A Maiden Sat A-Weeping



While riding down that greenwood road There sat a lady who mourned, And all of her lamentation was, It was John of the Hazelgreen.

You are welcome with me, kind miss, You are welcome with me, said he, And you may have my oldest son A husband for to be.

I don't want your oldest son, He's neither lord nor king. I intend to be the bride of none But John of Hazelgreen.

*For he's tall and his shoulders broad, He's the lord of all our kin. His hair hangs down like the links of gold, He's John of the Hazelgreen.

While riding down that lengthy lane, That lane that leads to town, O up stepped John of the Hazelgreen And helped his lady down. Forty times he kissed her rudy lips And forty times he kissed her chin, And forty times he kissed her ruby lips And let his lady in.

(* This stanza was moved by Sharp from before verse 3 to after it)