

# JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

*Andante Moderato.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



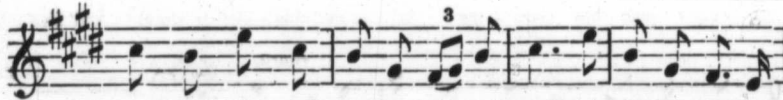
1. Why weep ye by the tide, la-dye? Why weep ye by the



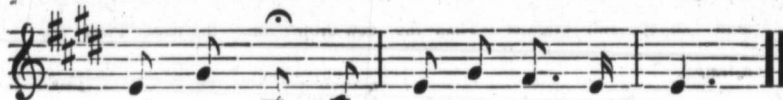
tide? I'll wed ye to my young-est son, And



ye shall be his bride. And ye shall be his



bride, la - dye, Sae come-ly to be seen—But aye she loot the



tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

Now let this wilfu' grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale,

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley-dale.

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair,

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;

And you, the foremost o' them a',

Shall ride our forest queen—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,

The taper glimmer'd fair,

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,

And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha',

The lady was not seen ;

She's o'er the border, and awa

Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.