

Lord Bateman was a noble Lord, He held himself, of high degree, But he would
 not rest or be content, till he had voyaged o'er the sea, He sailed east,
 he sailed westward, untill he reached the Turkish Shore, And there he was
 taken and put, into prison, and lived in hopes, of freedom no more..

~~The Turk, he had one only daughter, the fairest creature, eye ever did see,
 She stole the key, to her father's prison, Saying, L^Ord Bateman, I will set
 Have you got houses, have you got lands? or do you live in high ^{you free} degree?
 What will you give, to the fair young Lady? that out of prison, will set you fr
 free?~~

I've got houses, and I've got lands, love, half of Northumberland,
 Belongs to me. And I'll give it all, to the fair young Lady,
 That out of Prison, will set me free, Seven long years, I'll make a vow, sir,
 Seven more, by thirty-three, and if you'll marry, no other Lady,
 No other man shall marry me..

She took him to her father's harbor, and gave to him, a ship of fame,
 Farewell, farewell, to thee, L^Ord Bateman, I fear I'll ne'er, see you again..
~~For seven long years, she kept her promise, and seven more, by thirty-three,
 Then she gathered, all her fine gay clothes, saying, Lord Bateman, I will go
 and see,,
 She sail-ed east, she sail-ed westward, until she reached the English shore,
 And when she came to Lord Bateman's Castle, She lighted down, before the door,
 Are these Lord Bateman's gay fine houses? and is his Lordship, there within?
 Oh, yes, oh yes, cried the proud young porten, He had just taken, his new bride i
 in..~~

What news, what news? my proud young porten, What news, what news, have you bro
 Oh there is the finest, of all fair ladies, That ever my two ^{brought to me?} eyes did see..
 She's got rings, on all her fingers, and on one, she's got three,
 And she's got gold, around her middle, that would buy, Northumberland from thee

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She tells you ~~to~~ send her, a slice of cake, and draw her a glass,
Of finest wine.. And not to forget, the fair, young Lady,
Who did release you, when sore confined..

Lord Bateman, arose, from where he was setting, His face it was,
As white as snow, ^(saying) if she is, the Turkish Lady, then with her, I am bound to

And then he spoke, to the young brides , mother,
She's none the better, nor worse fro me,

She came to me, on a horse, and saddle, and shall go back,

In a carriage, and three,, For I will wed, no other maiden, No other MAIDEN
Will wed ME - No, I WILL wed NO OTHER MAIDEN
But the Turkish Lady, who crossed the raging sea for me..

MUSIC - LORD BATEMAN - F. HARP
(Turkish Lady)



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