

THE WILD, WILD BERRY (traditional UK)

This is the second version of Lord Randal (Child Ballad #12) on this recording. This one has a much more literary sound to it.

Young man comes from hunting faint and weary
“What does ail my lord, my dearie?”
“O Mother dear, let my bed be made
For I feel the gripe of the woody nightshade.”
Lie low sweet Randal

chorus:

Now you young men all who do eat full well
And they that sup right merry
‘Tis far better, I entreat,
To have toads for your meat
Than to eat of the wild, wild berry

This young man he died eftsoon
By the light of a hunters’ moon
‘Twas not by bolt, nor yet by blade
But the deathly gripe of the woody nightshade
Lie low sweet Randal
(chorus)

This lord’s false love, they hanged her high
For her deeds were the cause of her love to die
And in her hair they entwined a braid
Of the leaves and the berries of the woody nightshade
Lie low sweet Randal
(chorus)

Collected by Gwilym Davies from Ray Driscoll in England. I have altered the words and tune slightly from the way it was collected

From Judy Cook’s CD “Far From The Lowlands”

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