

# Jock of Hazeldean

♩ = 102



"Why weep ye by the



tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the tide? \_\_\_\_\_



I'll wed ye to my young-est son, And ye shall be his bride.



And ye shall be his bride la - dye, Sae come-ly to be seen."



But aye she loot the



tears doon fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

"Why weep ye by the tide, layde?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son

And ye shall be his bride.

And ye shall be his bride ladye.

Sae comely to be seen."

But aye she loot the tears doon fa',

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done  
And dry that cheek sae pale,  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And Lord of Langley-dale.  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen."  
But aye she loot the tears doon fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair;  
Nor mettl'd hound, nor manag'd hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you, the foremost o' them a'  
Shall ride our forest queen:" -  
But aye she loot the tears doon fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there.  
They sought her both by bower and ha'  
The layde was na seen!  
She's o'er the border and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!