

# Mediaeval Baebes, Tam Lin

What gar's ye pu' the rose Janet  
What gars ye break the tree  
I'll come and go by carter haugh  
And ask me leave of thee.  
He's ta'en her by the milk white hand  
And by the grass green sleeve  
He's led her to the fairy ground  
And spierd at her nae leave

A word I winna lie Janet  
The truth to thee I'll tell  
My father was a noble knight  
And loved hunting well  
And on a cold and frosty day  
Down from my horse I fell  
The queen of fairies she caught me  
In yon green hill to dwell

And at the end of seven years  
We pay a tiend to hell  
I am sae fair and fu'of flesh  
I'm feared it be myself  
This night is Hallwe'en Janet  
When fairy folk moun ride  
And they that would their truelove win  
At miles cross they must bide

So gloomy gloomy was the night  
And eiry was the way  
As Janet in her mantle green  
To miles Cross she did gae  
And then upspoke the Fairy Queen  
Tam Lin if I had know  
I would have pulled out both your eyes  
To give you eyes of stone