

## The King's Dochter Lady Jean (Child 52A)

- 1 THE king's young dochter was sitting in her window,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
She lookt out o the bow-window,  
And she saw the leaves growing green, my luve,  
And she saw the leaves growing green. 5
- 2 She stuck her needle into her sleeve,  
Her seam down by her tae,  
And she is awa to the merrie green-wood,  
To pu the nit and slae.
- 3 She hadna pu't a nit at a', 10  
A nit but scarcely three,  
Till out and spak a braw young man,  
Saying, How daur ye bow the tree?
- 4 'It 's I will pu the nit,' she said, 15  
'And I will bow the tree,  
And I will come to the merrie green wud,  
And na ax leive o thee.'
- 5 He took her by the middle sae sma,  
And laid her on the gerss sae green,  
And he has taen his will o her, 20  
And he loot her up agen.
- 6 'Now syn ye hae got your will o me,  
Pray tell to me your name;  
For I am the king's young dochter,' she said,  
'And this nicht I daurna gang hame.' 25
- 7 'Gif ye be the king's dochter,' he said,  
'I am his auldest son;  
I wish I had died on some frem isle,  
And never had come hame!
- 8 'The first time I came hame, Jeanie, 30  
Thou was na here nor born;  
I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had been forlorn!
- 9 'The neist time I came hame, Jeanie,  
Thou was sittin on the nourice knee; 35  
And I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had never seen thee!
- 10 'And the neist time I came hame, Jeanie,  
I met thee here alane;  
I wish my pretty ship had sunk, 40

And I had neer come hame!

- 11 She put her hand down by her side,  
And doun into her spare,  
And she pou't out a wee pen-knife,  
And she wounded hersell fu sair. 45
- 12 Hooly, hooly rase she up,  
And hooly she gade hame,  
Until she came to her father's parlour,  
And there she did sick and mane.
- 13 'O sister, sister, mak my bed,  
O the clean sheets and strae,  
O sister, sister, mak my bed,  
Down in the parlour below.' 50
- 14 Her father he came tripping down the stair,  
His steps they were fu slow;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' he said,  
'Ye 're lying far ower low.' 55
- 15 'O late yestreen, as I came hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my briest did fa!' 60
- 16 Her mother she came tripping doun the stair,  
Her steps they were fu slow;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
'Ye're lying far ower low.' 65
- 17 'O late yestreen, as I cam hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my breast did fa!'
- 18 Her sister came tripping doun the stair,  
Her steps they were fu slow;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
'Ye 're lying far ower low.'
- 19 'O late yestreen, as I cam hame,  
Doun by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my breast did fa!' 75
- 20 Her brither he cam trippin doun the stair,  
His steps they were fu slow;  
He sank into his sister's arms,  
And they died as white as snaw. 80