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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