

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Hind Horn

Hind Horn

Hind Horn fair and Hind horn free  
Oh where were you born, in what country?

In good greenwood, thee was I born  
And all by forebears me befor

Oh, seven years I served the king  
And as for wages I never got nane

But ae sight of his ae daughter  
And that was through an auger bore

I gaed my love a silver wand  
'Twas to rule over all Scotland

And she gave me a gay gold ring  
The virtue of it was above all things

As long as this ring keeps its hue  
You'll know I am a lover true

But when the ring turns pale and wan  
You'll know I love another man

He hoist up his sails and away sailed he  
And sailed into a far country

And when he looked upon his ring  
He knew she loved another man

He hoist up sails and home came he  
Home unto his own country

The first he met on his own land  
It chanced to be a beggar man

What news, what news, my good old man?  
What news, what news, have you to me?

Nae news, nae news, said the old man  
The morn's the queen's wedding day

Will you lend me your begging weed?  
And I'll lend you my riding steed

My begging weed would ill suit thee  
And your riding steed will ill suit me

But part be right and part be wrong  
Frae the beggar man the cloak he won

Old man, come tell me to your lead  
What news you give when you earn your bread?

As you walk up unto the hill  
Your pike staff you lend ye till

But when ye come near by the yett  
Straight to them you will upstep

Take nane from Peter nor from Paul  
Nane from high or low of them all

And from them all he would take nane  
Until it came from the bride's ain hand

The bride came tripping down the stair  
The combs of red gold all in her hair

A cup of red wine in her hand  
And that she gave to the beggar man

Out of the cup he drank the wine  
And into the cup he dropped the ring

Oh, got ye't by sea or got ye't by land  
Or got ye't on a drownd man's hand?

I got it not by sea, nor got it by land  
Nor got I it on a dead man's hand

But I got it at my wooing gay  
And I'll gie't you on your wedding day

I'll take the red gold frae my head  
And follow you and beg my bread

I'll take the red gold frae my hair  
And follow you forever mair

Between the kitchen and the hall

He let his coutie cloak downfall

And with red gold shone over them all  
And frae the bridegroom the bride he stole

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Child #17

Collected by Child and Gavin

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