Near Edinburgh town was a young child born,
With a high loo low and a high loo land,
And his name it was called young Hind Horn,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie-o.

For seven years he served the king,
All for the sake of his daughter Jean.
The King an angry man was he
And he sent young Hind Horn to the sea.
She’s given to him a golden ring
With seven diamonds set therein.
“When this ring grows pale and wan,
You may know by it my love is gone.”
One day he looked his ring upon
And he knew she loved another man.

He’s left the sea and he’s come to the land
And there he’s met an old beggar man.
“What news, what news doth thee betide?”
“No news but the Princess Jean’s a bride.”

“Will you give to me thy begging tweed,
And I’ll give to you my riding steed?”

The beggar he was bound for the bride
And Hind Horn he was bound for the bride.
When he came to the King’s own gate,
He sought a drink for Hind Horn’s sake.
“He drank the wine and he dropped in the ring
And bade them take it to Princess Jean.
“Got you this ring by sea or by land,
Or got you this from a dead man’s hand?”
“Not by sea and not by land,
But I got it from your own sweet hand.”
“I’ll cast off my gown of brown
And I’ll follow you from town to town.”
“You needn’t cast off your gown of brown,
For I’ll make you the lady of many a town.”
“I’ll cast off my dress of red
And I’ll follow you and beg my bread.”
“You needn’t cast off your dress of red,
For I’ll maintain you with wine and bread.”

The bridegroom had the bride first wed,
But Hind Horn had her first to bed.