Oh good Lord Judge

Collected by Rev. Philip Parsons from a female parishioner, Wye

Sent to Thomas Percy 7th April 1770

From the Percy Papers (Percy MS – 129.A) via the Bluegrass Messengers website, http://www.bluegrassmessengers.com/o-good-lord-judge--child-95a-maid-freed.aspx

Roud 144

1. Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge
   Peace for a little while
   Methinks I see my own Father
   Come riding by the Stile

2. Oh Father oh Father a little of Your Gold
   And likewise of Your Fee
   To keep my Body from Yonder Grave
   And my Neck from the Gallows-Tree

3. None of my Gold now you shall have
   Nor likewise of my Fee
   For I am come to see you hang'd
   And hanged you shall be.

4. Oh good Lord Judge & sweet Lord Judge
   Peace for a little While
   Methinks I see my own Mother
   Come riding by the Stile

5. Oh Mother oh Mother a little of Your Gold
   And likewise of Your Fee
   To keep my Body from Yonder Grave
   And my Neck from the Gallows Tree

6. None of my Gold now shall you have
   Nor likewise of my Fee
   For I am come to see you hang'd
   And hanged you shall be

7. Oh good Lord Judge & sweet lord Judge
   Peace for a little While
   Methinks I see my own Brother
   Come riding by the Stile

8. Oh Brother oh Brother a little of Your Gold
   And likewise of Your Fee
   To keep my Body from Yonder Grave
   And my neck from the Gallows-Tree

9. None of my Gold now shall you have
   Nor likewise of my Fee
   For I am come to see you hang'd
   And hanged you shall be

10. Oh good Lord Judge & sweet lord Judge
    Peace for a little While
    Methinks I see my own Sister
    Come riding by the Stile

11. Oh Sister oh Sister a little of Your Gold
    And likewise of your Fee
    To keep my Body from Yonder Grave
    And my neck from the Gallows Tree

12. None of my Gold now shall you have
    Nor likewise of my Fee
    For I am come to see you hang'd
    And hanged you shall be

13. Oh good Lord Judge and sweet lord Judge
    Peace for a little while
    Methinks I see my own True Love
    Come riding by the Stile

14. Oh Truelove oh Truelove a little of Your Gold
    And likewise of Your Fee
    To keep my Body from Yonder Grave
    And my neck from the Gallows Tree

15. Some of my Gold now you shall have
    And likewise of my Fee
    For I am come to see You saved
    And saved You shall be