

The Prize Fighter Inferno

"Lord Randall"

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Where did you go, Lord Randall my son?
Where did you go, my beloved one?
Down in the glen, down in the glen.
Make me my bed, I've a pain in me head.
And I fain would lie down, and I fain would lie down.

What did you do there, Lord Randall my son?
What did you do there, my beloved one?
I dined with my true love, I dined with my true love,
Make me my bed, I've a pain in me head.
And I fain would lie down, and I fain would lie down.

What did you eat there, Lord Randall my son?
What did you eat there, my beloved one?
Eels and eels broth, eels and eels broth,
Make me my bed, I've a pain in me head.
And I fain would lie down, and I fain would lie down.

I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randall, my son.
I fear you are poisoned, my beloved one.
Indeed I am poisoned, indeed I am poisoned,
Make me my bed, I've a pain in me head.
And I fain would lie down, and I fain would lie down.

What will you leave to your mother, my son?
What will you leave to your mother, oh ill-fated one?
My gold and my silver, my gold and my silver.
Make me my bed, I've a pain in me head.
And I fain would lie down, and I fain would lie down.

What will you leave to your sweetheart, my son?
What will you leave to your sweetheart, oh ill-fated one?
A rope to hang her, a rope to hang her,
Make me my bed, I've a pain in me head.
And I fain would lie down, and I fain would lie down.

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