

Jock O' Hazeldean

Scotland (Child #293)

arranged for Dulcimer

D A7 Bm Em G Em A

6

D A7 Bm F#m G A D

6

G Em F#m Bm D G

10

D A7 Bm F#m G A D

14

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JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

Traditional Scottish ballad

Child #293

Why weep ye by the tide, lady Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son And ye shall be his bride.
And ye shall be his bride, lady Sae comely to be seen
But aye she let the tears doon fa' For Jock o' Hazeldean.

Now let this willfu' grief be done And dry that cheek sae pale
Young Frank is chief of Errington And laird o' Langley-dale
His step is first in peaceful ha' His sword in battle keen
But aye she let the tears doon fa' 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 foremost o' them a' Shall ride our forest queen
But aye she let the tears doon fa' For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morningtide The tapers glimmer'd fair
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride And dame and knight were there
They sought her baith by bower and ha' The lady was na' seen
She's o'er the border and awa' Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

