

# Popular Ballads

AND

# Songs,

FROM

TRADITION, MANUSCRIPTS,

AND

SCARCE EDITIONS;

WITH

*TRANSLATIONS OF SIMILAR PIECES*

FROM THE

*Ancient Danish Language,*

AND

A FEW ORIGINALS BY THE EDITOR.

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BY

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A. M. & F. A. S.

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**SONGS**  
**AND**  
**BALLADS,**  
**TRAGIC, HUMOROUS,**  
**AND**  
**MISCELLANEOUS.**

---

**PART THIRD.**

**Miscellaneous.**

TRUE THOMAS,  
AND  
THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND.

---

THE following copy of this very curious old romance is given from a MS., said to be of the fifteenth century, in the public library at Cambridge, marked Ff. v. 48, 11. The different readings in the margin are from a MS. in the library of the cathedral of Lincoln, a transcript of which I owe to the politeness and industry of my very valuable friend, the Reverend William Gray of Lincoln; and from another MS. in the Cotton library; for a specimen of which, the reader must be referred to Vol. II. Edit. 2. of the "Border Minstrelsy." In the Camb. MS. none of the pieces have any titles: the Cotton copy is prefaced by *Incipit prophesia Thome de Erseldoun*; and the Lincoln MS. is intitled,

*Thomas off Erseldoune*, and is introduced in the following manner :

“ Lystyns, lordyngs, bothe grete and smale,  
 And takis gude tente what I will saye ;  
 I sail you tell als trewe a tale,  
 Als ever was herde by nyghte or daye ;  
 And the maste marvelle ffor owten naye,  
 That ever was herde by fore or syne ;  
 And ther for prestly I you pray,  
 That ye will of youre talkyng blyne.  
 It is an harde thyng for to saye,  
 Of doghety dedis that have been done ;  
 Of felle fightyngs and batells sore ;  
 And how that ther knyghtis hase wonne.  
 Bot Jhu Cryst that syttis in trone,  
 Safe Inglysche men bothe ferre and nere ;  
 And I sail telle yow tyte and sone,  
 Of batells done sythen many a yere ;  
 And of batells that done sall bee ;  
 In what place, and how and whare ;  
 And wha sall hafe the higher gree ;  
 And whether partye sall hafe the werre ;  
 Wha sall take the flyghte and flee ;  
 And wha sall dye, and be tane, thare :  
 Bot Jhu Cryste, that dyed on tre,  
 Save Inglysche men whare so thay fare.”

From the prayer, with which this exordium concludes, it may fairly be inferred, that the writer was an Englishman ; and the prophetic part of the piece has been evidently intended to be used as a political engine against the Scots. In the introduction to the prophecies, however, there is so much more fancy and elegance than in the prophecies themselves, that they can hardly be supposed to be the composition of the

same person. Indeed, the internal evidence to the contrary almost amounts to a proof that they are not, and that the romance itself was of Scottish origin; although no indubitably Scottish copy, so far as the editor knows, is now in existence. He has been told, but upon what authority he knows not, that there *was* a copy in the late king's library at Paris, but uncertain of what country. More favourable times and circumstances may enable him to ascertain this fact with more precision. In the mean time, he must be contented to avail himself of such evidence, as the "fragments of the lofty strain," that have floated "down the tide of years," and luckily come to his hand, can furnish. Of these it is remarkable, that in all the three copies now before him, the poet begins the story in the *first person*, and seems disposed to tell the incidents, as if they had really happened to himself:

St. 1. "As *I* me went this Andyr's day,  
Fast on *my* way making *my* mone, &c."

St. 3. "Alle in a longyng as *I* lay,  
Underneath a cumly tre,  
Saw *I* wher a lady gay,  
Came ridand over a lonely le," &c.

And although he afterwards, awkwardly and unnaturally enough, speaks of Thomas as a third person, yet even then he seems to insinuate, that the story, which he is garbling, was told by another before him:

St. 14. "And certenly, as *the story sayse*,  
He hir mette at Eldryn tre."



If he assumes the mask with a bad grace here, he shews still less address when he drops it again at stanza 52 of the First Fit :

“ Ther was revell, game, and play,  
More than I yow say, perdyé,  
Till hit fell upon a day,  
My lufly lady seid to me :

“ Busk *the*, Thomas, for *thu* must gon ;  
For here no longer mayst *thu* be ;  
Hye *the* fast, with mode and mone ;—  
I shall *the* bryng to the Eldyn tre.”

Would it not be pardonable, from such instances as these, to suppose it at least probable, that Thomas Rymour was really the original author of this romance ; and that, in order to give a sanction to his predictions, which seem all to have been calculated, in one way or other, for the service of his country, he pretended to an intercourse with the Queen of Elfland, as Numa Pompilius did with the nymph Egeria ? Such an intercourse, in the days of True Thomas, was accounted neither unnatural nor uncommon.

As both the English and Scots availed themselves of the credit which his prophecies had obtained, in falsifying them, to serve their purposes against each other, it is now impossible to ascertain, what the real prophecies of Thomas Rymour were, if ever he published any such. But as it would have been a measure of good policy to preserve, as entire as possible, the *original introduction*, from which the predictions were to derive their authority, it may be pre-

sumed, that fewer liberties were taken with it; that, notwithstanding the mutilated state in which we have found it, the general symmetry, and many of the original stamina, remain; and that it has not suffered more from the license assumed by transcribers and reciters, than other romances of that age have done.

As to the romance itself, "It will afford," says Mr Scott, (*Bord. Min.* Vol. II. p. 274, Edit. 2.) "great amusement to those, who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the (traditional) ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day." The following is the copy procured in Scotland for this work, before the author knew that he was likely to be anticipated in its publication by Mr Scott. It is an imperfect fragment, but it is short, and it contains one idea (concerning the effect of eating of the fruits of Elfland) to be found in the old legend, which is not in the copy published by Mr Scott; The editor has therefore subjoined it:

" True Thomas lay o'er yonder bank,  
And he beheld a lady gay;  
A lady, that was brisk and bold,  
Come riding o'er the fernie brae.

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle of the velvet fine;

At ilka tate o' her horses mane  
 Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he took off his hat,  
 And bow'd him low down till his knee;  
 "All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!  
 For your like on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,  
 "That name does not belong to me;  
 I am but the queen of fair Elfland,  
 And I am come here to visit thee.

"But ye maun go wi' me now, Thomas,  
 True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;  
 For ye maun serve me seven years,  
 Through weal and wae, as may chance to be."

She turned about her milk-white steed,  
 And took True Thomas up behind;  
 And ay whene'er her bridle rang,  
 Her steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,  
 Untill they came to a garden green;  
 "Light down, light down, ye lady free,  
 Some o' that fruit let me pull to thee."

"O no, O no, True Thomas," she says,  
 "That fruit maun no be touch'd by thee;  
 For a' the plagues that are in Hell,  
 Light on the fruit o' this countrie.

“ But I have a laef here in my lap,  
 Likewise a bottle of clarry wine ;  
 And now, ere we go farther on,  
 We'll rest a while, and ye may dine.”

When he had eaten and drank his fill,  
 The lady said, “ ere we climb yon hill,  
 Lay your head upon my knee,  
 And I will shaw you ferlies three.

“ O see you not yon narrow road,  
 So thick beset with thorns and briars ?—  
 That is the path o' righteousness,  
 Though after it there's few inquires.

“ And see ye not yon braid, braid road,  
 That lies across yon lily leven ?—  
 That is the path of wickedness,  
 Though some call it the road to heaven.

“ And see ye not that bonny road,  
 That winds about the fernie brae ?  
 That is the road to fair Elfsand,  
 Where you and I this night maun gae.

“ But, Thomas, ye maun hald your tongue,  
 Whatever ye may hear or see ;  
 For gin a word ye should chance to speak,  
 You will ne'er get back to your ain countrie.”

• • • • •

For forty days and forty nights  
He wade through red blood to the knee;  
And he saw neither sun nor moon,  
But heard the roaring of the sea.

He's gotten a coat o' the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;  
And till seven years were past and gone,  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

TRUE THOMAS,  
 AND  
 THE QUEEN OF ELFLAND.

---

“ As I me went this \* Andyrs day,  
 Ffast on my way making my mone,  
 In a mery mornyng of May,  
 Be Huntley Bankis my self alone ;

“ I herde the jay and the throstell, †  
 The mavis menyð in hir song, ‡  
 The wodewale farde § as a bell,  
 That the wode aboute me rong.

---

\* In the MS. from which the editor made this transcript, the Saxon *th* is always used before a consonant ; but the Roman *y* is a bad substitute for it, as it resembles it only in figure ; so he used the common letters.

† MS. Lin. *throstyll cokke*.

‡ MS. Lin. *her of her song*.

§ *Farde*, I suppose, means *fared*, i. e. *went on* ; but the Lin. MS. reading, *beryd*, i. e. “ made a noise,” is preferable.

“ Alle in alongyng as I lay  
 Underneath a cumly \* tre,  
 Saw I wher a lady gay,  
 Came ridand over a lonely † le.

“ Zif I shuld sitte till domisday,  
 All with my tong to know and se, ‡  
 Sertenly alle hir aray  
 Shall hit never be scryed for me.

“ Hir palfray was of dappul gray ;  
 Like on se I never non ;  
 As dose the sonne on somers day,  
 The cumly lady hir self schone. ||

“ Hir saddil § was of reayll bon ;  
 Semely was that sight to se !  
 Stiffly sette with precious ston,  
 Compaste aboute with cramese. ¶

\* MS. Cott. *dern*.

† MS. Lin. *longe*. MS. Cot. *fair*.

‡ MS. Lin. and Cott, *wrebbe and wrye*.

|| MS. Cott. *All abowte that lady schone*.

§ MS. Lin. *selle*.

¶ MS. Lin. and Cot. *crapste*. In MS. Camb. this word was very indistinct, and may have been the same.

“ Stonys of oryens gret plente ;  
 Hir here aboute hir hed hit hong ;  
 She rode over that lonely\* le,  
 Awhile she blew, a while she songe.

“ Hir garthis of nobull silke thai were ;  
 Hir boculs thai were of bary's † ston ;  
 Hir stiropis were of cristall clere,  
 And alle with perry ‡ aboute be gon.

“ Hir paytrel was of a pall || fyne ;  
 Hir cropur was of arafe ;  
 Hir bridull was of golde fyne ;  
 On every side hong bellis thre.

“ She led vij § grehoundis in a leesshe ;  
 Vij rachis be hir fete ran ;—  
 To speke with her wold I not presse ;  
 Hir lire was white as any swan.

\* MS. Cott. *farnyle*. This seems the better reading, as *ferny brae* occurs in the traditional ballad.

† MS. Linc. *beryll*.

‡ *Perell*, MS. Linc.

|| MS. Linc. *irale*.

§ *Thre*.



“ She bare a horne about hir halce,  
 And undir hir gyrdill meny flonne;  
 For sothe, lordyngis as I yow tell,  
 Thus was this lady fayre be gon.”

Thomas lay, and saw that sight,  
 Underneth a semely tre;  
 He seid, “ yonde is Mary of myght,  
 That bare the childe that died for me.

“ But I speke with that lady bright,  
 I hope my heart will breke \* in thre;  
 But I will go with alle my myght  
 Hir to mete at Eldryn tre.”

Thomas sadly † up he rase,  
 And ran over that mounteyne hye;  
 And certenly, as the story sayes,  
 He hir mette at Eldryn tre.

---

\* MS. Linc. *bryste*:

† MS. Linc. and Cott. *rathely*, i. e. readily; which is a better reading.

He knelit downe upon his kne  
 Underneath the grenewode spray :  
 " Lovely lady ! thu rew on me ;  
 Qwene of heven, as thu well may."

Than seid that lady milde of thozht ;  
 " Thomas, let such wordis be ;  
 For quene of heaven am I nozht ;  
 I toke never so hye degre.

" But I am a lady of another cuntre,  
 If I be pareld moost of price ;  
 I ride after the wilde fee ;  
 My raches rennen at my devys."

" If thu be pareld most of price,  
 And ridis here in thy folye,  
 Lufly lady, as thu art wyse,  
 So gif me leve to lye the by."

" Do way, Thomas, that were foly ;  
 I pray thee hertely lete me be ;  
 Ffor I say the securly,  
 That synne wil for doo al my bewtie."\*

---

\* This line is adopted from the Linc. and Cott. MSS. as it is wanting in the Camb. copy.

“ Luffy lady, thu rew on me,  
 And I shall ever more with the dwell;  
 Her my trowth I plight to the,  
 Wheder thu wilt to heven or hell.”

“ Man of molde, thu wilt me marre,  
 But zet thu shalt have thi wille;  
 But trow thu well thu thryvest\* the warre,  
 Ffore alle my bewte thu wille spille.”

Down then light that lady bright,  
 Underneath a grene wode spray;  
 And, as the story tellus ful right,  
 Vij tymes † be hir he lay.

She seid, “ Thomas, thu likis thi play:  
 What byrde in boure may duel with the?  
 Thu marris me here this lefe long day;  
 I pray thee, Thomas, let me be.”

\* MS. Linc. and Cott. *chewys*.

† MS. Linc. *sythis*.

Thomas stonde up in that stede,  
 And beheld that lady gay:  
 Hir hare that hong upon hir hed,  
 The tother was black, the tother gray.

And all hir clothis were away  
 That he before saw in that stede;  
 Hir een semyd out that were so gray,  
 And alle hyr body like the lede.\*

Thomas seid, " alas! alas!  
 In feith this is a doleful sight,  
 That thu art so fadut in the face,  
 That be fore schone as sunne bright!"

" Take thi leve at sune and mone,  
 And also at levys of Eldryn tre; †  
 This twelmond shall thu with me gon,  
 That mydul erth thu shall not se."

\* MS. Cott. *Hyr body as blo as ony bede.* Qu. Should it not be, as in the other copies, *lede*?

† MS. Cott. *At grasse, and at every tre.*

He knelyd down upon his kne ;  
 To Mary mylde he made his mone :  
 " Lady, but thu rew on me,  
 All my games fro me ar gone.

" Alas," he seyde, " woo is me,  
 I trow my dedis wil wyrke me woo :  
 Jhu, my soule be teche I the,  
 Wher so ever my bonys shall goo."

She led hym to the Eldryn Birke,  
 Underneth the grene wode tre,  
 Ther it was a myd nyght myrke,  
 And ever water till the knee.\*

---

\* This is one of those passages, which, having become illegible, an attempt had been made to restore. Fortunately in this, as in several other instances, the preparation which I applied to the MS., by restoring the original and genuine text, has enabled me to discover the inaccuracy of the interpolator, who has attempted to supply what he supposed to be wanting. The stanza, as filled up by him, ran thus :

" She led him to the Eldryn *Hill*,  
 Underneth the grenewood *lee*,  
 Where hit was derk as any *hell*," &c.

This " Eldryn Birke " of Fairy-land is different from the Scottish *Eldryn*, *Eldyn*, or *Eildon tree* of Erceldoune; and is probably a mistake of the English transcriber for *Etric Birke*,

Ther the space of dayes thre  
 He herd the noyse \* of the flode;  
 At the last he seid, " Wo is me!  
 Almost I dye for fawte of foode!"

She led hym in to a fayr herbere,  
 That frute groand was gret plenté;  
 Peyres and appuls, bothe ripe thei were,  
 The darte, and also the damsyn tre. †

---

which, in Scotland, or in Germany, would signify a *birke*, under the dominion of *Elves*, or frequented by them. It is since this note was written, that the editor has received the transcripts of the Linc. and Cott. MSS., in the former of which the stanza runs thus:

" She ledde him in at Eldone Hill,  
 Undernethe a derne lee,  
 Where it was derke als mydnight merke,  
 And ever the water till his kne."

In MS. Cott. it is,—

" She ledde hym furth with all her myzt,  
 Undir nethe the derne lee;  
 Wher it was as derke as at mydnyzt,  
 And evyr in water unto the kne."

These readings, perhaps, do away the observation concerning the *Eldryn Birke*. There is something uncommonly romantic and poetical in Thomas's going under ground with the queen of Elfland, as *Aeneas* does with the Sibyl; marching for three days in pitchy darkness, and hearing nothing but the *swedhyng* and *swowyng* (i. e. swinging and booming) of the waves over his head.

\* MS. Linc. *swedhyng*; MS. Cott. *swowyng*; both preferable to MS. Camb. as being more expressive of the noise of the sea,

—" On some wide-watered shore,  
*Swinging slow with sullen roar.*" MILTON.

† MS. Linc. and MS. Cott. *damasee*.

The fygge, and also the wyne berry ;\*  
 The nyghtyngale byggyng hir nest ;  
 The papyngay fast about can flye ;  
 The throstill song wolde have no rest.

He presed to pul the frute with his honde :  
 " As man for fode wex nere honde feynte."  
 She seid, " Thomas, let that stond,  
 Or ellis the feend will the atteynt.

" If thou pulle, the sothe to sey,  
 Thi soule goeth to the fyre of hell ;  
 Hit comis never out til domis day,  
 But ther ever in payne to dwell."

She seid, " Thomas, I the hight,  
 Come, lay thi hed on my kne,  
 And thou shal see the feyrest sight,  
 That ever saw mon of the cuntre."

He leyd downe his hed as she hym badde,  
 His hed upon hir kne he leide ;  
 Hir to please he was full gladde ;  
 And then that lady to him she seide,—

---

\* In the north of Scotland, the common currant is called the *wine berry*.

" Sees thu zonder is fayr way,  
 That lyes over zonder mounteyne?  
 Zonder is the way to heven for ay,  
 Whan synful souls have duryd ther peyne.

" Seest thu now, Thomas, zonder way,  
 That lyse low under zonder rise?  
 Wide is the way, the sothe to say,  
 Into the joyes of paradyse.

" Seest thu zonder thrid way,  
 That lyes over zonder playne?  
 Zonder is the way, the sothe to say,  
 That sinful soules shall drye to payne.

" Seest thu zonder fourt way,  
 That lyes over zonder felle?  
 Zonder is the way, the sothe to say,  
 Unto the brennand fyre of hell.

" Seest thu now zonder fayre castell,  
 That stondis upon zonder fayre hill?  
 Off towne and toure it berith the bell;  
 In mydull erth is non like ther till.



“ In faith, Thomas, zonder is myne owne,  
 And the kyngns of this cuntre ;  
 But me wer better be honged and drawyn,  
 Then he wist that thu lay be me.

“ My lorde is served at ilk a messe  
 With xxx knyghts fayre and fre ;  
 And I shalle say, sittand at the dese—  
 I toke thi speche be zonde the lee. \*

“ Whan thu comes to zonder castell gay,  
 I pray the curtese man to be ;  
 And what so ever any man to the say,  
 Loke thu answer non but me.”

Thomas styll als stone he stode, †  
 And be helde that lady gay ;  
 She was as feyre, and as gode, ‡  
 And as riche on hir palfray.

---

\* Her injunction, that Thomas must speak to no one but herself, and her pretence that she has deprived him of the faculty of speech, proceeds from a fear of his blabbing and betraying her to the jealousy of her husband, the king of Elfland.

† Sic. in MS. Linc.

‡ MS. Cott. *Than was sche fayr and ryche anone.*

Hir grey houndis fillid with dere blode ;  
 Hir rachis coupuld, be my fay ;  
 She blew hir horne on hir palfray gode,\*  
 And to the castell she toke the way.

In to a hall sothely she went ;  
 Thomas folud at hir hande ;  
 Ladis come, bothe faire and gent,  
 Fful curtesly to hir kneland.

Harpe and fidul both thei fande,  
 The getern and also the saütry ;  
 The lute, and the ribybe, both gangand,  
 And all maner of minstralcy.

Knights dawnsyng be thre and thre :  
 Ther was revel, both game and play ;  
 The fearé ladys fayre and fre  
 Dawnsyng with †[thaim in] ryche aray.

The gretest ferly-ther Thomas thozt,  
 When xxx harts lay upon [the] flore ;  
 And as many dere in were brozt,  
 That was largely long and store.

---

\* MS. Linc. *with, mayne and moae.*

† MSS. Cott. and Linc. *sat and sang.*

Raches \* lay lappand on the deris blode ;  
 The cocys thei stode with dressyng knyfe,  
 Brytnand the dere as thei were wode ;  
 Revel was among thaim rife.

Ther was revell, game, and play,  
 More than I yow say perdyé,  
 Till hit fell upon a day  
 My lufly lady seid to me :

“ Busk the, Thomas ; for thu most gon,  
 Ffor here no longer mayst thu be ;  
 Hye the fast ; with mode and mone,  
 I shall the bryng to the Eldyn Tre.”

Thomas answered with hevvy chere,  
 “ Lufly lady, thu let me be ;  
 For certenly I have be here  
 But the space of dayes thre.”

“ Ffor sothe, Thomas, I the tell,  
 Thou hast bene here seven zere and more ;  
 Ffor here no longer may thu dwell,  
 I shal tel the skyl wherfore.

---

\* MS. Cott. *Lymours* ; Fr. *Limier*, a mongrel dog.

“ To morow on of Hel, a \* fowle fende,  
 Among these folke shal chese his fee:  
 Thou art a fayre † man and a hende,  
 Fful wele I wot he wil chese the.

“ Ffore all the golde that ever myght be  
 Ffro heven unto the wordys ‡ ende,  
 Thu beys never trayed for me;  
 Ffor with me I rede the wende.”

She broght hym agayn to the Eldyntre,  
 Underneth the grene wode spray,  
 In Huntley Banks ther for to be,  
 Ther foullys syng bothe nyzt and day.

Ffor out over zon mownten gray,  
 Thomas, a fawken maks his nest;—  
 A fawken is an yrons || pray;  
 Ffor thei in place will have no rest.

\* MSS. Cott. and Linc. *the*.

† MS. Cott. *lang*.

‡ *Worldys*.

|| (i. e.) *Earne's*. In MS. Linc. it is *Eglis*: *Earn* is Gaelic, and means the head, chief, or king of birds; *Fear eoin*.

“ Ffare wel, Thommas; I wende my way;  
Ffor me most over zon bentis brown.”

This is a fyttē: twain ar to sey  
Of Thomas of Erseltown.

## THE SECOND FYTTE.

“ FARE wel, Thomas; I wend m[y] [w]ay;  
I may no longer stande with the.”—

“ Gif me sum tokyn, lady gay,  
That I may say I spake with the.”

“ To harpe and carpe, Thomas, wher so ever ze gon,  
Thomas, take the these with the.”

“ Harping,” he seid, “ ken \* I non;  
Ffor tong is chefe of mynstralse.” †

“ If thu wil spell, ‡ or talys telle,  
Thomas, thu shal never make lye:  
Wher so ever thu goo, to frith, or felle, ||  
I pray the speke never non ille of me.

\* MS. Linc. *kepe*; a good reading.

† How would Mr Ritson, if he were alive, like True Thomas's definition of a profession which he knew so well?

‡ This is the real word, which, in Scotland, has now taken the form of *spae*.

|| Thomas received, according to common tradition, this faculty of always speaking truth, as a valuable companion to his

“ Ffare wel, Thomas, and wel thu be;  
 I can no longer stond the by.”  
 “ Lovely lady, fayre and fre,  
 Tell me zet of some farley.”

“ Thomas, truly I the say,  
 When [that] a tre rote is ded,  
 The levys fal and dwyne away;  
 Frute hit berys noder white nor red.

“ So shalle this fallys blode befall,  
 That shal be like this rotan tre;  
 The semelles and the telys all,  
 The refull and the frechel fre;\*

“ Alle shalle falle and dwyne away;  
 No wonder thoz the rote dy!  
 And mekill bale shal after spray, †  
 Ther joy and blisse were wont to be.

---

gift of prophecy, from the Queen of the Fairies; and from thence he derived his common appellation of *True Thomas*. Tammy Tell-the-Truth is a principal character in several satirical rustic ballads which I have heard in Morayshire; and probably was so in the old interludes.

\* In the Linc. MS. it is “ the *Comyns* and the *Barlays* alle, the *Treffells* and the *Efresell* (i. e. Fraser) free.”

† Spray, Qu. *spring* ?

“ Ffare wel, Thommas ; I wende my way ;  
I may no longer stand the by.”

“ Luffly lady, gude and gay,  
Tell me zet of some ferly.”

“ What kynd ferly, Thomas gode,  
Shall I tell the if thi will be?”

“ Tell me, of this gentil blode,  
Who shal thrife, and who shal the ;

“ Who shal be kyng, who shall be non,  
And who shall weld the north countre ;  
Who shall fley, who shalbe tane,  
And where the batell on shal be.”

“ Off a batell I wyl the tell,  
That shall come sone at will :  
Barons shal mete both fro \* and fell,  
And fresshely fegt at Ledyn hill. †

\* MS. Linc. *fers.*

† MS. Linc. *Eldone* ; MS. Cott. *Halendon hill.*



“ The Brutys \* blode shalle under fall ;  
 The Bretens blode shall wyn the spray ; †  
 C thowsandmen ther shalbe slayn,  
 Off Scottyshmen that nyght and day. ‡

“ Ffare wel, Thomas ; I wende my way ;  
 To stande with the me thynke full yrke—  
 Off the next batell I wil the say,  
 That shalbe done at Faw Kyrke.

“ The Bretans blode shall under fall ;  
 The Brouttys blode shall wyn the spray ;  
 Vij thousynd Englisshe men, gret and smalle,  
 Ther shalbe slayn that night and day. ||

\* MS. Linc. *Bretons.*

† MS. Linc. *ffray.*

‡ MS. Linc. *Vj thousande Ynglysche, wele I wete,  
 Sall there be slayne that ilk a daye.*

|| Both Linc. and Cott. MS. seem to agree in the following reading from MS. Linc. :

“ Banners sall stande, bothe long and large,  
 Trow this wele, with mode and mayne ;  
 The Bruysse blode sall undir gane,  
 Sevenē thowsande Scottis there sallbe slayne.”

“ Ffare wel, Thomas ; the day the sees ;  
 No longer here thu tayré me ;  
 Lo ! wher my gray hounds breke ther leessehe ;  
 My raches breke ther copulls in thre.

“ Lo ! qw[h]er the dere goos be too and too,  
 And holdis over zonder mounten hie”—  
 Thomas seid, “ God schild thu goo,  
 But tell me zet of sum ferly.

“ Holde thi greyhounds in thi honde ;  
 And cupull thi raches to a [tre] ;  
 And lat the dere reyke over the londe ;—  
 Ther is a herd in Holteby.”

“ Off a batell I wil the say,  
 That shall gar ladys mourne in mode :  
 A Banokys Borne is water and clay,  
 That shalbe myngyd with manys blode.

“ And stedys shall stumbil for treson,  
 Bothe bay and browne, grisell and gray ;  
 And gentill knyztz shalle tombull downe,  
 Thoro takyng of that wyckid way.

“ The Bretans blode shall under fall ;  
 The Brutys \* blode shall wyn the spray ;  
 Viiij † thousand Englyssh men, gret and smale,  
 Ther shalbe slayne that nyght and day.

“ Then shalle Scotland kyngless be see ; †  
 Trow this wil that I the say,  
 And thei shalle chese a kyng ful yong,  
 That can no lawes lede, perfay.

“ Robert with care he shalle reng,  
 And also he shalle wynd away ;  
 Lordys and ladys, both olde and yeng,  
 Shall draw to hym with owtyn nay.

“ And they with pryde to England ryde,  
 Est and west ther lyggys his way ;  
 And take a toun of mych pryce,  
 And slee \*\*x knyghts veray.

\* MS. Linc. has *Bruesse*.

† MS. Linc. *Vj*.

‡ *See, qu. long.*

“ Be twene a parke \* and an abbay,  
 A palys and a parisshe kyrke,  
 Ther shalle the kyng mys of his way,  
 And of hys life be full yrke.

“ He shalbe teryd ful wonder sare,  
 So away he may not fle;  
 His nek shal rife or he then fare,  
 The red blod trikland to his kne.

“ Be twene a myckul way and a water,  
 A parke and a stony way then,  
 Ther shal a cheften mete in fere;  
 A ful dugty ther shalbe slayn.

---

\* From this to the end of the Fytte all the MSS. differ so much, that there is no reconciling them. MS. Linc. mentions the battle on *Depplynge More*, where it says xj Scots were slain, and the subsequent taking of the

—“ town of gret renown,

That stands near the water of Tay;

and MS. Cott. says:

“ Bytwys a wethy and a water,  
 A wel and a haly staine,  
 Ther sal two cheftans met in fer;  
 The Douglas ther sall be slaine.

