

Chylde Owlett
By:Alistair Hulett's
a Scottish folk song

Lady Erskine sits intae her bower
A-sewin' a silken seam:
A bonnie sark for Chylde Owlett
As he comes oot an' in.

And his face was fair; lang was his hair.
She's ca'ed him tae come nigh,
Sayin'
Ye maun cuckold Lord Ronald
For a' his lands and kye."

"O, but Lady haud yer tongue for shame
That such a deed be done!
How can I cuckold Lord Ronald
When I'm his sister's son?"

O, and she's ta'en oot a wee pen knife
That lay beside her bed
An' pricked hersel' below the breast
Which made her body bleed.

Lord Ronald's came intae the bower
Whaur she did mak' her mane,
Says "Wha's is a' this blood, Lady,
That spurts from yer heart stane?"

"O, young Chylde Owlett, yer sister's son,
Has new gane fae my bower.
Had I no' been a guid woman,
I'd ha'e been Chylde Owlett's whore."

So he has taken Chylde Owlett:
Put him in prison strang.
And a' his men a council held
Tae work Chylde Owlett wrang.

Some said Chylde Owlett should be hung;
Some said that he should burn;
Some said they would ha'e Chylde Owlett
Between wild horses torn.

"There are horses in my stable stand
Can run richt speedily.
O, ye maun tae my stable gang
An' wile oot fower for me."

And they tied a horse tae ilka fit
An' ane tae ilka han'
An' sent them oot ower Elgin moor
As fast as they could run.

O, there wasna grass on Elgin moor
Nor yet a bonnie whinne
But drippit wi' Chylde Owlett's blood
An' pieces o' his skin.

An' there wasna stane on Elgin moor
Nor yet a piece o' rush
But drippit wi' Chylde Owlett's blood
An' pieces o' his flesh.