Chylde Owlet

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Lady Erskine sits in her bower
A sewing her silken seam
A bonnie sark for Chylde Owlet
As he gangs oot and in

His face was fair, lang was his hair
She's ca'd him to come nigh
Oh ye maun cuckold Lord Ronald
For a' his lands and kye

Oh lady, hold your tongue for shame
That such a thing e'er be done
How could I cuckold Lord Ronald
And me his sister's son

Then she's ta'en oot a wee penknife
That lay beside her bed
And pricked hersel below her breist
Which made her body bleed

Lord Ronald's come into her bower
Whaur she did mak' her mane
Oh, wha's is a' this blood, he says
That sparks on your hearth stane?

Young Chylde Owlet, your sister's son
Is new gane frae my bower
Gin I hadnae been a good woman
I'd hae been Chylde Owlet's whore

Then he has ta'en young Chylde Owlet
Cast him in prison strang
And a his men a council held
To work Chylde Owlet wrang

Some said Chylde Owlet should be hung
Some said that he should burn
Some said they would hae Chylde Owlet
Between wild horses torn

There are horses in my stable stand

Can rin richt speedily
It's ye maun tae my stable gang
And wile oot four far me

They've put a horse to ilka foot
and ain tae ilka hand
And sent them oot ower Elkin Moor
As fast as they could gang

There wasnae grass nor heather knowe
Nor broom nor bonnie whin
But drappit wi' Chylde Owlet's blood
And pieces o' his skin

There wasnae stane on Elkin Moor
Nor yet a piece o' rush
But drappit wi' Chylde Owlet's blood
And pieces o' his flesh

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SOF

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