

The Mother's Regret

By Pauline Cordiner 23/03/2011

My laddie watched the gentry ride

Tae the hill o' Bennachie

I let him go, my laddie died

I wish he'd stayed wi me.

Oh my bonnie young loon, my fine young loon, oh gin ye'd bade wi me

He was jist a laddie on oor fairm

My one and only son

He said he wouldnae come tae hairm

That the battle would be won

Oh...

He askit me if he could go

And join the Earl's men

I begged and cried and told him no

I wish he'd listened then

Oh...

At Reid Harlaw he fought and died

A plooboy wi a spear

Enemies lay side by side

Each one a son sae dear

Oh...

Great muckle ballads they might write

When my kin and I are gone

O this fecht o earls, lords and knights

But what will mind my son

Oh...

Aye my bonnie young loon, my fine young loon, oh gin ye'd bade wi me.