

Yarrow

The Pentangle

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,
They made a vow amongst themselves,
To fight for her on Yarrow.
She's washed his face, she's combed his hair,
As she has done before,
She's placed a brand down by his side,
To fight for her on Yarrow.
As he came down yon high, high hill,
And down the halls of Yarrow.
There he spied nine armed men.
Come to fight with him on Yarrow.
It's three he's wounded, and three withdrew,
And three he's killed on Yarrow,
Till her brother John, came in behind.
And pierced his body through.
Oh, Father dear, I dreamed a dream,
I fear it will prove sorrow,
Dreamed I was pulling the heather bell,
On they dowy dens of Yarrow.
Oh, Father dear, you've seven sons,
You may wed them all tomorrow,
But the fairest one amongst them all.
Was the boy I loved on Yarrow.