

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Lord Thomas Stuart

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THOMAS STUART was a lord,
A lord of mickle land;
He used to wear a coat of gold,
But now his grave is green.

Now he has wooed the young countess,
The Countess of Balquhin,
An given her for a morning-gift
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

But women's wit is aye willful,
Alas that ever it was sae!
She longed to see the morning-gift
That her gude lord to her gae.

When steeds were saddled an weel bridled,
An ready for to ride,
There came a pain on that gude lord,
His back, likewise his side.

He said, Ride on, my lady fair,
May goodness be your guide!
For I'm sae sick and weary that
No farther can I ride.

Now ben did come his father dear,
Wearing a golden band;
Says, Is there nae leech in Edinburgh
Can cure my son from wrang?

`O leech is come, an leech is gane,
Yet, father, I'm aye waur;
There's not a leech in Edinbro
Can death from me debar.

`But be a friend to my wife, father,
Restore to her her own;
Restore to her my morning-gift,
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

`It had been gude for my wife, father,
To me she'd born a son;

He would have got my land an rents,
Where they lie out an in.

`It had been gude for my wife, father,
To me she'd born an heir;
He would have got my lands an rents,
Where they lie fine and fair.'

The steeds they strave into their stables,
The boys could'nt get them bound;
The hounds lay howling on the leech,
Cause their master was behind.

`I dreamed a dream since late yestreen,
I wish it may be good,
That our chamber was full of swine,
An our bed full of blood.'

I saw a woman come from the West,
Full sore wringing her hands,
And aye she cried, Ohon, alas!
My good lord's broken bands.

As she came by my good lord's bower,
Saw mony black steeds an brown:
`I'm feared it be mony unco lords
Havin my love from town!'

As she came by my gude lord's bower,
Saw mony black steeds an grey
`I'm feared it's mony unco lords
Havin my love to the clay!'

Child #259

Version from Child

LMP