

Lord Randall

"Oh where ha'e ye been, Lord Randall, my son!
And where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man!"
"I ha'e been to the wild wood: mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randall, my son?
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randall, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randall, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"What become a yer bloodhounds, Lord Randall, my son?
What become a yer bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"They swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi huntin, and fain wad lie doon."

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randall, my son!
I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at m' heart, and I fain wad lie doon."