A tarslet sal in halde be tane,  
 Cheftans away—  
 And lede hym to ane halde of stane,  
 And close him in a cart.”

“ The toder cheftan shalbe tane,  
A presans of blode hym shal slee,  
And lede hym a w[ay in a] wan,  
And cloyse hym in a castell hee.

“ Ffare wel, Thomas ; I wende my way ;  
Ffor I most over zon bentis brown.”  
Here ar two fyfts Thomas to say,  
Off Thomas of Erseldown.

## THE THIRD FYTTE.

“ But, Thommas, truly I the say,  
 This worlde is wondir wankill : \*  
 Off the next batell I will the say,  
 That salbe done at Spynard hill. †

“ The Brutys blode shall under fall ;  
 The Brettenis blode shall wyne [the spray] ;  
 Xij thousand ther shalbe slayne [alle],  
 Of Scottishe men that nyght and day.

“ Off the next batell I wil the telle,  
 That shalbe done sone at will ;  
 Barons, both fleshe and fell  
 Shalbe fresshely fyght at Pentland Hyll.

\* MS. Linc. *wondereth and woghe.*

† MS. Linc. *cloughe.*

“ But when [be twene?] Pentland and Edyn-borow,  
 And the hill that stands on the red clay,  
 Vij thousand ther shalbe slayn there,  
 Of Scottishe men that nyght and day.

“ Then shalle they met both stiff and strong,  
 Betwene Seton and the see;  
 The Englysshi shalle lyg the cragys among,  
 The tother at the Est bank.

“ The Florence forth shall fare  
 Upon a Sondag to here the messe;  
 A thousande ther shalbe slayne,  
 Of bothe partyes more and lesse.

“ Ffor that ther shall no barrons \* presse,  
 But fer asonder shall they be:  
 Careful shalbe the furst messe,  
 Be twene Seton and the see.

“ Then shalle they figt with helm and shyld there,  
 And woundyt men [shall many be];  
 But on the morn there shalbe care,  
 Ffor nedyr [parte] shall have the gree.

---

\* Qu. *banners*?

“ Then shalle thei take a truce and swere,  
 Thre zere and more I understonde,  
 That nouthur side shalle odir dere,  
 Nouthur be se nor be londe.

“ Be twene twoo seynt Mary dayes,  
 When the tyme waxis nere long,  
 Then shall thei mete and banerse rese,  
 In Gleydis-more that is so long.

“ Gladys-more, that gladis us all;  
 This is beginning of oure gle;  
 Gret sorow there shall fall,  
 Where rest and peese were wont to be.

“ Crowned kyngus ther shalbe slayn,  
 With dynts sore, and wonder [to] se,  
 Out of a more a raven shal cum,  
 And of hym a schrew shall flye,

“ And seke the more with owten rest,  
 After a crosse is made of ston,  
 Hye and lowe, both est and west;  
 But up he shal spede anon.



“ He shal lig ther wher he shulde be,  
 And hold his neb up to the skye;  
 And he shal drink the red blode ther—  
 Lordys shall cry welaway.

“ Then shal they figt with helm and spere,  
 Un to the sun be set nere west;  
 Ther is no wyzt in that fyld [ther]  
 That wots qwylke side shall have the best.

“ A bastard shall cum fro a forest,  
 Not in Yngland borne shall he be,  
 And he shal wyn the gre for the best,  
 Alle men leder of Bretan shal he be.

“ And with pride to England ride,  
 Est and west in certan;  
 And hold a parlement with pride,  
 Wher never non be fore was seyn.

“ Alle false lawes he shalle lay doune,  
 That are begune in that cuntre;  
 Truly to wyrke he shalbe boune,  
 And all leder of Bretans shal he be.

“The bastard shal get hym power strong,  
 And all his faes he shall down dyng;  
 Of alle the v kingys londis,  
 Ther shal non bodword home bryng.

“The bastard shalle go in the holy land;  
 Trow this wel as I the say:  
 Tak his [soule] to his hande,  
 Jhu Christe that mycull may.

“Thomas [truly] I the say,  
 This sertand yll worde;—  
 Of the last batel I the say,  
 That shalbe don at Sandeforde.

“Nere Sandyforth ther is a wroo,\*  
 And nere that wro is a well;  
 A ston there is the wel even fro,  
 And nere the wel truly to tell,

“On that grounde ther groeth okys thre,  
 And is called Sandyford;  
 Ther the last batel ever shalbe;  
 Thomas, trow thu ilke a worde;”

---

\* MS. Cott. *broo*, i. e. *brow*, *brae*, or *rising ground*.

Then she said with hevye chere ;  
 The terys ran out of her een gray ;  
 " Lady, or thu wepe so sore,  
 Take thi houndis, and wend thi way."

" I wepe not for my way-walkyng,  
 Thomas, treuly, I the say ;  
 But for ladys shal wed ladys zeng,  
 When the lordis are dede away.\*

" He shall have a stede in stabul fed,  
 A hauke to beyre upon his hound ;  
 A bright lady to his bed,  
 That before had non in londe.

\* After the stanza (p. 36. v. 2.) beginning,

" Then shalle they met both stiff and strong,"

there is in the Linc. and Cott. MSS. a strong picture of the desolation of war, and the depopulation of the country :

" Stedis a waye maysterles sal flynge,  
 On the mountans too and froo ;  
 Thair sadells on thare bakkis sall hyngre,  
 Unto the garthis be rotyn in two."

In all the MSS. the order of the events in the prophetic part is different ; but amid the hurry and confusion of providing and packing up for a voyage to a distant country, the editor has no leisure to arrange or comment upon them ; nor are they worth so much pains, if he had leisure.

“ Ffare wel, Thomas ; I wende my way ;  
 Alle the day thu wil me marre.”

“ Lufly lady, tel thu me  
 Of Black Agnes of Dunbar.

“ And why she have gyven me the warre,  
 And put me in her prison depe ;  
 For I walde dwel with her ever mar,  
 And kepe hir plaes and hir shepe.”

“ Off black Agnes cum never gode ;  
 Wher for, Thomas, she may not the ;  
 Ffor al hir welth and hir worldly gode,  
 In London cloysed shal she be.

“ Ther prevysse never gode of hir blode,  
 In a dyke than shall she dye ;  
 Hounds of hir shall have ther fode,  
 Margrat of all hir kyn and she.”

Then Thommas a sory man was he,  
 The terys ran out of his een gray :

“ Lufly lady, zet tell to me,  
 If we shall parte for ever and ay.”

" Nay; when thu sitts at Erseldown,  
 To Hunteley Bank thu take thi way,  
 And there shal I be redy bown,  
 To mete the, Thomas, if that I may."

She blew hir hornē on hir palfray,  
 And left Thomas at Eldyrntre;  
 Til Helmesdale she toke the way,  
 And thus departed that lady and he.

Off such a woman wold I here,  
 That couth tell me of such ferly:  
 Jhu crowned with thorne so clere,  
 Bring us to the hall on hye!

\*.\* The Camb. MS., from which the editor made the above transcript, has suffered by rain-water nearly as much as the Cotton has done by fire; a great part of each page having become entirely illegible by the total disappearance of the ink. By wetting it, however, with a composition which he procured from a bookseller and stationer in Cambridge, the writing was so far restored in most places, that, with much poring, and the assistance of a magnifying glass, he was able to make it out pretty clearly. The greatest difficulty he met with was from the unlucky zeal and industry of some person, who, long ago, and in a hand nearly resembling the original, had endeavoured to fill up the chasms, and, as appeared upon the revival of the old writing, had generally mistaken the sense, and done much more harm than good. The Linc. MS. is very imperfect towards the latter part of the prophecies; but that is of little moment.

THE  
BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

---

*The following ballad was taken down by the Editor from the recitation of MRS BROWN, and is here given without the alteration of a single word. However little historical credit may be due to it, the account which it gives of the origin of the celebrated English Outlaw, is certainly very characteristic, and perfectly consistent with his subsequent life and conduct; insomuch that it cannot be said of the renowned hero of Sherwood, as Deianira says of Hercules,*

—————“dissimiles hic vir et ille puer.”

---

O WILLIE's large o' limb and lith,  
And come o' high degree;  
And he is gane to Earl Richard,  
To serve for meat and fee.

Earl Richard had but ae daughter,  
 Fair as a lily flower;  
 And they made up their love-contract  
 Like proper paramour.

It fell upon a simmer's nicht,  
 Whan the leaves were fair and green,  
 That Willie met his gay ladie  
 Intil the wood alanè.

"O narrow is my gown, Willie,  
 That wont to be sae wide;  
 And gane is a' my fair colour,  
 That wont to be my pride.

"But gin my father should get word  
 What's past between us twa,  
 Before that he should eat or drink,  
 He'd hang you o'er that wa.

"But ye'll come to my bower, Willie,  
 Just as the sun gaes down;  
 And kep me in your arms twa,  
 And latna me fa' down."



O whan the sun was now gane down,  
 He's doen him till her bower ;  
 And there, by the lee licht o' the moon,  
 Her window she lookit o'er.

Intill a robe o' red scarlet  
 She lap, fearless o' harm ;  
 And Willie was large o' lith and limb,  
 And keppit her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude green wood ;  
 And ere the night was deen,  
 She's born to him a bonny young son,  
 Among the leaves sae green.

Whan night was gane, and day was come,  
 And the sun began to peep,  
 Up and raise the Earl Richard  
 Out o' his drowsy sleep.

He's ca'd upon his merry young men,  
 By ane, by twa, and by three ;  
 " O what's come o' my daughter dear,  
 That's she's nae come to me ?

“ I dreamt a dreary dream last night,  
 God grant it come to gude !  
 I dreamt I saw my daughter dear  
 Drown in the saut sea flood.

“ But gin my daughter be dead or sick,  
 Or yet be stown awa,  
 I mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
 I'll hang ye ane and a'.”

They sought her back, they sought her fore,  
 They sought her up and down ;  
 They got her in the gude green wood,  
 Nursing her bonny young son.

He took the bonny boy in his arms,  
 And kist him tenderlie ;  
 Says, “ though I would your father hang,  
 Your mother's dear to me.”

He kist him o'er and o'er again ;  
 “ My grandson I thee claim ;  
 And Robin Hood in gude green wood,  
 And that shall be your name.”

And mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,  
And mony ane sings o' corn ;  
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood,  
Kens little whare he was born.

It wasna in the ha', the ha',  
Nor in the painted bower ;  
But it was in the gude green wood,  
Amang the lily flower.

## ROBIN HOOD

AND THE

OLD MAN.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

in faith thou shalt have mine  
 & 20s. in thy purse,  
 to spend at ale and wine

Though your clothes are of light lincolne green  
 & mine gray russet and torne  
 yet it doth not you beseme  
 to doe an old man scorne †

---

\* This fragment is given *verbatim et literatim*, from the folio MS. so often referred to in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

† By proposing, that is, to make an exchange of clothes with him, the bargain being so much to the advantage of the Old Man.

I scorne thee not old man says Robin  
 by the faith of my body  
 doe of thy clothes thou shalt have mine  
 for it may noe better be

But Robin did on the old mans hose  
 the were torn in the wrist  
 when I looke on my leggs said Robin  
 then for to laugh I list

but Robin did on the old mans shoes  
 & the were chitt full cleane  
 now by my faith says Little John  
 these are good for thornes keene

but Robin did on the old mans cloake  
 & it was torne in the necke  
 now by my faith said William Scarlett  
 heere shold be set a specke

But Robin did on the old mans hood  
 itt gogled on his crowne  
 when I come into Nottingham said Robin  
 my hood it will lightly downe\*

---

\* i. e. I shall easily bare my head, in reverence to the stieriff, &c.

But yonder is an outwood said Robin  
 an outwood all and a shade\*  
 and thither I reede you my merrymen all  
 the ready way to take

And when you heare my little horne blow  
 come raking all on a row†

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* horne to his mouth  
 a loud blast cold he blow  
 full three hundred bold yeomen  
 came raking all on a row

But Robin cast downe his baggs of bread  
 soe did he his staffe with a face  
 & in a doublet of red velvett  
 this yeoman stood in his place

\* It has been suggested, that this ought to be *brake*, and not *shade*.

† Nine or ten stanzas wanting, being half the folio page.

but Robin he lope and Robin he threw  
 he lope over stocke and stone  
 but those that saw Robin Hood run  
 said he was a liver old man

But bend your bowes and stroke your strings  
 set the gallow tree aboute  
 and Christes curse on his head said Robin  
 that spares the sheriff and the sergeant \*

When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold shoote  
 he held up both his hands  
 sayes aske good Robin and thou shalt have  
 whether it be house or land

I will neither have house nor land said Robin  
 nor gold nor none of thy fee  
 but I will have those 3 squires  
 to greene forest with me

Now marry gods forbott said the sheriffe  
 that ever that shold be  
 ffor why they be the kings felons  
 they are all condemned to dye

---

\* Should not this be "his rowte?"

But grant me my askinge said Robin  
or by me faith of my body  
thou shalt be the first man  
shall flower this gallow tree

But I will \* \* \* 3 squires  
\* \* \* \*

*(Cetera desunt.)*



ROBYN HODE,  
 AND  
 THE MUNKE, &c. &c.

---

*(From a MS. said to be of the fifteenth century, in the  
 Public Library, Cambridge, marked Ff. v. 48. 11.)*

---

IN somer when the shawes be sheyn,  
 And leves be large and long,  
 Hit is full mery in fayre forest  
 To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the le,  
 And leve ther hillis hee,  
 And shadow hem in the levis grene,  
 Under the grene wode tre.

Hit be fel on Whitsontyde,  
 Erly in a May mornyng,  
 The son up feyre can spring, (that day)  
 And the birddis mery can syng.

“ This is a mery mornyng,” seid Litull John,  
 “ Be hym that dyed on tre ;  
 And more mery man, than I am on,  
 Was not in Cristante.

“ Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,”  
 Litull John can say,  
 “ And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme,  
 In a mornyng of May.”

“ The on thyng greves me,” seyde Robyn,  
 “ And does my hert mych woo,  
 That I may not no solem day,  
 To mas ne matyns goo.

“ Hit is a fourtnet and more,” seyde Robyn,  
 “ Syn I my savyor see ;  
 To day wil I to Notyngham,” said Robyn,  
 “ With the myght of mylde Mary.”

Then spake Moche, the Mylers sone,

(Ever more wel hym betyde !)

“ Take xij of thi wyght zemen,

Wel weppynd be ther syde.

Suchon wolde thi selfe

That xij dar not abyde.”

“ Off all my merry men,” seid Robyn,

“ Be my feith I wil non have ;

But Litull John shall beyre my bow,

Till that me list to draw.”

“ Thu shall beyre thi nown,” seid Litull John,

“ Maister, and I will beyre myne ;

And we will shote a prevy,” seid Litull John,

“ Under the grene wode lyne.”

“ I will not shote a prevy,” sayd Robyn Hode,

“ In feith, Litull John, with the ;

But ever for on, as thu shots,” seid Robyn,

“ In feith I holde the thre.”

Thus shot thei forth, these zemen too,

Bothe at buske and brome,

Til Litull John wan of his maister,

V s. to hose and shone.

A ferly strife fel them betwene,  
 As they went be the way :  
 Litull John seid, he culd wan V s. ;  
 And Robyn Hode seid schortly nay.

With that lyed,\* Robyn Hode lyed Litull John,  
 And smote hym wyth his hande :  
 Litull John wexed wroth ther with,  
 And pulled out his bright brande.

“Were thu not my maister,” seid Litull John,  
 “Thu shuld is by hit ful sore :  
 Get the a man wher thu wil, Robyn,  
 For thu gets me no more.”

Then Robyn goes to Notynggham,  
 Hymselfe mornynge allone ;  
 And Litull John to mery Scherewoode,  
 The pathes he knewe alkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notynggham,  
 Sertenly with owten layn,  
 He prayed to God and Mary may,  
 To bryng hym out save agayne.

---

\* The first *lyed* in this verse seems to have been inserted by a graphical mistake.

He gos in to Seynt Mary chyrche,  
 And knelyd down before the rode ;  
 Alle that ever were the church with in,  
 Behold wel Robyn Hode.

Be side hym stode a gret hedit Munke,  
 (I pray to God woo he be!)  
 Ful sone he knew gode Robyn,  
 As sone as he him se.

Out at the dure he ran,  
 Fful sone and anon ;  
 All the zatis in Notyngham,  
 He made to be sparryd everychone.

“ Rise up,” he said, “ thu proud schereff,  
 Buske the, and make the bowne ;  
 I have spyed the kyngis felon,  
 Ffor sothe he is in this towne.

“ I have spyed the falce felon,  
 As he stands at his masse ;  
 Hit is longe of the se[ly] munke,  
 And ever he fro us passe.

“ This traytor’s name is Robyn Hode,  
 Under the grene wode lynde;  
 He robbyt me onys of a Clb. ;  
 Hit shalle never out of my mynde.”

Up then rose that prowde shereff,  
 And radlé.\* made him zare;  
 Many wer the moders son,  
 To the kyrk with hym can fare.

In at the durris thei threly thraist,  
 With staves ful gode wone :  
 “ Alas ! alas ! ” seyde Robyn Hode,  
 “ Now mysse I Litull John ! ”

But Robyn toke out a twohond sword,  
 That hong down be his kne ;  
 Ther as the shereff and his men stod thyckest,  
 Thedurward wolde he.

[Gode Robyn] thorow at thaim he ran,  
 Ther for sothe as I you say,  
 And woundyt many a modre son,  
 And xij he slew that day.

---

\* Radlé; *rathely, readily.*

His sword upon the shereffs helm  
 Sertenly he brake in too :  
 " The smyth that the made," seyd Robyn,  
 " I pray to God wyrke him woo.

" Ffor now am I weppynless," seyde Robyn,  
 " Alasse ! agayne my wylle ;  
 But if I may fle these trayters fro,  
 I wot thei wil me kill."

Robyn anon in the chyrch he ran,  
 Thorow owt hem everilkone ;  
 Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede,  
 And lay stil as any stone.

Non of theym were in her mynde,  
 But only Litull John :

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

" Let be yor rule," seyd Litull John,  
 " Ffor his luf that dyed on tre ;  
 Ze, that shulde be duzty men,  
 Hit is gret shame to se.

“ Oure maister has bene hard bystede,  
 And zet scapyd away ;  
 Pluk up yor herts, and leve this mone,  
 A harkyn what I shall say.

“ He has servyd our lady many a day,  
 And yet wil securly ;  
 Ther for I trust in hir specially,  
 No wyckid deth shal he dye.

“ Ther for be glad,” seid Litull John,  
 “ And let thi mournyng be ;  
 And I shal be the Munkis gyde,  
 With the myght of mylde Mary.

“ And I mete hym,” seid Litull John,  
 “ We will go but we too :

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“ Loke that ze kepe wel your tristil tre,  
 Under the levys smale ;  
 And spare non of this venyson,  
 That gose in thys vale.”



Ffurthe then went these zemen too;  
 Litull John and Mochie in fere;  
 And lokid on Moch enys hows;  
 The hye way lay ful nere.

Litull John stode in a wyndow in a mornynge,  
 And lokid sothe at a stage;  
 He was ware of a Munke came rydyng,  
 And with him a litull page.

“ Be my feith,” seid Litull John to Moch,  
 “ I can the tell tythyngis gode;  
 I se wher the Munke cumys rydyng;  
 I know hym be his wyd hode.”

They went in to the way, these zemen, bothe,  
 As curtes men and hende;  
 They spyrrid Notyngham at the Munke,  
 As they hade bene his frende.

“ Fro whens come ze ?” said Litull John;  
 “ Tell us tythyngus, I yow pray;  
 Off a false owlay [we wold fayn here]  
 Was tain [this] yesterday.

“ He robbyt me and my felawes  
 Of xx marke in serten ;  
 If that false owtlay be takyn,  
 Ffor sothe we wolde be slayn.”

“ So did he me,” seid the Munke,  
 Off a Clb. and more :  
 I layd furst hande hym apon ;  
 Ze may thank me therefore.”

“ I pray God thanke [the],” seid Litull John,  
 “ And we will, when we may :  
 We wil go with you, with your leve,  
 And bryng yow on your way.

“ Ffor Robyn Hode hafe many a wilde felow,  
 I tel yow in certen,  
 If thei wist ze rode this way,  
 In feith ze shulde be slayn.”

As thei went talkyng be the way,  
 The Munke and Litull John,  
 John toke the Munkis horse be the hede,  
 Fful sone and anon.

John toke the Munkis horse be the hed,  
 Ffor sothe as I yow say ;  
 So did Moch the litull page,  
 Ffor he shulde not sturre away.

Be the golett of the hode,  
 John pulled the Munke downe ;  
 John was nothyng of hym agast ;  
 He let hym fall on his crowne.

Litull John was so agrevyd,  
 And drew out his swerde in hye :  
 The Munke saw he shulde be ded,  
 Lowd " mercy !" can he cry.

" He was my maister," seid Litull John,  
 " That thu hase brought to bale :  
 Shalle thu never cum at any kyng,  
 Ffor to tell hym tale."

John smote of the Munkis hed ;  
 No longer wolde he dwell ;  
 So did Moch the litull page,  
 Ffor ferd lest he wold tell.

Ther thei beryed hym bothe,  
 In nouthur mosse nor lyng;  
 And Litull John and Much infere  
 Bare the letters to owre kyng.

[When Litull John came before the kyng,]  
 He kneled down upon his kne:  
 "God yow save, my lege lorde;  
 God yow save and se.

"God yow save, my lege kyng!  
 To speke John was full bolde;  
 He gaf hym the letturs in his hand;  
 The kyng did hit unfold.

The kyng red the letters anon,  
 And seid, "sô mot I thee;  
 Ther was never zeman in mery England  
 I longut so sore to se.

"Wher is the Munke that these shuld have brouzt?  
 Oure [nobull] kyng can say."  
 "Be my truth," seid Litull John,  
 "He dyed after the way."

The king gaf Moch and Litull John  
 Xx lb. in sertan,  
 And made them zeman of the crowne,  
 And bade them go agayn.

He gaf John the seel in hand,  
 The scheref for to bere,  
 To bryng Robyn him to,  
 And no man do hym dere.

John toke hys leve at our kyng,  
 The sothe as I yow say,  
 [And he, and Moch the myler's sone  
 Ful merylé past thai.]

The next way to Notyngham;  
 The zatis were sparred ychone:  
 John callid up the porter;  
 He answered anon.

“What is the cause,” seid Litull John,  
 “Thu sparris the zatis so fast?”  
 “Because of Robyn Hode,” seid the porter,  
 “In depe prison is cast.

“ John, and Much, and Wyll Scathlok,  
 Ffor sothe as I yow say,  
 Thei slew oure men upon our wallis,  
 And \* \* \* \* \*

Litull John spyrryd after the schereff,  
 And sone he hym fonde ;  
 He oppyned the kyngus preve seel,  
 And gaf hym in hys honde.

Whan the scheref saw the kyngus seel,  
 He did off his hode anon :  
 “ Where is the Munke, that bare the letters ?”  
 He seid to Litull John.

“ He is so fayt of hym,” seid Litull John,  
 “ Ffor sothe as I yow say,  
 He has made hym Abot of Westmynster,  
 A lorde of that abbay.”

The scheref made John gode chere,  
 And gaf hym wyne of the best ;  
 At nygt thei went to her bedde,  
 And every man to his rest.

When the scheref was on slepe,  
 Dronken of wyne and ale,  
 Litull John and Moch, for sothe,  
 Toke the way unto the gale.

Litull John callid up the jayler,  
 And bade him rise anon;  
 He seid, " Robyn Hode had brokyu preson,  
 And out of hit was gone."

The porter rose anon sertan,  
 As sone as he herd Johri calle:  
 Litull John was ready with a swerd,  
 And bare hym to the walle.

" Now, will I be porter," seid Litull John,  
 And take the keyis in honde."  
 He toke the way to Robyn Hode,  
 And sone he hym unbonde.

He gaf hym a gode swerd in his honde,  
 His hed with for to kepe;  
 And ther as the wal was lowyst,  
 Anon down can thei lepe.

Be that the cok began to crow,  
 The day began to spring,  
 The scheref fond the jayler ded ;  
 The comyn bell made he ryng.

He made a cry thorow out al the town,  
 Wheder he be zeman or knave,  
 That cowthe bryng hym Robyn Hode,  
 His warison he shulde have.

“ Ffor I was never,” seid the scheref,  
 “ Ever be fore oure kyng ;  
 Ffor if I do [goo], I wot ser ten  
 Ffor sothe he wil me heng.”

The scheref made to loke Notyngham,  
 Bothe be strete and stye,  
 And Robyn was in merry Scherwode,  
 As ligt as lef on lynde.

Then bespake gode Litull John,  
 To Robyn Hode can he say,—  
 “ I have done the a gode turne for an evyll ;  
 Quyte the whan thu may,



"I have done the a gode turne," seid Litull John,  
 " For sothe as I yow say ;  
 I have brogt the under grene wode lyne ;  
 Ffare wel, and have gode day."

" Nay, be my trouth," seid Robyn Hode,  
 " So shall hit never be ;  
 I make the maister," seid Robyn Hode,  
 " Off all my men and me."

" Nay, be my trouth," seid Litull John,  
 " So [s]halle hit never be ;  
 But lat me be a felow," seid Litull John,  
 " No noder kepe I be."

Thus John gate Robyn Hode out of preson,  
 Sertan with owtyn layne ;  
 When his men saw hym hole and sounde,  
 Ffor sothe thei were full fayne.

They filled in wine, and made hem glad,  
 Under the levis smalle ;  
 And zete pastes of venysan  
 That gode was with ale.

Than worde came to oure kyng,  
 How Robyn Hode was gone ;  
 And how the scheref of Notyngham  
 Durst never loke hym upon.

Then be spake oure cumly kyng,  
 In an anger hye,—  
 “ Litull John has be gyled the scheref;  
 In faith so has he me.

“ Litull John has be gyled us bothe,  
 And that full wel I see;  
 Or ellis the scheref of Notyngham  
 Hye hangut shuld he be.

“ I made him zemen of the crowne,  
 And gaf them fee with my hond :  
 I gaf them grith,” seid oure kyng,  
 “ Thorow owt all mery Inglonde.

“ I gaf them grith,” then seid oure kyng,  
 “ I say, so mot I the :  
 Ffor sothe sech a zeman as he is on,  
 In all Inghland ar not thre.

" He is trew to his maister," seid oure kyng,  
 " I sey, be swete seynt John,  
 He lovys better Robyn Hode,  
 Then he dose us ychon.

" Robyn Hode is evyr bond to hym,  
 Bothe in strete and stalle :  
 Speke no more of this mater," seid oure kyng ;  
 " But John has be gyled us alle."

Thus endys the talkyng of the Munke,  
 And Robyn Hode, I wysse :  
 God, that is oure crowned kyng,  
 Bring us all to blisse.

## LADY JANE.

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*Of the following Ballad, a small fragment first appeared in MR PINKERTON'S Collection, which has been frequently reprinted, with some additional stanzas. A more perfect copy will be found in MR SCOTT'S "Border Minstrelsy," vol. ii. p. 102., under the title of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie." The following copy, made up by incorporating two others, one from MRS BROWN, the other from MRS ARROT, was prepared for the press, and transmitted as it now stands to MR SCOTT, for his inspection, by the editor, before he knew that MR SCOTT had got any piece on the subject.*

*The two copies, from which it was composed, will be found printed, for the satisfaction of the scrupulous antiquary, in the Appendix.*

---

THERE liv'd a lord on yon sea side,  
 And he thought on a wile,  
 How he would go over the saut seas,  
 A lady to beguile.

“ Now learn to mak your bed, lemman,  
And learn to lye your lane ;  
For I'm gaun over the saut seas,  
A bright bride to bring hame.”

“ O gin I mak my bed,” she says,  
“ Its I maun mak it wide ;  
For a' my bonny bairn-time  
To lye down by my side.”

“ O wha will bake my bridal bread,  
And brew my bridal ale ?  
And wha will welcome my bright bride,  
That I bring o'er the dale ?”

“ Its I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale ;  
And I will welcome your bright bride,  
That ye bring o'er the dale.”

