

Paddy Tutty The Last Holdout

Kemp Owyne (Child #34)

Come list' awhile my bonnie child
Lay your head low on my knee
A dreadful tale I'll tell to you
Concerning of a fair lady.

Her mother died when she was young
Causing her to weep and moan
Her father wed the worst woman
That ever lived in Christendom

She servéd her with foot and hand
But, oh, her stepmother loved not she
And she has taken the bonnie maid
And thrown her in the salt salt sea

Saying, "Lie you there, dove Isobel
A dreadful beast condemned to be
Till Kemp Owyne the king's son
Shall borrow you with kisses three!"

Her neck grew long, her teeth grew strong
On her four feet she did fall
And every breath brought smoke and fire
To East Muir Crag condemned to crawl.

"It's from this rock I'll never rise
No man on earth shall set me free
Till Kemp Owyne, the king's son,
Shall climb the crag and thrice kiss me."

Now, word has gone to Kemp Owyne
The fiery beast was in his land
And he has taken a bonnie boat
And steered it with his own fair hand.

A while before he reached the shore
The sky grew red, though the sun was dim
And as he set his foot on land
The fiery heat blistered his skin.

"It's from this rock I'll never rise
No man on earth shall set me free
Till Kemp Owyne, the king's son,
Shall climb the crag and thrice kiss me."

He's mounted up the east muir crag
And he has given her kisses one
Away she went and back she came
The foulest beast in Christendom.

He's mounted up the east muir crag
And he has given her kisses two
Away she went and back she came
But from her mouth the fire still flew.

He's mounted up the east muir crag
And he has given her kisses three
Away she went and back she came
As fair a lady as e'er he'd seen.

"O, was it wolf into the wood?
Was it fish into the sea?
Was it man or was it woman
My own true love that changéd thee?"

"It wasn't wolf into the wood.
It wasn't fish into the sea
But it was my own stepmother
Forever curséd may she be!"

"A heavy curse be her upon
That ever fell on foul woman!
In wormy's wood she walk alone
And none take pity her upon
And releaséd may she never be
Till all the saints sail o'er the sea!"

Our Ship is Ready

Our ship is ready to bear away
Come, comrades, o'er the stormy sea.
Her snow-white wings, they are unfurled
And soon she'll swim in a watery world.

Chorus:
Do not forget, love; do not grieve,
For the heart is true and can't deceive.
My heart and hand with you I'll leave;
Farewell true love, remember me.

Farewell to you, my precious pearl,
It's my lovely dark-haired, blue-eyed girl.
And when I'm on the stormy sea
When you think on Ireland, remember me.

Farewell to Dublin's hills and braes,
To Killiney's lakes and silvery seas.
There's many a bright long summer's day
When we passed long hours of joy away.

Oh, Erin, dear, it grieves my heart
To think that I so soon must part.
And friends so ever true and kind
In sorrow I must leave behind.

Bringing in the Sheaves



Though it's way past harvest time
Souls still toil and wagons rattle
Corn still stands in rank and line
And defies us all
We can see it in our past
Blood will out and join the battle
Though we work in different ways
We're bringing in the sheaves

Bringing in the sheaves
We're bringing in the sheaves
Though we work in different ways
We're bringing in the sheaves

Though we started from the land
Some of us do roam abroad
The hand upon the gliding plough
Is not for everyone
Changing seasons help us see
That those who hear a different drummer
Though not in one harmony
Are bringing in the sheaves

Bringing in the sheaves
We're bringing in the sheaves
Though not in one harmony
Are bringing in the sheaves

What lay dormant in the soil
Is wakened by the kiss of summer
So the fruit of yesteryear
Becomes the year's new corn
Every stem has at its core
Part of those who went before
In turn they will be kept in store
By bringing in the sheaves
Bringing in the sheaves

We're bringing in the sheaves
In turn they will be kept in store
By bringing in the sheaves

In conclusion bear in mind
What example has begun
What you do today in kind
Has power for everyone
True strong aims will pass along
To our daughters and our sons
So may they in years to come
Be bringing in the sheaves

Bringing in the sheaves
We're bringing in the sheaves
So may they in years to come
Be bringing in the sheaves

Llewelyn and Gelert (Norm Walker)

The fire now is slowing,
the coals softly glowing
'Tis time for a story of long long ago.
A tale of great sorrow
but hope for the morrow
So lend me your ears as the story unfolds.

His name was Llewelyn,
in Wales he was dwel'in'
A prince and a hunter and a warrior so bold.
He took as his bride
a young princess from England:
A beautiful maiden, her name it was Joan.

Her father then gave them
his most prized possession
A greyhound named Gelert, a dog of great
worth.
He could run like the wind,
was a brave and loyal friend
Was a noble companion at hunt and at hearth.

