

Hughie Graeme

June Tabor

Lords have to the mountains gone, a-huntin' of the
fallow deer
They have grippit Hughie Graeme for stealing of the
bishop's mare
They have bought him hand and foot, led him up through
Carlisle town
All the lads along the way cried "Hughie Graeme, you
shall hang"

"Loose my right arm free," he said,
"Put my broadsword in my hand.
There's none in Carlisle town this day
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graeme."

Up and spoke the good Whitefoord as he sat by the
bishop's knee,
"Five hundred white stots I'll give you if you give
Hughie Graeme to me."
"Hold your tongue, my noble lord, and as of your
pleading, let it be.
Although ten Graemes were in his coat, Hughie Graeme
this day shall die."

Up and spoke the fair Whitefoord as she sat by the
bishop's knee,
"Five hundred white pence I'll give you if you let
Hughie Graeme go free."
"Hold your tongue, my lady fair, and as of your
weeping, let it be.
Although ten Graemes were in his coat, it's for my
honor he must die."

They've ta'en him to the hanging hill and led him by
the gallows tree
Ne'er did color leave his cheek, nor ever did he blink
his eye
Then he's looked him roundabout, all for to see what he
could see
Then he saw his father dear, weeping, weeping bitterly

"Hold your tongue, my father dear, and as of your
weeping, let it be.
It sorer, sorer grieves my heart than all that they
could do to me.

And you may give my brother James my sword that's made
of the metal clear.
Bid him come at twelve of the clock and see me pay the
bishop's mare.
And you may give my brother John my sword that's made
of the metal brown.
Bid him come at four of the clock and see his brother
Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggie my wife the next time she comes
o'er the moor
Tell 'er she stole the bishop's mare

Tell 'er she was the bishop's whore

And you may tell my kith and kin I never did disgrace
their blood

When next they meet the bishop's cloak,
Leave it shorter by the hood!"