

King's Quest

[Refrain:]

*A black mist goes blowin', and evil light glowin',
A moanin', a groanin', a clankin' o' chain;
A spirit comes walkin', a spirit comes stalkin',
A'fillin' yer dreamin' wi' nightmare an' pain.*

A King he gang huntin', a maiden he's wantin',
Tae lie by his side soft and sit in his hall;
The King he'll be seekin', an' aye he'll be weepin',
For takin' anither man's sweetheart an' all.

A shepherd he's roamin', alone in the gloamin',
A'thinkin' an' dreamin' an' hopin' o' love;
An' homeward he's speedin', his heart set on marryin',
His darlin' whose voice is as sweet as the dove.

[refrain]

The King he went ridin', across o' the Moorlan',
A'stride a great warhorse wi' trappin's o' gold;
He'd steel by his side sharp, an' a crown on 'is 'ead,
An' he nae look'd 'is twa-score an' seven years old.

Doon in a cottage, a'floor'd wi' sweet rushes,
A mither she sits an' looks out o'er the land;
She sees riders comin', an' hears the bright steel clank,
Her heart kens nae good from sae lairdly a band.

[refrain]

My lassie she's singin', an' hangin' oot washin',
White in the sunshine, Hair glowin' like gold;
An' little she's dreamin', an' little she's fearin'
Of King's right to first night from cruel days of old.

My Laird came on sternly, an' tired frae ridin',
An' spied my sweet lassie, sae blithesome an' free;
My Laird he spake strongly, "At last have I found ye,
"An' a bonnie sweet bride you'll make unto me!."

[refrain]

My lassie she droppit, doon deep in her curtesy,
Her face went as white as the fresh driven snow;
An' "Mercy" she's cryin', "Speak not this high doom,
"My heart is nae free an' nae willin' to go."

My Laird's face grew hard now, an' stiff as a stane wall,
That's cracke'd by frost an' weather'd by gale;
A King's word makes Law, not lightly it's thwarted,
An' never by a maiden frae a small country vale.

[refrain]

"The Queen's Crown ye'r given, an' aye ye will tak' it,
"A land that lies heirless is opened for War;
"An' if there's anither, forget him forever,
"An gie ye get up!", My Laird said nae more.

"But not if she hates it!", the shepherd he's callin',
As he came roun' the house an' faces his King;
"My Love she is mine, to be married this Mayday,
"An' I no want the songs to be dirges they sing."

[refrain]

"Ye 'ave not that cruel right, tae cut off a young life,
"To take for yer own what's rightfully free;
"To do so denies you, the crown of yer kingship,
"Denies you respect and e'en fair company."

My Laird's man in anger, draws clear his bright sword steel,
An' "Treason!" he calls now his Laird to avenge;
An' Death is the Law here, the shepherd's Life forfeit,
His body lies dyin' blood-red i' th' glen.

[refrain]

My lassie she shrieket, an' sees her life ended,
She raises her eyes then with hatred to see;
"By blood are ye curse'd, by cold iron bounden,
"An' long will the years pass ere peace comes to thee.

My lassie she's stricken, an' dies on her penknife,
The wind she goes howlin', black clouds i' th' glen;
An' now there's a hauntin', that covers that bloodpath,
An' anither that darkens my Laird's eyes an' ken.

[refrain]

A king canna' gie back, the honor that's taken'
Nor gie back a life when the soul's gone above;
He canna' be mendin', the heart that's been broken,
Nor can he command the wind, waves or love.

My King he gaes ridin', an' peace he's a'seekin',
Tae lie by his side soft an' sit in his hall;
An' aye he's a'moanin', an' aye he's a'weepin',
For takin' anither man's sweetheart an' all.

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