

Lord Baker

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There was a Lord who lived in this land
He being a Lord of high degree
He left his foot down a ship's board
And swore strange countries he would go see.

He's travelled east and he's travelled west
Half the north and the south also
Until he arrived into Turkey land.
There he was taken and bound in prison
Until his life it grew weary.

And Turkey bold had one only daughter
As fair a lady, as the eye could see
She stole the key to her Daddy's harbour
And swore Lord Baker, she would set free.

Singing, 'You have houses and you have linen,
All Northumber belongs to thee
What would you give to Turkey's daughter
If out of prison she'd set you free?'

Singing, 'I have houses, I have linen,
All Northumber belongs to me
I would will them all to you my darling,
If out of prison you set me free?'

She's brought him down to her Daddy's harbour
And filled for him was the ship of fame
And every toast that she did drink round him,
'I wish Lord Baker that you were mine.'

They made a vow for seven years
And seven more for to keep it strong
Saying 'If you don't wed with no other woman
I'm sure I'll wed with no other man.'

And seven years been past and over
And seven more they were rolling on
She's bundled up all her golden clothing
And swore Lord Baker she would go find.

She's travelled East and she's travelled West
Until she came to the palace of fame
'Who is that, who is that?' called the young foot soldier
'Who knocks so gently and can't get in?'

'Is this Lord Baker's palace?' replied the lady
'Or is his lordship himself within?'
'This is Lord Baker's palace' replied the porter,
'This very day took a new bride in.'

'Well ask him send me a cut of his wedding cake
A glass of his wine that been e'er so strong
And to remember the brave young lady
Who did release him in Turkey land.'

In goes, in goes, the young foot soldier

Kneels down gently on his right knee
'Rise up, rise up now the brave young porter,
What news, what news have you got for me?'

Singing, 'I have news of a grand arrival,
As fair a lady as the eye could see
She is at the gate
Waiting for your charity.'

'She wears a gold ring on every finger,
And on the middle one where she wears three,
She has more gold hanging around her middle
Than'd buy Northumber and family.'

'She asked you send her a cut of your wedding cake
A glass of your wine, it been e'er so strong,
And to remember the brave young lady
Who did release you in Turkey land.'

Down comes, down comes the new bride's mother
'What will I do with my daughter dear?'
'I know your daughter, she's not been covered
Nor has she shown any love for me.

Your daughter came with one pack of gold
I'll avert her home now, with thirty-three.'
He took his sword all by the handle
And cut the wedding cake, in pieces three
Singing 'here's a slice for the new bride's mother
A slice for me new love and one for me.'

And then Lord Baker, ran to his darling
Of twenty-one steps, he made but three
He put his arms around Turkey's daughter
And kissed his true love, most tenderly.