

LORD THOMAS

A N D

FAIR ANNET.

W I T H

What's that to You.

A N D

A N E W S O N G.



## Lord Thomas and fair Annet.

**L**ORD Thomas and fair Annet,  
 sat a day on a hill,  
 When night was come and sun was set  
 they had not talk'd their fill,  
 Lord Thomas spoke a word in jest,  
 fair Annet took it ill,  
 I will never wed a wife,  
 against my ain friends will.  
 If ye will never wed a wife,  
 a wife will ne'er wed ye,  
 So he is hame to tell his mother,  
 and kneel'd upon his knee.  
 Advice, me mother he says,  
 a good advice give me,  
 O shall I take the nut-brown maid,  
 and let fair Annet be.  
 The nut-brown bride has goud and gear  
 fair Annet she has nane,  
 And the little beauty fair Annet has,  
 O it will soon be gane,  
 And he has till his brother gane,  
 brother, advise ye me,  
 Shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
 and let fair Annet be ?

The nut-brown bride has oxen brother,  
the nut-brown bride has kine,  
I advise you marry the nut-brown bride  
and cast fair Annet by.

Her oxen may die in the house Billy,  
and her kine into the byre,

And I shall have nothing to myself,  
but a fat fadge by the fire,

And he is to his sister gane,  
sister, advise ye me,

O shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
and let fair Annet free.

I advise you take fair Annet Thomas,  
and let the brown bride alone.

Least ye should sigh and say alas!  
what is this we brought home?

Now I will take my mother's counsel,  
and marry her out of hand,

And I will take the nut brown bride,  
fair Annet may leave the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father,  
two hours or it was day,

And he is gone into the bower,  
wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet he says,  
put on your silken shoon,

Let us go to St. Mary's kirk,

and see that rich wedding.  
 My maids go to my dressing room,  
 and dress to me my hair.  
 Where ever ye lead a plan before  
 see ye lay ten times mair.  
 My maid go to my dressing room,  
 and dres to me my smock,  
 The half is of the holland fine,  
 and the other of neddle work.  
 The horse fair Annet rode upon,  
 he amblit like the wind,  
 With silver he was shod before,  
 with burning gold behind.  
 Four and twenty silver bells,  
 were tied to his mane,  
 With one blast of the Norland wind,  
 they tinkled one by one.  
 Four and twenty gay good knights,  
 rode by fair Annet's side,  
 And four and twenty gay ladies,  
 as if she had been a bride.  
 And when she came to Mary's kirk,  
 she sat on Mary's stone,  
 The cloths that sair Annet had on,  
 they glanced in their een.  
 And when she came into the kirk,  
 she skimer'd like the sun,

The belt that was about her waist,  
 was set with Pearls round.  
 She set her by the nut-brown bride,  
 and her een they were so clear,  
 Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,  
 when fair Annet drew near.  
 He had a rose into his hand,  
 he gave me kisses three,  
 And reaching by the nut-brown bride  
 laid it on fair Annet's knee,  
 Up then spake the nut-brown bride,  
 she spake with meikle spite,  
 Where got ye that rose water,  
 that washes you so white.  
 O I did get the rose water,  
 where ye will ne'er get nane,  
 For I did get that rose water,  
 into my mother's wame.  
 The bride she drew a long bodkin,  
 frae out her gay head gear,  
 And struck fair Annet to the heart,  
 that a word spoke never more,  
 Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,  
 and marvel'd what might be,  
 But when he saw her dear heart's blood,  
 in great wrath waxed he.  
 He drew a dagger that was sharp,

that was as sharp and meek,  
 And drove it into the brown brides head  
 that fell dead at his feet.  
 O stay for me fair Annet, he said,  
 now stay my dear, he cry'd.  
 Then struck the dagger into his side,  
 and fell dead by her side, (kir  
 Lord Thomas was buried without t  
 fair Annet within the quire,  
 And on the one their sprang the birk,  
 the other a bonny brier.  
 And ay the grew and ay the grew,  
 as they'd fain been near,  
 And by this ye may know right well,  
 they were two lovers dear.

What's that to you.

**M**Y Jeany and I have toil'd,  
 the live lang summer day,  
 Till we amaisf were spoll'd,  
 at making of the hay ;  
 Her kurchy was of Holland clear,  
 ty'd on her bonny brow,

I whisper'd something in her ear ;  
 But what's that to you ?  
 Her stockings were of Kersey green,  
 As tight as ony silk :  
 O sic a leg was never seen,  
 Her skin was white as milk ;  
 Her hair was black as aye cou'd wish,  
 and sweet, was her mou',  
 O ! Jeany daindie can kiss ;  
 But what's that to you ?  
 The rose a lilly bairn combine,  
 to make my Jeany fair,  
 There is nae bennison like mine,  
 I have amais nae care,  
 Only I fear my my Jenny's face  
 may cause inae men to rue,  
 And that may gar me say, Alas !  
 But what's that to you ?  
 Conceal thy beauties, if thou can,  
 hide that sweet face of thine,  
 That I may only be the man,  
 enjoys these looks divine.  
 O do not prostitute, my dear,  
 Wonders to common view.  
 And I with frightful heart shall swear,  
 For ever to be true.  
 King Solomon had wives enew.

and mony a concubine ;  
 But I enjoy a blifs mair true,  
 his joys were fhort of mine ;  
 And Jeany's happier than they.  
 She feldom wants her due,  
 All debts of love to her I pay,  
 and what's that to you ?

### A NEW SONG

**B**Low on ye winds, descend foft rain,  
 to foothe my tender woes ;  
 Your folemn mufic lulls my pain,  
 and gives me fhort repofe.

The fun that makes all nature gay,  
 ditturbs my my weary'd eyes,  
 And in dark fhades I wafte the day,  
 where Echo fleeping lies.

Then pity me, O gentle love !  
 and come to my relief,  
 Left innocence and virtue prove,  
 a facrifice to grief.

F I N I S