

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Young Redin

Young Redin

Young Redin's til the hunting gane  
Wi' therty lords and three  
And he has til his true love gane  
As fast as he could hie

"You're welcome here, my young Redin,  
For coal and candle licht  
And sae are ye, my young Redin,  
To bide wi' me the nicht."

"I thank ye for your licht, ladie, Sae do I for your coal;  
But there's thrice as fair a ladie as thee  
Meets me at Brandie's well."

Whan they were at their supper set,  
And merrily drinking wine,  
This ladie has taen a sair sickness,  
And til her bed has gane.

Young Redin, he has followed her,  
And a dowie man was he;  
He fund his true-love in her bouer,  
And the tear was in her ee.

Whan her was in her arms laid,  
And gieing her kisses sweet,  
Then out she's ta'en a little penknife,  
And wounded him sae deep.

"O, lang. Lang, is the winter nicht,  
And slawly daws the day;  
There is a slain knicht in my bouer,  
And I wish he war away."

Then up bespak her bouer-woman,  
An she spak ae wi' spite:  
"An there be a slain knicht in your bouer,  
It is yoursel that has the wyte."

"O heal this deed on me, meggy,  
O heal this deed on me,  
The silks that were shapen for megen Pasche,

They sall be sewed for thee."

"O I hae heal'd on my mistress  
A twalmonth and a day,  
And I hae heal'd on my mistress  
Mair than I can say.'

They've booted him, and they've spurred him,  
As he was wont to ride:  
a huntin horn round his neck,  
And a sharp sword by his side:  
In the deepest place o' Clyde's water,  
It's there they've made his bed.

Sine up bespak the wylie parrot,  
As he sat on the tree,  
"And hae ye kill'd him young Redin,  
Wha ne'er had love but thee!"

"Come doun, come doun, ye wylie parrot,  
Come doun into my hand;  
Your cage sall be o' the beaten gowd,  
When now it's but the wand."

"I winna come doun, I canna come doun,  
I winna come doun to thee,  
For as ye've dune to young Redin,  
Ye'll do the like to me;  
Ye'll thraw my head aff my hause-bane,  
And throw me in the sea."

O there cam seekin young Redin,  
Monie a lord and knicht,  
And there cam seekin young Redin,  
Monie a ladie bricht.

And they hae til his true-love gane,  
Thinking he was wi' her

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"I hae not seen him, young Redin,  
Sin yesterday at noon,  
He turned his stately steed about,  
And hied him through the toun.

"But ye'll seek Clyde's water up and doun,  
Ye'll seek it out and in,  
I hae not seen him, young Redin,

Sin yesterday at noon."

Then up bespak young Redin's mither,  
And a dowie woman was scho;  
"There's na a place in a' Clyde's water,  
But my son wad gae through."

They've sought Clyde's waters up and doun,  
They've sought it out and in,  
And the deepest place o' Clyde's water  
They found young Redin in.

O white, white, war his wounds washen  
As white as a linen clout;  
But as the traitor she cam near,  
His wounds they gushed out.

"It's surely been my bouer-woman,  
O ill may her betide;  
I ne'er wad slain him, young Redin  
And thrown him in the Clyde."

Then they've made a big bane-fire,  
The bouer-woman to brin;  
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,  
It tuke na on her chin,  
But it tuke on the cruel hands  
That put young Redin in.

Then they've tane out the bouer-woman  
And put the ladie in:  
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,  
It tuke na on her chin,  
But it tuke on the fause, fause arms,  
That young Redin lay in.

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