

Lord Randall (Anglo-Scottish Ballad, medieval)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MMR55HoeSG4>

"O where 'ave you been, Lord Randal, my son?
And where 'ave you been, my handsome young man?"
"I've been at the **1. greenwood**; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm **wearied** with hunting', and **fain** would lie down."

Fain (archaic) pleased or willing
Weary: extremely tired

"And who met you there, Lord Randal, my son?
And who met you there, my handsome young man?"
"O I met with my **2. true love** ; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting, and fain would lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels **3. fried in a pan** mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting, and fain would lie down"

"And who got your **leavings**, Lord Randal my son?
And who got your leavings, my handsome young man?"
"My **hawks** and my **hounds** mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting, and fain would lie down."

Leavings: leftovers

"And what became of them, Lord Randal, my son?
And what became of them, my handsome young man?"
"They **4. spread their legs and died**; mother make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied with hunting, and fain would lie down."

"O I fear you are **5. poisoned**, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear you are **5. poisoned**, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am **5. poisoned**; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down."

"What do you leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?
What do you leave to your mother, my handsome young man?"
"**6 four and twenty** milk **kyes**; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

kye (Scots): _____

"What d' you leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?
What d' you leave to your sister, my handsome young man?"
"My **7. gold and my silver**; mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, an I fain would lie down."

"What d' you leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?
What d' you leave leave to your brother, my handsome young man?"
"My **8.my houses and lands**; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'you leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?
What d'you leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?"
"I leave her **9. hell and fire**; mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down"

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?

And where have you been my darling young one?

I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains

I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways

I've stepped **in the middle of seven sad forests**

I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans

I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue eyed son?

And what did you see, my darling young one?

I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it

I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it

I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'

I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'

I saw a white ladder all covered with water

I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken

I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?

And what did you hear, my darling young one?

I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a warnin'

I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world

I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'

I heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'

I heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'

Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter

Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard

And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, who did you meet my blue-eyed son ?

Who did you meet, my darling young one?

I met a young child beside a dead pony

I met a white man who walked a black dog

I met a young woman whose body was burning

I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow

I met **one man who was wounded in love**

I met another man who was wounded in hatred

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard

And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

And what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?

And what'll you do now my darling young one?

I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'

I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest

Where the people are a many and their hands are all empty

Where the **pellets of poison** are flooding their waters

Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison

And the executioner's face is always well hidden

Where the hunger is ugly, where the souls are forgotten

Where black is the color, where none is the number

And I'll tell it and thank and speak it and think it and breathe it

And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see it

And I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'

But I'll know my song well before I start singing

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.