

# Mary Hamilton

Joan Baez

Word is to the kitchen gone, and word is to the Hall  
And word is up to Madam the Queen, and that's the worst of all  
That Mary Hamilton has borne a babe  
To the highest Stuart of all

Oh, rise, arise Mary Hamilton  
Arise and tell to me  
What thou hast done with thy wee babe  
I saw and heard weep by thee

I put him in a tiny boat  
And cast him out to sea  
That he might sink or he might swim  
But he'd never come back to me

Oh, rise arise Mary Hamilton  
Arise and come with me  
There is a wedding in Glasgow town  
This night we'll go and see

She put not on her robes of black  
Nor her robes of brown  
But she put on her robes of white  
To ride into Glasgow town

And as she rode into Glasgow town  
The city for to see  
The bailiff's wife and the provost's wife  
Cried Alack and alas for thee

Oh, you need not weep for me she cried  
You need not weep for me  
For had I not slain my own wee babe  
This death I would not dee

Oh, little did my mother think  
When first she cradled me  
The lands I was to travel in  
And the death I was to dee

Last night I washed the Queen's feet  
And put the gold in her hair  
And the only reward I find for this  
The gallows to be my share

Cast off cast off my gown she cried  
But let my petticoat be  
And tie a napkin round my face  
The gallows I would not see

Then by them come the king himself  
Looked up with a pitiful eye  
Come down come down Mary Hamilton  
Tonight you will dine with me

Oh, hold your tongue my sovereign liege  
And let your folly be

For if you'd a mind to save my life  
You'd never have shamed me here

Last night there were four marys  
Tonight there'll be but three  
It was Mary Beaton and Mary Seton  
And Mary Carmichael and me