

The Bonny Hind

June Tabor

It's May she comes and May she goes down by the garden
green
It's there she spied a good young squire as good as
e'er be seen
It's May she comes and May she goes down by the Holland
green
And it's there she spied a brisk young squire as brisk
as e'er be seen
"Come give to me your green mantle, give to me your
maidenhead
If you won't give me your green mantle, give me your
maidenhead"
He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand and gently laid
her down
And it's when he raised her up again giving her a
silver comb
"Perhaps there may be bends or perhaps there may be
none
But if you be a courtier pray tell to me your name"
"Oh I am no courtier" he said "but new come from the
sea
Oh I am no courtier" he said "but when I courted thee
They call me Jack when I'm abroad, sometimes they call
me John
But when I'm in my father's bower, oh, Jock Randal is
my name"
"You lie, you lie, you bonny lad, so loud I hear you
lie
For I am Lord Randal's only daughter, he has no more
than me"
"You lie, you lie, you bonny lass, so loud I hear you
lie
For I am Lord Randal's very own son that new come from
the sea"
She's puttin' down by her side and out she's taken a
knife
And she's put in in her own heart's blood and taken
away her life
And he's taken his only sister with a big tear in his
eye
And he's buried his only sister beneath the Holland
tree
It's soon he's hied him o'er the dales his father due
to see
"It's oh and woe for my bonny hind beneath the Holland
tree"
"What care you for a bonny hind, for it you need not
care
There's eight score hinds in yon green park and five
score is to spare"
"Oh score at them a silver shot and these you may get
three
But oh and woe for my bonny hind beneath the Holland
tree"
"What care you for your bonny hind, for it you need not
care
Take you the best and leave me the worst since plenty

is to spare"

"I care not for your hinds, kind sir, I care not for
your fee

But it's oh and woe for my bonny hind beneath the
Holland tree"

"Oh were you up your sister's bower, your sister fair
to see

Oh you'll think no more on your bonny hind beneath the
Holland tree"