## Jock o' Hazeldean

words: Walter Scott tune: traditional



"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye, 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 ladye, Sae comely to be seen" But aye she loot the tears doon fa' For Jock o' Hazeldean.

## Jock o' Hazeldean

"Now let this wilful grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale: Young Frank is Chief of Errington, And Lord of Langley-dale: His step is first in peacefu' ha', His sword in battle keen." But aye she loot the tears doon fa' For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gowd ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair; Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk, Not palfrey fresh and fair. And you the foremost o' them a' Shall ride our forest queen." But aye she loot the tear doon fa' For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
But ne'er a bride was there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha':
The ladye wasna seen;
She's ower the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.