

## Willie O Winsbury

Intro Guitar over E

only Guitar picking

D A A E  
The king has been a prisoner,  
D E D D  
And a prisoner long in Spain,  
A D A F#m F#m F#m F#m  
And Willie of the Winsbury  
D E D D D D  
Has lain long with his daughter at home.

'What ails thee, what ails thee  
My daughter Janet?  
Well, you look so pale and wan.  
Oh, have you had any sore sickness  
Or yet been sleeping with a man?'

'I have not had any sore sickness  
Nor yet been sleeping with a man  
It is for you, my father dear  
For biding so long in Spain.'

Instrumental Akkordeon

DDDD AAAA AAAA EEEE DDDD EEEE DDDD DDDD  
DDDD AAAA AAAA EEEE DDDD EEEE DDDD DDDD

'Cast off, cast off your berry-brown gown  
You stand naked upon the stone,  
That I may know you by your shape  
And whether you be a maiden or no.'

Guitar 2 + Drums

And she's cast off her berry-brown gown  
She stood naked upon the stone  
And her apron was low and her haunches were round  
Her face it was pale and wan.

'Oh, was it with a lord or a duke or a knight  
Or a man of birth and fame  
Or was it with one of my serving men  
That's lately come out of Spain?'

'No, it wasn't with a lord or a duke or a knight  
 Nor a man of birth and fame,  
 But it was with Willy O' Winsbury  
 (I could bide no longer alone).'

And he's called forth his merry men all  
 By thirty and by three  
 Saying 'Fetch me this Willy O' Winsbury,  
 For hanged he shall be!'

||||: AAAA AAAA EEEE EEEE  
 F#mF#mF#mF#m F#mF#mF#mF#m DDDD DDDD :|||| 4x  
 EEEE EEEE

But when he came the King before,  
 He was clad all in red silk  
 And his hair was the colour of strands of gold  
 His skin it was pale as milk.

'And it is no wonder', said the King,  
 'That my daughter's love you did win,  
 For if I was a woman as I am a man,  
 My bedfellow you'd have been.

And will you marry my daughter Janet,  
 By the truth of your right hand?  
 Oh, will you marry my daughter Janet?  
 I'll make you a lord of my land.'

only Drums and Voice

'Yes, I will marry your daughter Janet,  
 By the truth of my right hand.  
 Yes, I will marry your daughter Janet,  
 But I'll not be a lord of your land.'

all

And he's mounted her on a milk-white steed  
 And himself on a dapple grey  
 And he's made her the lady of as much land  
 As she may ride in a long summer's day.