

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)