Jock o' Hazeldean

Jock o' Hazeldean

Why weep ye by the tide, lady
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son
And ye shall be his bride
And ye shall be his bride, lady
Sae comely to be seen
But aye she let the tears doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

Now let this willfu' grief be done
And dry that cheek sae pale
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And laird o' Langley-dale
His step is first in peaceful ha'
His sword in battle keen
But aye she let the tears doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain of gold ye shall not lack
Nor braid to bind your hair
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk
Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
And you, the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forrest queen
But aye she let the tears doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morningtide
The tapers glimmer'd fair
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride
And dame and knight were there
They sought her baith by bower and ha'
The lady was na' seen
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

Traditional Scottish ballad
Child #293
Recorded by Pricilla Herdman- Water Lilies, Joan Sprung- Pictures, Redpath- Father Adam

DC

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