

Alasdair Roberts, Lord Ronald

Oh, where have you been to, Lord Ronald, my son?
Oh, where have you been to, my handsome young man?
I've been to the green wood
Mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary 'o hunting
And fain would lie down

What had ye for dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
What had ye for dinner, my handsome young man?
I had eels boiled in broth
Mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary 'o hunting
And fain would lie down

Oh, where did they come from, Lord Ronald, my son?
Oh, where did they from, my handsome young man?
From my father's black ditch
Mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary 'o hunting
And fain would lie down

Oh, where are your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald, my son?
Oh, where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?
They swelled and they died
Mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary 'o hunting
And fain would lie down

I fear you are poisoned, Lord Ronald, my son
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man
Oh, yes, I am poisoned
Mother, make my bed soon
For I'm sick to the heart
And I fain would lie down

What do you leave to your brother, Lord Ronald, my son?
What do you leave to your brother, my handsome young man?
My gold watch and chain
Mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary 'o hunting
And fain would lie down

What do you leave to your father, Lord Ronald, my son?
What do you leave to your father, my handsome young man?
My gold and my lambs
Mother, make my bed soon
For I'm weary 'o hunting
And fain would lie down

What do you leave to your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
What do you leave to your sweetheart, my handsome young man?
I'll leave her the robe
And the high gallows tree
And let her hang there
For the poisoning of me