

Lord Randall

Harry Belafonte

Oh where have you been Lord Randall, my son?
Where have you been my handsome young one?
I've been to my sweetheart mother
I've been to my sweetheart mother
Oh make my bed soon for I'm sick to the heart
And fain would lie down

Oh what did you eat, oh Randall, my son?
What were you fed, my handsome young one?
Eels and eel broth, mother
Speckled eel broth, mother
Oh make my bed soon for I'm sick to the heart
And fain would lie down

Oh, you have been poisoned, oh Randall, my son
You have been poisoned, my handsome young one
'Tis truth you've spoken, mother
'Tis truth you've spoken, mother
Please make my bed soon for I'm sick to the heart
And fain would lie down

Oh, what will you leave your mother, my son?
What will you leave her, my handsome young one?
My love to keep you, mother
My love to keep you, mother
Oh make my bed soon for I'm sick to the heart
And fain would lie down

Oh, what will you leave your sweetheart, my son?
What will you leave her, my handsome young one?
A rope from Hell to hang her
A rope from Hell to hang her
Oh make my bed soon for I'm sick to the heart
And fain would lie down