

## **Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Young Hunting (Traditional Version)"**

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It happened on one evening late,  
As the maid was going to bed,  
She heard a sound, a beautiful sound,  
That made her heart feel glad.  
She thought it was her brother John,  
Returning from the cane;  
But who should it be but Lord Henry,  
Just from his wild hunting.  
"Get down, get down, Lord Henry,  
And stay all night with me;  
For the very best lodging in Mulveren Town,  
The best I'll give to thee."  
"I won't get down, I shan't get down,  
To stay all night with you;  
For there's a prettier girl in the merry green lands,  
That I love much better than you."  
As he leaned o'er his milk-white steed  
And kisses gave her three,  
She held up a knife in her right hand  
And pierced him heartily.  
"O live, O live, Lord Henry,  
Half an hour or more;  
For the very best doctors in Mulveren Town,  
You'll soon be in their care."  
"O live, O live, how can I live,  
How can I live you see,  
When I can feel my own heart's blood,  
Come trinkling o'er my knee?"  
She called her waiting maids unto her  
To view his body so fair,  
Saying, "Of all this finery you see around here,  
The finest you shall wear."  
Some took him by his curly locks,  
Some by his hands and feet,  
And threw him in the cold, dark well,  
Which was both cold and deep  
"Lie there, lie there, Lord Henry,  
Till the flesh rots off your bones!  
That prettier girl in the merry green lands,  
Shall mourn for your return."  
There was a pretty parrot bird,  
Sitting high upon a limb,

Saying, "You murdered Lord Henry,  
And in the well threw him."  
"Come down, come down, my pretty parrot bird,  
And sit on my right knee;  
Your cage shall be the finest gold,  
And the door of ivory."  
"I won't come down, I shan't come down,  
To sit on your right knee;  
For you have murdered Lord Henry,  
And soon you'd murder me"  
"I wish I had my bended bow,  
My arrow and my string;  
I'd pierce a dart so close your heart,  
Those notes no more you'd sing."  
"O if you had your bended bow,  
Your arrow and your string,  
I'd take my flight to the merry green lands  
And tell what I'd seen."

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