Lovely Jamie

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On last Monday evening as I went to a ball,
I met my own Jamie, so proper and tall;
I asked him to go with me a piece down the road
I'd show him my fathers garden and where I abode.

"There's a tree in father's garden, lovely Jamie," said she,
"Where young men and maidens they wait upon me,
Where young men and maidens are enjoying their rest,
Meet me there, my lovely Jamie. you're the boy I love best."

My cruel, cruel father in ambush did lay,
And a-hearing the words that my Jamie did say,
And a-hearing the words, as for my love he did sue,
With a pointed weapon he pierced my love through.

"Oh cruel, cruel father, since this was your will,
The innocent blood of my Jamie to spill,
I'll go now to his grave, where he lies so low,
May the heavens shine around him, my own darling boy.

"O green grow the rushes and tall grow the trees,
And love is awaiting, it waits for both you and me:
And love is a hard thing that conquers the best;
In heaven I hope to meet him, and its there I'll find rest."

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