

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Lord Bateman

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Lord Bateman was a noble lord
He thought himself of high degree
He could not rest, nor be contented
Until he'd sailed the old salt sea

He sailed to the east, he sailed to the westward
He sailed all over to Turkey's shore
And there the Turks threw him into prison
No hope of getting free any more

The Turk he had an only daughter
The fairest one eye ever did see
She stole the key to her father's prison
And there she set Lord Bateman free

Then she led him down to the lowest cellar
And gave him a drink of the strongest wine
Each moment seemed to last an hour
"Oh, Lord Bateman, if you were mine

"It's seven long years, let's make a bargain
It's seven long years, give me your hand
That you will wed no other maiden
And I will wed no other man"

Then she led him down to her father's harbor
And gave to him a ship so fine
"Farewell to you, farewell Lord Bateman
Farewell until we meet again"

When seven long years had gone and past over
It seemed to her like ninety-nine
She bundled up her fine gold clothing
Declared Lord Bateman, she'd go find

She sailed to the east, she sailed to the westward
She sailed till she came to England's shore
And when she came to Lord Bateman's castle
Straightway she knocked upon the door

"Oh now is this Lord Bateman's castle?"

And is his lordship here within?"

"Oh yes, oh yes," cried the proud young porter

"He's just now taken his new bride in"

"Tell him to send me a slice of cake

And a bottle of the best of wine

And not to forget the fair young lady

Who did release him when close confined"

"What news, what news, my proud young porter

What news, what news do you bring to me?"

"There is the fairest of young ladies

The fairest one eye ever did see

"She's got gold rings on every finger

And on her middle finger three

She's got as much gold around her middle

Would buy Northumberland from thee"

Lord Bateman rose from where he was sitting

His face it looked as white as snow

"Oh if this is the Turkish lady

I'm bound with her, love, for to go"

And then upspoke the young bride's mother

She'd never been known to speak so free

"Then what's to become of my young daughter

Who's just been made a bride to thee?"

Lord Bateman spoke to the young bride's mother

"She's none the better nor worse by me

She came here on a horse and saddle

She shall go home in a coach with thee

"Let another wedding be made ready

Another wedding there must be

I must go marry the Turkish lady

Who crossed the raging seas for me"

Child #53

recorded by the Golden Ring

tune "LORDBAT1" is from Sharp, English Folksongs. This is not the Golden

Ring tune.

SOF