The Dewy Dens of Yarrow

There was a lady in the north,
I ne’er could find her marrow;
She was courted by nine gentlemen
And a ploughboy lad from Yarrow.

These nine sat drinking at the wine,
Sat drinking wine at Yarrow;
They have made a vow among themselves
To fight for her on Yarrow.

As he walked up yon high, high hills,
Down by the houms o’ Yarrow;
There he saw nine armed men
Come to fight with him on Yarrow.

“There’s nine o’ you, there’s one o’ me,
It’s an unequal marrow;
But I’ll fight you all, one by one,
On the dewy dens of Yarrow.”

And three they flew and three he slew,
And three he wounded sorely;
Till her brother John came in beyond
And pierced his heart most fouilly.

“Oh, father dear, I dreamed a dream,
A dream of dool and sorrow;
I dreamed I was pulling heather bells
On the dewy dens o’ Yarrow.”

“Oh, daughter dear, I read your dream;
I doubt it will bring sorrow.
For your lover John lies pale and wan
On the dewy dens o’ Yarrow.”

As she walked up yon high, high hill
Down by the houms o’ Yarrow,
There she saw her lover dear
Lying pale and wan on Yarrow.

Her hair it being three-quarters long,
The color it was yellow,
She wrapped it round his middle small
And bore him down to Yarrow.

“Oh, father dear, you’ve seven sons,
You may wed them all tomorrow;
But the fairest flower among them all
Was the lad I wooed on Yarrow.”