Jack Orion

The Pentangle

Jack Orion was the finest fiddler ever fiddled on the string
He could drive young ladies wild with a tune his wires would sing
He could fiddle the fish out of salt water, water from a marble stone
Or milk from out a maiden's breast though baby she had none
There he played in the castle hall and there he played them fast asle
ep
Except it was for the young countess who, for love, she stayed awake
So first he played her a slow air and then he played it brisk and gay
And oh, dear love, behind her glove, this lady she did say
Ere the day has dawned and the cocks have crowed and flapped their wi
ngs so wide
It's you must come to my chamber there and lie down by my side
So he wrapped his fiddle in a cloth of green and he stole out on his
a-tip-a-toe
And he's off back to his young boy Tom as fast as he could go
Ere the day has dawned and the cocks have crowed and flapped their wi
ngs so wide
I'm bid to go to the lady's door and stretch out by her side
Lie down, lie down, my good master, here's a blanket to your hand
And I'll waken you in as good a time as any cock in this land
Now Tom took the fiddle into his hand, he fiddled and he played for a
 full hour
Until he played him fast asleep; he's off to the lady's bower
And when he came to her chamber door, he twirled softly at the pin
The lady, true to her promise, rose up and let him in
He did not take that lady gay to bolster nor to bed
But down upon the hard cold floor right soon he had her laid
And he did not kiss her when he came nor yet but from her he did go
But in out the lady's bedroom window, the moon like a coal did glow
Ragged are your stockings, love, and stubbly is your cheek and chin
And tousled is that yellow hair that I saw yestereve
These stockings belong to my boy Tom, they were the first came to my
hand
The wind must have tousled my yellow hair and I rode over the land
Now Tom took the fiddle into his hand, he fiddled and he played so sa
ucily
He's off back to his master's house as fast as go could he
Wake up, wake up, oh my good master, why snore you there so loud?
There's not a cock in all this land but has clapped his wings and cro
wed
Jack Orion took the fiddle into his hand and he fiddled and he played
 so merrily
He's off away to the lady's house as fast as go could he
And when he came to the lady's door, he twirled so softly at the pin
Saying Oh, my dear, it's your true love, rise up and let me in
She said Surely you didn't leave behind a golden brooch nor a velvet
glove
Or are you returning back again to taste more of my love?
Jack Orion, he swore a bloody oath, by oak, by ash, by bitter thorn
Lady, I never was in your house since the day that I was born
Oh, then it was your young boy Tom that cruelly has beguiled me
Oh woe, that the blood of that ruffian boy did spring in my body

Jack Orion sped off to his own house, saying
Tom, my boy, come here to me
He hung him from his own gatepost, high as a willow tree

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