

YOUNG HUNTING (Child 68)

(Spring Tide Rising 2010)

Abide, abide, true love, he said
And stay with me all night
You shall have your pleasure in my room
With a coal and candle light, light
With a coal and candle light

I won't abide, you false woman
And stay with you all night
At home I have a fairer love
My joy and heart's delight, delight
My joy and heart's delight

As he bent oe'r hs saddle bow
To kiss her lips so sweet
She took a penknife in her hand
And pierc'd his heart full deep, deep
And pierc'd his heart full deep

Why do you wound me false woman
Why piece my breast full sore
There's not a doctor in the land
Can bring me to a cure, a cure
Can bring me to a cure

She woke her maids in the morning
All at the break of day
I have a dead man in my room
I wish he were away, away
I wish he were away

Some took him by the lily white hands
Some took him by the feet
They threw him down the old dry well
Some fifty fathoms deep, deep
Some fifty fathoms deep

Sleep there, sleep there you false young man
Now sleep there, sleep alone
And let the one that you love best
Long mourn your coming home, home
Long mourn your coming home.