

## Lucy Wan



Fair Lucy she sits at her own father's door a-weeping and making moan  
And by there comes her own brother dear. "What ails you Lucy Wan?"  
*And by there comes her own brother dear. What ails you Lucy Wan?*

"I ail and I ail dear brother", she says, " I'll tell you the reason why.  
There is a child between my two sides between you dear brother and I."

He took her by the milk white hand and led her to the wood.  
O what did he do? You very soon shall hear. He shed poor Lucy's blood

For he has taken his good broadsword that hangs down by his knee  
And he has cut off Lucy Wan's head and her fair body in three.

"O what is the blood on your broad sword? My son pray tell unto me."  
"O that is the blood of my greyhound. He would not run for me."

"The blood of your greyhound was never so red. My son pray tell unto me  
Is that the blood of your grey hound or the blood of your Lucy?"

"What will you do with your houses and your land? My son pray tell unto me"  
"I shall leave them all to my children so small, by one by two by three."

"O when shall you turn to your own wife again? My son pray tell unto me."  
"When the sun and the moon rises over yonder hill, and I hope that will never never be."

"O what shall you do when your father comes to know? My son pray tell unto me."  
"I shall dress myself in a new suit of blue and gang to the far country."