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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