

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Young Hunting 2

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A lady stood in her bower door,
In her bower door, she stood
She thought she heard a bridle ring
That did her body good

"Oh light, oh light, Earl Richard," she said,
"Oh light and stay all night
You shall have cheer and charcoal clear
And candles burning bright"

"I will not light, I cannot light
I cannot light at all
A fairer lady than ten of you
Is waiting at Richard's hall."

"A fairer maid than me," she said,
"A fairer maid than me
A fairer maid than ten of me
You surely shall never see"

He stooped from his milk white steed
To kiss her rosy cheek
She had a pen knife in her hand
And wounded him so deep

"Oh lie ye there, Earl Richard," she said
"Oh lie ye there 'til morn
A fairer lady than ten of me
Will think long of your coming home."

Then up bespoke a little bird
That sat upon a tree
"Earl Richard had no other love
No other love but thee"

"Come down, come down, my pretty bird
That sits upon the tree,
I have a cage of beaten gold
I'll give it unto thee."

"Keep your cage of gold, Lady,

And I will keep my tree
As you have done to Earl Richard
So would you do to me."

"If I had an arrow in my hand
And a bow bent on the string
I'd shoot a dart at thy proud heart
Among the leaves so green."

"Look back, look back now, lady fair,
On him that loved you well
A better man than that blue corpse
Ne'er drew sword of steel."

Child #68
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