

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!' 70
- 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.' 75
- 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!' 80
- 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