

# Hynd Horn

1. Hynd Horn fair, and Hynd Horn free,  
 2. I gave my love a gay gold wand,

Where was you born and what coun - te - rie? In  
 It was to rule o'er this fair land; And

good green - - wood where I was born, But my  
 she gave me a gay gold ring, To

friends they have left me all for - - lorn.  
 me it had vir - - tue a - - bove all thing.

3. As long as that ring does keep its hue,  
 Unto you I will prove true  
 But when that ring grows pale and wan,  
 You'll know that I love some other man.

4. So he hoised his sail and away went he,  
 Away, away to some far counterie;  
 But when he looked into his ring  
 He knew that she loved some other man

5. So he hoised up his sail and home came he,  
 Home, home again to his own counterie;  
 The first he met upon dry land  
 Was an old, old beggar man.

6. What news, what news, you old beggar man,  
What news, what news have you to say?  
No news, no news have I to say,  
But the morn is our queen's wedding day.
7. O you'll give me your begging rags  
And I'll give you my riding steed.  
It's my begging rag's not fit for you,  
And your riding steed's to high for me.
8. But be it right or be it wrong,  
The begging rags he has put on:  
Now since I've got the begging threads,  
Pray tell to me to the begging words.
9. Oh, you'll go up to the head of yon hill,  
And blow your trumpet loud and shrill;  
And you'll go crawlin' down yon brae,  
As if you could neither step nor stray.
10. You'll seek from Peter, and you'll seek from Paul,  
You'll seek from the high and the low of them all;  
But from none of them take ye one thing,  
Unless it comes from the bride's own hand.
11. So he sought from Peter, and he sought from Paul,  
He sought from the high to the low of them all,  
But from none of them would he have one thing  
Unless it came from the bride's own hand.
12. So the bride came tripping down the stair  
With combs of yellow gold in her hair,  
With a glass of red wine in her hand  
To give to the old beggar man.
13. Out of the glass he drank the wine,  
And into it he dropped the ring:  
Oh got you it by sea or got you it by land,  
Or got you it off a drowned man's hand?
14. I got not it by sea nor yet by land,  
Nor yet did I on a drowned man's hand;  
But I got it from you in my wooing gay,  
And I'll give it to you on your wedding day.

15. She tore the gold down from her head,  
I'll follow you and beg my bread.  
She tore the gold down from her hair,  
Says, I'll follow you for evermore.
16. So between the kitchen and the hall  
And there he let his dowdy cloak fall;  
He shown with gold above them all,  
And the bride from the bridegroom's stown away.

The Oxford Book of Ballads, pp.112ff.