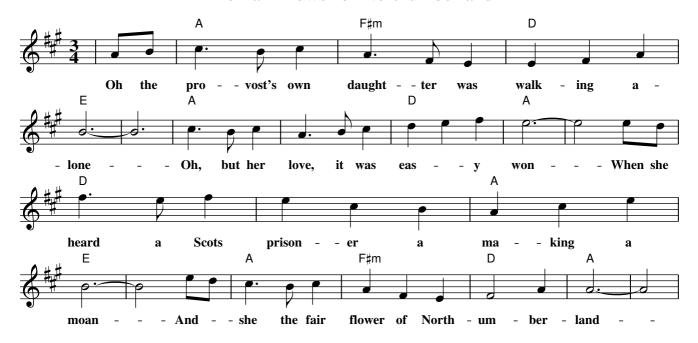
The Fair Flower of Northumberland



And it s: Oh, if the lassie would borrow a key, Oh but her love it was easy won, I would make her a lady of high degree. If she'd loose me out of this prison so strong

So it s she s gone her up to her father s bed stock, Oh but her love it was easy won, And she s stolen the keys for many a broad lock, To loose him out of his prison so strong

And she s gone her down to her father s stable, Oh but her love it was easy won, And she s stole the best horse that was both fleet and able, To carry them both to bonny Scotland

But as they were a-riding over the Scots moor he cried, Oh but your love it was easy won, Get you down from my horse, you re a brazen-faced whore. Alhough you're the fair flower of Northumberland.

For it s I have a wife in my own country, Oh but her love it was easy won, And I cannot do nothing with a lassie like thee. So get thee back home to Northumberland

Oh it s cook in your kitchen I surely will be, Oh but her love it was easy won, And I'll serve your lady most revenetly, For I cannot go back to my family

Oh it s cook in my kitchen you never shall be, Oh but her love it was easy won, For my lady she will not have servants like thee. So get thee back home to your family And when she came home her faither did frown and said: Oh but your love it was easy won, For to go with a Scotsman when you're barely sixteen And you the fair flower of Northumberland.

But when she came home her mother did smile and said: Oh but your love it was easy won, But you re not the first lass that the Scots have beguiled And you're welcome back home to Northumberland

And you won't want for bread and you won't want for wine Oh but your love it was easy won,
And you will not need silver to buy a man with
And you re still the fair flower of Northumberland.