

## Lord Bateman

20. Lord Bate - - man in a pass - - ion flew And  
broke his sword in splint - ers three He swore he'd have an -  
o - ther wedd - ing O since So - phie had crossed the sea.

The image shows three staves of musical notation in 3/2 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/2 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff concludes the phrase with a double bar line.

1. Lord Bateman was, oh a noble lord  
Some noble lord of high degree  
He put his foot on aboard of shipping  
Some foreign counteree he would go and see
- 2 He sail-ed East and he sail-ed West  
Until he came to proud Turkey  
'Til he was locked up and put in prison  
Unto his dear life, oh it was all awry.
- 3 Now in this prison there growed a tree  
It growed so stout and manfully  
But he was chained all by his middle  
Until his dear life it was almost gone.
4. Now the jailkeeper had one only daughter  
One only daughter of high degree  
She stole the keys of her father's prison  
She swore Lord Bateman, oh she would go and see
5. Now when she gets up to Lord Bateman's prison  
But when, oh she got up to him  
"What would you give to a fair young maiden  
That's out of prison that would set you free?"
6. "Now I have got houses, I have got land  
Part of Northumberland belongs to me  
I would give it all to a fair young maiden  
That's out of prison that would set me free."
7. Now seven long years they made a promise  
Oh seven long years they kept it strong  
Till one day she packed up her rich gay clotherie  
And unto Northumberland she did sail on.

8. She took him to her father's parlour  
She give him a glass of the best of wine  
And every time that she raised the glass  
She said, "Oh Lord Bateman I wish you were mine."
- 9 "Now seven long years I would make a promise  
And seven long days to remember strong  
If you would wed with no other woman  
And it's I would wed with no other man."
10. She took him to her father's harbour  
She give him a ship of noted fame  
And as he sail-ed out o'er the ocean  
She said, "Oh Lord Bateman I'll ne'er see you again."
- 12 Now seven long year it being gone and past  
And seven long days to remember strong  
Till one day she packed up her rich gay clotherie  
And unto Northumberland she did sail-ed on.
- 13 But when she got to Lord Bateman's castle  
She boldlye ring-ed all at the bell  
There was none so ready but that young proud porter  
To answer that gay lady at the door.
14. "Now is this, oh Lord Bateman's castle?  
Or is his noble Lord within?"  
"Oh yes gay lady, he's just returning  
For he's just taken his new bride in."
15. "Now you tell him to send me a slice of bread  
Likewise a glass of his best wine  
In remembrance of a fair young maiden  
That's 'leased him from prison whilst he was close confine."
- 16 Now away, oh away went this young proud porter  
And away, oh away, oh then went he  
But when he got to Lord Bateman's parlour  
Then he fell upon his bended knee.
17. "Come rise, come rise, my young proud porter  
Come rise, come rise, and tell to me."  
"That the finest, gayest, ever saw young lady  
She's at your door, oh a-standing by.
18. She have got rings on every finger  
On some of them she have got three  
She's more plain gold hanging round her middle  
That would buy some of this half wild counteree."

19. "And she asks you to send her a slice of bread  
Likewise a glass of your best of wine  
In remembrance of a fair young maiden  
That leased him from prison whilst he was close confine."
20. Lord Bateman in a passion flew  
And broke his sword in splinters three  
He swore he'd have another wedding  
O since Sophie had crossed the sea.
21. (repeat tune of last 2 lines)  
Oh the bells did a-ring and the bands did a-play  
Lord Bateman married two brides one day.

Source: Sung by Henry Corbett at Snowhill, August 13th 1909. Collected by Cecil Sharp

Notes: Sharp only collected the tune and one verse (verse 20) from Mr Corbett. The remaining words are based on a version sung by Denny Smith, Gloucestershire gypsy.

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