

## Seeger Peggy "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 grewed 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  
see also SHEATHKF BANKROSE  
filename[ JELGRAEM  
SF  
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