“ O she that welcomes my bright bride,  
Maun gang like maiden fair ;  
She maun lace her in her green claiting,  
And braid her yellow hair.”

“ O how can I gang maiden-like,  
 When maiden I am nane ;  
 When I hae born you seven sons,  
 And am wi' bairn again ?

“ The firsten o' your seven sons  
 He wears a warriour's weed ;  
 The second o' your seven sons  
 He breasts a warriour's steed.\*

“ The thirdden o' your seven sons,  
 He draws baith ale and wine ;  
 The fourthen o' your seven sons,  
 He serves you when you dine.

“ The fifthen o' your seven sons,  
 He can baith read and write ;  
 And the sixthen o' your seven sons  
 Is a' your heart's delight.

---

\* “ *He breasts a warriour's steed ;*” i. e. He rides the great horse. The gradations marked in the description of the employments of the *seven sons*, will be found to be perfectly correct, and consistent with the manners of the ages of chivalry, in the education of the sons of noblemen:

“ The youngest o’ your seven sons,  
 He sleeps at my breast bane ;  
 Fu’ sweetly does he sleep and smile,  
 Nor heeds his mither’s mane.

“ Yet I will bake your bridal bread,  
 And brew your bridal ale ;  
 And I will welcome your bright bride,  
 That you bring o’er the dale.”

“ Then sin ye’ve ta’en the turn in hand,  
 See that ye do it right,  
 And bower and ha’ in a’ the house,  
 That they be dearly dight.”

O a’ the day she wush and wrang,  
 And a’ the night she buik,  
 And a-tween hands gaed to her chamber,  
 To her young son to look.

The lady, at her bower window,  
 Look’d o’er lea and land,  
 And there she saw her ain good lord  
 Leading his bride by the hand.

She's drest her sons i' the red scarlet,  
 Hersel i' the dainty green ;  
 And though her cheek look'd pale and wan,  
 She well might hae been a queen.

“ O come ye here, my eldest son,  
 Look yonder, what ye see ;  
 For yonder comes your father dear,  
 Your step-mother him wi'.”

She's ta'en a cake o' the best bread,  
 A bottle o' the best wine ;  
 And a' the keys upon her arm,  
 And to the yates is gane.\*

“ O you're welcome hame, my ain good lord,  
 To your ha's but and your bowers ;  
 You're welcome hame, my ain good lord,  
 To your castles and your towers ;  
 Sae is your bright bride you beside,  
 And a' for she is yours.

---

\* Lady Jane appears here in character as housekeeper, or dispensatrix, of the castle:



“ O you’re welcome hame, my lord,” she said,  
 “ And aye you are welcome hame;  
 And sae are a’ the gentlemen  
 That’s wi’ you ridden and gane.

“ Ye are welcome hame, gay lady,” she said,  
 “ And aye ye are welcome hame;  
 And sae are a’ the gentlewomen,  
 That’s wi’ you ridden and gane.”

“ O whatna lady’s that, my lord,  
 That welcomes you and me?  
 Gin I be lang about this place,  
 Her friend I mean to be;  
 She is sae like my sister Jane,  
 Was stown i’ the bower frae me.”

O she has served the lang tables  
 Wi’ the white bread and the wine;  
 But ay she drank the wan water,  
 To keep her colour fine.\*

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\* “*To keep her colour fine.*” i. e. To keep her from fainting, or changing countenance. It will be unnecessary to point out the exquisite beauties of this evidently very old ballad to readers of taste and genuine sensibility.

And she gaed by the first table,  
 And smil'd upon them a' ;  
 But ere she reach'd the second table,  
 She loot the tears down fa' .

She's ta'en a napkin lang and white,  
 And hung't upon a pin ;  
 It was to dry her watery eyes,  
 As she gaed out and in.

She served them up, she served them down,  
 She served them till and frae ;  
 But whan she gaed behind their backs,  
 The saut tears blind her e'e.

Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a' man boun' to bed ;  
 The bride but and the bonny bridegroom  
 In ae chamber were laid.

She's ta'en her harp intill her hand,  
 To harp this twa asleep ;  
 And ay as she harped and she sang,  
 Fu' sairly did she weep.

[“ O cheerie sings the ruddock gay,  
 Among the leaves sae green ;  
 And blythest o’ the blythe is heard  
 His summer lilt, I ween.

“ But at my window weary, weak,  
 And wae he tells his tale,  
 Whan cald and cutting winter’s wind  
 Strips forest, hill, and dale.

“ Gay spreads the gowan’s bonny breast  
 To the warm sun at noon ;  
 But dowie-droopin’ hings whan cald  
 The dew’s o’ night fa’ down.

“ And wha had face sae sweet and fair,  
 Or heart sae light as mine,  
 While favour on my budding rose  
 O youth did kindly shine?

“ But wither’d now is a’ my bloom ;  
 And ever may I mane  
 The hour I saw this castle’s lord,  
 Or wi’ his love was ta’en.

“ O willawins! that graceless scorn  
 Should love like mine repay;  
 And he wham I to a' preferr'd  
 Be cause o' a' my wae!

“ I quat my fame and high degree,  
 I left my kith and kin,  
 In hope his love for honest love,  
 Though tocherless, to win.

“ And Oh, how well I thought it s'  
 Was wair'd, as well I might,  
 While wi' my bonny bairntime I  
 Seemed a' his heart's delight.

“ Balow, my babie; dinna greet;  
 O dinna greet sae sair!  
 My heart has grief enough o' will;  
 Thy greetin' maks it mair.

“ Poor bairnie! now a father's smile  
 Maun never foster thee;  
 And what can e'er gie solace till  
 My bairnies, or to me!

“ The sun, that gilt my morn of life,  
 Has set for evermair :  
 But oh! to see their banished hopes,  
 Is what breeds a’ my care.]

“ The earl of Richmond was my father,  
 And the lady was my mother ;  
 And a’ the bairns beside mysel  
 Was a sister and a brother.”—

“ Sing on, sing on, ye sad lady ;  
 I wat ye hae sung in time ;  
 Gin the earl of Richmond was your father,  
 I wat sae was he mine.”—

“ Rise up, rise up, my beirly bride ;  
 I think my bed’s but cald ;  
 I wadna hear my lady lament,  
 For your tocher ten times tald.”—

“ O seven ships convey’d me here,  
 And seven came o’er the main ;  
 And four o’ them sall stay wi’ you,  
 And three convey me hame.

“ But whan I gae hame to my father’s house,  
They will laugh me to scorn,  
To come away a wedded wife,  
Gae hame a maid the morn.”

\*.\* The tradition, which commonly accompanies this tale, says, that he was aware of his bride’s being the sister of his mistress; and that he had courted her, not with a view of retaining her as his wife, but of securing from her father a portion for Lady Jane, whom he intended to marry.

[*The friend, to whose charge Mr Jamieson committed the superintendance of this publication, has received the following Letter and Translation from the Danish since the work went to press.*]

MY DEAR SIR,

IN my last, I informed you, that I had found, in the "Kæmpe Viser," among other curious and interesting ballads, one upon the same subject as "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, and "Lady Jane," in my collection. I now send you a translation of it, done, as nearly as I could, in the manner of the Scottish traditional ballad; and, according to the correctness of my imitation in this respect, you may judge of the fidelity of the translation. You will see, by a reference to the margin, that even the *words* of corresponding stanzas often differ less from the original, than they do in the same passages of the Scottish tale, as recited by different persons.

You will not be surprised to find the Caledonian muse on the banks of the Düna, at Christmas, singing "with no rougher voice than rude style;" yet,

even under the disguise in which "Fair Annie" appears in my translation, you will readily recognise the air and lineaments of a regular and exquisite beauty, although in an undress, which is perhaps imperfectly displayed, and by an unskilful hand.

In the Scottish ballad of "Lady Jane" there are many fine touches of nature and pathos; and the few wild flowers of poetry, which the rustic muse has scattered over the narrative, seem to have been some time or other gathered on true Parnassian ground; but the hand that culled them has long since been cold, and the lapse of time, and want of cultivation, have deprived them of much of their original beauty and fragrance.

The same may be said of "Skiön Anna;" in which there is, moreover, a consistency, a regularity, and an historical verisimilitude, which seem to mark it for an original; while, on the other hand, the occasional irregularities of the measure, the inaccuracies of the rhymes, and general cast of the diction, shew its antiquity, and how much it has lost in the hands through which it has passed. It has lost not a little, I fear, in passing through mine; yet, if the situations and sentiments, which I have been sedulous to preserve, are found to excite interest, "being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of my translation; what would they work,



trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of "The Last Minstrel!"\*

The original seems to have been taken by the editor from popular recitation; which gives it a peculiar claim to a place in my compilation, and must add much to its value with the lovers of such things.

"Although," says the editor of 1695, "the personages of this tale are foreigners; yet have I admitted it into this collection of Danish ballads, because it is old, and still popular among us. I have also heard it sung with the name of the king of Denmark. We have, besides, many other Danish ballads concerning foreigners, with whom we formerly had intercourse."

Of the many ballads of this kind which existed a century ago, it is to be hoped, that some may still remain, if not in Denmark, at least among the mountains of Norway, and in the more remote parts of Sweden, where the inhabitants are a more unmixed and uncorrupted people, and where the hopeless listlessness of torpid inactivity, and the baneful spirit of Germanizing affectation, have hitherto had but a partial influence. A collection of such pieces, if they could be procured, must prove a valuable

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\* "Sir Philip Sydney's Defence of Poetry."

acquisition to the British antiquary, and might tend to throw much new light on a species of composition, which may, in no small degree, be accounted the ground-work of our present English poetry. Of this, after a careful perusal of the very extensive collection now before me, I have not a doubt remaining; and I am fully persuaded, notwithstanding the authority of Mr Ritson to the contrary, that many of the traditionary ballads, still current in our country, have been *virum volitantes per ora* in the north of England, and in the Lowlands of Scotland, ever since the first arrival of the Cimbri in Britain. They have, no doubt, often changed their dress, and assumed some peculiar shades of complexion from the manners and habits of the different ages through which they have been handed down; but their general *stamina*, and the leading features by which they are distinguished, seem not to have undergone any material alteration. This is evidently the case with the Danish ballads, particularly those in the latter part of the volume, which have been given by the editor from popular recitation; and having passed through nearly the same alembic with the Scottish ballads, have come out, of nearly the same form and quality. It is to be lamented, that the editor did not oftener step out of his way, (as in the case of "Skiön Anna,") in order to give us good

things ; or that he, or some other industrious compiler, had not resumed the subject on a more extended plan, before these perishable tales of other times were irretrievable. But perhaps it may not yet be too late ; something may still be done ; and should I be encouraged, by the approbation of my countrymen for what I have already attempted, to persevere in these, and such other liberal and rational pursuits, I shall omit no opportunity which my local situation, and the active and efficient friendship of my very learned and excellent friend, Professor Thorkelin of Copenhagen, (himself an host !) may afford me, of extending my inquiries, and enlarging my materials for the further illustration of this subject.

The Cimbric adventurers, who possessed themselves of a great part of England soon after the departure of the Romans, brought with them all the appendages of royal and feudal state (if such a term may be allowed) in their own country. Among these, the Scald, or Bard, was not the least considerable. To the poetry introduced by them, much was probably added, and much, that was becoming obsolete, revived, by the various Scandinavian intruders, who infested Britain some centuries after. "The North Country," the cradle, nursery, and sanctuary of ballad poetry, was, from particular

circumstances, more especially liable to this influence.

The more sublime species of Scaldic poetry, as of the poetry of every other great and adventurous people, were dedicated to religion, and to heroism; but the introduction of a new faith threw an odium upon the former; and when the manners and the habits of the people were changed, and no other traces of the hero of his times remained, the panegyric song lost its interest, and gradually fell into oblivion. Of these compositions, a few specimens have happily escaped the ravages of time, and have obtained from the poet and the antiquary every honour and illustration of which they were susceptible. Their value, however, has been enhanced no less by their singularity than by their sublimity; and their antiquity, and the strongly-marked features which they present of the times that produced them, give them an interest with us, which compositions more resembling our own, although of equal intrinsic merit, would fail to excite. This is one reason why the fragments preserved by Sœmund, Bartholin, and Oluf Orm, and in the Sagas, have obtained so much notice from the historian and antiquary; while the much more extensive, and no less curious and valuable collection of Söffrensön, which has been before the public ever since the year 1591, has

hardly ever, so far as I know, been once adverted to by any writer of our country. It is indeed not a little to be regretted, that historians in general, either from want of ready materials in languages which they understood, want of industry, or want of taste, have studied to give a bold and splendid outline of the great events and actors, and of the prominent characteristics of early ages, while the more minute shadings, which are requisite to finish and perfect the picture, and the whole œconomy of still life, are totally neglected, as if no such had existed.

The accounts which Tacitus has given us of the Germans are valuable, because unique; but if we consider the country, the age, and the natural prejudices of the man, as well as his fondness for fine writing, and that of a particular kind, we shall be disposed to look upon the picture which he has drawn as very unfinished, and to be received with considerable reservation. The same caution is requisite in admitting the representations of Julius Cæsar; for although things probably were nearly as he has described them, yet it is evident, that they might have been shewn in other points of view, in which they would have appeared to no less advantage.

The rudest state of society, in every country

where the soil is susceptible of cultivation, exhibits scenes of social and domestic life, which are well worthy of observation, but which shrink from the approach of invaders and conquerors, as the Romans were. At the time when the Cimbri were effecting their establishment in Britain, the savage Celtic hunters, amid the inhospitable mountains of Caledonia, distinguished their more civilized neighbours, the Pechts (also a very warlike people, and perhaps Goths), by the (to them) opprobrious appellation of FIE NA CRUINNEACHD, *the wheaten-bread men*; a circumstance which deserves to have been more noticed by our historians. Dr Macpherson is the only writer, I think, by whom it is mentioned; but it is confirmed by the general evidence of the Highlanders, and found rooted in the language, anecdotes, and traditions of the country, which, in the present case, seems to be a testimony sufficiently conclusive. But when our authors talk of "Saxon warriors," and the "forests of Germany," we think of nothing but violence and bloodshed, hunting and feasting. When Regner Lodbrog says ("Kæmpe Viser," p. 434. st. 25.)

*"Vi hugge med kaarde—  
Vi ville ej spare  
Af hierneskal"*\*

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\* In 972, Swiatoslas, autocrat of Russia, with his whole

*Godt öll at tyllle,  
Og halsen at skylle,  
I Odins sal ;”*

“ We hewed with the sword ; we will not spare to pour plenty of ale out of skulls, and to wash our throats in Odin’s Hall ;” while the imagination fixes upon the circumstances which were peculiar to the character and times of that ferocious warrior, those which are common also to our own age are entirely overlooked ; and it never strikes us, that there must have been plowing, and sowing, and reaping, and harvest-home, and many an interesting and social scene of rural life, before ale could be produced. The heroes who lacked “ Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,” “ Nor mantling quaighs of ale,” had also plenty of bread and cheese, and pastry. The eagles and the vultures of heaven did not mourn for every able-bodied Scandinavian, who slept with his fathers in the days of Lodbrog ; and while the raven of Ivar flapped his bloody wings over the victims of martial fury, the goldfinch and the nightingale \*

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army, was cut to pieces on the banks of the Borysthenés, by the Pericostaucens, who made a drinking-cup of his skull, from which their chiefs annually, for many ages, pledged each other in celebrating their victory and deliverance.

\* Let not my untravelled countrymen be startled at this. The forests of Scandinavia, where shades and insects abound, and

sung in the shade; the partridge with her young nestled secure in the corn-field; the lark carolled over the husbandman at his labour; and the rook, the pigeon, and the sparrow, flitted around him, and claimed their pittance.

The Cimbri, I grant, were a rude people; but both before they left their own country, and after they settled in ours, they were not altogether strangers to the arts and the connections of domestic life. Of this the whole tenor of their conduct in England, and, above all, the high deference which the Gothic nations paid to the fair sex, are sufficient evidence. Love, with them, was not the gross and boisterous passion of mere animal appetite, which is found to prevail in warmer latitudes; nor did it assume the visionary and fantastical form in which we find it often represented in the earlier

the summers are hot, swarm with nightingales. The name of this bird, in the French, (*rossignol*) Italian, (*rossignole*) &c. is beautifully poetical. It is Celtic, and is still preserved in the Scoto-Gaëlic and Irish, *ROS-AN-CEOL*, *the rose-music*; the melody finely substituted for the melodist; the former being often heard, whilst the latter is seldom seen. The oriental fable of the Nightingale and the Rose is well known, and needs no other explication than simply observing, that the queen of sylvan melodists, and the queen of flowers, come and go together; and that nightingales sing only while roses blow.



French and Provençal poetry. It seems to have been of a kind which was inseparable from the more respectable and valuable sympathies of our nature. It must then, as now, have often inspired the poet, and interested the hearer. A state of society, in which justice was frequently summary, and not methodical, and in which, to adopt a modern phrase, *the police was ill regulated*, must have often given rise to such adventures and catastrophes as commonly form the subject of the Danish and Scotch ballad. That such compositions did exist among the Goths, in the earliest ages of which we have any memorials, the "Kæmpe Viser," affords ample presumptive evidence at least. And when the times were changed, and the higher species of poetry fell into oblivion, with the religion, the gods and demi-gods, to which it was dedicated; this secondary kind, which has always been in favour with the people, still kept its ground, and was handed down in an uninterrupted progress by oral recitation. This popularity it was well calculated to ensure. It treats of characters and manners, the traces of which continued even to our own times; and the superstitions which it embraces, are nowise abhorrent from the spirit of Christianity; at least, they are such as have obtained general credence

among the great body of the people, in all ages where the Christian religion has been received.

When the rigorous severity of Norman tyranny discountenanced, crushed, and almost obliterated the poetry, the spirit, and the very language of the Goths in the south of England; the northern counties still preserved theirs undisturbed and unimpaired. This they were enabled to do through their dependence upon the crown of Scotland. And Malcolm Canmor and his successors, from their connection and alliance with Edgar Atheling, and the fugitive barons, and their retainers who fled to them for protection, as well as from dislike to their ambitious and dangerous neighbours the Normans, were peculiarly disposed to favour and encourage every thing of genuine Saxon growth.

Before the English monarchs of the Norman line found themselves in a condition to reclaim the northern counties from Scotland, they had, both from nature and policy, become more indulgent to the old inhabitants of a country now in every sense their own. Due encouragement was given to whatever was English; the Gothic muse, whose voice had never ceased to obtain "fit audience" in "the north countrie," now sung without fear; and poetry, contrary indeed to the common course of things, but with a progress perfectly natural, gradu-

ally advanced southward, from the extremity to the capital of England. †

Thus I have endeavoured to shew, as clearly as I could, in the compass of a common letter, that *all* our ballads were *not* composed by Minstrels, the successors of the Scalds; but that some of them were probably composed by the Scalds themselves; a supposition which tends in no way to invalidate what is advanced upon very reasonable grounds in the "Border Minstrelsy," vol. ii. p. 102. Although the name has been changed, the poetry, the profession, and, in a great measure, the language, have continued the same in all ages; and it is with no small pride I am able to add, that the race of the Scalds is not yet extinct in our country.

The Gothic Scald, "a noble one, I warrant ye!" who has, by I know not what good fortune, become possessed of the Elfin Harp of his poetical predecessor Thomas Learmont, and of the Black Book of Gramarye of his "witching" predecessor Michael Scott; who will have to boast that

"Bold knights and fair dames to his harp gave an ear,  
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear,"

from Land's End to John a Groats, and thence to

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\* See "Ellis's Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," vol. i. p. 125.

the Poles, is a genuine Scald of the first order, equally worthy to be crowned with "Eildon Birke" in the temple of the Fairies, and to be

"High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
To pour to lord and lady gay  
The unpremeditated lay."—

Even I, "who tune to please a peasant's ear, the harp," or rather the Cimbric bag-pipe, am also, if I am any thing that is poetical, a Scald, though of a very "low degree." There were, nevertheless, many such, I doubt not, in the days of Hengist, Horsa, Haco, and Hardiknut, whose compositions, *albe* their names are lost, still continue to be the delight of the winter evening's fire-side in the "North Countrie;" a durability of reputation which I never flattered myself with the probability of.

To give plausibility to this suggestion, I have written so much more than I intended, that I am quite hand-sore, and have hardly left room for the ballad of "Fair Annie." Let it be remembered, however, that I presume to bring forward only an opinion; that I have written without book, and under circumstances that may too well justify my so doing; and that therefore, although it may be right to controvert, it will hardly be charitable to ridicule, what I have advanced.

I hope, however, no one will attempt even to controvert what I advance, when I say, that, with kindest remembrances to Mrs Scott and family, and to Drs Anderson and Jamieson, when you see them, I ever am, my very dear friend, most truly and affectionately yours,

R. JAMIESON.

*Riga, Dec. 31, Old Style, A. D. 1805-6.*

## SKICEN ANNA ; FAIR ANNIE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

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THE Danske "Kæmpe Viser," in which the original of this piece is found, is a collection of two hundred Danish songs and ballads about kings, heroes, and others. Of these, the first centenary was published in 1591, and dedicated to Sophia, queen of Denmark, &c. by the Rev. Andrew Sæfrensæn, who seems to have been a man of learning and respectability, and in habits of intimacy with his celebrated countryman Tyge Brahe, whom he calls "that worthy, honourable, and well-born man, my affectionate master, and good old friend;" with whom it appears, that the queen, happening to be storm-stayed during three days at Knutstrup, in 1586, had chatted away the time very agreeably, *paa Bordet*; and to one of these conversations we are indebted for the publication of the "Kæmpe Viser."

In 1695, this work was republished by Peter Say, and dedicated to Queen Amelia. This good ecclesiastic, unfor-

tunately, had not a Tyge Brahe to introduce him and his ballads to her majesty ; but I doubt whether ever that great philosopher was more delighted at the happy coincidence of any of his most intricate and important calculations, than was the venerable father Say, at the following lucky coincidences : he was a priest, exactly as was his predecessor ; he also had been exactly five years in preparing his work for the press ; from the time of the first publication to the commencement of his labours, was exactly one hundred years ; he also had published exactly one hundred ballads of his own collecting ; he had dedicated his work to a queen, who was exactly, &c. &c. These lucky hits have such a happy effect upon the imagination of the reverend commentator, that he becomes uncommonly lively, and most extraordinarily poetical upon the occasion. Indeed, the whole of his long dedication to queen Amelia is a very great curiosity. It is a fantastical jingle of rhiming chiming quibbles, antitheses, and alliterations, compared with which, the most ludicrous passages of *The Tunning of Elizabeth Rummung* may be esteemed chaste and dignified attic compositions. He seems, nevertheless, to have done the office of an editor with more fidelity than most of his predecessors ; and has given an honest enough account of the state of his materials. If his preface and annotations are not enlivened by the brilliancy of fancy, or the shrewdness of remark, they contain some dead learning, got together by painful industry, which is useful so far at least as it fur-

nishes references, and thereby points out more satisfactory sources of information.

What use I may make of this collection, and how far I may prosecute my inquiries, in investigating the nature, origin, and authenticity of the poetry of the *Æsir*, (*Asa*) and their descendants, must depend upon the encouragement which I meet with from my countrymen. It will be seen by this slight specimen, that I have already begun a study, which, unpatronized and unprovided for as I am, it would be unjustifiable in me to attempt to prosecute, without the certainty of real and efficient support in my progress. The advantages arising from my local situation, on the shores of the Baltic, and from the leisure which I at present enjoy, must all be lost, if I am not enabled to purchase the books necessary for such studies. The sale of my collection is a precarious, and even a hopeless resource; and if any profit should arise from it (which I am far from flattering myself will be the case), it must come too late. Should I embarrass my affairs by an unpromising speculation, I fear I shall, on returning to my country, find the spells of all my runic rhymes an unavailing charm against the more powerful magic with which the enchanted palm of a bailiff is endowed; for, alas! a bailiff, who has once got hold of a poor poetical antiquary, is "like the deaf adder, that heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely."

In Great Britain, at present, there are many men of rank and fortune, who are fond of those studies which



tend to the elucidation of the history and antiquities of their country; who are well pleased to avail themselves of the industry of research, the learning and ingenuity of others, without the trouble of "raking up the ashes of the dead," to find materials for themselves. They *praise* the poor scholar, whose work they quote; and they *encourage* him, by buying his book. But the utmost extent of the sale of a work of this kind will barely remunerate the printer and bookseller; and the poor antiquary *laudatur et alget*. Such has been the fate of others; and what can I expect? Those who have bestowed their best industry and abilities, and the most precious years of their lives, in labouring for the entertainment and instruction of others, have "asked for an egg, and they have given them a serpent; they have asked for *bread*, and they have given them *a stone!*" And what must I expect?—*Ohe! jam satis est!*

But I have already *begun*. If those who have it in their power to befriend me, think that I deserve encouragement, they may now give it in a way equally creditable to themselves and to me. I do not wish to eat the bread of idleness; I look not for any great thing; but I do most ardently desire to be *settled*, and to be put in the way of securing, as the reward of my industry properly applied, some degree of comfort, and a partial independence. I trust I might be made useful to my country and to myself in many ways besides *translating ballads*, and rummaging *Sagas* and *Eddas*.

## SKICEN ANNA; FAIR ANNIE.

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*De Rævere vilde stiele gaa,  
Saa langt i fremmede lande;  
Saa stale de bort den Kongens barn,  
Dend jomfru heed Skicen Anna, &c.*

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THE reivers they wad a stealing gang,  
To steal sae far frae hame;  
And stown ha'e they the king's daughter,  
Fair Annie hight by name.

They've carried her into fremmit lands,  
To a duke's son of high degree;  
And he has gie'n for Fair Annie  
Mickle goud and white money.

And eight lang years o' love sae leal  
 Had past atween them twae ;  
 And now a bonny bairntime  
 O' seven fair sons had they.

That lord he wæs of Meckelborg land,  
 Of princely blood and stemme ;  
 And for his worth and curtesy  
 That lord a king became.

But little wist that noble king,  
 As little his barons bald,  
 That it was the king of England's daughter,  
 Had sae to him been said !

And eight lang years sae past and gane,  
 Fair Annie now may rue ;  
 For now she weets in fremmit lands  
 Anither bride he'll wooe.

Fair Annie's till his mither gane ;  
 Fell low down on her knee ;  
 " A boon, a boon, now lady mither,  
 Ye grant your oys and me !

“ If ever ye kist, if ever ye blest,  
 And bade them thrive and thee,  
 O save them now frae scaith and scorn,  
 O save your oys and me!

“ Their father's pride may yet relent;  
 His mither's rede he'll hear;  
 Nor for anither break the heart,  
 That ance to him was dear.

“ He had my love and maiden pride;  
 I had nae mair to gi'e;  
 He well may fa' a brighter bride,  
 But nane that lo'es like me.”

“ A brighter bride he ne'er can fa';  
 A richer well he may;  
 But daughter dearer nor Fair Annie,  
 His mither ne'er can ha'e.”

That princess stòod her son before:  
 “ My lord the king,” said she,  
 “ Fy on the lawless life ye lead,  
 Dishonour'd as ye be!

“ Its Annie’s gude, and Annie’s fair,  
 And dearly she lo’es thee;  
 And the brightest gems in a’ your crown  
 Your seven fair sons wad be.

“ Her love, her life, her maiden fame,  
 Wi’ you she shar’d them a’;  
 Now share wi’ her your bridal bed;  
 Her due she well may fa’.”

“ To my bridal bed, my mither dear,  
 Fair Annie ne’er can win;  
 I coft her out of fremmit lands,  
 Nor ken her kith or kin.”

And he’s gard write a braid letter,\*  
 His wedding to ordein;  
 And to betrothe anither bride  
 To be his noble queen.

Fair Annie up at her bower window  
 Heard a’ that knight did say:  
 “ O God, my heavenly Father! gif  
 My heart mat brast in twae!”

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\* Letter patent.

Fair, Annie stood at her bower window,  
 And heard that knight sae bald :  
 " O God, my heavenly Father ! gif  
 I mat my dearest hald !"

That lord is to Fair Annie gane :  
 Says, " Annie, thou winsome may,  
 O whatten a gude gift will ye gi'e  
 My bride on her bridal day ?"

