

# Royal Forester

Greg Joy

I am a forester of this land  
As you may plainly see  
It's the mantle of your maidenhead  
That I would have from theeHe's taken her by the milk white hand  
And by the leylan sleeve  
He's lain her down upon her back  
And asked no man's leaveNow since you've lain me down young man  
You must take me up again  
And since you've had your wills of me  
Come tell to me your nameSome call me Jim, some call me John  
Begad, it's all the same  
But when I'm in the king's high court  
Erwilian is my nameShe being a good scholar  
She's spelt it o'er again  
Erwilian, that's a Latin word  
But Willy is your nameNow when he heard his name pronounced  
He mounted his high horse  
She's belted up her petticoat  
And followed with all her forceHe rode and she ran  
A long summer day  
Until they came by the river  
That's commonly called the TayThe water, it's too deep, my love  
I'm afraid you cannot wade  
But afore he'd ridden his horse well in  
She was on the other sideShe went up to the king's high door  
She knocked and she went in  
Said, "One of your chancellor's robbed me  
And he's robbed me right and clean"Has he robbed you of your mantle?  
Has he robbed you of your ring?  
No, he's robbed me of my maidenhead  
And another I can't findIf he be a married man  
Then hanged he shall be  
And if he be a single man  
He shall marry thee?This couple, they got married  
They live in Huntley town  
She's the Earl of Airlie's daughter  
And he's the blacksmith's son

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