

Lord Donald

Traditional

(as sung by Andy Hunter)

Oh whaur ye been a' the day
Lord Donald my son?
Oh whaur ye been a' the day
My bonnie young man?
I hae been in the wild wid
Mither mak my bed soon
For I'm weary wi huntin'
And I fain wid lie doon

Whaur gad ye for supper
Lord Donald my son?
Whaur gad ye for supper
My bonnie young man?
I dined wi my true love
Mither mak my bed soon
For I'm weary wi huntin'
And I fain wid lie doon

What gad ye for yer your supper
Lord Donald my son?
What gad ye for yer your supper
My bonnie young man?
I had eels boiled in bree
Mither mak my bed soon
For I'm weary wi huntin'
And I fain wid lie doon

Whaur gad ye these eels
Lord Donald my son?
Whaur gad ye these eels
My bonnie young man?
In my faither's black ditches
Mither mak my bed soon
For I'm weary wi huntin'
And I fain wid lie doon

I fear ye are poisoned
Lord Donald my son
I fear ye are poisoned

My bonnie young man
Oh I am poisoned mither
Mither mak my bed soon
For I am sick at the hairt
And I fain wid lie doon

What will ye leave tae yer brither
Lord Donald my son?
What will ye leave tae yer brither
My bonnie young man?
My hooses and lands
Mither mak my bed soon
For I'm sick at the hairt
And I fain wid lie doon

What will ye leave tae yer true love
Lord Donald my son?
What will ye leave tae yer true love
My bonnie young man?
The tow and the halter
That hings on yon tree
And there let her hang
For the poisoning o' me