

The Wild, Wild Berry.

♩ = 100

Verse 1:

Young man come from hunt - - - ing
 faint and wear - - y _____ "What doth
 ail my lord, my dear-ie?" _____ "Oh mo-ther dear, let my bed be made,
 For I feel the grip of the wood-y night-shade, Lie low, sweet Ran-dal, ___
 Now all you young wains that do eat full well, And they that sup right mer - ry,
 'Tis ___ bet - ter, I en - treat, to have toads for your meat
 Than to eat of the wild, wild ber - - ry.

Verses 2 and 3 begin:

Young man come from hunting, faint and weary
 "What doth ail my lord, my dearie?"
 "Oh mother dear, let my bed be made
 For I feel the gripe of the woody nightshade."
 Lie low, sweet Randal
 Now all you young wains that do eat full well
 And they that sup right merry
 'Tis 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 hunter's moon
 'Twas not by bolt, nor yet by blade,
 But the deathly gripe of the deadly nightshade.
 Lie low, sweet Randal
 Now all you young men that do eat full well
 And they that sup right merry
 'Tis better, I entreat, to have toads for your meat
 Than to eat of the wild, wild berry.

This lord's false love, they hanged her high
For her deeds were the cause of her love to die
And within her locks, they entwined a braid
Of the leaves and berry of the deadly nightshade.
Lie low, sweet Randal
Now all you young men that do eat full well
And they that sup right merry
'Tis better, I entreat, to have toads for your meat
Than to eat of the wild, wild berry.