

## The Dun Brown Bride (traditional Scotland)

*Gordeanna McCullough, the wonderful Scottish ballad singer, gave me this fine version of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" at Whitby Folk Week 1997. She says Verses 1,2,7,8(lines 3&4), 11, 14,15,16,17 are from Duncan Johnson of Dunkeld Remaining verses from other versions.*

"Come riddle me, riddle me, dear Mother," he says  
"Come riddle me all alone, O  
Whether to marry the Dun Brown Bride  
Or fetch fair Annie home, O"

"The Dun Brown Bride, she has horse and kye  
Fair Annie she's got none, O  
And, if you will take your old mother's advice  
You will bring the dun bride home, O"

He dressed himself all in the green  
And his merry men all in white, O  
And every town that they came to  
They took him to be some knight, O

And when he came to fair Annie's gate  
He jingled at the pin, O  
There was none so ready as fair Annie herself  
To rise and let him in, O

"You're welcome here, Lord Thomas," she says  
"What news would you tell me, O?"  
"I've come to bid you to my wedding  
And that's bad news to thee, O."

"It's sad, sad news indeed," she says  
"The saddest you could tell, O"  
It's sad, sad news to me," she says  
"That should be the bride herself, O"

"Come riddle me, riddle me, dear mother," she says  
"Come riddle me all alone, O.  
Whether to go to Lord Thomas's wedding  
Or should I stay at home, O"

"Lord Thomas he has friends enough  
Fair Annie you've got none, O  
And if you would take your old mother's advice  
You would just now stay at home, O."

"There's many there that are my friends  
And many that are my foes, O  
But should I live or should I die  
To the wedding I will go, O."

She dressed herself all in the white,  
Her merry maids all in green, O  
And every town that they came to  
They took her to be some queen, O.

There were four and twenty milk white steeds  
A-twixt her and the sun, O.  
There were four and twenty milk white swans  
A-twixt her and the moon, O.

And when she came to Lord Thomas's gate  
She jingled at the pin, O.  
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself  
To rise and let her in, O.

He took her by the lily white hand,  
And led her through the Hall, O.  
He sat her in a chair of gold,  
Amongst her merry maids all, O.

Then up and spoke the dun brown bride  
And O so bold spoke she, O.  
"O where did you get that watery flower  
That washed you so white, O?"

Then up and spoke fair Annie dear  
And O so bold spoke she, O.  
"I got it in my mother's womb  
Where you never got such like, O."

The dun brown bride had a small pen knife  
That hung down by her side O  
She drove it through fair Annie's heart  
And never a word she cried, O.

Lord Thomas had a gay broad sword  
That hung down by his side O  
He drove it through the dun brown bride  
And never a word she cried, O.

"O dig a grave," Lord Thomas said  
"And dig it wide and deep, O  
And bury fair Annie in my arms  
And the dun bride at my feet, O."

**From Judy Cook's CD "If You Sing Songs..."**

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