

## Young Waters

June Tabor

Oh, about Yule, when the winds blow cold  
And the round tables begin  
For there is come to our king's court  
Many's the well-favored man  
The queen looked over the castle wall  
Beheld both dale and down  
And there she spied Young Waters  
Come a-riding to the town

His footmen they did run before  
And his horsemen rode behind;  
A mantle of the burning gold  
Did keep him from the wind  
Golden harness'd his horse before  
And silver shod behind;  
The horse Young Waters rode upon  
Was swifter than the wind

Then up spoke a wily lord  
And unto the queen says he  
"Oh, tell me whose is the fairest face  
Rides in the company?"  
"Oh, I've seen lord and I've seen laird  
And knights of high degree  
But Young Waters is the fairest face  
That ever my eyes did see."  
Then up spoke the jealous king  
And an angry man was he  
"Oh, if he had of been twice as fair  
You might have accepted me."  
"You're neither lord nor laird," she says  
"But the king that wears the crown

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And there's not a knight in all of Scotland  
But to thee must bow down."

But for all that she could do nor say  
Appeas-ed he would not be  
And for the words that the queen had spoke  
Young Waters he must die  
And they have taken Young Waters  
And put fetters on his feet  
And they have taken Young Waters  
And thrown him in dungeon deep

"Oft have I ridden through Stirling Town  
In the wind both and the wet  
But I never rode through Stirling Town  
With fetters on my feet  
Oft have I ridden through Stirling Town  
In the wind both and the rain  
But I never rode through Stirling Town  
Never to return again."  
Oh, they have taken to the heading hill  
His young son in his cradle  
And they have taken to the heading hill

His horse both and his saddle  
And they have taken to the heading hill  
His lady fair to see  
And for the words that the queen had spoke  
Young Waters he did die