Now Joan bore a baby,
a son to Llewelyn
A prize and delight to his parents great joy.
And Gelert he soon too
took his part in the pleasure.
He'd sleep by the cradle, watch over the boy.



Llewelyn blew his horn
one fine summer's morning
For hunting was his pleasure and his dogs
would come too.
But Gelert in the hall
never answered the calling
So Llewelyn went hunting with one dog too
few.

But upon his return,
no success in the greenwood
He was tired and angry
that his dog did not come.
By Gelert he was greeted,
all blood head to his feet
Said Llewelyn to Gelert,
"What deed hast thou done?"

The blood trail of doom
led to the baby's chamber
An overturned cradle in a crimson red pool.

Then Gelert did whine though for the last time,
For Llewelyn's great anger
was swift and was cruel.

"Thou monstrous beast
on my son thou wast feasting!"
He slew Gelert swiftly
one strike from his sword.
The greyhound did yelp as the stories all tell
He gazed at his master,
his life from him poured.

Then came another cry from under the cradle
The baby awakened, unharmed and alone,
And not far away was a dead wolf a laying
And Gelert the hero was still on the stone.

So the dog was then buried
by a stone called "Bedd Gelert"
For centuries after the story was told
Of a great canine hero
and a judgment too heavy
And the burden of guilt for Llewelyn to hold.

The Famous Flower of Serving Men

My mother did me deadly spite
For she sent thieves in the dark of night
Put my servants all to flight
They robbed my bower they slew my knight.

They couldn't do to me no harm
So they slew my baby in my arm
Left me naught to wrap him in
But the bloody sheet that he lay in.

They left me naught to dig his grave
But the bloody sword that slew my babe
All alone the grave I made
And all alone the tears I shed.

And all alone the bell I rang
And all alone the psalm I sang
I leaned my head all against a block
And there I cut my lovely locks.

I cut my locks and I changed my name
From Fair Eleanor to Sweet William,
Went to court to serve my king
As the famous flower of serving men.

So well I served my lord, the king
That he made me his chamberlain
He loved me as his son
The famous flower of serving men.

Oft time he'd look at me and smile
So swift his heart I did beguile
And he blessed the day that I became
The famous flower of serving men.

But all alone in my bed at e'en
Oh there I dreamed a dreadful dream
I saw my bed swim with blood
And I saw the thieves all around my head.

Our king has to the hunting gone
He's ta'en no lords nor gentlemen
He's left me there to guard his home
The famous flower of serving men.

Our king he rode the wood all around
He stayed all day but nothing found.
And as he rode himself alone
It's there he saw the milk white hind.

Oh the hind she broke, the hind she flew
The hind she trampled the brambles through.
First she'd mount, then she'd sound
Sometimes before, sometimes behind.

"Oh what is this, how can it be?
Such a hind as this I ne'er did see
Such a hind as this was never born
I fear she'll do me deadly harm."



And long, long did the great horse turn
For to save his lord from branch and thorn
And but long e'er the day was o'er
It tangled all in his yellow hair.

All in the glade the hind drew nigh
And the sun grew bright all in their eye
And he sprang down, sword drew
She vanished there all from his view.

And all around the grass was green
And all around where a grave was seen
And he sat himself all on the stone
Great weariness it seized him on.

Great silence hung from tree to sky
The woods grew still, the sun on fire
As through the woods the dove he came
As through the wood he made his moan.

Oh, the dove, he sat down on a stone
So sweet he looked, so soft he sang
"Alas the day my love became
The famous flower of serving men."

The bloody tears they fell as rain
As still he sat and still he sang
"Alas the day my love became
The famous flower of serving men."

Our king cried out, and he wept full sore
So loud unto the dove he did call
"Oh pretty bird, come sing it plain!"

"Oh it was her mother's deadly spite
For she sent thieves in the dark of the night
They come to rob, they come to slay
They made their sport, they went their way.

"And don't you think that her heart was sore
As she laid the mould on his yellow hair
And don't you think her heart was woe
As she turned her back away to go.

"And how she wept as she changed her name
From Fair Eleanor to Sweet William
Went to court to serve her king
As the famous flower of serving men."

Oh the bloody tears they lay all around
He's mounted up and away he's gone
And one thought come to his mind
The thought of her that was a man.

And as he rode himself alone
A dreadful oath he there has sworn
And that he would hunt her mother down
As he would hunt the wildwood swine.

For there's four and twenty ladies all
And they're all playing at the ball
But fairer than all of them
Is the famous flower of serving men.

Oh he's rode him into his hall
And he's rode in among them all
He's lifted her to his saddle brim
And there he's kissed her cheek and chin.

