

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Laird of Blackwood

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I lay sick, and very sick,
And I was bad, and like to die,
A friend o' mine cam to visit me;
And Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear,
That he was owre lang in chamber wi' me.

O! what need I dress up my head,
Nor what need I kaim doun my hair,
Whan my gude lord has forsaken me,
And says he will na love me mair.

But O! an my young babe was born,
And set upon some nourice knee;
And I, mysel, war dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be.

"Na mair o' this, my dochter dear,
And of your mourning let abee;
For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for him,
A mair better lord I'll get for thee."

"Na mair o' this, my father dear,
And of your folly let abee ;
For I wad na gie ae look o' my lord's face,
For a' the lords in the haill countrie.

But I'll cast aff my robes o' red
And I'll put on my robes o' blue;
And I will travel to some other land,
To see gins my love will on me rue.

There sall na wash come on my face,
There sall na kaim come on my hair;
There sall neither coal, nor candle licht
Be seen intil my bouer na mair.

O! wae be to thee Blackwood,
And an ill death may ye die,
For ye've been the haill occasion
Of parting my lord and me."

From Ancient Scottish Ballads, Kinloch (1827)

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Note: According to Kinloch, other versions have the mysterious mis-informant as a black servant, or a black bird or a "fause bird".

In any case, the song is structurally quite similar to Lowlands of Holland, with jealousy replacing war as a motivation for leaving.

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