

## LADY KILMARNOCK'S LAMENT

Lyrics, trad., music, ALAN REID

OH HAWTHORN TREE, SWEET HAWTHORN TREE  
HOW OFT I'VE WATCHED THEE BLOOM  
AND LEFT THE FAIREST FLOWERY LEA  
TO HAIL THY SWEET PERFUME  
BUT WHERE IS HE I USED TO MEET  
BENEATH THY DROOPING SHADE  
WHILE SOFTLY FELL THE DEWY SCENT  
UPON HIS LOWLAND PLAID

KILMARNOCK SOUGHT ME FOR HIS BRIDE  
A NOBLE BRAVE AND FREE  
WHAT WERE A JEWELLED CROWN BESIDE  
THE LOVE HE GAVE TO ME  
I LOVED AND WAS BELOVED AGAIN  
NO BLYTHER BRIDE COULD BE  
BUT NOW IN SORROW I REMAIN  
BENEATH THE HAWTHORN TREE

OH HAWTHORN TREE SWEET HAWTHORN TREE  
NO MORE I'LL HEAR HIM SING  
THE LOYAL SONGS HE SANG TO ME  
ON SCOTLAND'S ROYAL KING  
MY LORD UPON A SCAFFOLD FELL  
FOR SCOTLAND AND FOR ME  
SO HERE I LIE, JUST LIKE TO DIE  
BENEATH THE TRYSTING TREE