

DELLS OF YARROW

Performed by: John Joe English

There was a man lived in this town,
He reared one daughter, Sarah,
And she fell in love with her father's clerk,
A ploughboy John from Yarrow.

As nine young men sat drinking wine,
Sat drinking wine in Yarrow,
And they both agreed between them nine,
To fight for her tomorrow.

As I was going down a lane,
A lane so very narrow,
And there I spied the nine armed men,
And they waiting here in Yarrow.

The trigger he drew and three he slew,
And three slightly wounded,
Till her brother John he stepped up behind,
And he pierced his body under.

'Go home, go home you false young man,
And tell your sister, Sarah
That her ploughboy John is dead and gone,
On the dewy dells of Yarrow.'

'No brother dear I had a dream,
I dreamt I was gathering flowers,
I dreamt that I was gathering flowers,
On the dewy dells of Yarrow.'

'Oh sister dear I can read your dream,
Your dream will cause you sorrow,
Your ploughboy John is dead and gone,
On the dewy dells of Yarrow.'

Her father said unto her one day,
'What makes you grieve in sorrow?'
The fairest flower that ever I had,
Was the one I lost in Yarrow.'

Her father said unto her one day,
'What makes you grieve in sorrow?'
She threw herself in her father's arms,
And she never saw tomorrow.