Lord Baker

Planxty

There was a lord who lived in this land
Being a lord of high degree
He left his foot down a ship's board
And swore strange countries that he would go see

He traveled East and he traveled West
He traveled North and South also
Until he arrived into Turkey land
There he was taken and bound in prison
Until his life it grew weary

Oh Turkey bold had one only daughter
As fair a lady as the eye could see
She stole the key to her dad-oh's harbour
And swore Lord Baker she would set free

Singing you have houses and you have linen
And all Northumber belongs to thee
What would give you to Turkey's daughter
If out of prison she'd set you free?

Singin' I have houses, and I have linen
All Northumber belongs to me
I would will them all to you my darling
If out of prison you'd set me free

She's brought him down to her dad-oh's harbour
And filled for him was the ship of fame
And every toast that she did drink round him
I wish Lord Baker that you were mine

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And filled for him was the ship of fame
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They made a vow for seven years
And seven more for to keep it strong
Saying if you don't wed with no other woman
I'm sure will wed with no other man

And seven years been passed and over
And seven more they were rolling on
She has bundled up all her gold and clothing
And swore Lord Baker she would go find

She traveled East and she traveled West
Till she came to the palace of fame
Who's that, who's that, cried the bold young porter
Who knocks so gently and can't get in?

Is this Lord Baker's palace, replied the lady
Or is his lordship himself within?
This is Lord Baker's palace, replied the porter
This very day took a new bride in

Well ask him send me a cut of his wedding cake

A glass of his wine it been e'er so strong
And to remember a brave young lady
Who did release him in Turkey land

In goes, in goes, in goes the porter
And kneels down gently on his right knee
Rise up, rise up now my bold young porter
What news, what news have you brought to me?

Singing I have news of a grand arrival
As fair as lady as the eye could see
She is at the gate waiting for your charity

She wears a gold ring on every finger
And on the middle one where she wears three
She has more gold hung around her middle
Than'd buy Northumber and family

She asks you send her a cut of your wedding cake
A glass of your wine it'd been e'er so strong
And to remember a brave young lady
Who did release you in Turkey land

He took his sword all by the handle
Cut the wedding cake in pieces three
Singing here's a piece for Turkey's daughter
Here's a piece for the new bride and one for me

Down comes, down comes the new bride's mother
What will I do with my daughter dear?
Your daughter came with one bag of gold
I'll let her to home love with thirty-three

And then Lord Baker ran to his darling
Of twenty-one steps he made but three
He put his arms round Turkey's daughter
And kissed his true love most tenderly

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