

Young Hunting (68A)

- 1 O LADY, rock never your young son young
One hour longer for me,
For I have a sweetheart in Garlick's Wells
I love thrice better than thee.
- 2 'The very soles of my love's feet
Is whiter then thy face.'
'But nevertheless na, Young Hunting,
Ye 'l stay wi me all night.'
- 3 She has baird in him Young Hunting
The good ale and the beer,
Till he was as fou drunken
As any wild-wood steer.
- 4 She has baird in him Young Hunting
The good ale and the wine,
Till he was as fou drunken
As any wild-wood swine.
- 5 Up she has tain him Young Hunting,
And she has had him to her bed,
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- 6 And she has minded her on a little penknife,
That hangs low down by her gair,
And she has gin him Young Hunting
A deep wound and a sair.
- 7 Out an spake the bonny bird,
That flew abon her head:
'Lady, keep well thy green clothing
Fra that good lord's blood.'
- 8 'O better I 'll keep my green clothing
Fra that good lord's blood

Nor thou can keep thy flattering tounge,
That flatters in thy head.

9 'Light down, light down, my bonny bird,
Light down upon my hand,
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10 'O siller, O siller shall be thy hire,
An goud shall be thy fee,
An every month into the year,
Thy cage shall changed be.'

11 'I winna light down, I shanna light down,
I winna light on thy hand;
For soon, soon wad ye do to me
As ye done to Young Hunting.'

12 She has bootet an spird him Young Hunting
As he had been gan to ride,
A hunting-horn about his neck,
An the sharp sours by his side.

13 And she has had him to yon wan water,
For a' man calls it Clyde,
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14 The deepest pot intill it all
She has puten Young Hunting in;
A green truff upon his breast,
To hold that good lord down.

15 It fell once upon a day
The king was going to ride,
And he sent for him Young Hunting,
To ride on his right side.

16 She has turnd her right and round about,
She sware now by the corn,
'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,

Sen yesterday at morn.'

- 17 She has turnd her right and round about,
She swear now by the moon,
'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,
Sen yesterday at noon.
- 18 'It fears me sair in Clyde Water
That he is drownd therein.'
O thay ha sent for the king's duckers,
To duck for Young Hunting.
- 19 They ducked in at the tae water-bank,
Thay ducked out at the tither:
'We 'll duck no more for Young Hunting,
All tho he wear our brother.'
- 20 Out an spake the bonny bird,
That flew abon their heads,
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- 21 'O he 's na drownd in Clyde Water,
He is slain and put therein;
The lady that lives in yon castil
Slew him and put him in.
- 22 'Leave aff your ducking on the day,
And duck upon the night;
Whear ever that sakeless knight lys slain,
The candels will shine bright.'
- 23 Thay left off their ducking o the day,
And ducked upon the night,
And where that sakeless knight lay slain,
The candles shone full bright.
- 24 The deepest pot intill it a'
Thay got Young Hunting in;
A green turff upon his brest,
To hold that good lord down.

- 25 O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
That they might get a great bonfire
 To burn that lady in.
‘Put na the wyte on me,’ she says,
 ‘It was her May Catheren.’
- 26 Whan thay had tane her May Catheren,
 In the bonfire set her in;
It wad na take upon her cheeks,
 Nor take upon her chin,
Nor yet upon her yallow hair,
 To healle the deadly sin.
- 27 Out they hae tain her May Catheren,
 And they hay put that lady in;
O it took upon her cheek, her cheek,
 An it took upon her chin,
An it took on her fair body,
 She burnt like hoky-gren.