

# Spiers And Boden, Child Morris

Child Morris stood in the good green wood,  
With red gold shined his weed.  
By him stood a little page boy,  
Dressing a milk-white steed.  
"I fear for you my master,  
For your fame it waxes wide.  
It is not for your rich-rich gold,  
Nor for your mickle pride,  
But all is for another Lord's lady,  
That lives on the Ithan-side."

"Oh, here's to you my bonny-wee boy,  
That I pay meat and fee.  
Run you an errand to the Ithan-side,  
And run straight home to me.  
If you make me this errand run,  
It's all against my will,  
If you make me this errand run,  
I shall do your errand ill.  
But I fear no ill of you bonny-boy,  
I fear no ill of you,  
I fear no ill of my bonny-boy,  
for a good bonny-boy are you!"

"Take you here this green mantle,  
It's all... (um... sorry...)  
Bid her come to the good green wood,  
for to talk to Child Morris.  
And take you here this shirt of silk,  
her own hand sewed the sleeve,  
bid her come to the good green wood,  
and ask not Bernard's leave."

But when he got to the castle wall,  
They were playing at the ball.  
Four and twenty ladies gay,  
Looked over the castle wall.  
1God make you safe you ladies all,  
God make you safe and sure,  
But Bernard's lady among you all,  
My errand is to her.

"Oh, take you here this green mantle  
It's all lined with the freece,  
Come you down to the good green wood,  
For to talk to Child Morris.  
Take you here this shirt of silk,  
Your own hand sewed the sleeve.  
Come you down to the good green wood,  
And ask not Bernard's leave."

Well, up there spoke a little nurse,  
She winked all with her eye.  
"Oh welcome, welcome bonny-boy,  
With love tidings to me."  
"You lie, You lie, you false nurse,  
So loud I hear you lie,  
Bernard's lady among you all,  
I'm sure you are not she!"

Well up there spoke Lord Bernard,  
Behind the door stood he.  
"Oh I shall go to the good green wood,  
And I'll see who he might be.

Go fetch to me your gowns of silk,  
And your petticoats so small!  
I will ride to the good green wood,  
And I'll try with him a fall.&quot;

Child Morris stood in the good green wood,  
And he whistled and he sang.  
&quot;I think I see the lady come,  
That I have loved so long.&quot;  
He's ridden him through the good green wood,  
For to help her from her horse,  
&quot;Oh no, Oh no,&quot; cried Child Morris  
&quot;No maid was ere so gross!&quot;

&quot;How now, How now, Child Morris?  
How now and how do you?  
How long have you my lady loved?  
This night, come tell to me.&quot;  
&quot;When first that I your lady loved,  
In green wood among the thyme,  
Then she was my first fair love,  
Before that she was thine.  
When first that I your lady loved,  
In green wood among the flowers,  
Then she was my first fair love,  
Before that she was yours.&quot;

Lord Bernard's taken a long broad-sword,  
That he was used to wear.  
And he's cut off Child Morris' head,  
And he's put it on a spear.  
He's cut off Child Morris' head,  
And he's put it on a spear.  
The soberest boy in all the court,  
Child Morris' head did bear.

And he's put it in a broad basin,  
And he's carried it through the hall.  
He's taken it to his lady's bower,  
Saying, &quot;Lady play at ball,  
Play you, Play you, my lady gay,  
Play you from here to the bower.  
Play you with Child Morris' head,  
For he was your paramour.&quot;

&quot;Oh, he was not my paramour,  
He was my son indeed.  
I got him in my mother's bower,  
All in my maiden weed.  
I got him in my mother's bower,  
With mickle sin and shame,  
I brought him up in the good green wood,  
All beneath the wind and rain,

&quot;Now I will kiss his bloody cheek,  
And I will kiss his chin.  
I'll make a vow and I'll keep it true,  
I'll never kiss man again.  
Oft times I by his cradle sat,  
And fond to see him sleep,  
Now I'll lie upon his grave,  
The salt tears for to weep.&quot;

&quot;Bring pillows for my lady,  
She looks so pale and wan.&quot;

&quot;Oh, none of your pillows Lord Bernard,  
But lay me on the stone.&quot;  
&quot;A pox on you, my lady gay,  
That would not tell it to me!  
If I'd have known that he was your son,  
He'd not have been killed by me!&quot;