

Jamie Douglas (Child 204A)

- 1 I WAS a lady of high renown
As lived in the north countrie;
I was a lady of high renown
Whan Earl Douglas loved me.
- 2 Whan we came through Glasgow toun, 5
We war a comely sight to see;
My gude lord in velvet green,
And I mysel in cramasie.
- 3 Whan we cam to Douglas toun, 10
We war a fine sight to behold;
My gude lord in cramasie,
And I myself in shining gold.
- 4 Whan that my auld son was born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
I was as happy a woman as eer was born, 15
And my gude lord he loved me.
- 5 But oh, an my young son was born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel war dead and gane,
For a maid again I 'll never be! 20
- 6 There cam a man into this house,
And Jamie Lockhart was his name,
And it was told to my gude lord
That I was in the bed wi him.
- 7 There cam anither to this house, 25
And a bad friend he was to me;
He put Jamie's shoon below my bed-stock,
And bade my gude lord come and see.
- 8 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,
And ae an ill death may ye dee! 30
For ye was the first and the foremost man
That parted my gude lord and me.

- 9 Whan my gude lord cam in my room,
This grit falsehood for to see,
He turnd about, and, wi a gloom, 35
He straucht did tak farewell o me.
- 10 ‘O fare thee well, my once lovely maid!
O fare thee well, once dear to me!
O fare thee well, my once lovely maid!
For wi me again ye sall never be.’ 40
- 11 ‘Sit down, sit down, Jamie Douglas,
Sit thee down and dine wi me,
And Ill set thee on a chair of gold,
And a silver towel on thy knee.’
- 12 ‘Whan cockle-shells turn silver bells, 45
And mussels they bud on a tree,
Whan frost and snaw turns fire to burn,
Then I ’ll sit down and dine wi thee.’
- 13 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,
And ae an ill death may ye dee! 50
Ye war the first and the foremost man
That parted my gude lord and me.
- 14 Whan my father he heard word
That my gude lord had forsaken me,
He sent fifty o his brisk dragoons 55
To fesh me hame to my ain countrie.
- 15 That morning before I did go,
My bonny palace for to leave,
I went into my gude lord’s room,
But alas! he wad na speak to me. 60
- 16 ‘Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!
Fare thee well, my ever dear to me!
Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!
Be kind to the three babes I ’ve born to thee.’