

The Earl Of Aboyne
June Tabor

[Intro]

Bm F#m Bm F#m7 Bm x2

[Verse]

Oh, the Earl of Aboyne to London has gone F#m
Bm F#m7 Bm
And all his nobles with him

Sad was the heart of his lady fair F#m
Bm F#m7 Bm
Because she could not go with him

[Verse]

Oh, the Earl of Aboyne to London has gone D F#m7
Bm F#7
And all his nobles with him
Bm F#m
Better he had stayed at home
Bm F#m7 Bm
Or taken his lady with him

[Verse]

And as she walked out upon the green F#m
Bm F#m7 Bm
Among the gentlewomen
Sad was the letter that came to her hand F#m
Bm F#m7 Bm
That her lord was wed in London

[Verse]

And as she looked over the castle wall F#m
Bm F#m7 Bm
She saw two boys a-running
What news, what news, my bonny little boys F#m
Bm F#m7 Bm
What news have you of London?

[Verse]

Oh, good news, good news, my lady gay D F#m7
Bm F#7

For the Earl of Aboyne is coming

Bm

F#m

And ere he s within two miles of your walls

Bm

F#m7

Bm

You hear his bridles ringingâ€•

[Verse]

F#m

â€œOh, my groom s all be well in call

Bm

F#m7

Bm

And happy all days are shining

F#m

Oh, gone are days spent on the stays

Bm

F#m7

Bm

Since the lord of Aboyne is coming

[Verse]

F#m

â€œAnd my mate s all be well in call

Bm

F#m7

Bm

And happier flowers are shining

F#m

And cover the stair with herbs sweet and fair

Bm

F#m7

Bm

And the floors with the finest linen

[Verse]

F#m

â€œAnd deck my body in the finest array

Bm

F#m7

Bm

My hood of the brightest linen

F#m

And my apron shall be of the good silk cloth

Bm

F#m7

Bm

Since the lord of Aboyne is comingâ€•

[Verse]

D

F#m7

So stately she stepped down the stair

Bm

F#7

To see if he was coming

Bm

F#m

And her gown was of the good green silk

Bm

F#m7

Bm

Trimmed with her red silk trimming

[Verse]

F#m

She s called to Kate, her waiting maid

Bm

F#m7

Bm

And Jean, her gentlewoman

F#m

â€œCome fetch me a glass of the very best wine

Bm F#m7 Bm
To drink his health, he s comingâ€•

[Instrumental]

Bm F#m Bm F#m7 Bm
Bm F#m Bm F#m7 Bm
D F#m7 Bm F#7
Bm F#m Bm F#m7 Bm

[Verse]

F#m
She s gone out to the close to greet her lord
Bm F#m7 Bm
Says, â€œWelcome for your comingâ€•

F#m
She s gone out to the close to greet her lord
Bm F#m7 Bm
Says, â€œThrice welcome from Londonâ€•

[Verse]

D F#m7
â€œOh, if I be of this welcome as you say
Bm F#7
Then kiss me for my coming
Bm F#m
For tomorrow should have been my wedding day
Bm F#m7 Bm
If I d stayed any longer in Londonâ€•

[Verse]

D F#m7
Oh, she s turned then around with a look of distaste
Bm F#7
Says, â€œWoe s me for your coming
Bm F#m
Since tomorrow should have been your wedding day
Bm F#m7 Bm
Then go kiss your whore in Londonâ€•

[Verse]

F#m
â€œMy nobles, all come, mount your steed
Bm F#m7 Bm
I m sorry for my coming
F#m
Tonight we shall lie at the bonny Bogie s side
Bm F#m7 Bm
Since tomorrow the course is to Londonâ€•

[Verse]

D F#m7
â€œOh Tom, my man, run after him
Bm F#7

And beg him to take me with him.â€•

Bm

F#m

â€œOh, I ve asked him once and I ve asked him the more

Bm

F#m7

Bm

And it s never a mile you ll ride with him.â€•

[Verse]

F#m

Then a year and a day she lived in woe

Bm

F#m7

Bm

And the doctors they were dealing

F#m

Until at last her heart it broke

Bm

F#m7

Bm

And letters were sent to London

[Verse]

F#m

When he saw the letters all edged in black

Bm

F#m7

Bm

Oh, he s bound to grievest weeping

F#m

â€œOh, she is dead that I loved best

Bm

F#m7

Bm

And I had but a heart in keeping.â€•

[Verse]

F#m

There were fifteen of the noblest lords

Bm

F#m7

Bm

That London could provide him

F#m

From their hose to their hat, they were all dressed in black

Bm

F#m7

Bm

To mourn for bonny Peggy Irvine

[Verse]

D

F#m7

And the farther he rode the sorer he wept

Bm

F#7

For he had but a heart in keeping

Bm

F#m

â€œOh, sooner I had lost all the lands of Aboyne

Bm

Than my bonnie Peggy Irvine.â€•