

Yarrow

Bert Jansch

There was a lady from the North
One scarce could find her marrow
She was courted by nine gentlemen
And a ploughboy lad from Yarrow

These nine sat drinking at the wine
As they had done before
And they made a vow amongst themselves
To fight for her on Yarrow

She's combed his hair, she's washed his face
As she has done before
Gave him a brand down by his side

To fight for her on Yarrow
Now it's three he's wounded, and three withdrew
And three he's killed on Yarrow
Till her brother John stepped in behind
And pierced his body through

Father, dear father, I dreamed, dreamed a dream
I fear it will prove sorrow
I've dreamed I was pulling the heather bells
On the dowy dens of Yarrow