

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