

# Mary Hamilton

## Isla Cameron

Word is to the kitchen gone, and word is to the hall  
And word is up to madam the queen, and that's the worst of all  
That Mary Hamilton has borne a babe  
To the highest stuart of all  
Oh rise, arise Mary Hamilton  
Arise and tell to me  
What thou hast done with thy wee babe  
I saw and heard weep by thee  
I put him in a tiny boat  
And cast him out to sea  
That he might sink or he might swim  
But he'd never come back to me  
Oh rise arise Mary Hamilton  
Arise and come with me  
There is a wedding in Glasgow town  
This night we'll go and see  
She put not on her robes of black  
Nor her robes of brown  
But she put on her robes of white  
To ride into Glasgow town  
And as she rode into Glasgow town  
The city for to see  
The bailiff's wife and the provost's wife  
Cried alack and alas for thee  
Oh you need not weep for me she cried  
You need not week for me  
For had I not slain my own wee babe  
  
This death I would not dee  
Oh little did my mother think  
When first she cradled me  
The lands I was to travel in  
And the death I was to dee  
Last night I washed the queen's feet  
Put the gold in her hair  
And the only reward I find for this  
The gallows to be my share  
Cast off, cast off my gown, she cried  
But let my petticoat be

And tie a napkin round my face  
The gallows, I would not see  
Then by them come the king himself  
Looked up with a pitiful eye  
Come down, come down Mary Hamilton  
Tonight you will dine with me  
Oh hold your tongue, my sovereign liege  
And let your folly be  
For if you'd a mind to save my life  
You'd never have shamed me here  
Last night there were four Marys  
Tonight there'll be but three  
It was Mary Beaton and Mary Seton  
And Mary Carmichael and me

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