" I'll gi'e her a gift, and a very gude gift,  
 And a dear-bought gift to me ;  
 For I'll gi'e her my seven fair sons  
 Her pages for to be."

" O that is a gift, but nae gude gift,  
 Frae thee, Fair Annie, I ween ;  
 And ye maun gi'e some richer gift  
 Befitting a noble queen."

" I'll gi'e her a gift, and a dear dear gift,  
 And a gift I brook wi' care ;  
 For I'll gi'e her my dearest life,  
 That I dow brook nae mair."

“ O that is a gift, but a dowie gift,  
 Now, Annie, thou winsome may ;  
 Ye maun gi’e her your best goud girdle,  
 Her gude will for to ha’e.”

“ Oh na, that girdle she ne’er shall fa’;  
 That I can never bear;  
 The luckless morn I gave you a’,  
 Ye gae me that girdle to wear.”

That lord before his bride gan stand:  
 “ My noble bride and queen !  
 O whatten a gift to my lemman Annie  
 Will now by you be gi’en?”

“ I’ll gi’e her a gift, and a very gude gift,  
 My lord the king,” said she ;  
 “ For I’ll gi’e her my auld shoe to wear,  
 Best fitting her base degree.”

“ O that is a gift, but nae gude gift,  
 My noble bride and queen !  
 And ye maun gi’e her anither gift,  
 If you’ll my favour win.”

“ Then I'll gi'e her a very gude gift,  
 My lord the king,” said she ;  
 “ I'll gie her my millers seven, that lig  
 Sae far ayont the sea.

“ Well are they fed, well are they clad,  
 And live in heal and weal ;  
 And well they ken to measure out  
 The wheat, but and caneel.”

Fair Annie says, “ My noble lord,  
 This boon ye grant to me ;  
 Let me gang up to the bridal bower,  
 Your young bride for to see.”

“ O gangna, Annie, gangna there,  
 Nor come that bower within ;  
 Ye maunna come near that bridal bower,  
 Wad ye my favour win.”

Fair Annie is till his mither gane :  
 “ O lady mither,” said she,  
 “ May I gang to the bridal bower,  
 My lord's new bride to see ?”



“ That well ye may,” his mither said ;  
 “ But see that ye’re buskit bra’,  
 And clad ye in your best cleading,  
 Wi’ your bower maidens a’.”

Fair Annie she’s gaen to the bower,  
 Wi’ heart fu’ sair and sad ;  
 Wi’ a’ her seven sons her before,  
 In the red scarlet clad.

Fair Annie’s taen a silver can,  
 Afore the bride to skink ;  
 And down her cheeks the tears ay ran,  
 Upon hersell to think.

The bride gan stand her lord before :  
 “ Now speak, and dinna spare ;  
 Whare is this fair young lady frae ?  
 Whareto greets she sae sair ?”

“ O hear ye now, dear lady mine,  
 The truth I tell to thee ;  
 It is but a bonny niece of mine,  
 That is come o’er the sea.”

“ O wae is me, my lord,” she says,  
 “ To hear you say sic wrang ;  
 It can be nane but your auld lemman ;  
 God rede whare she will gang !”

“ Then till her sorrow, and till her wae,  
 I’ll tell the truth to thee ;  
 For she was sald frae fremmit lands,  
 For mickle goud to me.

“ Her bairntime a’ stand her before,  
 Her seven young sons sae fair ;  
 And they maun’ now your pages be,  
 That maks her heart sae sair.”

“ A little sister ance I had,  
 A sister that hight Ann ;  
 By reivers she was stown awa’,  
 And sald in fremmit land.

“ She was a bairn when she was stown,  
 Yet in her tender years ;  
 And sair her parents mourn’d for her,  
 Wi’ mony sighs and tears.

" Art thou fair Annie, sister mine ?  
 Thou noble violet flower !  
 Her mither never smil'd again  
 Frae Annie left her bower.

" O, thou art she ! a sister's heart  
 Wants nane that tale to tell !  
 And there he is, thy ain true lord ;  
 God spare ye lang and well !"

And gladness through the palace spread,  
 Wi' mickle game and glee ;  
 And blythe were a' for fair Annie,  
 Her bridal day to see.

And now untill her father's land  
 This young bride she is gane ;  
 And her sister Annie's youngest son  
 She hame wi' her has ta'en.

## NOTES

ON

## SKICEN ANNA; FAIR ANNIE.



P. 105. v. 1. "*If ever ye kist.*" From this to stanza 14. inclusive, the translation has somewhat more of a sentimental cast than the original, which is more brief and abrupt; but no more than is perfectly consistent with the general tone of the piece. This for Mr Laing, and the other stern executors of iron justice upon impostors!

P. 105. v. 4. *Hand lover sig aldrig nogen jomfru*  
*Der mig kand kierer vaere.*

P. 107. v. 1. "*Hald,*" i. e. "retain to myself." I cannot better apologise for this and the foregoing stanza, than by inserting the original:

*Skien Anna staar i højeloft ;*  
*Hun hørd de Ridders ræste :*  
*" Giv det, Gud Fader i himmerig,*  
*Mit hierte maatte bræste !"*

*Skien Anna staar i højeloft ;  
 Hun hørde de Riddere bolde :  
 " Hielp nu, Gud Fader i himmerig,  
 Jeg motte min kiærest beholde !"*

P. 107. v. 2. "*Winsome may.*" The Danish *deilige kvinde*, "beautiful female," will perhaps be thought more appropriate here; but *may*, in the Scottish ballads, is used to signify not a *maiden* in particular, but an *unmarried woman* in general.

May I be permitted here to suggest, that the term *Mary*, for a *Bower Maiden*, occurs only once ("Bord. Min." vol. ii. p. 154.) in the singular number, and then it seems to have been a proper name; whereas, in the Scottish writers, both in prose and verse, it is frequently met with in the plural? Is it not probable, that the name of the Blessed Virgin, so familiar to Roman Catholics, was adopted to signify a *may*, *maiden*, or *young woman* in general, and more particularly a *maid of honour*? This was the more likely from its resemblance to the Gothic *may*, which was adopted in our language, which, in the Swedish and Danish, is *mæ*, pl. *mær*; and in the antient Gothic *mej*, pl. *mejir*. This coincidence may also account for its occurring more frequently in the plural.

P. 108. v. 2. *Mit beste guldspan skal hun ikke faa ;  
 Jeg vil det ilke ombære ;  
 Det gav i mig til morgen gave  
 Derfor fik i min ære.*

P. 108. v. 4. *Jeg vil give hende mine gamle sko,  
 Hun sæmmer dem best at bære.*

P. 109. v. 2. "*Caneel*" i. e. "*cinnamon.*" The Danish is,  
 "*Dee maaler kaneel og hvede.*"

From this it would seem as if the *mystery* of a miller formerly included also those of *meal-monger* and *grocer*; or, as the French

with more propriety say, *Epicier*, "dealer in spiceries." In Scotland, at present, a baker is generally also a meal-monger, bisquit-baker, and pastry-cook; which is one reason why so many persons of that profession succeed so well when they go to London.

P. 110. v. 1. 2. 3. " *Jo saamend da mat du saa,*  
*Sagde hans moder til hende ;*  
*Tag kun dine beste klæder paa,*  
*Med all dine møer og kvinde."*

*Skien Anna ind ad døren treen,*  
*Baade med angst og mæde ;*  
*Hendes syv sanner de for hende gik,*  
*Var klæd i skarlagen ræde.*

*Skien Anna tager sælokande paa haand,*  
*For bruden begynte at skienke ;*  
*Taare hende paa kinden rand,*  
*Som hver vel selv kand tenke.*

P. 110. v. 4. *Dend brud gaar for sin herre at staa :*  
*" Kongen, sagde hun, herre,*  
*Hvor er os dend skien jomfru fra ?*  
*Hvi græder hun saa saare ?"*

P. 111. v. 1. *Raade Gud hvor det vil gange !*

P. 111. v. 4. *Jeg havde mig en søster klein ;*  
*En søster som heed Anna ;*  
*Hun blev af Røvere staalet hen,*  
*Og sold i fremmede lande.*

*Hun blev staalet hun var et barn,*  
*Udi sin ungdoms aare ;*  
*Hendes forældre til stoor harm,*  
*De sørger for hende saa saare.*

*Est du Skien Anna søster min ?—  
 Du edle fiols blomme !  
 Ret aldrig glad var moder din  
 Siden du af land monne komme.*

*Du est min søster, &c.  
 Gud eder lenge sparee !*

The English of this last quoted stanza is literally, "Thou art my sister—I hear well, that is evident enough: I will not keep thy own lord: God spare you both long!" From which it would seem as if there were a chasm in this part of the ballad, and this were an answer to some explanation on the part of Fair Annie, which is omitted. By the turn which I have given to the translation, this chasm in the sense is avoided.

YOUNG BEICHAN,  
 AND  
 SUSIE PYE.

FROM TRADITION.

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*This Ballad, and that which succeeds it in this collection, (both on the same subject,) are given from copies taken from MRS BROWN'S recitation, collated with two other copies procured from Scotland, one in MS., another very good one printed for the stalls; a third, in the possession of the late Reverend JONATHAN BOUCHER of Epsom, taken from recitation in the North of England; and a fourth, about one third as long as the others, which the Editor picked off an old wall in Piccadilly.*

---

IN London was young Beichan born,  
 He longed strange countries for to see;  
 But he was taen by a savage moor,  
 Who handled him right cruellie;



For he viewed the fashions of that land ;  
 Their way of worship viewed he ;  
 But to Mahound, or Termagant,  
 Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So, in every shoulder they've putten a bore ;  
 In every bore they've putten a tree ;  
 And they have made him trail the wine  
 And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,  
 Where he could neither hear nor see ;  
 For seven years they kept him there,  
 Till he for hunger's like to die.

This Moor he had but ae daughter,  
 Her name was called Susie Pye ;  
 And every day as she took the air,  
 Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

[And bonny, meek, and mild was she,  
 Though she was come of an ill kin ;  
 And oft she sigh'd, she knew not why,  
 For him that lay the dungeon in.]

O so it fell, upon a day  
 She heard young Beichan sadly sing ;  
 [And ay and ever in her ears  
 The tones of hopeless sorrow ring.]

“ My hounds they all go masterless ;  
 My hawks they flee from tree to tree ;  
 My younger brother will heir my land ;  
 Fair England again I'll never see !”

[The doleful sound, from under ground,  
 Died slowly on her listening ear ;  
 But let her listen ever so long,  
 The never a word more could she hear.]

[And] all night long no rest she got,  
 Young Beichan's song for thinking on ;  
 She's stown the keys from her father's head,  
 And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has open'd the prison doors,  
 I wot she open'd two or three,  
 Ere she could come young Beichan at,  
 He was locked up so curiouslie,

But when she came young Beichan before,  
 Sore wonder'd he that may to see ;  
 He took her for some fair captive——  
 “ Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie ?”

“ O have ye any lands,” she said,  
 “ Or castles in your own countrie,  
 That ye could give to a lady fair,  
 From prison strong to set you free ?”

“ Near London town I have a hall,  
 With other castles two or three ;  
 I'll give them all to the lady fair  
 That out of prison will set me free.”

“ Give me the truth of your right hand,  
 The truth of it give unto me,  
 That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,  
 Unless it be along with me.”

“ I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,  
 The truth of it I'll freely gie,  
 That for seven years I'll stay unwed,  
 For the kindness thou dost show to me.”

And she has brib'd the proud warder  
 Wi' mickle gold and white monie;  
 She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,  
 And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice-cake,  
 She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;  
 She's bidden him sometimes think on her,  
 That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her finger,  
 And to Beichan half of it gave she:  
 "Keep it, to mind you of that love  
 The lady bore that set you free.

"And set your foot on good ship-board,  
 And haste ye back to your own countrie;  
 And before that seven years have an end,  
 Come back again, love, and marry me."

But long ere seven years had an end,  
 She long'd full sore her love to see;  
 For ever a voice within her breast  
 Said, "Beichan has broke his vow to thee."  
 So she's set her foot on good ship-board,  
 And turn'd her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,  
 Till to fair England's shore she came;  
 Where a bonny shepherd she espied,  
 Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

“What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?  
 What news hast thou to tell to me?”  
 “Such news I hear, ladie,” he says,  
 “The like was never in this countrie.

“There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
 Has lasted these thirty days and three;  
 Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,  
 For love of one that's yond the sea.”

She's put her hand in her pocket,  
 Gi'en him the gold and white monie;  
 “Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,  
 For the good news thou tell'st to me.”

When she came to young Beichan's gate,  
 She tirdled softly at the pin;  
 So ready was the proud porter  
 To open and let this lady in.

“ Is this young Beichan’s hall,” she said  
 “ Or is that noble lord within ?”  
 “ Yea, he’s in the hall among them all,  
 And this is the day o’ his weddin.”

“ And has he wed anither love ?  
 And has he clean forgotten me ?”  
 And, sighin’, said that gay ladie,  
 “ I wish I were in my own countrie.”

And she has taen her gay gold ring,  
 That with her love she brake so free ;  
 Says, “ Gie him that, ye proud porter,  
 And bid the bridegroom speak to me.”

When the porter came his lord before,  
 He kneeled down low on his knee——  
 “ What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
 Thou art so full of courtesie ?” \*

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\* When Tommy came his master before,  
 He kneeled down upon his knee ;  
 “ What tidings hast thou brought, my man,  
 As that thou makes such courtesie ?”

*Ritson’s Ant. Songs, p. 253.*

“ I’ve been porter at your gates,  
It’s thirty long years now and three;  
But there stands a lady at them now,  
The like o’ her did I never see;

“ For on every finger she has a ring,  
And on her mid finger she has three;  
And as meickle gold aboon her brow  
As would buy an earldom to me.”

Its out then spak the bride’s mother,  
Aye and an angry woman was shee;  
“ Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,  
And twa or three of our companie.”

“ O hold your tongue, thou bride’s mother;  
Of all your folly let me be;  
She’s ten times fairer nor the bride,  
And all that’s in your companie.

“ She begs one sheave of your white bread,  
But and a cup of your red wine;  
And to remember the lady’s love,  
That last reliev’d you out of pine.”

" O well-a-day!" said Beichan then,  
 " That I so soon have married thee!  
 For it can be none but Susie Pye,  
 That sailed the sea for love of me."

And quickly hied he down the stair;  
 Of fifteen steps he made but three;  
 He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,  
 And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

" O hae ye ta'en anither bride?  
 And hae ye quite forgotten me?  
 And hae ye quite forgotten her,  
 That gave you life and libertie?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,  
 To hide the tears stood in her e'e:  
 " Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,  
 I'll try to think no more on thee."

" O never, never, Susie Pye,  
 For surely this can never be;  
 Nor ever shall I wed but her  
 That's done and dree'd so much for me."



Then out and spak the forenoon bride,—  
 “ My lord, your love it changeth soon ;  
 This morning I was made your bride,  
 And another chose ere it be noon.”

“ O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride ;  
 Ye’re ne’er a whit the worse for me ;  
 And whan ye return to your own countrie,  
 A double dower I’ll send with thee.”

He’s taen Susie Pye by the white hand,  
 And gently led her up and down ;  
 And ay as he kist her red rosy lips,  
 “ Ye’re welcome, jewel, to your own.”

He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And led her to yon fountain stane ;  
 He’s changed her name from Susie Pye,  
 And he’s call’d her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

## YOUNG BEKIE.

FROM TRADITION.  

---

YOUNG Bekie was as brave a knight  
As ever sail'd the sea;  
And he's doen him to the court o' France,  
To serve for meat and fee.

He hadna been in the court o' France  
A twelvemonth nor sae lang,  
Till he fell in love wi' the king's daughter,  
And was thrown in prison strang.

The king he had but ae daughter,  
Burd Isbel was her name;  
And she has to the prison gane,  
To hear the prisoner's mane.

“ O gin a lady wad borrow me,  
 At her stirrup I wad rin ;  
 Or gin a widow wad borrow me,  
 I wad swear to be her son.

“ Or gin a virgin wad borrow me,  
 I wad wed her wi’ a ring ;  
 I’d gi’e her ha’s, I’d gi’e her bowers,  
 The bonny towers o’ Linne.”

O barefoot barefoot gaed she but,  
 And barefoot cam she ben ;  
 It wasna for want o’ hose and shoon,  
 Nor time to put them on ;

But a’ for fear that her father  
 Had heard her makin’ din ;  
 For she’s stown the keys of the prison,  
 And gane the dungeon within.

And when she saw him, young Bekie,  
 Wow, but her heart was sair !  
 For the mice, but and the bald rattons,  
 Had eaten his yellow hair.

She's gotten him a shaver for his beard,  
 A comber till his hair;  
 Five hundred pound in his pocket,  
 To spend, and nae to spare.

She's gi'en him a steed was good in need,  
 And a saddle o' royal bane;  
 A leash o' hounds o' ae litter,  
 And Hector called ane.

Atween thir twa a vow was made,  
 'Twas made full solemnlie,  
 That or three years were come and gane,  
 Weel married they should be.

He hadna been in's ain countrie  
 A twelvemonth till an end,  
 Till he's forced to marry a duke's daughter,  
 Or than lose a' his land.

"Ochon, alas!" says young Bekie,  
 "I kenna what to dee;  
 For I canna win to Burd Isbel,  
 And she canna come to me."

O it fell out upon a day  
Burd Isbel fell asleep,  
And up it starts the Billy Blin,  
And stood at her bed feet.

“ O waken, waken, Burd Isbel ;  
How can ye sleep so soun' ;  
When this is Bekie's wedding day,  
And the marriage gaing on ?

“ Ye do ye till your mither's bower,  
As fast as ye can gang ;  
And ye tak three o' your mother's marys,  
To haud ye unthocht lang.

“ Ye dress yoursel i' the red scarlet,  
And your marys in dainty green ;  
And ye put girdles about your middle  
Wad buy an earldome.

“ Syne ye gang down by yon sea-side,  
And down by yon sea-strand ;  
And bonny will the Hollans boats  
Come rowin' till your hand.

“ Ye set your milk-white foot on board,  
 Cry, ‘ Hail ye, Domine !’  
 And I will be the steerer o’t,  
 To row you o’er the sea.”

She’s ta’en her till her mither’s bowler,  
 As fast as she could gang ;  
 And she’s ta’en twa o’ her mither’s marys,  
 To haud her unthocht lang.

She’s drest hersel i’ the red scarlet,  
 Her marys i’ the dainty green ;  
 And they’ve put girdles about their middle  
 Would buy an earldome.

And they gaed down by yon sea-side,  
 And down by yon sea-strand ;  
 And sae bonny as the Hollans boats  
 Come rowin’ till their hand.

She set her milk-white foot on board,  
 Cried, “ Hail ye, Domine !”  
 And the Billy Blin was the steerer o’t,  
 To row her o’er the sea.

Whan she cam to young Bekie's gate,  
 She heard the music play ;  
 And her mind misgae by a' she heard,  
 That 'twas his wedding day,

She's pitten her hand in her pocket,  
 Gi'en the porter markis three ;  
 "Hae, take ye that, ye prou'd porter,  
 Bid your master speake to me."

O whan that he cam up the stair,  
 He fell low down on his knee :  
 He hail'd the king, and he hail'd the queen,  
 And he hail'd him, young Bekie.

" O I have been porter at your gates  
 This thirty years and three ;  
 But there are three ladies at them now,  
 Their like I did never see.

" There's ane o' them drest in red scarlet,  
 And twa in dainty green ;  
 And they hae girdles about their middles  
 Would buy an earldome."

Then out and spak the bierdly bride,  
 Was a' goud to the chin ;  
 " Gin she be fine without," she says,  
 " We's be as fine within."

Then up it starts him, young Bekie,  
 And the tear was in his e'e :  
 " I'll lay my life it's Burd Isbel  
 Come o'er the sea to me."

O quickly ran he down the stair ;  
 And whan he saw 'twas she,  
 He kindly took her in his arms,  
 And kist her tenderlie.

" O hae ye forgotten now, young Bekie,  
 The vow ye made to me,  
 When I took you out of prison strang,  
 When ye was condemned to die ?

" I gae you a steed was good in need,  
 And a saddle o' royal bane ;  
 A leash o' hounds o' ae litter ;  
 And Hector called ane."



It was weel kent what the lady said,  
 That it was nae a lie;  
 For at the first word the lady spak,  
 The hound fell at her knee.

“ Tak hame, tak hame your daughter dear;  
 A blessing gang her wi’;  
 For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,  
 That’s come o’er the sea to me.”

“ Is this the custome o’ your house,  
 Or the fashion o’ your land,  
 To marry a maid in a May morning,  
 Send her back a maid at e’en ?”

\* \* It has been suggested to the editor, that the names in the two foregoing romantic tales ought to be not BEICHAN, &c. but BUCHAN; but as he has found them as here given in all the copies, and as they appeared to him to be English ballads, slightly tingured with the Scottish dialect, from the circumstance of their having been procured from that quarter, he has chosen to leave the titles as he found them.

## BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON.

---

*Taken by the Editor from MRS BROWN'S recitation.*

---

O BONNY Baby Livingstone  
 Gaed out to view the hay ;  
 And by it cam him Glenlyon,  
 Staw bonny Baby away..

And first he's taen her silken coat,  
 And neist her satten gown ;  
 Syne row'd her in his tartan plaid,  
 And happ'd her round and roun'.

He's mounted her upon a steed,  
 And roundly rade away ;  
 And ne'er loot her look back again  
 The lee-lang simmer day,

He's carried her o'er yon hich hich hill,  
 Intill a Highland glen,  
 And there he met his brother John  
 Wi' twenty armed men.

And there were cows, and there were ewes,  
 And there were kids sae fair;  
 But sad and wae was bonny Baby;  
 Her heart was fu' o' care.

He's taen her in his arms twa,  
 And kist her cheek and chin;  
 "I wad gi'e a' my flocks and herds  
 Ae smile frae thee to win!"

"A smile frae me ye'se never win;  
 I'll ne'er look kind on thee;  
 Ye've stown me awa frae a' my kin,  
 Frae a' that's dear to me.

"Dundee, kind sir, Dundee, kind sir,  
 Tak me to bonny Dundee;  
 For ye sall ne'er my favour win  
 Till it ance mair I see."

“Dundee, Baby! Dundee, Baby!  
 Dundee ye ne'er shall see;  
 But I will carry you to Glenlyon,  
 Where you my bride shall be.

“Or will ye stay at Achingour,  
 And eat sweet milk and cheese;  
 Or gang wi' me to Glenlyon,  
 And there we'll live at our ease?”

“I winna stay at Achingour;  
 I care neither for milk nor cheese;  
 Nor gang wi' thee to Glenlyon;  
 For there I'll ne'er find ease.”

Then out it spak his brother John,—  
 “If I were in your place,  
 I'd send that lady hame again,  
 For a' her bonny face.

“Commend me to the lass that's kind,  
 Though nae sae gently born;  
 And, gin her heart I couldna win,  
 To take her hand I'd scorn.”

“ O haud your tongue, my brother John,  
 Ye wisna what ye say;  
 For I hae lued that bonny face  
 This mony a year and day.

“ I’ve lued her lang, and lued her weel,  
 But her love I ne’er could win; \*  
 And what I canna fairly gain,  
 To steal I think nae sin.”

Whan they cam to Glenlyon castle,  
 They lighted at the yett;  
 And out they cam, his three sisters,  
 Their brother for to greet.

And they have taen her, bonny Baby,  
 And led her o’er the green;  
 And ilka lady spak a word,  
 But bonny Baby spak nane.

---

\* This is said in the true spirit of a Highland *Cath-er*, “free-booter;” literally, *soldier*, or *man of battle*; and, considering the manners of the times, is much less discreditable to the name of Glenlyon, than is another more notorious transaction of a much later date; I mean the massacre of Glenco.

Then out it spak her, bonny Jane,  
The youngest o' the three :  
" O lady, why look ye sae sad ?  
Come tell your grief to me."

" O wharefore should I tell my grief,  
Since lax I canna find ?  
I'm far frae a' my kin and friends,  
And my love I left behind,

" But had I paper, pen, and ink,  
Afore that it were day,  
I yet might get a letter wrate,  
And sent to Johnie Hay,

" And gin I had a bonny boy,  
To help me in my need,  
That he might rin to bonny Dundee,  
And come again wi' speed."

And they hae gotten a bonny boy  
Their errand for to gang ;  
And bade him run to Bonny Dundee,  
And nae to tarry lang.

The boy he ran o'er muir and dale  
 As fast as he could flee;  
 And e'er the sun was twa hours hight,  
 The boy was at Dundee.

Whan Johnie lookit the letter on,  
 A hearty laugh leuch he;  
 But ere he read it till an end,  
 The tear blinded his e'e.

" O wha is this, or wha is that,  
 Has stown my love frae me?  
 Although he were my ae brither,  
 An ill dead sall he die.

" Gae, saddle to me the black," he says;  
 " Gae, saddle to me the brown;  
 Gae, saddle to me the swiftest steed,  
 That ever rade frae the town."

He's call'd upon his merry men a',  
 To follow him to the glen;  
 And he's vow'd he'd neither eat nor sleep  
 Till he got his love again.

He's mounted him on a milk-white steed,  
 And fast he rade away;  
 And he's come to Glenlyon's yett,  
 About the close o' day.

As Baby at her window stood,  
 And the west-wind saft did blaw,  
 She heard her Johnie's well-kent voice  
 Aneath the castle wa'.

" O Baby, haste, the window loup ;  
 I'll kep you in my arm ;  
 My merry men a' are at the yett  
 To rescue you frae harm."

She to the window fix'd her sheets,  
 And slipped safely down ;  
 And Johnie caught her in his arms,  
 Ne'er loot her touch the groun'.

Glenlyon and his brother John  
 Were birling in the ha',  
 When they heard Johnie's bridle ring  
 As fast he rade awa'.



“ Rise, Jock ; gang out and meet the priest,  
 I hear his bridle ring ;  
 My Baby now shall be my wife,  
 Before the laverock sing.”

“ O brother, this is nae the priest ;  
 I fear he'll come o'er late ;  
 For armed men wi' shining brands  
 Stand at the castle yett.”

“ Haste, Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh,  
 Haste, tak your sword and spear ;  
 We'll gar these traytors rue the hour  
 That e'er they ventured here.”

The Highlandmen drew their claymores,  
 And gae a warlike shout ;  
 But Johnie's merry men kept the yett,  
 Nae ane durst venture out.

The lovers rade the lee-lang night,  
 And safe got on their way ;  
 And Bonny Baby Livingstone  
 Has gotten Johny Hay.

“Awa, Glenlyon! fy for shame!  
Gae hide you in some den;  
You’ve latten your bride be stown frae you,  
For a’ your armed men.”

THE  
BATTLE-OF GLENLIVET.

---

FRAE Dunnoter to Aberdeen  
I raise and took the way,  
Believing well that it had been  
Not half an hour to day.  
The lift was clad with clouds gray,  
And masked was the moon ;  
Which me deceived where I lay,  
And made me rise so soon.

In Cow Mouth I met a man,  
Well graithed in his gear ;  
“ What news ? ” quoth I, then he began  
To tell a fite of wear ;

Saying, " The ministers, I fear,  
 A bloody browst have brown;  
 For yesterday withoutten mair,  
 On the hill at Stradown,

" I saw three lords in battel fight  
 Right furiously awhile,  
 Huntlie and Errol as they height,  
 Were both against Argyle;  
 Turn back with me, and ride a mile,  
 And I shall make it kend,  
 How they began the form and stile,  
 And of the battels end."

Then I, as any man would be,  
 Right curious was to know ;  
 Mair of that tale he told to me,  
 The which, he said, he saw.  
 By then the day began to daw,  
 And back with him I raid :  
 Then he began the sooth to show,  
 And on this wise he said.

THE  
SHEPHERD'S COVENANT  
WITH  
HIS OWN HEART.

---

I MADE a covenant with my heart,  
That it and I should never part :  
That I would give it unto none,  
Until two hearts did join in one.

But straight I spied a shepherdess,  
Which brought my heart into distress ;  
She was so comely to behold,  
That in my heart she was inroll'd.

Witness Jove himself can tell,  
That I do love her passing well ;  
Her very name when I did hear,  
Did glad my heart with joyful cheer.

But how can poor mortals know,  
That true love will breed them woe?  
My heart most lightsome was as then,  
I was as merry as most men.

