

## Unknown

### "Jack O'Hazeldon"

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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.

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Traditional Scottish ballad

Child #293

Recorded by Pricilla Herdman- Water Lilies, Joan

Sprung-  
Pictures, Redpath- Father Adam  
@ballad @Scots @courtship  
filename[ JOCKHZLD  
play.exe JOCKHZLD  
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