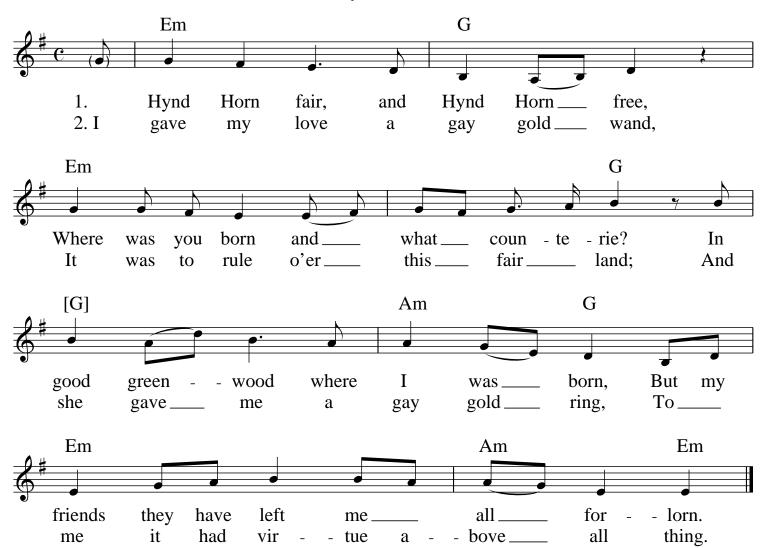
Edited 2019-06-18 Hynd Horn (Em) - 1

Hynd Horn



- 3. As **long** as that **ring** does **keep** its **hue**, **Un-**to **you** I **will** prove **true**But **when** that **ring** grows **pale** and **wan**, You'll **know** that I **love** some **oth**-er man.
- 4. So he hoised his sail and away went he, Away, away to some far counterie; But when he looked unto 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 landWas 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 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.