

Tam Lin

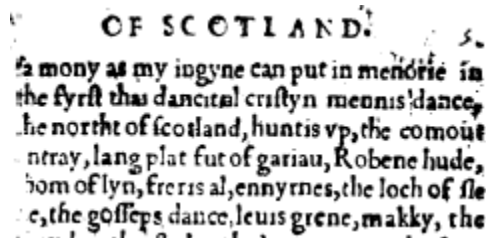
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References:

Mention of this tune is found in the below document:

The Complaynt of Scotland

Author: Wedderburn, Robert, Additional Author: Lindsay, David, Sir,
Imprint: [Paris : s.n., Date: 1550 Bib Name / Number: STC (2nd ed.) / 22009
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Note: Right after "Robene hude", we have "Thom of lyn". It also lists Henry VIII's "huntis vp".

A ballet of "Thomalyn" was licensed in 1558. There are many variations on the name "Tam Lin" In addition to those above he is known as Tom Line, Tom Linn, Tamlin, Tomaline Tam-line and Tam Lane.

These words are by Burns circa 1792. This ballad is Child Ballad #39.

Tam Lin

(Child, Part II., p. 340, Burns's Version.)

O I forbid you, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh
But they leave him a wad,
Either their rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, "Lady, thou's pu nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
And why breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
Withoutten my command?"

"Carterhaugh, it is my ain,
My daddie gave it me;
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave at thee."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she is to her father's ha,
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba,
And out then cam the fair Janet,
Ance the flower amang them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing on the grass,
And out then cam the fair Janet,
As green as onie glass.

Out then spak an auld grey knight,
Lay oer the castle wa,
And says, "Alas, fair Janet, for thee
But we'll be blamed a'."

"Haud your tongue, ye auld-fac'd
knight,
Some ill death may ye die!
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee."

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meek and mild;
"And ever alas, sweet Janet," he says.
"I think thou gaes wi child."

"If that I gae wi' child, father,
Mysel maun bear the blame;
There's neer a laird about your ha
Shall get the bairn's name.

"If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wad na gie my ain true-love
For nae lord that ye hae.

"The steed that my true-love rides on
Is lighter than the wind;
Wi siller he is shod before
Wi burning gowd behind."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, "Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a' to kill the bonie babe
That we gat us between?"

"O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin," she says,
"For's sake that died on tree,
If eer ye was in holy chapel,
Or christendom did see?"

"Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,
Took me with him to bide,
And ance it fell upon a day
That wae did me betide.

"And ance it fell upon a day,
A cauld day and a snell,
When we were frae the hunting come,
That frae my horse I fell;

The Queen o' Fairies she caught me,
In yon green hill to dwell.
"And pleasant is the fairy land,
But, an eerie tale to tell,

Ay at the end of seven years
We pay a tiend to hell;
I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh
I'm feared it be mysel.

"But the night is Halloween, lady,
The morn is Hallowday;
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For weel I wat ye may.

"Just at the mirk and midnight hour
The fairy folk will ride,
And they that wad their true love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

"But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
Or how my true-love know,
Amang sae mony unco knights
The like I never saw?"

"O first let pass the black, lady,
And syne let pass the brown,
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
Pu ye his rider down.

"For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town;
Because I was an earthly knight
They gie me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloyd, lady,
My left hand will be bare,
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,
And kaimd down shall my hair;

Cockt up shall my bonnet be,
And kaimd down shall my hair;
And thae's the takens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, lady,
Into an esk and adder;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I am your bairn's father.

"They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,
And then a lion wild;
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
As ye shall love your child.

“Again they’ll turn me in your arms
To a red het gaud of airn; (red hot rod of iron)
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I’ll do to you nae harm.

Sae weel she minded whae he did say,
And young Tam Lin did win;
Syne coverd him wi her green mantle,
As blythe’s a bird in spring.

“And last they’ll turn me in your arms
Into the burning glead;
Then throw me into well water,
O throw me in wi speed.

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,
Out of a bush o broom:
“Them that has gotten young Tam Lin
Has gotten a stately groom.”

“And then I’ll be your ain true-love,
I’ll turn a naked knight;
Then cover me wi your green mantle,
And cover me out o sight.”

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,
And an angry woman was she;
“Shame betide her ill-far’d face,
And an ill death may she die,

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Jenny in her green mantle
To Miles Cross she did gae.

“Shame betide her ill-far’d face,
And an ill death may she die,
For she’s taen awa the bonniest knight
In a’ my companie.

About the middle o’ the night
She heard the bridles ring;
This lady was as glad at that
As any earthly thing.

“But had I kend, Tam Lin,” she says,
“What now this night I see,
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey e’en,
And put in twa een o tree.”

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown;
But quickly she ran to the milk-white
steed, And pu’d the rider down,

Tam Lin

(A short version to perform)

Em D Em D
O, I forbid you, maidens a'
Em Am
That wear gowd on your hair
Em
To come or gae by Carterhaugh
Em D Em D | Em D Em
For young Tam-lin is there. (Repeat Line)

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh
But they leave him a wad;
Either their rings or green mantles
Or else their maidenhead.

Carterhaugh it is my ain,
My daddie gave it me;
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh
And ask nae leave at thee.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,
A little aboon her knee;
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she is to her father's ha
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam to Carterhaugh
Tam-lin was at the well
And there she fand his steed standing
But away was himsel.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba'
And out then cam the fair Janet,
Ance the flower amang them a'

She had na' pu'd a double rose
A rose but only tway,
Till up then started young Tam-a-lin,
Says, Lady, thou's pu' nae mae.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing on the grass,
And out then cam the fair Janet,
As green as onie glass.

Why pu's thou the rose, Janet
And breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
Withoutten my command?

Tam Lin

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Traditional

O I for bid you mai dens a that wear gowd
in your hair - - to come or gae by Car ter haugh for
young Tam Lin lies there Young Tam Lin lies there!