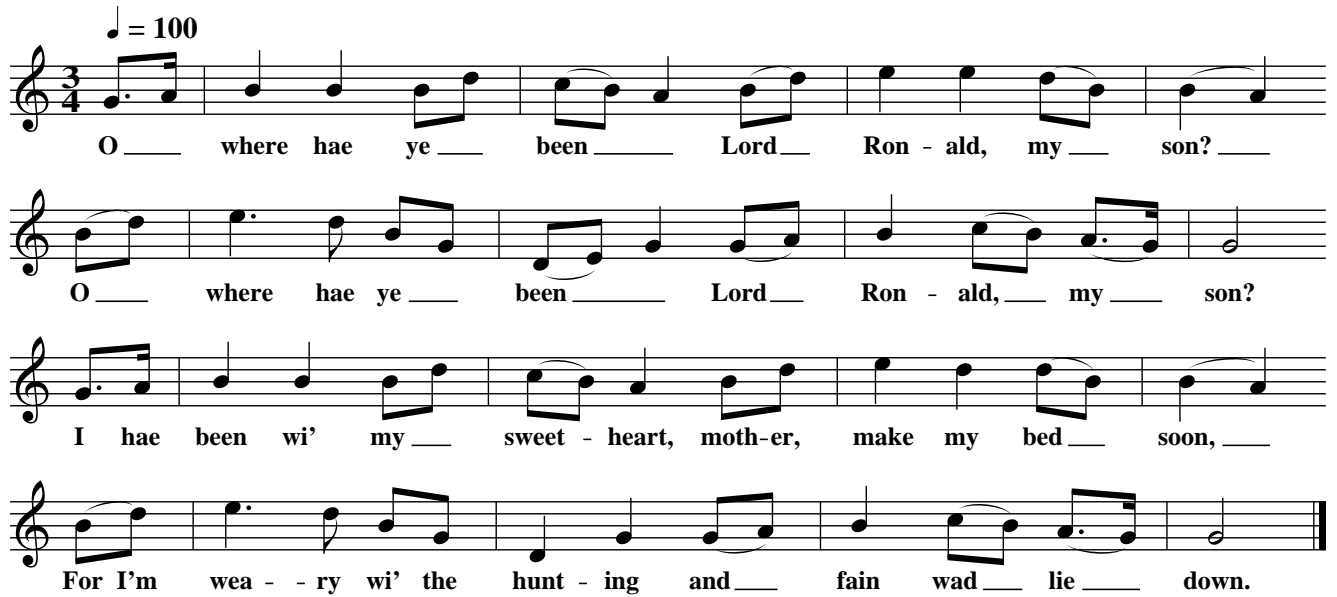


# Lord Ronald My Son

$\text{♩} = 100$



O where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?

O where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?

I hae been wi' my sweet-heart, moth-er, make my bed soon,

For I'm wea-ry wi' the hunt-ing and fain wad lie down.

O where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?  
O where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?  
I hae been wi' my sweetheart, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm weary wi' the hunting and fain wad lie down.

What got ye frae your sweetheart Lord Ronald, my son.  
What got ye frae your sweetheart Lord Ronald, my son.  
I hae got deadly poison, mother, make my bed soon,  
For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.