

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Prince Robert

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1 PRINCE ROBERT has wedded a gay ladye,
He has wedded her with a ring;
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
But he daur na bring her hame.

2 'Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear,
Your blessing now grant to me!
'Instead of a blessing ye sail have my curse,
And you'll get nae blessing frae me.

3 She has called upon her waiting-maid,
To fill a glass of wine;
She has called upon her fause steward,
To put rank poison in.

4 She has put it to her roudes lip,
And to her roudes chin;
She has put it to her fause, fause mouth,
But the never a drop gaed in.

5 He has put it to his bonny mouth,
And to his bonny chin,
He's put it to his cherry lip,
And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

6 'O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
Your ae son and your heir;
O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
And sons you'll never hae mair.

7 'O where will I get a little boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
To rin sae fast to Darlinton,
And bid Fair Eleanor come?

8 Then up and spake a little boy,
That wad win hose and shoon,
'O I'll away to Darlinton,
And bid Fair Eleanor come.

9 O he has run to Darlinton,
And tirl'd at the pin;

And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell
To let the bonny boy in?

10 'Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,
She's made it baith gude and fine;
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,
And ye maun cum till her and dine.'

11 It's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,
The langest that ever were gane;
But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was light,
And she cam linkin in.

12 But when she came to Sillertoun town,
And into Sillertoun ha,
The torches were burning, the ladies were mourning,
And they were weeping a'.

13 'O where is now my wedded lord,
And where now can he be?
O where is now my wedded lord?
For him I canna see.

14 'Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,
'And just gane to be laid in the clay;
Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,
'And just gane to be buried the day.

15 'Ye'se get nane o his gowd, ye'se get nane o his gear,
Ye'se get nae thing frae me;
Ye'se na get an inch o his gude broad land,
Tho your heart suld burst in three.'

16 'I want nane o his gowd, I want nane o his gear,
I want nae land frae thee;
But I'll hae the ring that's on his finger,
For them he did promise to me.'

17 'Ye'se na get the ring that's on his finger,
Ye'se na get them frae me;
Ye'se na get the ring that's on his finger,
An your heart suld burst in three.'

18 She's turn'd her back unto the wa,
And her face unto a rock,
And there, before the mother's face,
Her very heart it broke.

19 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,

The tother in Marie's quair,
And out o the tome there sprang a birk,
And out o the tother a brier.

20 And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier,
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear.

Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 184, ed. 1802; 1II. 269, ed. 1833:
from the recitation of Miss Christian Rutherford.

Child #87

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