

Steeleye Span, Royal Forester

I am a forester of this land
As you may plainly see,
It's the mantle of your maidenhead
That I would have from thee.

After each verse:
with me roo-run-rority ri-run-rority ri-no-ority-an.

He's taken her by the milk-white hand,
And by the leylan sleeve,
He's lain her down upon her back
And asked no man's leave.

Now since you've lain me down young man
You must take me up again,
And since you've had your will on me,
Come tell to me your name.

Some call me Jim, some call me John,
Begad it's all the same,
But when I'm in the king's hight court
Erwilian is my name.

She being a good scholar
She's spelt it over again,
Erwilian, that's a Latin word,
But Willy is your name.

Now when he heard his name pronounced,
He mounted his high horse,
She's belted up her petticoat
And followed with all her force.

He rode and she ran
A long summer day,
Until they came by the river
That's commonly called the Tay.

The water it's too deep my love,
I'm afraid you cannot wade,
But afore he'd ridden his horse well in
She was on the other side.

She went up to the king's high door,
She knocked and she went in,
Said one of your chancellor's robbed me,
And he's robbed me right and clean.

Has he robbed you of your mantle,
Has he robbed you of your ring,
No he's robbed me of my maidenhead
And another I can't find.

If he be a married man
Then hanged he shall be,
And if he be a single man
He shall marry thee.

This couple they got married,
They live in Huntley town,
She's the Earl of Airlie's daughter,
And he's the blacksmith's son.