Jock O'Hazeldean

Fairground Attraction

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye tae my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride:
And ye shall be his bride, lady,
Sae comely to hae be' seen" -
But aye she let the tears doon fall
For Jock O'Hazeldean.
"Now let this weary grief be done,
And dry your cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is feared thoughout the land,
His sword in battle keen" -
But aye she let the tears doon fall
For Jock O'Hazeldean."A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the fairest of them all,
Shall ride the forest queen" -
But oh she let the tears doon fall
For Jock O'Hazeldean.
The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
The dame and knight were there.
They sought her far throughout the land;
The lady was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock O'Hazeldean.
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