His nobles stood and they stretched their eyes
The ladies took to their fans and smiled
For such a strange homecoming
No gentleman had ever seen.

And he has sent his nobles all
Unto her mother they have gone
They've ta'en her that's did such wrong
They've laid her down in prison strong.

And he's brought men up from the corn
And he's sent men down to the thorn
All for to build the bonfire high
All for to set her mother by.

All bonny sang the morning thrush
All where he sat in yonder bush
But louder did her mother cry
In the bonfire where she burned close by.

The Flower Carol



Spring has now unwrapped the flowers
Day is fast reviving
Life in all her growing powers
Toward the light is striving!

Gone the iron touch of cold,
Wintertime and frost time.
Seedlings working through the mould
Now make up for lost time!

Herb and plant that winter long
Slumbered at their leisure
Now bestirring green and strong
Find in growth their pleasure.

All the world with beauty fills,
Gold the green enhancing.
Flowers make glee among the hills
And set the meadows dancing!

The Griesly Bride

"Lie down, my newly married wife;
Lie easy as you can.
You're young, and ill-accustomed yet
To sleeping with a man."

The snow was deep, the moon was full
As it shone on the cabin floor.
His young bride rose without a word
And ran barefoot through the door.

He up and followed, fast and sure,
And an angry man was he,
But his young bride wasn't e'er in sight,
And only the moon shone clearly.

He followed her track through the new deep
snow,
Calling out loud her name.

Only the dingoes in the hills
Yowled back at him again.

Then the hair stood up along his neck
And his angry mind was gone,
For where the two-foot track gave out,
A four-footed track went on.

Her nightgown lay upon the snow
As it might on a bed sheet,
And the tracks that led from where it lay
Were never of human feet.

He first started in to walkin' back,
Then he began to run,
And his quarry turned all in her track
And hunted him in turn.

An empty bed still waits for him
As he lies in a crimson tide.
Beware, beware, oh trapper men,
Beware of a griesly bride.

Oak, Ash, and Thorn



Of all the trees that grow so fair,
Old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the sun
Than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

Chorus:
Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn good sirs,
All on a midsummer's morn.
Surely we sing of no little thing
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

Oak of the clay lived many a day
O'er ever Aeneas began
Ash of the loam was a lady at home
When Brut was an outlaw man,
And Thorn of the down saw new Troy town,
From which was London born
Witness hereby the ancients
Of Oak, and Ash, and Thorn. Sing . .

Yew that is old, in churchyard mould,
He breedeth a mighty bow
Alder for shoes do wise men choose,
And Beech for cups also
But when you have killed,
And you bowl it is spilled,
And your shoes are clean outworn
Back you must speed for all that you need
To Oak, and Ash, and Thorn Sing . . .

Elm, she hates mankind, and waits
'til every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him
That anyway trusts her shade,
But whether a lad be sober or sad,
Or mellow with ale from the horn,
He'll taketh no wrong when he lieth along
'neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn Sing . . .

Oh, do not tell the priest our plight,
Or he would call it a sin,
But we've been out in the woods all night,
A-conjuring summer in,
And we bring you news by word of mouth,
Good news for cattle and corn
Now is the sun come up from the south,
By Oak, and Ash, and Thorn. Sing . . .

Summer Solstice

Come gather round the twenty first of June
Change of season is nigh
Snow and darkness and the winter's chill
Banished with a mem'ry and a sigh
For now the coming of the longest day
Feasting, music and song
Between the planting and the harvest gold
We gather in the circle we belong.

Chorus:
We met the sun this morning
This bright midsummer day
When the days are longest
and the sun stands still
We may be making merry down the way.

In spring we waited for the crocus bloom
Our hills awaken to green
We till the soil and we plant our crops
Blessing of the Mother on the scene
Sunlight warming and gift of rain
To gently balance the two
She'll bring us bounty at the harvest moon
Blessing of prosperity renew.

The Summer Solstice is the time of year
We come to honour the feast
We raise our glasses and we join the song
Pleasures of the harmony release
Music players seem to fill the air
Dancers stepping in time
Lovers dreaming of the days ahead
Looking for a lyric and a rhyme.



Time has Made a Change in Me

Time has made a change
since my childhood days
Many of my friends have gone away,
Some I never more in this life shall see
Time has made a change in me.

Chorus:
Time has made a change
in the old home place;
Time has made a change in each smiling face,
And I know my friends can plainly see
Time has made a change in me.

In my childhood days, I was young and strong
I could climb a hillside all day long,
I am not today what I used to be
Time has made a change in me.

When I reach my home
in the great somewhere,
With my friends who want
to greet me over there,
Free from pain and strife I'll forever be,
Time has made a change in me.

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