She vowed unto me true love,  
Promising she would constant prove,  
But it did prove contrary wise,  
Falsehood did put on lovers' guise.

My heart did promise a set place  
Unto her comely beauteous face;  
But all was taken me before,  
And promise writ upon the door.

## ANOTHER.

NEXT sought I in a virgin's breast,  
Bold as she told me of a guest,  
Wherein I found were rooms  
For lords, for knights, pages, and grooms.

At length a gentle seeming maid,  
To prove I would not be afraid :  
But ah ! before that moon grew old,  
She, for a toy, herself had sold.

Weary with travel, and with scorn,  
Home it return'd where it was born ;  
She did not stir nor speak to none,  
But there did lye and dye alone.

## LIZIE LINDSAY.

---

*Transmitted to the Editor by Professor SCOTT of Aberdeen, as it was taken down from the recitation of an Old Woman. It is very popular in the north east of Scotland, and was familiar to the editor in his early youth ; and from the imperfect recollection which he still retains of it, he has corrected the text in two or three unimportant passages.*

---

“ WILL ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,  
 Will ye go to the Highlands wi’ me ?  
 Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,  
 And dine on fresh cruds and green whey ?”

Then out spak Lizie’s mother,  
 A good old lady was she,  
 “ Gin ye say sic a word to my daughter,  
 I’ll gar ye be hanged high.”



" Keep weel your daughter frae me, madam ;  
 Keep weel your daughter frae me ;  
 I care as little for your daughter,  
 As ye can care for me."

Then out spak Lizie's ain maiden,  
 A bonny young lassie was she ;  
 Says,—“ were I the heir to a kingdom,  
 Awa' wi' young Donald I'd be.”

“ O say you sae to me, Nelly ?  
 And does my Nelly say sae ?  
 Maun I leave my father and mother,  
 Awa' wi' young Donald to gae ?”

And Lizie's ta'en tiH her her stockings,  
 And Lizie's ta'en till her her shoen ;  
 And kilted up her green claithing,  
 And awa' wi' young Donald she's gane.

The road it was lang and weary ;  
 The braes they were ill to climb ;  
 Bonny Lizie was weary wi' travelling,  
 And a fit furdur coudna win.

And sair, O sair did she sigh,  
 And the saut tear blin'd her e'e ;  
 " Gin this be the pleasures o' looing,  
 They never will do wi' me !"

" Now, haud your tongue, bonny Lizie ;  
 Ye never shall rue for me ;  
 Gi'e me but your love for my love,  
 It is a' that your tocher will be .

" And haud your tongue, bonny Lizie ;  
 Altho' that the gait seem lang,  
 And you's ha'e the wale o' good living  
 Whan to Kincawsen we gang .

" There my father he is an auld cobler,  
 My mother she is an auld dey ;  
 And we'll sleep on a bed o' green rashes,  
 And dine on fresh cruds and green whey."

\* \* \* \* \*

" You're welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
 You're welcome hame to me."

“ O ca’ me nae mair sir Donald ;  
 There’s a bonny young lady to come ;  
 Sae ca’ me nae mair Sir Donald,  
 But ae spring Dónald your son.”

“ Ye’re welcome hame, young Donald ;  
 Ye’re welcome hame to me ;  
 Ye’re welcome hame, young Donald,  
 And your bonny young lady wi’ ye.”

She’s made them a bed of green rushes,  
 Weel cover’d wi’ hooding o’ grey ;  
 Bonny Lizie was weary wi’ travelling,  
 And lay till ’twas lang o’ the day.

“ The sun looks in o’er the hill-head, and  
 The laverock is liltin’ gay ;  
 Get up, get up, bonny Lizie,  
 You’ve lain till its lang o’ the day.

“ You might ha’e been out at the shealin,  
 Instead o’ sae lang to lye,  
 And up and helping my mother  
 To milk baith her gaits and kye.

Then out spak Lizie Lindsay,  
 The tear blindit her eye;  
 "The ladies o' Edinburgh city  
 They neither milk gaits nor kye."

Then up spak young Sir Donald,

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

"For I am the laird o' Kincawsyn,  
 And you are the lady free;

And \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

## CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

---

OF this piece, which is very popular in the north, as well as in the south of Scotland, the following copy was furnished from Mr Herd's MS. by the editor of the "Border Minstrelsy;" and the present writer has supplied a few readings of small importance from his own recollection, as it was quite familiar to him in his early youth.

Playful sparrings of wit, of the kind here specified, are, and I believe have always been, so common among lovers in real life, that it would be matter of surprise, that they have so seldom obtained a place in the popular songs characteristic of the tender passion, did we not consider how few there are of the very ingenious ladies and lady-like gentlemen, who exercise their talents in that way, that have in them sentiment and sense enough to preserve from oblivion a song, or sonnet, beyond the circle of their own frivolous acquaintance. Hence the collector of these ditties is willing to suppose it comes, that he has been able to

furnish his readers with only one specimen of an amorous parley of this kind, and that too of very little merit as a composition. Its singularity, however, and its extensive popularity, seem to entitle it to a place in this miscellany; and if the riddles of Girzey Sinclair have been less noted and less important than those of Samson, and of the Sphinx, they may nevertheless be read with pleasure, as well as indulgence, by such (more particularly) of my expatriated countrymen, as have heard them in their earlier years at *stentings* and *rockings* around the wintery ingle in Scotland. And although it is true, that the subject, good enough in itself, is handled with very little dexterity; yet had "The lord of Roslin's daughter," and the gallant "servant to the king, captain Wedderburn," lived in later times, they would probably have made a very distinguished figure among the ingenious correspondents of the learned Dr H\*\*\*\*\* and Co. in the "Lady's Diary," which hath often been the instrument of "crowning love, though *riddles* won the cause."

That there were in those days in England also ænigmatising lovers, as *naïve*, innocent, and easy to be won, as Girzey Sinclair, we have unquestionable evidence in "The noble Riddle wisely expounded, or the Maid's Answer to the Knight's three Questions," which is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in a large volume of ballads in black letter, of the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, p. 299. It begins thus :

" There was a lady of the north country,  
(Lay the bent to the bonny broom)

And she had lovely daughters three,  
Fa la la la, fa la la la ra re.

“ There was a knight of noble worth, &c.  
Which also lived in the north,” &c.

And so it came to pass that “ The knight of courage stout  
and brave,” being amorously and matrimonially inclined,

“ ——knocked at the ladie’s gate, &c.  
One evening when it was late, &c.

“ The eldest sister let him in, &c.  
And pind the door with a silver pin, &c.

“ The second sister she made his bed, &c.  
And laid soft pillows under his head, &c.

“ The youngest daughter that same night, &c.  
She went to bed with this young knight, &c.

And in the morning when it was day, &c.  
These words unto him she did say, &c.

“ Now, you have had your will, quoth she,  
I pray, sir knight, will you marry me? &c.

“ The young brave knight to her replied, &c.  
Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be denied, &c.

“ If thou canst answer me questions three, &c.  
This very day will I marry thee, &c.

“ Kind sir, in love, O then, quoth she, &c.  
Tell me what your questions be? &c.

“ O what is longer than the way? &c.  
Or what is deeper than the sea? &c.

“ Or what is louder than the horn ? &c.

Or what is sharper than a thorn ? &c.

“ Or what is greener than the grass ? &c.

Or what is worse than a woman was ? &c.

“ O love is longer than the way, &c.

And hell is deeper than the sea, &c.

“ And thunder is louder than the horn, &c.

And hunger is sharper than a thorn, &c.

“ And poyson is greener than the grass, &c.

And the devil is worse than woman was, &c.

“ When she these questions answered bad, &c.

The knight became exceeding glad, &c.

“ And having tryd her wit, &c.

He much commended her for it, &c.

And so do I, with all my heart ; and, considering the exceeding brilliancy of it, no one can be surprised, that

———“ after, as it is verified, &c.

He made of her his lovely bride, &c.

in which she certainly was extremely fortunate ; and the good knight was also very much in the right, as they were just *fere for fere*, *QUE PRO QUO* ; and so, in the beautiful strains of the same illustrious bard, whose lays I here consecrate to immortality,

———“ now, fair maidens, all adieu, &c.

This song I dedicate to you, &c.



" I wish that you may constant prove, &c.  
Unto the man that you do love, &c."

and so I do ; and yet, fair maidens, after all, with all your constancy, you may chance not to come off a bit better than did the poor heroine of another ballad, which I have often heard in Morayshire, which commences thus :

" There cam a trooper frae the west,  
And he's ridden till his deary ;  
' It's open and lat me in,' he says,  
' For I am wet and weary."

The kind fair one puts his horse into the stable, and takes himself to her bower, where she gives him " the good white bread, and blood-red wine," and a part of her bed. In the morning, when he prepares to depart, she naturally enough asks,

" O whan sall we be married, love ?  
O whan sall we be married ?"  
" Whan heather-cows turn owsen bows,  
It's then that we'll be married."  
" O whan sall we be married, love ?  
O whan sall we be married ?"  
" Whan cockle shells turn siller-bells,  
It's then that we'll be married."

• • • • •  
" Whan the sun and moon dance on the green,  
It's then that we'll be married."

## CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

---

**T**HE Lord of Roslin's daughter  
 Walk'd thro' the wood her lane ;  
 And by came captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king.  
 He said unto his serving men,  
 " Were't not against the law,  
 I would tak her to my ain bed,  
 And lay her neist the wa'."

" I am walking here alone," she says,  
 " Amang my father's trees ;  
 And you must let me walk alane,  
 Kind sir, now, if you please ;  
 The supper bell it will be rung,  
 And I'll be mist awa' ;  
 Sae I winna lie in your bed  
 Either at stock or wa'."

He says, " My pretty lady,  
 I pray lend me your hand,  
 And you shall hae drums and trumpets  
 Always at your command ;  
 And fifty men to guard you with,  
 That well their swords can draw ;  
 Sae we'se baith lie in ae bed,  
 And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

" Haud awa frae me," she said,  
 " And pray lat gae my hand ;  
 The supper bell it will be rung,  
 I can nae langer stand ;  
 My father he will angry be,  
 Gin I be miss'd awa' ;  
 Sae I'll nae lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'."

Then said the pretty lady,  
 " I pray tell me your name ?"  
 " My name is Captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king.  
 Tho' thy father and his men were here,  
 Of them I'd have nae awe ;  
 But tak you to my ain bed,  
 And lay you neist the wa'."

He lighted aff his milk-white steed,  
 And set this lady on ;  
 And held her by the milk-white hand,  
 Even as they rade along ;  
 He held her by the middle jimp,  
 For fear that she should fa',  
 To tak her to his ain bed,  
 And lay her neist the wa'.

He took her to his lodging-house ;  
 His landlady look'd ben ;  
 Says,—“ Mony a pretty lady  
 In Edenbruch I've seen,  
 But sic a lovely face as thine  
 In it I never saw ;  
 Gae mak her down a down-bed,  
 And lay her neist the wa'.”

“ O haud awa' frae me,” she says ;  
 “ I pray ye lat me be ;  
 I winna gang into your bed,  
 Till ye dress me dishes three :  
 Dishes three ye maun dress to me,  
 Gin I should eat them a',  
 Afore that I lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

" Its ye maun get to my supper  
   A cherry without a stane ;  
 And ye maun get to my supper  
   A chicken without a bane ;  
 And ye maun get to my supper  
   A bird without a ga',  
 Or I winna lie in your bed,  
   Either a stock or wa'."

" Its whan the cherry is in the flirry,  
   I'm sure it has nae stane ;  
 And whan the chicken's in the egg,  
   I'm sure it has nae bane ;  
 And sin the flood o' Noah,  
   The dow she had nae ga' ;\*  
 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
   And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

" O haud your tongue, young man," she says,  
   " Nor that gait me perplex ;  
 For ye maun tell me questions yet,  
   And that is questions six :

\* The peasants in Scotland say, that the dove that was sent out of the Ark by Noah flew till she burst her gall ; and that no dove since that time ever had a gall.

Questions six ye tell to me,  
 And that is three times twa,  
 Afore I lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

“ What’s greener than the greenest grass?  
 What hicher than the trees?  
 What’s war nor an ill woman’s wish?  
 What’s deeper than the seas?  
 What bird sings first? And whareupon  
 The dew doth first down fa’?  
 Ye sall tell afore I lay me down  
 Between you and the wa’.”

“ Vergris is greener than the grass;  
 Heaven’s hicher than the trees;  
 The deil’s warse nor a woman’s wish;  
 Hell’s deeper than the seas;  
 The cock craws first; on cedar top  
 The dew down first doth fa’;  
 And we’ll baith lie in ae bed,  
 And ye’se lie neist the wa’.”

“ O haud your tongue, young man,” she says,  
 “ And gi’e your fleechin’ o’er;  
 Unless you’ll find me ferlies,  
 And that is ferlies four;

Ferlies four ye maun find me,  
 And that is twa and twa ;  
 Or I'll never lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

“ And ye maun get to me a plumb  
 That in December grew ;  
 And get to me a silk mantel,  
 That waft was ne'er ca'd thro' ;  
 A sparrow's horn ; a priest unborn  
 This night to join us twa ;  
 Or I'll nae lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.”

“ My father he has winter fruit  
 That in December grew ;  
 My mither has an Indian gown,  
 That waft was ne'er ca'd thro' ;  
 A sparrow's horn is quickly found ;  
 There's ane on every claw ;  
 There's ane upon the neb o' him ;  
 Perhaps there may be twa—

“ The priest he's standing at the door,  
 Just ready to come in ;  
 Nae man can say that he was born,  
 To lie it were a sin ;

A wild bore tore his mither's side,  
 He out o' it did fa';  
 Then we'll baith lie in ae bed,  
 And thou's lie neist the wa'."

Little kend Girzy Sinclair  
 That morning whan she raise,  
 That this wad be the hindermaist  
 O' a' her maiden days;  
 But now there's nae within the realm,  
 I think, a blyther twa;  
 And they baith lie in ae bed,  
 And she lies neist the wa'.



## THE GUDE WALLACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

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*The following attempt to restore a popular fragment of an old Scottish ballad was made soon after the Editor first proposed making the present Collection. The rude outline, which he has endeavoured to fill up, will be found in "JOHNSON'S Scots Musical Museum."*

---

THE Wallace wicht, wi' his merry men a',  
 Frae Striveling is southard gane ;  
 And he's got word that the earl Percy  
 Was out wi' sax thousand Englishmen.

His menyie he's left i' the gude green wood,  
 To rest fra the heat by the greenwood tree ;  
 His menyie he's left wi' the trusty Graham,  
 And he's gane to scout in the south countrie.

The Wallace out over yon river he lap,  
 And fast he hied him over yon lee,  
 Till, at a well washin' her claes,  
 He was aware of a fair ladie.

And ay as she wush, she sabbit sair,  
 And her cheeks the saut tear ay did weet :  
 " What tidins, what tidins, fair ladie?" he said ;  
 " Or what ails thee to gar thee greet ?

" Mair meet it were in princely bower,  
 Wi' noblest feres thy youth should won ;  
 It rewis my heart, a flower sae meek  
 Misaunteris bub should blaw upon !

" Thir cheeks should rosy dimples wear,  
 Thir een should shine wi' love and glee"—  
 " Och lang," the lady sich'd and said,  
 " Has joy been strange in this countrie.

“ My father they kill'd, they kill'd my brither,  
 They herryit our fald, and brent our ha';  
 Me they've—ochon! my heart will brak!—  
 My true love to England's reft awa'.

“ Yet hope, gin Wallace had thriven, I had,  
 That I my lemman yet mat see,  
 Revenge on Cressingham to wrack,  
 For a' the wrangs he's gart me dree.

“ But Piercy, wi' the fause earl Warren,  
 And Cressingham (ill mat he speed!)  
 Are dackerin' wi' sax thousand mair,  
 Frae Coupar to Berwick upon Tweed.

“ And down in yon wee ostler house  
 Now ligs full fyfteen English strang,  
 And they are seekin' the gude Wallace,  
 Its him to tak, and him to hang.”

“ There's nought in my purse,” quo' gude Wallace,  
 “ Sma' spulyie hae they to get frae me;  
 But I will down to yon wee ostler house,  
 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.

“ I’ve but this brand, wi’ whilk, God will,  
 I’ll mak them sic cheer as I dow”—  
 “ Sae God thee speed,” said the ladie fair,  
 “ And send us ten thousand sic as you!”

And whan he cam to yon wee ostler house,  
 He bade *benedicite* be there;  
 The gude-wife said, “ Ye’re welcome, come ben,  
 Mair welcome, I wat, nor twa ’r three mair.”

The gude-man syne came in frae the hill,  
 A braw fat gimmer upon his back;  
 He ferlied to see that strange menzie,  
 Sic cheer and mows at his ingle mak.

“ Ye’re hamelie fallows, to be sae frem!  
 I brew’d nae browst for kettrin like ye;  
 God send the days puir Scotland has seen,  
 And a bitter browst to you ’twill be!”

“ Welcome, auld carl!” said the Captain;  
 “ Auld cruikit carl, wi’ your fat yow;  
 It weel will saur wi’ the gude brown yill;  
 And the four spawls o’t I wat we’s cow.”

“ The spawls o’ it gin ye should cow,  
 Ill will I thole to brook the wrang,  
 But gin I had ye in gude Brae Murray,  
 I’d gar ye sing anither sang.

“ There Eddert’s glaive and Eddert’s goud  
 Hae ettled at thirldome in vain;  
 And sair will England some day rue  
 The wrangs we’ve a’ frae Eddert taen.

“ God red our Wallace wicht frae harm,  
 And send our gude earl Robert here;  
 For cowart art and lawless rief,  
 We’ll soon our score wi’ Eddert clear.”

“ O whare was ye born, auld cruikit carl?  
 Your leed saurs na o’ this countrie”—  
 “ A true Murray Scot I’m born and bred,  
 And an auld cruikit carl just sic as ye see.”

“ I’ll gi’e fyfteen shillins to thee, cruikit carl,  
 For a friend to him ye kythe to me,  
 Gin ye’ll tak me to the wicht Wallace;  
 For up-sides wi’m I mean to be.”

“ I’m but an auld cruikit carl, God wot,  
 Stiff and onfeirie to what I’ve been ;  
 My glaive lang syne was hung o’ the knag,  
 And three score and five thir haffets hae seen.

“ But leal my heart beats yet, and warm ;  
 Thoch auld onfeirie and lyart I’m now ;  
 Were wicht Wallace here, wi’ nane but mysell,  
 For a’ Eddert’s kingdom I wadna be you!”

A rung the Wallace had intill his han’,  
 A burly kent as well mat be,  
 That ance afore redd him frae skaith,  
 Whan tellin’ his beads by the greenwood tree.

He hat the proud captain along the chaft blade,  
 That never a bit o’ meal he ate mair ;  
 He stickit the laive at the buird whare they sat,  
 And he left them a’ lyin’ sprawlin’ there.

“ Sae God me shield,” said the gude Wallace,  
 “ Tho’ hard bested, I’ve done wi’ thae ;  
 “ Sae God me shield,” said the gude Wallace,  
 “ And send me as mony sothroun mae.”

Bumbazed the gude-man glowr'd a wee,  
 Syne hent the Wallace by the han' ;  
 " Its he ! it can be nane but he !"  
 The gude-wife on her knees had faun.

" Hale be your hearts, ye couthie twa,  
 I'm he, I'm Wallace, as ye trow ;  
 But faut and mister hae done mair,  
 Nor e'er could thae my head to bow.

" Get up, gude-wife, gin Christ ye luve,  
 Some meltith fess to me in haste ;  
 For it will soon be three lang days  
 Sin' I a bit o' meat did taste."

I wat the gude-wife wasna sla ;  
 But hardly on the buird 'twas set,  
 Till ither fyfteen Englishmen  
 Were a' lichted about the yett.

" Come out, come out, thou fause Wallace,  
 For weel we wat that here ye be ;  
 Come out, come out, thou traitor Wallace ;  
 Its o'er late now to finch or flee.

"The tod is ta'en in his hole, Wallace ;  
 This is the day that thou maun die."  
 " I lippen na sae little to God," he says,  
 " Althoch that I be ill wordie."

The gudeman lap to his braid claymore,  
 That hang on the knag aside the speir ;  
 A lance the wife hent down frae the bauk,  
 That aft had shane fu' sharp in weir.

His burly brand the Wallace drew,  
 And out he braided at the dooer ;  
 His stalwart back he turn'd to the wa',  
 And firmly set his foot before.

His trusty-true twa-hannit glaive  
 Afore him swang he manfullie,  
 While anger lucken'd his dark brows,  
 And like a wood-wolf glanst his e'e.

" Are thou that bousteous bellamy,"  
 Bowden wi' rage, said the captain ;  
 " That felloun traitor, that sae feil  
 O douchty Englishmen has slain ?



" Mat God assoile me, but it glads  
 My hart this tyde to meet thee sae!  
 My ae brither by the Earn lies dead;  
 But in thy heart's bluid I'll wrack my wae."

" I weird thee, to lat me be were best;  
 Nocht do I grein thy bluid to spill;  
 Fierce as thy brither was, and fell,  
 Southroun, he was thy brither still;

" And laith were I," quo' the gude Wallace,  
 Lowerin' his glaive in mylder muid,  
 " To skaith the rueful heart that yearns  
 But to revenge a brither's bluid.

" Then force na this hand to wirk thy bale,  
 But tak my rede, and lat me gang."  
 " Tyke, by the rude thou scapes nat sae!"  
 And fierce at him the butler sprang.

A thud wi' his keen sword he loot,  
 To cleave the Wallace to the chin;  
 But his bonnet, thoch o' the claith without,  
 Was o' the trusty steel within.

“ Ya, wilt thou ?” said Wallace, “ then tak thee that !”  
 And derfly strak a dynt sae dour,  
 That throw the craig and shouther blade  
 At ance the trenchand weapon’s shure. \*

Agast the sothroun stood a stound :  
 Syne hamphis’d him, pele-mele, ane and a’,  
 And vapourin’ wi’ burnist swerds, can shout,  
 “ Revenge, revenge! fy, tak and sla !”

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\* This stroke of the *wight Wallace* is nothing to the following : —“ One sir David de Anand, a right valiant knight, chanced to be wounded by one of the enemies, by reason wherof he was so kindled in wrathful desire to be revenged, that with an axe which he had in his hande, he raughte his adversarie, that had hurt him, suche a blow on the shoulder, that he clove hym together with his horse, and the axe stayed not till it light upon the verie harde pavement, so as the print of the violente stroke remained to be sene a long tyme after in one of the stones of the same pavement.” HOLINSHED’S *History of Scotland*, F. 342, 1.

This sword of the good *Sir David* seems to have been little inferior to the enchanted *glaivmor* of Fingal, so famous in the tales of the Highlanders, that would, by mere dint of its own innate virtue, cut through any thing that was struck with it, and could not be stopt till it came to the ground. This unlucky propensity in the sword to go farther than was intended, often occasioned sad mistakes and accidents, many of which make the ground-work of tales which are still repeated by the winter’s evening fire-side.

The auld gude-man had the auld man's grip,  
 Thoch nae sae feirie as he had been;  
 Sae steevly he by the Wallace stood,  
 Were few that to meet his glaive mat grein.

And bald and bardach the gude-wife  
 Sae derf couth wield her gude brown spear;  
 To fecht for her country and gude-man,  
 Could Scotswoman own a woman's fear?

The first that strak at the gude Wallace,  
 The auld gude-man shure his craig in twa.  
 "Weel doon, my fere!" said the Wallace then;  
 "Wi' thee 'twere a shame to tak to the wa'."

Syne grippit his brand wi' nicht and ire,  
 And forward throw the press he flang;  
 Sic thuds on ilka side he dealt,  
 That down to the dead the frieks he dang.

Wi' deadly dynts the baldest ten  
 O' the sothroun, that the starkest stuid,  
 The wicht Wallace and thir trusty twa  
 Hae laid o' the green dicht in their bluid.

The tither five to the green-wood ran;  
On a grain they hav git them but ransoun;  
And neist day wi' Wallace' mérry men a',  
They sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

## SWEET WILLIE OF LIDDESDALE.

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THIS is the copy of "Willie's Lady" mentioned by Mr Scott in his *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 27. As it was written before the author knew any thing of either Mr Scott's undertaking, or Mr Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, and as it differs so materially from the copies given to the world by both these gentlemen, no apology can be required for publishing it here. The copy, from which it was made up, will be found *verbatim* in the Appendix to this work. The admirers, moreover, of Mr Lewis's genius as a writer of ballads, will readily perceive, that as the author was altogether unconscious of the existence of his production, there could be no rivalry intended on his part; and as they have pursued such different tracts in adapting this simple *tale of other times* to the taste of their more poetical readers, there can be no fair ground of comparison between pieces so totally independent of each other.

## SWEET WILLIE OF LIDDESDALE.

---

SWEET WILLIE, the flower of Liddesdale,  
 Has ta'en him o'er the saut-sea faem,  
 And he's doen him to foreign lands,  
 And he's wooed a wife, and brocht her hame.

And mony a may in Liddesdale  
 Did sadly sich to see that tide;  
 But never a may in Liddesdale  
 Was half sae comely as his bride.

For lovely-sweet fair Alice was,  
 And bonnie yellow was her hair;  
 And happy happy mith she been,  
 But his mither wrocht her micklè care.

His mither wrocht her mickle care,  
 And mickle dollour gart her dree;  
 For her young bairnie maun be born,  
 And lichter can she never be.

Sad in her bower fair Alice sits,  
 And sair, Oh, sair sair is her pain!  
 And sair and waefu' is his heart,  
 While Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

And he has hied him to his mither,  
 That vilest witch o' vilest kin;  
 He says, "My lady has a girdle,  
 A' diamonds out, and goud within;

"And ay at ilka siller hem  
 Hings fifty siller bells and ten:  
 Oh, lat her be lighter o' her young bairn,  
 And that goodly gift sall be your ain."

"O' her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,  
 Nor ever see an end o' wae;  
 But she shall die and turn to clay,  
 And ye sall wed anither may."

" Anither may I'll never wed,  
 Anither love I'll never ken ;"—  
 But sadly sicht that weary wicht,  
 " I wish my days were at an en' !"

He did him till his mither again,  
 And said,—“ My lady has a steed,  
 White as the drift, as ræbuck swift ;  
 His like's nae in the lands o' Leed ;

“ For he is siller-shod before,  
 And he is gouden-shot behin' ;  
 And at ilka tate o' that horse' mane  
 Is a gouden chess and bell ringin'.

“ And mickle did ye roose his speed,  
 Whan at the ring he ran sae swift ;  
 Oh, lat her be lighter o' her young bairn,  
 And yours sall be that goodly gift.”

“ O' her young bairn she's never be lighter,  
 Nor ever see an end o' wæe ;  
 But she shall die and gae to clay,  
 And ye shall wed anither may.”



“ Oh mither, an’ woman’s heart ye bear,  
 Tak ruth upon a mither’s pine;  
 Tak ruth on your ain flesh and blood,  
 Nor lat her sakeless bairnie tine :

“ And it shall live your oy to be;  
 To chear your eild in mony a stead;  
 And sain wi’ bennisons your truff,  
 Whan in the mools your banes are laid.”

“ Awa, awa! for never she  
 Or imp or oy to me shall hae;  
 But they sall die and turn to clay,  
 And ye sall wed anither may.”

“ O mither, preed ye e’er o’ love,  
 And can ye bid me love again?  
 And can she brak her Willie’s heart  
 For him wha dreed a mither’s pain?

“ And can ye thole to kill your son,  
 Your only hope, wi’ ruthless rage,  
 Syne fa yoursel, like blastit tree,  
 Widdert wi’ curses in your age?”

“ Awa, awa ! what blacker curse  
 Nor uncomplyin’ bairn can be ?  
 O her young bairn she’s never be lighter,  
 Nor ever an end o’ dolour see !”

Then out it spak the Billy Blin’,  
 Of Liddis Lord that ay took care :  
 “ Then ye do buy a leaf o’ wax,  
 And kiauve it weel, and mould it fair ;\*

\* The belief that witches have the power of annoying, or protecting, subjects at a great distance from them, by means of enchantments and operations performed upon them in effigy, has been very general in all ages and countries. In Scotland, at this day, innumerable stories of this kind are still told, and firmly believed, by the peasantry :

—“ unsonsy pictures aft she makes  
 Of ony ane she hates, and gars expire,  
 Wi’ slaw and racking pains afore the fire :  
 Stuck fu’ of prins, the devilish pictures melt ;  
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.”

