

## Jock O'hazeldean

The Corries

Why weep ye by the tide, lady  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son  
And you will be his bride  
And you will be his bride, lady  
Sae comely to be seen  
And aye she let the tears doon fa'  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.  
Now let this willfu' grief be done  
And dry ya 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 you 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'll  
Will ride our forrest queen  
But aye she let the tears doon fa'  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.  
The church was deck'd at morningtide  
The tapers glimmer'd fair  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride  
And dame and knight are there  
They sought her baith by bower and ha'  
The lady was nae seen  
She's o'er the border and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.