

Peggy March

"Jellon Graeme"

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JELLON GRAEME

Jellon Graeme sat in the wood, he whistled and he sang
He called for his servant boy who quickly to him ran

Hurry up, hurry up, my pretty little boy, as fast as ever
you can
You must run for Rosy Flower before the day is gone

The boy buckled on his yellow belt and through the
woods he sang
Ran till he came to the lady's window before the day
was gone

Are you awake little Rosy Flower, the blood runs cold as
rain
I was asleep, but now I'm awake, who's that that calls
my name?

You must go to the Silver Wood, though you never
come back again
You must go to the Silver Wood to speak with Jellon
Graeme

I will go to the Silver Wood though I never come back
again
The man I most desire to see is my love, Jellon Graeme
She had not rid about two long mile, it were not more
than three
Till she came to a new dug grave beneath the white oak
tree

Out and sprang young Jellon Graeme from out of the
woods nearby
Get down, get down, you Rosy Flower, it's here that you
will die

She jumped down from off her horse, then down upon
her knee
Pity on me, dear Jellon Graeme, I'm not prepared to die
Wait until our babe is born and then you can let me lie

If I should spare your life, he said, until our babe is
born
I know your pa and all your kin would hang me in the
morn

Pity on me, dear Jellon Graeme, my pa you need not
dread
I'll bear my baby in the Silver Wood and go and beg my
bread

No pity, no pity for Rosy Flower, on her knees she pray
He stabbed her deep with the silver steel and at his
feet she lay

No pity, no pity for Rosy Flower, she was a lying dead
But pity he had for his little young son a smothering in
her
blood

He's torn the baby out of the womb, washed him in
water and blood
Named him after a robber man, he called him Robin
Hood

Then he took him to his house and set him on a nurse's
knee
He growed as much in a one year time as other ones
do in three

Then he took him to read and write and for to learn how
to thrive
He learned as much in the one year time as other ones
do in five

But I wonder now, said little Robin, if a woman did me
bear
Many a mother do come for the rest, but never one
come for me

It fell out in the summertime when they was a hunting
game
They stopped to rest in the Silver Wood, him and Jellon
Graeme

I wonder now, said little Robin, why my mammy don't
come for me?
To keep me hid in the Silver Wood, I calls it a cruelty
But I wonder now, says little Robin, if the truth would
ever be
known

Why all this woods is a growing green and under that
tree there's
none?

You wonder now, said Jellon Graeme, Why your
mammy don't come for
thee
Lo, there's the place I laid her low, right under that
white oak
tree

The little boy chose him an arrow was both keen and
sharp
Laid his cheek all along the bow and pierced his
father's heart

Lie there, lie there, you Jellon Graeme, the grave you
will never
see
The place where lies my mammy dear is far too good
for thee

I should have torn you out of the womb and thrown you
upon a thorn
Let the wind blow east and the wind blow west and left
you to die
alone

Child #90
recorded by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl on Blood
and Roses

@murder @bastard @ballad
see also SHEATHKF BANKROSE
filename[JELGRAEM
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