*Gent. Shepherd.*

In the reign of Henry VI. A. D. 1440, among the other friends of Duke Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and dame Eleanor Cobham, were arrested—“ Roger Bolyngbroke, a man experte in nygromancye, and a woman, called Margery Jourdemain, surnamed the Wytche of Eye, besyde Winchester, to whose charge it was laid, that these—persons shuld, at the request of the duchesse (of Gloucester), devyse an ymage of waxe lyke unto the

“ And shape it bairn and bairnlie-like,  
 And in twa glazen een ye pit;  
 Wi’ haly water synd it o’er,  
 And by the haly rood sain it;

“ And carry it to fair Alice’ bower,  
 And *Ave Mary* nine times say;  
 Syne in the Lady Mither’s name,  
 In Alice’ arms the image lay;

“ And ilka knot and bolt undo  
 Fair Alice’ bower that is within; \*  
 And do you to your mither then,  
 And bid her to your boy’s christnin’;

kynges, the whych ymage they delte so wyth, that by their devyllysh incantacions and sorcerye, they intended to bryng out of lyfe lytle and lytle consumed the ymage. For the whych treason and other, finally they were convyct and adjudged to dye.”  
*Fabyan’s Chron. F. 394.*

\* In Morayshire, at present, if a dying person struggles hard and long, and seems to have difficulty, and to suffer much, in departing, it is quite common to unlock all the doors, &c. &c. in the house, as if by some magic spell the departing spirit of the sufferer were confined, they know not where, or how, by some lock, or knot, near his person. I have often known it done; but could never procure any other account of the ceremony, than that they did it *because folks used to do it.*

“ For dear’s the boy to you he’s been  
 Then notice weel what she will dae;  
 And do you stand a little forby,  
 And listen weel what she will say.”

Now Willie has a’ his bidden done;  
 In good time ay he gae warnin’;  
 And he’s doen him to his mither then,  
 And bidden her to his boy’s christnin’.

“ O wha has loos’d the nine witch knots  
 Amang that lady’s locks sae fair?  
 And wha the kembs-o’ care ta’en out,  
 That was amang that lady’s hair?

And wha has kill’d the master kid,\*  
 That ran aneath the lady’s bed?  
 And wha has loos’d her left foot shoe,  
 And that young lady lighter made?”

---

\* Her chief familiar, that was placed in the chamber of the patient in the form of a kid, and, when surprised, had run under the bed to shelter itself.

Then out it spak the Billy Blin',  
 As, ay at hand, he harkit near ;  
 (And the witch did quak in lith and limb  
 The wierd o' Billy Blin' to hear :)

" O Willie has loos'd the nine witch knots,  
 Among that lady's locks sae fair ;  
 And the kembs o' care he has ta'en out,  
 That was amang that lady's hair ;

" And he has killed the master kid,  
 That ran aneath that lady's bed ;  
 And he has loosed her left-foot shoe,  
 And his dear lady lichter made ;

" And thou, the fellest hag on mold,  
 A mither's name that ever bure,  
 Time ne'er shall slock the fiery pangs  
 I'll gar thy burning heart endure."

## ALISON GROSS.

---

*From the recitation of MRS BROWN.*

---

O ALISON GROSS, that lives in yon tower,  
 The ugliest witch in the north countrie,  
 Has trysted me ae day up till her bower,  
 And mony fair speech she made to me.

She straked my head, and she kemed my hair,  
 And she set me down saftly on her knee,  
 Says,—“Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,  
 Sae mony braw things as I would you gi'e.”

She shaw'd me a mantle o' red scarlèt,  
 Wi' gouden flowers and fringes fine,  
 Says, “Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,  
 This goodly gift it sall be thine.”

"Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
 Haud far awa, and lat me be;  
 I never will be your lemman sae true,  
 And I wish I were out of your company."

She neist brocht a sark o' the safest silk,  
 Weel wrought wi' pearls about the band;  
 Says,—“Gin ye will be my ain true love,  
 This goodly gift ye sall command.”

She shaw'd me a cup o' the good red goud,  
 Weel set wi' jewels sae fair to see;  
 Says,—“Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,  
 This goodly gift I will you gie.”

"Awa, awa, ye ugly witch!  
 Haud far awa, and lat me be;  
 For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth  
 For a' the gifts that ye cou'd gie."

She's turned her richt and round about,  
 And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn;  
 And she sware by the moon and the stars aboon,  
 That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand;

And she's turned her three times round and round;  
 She's mutter'd sic words, that my strength it fail'd,  
 And I fell down senseless on the ground.

She's turn'd me into an ugly worm, \*

And gar'd me toddle about the tree;  
 And ay, on ilka Saturday's night,  
 My sister Maisry came to me,

Wi' silver bason, and silver kemb,  
 To kemb my headie upon her knee;  
 But or I had kiss'd her ugly mouth,  
 I'd rather hae toddled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,  
 When the SEELY COURT † was ridin' by,  
 The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,  
 Nae far frae the tree whare I went to lye.

---

\* The term *worm* formerly signified, like *serpent*, "a reptile of any kind that made its way without legs." Here, as in *The Laidly Worm of Spindlestane Heugh*, it signifies a *snake*. Piers Plowman, using it in the same sense, for a *serpent*, speaks of "Wyld wormes in woodes," &c. ed. 1561. F. O. iii. 1.

† *Seely Court*, i. e. "pleasant or happy court," or "court of the pleasant and happy people." This agrees with the antient and more legitimate idea of Fairies.



She took me up in her milk-white hand,  
And she straikeed me three times o'er her knee;  
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,  
And I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

## LADY ELSPAT.

---

*From the recitation of MRS BROWN.*

---

“ How brent’s your brow, my lady Elspat?  
 How gouden yellow is your hair?  
 O’ a’ the maids o’ fair Scotland,  
 There’s nane like lady Elspat fair.”

“ Perform your vows, sweet William,” she says,  
 “ The vows which ye ha’ made to me;  
 And at the back o’ my mither’s castell,  
 This night I’ll surely meet wi’ thee.”

But wae be to her brother’s page,  
 That heard the words thir twa did say;  
 He’s tald them to her lady mither,  
 Wha wrought sweet William mickle wae.

For she has ta'en him, sweet William,  
 And she's gar'd bind him wi' his bow string,  
 Till the red bluid o' his fair body  
 Frae ilka nail o' his hand did spring.

O, it fell ance upon a time,  
 That the Lord-justice came to town;  
 Out has she ta'en him, sweet William,  
 Brought him before the Lord-justice boun'.

"And what is the crime now, lady," he says,  
 "That has by this young man been dane?"  
 "O he has broken my bonny castell,  
 That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane;

"And he has broken my bonny coffers,  
 That was weel bandit wi' aiken ban;  
 And he has stown my rich jewels;  
 I wot he has stown them every ane."

Then out it spak her Lady Elspat,  
 As she sat by Lord-justice' knee;  
 "Now ye hae told your tale, mithers,  
 I pray, Lord-justice, ye'll now hear me.

“ He hasna broken her bonny castell,  
 That was weel biggit wi’ lime and stane ;  
 Nor has he stown her rich jewels,  
 For I wat she has them every ane.

“ But though he was my first true love,  
 And though I had sworn to be his bride,  
 ’Cause he hadna a great estate,  
 She would this way our loves divide.”

Syne out and spak the Lord-justice,  
 I wat the tear was in his e’e ;  
 “ I see nae faut in this young man ;  
 Sae loose his bands, and set him free ;

“ And tak your love, now, Lady Elspat ;  
 And my best blessin’ you baith upon ;  
 For gin he be your first true love,  
 He is my eldest sister’s son.

“ There stands a steed in my stable,  
 Cost me baith gold and white mony ;  
 Ye’s get as mickle o’ my free land  
 As he’ll ride about in a summer’s day.

## KING HENRY.

---

*This piece, prepared for the press, and in the exact state in which it now appears, was shown by the Editor to MR SCOTT of Edinburgh, long before the publication of either the "Tales of Wonder," or the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and before MR SCOTT had any thoughts of adopting it. The interpolations will be found inclosed in brackets; the genuine text was taken from MRS BROWN'S recitdion.*

---

LAT never a man a wooing wend,  
 That lacketh thingis three;  
 A routh o' gold, an open heart,  
 Ay fu' o' charity.

As this I speak of King Henry,  
 For he lay burd-alane;  
 And he's doen him to a jelly hunt's ha',  
 Was far frae ony town.

He chas'd the deer now him before,  
 And the roe down by the den,  
 Till the fattest buck in a' the flock  
 King Henry he has slain.

O he has doen him to his ha',  
 To mak him bierly cheer;  
 And in it cam a grisly ghost,  
 Staed stappin' i' the flier.

Her head hat the roof-tree o' the house,  
 Her middle ye mat weel span;—  
 He's thrown to her his gay mantle;  
 Says,—“Ladie, hap your lingcan.”

Her teeth was a' like teather stakes,  
 Her nose like club or mell;  
 And I ken nae thing she 'pear'd to be,  
 But the fiend that wons in hell.

“Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry;  
 Some meat ye gi'e to me.”  
 “And what meat's in this house, Ladie?  
 And what ha'e I to gi'e?”

[" Its meat, its meat that I maun ha'e;  
 And sith nae better be,  
 Its ye do kill your berry-brown steed,  
 And ye bring him here to me."

O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,  
 Wow but his heart was sair!  
 She ate him a' up, flesh and bane,  
 Left naething but hide and hair.

" Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
 Mair meat ye bring to me."  
 " And what meat's in this house, Ladie?  
 And what hae I to gi'e?"

[" Its meat, its meat that I maun hae;  
 And sith nae better be,  
 O ye do kill your good grey hounds,  
 And ye bring them in to me."

O whan he killed his good grey hounds,  
 Wow but his heart was sair!  
 She ate them a' up, flesh and bane,  
 Left naething but hide and hair.

“ Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry  
 Mair meat ye bring to me.”  
 “ And what meat’s in this house, Ladie?  
 And what hae I to gi’e r’”

[“ Its meat, its meat that I maun hae;  
 And sith nae better be,]  
 O ye do kill your gay goss hawks,  
 And ye bring them here to me.”

O whan he kill’d his gay goss hawks,  
 Wow but his heart was sair!  
 She ate them a’ up, skin and bane,  
 Left naething but feathers bare.

“Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry;  
 Some drink ye bring to me.”  
 “ O what drink’s in this house, Ladie,  
 That ye’re nae welcome tee r’”

[“ Drink—gi’e me drink!” she says, “and sith  
 Nae ither boot hae ye,]  
 O ye sew up your horse’s hide,  
 And bring in a drink to me.”



And he's sew'd up the bloody hide,  
 A puncheon o' wine put in ;  
 She drank it a' up at a waught,  
 Left na ae drap ahin'.

" A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,  
 A bed ye mak to me ;  
 For ye maun pu' the heather green,  
 And mak a bed to me."

And pu'd has he the heather green,  
 And made to her a bed ;  
 And up he's ta'en his gay mantle,  
 And o'er it has he spread.

" Tak aff your claihs, now, King Henry,  
 And lye down by my side ;  
 [And ye sall be the groom sae gay,  
 And I sall be the bride.]"

" O God forbid," says King Henry,  
 " That ever the like betide ;  
 That ever the fiend that wons in hell,  
 Should streek down by my side."

[" What I can do, as I have done,  
 I yet will try for thee ;  
 But sic an ugsome ghaist as thou  
 Nae bride can be to me."

" A boon, a boon, now, King Henry ;  
 Grant me a boon I pray ;  
 For never did a carteis knight  
 Yet say a ladie nay.

" Be thou the groom, and I the bride,  
 As thou art a leal knight."  
 " I wad gi'e half my lands, Ladie,  
 Or bed wi' sic a wicht.

" But sith thou will nocht be gainsaid,  
 I will do mair for thee  
 Nor a' the knights intill my court  
 I wat wald do for me.

" To sink or swim, or fecht or fa',  
 They wad whate'er they dow ;  
 But thee to clip nae ane o' them  
 For me wad mird I trow.

“ Yet, as I am leal-hearted knicht,  
 My fame I winna stain ;  
 Nor ever deny a lady’s boon,  
 Albe I grant wi’ pain.”

Syne he has doff’d his claithing fine,  
 Streekit down by her side ;  
 And King Henry was the groom sae gay ;  
 The Lady was the bride.]

Whan nicht was gane, and day was come,  
 And the sun shone thro’ the ha’,  
 The fairest lady that ever was seen  
 Lay atween him and the wa’.

“ O weel is me !” says King Henry ;  
 “ How lang’ll this last wi’ me ?”  
 Then out it spake that fair lady,—  
 “ E’en till the day you die.

“ For I’ve met wi’ mony a gentle knicht,  
 That gae me sic a fill ;  
 But never before wi’ a curteis knicht,  
 That gae me a’ my will.

[“ And as you’ve done as husbands should,  
That wish their ladies fair,  
(For ay her face is sweet and kind  
Whase heart is light o’ care;)

“ Ye ay sall bless the curtesie  
My beauty that has won;  
And sae sall every knicht that chears  
His dame as ye have done.”]

ROSMER HAFMAND,  
OR,  
THE MER-MAN ROSMER.

*Translated from the Danish.—See “Kæmpe Viser,” p. 161.*

[This piece, being the first in order of those mentioned, vol. i. p. 208. has been received from the Editor in Riga, since this work went to the press.]

---

*Der boer en Fru i Danmarck,  
Fru Hillers lille, &c.*

---

THERE dwalls a lady in Danmarck,  
Lady Hillers lyle men her ca’;  
And she’s gar’d bigg a new castell,  
That shines o’er Danmarck a’.

Her dochter was stown awa frae her;  
She sought for her wide-whare;  
But the mair she sought, and the less she fand,—  
That wirks her sorrow and care.

And she's gar'd bigg a new ship,  
 Wi' vanes o' flaming goud,  
 Wi' mony a knight and mariner,  
 Sae stark in need bestow'd.

She's followed her sons down to the strand,  
 That chaste and noble fre;  
 And wull and waif for eight lang years  
 They sail'd upon the sea.

And eight years wull and waif they sail'd,  
 O' months that seem'd sae lang;  
 Syne they sail'd afore a high castell,  
 And to the land can gang.

And the young lady Svanè lyle,  
 In the bower that was the best,  
 Says, " Wharfrae cam thir frem swains  
 Wi' us this night to guest?"

Then up and spak her youngest brither,  
 Sae wisely ay spak he;  
 " We are a widow's three poor sons,  
 Lang wilder'd on the sea.

“ In Danmarck were we born and bred,  
 Lady Hillers lyle was our mither ;  
 Our sister frae us was stown awa,  
 We findna whare or whither.”

“ In Danmarck were ye born and bred ?  
 Was Lady Hillers your mither ?  
 I can nae langer heal frae thee,  
 Thou art my youngest brither.

“ And hear ye this, my youngest brither,  
 Why bade na ye at hame ?  
 Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,  
 Ye canna brook ane o’ them.”

She’s set him in the weiest nook  
 She in the house can meet ;  
 She’s bidden him for the high God’s sake  
 Nouter to laugh ne greet.

Rosmer hame frae Zealand came,  
 And he took on to bann :  
 “ I smell fu’ weel, by my right hand,  
 That here is a Christian man.”

“ There flew a bird out o’er the house,  
 Wi’ a man’s bane in his mouth;  
 He coost it in, and I cast it out,  
 As fast as e’er I couth.”

But wilyly she can Rosmer win;  
 And clapping him tenderly,  
 “ It’s here is come my sister-son;—  
 Gin I lose him, I’ll die.

“ It’s here is come my sister-son,  
 Frae baith our fathers’ land;  
 And I ha’e pledged him faith and troth,  
 That ye will not him bann.”

“ And is he come thy sister-son,  
 Frae thy father’s land to thee?  
 Then I will swear my highest aith,  
 He’s dree nae skaith frae me.”

’Twas then the high king Rosmer,  
 He ca’d on younkers twae :  
 “ Ye bid proud Svanè lyle’s sister-son  
 To the chalmer afore me gae.”



It was Svanè lyle's sister-son,  
 Whan afore Rosmer he wan,  
 His heart it quook, and his body shook,  
 Sae fley'd, he scarce dow stand.

Sae Rosmer took her sister-son,  
 Set him upon his knee;  
 He clappit him sae luifsomely,  
 He turned baith blue and blae.

And up and spak she, Svanè lyle;  
 "Sir Rosmer, ye're nae to learn,  
 That your ten fingers arena sma,  
 To clap sae little a bairn."

There was he till, the fifthen year,  
 He green'd for hame and land:  
 "Help me now, sister Svanè lyle,  
 To be set on the white sand."

It was proud Lady Svanè lyle,  
 Afore Rosmer can stand:  
 "This younker sae lang in the sea has been,  
 He greens for hame and land."

“ Gin the younker sae lang in the sea has been,  
 And greens for hame and land,  
 Then I'll gie him a kist wi' goud,  
 Sae fitting till his hand.”

“ And will ye gi'e him a kist wi' goud,  
 Sae fitting till his hand?  
 Then hear ye, my noble heartis dear,  
 Ye bear them baith to land.”

Then wrought proud Lady Svanè lyle  
 What Rosmer little wist;  
 For she's tane out the goud sae red,  
 And laid hersel i' the kist.

He's ta'en the man upon his back;  
 The kist in his mouth took he;  
 And he has gane the lang way up  
 Frae the bottom o' the sea.

“ Now I ha'e borne thee to the land;  
 Thou seest baith sun and moon;  
 Namena Lady Svanè for thy highest God,  
 I beg thee as a boon.”

Rosmer sprang i' the saut sea out,  
And jawp'd it up i' the sky;  
But whan he cam till the castell in,  
Nae Svanè lyle could he spy.

Whan he came till the castell in,  
His dearest awa was gane;  
Like wood he sprang the castell about,  
On the rock o' the black flintstane.

Glad they were in proud Hiller's lyle's house,  
Wi' welcome joy and glee;  
Hame to their friends her bairns were come,  
That had lang been in the sea.

## NOTES

ON

## ROSMER HAFMAND.

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P. 203. v. 4. *Swains*.—In this, and the other translations from the Danish, the term “swain” is used in its original and proper sense, to signify a *young man*. The term *lyle* (little), so often annexed, to express endearment, to the names of ladies in the Danish ballads, is still in use in Cumberland and the northern counties of England.

P. 206. v. 2. *Blue and blaæ*.—In England they say, “black and blue;” but the Danish has it, “yellow and gray.”

P. 207. v. 4. This *Rosmer Longshanks*, as he is called in another of the ballads, must have been of most Gargantuan dimensions, not to have been sensible, when he put the chest in his mouth, of the difference of weight between *Svand lyle* and a *chestful of gold*.

## NEWS FROM NORTHUMBERLAND.

---

*From Miscellanies of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., in the Antiquaries' Library.*

---

Now whisperinge fellowes, that walke every where,  
 Now clau your old elbowes, and skratc up your hearer;  
 I will tell ye, for troth, what newes I heare :  
 The Bull of the North is a frayd of the Bear.  
 This geare goythe well, and better it shall,  
 For triall will tell the treason of Ball.

The moone and the star are fallen so at stryfe,  
 I never knewe warre so strange in my lyfe;  
 And all is longe of a Babylon beaste,  
 That hath a thowsand heddes at the leaste.  
 This geare, &c.

What made the Murrian's Hed so stoute,  
 To seeke the Sheefe of Arroes out?  
 A morryon of that hed! the Northe may saie;  
 That hed from the boddye must needes a waie.  
     This geare, &c.

The Lambe, that knewe this newes before,  
 Did bid the Lyon begin to rore;  
 The Lyon, that could not then refraine,  
 Did byd the Beare go shake his chayne.  
     This geare, &c.

Whose shakinge suche a shryll did yelde,  
 That every beaste did flye the feelde;  
 Which served and shadowed under the moone,  
 And thowght full littell to shrinke so soone.  
     This geare, &c.

And to Sainte Androwe be they gone,  
 With very harde shyfte to make theare moane;  
 And som of theare ladies lefte behinde,  
 With very small wages under the wynde.  
     This geare, &c.

But I marvel yet of Ser John Shorne,  
 Whether he and the blessed masse be borne:  
 It weare a mery thinge to be knowen  
 Wheare he doth make his alter-stone.

This geare, &c.

The Cropyerde Fox, that this begon,  
 And made his brablinge to be don,  
 Is curst of many a mother's sonne;  
 And I pray ye, what hath his coriage wonne?

This geare, &c.

Yet, when the newes shall come to Roome,  
 I knowe they will not sticke to presume,  
 To wright to many Christian kings;  
 They have, as they woulde, almaner of things.

This geare, &c.

Why walk ye not by three and three,  
 In Polles, as ye weare wonte to be,  
 And saye, as you were wonte to do,  
 "I hold you a crowne it is not trewe?"

This geare, &c.

Of manie great helpes you bragge and bost,  
 Besydes Sir John, that carieth the hooste,  
 Lyke unbelievers, as you bee,  
 You bragge of nothinge that you see.  
 This geare, &c.

You bragge not of the Almighty's name;  
 You bragge not of your prince's fame;  
 You bragge of never a faithfull knight,  
 That for his country goeth to fight.  
 This geare, &c.

You bragge to see your countrey spoylde;  
 You bragge to see poore men begilde;  
 You bragge to see your brother's blood;—  
 I pray tell me if these be good.  
 This geare, &c.

And as ye are of perverst minde,  
 You swere, and stare, and wilbe blinde;  
 Wher in ye shewe, that faithlesse ye  
 Have no good power to here and see.  
 This geare, &c.



Where be the northern idiots fled,  
 That were by your devices led?  
 They had bin better they had kept their bed;  
 You cannot repeale that you have spred.

This geare, &c.

I thinke by this you do beleve,  
 The devill him selfe laughs in his sleeve,  
 That yet so many of Balaham's markes  
 Are still his true and faithful clarkes.

This geare, &c.

And, to be short, I see and knowe  
 Howe manie a one them selves bestowe.  
 I accuse no one; I tell ye trewe;  
 But ye wilbe knowne, I must tell you.

This geare, &c.

And thinke, in tyme, that error is  
 The cause of all that is amisse.  
 God of his mercie mend thease dayes,  
 And her preserve that seekes the waies.

This geare, &c.

## THE MARIGOLDE.

---

*From a Collection of Miscellanies of the times of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, Somerset-House. This Ballad is preserved on account of the subject; as the time may come, when a Panegyric of any kind upon poor Mary, will be as great a curiosity as a Panegyric upon Nero or Caligula would now be.*

---

THE God above, for man's delight,  
 Hath heere ordaynde every thing,  
 Sonne, moone, and sterres, shynyg so bright,  
 With all kinde fruites that here doth spring;  
 And flowres that are so flourishyng,  
 Amonges all which that I beholde,  
 (As to my minde best contentyng,)  
 I doo commende the marigolde.

In veare first springeth the violet ;  
 The primrose, then, also doth spred ;  
 The couslip sweete abroade doth get ;  
 The daisye gaye, sheweth forth her hed ;  
 The medowes greene, so garnished,  
 Most goodly (truly) to beholde,  
 (For which God is to be praised ;)   
 Yet I commend the marigolde.

The rose, that chearfully doth shewe,  
 At midsomer her course hath shée ;  
 The lilye white, after doth growe ;  
 The columbine, that see may yee ;  
 The joliflowre, in fresh degree ;  
 With sundrie mo then can be tolde ;  
 Though they never so pleasaunt be,  
 Yet I commende the marigolde.

Though these, which here are mentioned,  
 Bee delectable to the eye,  
 By whom sweete smelles are ministred,  
 The sense of man to satisfye,  
 Yet, each as serveth his fantasye :  
 Wherefore, to say I wyll be bolde,  
 And, to advoide all flatterye,  
 I doo commende the marigolde.

All these but for a time doth serve ;  
     Soone come, soone gone, so doth they fare ;  
 At fervent heates and stormes thei sterve,  
     Fading away, their staulkes left bare.  
 Of that I praise, thus say I dare,  
     She sheweth glad cheare in heate and colde,  
 Moch profityng to hertes in care ;  
     Such is this floure, the marigolde.

This marigolde floure, marke it well,  
     With sonne doth open, and also shut ;  
 Which (in a meanyng) to us doth tell,  
     To Christ, God's Sonne, our willes to put,  
 And by his woorde to set our futte,  
     Stiffly to stande as champions bolde ;  
 From the truth to stagger nor stutte ;—  
     For which I praise the marigolde.

To Marie our queen, that flours so sweete,  
     This marigolde I doe apply,  
 For that the name doth serve to meete,  
     And propertee in each partie :  
 To her enduryng patiently,  
     The stormes of such as list to scolde  
 At her dooynges, without cause why,  
     Loth to see spring this marigolde.

She may be calde Marigolde well,  
 Of *Marie* (chiefe), Christe's mother deere;  
 That, as in *heaven* shee doth excell,  
 And *golde* on *earth* to have no peare:  
 So certainly *shee* shineth cleere,  
 In grace and honour double folde;  
 The like was never earst seen heere:  
 Such is this floure, the marigolde.

Her education well is knowne,  
 From her first age how it hath wrought;  
 In singler vertue shee hath growne,  
 And servyng God, as she well ought;  
 For which he had her in his thought,  
 And shewed her graces many folde,  
 In her estate to see her brought;  
 Though some dyd spite this Marigolde.

Yf she (in faith) had errèd a misse,  
 Whiche God most sure doth understande,  
 Wold hee have done, as proved is,  
 Her enemies so to bring to hande?  
 No, be ye sure; I make a bande,  
 For servyng him, he needes so wolde  
 Make her to reign over Englande;  
 So loveth hee this Marigolde.

Her conversacion note who list,  
 It is more heavenly than terraine,  
 For which God doth her actes assist;  
 All meeknesse doth in her remaine :  
 All is her care how to ordayne,  
 To have God's glorie here extolde;  
 Of poore and riche she is most fayne;—  
 Christ saye, therefore, this Marigolde,

Sith so it is, God loveth her,  
 And shee his grace, as doth appeare;  
 Ye may be bolde as to referre,  
 All doubtfulnesse to her most cleare,  
 That, as her owne, in like manere  
 She wilth your welthes, both yong and olde;  
 Obey her, then, as your quene deare,  
 And say, " Christ save this Marigolde."

Christ save her in her high estate,  
 Herin in rest long to endure :  
 Christ so all wronges heere mitigate,  
 That all may be to his pleasure;  
 The high, the low, in due measure,  
 As members true with her to holde,  
 So each to be th' others treasure,  
 In cherishing the Marigolde.

Be thou, O God, so good, as thus  
Thy perfect fayth to see take place ;  
Thy peace thou plant here among us,  
That error may go hide her face ;  
So concord us in each case,  
As in thy courte it is enrolde :  
We all, as one, to love her grace,  
That is our queen, this Marigolde,

A

BALLAD  
 OF THE MEETING OF  
 PHILIP AND MARY.

*Pende by* JOHN HEYWOD.

---

THE egle's byrde hath spred his wings,  
 And from far of hathe taken flyght,  
 In whiche meane way, by no leurings,  
 On bough, or braunch, this birde wold light,  
 Till on the rose, both red and whight,  
 He lighteth now moste lovinglie,  
 And therto moste behovinglie.

The monthe ensuing next to June,  
 This birde this floure for perch doth take,  
 Rejoysinglie him selfe to prune;  
 He rousith, rypelie to awake,  
 Upon his perche to chose his make,  
 Concluding strayght, for rype right rest,  
 In the lion's boure to bilde his nest.



A bird a beast to make to choose,  
 Namelie a beaste most furious;  
 It may seem straunge, and so it doose,  
 And to this birde injurious ;  
 It semthe a case right curious,  
 To make construction in such sens,  
 As may stande for this bird's defens.

But marke, this lion so by name  
 I properlie a lambe tassyne ;  
 No lion wilde, a lion tame ;  
 No rampant lion masculyne :  
 The lamb-like lion feminyne,  
 Whose milde meeke propertie aleurth  
 This bird to light, and him assureth.

The egle's bird, the egle's eyre  
 All other birds far surmounting ;  
 The crownid lion, matcheth feyre ;  
 Croune unto croune this birde doth bring ;  
 A queenlie queene, a kinglie king ;  
 Thus, lyke to lyke here matched is :  
 What matche may matche more mete than this ?

