

Alison Gross that lives in yon tower  
The ugliest witch in the North Country  
Has trysted me one day up to her bower  
And many a fair speech she made to me

She stroked my head and she combed my hair  
She set me down softly on her knee  
Saying if you will be my lover so true  
So many good things I would give to you

Away, away, you ugly witch  
Go far away and let me be  
I never will be your lover so true  
And wish I were out of your community

Alison Gross she must be  
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She showed me a mantle of red scarlet  
With golden flowers and fringes fine  
Saying if you will be my lover so true  
This goodly gift it shall be thine

She showed me a shirt of the softest silk  
Well wrought with pearls abound the band  
Saying if you will be my lover so true  
This goodly gift you shall command

She showed me a cup of the good red gold  
Well set with jewels so fair to see  
Saying if you will be my lover so true  
This goodly gift I will give to thee

Away, away, you ugly witch  
Go far away and let me be  
I never would kiss your ugly mouth  
For all of the gifts that you could give

She turned her right and round about  
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn  
She swore by the moon and the stars up above  
That she'd make me rue the day I was born

Then out she has taken a silver wand  
She's turned her three times round and round  
She muttered such words till my strength it did fail  
And she's turned me into an ugly worm