

Peggy Seeger, Jellon Graeme

JELLON GRAEME

Jellon Graeme sat in the wood, he whistled and he sang
He called for his servant boy who quickly to him ran
Hurry up, hurry up, my pretty little boy, as fast as ever you can
You must run for Rosy Flower before the day is gone
The boy buckled on his yellow belt and through the woods he sang
Ran till he came to the lady's window before the day was gone
Are you awake little Rosy Flower, the blood runs cold as rain
I was asleep, but now I'm awake, who's that that calls my name?
You must go to the Silver Wood, though you never come back again
You must go to the Silver Wood to speak with Jellon Graeme
I will go to the Silver Wood though I never come back again
The man I most desire to see is my love, Jellon Graeme
She had not rid about two long mile, it were not more than three
Till she came to a new dug grave beneath the white oak tree
Out and sprang young Jellon Graeme from out of the woods nearby
Get down, get down, you Rosy Flower, it's here that you will die
She jumped down from off her horse, then down upon her knee
Pity on me, dear Jellon Graeme, I'm not prepared to die
Wait until our babe is born and then you can let me lie
If I should spare your life, he said, until our babe is born
I know your pa and all your kin would hang me in the morn
Pity on me, dear Jellon Graeme, my pa you need not dread
I'll bear my baby in the Silver Wood and go and beg my bread
No pity, no pity for Rosy Flower, on her knees she pray
He stabbed her deep with the silver steel and at his feet she lay
No pity, no pity for Rosy Flower, she was a lying dead
But pity he had for his little young son a smothering in her
blood
He's torn the baby out of the womb, washed him in water and blood
Named him after a robber man, he called him Robin Hood
Then he took him to his house and set him on a nurse's knee
He growed as much in a one year time as other ones do in three
Then he took him to read and write and for to learn how to thrive
He learned as much in the one year time as other ones do in five
But I wonder now, said little Robin, if a woman did me bear
Many a mother do come for the rest, but never one come for me
It fell out in the summertime when they was a hunting game
They stopped to rest in the Silver Wood, him and Jellon Graeme
I wonder now, said little Robin, why my mammy don't come for me?
To keep me hid in the Silver Wood, I calls it a cruelty
But I wonder now, says little Robin, if the truth would ever be
known
Why all this woods is a growing green and under that tree there's
none?
You wonder now, said Jellon Graeme, Why your mammy don't come for
thee
Lo, there's the place I laid her low, right under that white oak
tree
The little boy chose him an arrow was both keen and sharp
Laid his cheek all along the bow and pierced his father's heart
Lie there, lie there, you Jellon Graeme, the grave you will never
see
The place where lies my mammy dear is far too good for thee
I should have torn you out of the womb and thrown you upon a thorn
Let the wind blow east and the wind blow west and left you to die
alone
Child #90
recorded by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl on Blood and Roses
see also SHEATHKF BANKROSE
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SF
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