

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