

Fairport Convention "Jack O'rion"

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Jack O'Rion was the finest fiddler ever fiddled on the string
He could drive young ladies wild with a tune his wires would sing
He could fiddle the fish out of salt water, water from a marble stone
Or milk from out a maiden's breast though baby she had none
There he played in the castle hall and there he played them fast asleep
Except it was for the young countess who, for love, she stayed awake
So first he played her a slow air and then he played it brisk and gay
And oh, dear love, behind her glove, this lady she did say
"Ere the day has dawned and the cocks have crowed and flapped their wings so wide
It's you must come to my chamber there and lie down by my side"
So he wrapped his fiddle in a cloth of green and he stole out on his a-tip-a-toe
And he's off back to his young boy Tom as fast as he could go
"Ere the day has dawned and the cocks have crowed and flapped their wings so wide
I'm bid to go to the lady's door and stretch out by her side"
"Lie down, lie down, my good master, here's a blanket to your hand
And I'll waken you in as good a time as any cock in this land"
Now Tom took the fiddle into his hand, he fiddled and he played for a full hour
Until he played him fast asleep; he's off to the lady's bower
And when he came to her chamber door, he twirled softly at the pin
The lady, true to her promise, rose up and let him in
He did not take that lady gay to bolster nor to bed
But down upon the hard cold floor right soon he had her laid

And he did not kiss her when he came nor yet but from
her he did go

But in out the lady's bedroom window, the moon like a
coal did glow

"Ragged are your stockings, love, and stubbly is your
cheek and chin

And tousled is that yellow hair that I saw yestereve"

"These stockings belong to my boy Tom, they were the
first came to my hand

The wind must have tousled my yellow hair and I rode
over the land"

Now Tom took the fiddle into his hand, he fiddled and
he played so saucily

He's off back to his master's house as fast as go could
he

"Wake up, wake up, oh my good master, why snore you
there so loud?

There's not a cock in all this land but has clapped his
wings and crowed"

Jack O'Rion took the fiddle into his hand and he fiddled
and he played so merrily

He's off away to the lady's house as fast as go could
he

And when he came to the lady's door, he twirled so
softly at the pin

Saying "Oh, my dear, it's your true love, rise up and let
me in"

She said "Surely you didn't leave behind a golden
brooch nor a velvet glove

Or are you returning back again to taste more of my
love?"

Jack O'Rion, he swore a bloody oath, by oak, by ash, by
bitter thorn

"Lady, I never was in your house since the day that I
was born"

"Oh, then it was your young boy Tom that cruelly has
beguiled me"

"Oh woe, that the blood of that ruffian boy did spring in
my body"

Jack O'Rion sped off to his own house, saying "Tom, my
boy, come here to me"

He hung him from his own gatepost, high as a willow
tree

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