

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Lord of Scotland

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The Lord of Scotland, he is come home
Unto his fair lady;
He brought her the keys to the seven locks,
And some she knew very well.

She took him onto the two-edged sword:
His heart's blood came trinkeling down.

"Why have you wounded me, my fair lady,
Why did you wound me so sore?
There wasn't a lord in all of Scotland
That loved his lady more!"

"Now I'll ride east, now I'll ride west,
Now I'll set under the sun;
I will bring some bonnie leaves
Will cure you from your wound."
"You needn't ride east, you needn't ride west
You needn't set under the sun;
There's na thing can cure my wound,
Except it is God alone."

She went unto her pretty fair maids
Three hours before it was day,
Says, "I've a dead lord within my bower,
I wish you to carry him away."

"If you've a dead lord within your bower,
There he'll have for to stay,
For neither one of us will touch him
Until the break of day."

"Gold will be your hire, pretty maids,
Silver shall be your fee,
And I will bear you company
To carry him away."
One took him by the old grey locks,
Another by the hands and feet;
They plunged him in a new-dug well
Fifty-four fathoms deep.

"You lie there, my own wedded lord,
Sink and do not swim,
Then neither me nor my family
Will be injured by your rising."

As she was a-going on
She met her father-in-law:
He says, "Where is my son, and where has he gone,
And when will he return?"

I do not know where he is gone
He's been gone a day or two."

"He has been gone a day or two,
I think it'll be three tomorrow,
And if he does not then return
My heart will be broke with sorrow. "

As she was a-going home,
She seen a little bird on a briar:
He sings, "Go home, you false lady
And pay the maids you hired."

"You come here my sweet little bird
Set down on my knee,
I have a cage of pure yellow gold
So freely I'll give it to thee."

"You can keep your cage of gold
I'll keep my green tree,
For you have murdered your own wedded lord
I know that you'd kill me."

If I had a shooting bow
And that well-fixed with a string,
I'd let an arrow fly at you
Among them leaves so green."

"Well, if you had a shooting bow
And that well-fixed with a string,
I'd take a-flight, I'd fly away
You'd never seen me again."

Note: this is the only version I've encountered where she's
married to the victim. it seems pretty clear, though, that
it's derived from Young Hunting. RG

Child #68

From Folk Songs of the Catskills, Cazden, Haufrecht, Studer

Collected from George Edwards