

The Fair Flower of Northumberland

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: 'It was a knight in Scotland born, Follow, my love, come over the strand, Was taken prisoner and left forlorn, Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.' The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

It was a knight in Scot - - land born,
Fol - low, my love, come o - - ver the strand,
Was ta - - ken pris' - ner and left for - lorn,
Ev - en by the good Earl of Nor - - thum - - ber - land.

It was a knight, in Scotland born,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Where he could not walk nor lay along,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The Earl's sweet daughter passed that way,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And passing by, like an angel bright,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The prisoner had of her a sight,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this knight did cry,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The salt tears standing in her eye,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland,

"Fair lady," he said, "take pity on me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And let me not in prison dee,
And you the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fair sir, how should I take pity on thee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Thou being a foe to our countree,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he said,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"Through thy sweet love here was I stayed,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Why should'st thou come here for love of me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Having wife and bairns in thy own countree,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

"I swear by the blessed Trinity,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
That neither wife nor bairns have I,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"If courteously them wilt set me free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
I vow that I will marry thee,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Thou shall be lady of castles and towers,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
Even thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And got her father's ring away,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland."

Likewise much gold got she by sleight,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And all to help this forlorn knight,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
She likewise took out of the stable,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And to the gaoler she sent the ring,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Who the knight from prison forth did bring,
To meet the fair flower of Northumberland.

This token set the prisoner free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Who straight went to this fair lady,
And she, the fair flower of Northumberland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And with the lady away did ride,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear;
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"Good sir, how shall I follow you here,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?"

"The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And on my saddle I shall not keep,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fear not the ford, fair lady!" quoth he,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"For long I cannot stay for thee,
Even thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

The lady prickt her gallant steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And over the water swam with speed,
Even she the fair flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"This have I done for love of thee,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland."

Thus rode she all one winter's night,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Till Edinborough they saw in sight.
The fairest town in all Scotland.

"Now choose," quoth he, "thou wanton flower;
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
If thou wilt be my paramour,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"For I have a wife and children five,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
In Edinborough they be alive,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"And if thou wilt not give thy hand,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Then got thee home to fair England,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"This favour thou shalt have to boot,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
I'll have thy horse; go thou on foot,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"O false and faithless knight," quoth she:
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"And canst thou deal so bad with me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?"

"Dishonour not a lady's name,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
But draw thy sword and end my shame,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And left her there in extreme need,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
At length two knights came riding by,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Two gallant knights of fair England,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And there they found her on the strand
Even she the fair flower of Northumberland.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Crying, "Courteous knights take pity on me,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland.

"I have offended my father dear,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
For a false knight that brought me here,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland."

They took her up beside them then,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And brought her to her father again,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Now all you fair maids be warned by me,
Follow no Scotchman over the strand;
Scots never were true, nor ever will be,
To lord nor lady nor fair England.