So meete a matche in parentage ;  
     So meete a matche in dignite ;  
 So meete a matche in patronage ;  
     So meete a matche in benignitie ;  
     So matcht from all malignitie,—  
 As (thanks to God gyven for the same)  
 Seeld hath ben seene, thus sayeth the fame.

This meete met match at first meeting,  
     In theyr aproche togher neere ;  
 Lovlie, lovlie, lyveli greeting,  
     In eche to other did so appeere,  
     That lookers on al must graunt cheere,  
 Their usage of such humayne reache  
 As all might lerne, but none could teache.

Then in conjoyning of these twayne,  
     Suche sacred solempne solempnite ;  
 Suche fare in feaste to entertayne,  
     Suche notable nobilite ;  
     Suche honour, with suche honeste,  
 Such joye, all these to plat in plot,  
 Plat them who can, for I can not.

But here one deyntie president  
 Nombre so greate, in place so small,  
 Nacions so manie, so different,  
 So sodenlie met, so agreed all,  
 Without offensyve worde let fall,  
 Save sight of twayne, for whome all met,  
 No one sight there lyke this to get.

This lamb-like lion, and lamb-like burd,  
 To show effect, as cause affordes,  
 For that they lamb-like be concurde,  
 The lamb of Lambes, the lorde of Lordes,  
 Let us lyke lambs, as moste acordes,  
 Most mekelie thanke, in humble wyse,  
 As humble hart may most devyse.

Whiche thanks full gyven most thankfullie,  
 To prayer fall we on our kneese,  
 That it may lyke that Lorde on hie,  
 In helthe and welth to prosper theese,  
 As faith for thier moste high degreese;  
 And that all we, their subjects, may  
 Them and their lawes love and obay.

And that betwene these twayne and one,  
 The thre and one, one once to sende,  
 In one to knit us everichone ;  
 And to that one such me at ende,  
 As his will only shall extende.  
 Graunte this, good God, adding thi grace,  
 To make us meete t'obtaine this case.

\* \* This piece, by a very laborious, and, in his day, useful and agreeable writer, is preserved here, less on account of its own intrinsic merit, than of its subject and its author. It is given from Miscellanies of the times of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., F. 22-15., in the Antiquaries' Library, Somerset-House. It is printed in black letter, with very few points, at London, by William Ryddel.

▲

BALLAD

ON THE TAKING OF

SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

---

*From Miscellanies of the times of Queen Elizabeth, James I.,  
and Charles I., in the Antiquaries' Library.*

---

O VALIAUNT invaders, gallants gay,  
 Who with your compeers conquering the route,  
 Castels or towrs, all standynge in your waie,  
 Ye take, controlling all estates most stoute;  
 Yet had it now bene good to looke aboute,  
 Scarborow Castel to have let alone,  
 And take *Scarborow Warnynge* everichone.

By Scarborow Castel, not Scarborow

I onely meane; but further understande  
 Eche havene, eche hold, or other harborow,  
 That our good kyng and queene do holde in hande,  
 As dewe obedience bindth us in bande,  
 Their Scarborow castels to let alone,  
 And take *Scarborow Warnynge* everichone.

The *scalers* of which castels evermore,

In bookes of olde, and in our eyes of newe,  
 Have alway lost themselves and theirs therfore.  
 All this ye did forget, in time to vew,  
 Which myght have wrought both you and yours teschew,  
 Lettyng Scarborow Castel now alone,  
 Takyng *Scarborow Warnynge* everichone.

This Scarborow Castel, symplie standyng,

Yet could that castel slyly you begyle;  
 Ye thought ye tooke the castel at your landyng,  
 The castel takyng you in the selfe while.  
 Eche stone within the castell wall did smyle,  
 That Scarborow Castel ye let not alone,  
 And tooke *Scarborow Warnynge* everichone.

Your puttyng now in use your dyvelish dreame,  
 Hath made you see, (and lyke enough to feele)  
 A fewe false traytors cannot win a reame.  
 Good subjects be (and will be) trew as steele  
 To stand with you; the ende they like to deele;  
 Scarborough castels they can lette alone,  
 And take *Scarborow Warnynges* everichone.

They know God's law, to obey their kyng and queene;  
 Not take from them, but kepe for them their owne,  
 And geve to them; when such traytors are seene  
 As ye are now, to brynge all overthrowne,  
 They worke your overthrow by God's power grown;  
 God saith, let Scarborough Castel alone,  
 And take *Scarborow Warnynges* everichone.

To late for you, and in time for the rest  
 Of your most traytorous secte, (if any bee)  
 You all are spectacles at full witnest,  
 As other weare to you, treason to flee,  
 Which in you past, ye may, the rest of yee  
 The saide Scarborough castels let alone,  
 And take *Scarborow Warnynges* everichone.

This terme Scarborow Warnynge grewe, some say,  
 By hasty hangynge for rank robbery theare ;  
 Who that was met, but suspect it that way,  
 Streight was he trust up, whatever he weare ;  
 Whereupon theeves thynking good to forbear  
 Scarborow robberyng, they let that alone,  
 And tooke *Scarborow Warnynge* everichone.

If robberyng in that way bred hangyng so,  
 By theft to take way, towne, castel and all,  
 What Scarborow hanging craveth this, lo ?  
 Weare your selves herein judges capitall,  
 I thinke your judgments on these words must fall,—  
 Scarborow robberyng who letth not alone,  
 Scarborow hangyng deserve everichone.

We wold to God that you, and al of you,  
 Had but considered, as well as ye knew,  
 The end of all traytorie, as you see it now,  
 Long to have lived lovyng subjectes trew.  
 Alas ! your losse we not rejoyse, but rew,  
 That Scarborow Castel ye let not alone,  
 And tooke *Scarborow Warnynge* everichone.



To crafts that ever thryve wise men ever cleave ;  
 To crafts that seeldwhen thryve wise men seeldwhen flee ;  
 The craftes that never thryve a foole can learn to leave ;  
 This thriftes crafty craft then cleere leave we ;  
 One God, one kynge, one queene serve frank and free ;  
 Their Scarborow Castel to let it alone,  
 Take we *Scarborow Warnynge* everichone.

Our soveraigne lord, and soveraigne lady bothe,  
 Lawde our Lorde for their prosperitee ;  
 Besechyng him for it, as it now goth,  
 And to this daie hath gone, that it may bee  
 Continued so in perpetuitee ;  
 We lettynge theyr Scarborow castels alone,  
 Taking *Scarborow Warnynges* everichone.

ALLANE-A-MAUT,  
 AND  
 SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

---

THE Editor is happy in being able here to present his readers with five pieces, Scotch and English, none of them destitute of merit, upon a very popular subject. The first is good classical Scotch; the second is modern Scotch, and very popular in the north-east of Scotland, as is also the third; the fourth and fifth are English; and the latter, at least, has been popular, as one now and then hears scraps of it among the peasants in different parts of England; but whether it was unskilfully amplified from the *third*, or the *third* happily abridged from it, does not now seem easy to be determined. The present writer is rather inclined to the latter opinion; and it is certainly very much improved in the abridgment; although both the

improvement and abridgment were probably casual rather than intentional, and owing more to default of memory than to superiority of genius. This seems to have happened to most of the old ballads, of which only a few striking features are remembered, which being unskilfully put together, give to the style of these compositions that abrupt and elliptical character by which they are distinguished.

In the Pepysian Library in Magdalen College, Cambridge, is a collection of "Penny Merriments;" in which, at p. 77, is a pamphlet, partly prose and partly verse, on the subject of Sir John Barleycorn, but of no merit.

## ALLAN-A-MAUT, &amp;c.

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*From the Bannatyne MS., transcribed and transmitted by  
Dr LEYDEN.*

---

QUHEN he wes zung, and cled in grene,  
Haifand his air about his ene,  
Baith men and wemen did him mene,  
Quhen he grew on zon hillis he;—  
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

His fostir faider fure of the toun,  
To vissy Allane he maid him boun;  
He saw him lyane, allace! in swoun,  
For falt of help, and lyk to de;—  
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Thay saw his heid begin to ryfe;  
 Syne for ane nureiss thay send belyfe,  
 Quha brocht with hir fyfty-and-fyve  
 Of men of war full prevely;—  
 Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Thay ruschit furt lyk hellis rukis,  
 And every ane of yame had hukis;  
 They caut him shortly in your clukis,  
 Syne band him in ane creddill of tre;—  
 Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Thay brot him invart in the land,  
 Syne every freynd maid him his band,  
 Quhill they might owdir gang or stand,  
 Never ane fute fra him to fle;—  
 Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

The grittest cowart in this land,  
 Ffra he with Allane enter in band,  
 Thot he may nowdir gang nor stand,  
 Zet fourty sall not gar him fle;—  
 Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Sir Allanis hewmond is ane cop,  
 With ane sege feddir in his top;  
 Fra hand to hand so dois he hop,  
 Quhill sum may nowdir speik nor se;—  
 Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

In zule, quhen ilk man singis his carrell,  
 Gude Allane lysis in to ane barrell;  
 Quhen he is thair, he dows ne parrell  
 To cum on him be laud or se;—  
 Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Zet wes yair nevir sa gay ane gallane,  
 Fra he meit with our maister Sir Allane,  
 Bot gif he hald him by ye hallane,  
 Bak wart on the flure fallis he;—  
 Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

My maistir Allane grew so stark,  
 Quhill he maid mony cunning clerk;  
 Upoun yair faisis he settis his mark,  
 A blud reid nois besyd ye e;—  
 Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

My maistir Allane I may sair curs ;  
He levis no mony in my purs ;  
At his command I mon deburs  
Moir nor ye twa pt. of my fe;—  
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

And last, of Allane to conclude ;  
He is bening, courtas, and gude,  
And servis ws of our daly fude,  
And that with liberalitie;—  
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

## ALLAN O' MAUT.

---

*From a Copy furnished from his own recollection, by the Reverend WILLIAM GRAY of Lincoln, (to whom this Publication is indebted for several valuable communications,) compared with a Fragment procured from Scotland.*

---

**G**UDE Allan o' Maut was ance cad Bear,  
 And he was cadged frae wa to wear,  
 And dragglet wi' muck, and syne wi' rain,  
 Till he diet, and cam to life again.

He first grew green, syne he grew white,  
 Syne a' men thocht that he was ripe;  
 And wi' crookit gullies and hafts o' tree  
 They've hew'd him down right douchtilie.



Syne they've set Allan up into stooks,  
 And casten on him mony pleasant looks;  
 They've turss'd him up syne on a sled,  
 Till in the grain-yard they made his bed.

Then men clamb up upon a ladder,  
 And happit his head frae wind and weather;  
 They've taen him neist up in their arms,  
 And made his shak-down in the barns.

The hollin souples, that were sae anell,  
 His back they loundert, mell for mell;  
 Mell for mell, and baff for baff,  
 Till his hide flew about his lugs like caff.

Then in cam Jennie wi' her riddle,  
 And she gae mony a fike and fiddle;  
 Set up the doors, loot in the win',  
 To see what faucity fell frae him.

They stow'd him up intill a seck,  
 And o'er the horse back brook his neck;  
 Syne birstled they him upon the kill,  
 Till he was bane dry for the mill.

They cōwpit him then into the hopper,  
 And brook his banes, gnipper for gnopper;  
 Syne put the burn untill the gleed,  
 And leepit the een out o' his head.

Till in cam Barmy-breeks, his brither,  
 Like ae gude neiber to crack wi' anither;  
 Says,—“Allan o' Maut, are ye gaun to die?  
 Rise up man, first, and dance wi me.”

They danced about frae hand to hand,  
 Till they danced o'er the working stand;  
 Syne in cam Jennie wi' her dish,  
 She gae mony a rummle and rush.

And Uskie-bae ne'er bure the bell \*  
 Sae bald as Allan bure himsel;  
 Nor ever got his pride a fa',  
 Till carlies piss'd him at the wa'.

---

\* *Bearing the bell* seems here to have a double meaning. *The bell* is the collection of bubbles that float on the surface of *whisky*, as *froth* does on *ale*, &c., when poured out; and to *bear the bell well*, is accounted a good sign in *whisky*. This sign, however, is very deceitful, as it may be produced without the assistance of *Allan o' Maut*.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN.

---

*Given by the Editor, from his own recollection, as he learned it in Morayshire when he was a boy, and before the Poems of BURNS were published. The two concluding Stanzas are by the Editor.*

---

**T**HERE came three merry men from the east,  
 And three merry men they be;  
 And they have sworn a solemn oath  
 John Barleycorn shall die.

They've ta'en a plough and plough'd him down,  
 Put clods upon his head;  
 And they have sworn a solemn oath  
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the spring-time it came on at last,  
And showers began to fall ;  
John Barleycorn's sprung up again,  
Which did surprise them all.

Then the summer heat on him did beat,  
And he grew pale and wan ;  
John Barleycorn has got a beard  
Like any other man.

They've ta'en a hook, that was full sharp,  
And cut him above the knee ;  
And they've bound him intill a corn cart,  
Like a thief for the gallow-tree.

They've ta'en twa sticks, that were full stout,  
And sore they beat his bones ;  
The miller used him worse than that,  
And ground him between two stones.

The browster-wife we'll not forget ;  
She well her tale can tell ;  
She's ta'en the sap out of his bodie,  
And made of it good ale.

And they have fill'd it in a cap,  
 And drank it round and round;  
 And ay the mair they drank o' it,  
 The mair did joy abound.

John Barleycorn is the wightest man  
 That ever throve in land;  
 For he could put a Wallace down  
 Wi' the turning of his hand.

He'll gar the huntsman shoot his dog;  
 His gold a miser scorn;\*  
 He'll gar a maiden dance stark-naked  
 Wi' the tooming of a horn.

He'll change a man into a boy,  
 A boy into an ass;  
 He'll change your gold into silver,  
 And your silver into brass.

[And here we have his very heart-blood,  
 Sae bizzing bright and brown;  
 And ay we'll birl the tither stoup,  
 And ay we'll bend it roun'.

---

\* Read, "The post-boy blow his horn," which the Editor rejected, as being somewhat obscure.

And ye will drink a health to me,  
And I'll drink ane to you ;  
For he never misses health or wealth  
That wi' Johny's blood is fu.]

## MASTER MAULT.

A pleasant new ballad to look upon,  
How mault deals with every man.

TO THE TUNE OF—" TRIUMPH AND JOY."

---

*From the Pepys Collection, Magdalen College, Cambridge,  
Vol. I. p. 427, collated with another copy, pp. 470. and  
471.—It is also found in Major PEARSON'S Collection.*

---

MR Mault he is a gentleman,  
And hath been since the world began;  
I never in my life knew any man  
    Could match with Master Mault, sir;  
I never knew any match Mault but once,  
The miller, with his grinding stones,  
He laid them so close that he crusht his bones;\*  
    You never saw the like, sir.

---

\* Var. "He pull'd his flesh from off his bones."

Mault, Mault, thou art a flower  
 Beloved right well in every bower,  
 Thou canst not be missing one half hour ;  
     You never saw the like, sir.  
 For laying the stones so close,  
 Mault gave the miller a copper nose,  
 Saying, " Thou and I will never be foes,  
     But unto thee I'll stick, sir."

Mault gave the miller such a blow,  
 That from his horse he fell full low ;  
 He taught him his master, Mault, to know ;  
     You never saw the like, sir.  
 Our hostes' maid was much to blame,  
 To steal Mault away from her dame,  
 And in her belly hid[e] the same ;  
     You never saw the like, sir.

So \* when the mault did work in her head,  
 Twice in a day she would be sped ;  
 At night she could not get to bed,  
     Nor scarce stand on her feet, sir.  
 Then came in Master Smith,  
 And said that Mault he was a thief ;  
 But Mault gave him such dash i' th' teeth,  
     You never saw the like, sir.

---

\* " So," &c. var. " That," &c.



For, when his iron was hot and red,  
 He had such an ach all in his head,  
 His boon comrades got him to bed,  
     For he was very sick, sir.

The carpenter came a piece to square,  
 And bid Mault come, if he dare,  
 He'd thwack his sides and belly bare,\*  
     And him full soundly beat, sir.

To the fire he went, well warm with chips;  
 Mault hit him right between the lips,  
 And made him lame on both his hips;  
     You never saw the like, sir.

The shoemaker, sitting on his seat,  
 With Master Mault he began to fret,  
 And said, he would the knave so beat  
     With his sharp Spanish knife, sir!

But Mault came peeping through the hall, †  
 And did his brains so fiercely maul,  
 He turned round and caught a fall;  
     You never saw the like, sir.

---

\* Var. "He would empty his belly, and beat his sides,  
 That he knew not where to sit, sir."

† Var. Mault peep't his head out of a ball;  
 The shoemaker said, he would drink him up all:  
 They tumbled together till down they did fall;  
     You never, &c.

The weaver, sitting in the loom,  
 He threatened Mault a cruel doom,  
 And [to] make him to repulse the room,  
 Or throw him in a dike, sir.

Whereat a court some weavers kept,  
 And to their hostis boldly stept,  
 Till, charg'd with double pots, they slept;  
 You never saw the like, sir.

The tinker he took the weavers' part :  
 Such furious rage possesseth his heart,  
 He took the pot, and drank a quart;  
 His wits were very ripe, sir.

For Mault the upper-hand so got, \*  
 He knew not how to pay the shot,  
 But part without the reckoning pot,  
 And found his stomach sick, sir.

The weaver being in his loom,  
 He threatened Master Mault to bum,  
 When he had knit on to the thrum;  
 You never, &c.

\* Var. For Mault had of him his own desire;  
 He made him tumble into the fire,  
 And there he lost his burling ire,  
 He hath not found it yet, sir, &c.

The taylor came to grind his shears,  
 And shews to Mault what spleen he bears;  
 But soon they fell together by th'ears,  
 And sore each other struck, sir.

And when his pressing-iron was hot,  
 He pressed the board instead of the coat,  
 And sailed home in a feather-bed boat;  
 You never saw the like, sir.  
 The tinker, walking round the pan—  
 But Mault much feared his beer-mouth'd can,\*  
 Though he had conquer'd many a man,  
 And laid him in the dike, sir.

Yet was the tinker gladly fain  
 With Mault to have a bout or twain,  
 Till he again was shot i'th' brain; †  
 You never saw the like, sir.  
 The taylor he did curse and ban,  
 He bid the boy go to the can:  
 "I'll have a bout with Mault anon!"  
 You never saw the like, sir.

\* Var. Then said Master Mault, "I must be gone:  
 I am the good fellow that helpeth each one," &c.

† Var. Mault hit him sore in every vaine, &c.

Aboard they went, to try their match,  
 And long they plaid at hoop and catch,  
 Till Mault bestow'd him under a hatch ;  
     You never saw the like, sir.

Then came a chapman travelling by,  
 With cheapening long his throat was dry, \*  
 And at Master Mault did flye,  
     And furiously him struck, sir.

Till having laid at Mault apace,  
 Great store of blood was in his face,  
 And he was found in such a case,  
     You never saw the like, sir.

The mason came an oven to make :  
 The bricklayer he his part did take ;  
 They bound him to the good ale-stake ;  
     You never saw the like, sir.

Then Mault began to tell his mind,  
 And ply'd them well with bear and wine ;  
 They left the brick-axe and trowel behind ;  
     They could not lay a brick, sir.

\* Var. And said, " My masters, I will be w'ye ;  
 Indeed, Master Mault, my mouth is drye ;  
     I will gnaw you with my teeth, sir.

Then came the labourer in his hood,  
 And saw his two masters how they stood ;  
 He took Master Mault by the whood,  
 And swore he would him strike, sir.

Mault he ran, and for fear did weep ;  
 The labourer he did skip and leap,  
 And Mault cast him into the mortar heap,  
 And there he fell asleep, sir.  
 The glover came to buy a skin ;  
 Mault hit him right above the chin ;—  
 The pewter John came tumbling in,  
 You never saw the like, sir.

And laid on heads, and arms, and joynts,  
 Took away his gloves, and a gross of points,  
 And swore they'd pay him in quarts and pints ;  
 You never saw the like, sir.  
 Thus of my song I'll make an end,  
 And pray my host to be my friend,  
 To give me some drink or money to spend ;  
 For Mault and I am quit, sir.

## SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.\*

The Tune is,—“ *Shall I lie beyond thee ?*”

---

*From the Pepys Collection of Ballads, Vol. I. p. 426,  
collated with 470.*

---

As I went through the north country,  
I heard a merry meeting;  
A pleasant toy, and full of joy;  
Two noblemen were greeting.

And as they walked forth to sport,  
Upon a summer's day,  
They met another nobleman,  
With whom they had a fray.

---

\* The full title is, “ A Pleasant New Ballad to Sing Evening and Morn, of the Bloody Murder of Sir John Barley-Corn.” There is a copy of this ballad also in the Collection of Major Pearson, in the library of the late Duke of Roxburghe.

His name was Sir John Barleycorn ;  
 He dwelt down in a dale,  
 Who had a kinsman dwelt with him,  
 They call'd him Thomas Good-ale.

The one, named Sir Richard Beer,  
 Was ready at that time ;  
 And likewise came a busie peer,  
 Call'd Sir William White-wine.

Some of them fought in a black jack,  
 Some of them in a can ;  
 But yet the chiefest in a black pot,  
 Fought like a nobleman.

Sir Barley-corn fought in a bowl,  
 Who won the victory ;  
 Which made them all to chafe, and swear,  
 That Barley-corn must die.

Some said, " Kill him !" some said, " Him drown !"  
 Some wisht to hang him high ;  
 For those that followed Barley-corn,  
 They said, would beggars dye.

Then with a plough they plow'd him up,  
And thus they did devise,  
To bury him within the earth,  
And swore he would not rise.

With harrows strong they came to him,  
And burst clods on his head;  
A joyful banquet then was made,  
When Barley-corn was dead.

He rested still upon the earth,  
Till rain from sky did fall;  
Then he grew up on branches green,  
Which sore amaz'd them all.

Increasing thus till midsummer,  
He made them all afraid;  
For he was sprouted up on high,  
And had a goodly beard.

When ripening at St James' tide,  
His countenance waxed wan,  
Yet now full grown in part of strength,  
And thus became a man.



Wherefore with hooks and sickles keen  
Unto the fields they hy'd ;  
They cut his legs off by the knees,  
And limb from limb divide.

Then bloodily they cut him down,  
From place where he did stand ;  
And, like a thief for treachery,  
They bound him in a band.

So then they took him up again,  
According to his kind,  
And placed him up in several stacks,  
To wither with the wind.

Then with a pitchfork, sharp and long,  
They rent him to the heart,  
And traytor-like, for treason vile,  
They bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons strong,  
Unto the town they hie,  
Whereas they mow'd him in a mow,  
And so they let him lie.

They left him groaning by the walls,  
Till all his bones were sore ;  
And having took him up again,  
They cast him on the floor.

They hired two with holly clubs  
To beat at him at once ;  
Who thwack'd so hard on Barley-corn,  
The flesh fell from his bones.

Then after took him up again,  
To please some women's mind ;  
They dusted, fann'd, and sifted him,  
Till he was almost blind.

Full fast they knit him in a sack,  
Which griev'd him very sore ;  
And soundly steept him in a fat  
For three day's space and more.

From whence again they took him out,  
And led him forth to dry ;  
Then cast him on a chamber floor,  
And swore that he should dye.

They rubb'd and stirr'd him up and down,  
 And oft did toyl and turne ;  
 The mault-man likewise vows his death,  
 His body he would burne.

They pul'd and hal'd him up in spight,  
 And threw him on a kill ;  
 Yea, dry'd him o're a fire bright,  
 The more to work their will.

Then to the mill they forc'd him straight,  
 Whereas they bruis'd his bones ;  
 The miller swore to murder him  
 Betwixt a pair of stones.

The last time when they took him up,  
 They served him worse than that,  
 For with hot scalding liquor store  
 They washt him in a fat.

But not content with this, God wot,  
 They wrought him so much harm,  
 With cruel threat they promise next  
 To beat him into barm.

And lying in this danger deep,  
 For fear that he should quarrel,  
 They heav'd him straight out of the fat,  
 And turn'd into the barrel.

They goar'd and broach'd it with a tap,  
 So thus his death begun;  
 And drew out every drop of blood,  
 While any drop would run.

Some brought in jacks upon their backs;  
 Some brought in bowls and pail;  
 And every man his weapon had  
 Poor Barley-corn to kill.

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this,  
 He came with mickle might,  
 And took by strength their tongues away,  
 Their legs, and eke their sight.

Sir John at last in this respect  
 So paid them all their hire,  
 That some lay bleeding by the walls,\*  
 Some tumbling in the mire.

---

\* Var. "That some lay sleeping in the way."

Some lay groaning by the walls,  
 Some fell i'the street down right;  
 The wisest of them scarcely knew  
 What he had done o'er night.

All you good wives that brew good ale,  
 Good keep you all from teen;  
 But if you put too much water in,  
 The devil put out your eyne!

---

\* \* Since the foregoing five pieces were written out for the press, the editor has met with the following in Major Pearson's Collection, in bl. lett. Vpl. I. p. 214. As it contains some ideas, which are found in the Scotch Sir John Barleycorn, and in none of the others that he has seen, he has inserted it here:

#### THE LITTLE BARLY-CORNE.

*To the tune of—Stingo.*

Comz, and doe not musing stand,  
 If thou the truth discern;e;  
 But take a full cup in thy hand,  
 And thus begin to learne,  
 Not of the earth, nor of the ayre,  
 At evening, or at morne,  
 But, jovial boyes, your Christmas keep,  
 With the little Barly-corne.

It is the cunningst alchymist  
 That e'er was in the land;  
 'Twill change your mettle when it list,  
 In turning of a hand.  
 Your blushing gold to silver wan,  
 Your silver into brass;  
 'Twill turn a taylor to a man,  
 And a man into an asse.

'Twill make a poore man riche to hang  
 A signe before his doore;  
 And those that dooe the pitcher bang,  
 Though rich, 'twill make them poore.  
 'Twill make the silliest, poorest snake  
 The king's great porter scorne;  
 'Twill make the stoutest lubber weak,  
 This little Barly-corne.

It lends more yeeres unto old age,  
 Than ere was lent by nature;  
 It makes the post's fancy rage,  
 More than Castalian water.  
 'Twill make a huntsman chase a fox,  
 And never wind his horne;  
 'Twill cheere a tinker in the stocks,  
 This little Barly-corne.

It is the only Will o'th' Wispe,  
 Which leades men from the way;  
 'Twill make the tongue-ti'd lawyer lisp,  
 And nought but "*Hic up!*" say.  
 'Twill make the steward droope and stoop,  
 His bills he then will scorne,  
 And at each post cast his reckoning up,  
 This little Barly-corne.

'Twill make a weeping widow laugh,  
 And soone incline to pleasure;  
 'Twill make an old man leave his staffe,  
 And dance a youthful measure;  
 And though your clothes be nere so bad,  
 All ragged, rent, and torne,  
 Against the cold you may be clad  
 With little Barly-corne.

'Twill make a coward not to shrinke,  
 But be as stout as may be;  
 'Twill make a man, that he shall thinke  
 That Jone's as good as my lady.  
 It will enrich the palest face,  
 And with rubies it adorne;  
 Yet you shall think it no disgrace,  
 This little Barly-corne.

It is the neatest serving-man,  
 To entertain a friend;  
 It will doe more than money can,  
 All jarring suits to end.  
 There's life in it, and it is here;  
 'Tis here within this cup;  
 Then take your liquor, do not spare,  
 But clear carouse it up.

## A CAROWSING SONG.

---

*From "Wit and Drollery," Lond. 1682.*

---

SINCE life's but short, and time amain  
 Flies on, and nere looks back again,  
 Let's laugh and sing, and merry be,  
 And spend our time in jollity;  
 Good wine makes the Pope religiously given,  
 And sends the monks and little fryers to heaven.

*Chorus.* Then take a merry glas,  
 Fill it just as it was,  
 And let no man take it in dudgeon;  
 For he that makes any stir  
 Is no true drunken cur;  
 Hang him up that is a curmudgeon!



'Twas Jove's refreshment, when his mind was sunk  
 With cares, to make himself with nectar drunk ;  
 So heavenly drank his mind, his brain ran like the sphears,  
 Round, and made music to his ears.—  
 He's a right honest man, you may believe what I tell ye,  
 If he have a jolly nose, and a beautiful belly.

