

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Young Ronald

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IT fell upon the Lammas time,
When flowers were fresh and green,
And craig and cleugh was covered ower
With cloathing that was clean.

'Twas at that time a noble squire,
Sprung from an ancient line,
Laid his love on a lady fair,
The king's daughter o Linne.

When cocks did crow, and day did daw,
And mint in meadows sprang,
Young Ronald and his little wee boy
They rode the way along.

So they rode on, and farther on,
To yonder pleasant green,
And there he spied that lady fair,
In her garden alane.

These two together lang they stood,
And love's tale there they taul;
The glancing o her fair color
Did Ronald's own impale.

He lifted 's hat, and thus he spake;
O pity have on me!
For I could pledge what is my right,
All for the sake of thee.

`Ye're young amo your mirth, kind sir,
And fair o your dull hours;
There's nae a lady in a' London
But might be your paramour.

`But I'm too young to wed, kind sir,
You must not take it ill;
Whate'er my father bids me do,
I maun be at his will.'

He kissd her then and took his leave,
His heart was all in pride,

And he is on to Windsor gone,
And his boy by his side.

And when he unto Windsor came,
And lighted on the green,
There he spied his mother dear,
Was walking there alane.

`Where have ye been, my son, Ronald,
From gude school-house, this day?'
'I hae been at Linne, mother,
Seeing yon bonny may.'

`O wae's me for you now, Ronald,
For she will not you hae;
For mony a knight and bauld baron
She's nickd them a' wi nae.'

Young Ronald's done him to his bower,
And he took bed and lay;
Nae woman could come in his sight,
For the thoughts o this well-fard may.

Then in it came his father dear,
Well belted in a brand;
The tears ran frae his twa gray eyes,
All for his lovely son.

Then Ronald calld his stable-groom
To come right speedilie;
Says, Ye'll gang to yon stable, boy,
And saddle a steed for me.

`His saddle o the guid red gowd,
His bits be o the steel,
His bridle o a glittering hue;
See that ye saddle him weel.

`For I've heard greeters at your school-house,
Near thirty in a day;
But for to hear an auld man greet,
It passes bairns' play.'

When cocks did craw, and day did daw,
And mint in meadows sprang,
Young Ronald and his little wee boy
The way they rode alang.

So they rode on, and further on,

To yonder pleasant green,
And there they saw that lady fair,
In her garden alane.

And twenty times before he ceasd
He kissd her lips sae clear,
And said, Dear lady, for your sake,
I'll fight fell lang and sair.

`Full haste, nae speed, for me, kind sir,'
Replied the lady clear;
`Far better bucklings ye maun bide
Or ye gain my love by weir.

`King Honour is my father's name,
The morn to war maun fare,
And that's to fight a proud giant,
That's wrought him muckle care.

`Along wi him he is to take
Baith noble knights and squires,
I woud wish you as well-dressd a knight
As ony will be there.

`And I'll gie you a thousand crowns,
To part amang your men;
A robe upon your ain body,
Weel sewd wi my ain hand.

`Likewise a ring, a royal thing,
The virtue it is gude;
If ony o your men be hurt,
It soon will stem their blude.

`Another ring, a royal thing,
Whose virtue is well known;
As lang's this ring your body's on,
Your bluid shall neer be drawn.'

He kissd her then, and took his leave,
His heart was all in pride,
And he is on to Windsor gone,
And his boy by his side.

And when he unto Windsor came,
And lighted on the green,
There he saw his auld father,
Was walking him alane.

`Where hae ye been, my son, Ronald,
From gude school-house the day?'
`O I hae been at Linne, father,
Seeking yon bonny may.'

`O wae's me for you now, Ronald,
For she will not you hae;
Mony a knight and bauld baron
She's nickd them a' wi nay.'

`O had your tongue, my father dear,
Lat a' your folly be;
The last words that I wi her spake,
Her love was granted me.

`King Honour is her father's name,
The morn to war maun fare,
And that's to fight a proud giant,
That's wrought him muckle care.

`Alang wi him he means to take
Baith knights and noble squires;
And she wishes me as well drest a knight
As ony will be there.

`And she's gaen me a thousand crowns,
To part amang my men;
A robe upon my ain body,
Weel sewd wi her ain hand.

`Likewise a ring, a royal thing,
The virtue it is gude;
If ony o my men be hurt,
It soon will stem their blude.

`Another ring, a royal thing,
Whose virtue is unknown;
As lang's this ring my body's on,
My blude will neer be drawn.'

`If that be true, my son, Ronald,
That ye hae tauld to me,
I'll gie to you an hundred men,
To bear you companie.

`Besides as muckle gude harness
As carry them on the lee;
It is a company gude enough
For sic a squire as thee.'

When cocks did craw, and day did daw,
And mint in meadows spread,
Young Ronald and his merry young men
Were ready for to ride.

So they rode on, and farther on,
To yonder pleasant green,
And there they spied that lady fair,
In her garden, sair mourning.

These twa together lang they stood,
And love's tale there they taul,
Till her father and his merry young men
Ahd ridden seven mile.

He kissd her then, and took his leave,
His heart was all in pride,
And then he sprang alang the road
As sparks do frae the glead.

Then to his great steed he set spur;
He being swift o feet,
They soon arrived on the plain,
Where all the rest did meet.

Then flew the foul thief frae the west,
His make was never seen;
He had three heads upon ae hause,
Three heads on ae breast-bane.

He bauldly stept up to the king,
Seiz'd 's steed in his right hand;
Says, Here I am, a valiant man,
Fight me now if ye can.

`Where is the man in a' my train
Will take this deed in hand?
And he shall hae my daughter dear,
And third part o my land.'

`O here am I,' said young Ronald,
`Will take the deed in hand;
And ye'll gie me your daughter dear,
I'll seek nane o your land.'

`I woudna for my life, Ronald,
This day I left you here;
Remember ye yon lady gay

For you shed mony a tear.'

Fan he did mind on that lady
That he left him behind,
He hadna mair fear to fight
Nor a lion frae a chain.

Then he cut aff the giant's heads
Wi ae sweep o his hand,
Gaed hame and married that lady,
And heird her father's land.

Child #304

LMP

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