

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

## [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

### Hind Eton

Hind Eton

Lady Margaret sits in her bower door  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
She heard a note in Elmond's-wood,  
And wish'd she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,  
And the needle to her tae;  
And she is on to Elmond's-wood .  
As fast as she cou'd gae.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but ane,  
Till by it came a young hind chiel,  
Says, Lady lat alane.

O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,  
Or why brake ye the tree;  
For I am forester o' this wood,  
Ye shou'd spier leave at me?

I'll ask leave at no living man,  
Nor yet will I at thee;  
My father is king o'er a' this realm,  
This wood belongs to me.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but three,  
Till by it came him young Akin,  
And gar'd her lat them be.

The highest tree in Elmond's-wood,  
He's pu'd it by the reet;  
And he has built for her a bower  
Near by a hallow seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure  
Wi' carbuncle and stane;  
Tho' travelers were never sae nigh  
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's'wood,

For six lang years and one;  
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,  
And the seventh she's brought home.

It fell ance upon a day,  
This guid lord went from home;  
And he is to the hunting gane,  
Took wi' him his eldest son.

And when they were on a good way  
Wi' slowly pace did walk  
The boy's heart being something wae  
He thus began to talk

A question I wou'd ask, father,  
Gin ye wou'dna angry be.  
Say on, say on, my bonny boy,  
Ye'se nae be quarrell'd by me.

I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,  
I never can see them dry;  
And I wonder what aileth my mither  
To mourn continually.

Your mither was a king's daughter  
Sprung frae a high degree  
And she might ha'e wed some worthy prince  
Had she nae been stown by me;

I was her father's cup-bearer,  
Just at that fatal time;  
I catch'd her on a misty night,  
When summer was in prime;

My luve to her was most sincere,  
Her luve was great for me;  
But when she hardships doth endure,  
Her folly she does see.

I'll shoot the buntin' o' the bush,  
The linnet o' the tree,  
And bring them to my dear mither,  
See if she'll merrier be.

It fell upon another day  
This good lord he thought lang  
And he is to the hunting gane  
Took wi' him his dog and gun

Wi' bow and arrow by his side  
He's aff, single, alane  
And left his seven children to stay  
Wi' their mither at hame

O I will tell to you, mither  
Gin ye wadna angry be  
Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy  
Ye'se nae be quarrelled by me

As we came frae the hynd-hunting  
We heard fine music ring  
My blessings on you, my bonnie boy  
I wish I'd been there my lane

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,  
His six brithers also,  
And they are on thro' Elmond's-wood,  
As fast as they cou'd go;

They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
Wi' the stratlins o' their feet;  
They wistna weel where they were gaen  
Till at her father's yate.

I hae nae money in my pocket,  
But royal rings hae three;  
I'll gie them you, my little young son,  
And ye'll walk there for me;

Ye'll gi'e the first to the Proud porter,  
And he will lat you in;  
Ye'll gi'e the next to the butler boy,  
And he will show you ben;

Ye'll gi'e the third to the minstrel  
That plays before the king;  
He'll play success to the bonny boy,  
Came thro, the wood him lane.

He ga'e the first to the proud porter,  
And he open'd an' let him in;  
He ga'e the next to the butler boy,  
And he has shown him ben;

He ha'e the third to the minstrel  
That play'd before the king;  
And he play'd success to the bonny boy  
Came thro, the wood him lane.

Now when he came before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee;  
The king he turned round about,  
And the saut tear blinded his ee.

Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
Gang frae my companie;  
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,  
My heart will birst in three.

If I look like your dear daughter,  
A wonder it is none;  
If I look like your dear daughter,-  
I am her eldest son.

Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,  
Where may my Margaret be ?  
She's just now standing at your yates,  
And my six brithers her wi '

O where are all my porter boys  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To open my yates baith wide and braid ?  
Let her come in to me.

When she came in before the king,  
Fell low down on her knee :  
Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
This day ye'll dine wi' me.

Ae bit I canno' eat, father,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Till I see my mither and sister dear  
For lang for them I think.

When she came before the queen,  
Fell low down on her knee:  
Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
This day ye'se dine wi' me.

Ae bit I canno' eat, mither,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear sister,  
For lang for her I think.

When that these two sisters met,  
She hail'd her courteouslie :  
Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,

This day ye'se dine wi' me.

Ae bit I canno' eat, sister,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear husband,  
For lang for him I think.

[ the rest is from Christie ]

"O where are all my rangers bold,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To search the forest far an' wide,  
And bring Akin to me?"

Then out it speaks the little wee boy,-  
"Na, na, this manna be;  
Without ye grant a free pardon,  
I hope ye'll nae him see."

"O here I grant a free pardon,  
Well seal'd by my own han' ;  
Ye may make search for young Akin,  
As soon as e'er you can."

They search'd the country wide and braid,  
The forests far and near;  
And found him into Elmond's-wood,  
Tearing his yellow hair.

Win up, win up, now young Akin,  
Win' up and boun wi' me;  
We're messengers come from the court,  
The king wants you to see."

"O lat him tak' frae me my head,  
Or hang me on a tree;  
For since I've lost my dear lady,  
Life's no pleasure to me.

"Your head will nae be touch'd, Akin,  
Nor hang'd upon a tree;  
Your lady's in her father's court,  
And all he wants is thee."

When he came in before the king,  
He fell down on his knee:  
"Win up, win up, now young Akin,  
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set  
The boy asked a boun ;  
"I wish we were in the good church,  
For to get Christendoun'

We ha'e lived in guid green wood  
This seven years and ane;  
But all this time since e'er I mind  
Was never a church within "

"Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,  
But granted it shall be ;  
This day to guid church ye shall gang'  
And your mother shall gang wi' ye.

Then out it speaks the parish priest,  
And a sweet smile gae he;-  
"Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,  
Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,  
And likewise James and John;  
They call'd the eldest Young Akin,  
Which was his father's name.

Then they staid in the royal court,  
And liv'd wi' mirth and glee;  
And when her father was deceas'd,  
Heir of the crown was she.

Child #41  
Printed in Bronson (tune available)  
SOF