

LORD BATEMAN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Moderato maestoso

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Lord Bate - man was a
4. The Turk he had one
7. She took him to her
10. Now sev - en long years are

no - ble lord, A no - ble lord of high de - gree. He shipp'd him - self all a -
on - ly daugh - ter, The fair - est crea - ture that ev - eryou'd see. She stole the keys of her
fa - ther's cel - lar And gave to him the best of wine. And ev - 'ry health that she
gone — and past And four - teen days, well known to me; She pack - ed up all her

board a — great ship, Some for - eign coun - try to go and see. 2. He
fa - ther's pris - on, And swore Lord Bate - man she would set free. 5. O,
drank un - to — him: I wish, Lord Bate - man, that you were mine. 8. For
gay — cloth - ing, And swore Lord Bate - man she'd go and see. 11. And

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sail - ed East, he sail - ed West, He sail - ed un - to proud Tur-key. There
 have you lands? O, have you liv - ings? And does Nor - thumb'r-land be - long to thee? What
 sev-en long years we'll make — a vow, For sev'n long years we'll keep it strong; If
 when she came to Lord Bate-man's cas - tle, How bold - ly she did ring the bell. Who's

he was ta - ken and put in pris - on, Un - til his life was quite wear-y. 3. And
 will you give to a fair young la - dy, If out of pris - on she'll set you free. 6. Yes,
 you will wed with no oth - er wo - man, Then I will wed with no oth - er man. 9. She
 there? Who's there? cried the young proud por - ter, Who's there? Who's there? — Come quick - ly tell. 12. O,

in this pris'n there grew — a tree, It grew so stout, it grew so strong Hewas
 I've got lands and I've got liv - ings, And half Nor-thumb'r-land be - longs to me; I'll—
 took him to her fa - ther's har - bour, She gave to him a ship of fame: Fare-
 is this called Lord Bate-man's cas - tle? And is his lord - ship here with - in? O—

chain-ed up all by the mid-dle Un - til his life was al - most gone.
 give it all to a fair young la - dy, If out of pris - on she'll set me free.
 well, fare-well to you, Lord Bate-man, I fear I nev - er shall see you a-gain.
 yes! O yes! cried the young proud por - ter, He has just now ta - ken his young bride in.

13.

You tell him to send me a slice of bread,
 And a bottle of the best of wine;
 And not forgetting that fair young lady
 That did release him when close confined.

14.

Away, away went the young proud porter,
 Away, away, away went he,
 Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
 Down on his bended knees fell he.

15.

What news, what news, my young proud porter?
 What news, what news hast thou brought to me?
 There is the fairest of all young ladies
 That ever my two eyes did see.

16.

She has got rings round every finger;
 Round one of them she has got three.
 She has gold enough all round her middle
 To buy Northumb'rland that belongs to thee.

17.

She tells you to send her a slice of bread,
 And a bottle of the best of wine;
 And not forgetting that fair young lady,
 That did release you when close confined.

18.

Lord Bateman then in a passion flew;
 He broke his sword in splinters three;
 Half will I give of my father's portion
 If but Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

19.

O then up spoke the young bride's mother,
 Who was never heard to speak so free:
 You'll not forget my only daughter
 If but Sophia have a-crossed the sea.

20.

I own I made a bride of your daughter;
 She's neither the better nor worse for me.
 She came to me on a horse and saddle;
 She may go back in a coach and three.

21.

Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
 And both their hearts were full of glee.
 I will range no more to a foreign country
 Now since Sophia have a-crossed the sea.