

YOUNG JOHNSTON

DADGAD
Capo @ 4

Trad arr. June Tabor & Martin Simpson

Transcribed by Paul Magnussen

Guitar

The score is written for guitar and voice. The guitar part is in DADGAD tuning with a capo at the 4th fret. The music is in 3/4 time and features a mix of 2/4 and 3/4 measures. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 and letters i, m, a. The voice part begins at measure 23 with the lyrics: "John - ston and the young colo - nel sat drink - ing at the wine. 'Oh it's if you'll mar - ry my sis - ter, then I will mar - ry thine.'" "I

1

7

11

15

19

23

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Young

John - ston and the young colo - nel sat drink - ing at the wine. "Oh it's

if you'll mar - ry my sis - ter, then I will mar - ry thine." "I

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31 B

would - n't mar - ry your sis - ter, for all your hous - es and land; but

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I' - ll make her my mis - tress, when I come o'er the strand." Young

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John - ston had a lit - tle wee sword, hung low down by his gear; and he

43

thrust it through the young colo - nel, that word he ne - ver spoke more.

47

Young Johnston had a little wee sword, hung low down by his gear; and he thrust it through the young colonel, that word he never spoke more.

Then he's away to his sister's bower, he's tirl'd at the pin.
 "Where have you been my dear brother, so late a-coming in?
 "I have been at school, lady, learning young clerks to sing."
*"I have dreamed a dreary dream, I hope it may be for good:
 They were seeking you with hawks and hounds, and the young colonel was dead."*

"Hawks and hounds, they may seek me, as I trow well they be;
 But it's I have killed the young colonel, thy own true lover was he."
*"If you have killed the young colonel, then doom and woe is me!
 May they hang you from the high gallows, and have no power to plea!"*

(guitar)

Then he's away to his true love's bower, he's tirl'd at the pin.
 "Where have you been my dear Johnston, so late a-coming in?
 "I have been at school, lady, learning young clerks to sing."
*"I have dreamed a dreary dream, I hope it may be for good:
 They were seeking you with hawks and hounds. and the young colonel was dead."*

"Hawks and hounds, they may seek me, as I trow well they be;
 It's I have killed the young colonel, thy own brother was he."
*"If you have killed the young colonel, then doom and woe is me!
 But I care the less for the young colonel if thy own body be free."*

(guitar)

"Come in, come in, my dear Johnston, come in and take a sleep.
 And it's I will go to my casement, and carefully I'll watch keep"
*She'd not long been at her bower door, no more than half an hour;
 When four and twenty belted knights, came a-riding by the bower.*

(guitar)

"Well may you sit and see, lady, well may you sit and say.
 Did not you see a bloody squire come riding by this way?"
*"What colour were his hawks?" she says, "What colour were his hounds?
 What colour was the gallant steed that bore him from the bounds?"*

"Bloody, bloody were his hawks, and bloody were his hounds.
 But milk-white was the gallant steed that bore him from the bounds?"
*"Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks, and bloody were his hounds.
 But milk-white was the gallant steed that bore him from the bounds?"*

(guitar)

"Alight, alight, now gentlemen, and take some bread and wine.
 An the steed be swift that he rides on, he's passed the bridge of Tyne."
*"We thank you for your bread lady, we thank you for your wine.
 But I'd rather thrice three thousand pounds that that bloody knight was ta'en!"*

(guitar)

"Lie still, lie still my dear Johnston, lie still and take a sleep;
 For the enemies have passed and gone, and carefully I'll watch keep."
 Young Johnston had a little wee sword, hung low down by his gear.
 And he thrust it through the fair Ellen's breast, a deep wound and sore.

*"What aileth thee, now dear Johnston, what aileth thee at me?
 Hast not thou got my father's gold, and my mother's fee?"
 "Ochone, alas, my lady gay, to come so hastily!
 I thought it was my deadly foe, he'd trysted into me!"*

Now live, now live, my dear lady, now live but half an hour,
 And there's not a leech in all Scotland but shall be in thy bower!"
 "How can I live, how shall I live, young Johnston, don't you see?
 The red, red drops of my heart's blood run trickling down my knee?"

*But take your harp into your hand and harp out o'er yon plain,
 And think no more on your true love than if she never had been."
 "He'd not long been out of the stable, and on the saddle set
 When four-and-twenty broad arrows were drilling in his heart."*