

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Lady Jean

Lady Jean

Word is up to the lord's fair daughter
And word is spreading all over the land
That she's been betrayed by her own dear brother
And he has chosen another's fair hand

Many a man had sung of her beauty
And many a bold deed for her had been done.
But within her sides she carries the child.
Of her father's eldest fairest son

Tell me no lies, I'll hear no more stories.
But saddle my horse and I'll go and see.
My own true love and if these words prove true ones
They will be the end of me

Brother, o brother, what lies be these ones
They say that thy love to another I'll lose
I carry a babe of thy own proud lineage
And I know that it's I that thou wouldst choose

Hast thou told our mother or father
All that thou hast said unto me.
And he's taken off his good beaten sword.
Hanging down by his left knee

No, I've not told no one but thee love
For it is a secret between me and thee
I would come home and quit all my roaming
And spend my days in waiting on thee

Too late, too late for words, my sister
Father has chosen for me a fair bride
And he's stabbed her easy and lovingly laid her
Down in her grave by the black water side

And then he's gone home to his wedding
And his father's asked him why weepest thou so
Such a bride I've seen on this bright spring morning
Never another man shall know

Child #52

AJS

