

Lamkin (Child 93A)

- 1 IT 'S Lamkin was a mason good
As ever built wi stane;
He built Lord Wearie's castle,
but payment got he nane.
- 2 'O pay me, Lord Wearie, 5
come, pay me my fee:'
'I canna pay you, Lamkin,
for I maun gang oer the sea.'
- 3 'O pay me now, Lord Wearie, 10
come, pay me out o hand:'
'I canna pay you, Lamkin,
unless I sell my land.'
- 4 'O gin ye winna pay me, 15
I here sall mak a vow,
Before that ye come hame again,
ye sall hae cause to rue.'
- 5 Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,
to sail the saut sea faem;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
ay till he should come hame. 20
- 6 But the nourice was a fause limmer
as eer hung on a tree;
She laid a plot wi Lamkin,
whan her lord was oer the sea.
- 7 She laid a plot wi Lamkin, 25
when the servants were awa,
Loot him in at a little shot-window,
and brought him to the ha.
- 8 'O whare 's a' the men o this house, 30
that ca me Lamkin?'

'They're at the barn-well thrashing;
't will be lang ere they come in.'

9 'And whare 's the women o this house,
that ca me Lamkin?'
'They 're at the far well washing; 35
't will be lang ere they come in.'

10 'And whare 's the bairns o this house,
that ca me Lamkin?'
'They 're at the school reading; 40
't will be night or they come hame.'

11 'O whare 's the lady o this house,
that ca's me Lamkin?'
'She 's up in her bower sewing,
but we soon can bring her down.'

12 Then Lamkin 's tane a sharp knife, 45
that hang down by his gaire,
And he has gien the bonny babe
a deep wound and a sair.

13 Then Lamkin he rocked,
and the fause nourice sang, 50
Till frae ilkae bore o the cradle
the red blood out sprang.

14 Then out it spak the lady,
as she stood on the stair:
'What ails my bairn, nourice, 55
that he 's greeting sae sair?'

15 'O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi the pap!'
'He winna still, lady,
for this nor for that.' 60

16 'O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi the wand!'
'He winna still, lady,

for a' his father's land.'

- 17 'O still my bairn, nourice, 65
O still him wi the bell!
'He winna still, lady,
till ye come down yoursel.'
- 18 O the firsten step she steppit, 70
she steppit on a stane;
But the neisten step she steppit,
she met him Lamkin.
- 19 'O mercy, mercy, Lamkin, 75
hae mercy upon me!
Though you 've taen my young son's life,
ye may let mysel be.'
- 20 'O sall I kill her, nourice, 80
or sall I lat her be?'
'O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,
for she neer was good to me.'
- 21 'O scour the bason, nourice,
and mak it fair and clean,
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,
for she 's come o noble kin.'
- 22 'There need nae bason, Lamkin, 85
lat it run through the floor;
What better is the heart's blood
o the rich than o the poor?'
- 23 But ere three months were at an end, 90
Lord Wearie came again;
But dowie, dowie was his heart
when first he came hame.
- 24 'O wha 's blood is this,' he says,
'that lies in the chamer?'
'It is your lady's heart's blood; 95
't is as clear as the lamer.'

- 25 'And wha's blood is this,' he says,
'that lies in my ha?'
'It is your young son's heart's blood;
't is the clearest ava.' 100
- 26 O sweetly sang the black-bird
that sat upon the tree;
But sairer grat Lamkin,
when he was condemnd to die.
- 27 And bonny sang the mavis, 105
out o the thorny brake;
But sairer grat the nourice,
when she was tied to the stake.