"Stay at home with me, dear Willie,
oh stay at home with me,
And the very best cock in all the roost
your own supper will be."
"For all your cocks and all your roosts, I value not a pin,
And I'll away to fair Margaret's bower
before the night comes in."

"Well if you go to fair Margaret's bower
without the leave of me.
In the deepest part of the Clyde water,
then drowned you will be."
"Oh, the good steed that I ride upon,
cost me thrice thirty pounds,
And I'll put trust in his swift feet
to take me safe and sound."

He's ridden o'er yon high, high hill,
and down yon dowey den,
And the rushin' in of the Clyde water
would fear five hundred men.
"Oh, roaring Clyde, you roar so loud.
your steams are wondrous stong,
Make me a wreck as I come back,
but spare me as I'm gone."

When he's got to fair Margaret's bower,
he's turled low on the pin.
"Rise up, rise up me May Margaret,
rise up and let me in."
"Oh who is this at me bower door
callin' May Margaret's name?"
"Oh it's only your first love, little William
this night come to her home.
Open your gates this night, oh open and let me in,
For my boots are full of the Clyde
and I'm frozen to the skin."
"My barns are full of corn, Willie,
and my stable's full of hay,
My bower's full of gentlemen
and they won't remove 'till day."

"Fare thee well to you May Margaret,
fare thee well and adieu.
For I have earned my mother's own curse
by coming this night to you."
He's ridden o'er yon high, high hill,
and down yon dowey den,

And the rushing in of the Clyde water
took Willie's hat from him.

He's leaned him over his saddle bow
to catch his hat again,
And the rushing in of the Clyde water
took Willie's cane from him.
He's leaned him over his saddle bow
to catch his cane by force,
And the rushing in of the Clyde water
took Willie from his horse.

The very hour this young man sank
into the part so deep,
Up and awoke Miss May Margaret
out from her dreary sleep.
"Come here, come here, me mother dear,
and read to me my dream,
I dreamt my love was at our gate
and no one let him in."

"Lie there, lie there, me May Margaret,
lie there and take your rest,
For since your love was at our gate
it's but two quarters past."
Nimbly, nimbly rose she up unto the water's brim,
And the louder that this young girl cried,
the louder grew the wind.

The very first step that she went in,
she's up into her feet,
And it's "Oh and alas!" this young girl cried,
"Your water's wondrous deep."
Oh the very next step that she went in,
she's up unto her knees,
Cried she, "I would go farther in,
If I my true lover could see."

The very next step that she went in,
she's up unto her chin,
In the deepest part of the Clyde water,
she's found sweet William in.
Saying, "You have had a cruel mother Willie,
and I have had another,
And now we'll sleep in the Clyde water
like sister and like brother."