

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 DDDD

DDDD AAAA AAAA EEEE DDDD EEEE DDDD

'Cast off, cast off your berry-brown gown

Guitar 2 + Drums

You stand naked upon the stone,

That I may know you by your shape

And whether you be a maiden or no.'

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?'

Solo Guitar 2 over A E

in Rock Time

'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#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.

Solo Guitar 2 over A E