

## Lord Randal (Child 12A)

- 1 'O WHERE ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?  
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?  
'I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I 'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.'
- 2 'An what met ye there, Lord Randal, my son? 5  
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?  
'O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I 'm wearied wi huntin, an fain wad lie down.'
- 3 'And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what did she give you, my handsome young man? 10  
'Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I 'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'
- 4 'And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?  
And wha gat your leavins, my handsom young man?  
'My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon, 15  
For I 'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.'
- 5 'And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what becam of them, my handsome young man?  
'They stretched their legs out an died; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I 'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.' 20
- 6 'O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!  
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!  
'O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'
- 7 'What d' ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son? 25  
What d' ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?  
'Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'
- 8 'What d' ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d' ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man? 30

'My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I 'm sick at the heart, an I fain wad lie down.'

9 'What d' ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d' ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?'  
'My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon, 35  
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

10 'What d' ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d' ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?'  
'I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.' 40