

Child Owlet (Child 291)

- 1 LADY ERSKINE sits in her chamber,
Sewing at her silken seam,
A chain of gold for Childe Owlet,
As he goes out and in.
- 2 But it fell ance upon a day
She unto him did say,
Ye must cuckold Lord Ronald,
For a' his lands and ley.
- 3 'O cease! forbid, madam,' he says,
'That this shoud eer be done!
How would I cuckold Lord Ronald,
And me his sister's son?'
- 4 Then she 's ta'en out a little penknife,
That lay below her bed,
Put it below her green stay's cord,
Which made her body bleed.
- 5 Then in it came him Lord Ronald,
Hearing his lady's moan;
'What blood is this, my dear,' he says,
'That sparks on the fire-stone?'
- 6 'Young Childe Owlet, your sister's son,
Is now gane frae my bower;
If I hadna been a good woman,
I'd been Childe Owlet's whore.'
- 7 Then he has taen him Childe Owlet,
Laid him in prison strong,
And all his men a council held
How they woud work him wrong.
- 8 Some said they woud Childe Owlet hang,
Some said they woud him burn;
Some said they woud have Childe Owlet

Bewteen wild horses torn.

- 9 'There are horses in your stables stand
Can run right speedilie,
And ye will to your stable go,
And wile out four for me.'
- 10 They put a foal to ilka foot,
And ane to ilka hand,
And sent them down to Darling muir,
As fast as they coud gang.
- 11 There was not a kow in Darling muir,
Nor ae piece o a rind,
But drappit o Child Owlet's blude
And pieces o his skin.
- 12 There was not a kow in Darling muir,
Nor ae piece o a rash,
But drappit o Childe Owlet's blude
And pieces o his flesh.