

Childe the Hunter

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Oh Mr. Childe, oh Mr. Childe, though a hunting man you be,
Oh do not ride the moors today, but stay at home with me.
For the winds blow bitter from the north, and the snow lies on the moor;
Stay at home in Plymstock town, and bar the stable door.

Well, it's here upon the frozen moor, poor Mr. Childe must die.
My horse I've wrapped about my bones, but it's now as cold as I,
And these are the last words that I write, on a stone with my bloody hand,
"Whoever shall bring my bones to rest, shall have my Plymstock land."
*For this is the tale of Mr. Childe, who lived in Plymstock town,
And men of God who'll know no peace, til the world turns upside down.*

My Lord the Abbot of Tavistock, now listen to what I say,
For Mr. Childe of Plymstock town, on the moors has passed away.
And these are the last words he did write, on a stone with his bloody hand,
"Whoever shall bring my bones to rest, shall have my Plymstock land."

My Lord the Prior of Plympton too, now hear what I've been told,
That Mr. Childe of Plymstock town, on the moors has died of cold,
And these are the last words he did write, on a stone with his bloody hand,
"Whoever shall bring my bones to rest, shall have my Plymstock land."
*For this is the tale of Mr. Childe, who lived in Plymstock town,
And men of God who'll know no peace, til the world turns upside down.*

My Lord the Abbot of Tavistock, here Mr. Childe do lie,
But my Lord the Prior of Plympton and his men are drawing nigh,
And they have marched down to the ford, and there they've made a stand,
Thinking to sieze these bones from us, and to claim the Plymstock land.

So Tavistock has northwards marched, where the river skirts the moor,
And there a bridge he cast across, where no bridge stood before,
For although we've prayed for many a day, for a bridge where this now stands,
The only thing to move our Lord, was the hope of Plymstock land.
*For this is the tale of Mr. Childe, who lived in Plymstock town,
And men of God who'll know no peace, til the world turns upside down.*

(to second part of tune)

And Plympton still this grievance hold, or so I understand,
But my Lord the Abbot of Tavistock, holds the Plymstock land.