

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

13 *Jock of Hazeldean*

Air — *A Border Melody.*

The first stanza of this Ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

I.

“Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie, 5
Sae comely to be seen” —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

“Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale; 10
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 down fa' 15
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair; 20
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen” —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide, 25

The tapers glimmer'd fair;

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,

And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha';

The ladie was not seen! 30

She's o'er the Border, and awa'

Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

1816

(From *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*. Ed. J. G.
Lockhart. Edinburgh: Robert Cadell, 1841)