Earl of Aboyne

(alternate:)

Earl of Aboyne

Oh the Earl of Aboyne to London has gone and all his nobles with him
Sad was the heart of his lady fair because she could not go with him

Oh the Earl of Aboyne to London has gone and all his nobles with him
Better he had stayed at home or taken his lady with him.

And as she walked out upon the green among the gentlewomen
Sad was the letter that came to her hand that her lord was wed in London

And as she looked o'er the castle wall she saw two boys a-running
"What news, what news, my bonny little boys, what news have you of London?"

"Oh good news, good news, my lady gay, for the Earl of Aboyne is coming
And ere he's within two miles of your walls you hear his bridles ringing"

"Oh my groom's all be well in call and happy days they are shining
Oh gone are days spent on the stays since the lord of Aboyne is coming
And my mate's all be well in call and happier flowers are shining
And cover the stair with herbs sweet and fair and the floors with the
finest linen

And deck my body in the finest array and my hood of the brightest linen
And my apron shall be of the good silk cloth since the Earl of Aboyne
is coming"

So stately she stepped down the stair to see if he was coming
And her gown was of the good green silk trimmed with her red silk trimming

She's called to Kate, her waiting maid and Jean, her gentlewoman
"Come fetch me a glass of the very best wine to drink his health,
he's coming"

She gone out to the close to her lord, says him "Welcome for your coming"
She gone out to the close to her lord, says him "Thrice welcome from
London"

"Oh if I be of this welcome as you say then kiss me for my coming
For tomorrow should have been my wedding day if I'd stayed any longer
in London"

Oh she turned the around with a look of distaste, says "Woe's me for
your coming
Since tomorrow should have been your wedding day, then go kiss your
whore in London."

"My nobles all come, mount your steed, I'm sorry for my coming
Tonight we shall lie at the bonny Bogie's side since tomorrow the course
is to London"

"Oh Tom my man, run after him and beg him to take me with him."
"Oh I've asked him once and I've asked him the more and it's never a mile
you'll ride with him"

Then a year and a day she lived in woe and the doctors they were dealing
Until at last her heart it broke and letters were sent to London

When he saw the letters all edged in black oh he's bound to grievest
weeping

"Oh she is dead that I loved most and I had but a heart in keeping"
There were fifteen of noblest lords that London could provide him

From their hose to their hat they were all dressed in black to mourn for
bonny Peggy Irvine

And the farther he rode the sorer he wept for he had but a heart in keeping
"Oh sooner I had lost all the lands of Aboyne than my bonnie Peggy Irvine"
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recorded by June Tabor on "Ashes And Diamonds" (1977)

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