

Betsy Bell And Mary Gray

Steeleye Span

Betsy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were bonny lasses
They bigget a bower on yon burnside,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.
They theekit it o'er wi' rashes green,
They theekit it o'er wi' heather;
But the plague came from the burrows-town,
And it slew them baith thegither.
They would not have their shoes of red
Nor would they have them yellow
But they would have their shoes of green
To ride through the streets of yarrow
They thought to lye in Methren Kirk yard,
Amang their noble kin;
But they maun lye in Stronach haugh,
All art beneath the sun.