

Prince Robert (87A)

- 1 PRINCE ROBERT has wedded a gay ladye,
He has wedded her with a ring;
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
But he daur na bring her hame.
- 2 'Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear, 5
Your blessing now grant to me!
'Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,
And you 'll get nae blessing frae me.'
- 3 She has called upon her waiting-maid,
To fill a glass of wine; 10
She has called upon her fause steward,
To put rank poison in.
- 4 She has put it to her roudes lip,
And to her roudes chin;
She has put it to her fause, fause mouth, 15
But the never a drop gaed in.
- 5 He has put it to his bonny mouth,
And to his bonny chin,
He 's put it to his cherry lip,
And sae fast the rank poison ran in. 20
- 6 'O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
Your ae son and your heir;
O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
And sons you 'll never hae mair.
- 7 'O where will I get a little boy, 25
That will win hose and shoon,
To rin sae fast to Darlinton,
And bid Fair Eleanor come? [']
- 8 Then up and spake a little boy,

- That wad win hose and shoon, 30
'O I'll away to Darlinton,
And bid Fair Eleanor come.'
- 9 O he has run to Darlinton,
And tirdled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell 35
To let the bonny boy in?
- 10 'Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,
She's made it baith gude and fine;
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,
And ye maun cum till her and dine.' 40
- 11 It's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,
The langest that ever were gane;
But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was light,
And she cam linkin in.
- 12 But when she came to Sillertoun town, 45
And into Sillertoun ha,
The torches were burning, the ladies were mourning,
And they were weeping a'.
- 13 'O where is now my wedded lord,
And where now can he be? 50
O where is now my wedded lord?
For him I canna see.'
- 14 'Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,
'And just gane to be laid in the clay;
Your wedded lord is dead,' she says, 55
'And just gane to be buried the day.'
- 15 'Ye'se get nane o his gowd, ye'se get nane o his gear,
Ye'se get nae thing frae me;
Ye'se na get an inch o his gude broad land,
Tho your heart suld burst in three.' 60
- 16 'I want nane o his gowd, I want nane o his gear,
I want nae land frae thee;

But I'll hae the ring that 's on his finger,
For them he did promise to me.'

- 17 'Ye 'se na get the ring that 's on his finger, 65
Ye 'se na get them frae me;
Ye 'se na get the ring that 's on his finger,
An your heart suld burst in three.'
- 18 She 's turn'd her back unto the wa,
And her face unto a rock, 70
And there, before the mother's face,
Her very heart it broke.
- 19 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair,
And out o the tane there sprang a birk, 75
And out o the tother a brier.
- 20 And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier,
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear. 80