

Sheath and Knife

Sol Invictus

And the sun goes over the woods
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There was a sister and her brother
And they did so love one another

O Sister, I'd lay ye down
O sister, we'll gang to the broom

O Brother, would you do so
For to my death I'd rather go

The folk they talk, they talk together
About a lass with bairn to her brother

O Brother, you've done me ill
And we'll both burn on yon hill

O Sister, go, go to my Father's stables
And take twa horses stout and able

She's on the white horse and he's on the black
With a yew tree bow slung to his back

They'd nae gone a mile but one
When her pains they did come on

I would give all my Father's Land
For a good midwife at my command

O brother, take me to yon hill so high

Fetch your bow and your arrow and your good eye

And when you hear my loud loud cry
You bend the bow and you let that arrow fly

And when he heard her loud loud cry
He bent that bow and he let that arrow fly

And when he came to her side
The babe was born and the lady died

He took up his newborn son
Took him to the arms of a milk woman

Then he cut himself for good and sure
He'll not gang to the broom any more

O Mother, I have lost my knife
I loved it better than my life

But I have lost a better thing
The bonnie sheath that my knife went in

But I have lost a better thing
The bonnie sheath that my knife went in

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