

Lord Randal; Trad (6 is minor)

Oh [6] where have you [1] been, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
And [6] where have you [1] been, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
I have [1] been at the [5] greenwood; mother, [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] wearied with [1] hunting, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

And [6] wha met you [1] there, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
And [6] who met you [1] there, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
Oh I [1] met with my [5] true-love; mother, [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] wearied with [1] hunting, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

And [6] what did she give [1] you, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
And [6] what did she give [1] you, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
Eels [1] fried in a [5] pan; mother, [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] wearied with [1] hunting, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

And [6] who got your [1] leavings, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
And [6] who got your [1] leavings, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
My [1] hawks and my [5] hounds; mother, [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] wearied with [1] hunting, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

And [6] what became of [1] them, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
And [6] what became of [1] them, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
Stretched [1] legs out and [5] died; mother [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] wearied with [1] hunting, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

I [6] fear you are [1] poisoned, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son!
I [6] fear you are [1] poisoned, my [5] handsome young [6] one!
Oh [1] yes, I am [5] poisoned; mother, [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] sick at the [1] heart, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

what [6] d'ye leave to your [1] mother, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
what [6] d'ye leave to your [1] mother, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
[1] Four and twenty milk [5] kye; mother, [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] sick at the [1] heart, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

what [6] d'ye leave to your [1] sister, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
what [6] d'ye leave to your [1] sister, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
My [1] gold and my [5] silver; mother [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] sick at the [1] heart, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

what [6] d'ye leave to your [1] brother, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
what [6] d'ye leave to your [1] brother, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
My [1] houses and my [5] lands; mother, [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] sick at the [1] heart, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

what [6] d'ye leave to your [1] truelove, Lord [5] Randal, my [6] son?
what [6] d'ye leave to your [1] truelove, my [5] handsome young [6] one?
I [1] leave her hell and [5] fire; mother [4] make my bed [6] soon,
For I'm [6] sick at the [1] heart, and [5] fain would lie [6] down.

According to Celtic mythology, people were not allowed in the depth of the forest where fairies and elves were believed to inhabit. Lord Randal challenges this taboo by hunting in the greenwood. But he was poisoned by a fairy with the features of his true love; she meant to punish him for the breaking of the taboo.

Lord Randal; Trad (A is minor)

Oh [a] where have you [G] been, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
And [a] where have you [G] been, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
I have [G] been at the [D] greenwood; mother, [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] wearied with [G] hunting, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

And [a] wha met you [G] there, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
And [a] who met you [G] there, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
Oh I [G] met with my [D] true-love; mother, [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] wearied with [G] hunting, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

And [a] what did she give [G] you, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
And [a] what did she give [G] you, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
Eels [G] fried in a [D] pan; mother, [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] wearied with [G] hunting, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

And [a] who got your [G] leavings, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
And [a] who got your [G] leavings, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
My [G] hawks and my [D] hounds; mother, [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] wearied with [G] hunting, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

And [a] what became of [G] them, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
And [a] what became of [G] them, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
Stretched [G] legs out and [D] died; mother [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] wearied with [G] hunting, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

I [a] fear you are [G] poisoned, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son!
I [a] fear you are [G] poisoned, my [D] handsome young [a] one!
Oh [G] yes, I am [D] poisoned; mother, [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] sick at the [G] heart, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

what [a] d'ye leave to your [G] mother, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
what [a] d'ye leave to your [G] mother, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
[G] Four and twenty milk [D] kye; mother, [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] sick at the [G] heart, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

what [a] d'ye leave to your [G] sister, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
what [a] d'ye leave to your [G] sister, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
My [G] gold and my [D] silver; mother [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] sick at the [G] heart, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

what [a] d'ye leave to your [G] brother, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
what [a] d'ye leave to your [G] brother, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
My [G] houses and my [D] lands; mother, [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] sick at the [G] heart, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

what [a] d'ye leave to your [G] truelove, Lord [D] Randal, my [a] son?
what [a] d'ye leave to your [G] truelove, my [D] handsome young [a] one?
I [G] leave her hell and [D] fire; mother [C] make my bed [a] soon,
For I'm [a] sick at the [G] heart, and [D] fain would lie [a] down.

According to Celtic mythology, people were not allowed in the depth of the forest where fairies and elves were believed to inhabit. Lord Randal challenges this taboo by hunting in the greenwood. But he was poisoned by a fairy with the features of his true love; she meant to punish him for the breaking of the taboo.