

John of Hazelgreen (Child 293A)

- 1 INTO a sweet May morning,
As the sun clearly shone,
I heard a propper damsell
Making a heavy moan;
Making a heavy moan, 5
I marvelled what she did mean,
And it was for a gentleman,
Sir John of Hasillgreen.
- 2 'What aileth thee now, bony maid,
To mourn so sore into the tide? 10
O happy were the man,' he sayes,
'That had thee to his bride,
To ly down by his side;
Then he were not to mean;' 15
But still she let the tears down fall
For pleasant Hasilgreen.
- 3 'Oh what for a man is Hasilgreen?
Sweet heart, pray tell to me.'
'He is a propper gentleman,
Dwels in the South Countrie; 20
With shoulders broad and arms long,
And comely to be seen;
His hairs are like the threeds of gold,
My pleasant Hasilgreen.'
- 4 'Now Hasilgreen is married, 25
Let all this talking be.'
'If Hasilgreen be married,
This day then woe to me;
For I may sigh and sob no more,
But close my weeping een, 30
And hold my peace and cry no more,
But dy for Hasilgreen.'
- 5 'Will you let Hasilgreen alone,
And go along with me?

- I 'll marry you on my eldest son,
 Make you a gay lady.' 35
'Make me a gay lady?' she sayes,
 'I am a maid too mean;
I 'll rather stay at home,' she cries,
 'And dy for Hasilgreen.' 40
- 6 He takes this pretty maid him behind
 And fast he spurred the horse,
And they 're away to Bigger toun,
 Then in to Biggar Cross.
Their lodging was far sought, 45
 And so was it foreseen;
But still she let the tears doun fall
 For pleasant Hasillgreen.
- 7 He 's ta'en this pretty maid by the hand,
 And he is doun the toun; 50
He bought for her a pettycoat,
 Yea, and a trailing gown;
A silken kell fitt for her head,
 Laid oer with silver sheen;
But still she let the tears doun fall 55
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.
- 8 He 's taen this bony mey him behind,
 And he is to the Place,
Where there was mirth and merryness,
 And ladyes fair of face; 60
And ladyes fair of face,
 Right seemly to be seen,
But still she let the tears doun fall
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.
- 9 Young Hasilgreen ran hastilie 65
 To welcome his father dear;
He 's ta'en that pretty maid in his arms,
 And kist off her falling tear:
'O bony mey, now for thy sake
 I would be rent and rien; 70
I would give all my father's lands

To have thee in Hasilgreen.'

- 10 'O hold your tongue now, son,' he sayes,
 'Let no more talking be;
This maid has come right far from home 75
 This day to visit thee.
This day should been your wedding-day,
 It shall be thy bridall-een,
And thou 's get all thy father's lands,
 And dwell in Hasilgreen.' 80