*Chor.* Then take, &c.

Great Alexander, to enflame his heart  
 With courage, drank two gallons and a quart,  
 At six *go-downs* ; and then in raptures hurl'd,  
 He went and conquer'd all the world :  
 Darius lost Persia, and the Macedon won it ;  
 If he had not been drunk, he nere could have done it.

*Chorus.* Then take, &c.

## DRINKING SONG.

BY THE EDITOR.

Tune,—*My love she's but a lassie yet.*


---

HERE's ilka canty callan, yet;  
 Haud care ayont the hallan, yet;  
 And he wha's wife maks sturt and strife,  
 Has here the lythest dwallan yet.

Sae hamely, cosh, and couthie, O,  
 We'll slocken a' our drouthie, O,  
 Whare care and teen were never seen,  
 But merry cheer's ay routhie, O.

That braw brown bizzin liquor, O,  
 That fraeths intil the bicker, O,  
 Come, ca't about, and waught it out,  
 Nae drug is half sae sicker, O.

And draw a drap o' the best o't yet;  
 Lat's pree the tither taste o't yet;  
 For pleasure seek whare'er you like,  
 But here I never miss it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't;  
 The carl's tir'd wi' skinkin' o't;  
 Lord! how I'd cow my cummer now!  
 I canna but laugh wi' thinkin' o't.

Ha, ha, he! be drinkin' o't,  
 Till the yeskin' and the winkin' o't;  
 And he at hame wha dreads his dame,  
 Come, drink, and drown the thinkin' o't.

\* \* Three lines, being all of the original song that the Editor has ever met with, are adopted into this song from "Johnson's Scots Musical Museum." They are there confounded with a scrap of another song to the same tune, and other nonsense, with which they have not the least natural connection.

LORD WA'YATES  
 AND  
 AULD INGRAM,  
 A FRAGMENT.

---

*From MR HERD'S MS. transmitted by MR SCOTT.*

---

LADY MAISERY was a lady fair,  
 She made her mother's bed ;  
 Auld Ingram was an aged knight,  
 And her he sought to wed.

" Its I forbid ye, auld Ingram,  
 For to seek me to spouse ;  
 For Lord Wa'yates, your sister's son,  
 Has been into my bowers.

“ Its I forbid ye, auld Ingram,  
 For to seek me to wed ;  
 For Lord Wa’yates, your sister’s son,  
 Has been into my bed.”

He has brocht to this ladie  
 The robes of the brown ;  
 And ever, “ Alas !” says this ladie,  
 “ Thae robes will put me down.”

And he has brocht to that ladie  
 The robes of the red ;  
 And ever, “ Alas !” says that ladie,  
 “ Thae robes will be my dead.”

And he has brocht to that ladie  
 The chrystal and the hammer ;  
 Sae has he brocht to her mither  
 The curches o’ the cancell.

Every ane o’ her seven brethren  
 They had a hawk in hand,  
 And every lady in the place  
 They got a goud garland.

Every cuik in that kitchen  
 They got a noble claith;  
 A' was blyth at auld Ingram's coming,  
 But lady Maisery was wraith.

"Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
 Wad fain win hose and shoon,  
 That wad rin on to my Wa'yates,  
 And quickly come again?"

"Here am I, a bonny boy,  
 Wad fain win hose and shoon;  
 Wha will rin on to your Wa'yates,  
 And quickly come again."

"Ye'll bid him, and ye'll pray him baith,  
 Gin ony prayer may dee,  
 To Marykirk to come the morn  
 My weary wadding to see."

Lord Wa'yates lay o'er his castle wa',  
 Beheld baith dale and down;  
 And he beheld a bonny boy  
 Come running to the town.

“ What news, what news, ye bonny boy ?  
 What news hae ye to me ?

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“ O, are my ladie’s fauld’s brunt,  
 Or are her towers won ?  
 Or is my Maisery lighter yet  
 O’ a dear dochter or son ?”

“ Your ladie’s fauld’s are neither brunt,  
 Nor are her towers won ;  
 Nor is your Maisery lighter yet  
 O’ a dear dochter or son :

“ But she bids you, and she prays you baith,  
 Gin ony prayer can dee,  
 To Mary Kirk to come the morn,  
 Her weary wadding to see.”

He dang the buird up wi’ his fit,  
 Sae did he wi’ his knee ;  
 The silver cup, that was upon’t,  
 I’ the fire he gar’d it flee—

“ O whatten a lord in a’ Scotland  
Dare marry my Maisery?

“ O it is but a feeble thocht,  
To tell the tane and nae the tither;  
O it is but a feeble thocht  
To tell it’s your ain mither’s brither.

“ Its I will send to that wadding,  
And I will follow syne,  
The fitches o’ the fallow deer,  
And the gammons o’ the swine;  
And the nine hides o’ the noble cow—  
’Twas slain in season time.

“ Its I will send to that wadding  
Ten tun o’ the red wine;  
And mair I’ll send to that waddin’,  
And I will follow syne.”

Whan he cam in into the ha’,  
Lady Maisery she did ween;  
And twenty times he kist her mou’  
Afore auld Ingram’s een.



And till the kirk she wadna gae,  
 Nor till't she wadna ride,  
 Till four-and-twenty men she gat her before,  
 And twenty on ilka side,  
 And four-and-twenty milk white dows  
 To flee aboon her head.

A loud lauchter gae Lord Wa'yates,  
 'Mang the mids o' his men ;  
 " Marry that lady wha that will,  
 A maiden she is nane."

" O leuch ye at my men, Wa'yates,  
 Or did ye lauch at me ?  
 Or leuch ye at the bierdly bride,  
 That's gaun to marry me ?"

" I leuchna at your men, uncle,  
 Nor yet leuch I at thee ;  
 But I leuch at my lands so braid,  
 Sae weel's I do them see."

When e'en was come, and e'en-bells rung,  
 And a' man gane to bed,  
 The bride but and the silly bridegroom  
 In ae chamber were laid.

Wasna't a fell thing for to see  
 Twa heads upon a cod;  
 Lady Maisery's like the mo'ken goud,  
 Auld Ingram's like a toad.

He turn'd his face unto the stock,  
 And sound he fell asleep;  
 She turn'd her face unto the wa',  
 And saut tears she did weep.

It fell about the mirk midnight,  
 Auld Ingram began to turn him;  
 He put his hand on's ladie's side,  
 And waly sair was she mournin'.

"What aileth thee, my lady dear?  
 Ever alas, and wae is me!  
 There is a babe betwixt thy sides,—  
 Oh! sae sair's it grieves me!"

"O didna I tell ye, auld Ingram,  
 Ere ye socht me to wed,  
 That Lord Wa'yates, your sister's son,  
 Had been into my bed?"

“Then father that bairn on me Maisery;  
 O father that bairn on me;  
 And ye sall-hae a rigland shire  
 • Your mornin’ gift to be.”

“O sarbit,” says the Ladie Maisery,  
 “That ever the like me befa’,  
 To father my bairn on auld Ingram,  
 Lord Wa’yates in my father’s ha’.

“O sarbit,” says the Ladie Maisery,  
 “That ever the like betide,  
 To father my bairn on auld Ingram,  
 And Lord Wa’yates beside.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A

## CHRISTMAS CARROL.

BY GEORGE WITHER.\*

---

So, now is come our joyfult feast;  
 Let every man be jolly;  
 Each room with ivy leaves is drest,  
 And every post with holly.  
 Though some churls at our mirth repiné,  
 Round your foreheads garlands twine;  
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,  
 And let us all be merry.

---

\* For accounts of this very voluminous and very unequal writer, see "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," the "*Reliques of Antient English Poetry*," and Mr Ellis's very elegant publication, entitled, "*Specimens of early English Poets*."

Now, all our neighbours' chimnies smoke,  
 And Christmas blocks are burning ;  
 Their ovens they with bak'd meats choke,  
 And all their spits are turning.  
 Without the door let sorrow lye ;  
 And if for cold it hap to die,  
 We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,  
 And ever more be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,  
 And no man minds his labour ;  
 Our lasses have provided them  
 A bag-pipe and a tabor ;  
 Young men and maids, and girls and boys,  
 Give life to one another's joys ;  
 And you anon shall by their noise  
 Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;  
 Their hall of music soundeth ;  
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,  
 So all things there aboundeth.  
 The country folks themselves advance  
 With crowdy-muttons out of France ;  
 And Jack shall pipe, and Jyll shall dance,  
 And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,  
 And all his best apparel;  
 Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn  
 With dropping of the barrel;  
 And those that hardly all the year  
 Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,  
 Will have both clothes and dainty fare,  
 And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices  
 With capons make their errants;  
 And if they hap to fail of these,  
 They plague them with their warrants:  
 But now they feed them with good cheer,  
 And what they want they take in beer;  
 For Christmas comes but once a year,  
 And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse  
 The poor, that else were undone;  
 Some landlords spend their money worse  
 On lust and pride at London.  
 There the roysters they do play,  
 Drab and dice their lands away,  
 Which may be ours another day;  
 And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,  
     The prisoner's heart is eased ;  
 The debtor drinks away his cares,  
     And for the time is pleased.  
 Though others purses be more fat,  
 Why should we pine or grieve at that ?  
 Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,  
     And therefore let's be merry.

Hark ! how the wags abroad do call  
     Each other forth to rambling :  
 Anon you'll see them in the hall  
     For nuts and apples scrambling.  
 Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound !  
 Anon they'll think the house goes round ;  
 For they the cellars depth have found,  
     And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassel bowls  
     About the streets are singing ;  
 The boys are come to catch the owls,  
     The wild mare in it bringing.  
 Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,  
 And to the dealing of the ox,  
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,  
     And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheep cotes have,  
And mate with every body;  
The honest now may play the knave,  
And wise men play the nobby.  
Some youths will now a mumming go,  
Some others play at Rowland-bo,  
And twenty other gameboys mo,  
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry daies  
Should we, I pray, be duller?  
No, let us sing some roundelayes,  
To make our mirth the fuller.  
And, whilst thus inspir'd we sing,  
Let all the streets with echoes ring,  
Woods and hills, and every thing,  
Bear witness we are merry.



## OLD CHRISTMAS.\*

---

*From the Pepys Collection of Ballads in Magdalen College,  
Cambridge, Vol. I. pp. 474-5.*

---

ALL you that to feasting and mirth are inclin'd,  
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind ;  
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,  
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse ;  
Then come, boyes, and welcome, for dyet the chief,  
Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

---

\* The full title is, " Old Christmas returned, or Hospitality revived ; being a Looking-glass for Rich Misers, wherein they may see (if they be not blind) how much they are to blame for their penurious house-keeping, and likewise an encouragement to those noble-minded gentry, who lay out a great part of their estates in hospitality, relieving such persons as have need thereof :

Who feasts the poor, a true reward shall find,  
Or helps the old, the feeble, lame, and blind.

Tune of the *Delights of the Bottle.*"

A long time together he hath been forgot,  
 They scarce could afford for to hang on the pot;  
 Such miserly sneaking in England hath been,  
 As by our forefathers ne'er us'd to be seen;  
 But, now he's returned, you shall have in brief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

The times were ne'er good since old Christmas was fled,  
 And all hospitality hath been so dead,  
 No mirth at our festivals late did appear,  
 They scarcely would part with a cup of March beer;  
 But now you shall have, for the ease of your grief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

The butler and baker they now may be glad,  
 The times they are mended, though they have been bad;  
 The brewer he likewise may be of good cheer;  
 He shall have good trading for ale and strong beer.  
 All trades shall be jolly, and have for relief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

The holly and ivy about the walls wind,  
 And shows that we ought to our neighbours be kind,  
 Inviting each other for pastime and sport,  
 And where we best fare, there we most do resort;  
 We fail not of victuals, and that of the chief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

The cooks shall be busied by day and by night,  
 In roasting and boiling, for taste and delight;  
 Their senses in liquor that's nappy they'll steep,  
 Though they be afforded to have little sleep:  
 They still are employ'd for to dress us in brief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

Although the cold weather doth hunger provoke,  
 'Tis a comfort to see how the chimneys do smoke;  
 Provision is making for beer, ale, and wine,  
 For all that are willing or ready to dine;  
 Then haste to the kitchen for dyet the chief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

All travellers, as they do pass on their way,  
 At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay,  
 Themselves to refresh, and their horses to rest,  
 Since that he must be Old Christmas his guest;  
 Nay, the poor shall not want, but have for relief  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

Now Mock-beggar-hall, it no more shall stand empty,  
 But all shall be furnisht with freedom and plenty;  
 The hoarding old misers, who us'd to preserve  
 The gold in their coffers, and see the poor starve,  
 Must now spread their tables, and give them in brief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

The court, and the city, and country, are glad ;  
 Old Christmas is come to cheer up the sad ;  
 Broad pieces and guinyes about now shall fly,  
 And hundreds be losers by cogging a dye ;  
 Whilst others are feasting with dyet the chief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

Those that have no coyn at the cards for to play,  
 May sit by the fire and pass time away,  
 And drink off their moisture contented and free ;  
 " My honest good fellow, come, here is to thee !"  
 And when they are a hungry, fall to their relief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

Young gallants and ladies shall foot it along,  
 Each room in the house to the musick shall throng ;  
 Whilst jolly carouses about they shall pass,  
 And each country swain trip about with his lass ;  
 Meantime goes the caterer to fetch in the chief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

The cooks and the scullion, who toyl in their frocks,  
 Their hopes do depend upon their Christmas box ;  
 There is very few that do live on the earth  
 But enjoy at this time either profit or mirth ;  
 Yea, those that are charged to find all relief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

Then well may we welcome Old Christmas to town,  
 Who brings us good cheer, and good liquor so brown,  
 To pass the cold winter away with delight,  
 We feast it all day, and we frolick at night :  
 Both hunger and cold we keep out with relief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

Then let all curmudgeons, who dote on their wealth,  
 And value their treasure much more than their health,  
 Go hang themselves up, if they will be so kind,  
 Old Christmas with them but small welcome shall find ;  
 They will not afford to themselves, without grief,  
 Plumb-pudding, goose, capon, minc't pies, and roast beef.

---

\* \* In the Collection of Anthony a Wood, in Oxford, there are (No. 100 a), " Examination and Trial of Old Father Christmas, London, 1655 ;" " Christmas Carols, 1642 ;" " New Carols for the time of Christmas, 1661 ;" " Christmas Carols, fit also to be sung at Easter ;" " New Christmas Carols, 1688," &c. &c. &c. ; but most of them religious, and all of little merit.

In Major Pearson's Collection, in the library of the late Duke of Roxburghe, Vol. I. p. 48, in bl. let. is " Christmas Lamentation for the losse of his acquaintance, showing how he is forst to leave the country, and come to London. To the tune of, *Now Spring is come.*" In the usual style of common-place complaint of the degeneracy of the times, and the decay of good-fellowship, the poet laments, that,

" Since Pride came up with yellow starch,  
 Pride and luxury they doe devoure

House-keeping quite;  
 And beggary they doth beget  
 In many a knight.

Madam, forsooth, in her coach shee must wheell,  
 Although she weare her hose out at the heele;

Welladay!

And on her back weare that for a weed,  
 Which me and all my fellowes would feed," &c.

It begins thus:

"Christmas is my name; farre have I gone,  
 Have I gone, have I gone, have I gone,  
 Without regard;

Whereas great men by flocks there be flowne,  
 There be flowne, there be flowne, there be flowne,  
 To London ward;

Where they in pomp and pleasure doe waste  
 That which Christmas was wonted to feast,  
 Welladay!

Houses where musicke was wont for to ring,  
 Nothing but bats and howlets doe sing,  
 Welladay, welladay, welladay!  
 Where should I stay?

Christmas beefe and bread is turned to stones, &c.  
 And silken rags;  
 And ladie Money sleepes, and makes moanes, &c.  
 In miser's bags.

Houses, where pleasure once did abound,  
 Nought but a dogge and a shepherd is found,  
 Welladay!

Places where Christmas revels did keep,  
 Is now become habitations for sheepe,  
 Welladay! &c.

---

† That is, get out at elbows, as we say now; i. e. injure her fortunes.

Pan, Shepheards' god, doth deface, &c.

Lady Ceres' crowne,

And tillage that doth goe to decay, &c.

In every towne.

Landlords their rents so highly enhance,

That Pierce the plowman barefoot may dance ;

Welladay !

And farmers, that Christmas would entertain,

Have scarce wherewith themselves to maintain," &c.

## HARRY AND MARY.

---

*From "Wit and Drollery," London, 1682.*

---

My name is honest Harry,  
 And I love little Mary;  
 In spite of Ciss, or jealous Bess,  
 I'll have my own fegary.

My love is blithe and bucksome,  
 And sweet and fine as can be,  
 Fresh and gay as the flowers in May,  
 And lookes like *Jack-a-dandy*.

And if she will not have me,  
 That am so true a lover,  
 I'll drink my wine, and ne'er repine,  
 And down the stairs I'll shove her.



But if that she will love me,  
 I'll be as kind as may be ;  
 I'll give her rings, and pretty things,  
 And deck her like a lady.

Her waistcoat shall be scarlet,  
 With ribands ty'd together ;  
 Her stockings of a bowdy hue,  
 And her shooes of Spanish leather.

Her smock of finest holland,  
 And lac'd in every quarter ;  
 Side and wide, and long enough  
 To hang below her garter.

Then to the church I'll have her,  
 Where we will wedd together ;  
 And so come home, when we have done,  
 In spite of wind and weather.

The fiders shall attend us,  
 And play "*John, come kiss me ;*"  
 And when that we have danced a round,  
 Then strike up, "*Hit or miss me.*"

Then hey for little Mary;  
    'Tis she I love alone, sir;  
Let any man do what he can,  
    I will have her, or none, sir.

---

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**SONGS.**

---

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**VOL. II.**

**T**

## SONG I.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

---

*From a MS. Collection in the possession of my late excellent  
and much regretted friend, MR BOUCHER of Epsom.*

---

WRONGE not, deare empresse of my heart,  
The meritts of trewe pascion,  
By thinking that he feeles noe smart,  
That sues for noe compation.

For knowing that I sue to serve  
A saint of such perfection,  
Whoome all desir, though non deserve  
A place in your affection ;

I rather chuse to want releefe,  
Then hesserd the revealing,  
Where beauty recommendeth greefe,  
Despaire disswades the healing.

Since that my heart cannot approve  
 The meritts of your beauty,  
 It comes not from defect of love,  
 But from excess of dewty.

Silence in love bewraies more woe  
 Then woordes, though ne'er so witty;  
 The beggar, that is dumbe, you knowe,  
 Deserves a dubble pittty.

\* \* This copy is considerably shorter, and, in the opinion of the editor, better, than any one of those that have been published.

## SONG II.

---

*From the same.*

---

GREAT and proude, if shee deryde me,  
 Lett her goe; I'll not despaire;  
 Eare to-morrowe, I'll provide mee  
 One as great, less proude, more faire;  
 Those that seek love to constraine,  
 Have their labor for their paine.

Those that strongly can importune,  
 And will neither faint nor tyer,  
 Gaine, they saye, in spight of fortune;  
 But such gaine I'll not desire;  
 When the prize is shame or sinn,  
 Winners loose, and losers winne.

Looke uppon the constant lover :—  
     Greefe stands painted in his face ;  
 Grones, and sighs, and tears, discover  
     That they are his only grace ;  
 Thaie will weepe as children doe,  
 That will in this fation wooe.

I, that hate those idle fancyes,  
     Which my dearest rest betraye,  
 Warn'd by others' harmful chances,  
     Use my freedome as I maye ;  
 When the worlde saith all it can,  
 'Tis but,—“ O, inconstant man !”

## SONG III.

## ON MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM STROUDE.

---



---

*From the same.*

---



---

WHEN whispering straines, with creeping winde,  
 Destill soft pations through the heart;  
 And when at every touch wee finde  
 Our pulses beate and beare a part;  
 When threats can make  
 A heart-string ake,\*  
 Philosophie  
 Can scarce deny,  
 Our souls are made of harmony.

---

\* For *ake*, "Wit Restored" has *quake*, and "Parnassus Biceps," *shake*.



When unto heavenlie joyes we faine  
 Whateare the soule affecteth most  
 Which onely thus we can explaine,  
 By musick of the heavenly host;  
 Whose layes we thinke  
 Make starrs to winke;  
 Philosophy  
 Can scarce deny,  
 Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull mee, lull mee, charming aire,  
 My senses rock † with wonder sweete;  
 Like snowe on wool thy falings are;  
 Soft, like a spirrit's, are thy feete!  
 Greefe, who needes feare,  
 That hath an eare?  
 Downe let him lye,  
 And slumb'ring dye,  
 And change his soule for harmony!

---

† For *rock*, "Parnassus Biceps" has *each*; that is, *lull for me every one of my senses*.

\*• A copy of this song is found in "Parnassus Biceps," London, 1656," and another in "Wit Restored," by J. S., London, 1658. There are various different readings in each of the copies.

## SONG IV.

---

*From the same.*

---

I made a covenant with my heart,  
 That it and I should never part,  
 Till I did give it to some one  
 Where it might ever be alone.

And first a beautious city face,  
 Methought, did promise such a place ;  
 But all was taken up before,  
 And PRENTICE wright upon the dore.

Next sought I in a ladyes breast,  
 Voyde, as shee tolde me, of a gueast,  
 Wherein I founde weare divers rooms,  
 For lords, for pages, knights, and grooms.

At length, a seeming gentle maide  
Offer'd it harbor, and it staide ;  
But O, before that moone grewe olde,  
Shee for a toye herself had solde !

Weary'd with travell and with scorne,  
Home it returnes where it was borne ;  
And now doth meane to list to none,  
But here will lie and die alone.

\* \* In Vol. II. of the collection of "Penny Merriments," in the Pepysian Library, there is a miserably mutilated paraphrase of this old song, in two parts, both equally contemptible.

## SONG V.

---



---

*From the same.*

---



---

**EYES**, look off; there's no beholding  
 Where there's no obtaining;  
**What** prevails the heart's unfolding,  
 And no hopes remaining?

**Joyes**, that may not be aspir'd,  
 Which no merrits can implore,  
**When** in vaine they are desired,  
 Doe but vex the mind the more.

**Close**, my eyes, and looke noe longer,  
 Where the light confoundeth;  
**Soe** the more, and soe the stronger,  
**My** desyres aboundeth.

Damned soules rage discontented,  
Not soe much their paines to bide,  
When they live in hell tormented,  
As to have their heaven denied.

## SONG VI.

---



---

*From the same.*

---



---

**W**HEN my heart seems most engaged,  
 My love lasts but for a daye;  
 Foolish birdes, that will live caged,  
 Having meanes to fly away!  
 Love hath wings, and loves to range;  
 I love them that love to change.

**A**ge affects the reputation  
 Of a constant loving minde;  
 Youth is in the youthful fation  
 When it wavereth like the winde;  
 Love hath wings, and loves to range;  
 I love those that love to change.

Constancy, soe highly prised,  
    Makes a man a slave to one;  
He lives wise and well-advised,  
    Loving all, that loveth none;  
Love hath wings, and loves to range;  
I love those that love to change.

## SONG VII.

---

---

*From the same.*

---

---

SILLY boye, 'tis full moone yet,  
Soe night as daye shines clearly ;  
Had but youth the wit to feare,  
Thou would'st not love soe dearly.  
Shortly wilt thou mourne, while all  
Thy pleasures are bereaved ;  
Little knowes he how to love,  
That never was deceived.

Those well-order'd locks of thine  
Will shortly hang neglected ;  
And those red rosie cheekes of thine  
Will be of all rejected :



Then wilt thou curse that saynt of thyne,  
That made thee live so holly;  
And with tears confesse in love,  
That too much faith is folly.

All now is heaven which you beholde,  
And all your thoughts are blessed;  
But there's no spring but hath its fale,  
Each Troylus hath his Cressid:  
Yet be trewe and constant still;  
Looove may begeat a woonder,  
Not unlike to summer's froste,  
Or winter's fatal thunder.

## SONG VIII.

---

*From a Collection of Songs and Sonnets in MS. in the British Museum, Bibl. Harl. 212. 7. Plut.  $\frac{8}{vi}$ . c.*

---

No more, Clorendy \*, shall thy charmes  
 Prevale agaynst love's secret harmes;  
 She hath untied the knot at last,  
 And by another made it fast:  
     Then think not strange  
     To see a change;  
 Love cannot always last. (*bis.*)

Buties great store makes love a feast;  
 The more hee hath, he sorfeits least;

---

\* *Clorendy*; qu. *Clorinda* ?

His stomac goes though hee be blinde,  
 [And loves variety, of kinde:] \*  
     Then think not strange  
     To see a change,  
 Since love's of such a mind.

Just as the diamond by no one  
 Is cut, but by himself alone,  
 So, amongst buty it is knowne  
 None can undoe what it hath done;  
     Then think not strange  
     To see a change,  
 Since love's of such a mind.

---

† This line I have ventured to supply, as a line was wanting here in the MS. The expression *of kinde*, means *naturally*.

## SONG IX.

---



---

*From The Same.*

---



---

Go thy waie; since thou wilt goe,  
 There is none shall stay thee, noe;  
 Lycke to thy vowes be thou untrew,  
 All wayes changing ould for new;  
 And as thou hast beene false to menny,  
 Be not constant unto ennye.

Yett I will not curse those eyes  
 Where sutch bewytching bewtye lyes;  
 Noe, nor wish that forme defaced  
 Where so bad a mynd is placed:  
 Wyth that bewtye ffew can stryve;  
 Wyth thy fallshod nonne alyve.

Lyve thou styll, pryde of the cyttye,  
 As voyde of love as voyde of pittye ;  
 Bee not tyed too tooe or three ;  
 There is choyce enoughe for thee :  
 And when thou waxest out of daete,  
 Then repent thee, tho' too leate.

To the woodes I'll take my flyght ;  
 There dwells harmlesse chaest delyght ;  
 There, I hope, I neede not feare ;  
 There I will all love forswear ;  
 And, as thou flyedst mee before,  
 So will I flye thee evermore.

And when all thy choyce is spent,  
 If thy false heart chance relent,  
 That relenting I'll disdaeyne ;  
 If thou entreatest my love agayne,  
 Then shalt thou heare me thus reply,  
 No, no, I dare not, least I dye.

\*.\* In the MS. the last line of each stanza has a reduplication, to adapt it to the air with which it seems to have been sung, thus :

“ Be not constant, be not, be not unto ennye.”

## SONG X.

---

*From "Choyce Drollery," London, 1656.*

---

**T**IS not how witty, nor how free,  
 Nor yet how beautiful she be ;  
 But how much kind and true to mee :  
 Freedome and witt none can confine,  
 And Beauty like the sun doth shine ;  
 But *Kind* and *True* are only mine.

Let others with attention sit  
 To listen and admire her wit ;  
 That is a rock where I'll not split :  
 Let others dote upon her eyes,  
 And burn their hearts for sacrifice ;  
 Beauty's a calm where danger lyes.

But *Kind* and *True* have long been tried,  
And harbor where we may confide,  
And safely there at anchor ride :  
From change of winds there are we free,  
And need not fear stormes tyrannie,  
Nor pirate, though a prince he bee !

## SONG XI.

---

*From "Parnassus Biceps," &c. London, 1656.*

---

WHEN I do love, I would not wish to speed,  
 To plead fruition rather than desire ;  
 But on sweet lingering expectation feed,  
 And gently would protract, not feed, my fire.  
 What though my love a martyrdom you name,  
 No salamander ever feels the flame.

That which is obvious I as much esteem  
 As courtiers doe old cloths ; for novelty  
 Doth relish pleasures, and in them we deem  
 The hope is sweeter than the memory.  
 Injoying breeds a glut ; men better tast  
 Comforts to come, than pleasures that are past.



## SONG XII.

---

---

*From "Wit Restored," London, 1658.*

---

---

W HETHER men do laugh or weep,  
Whether they doe wake or sleep,  
Whether they feele heate or cold,  
Whether they be young or old,  
There is underneath the sun  
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest ;  
None are worst, and none are best ;  
Griefe and joy, and hope and feare,  
Play their pageants every where ;  
Vaine opinion all doth sway,  
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,  
Marking our poore apish wit,  
That so lamely, without state,  
Their high glory imitate.  
No ill can be felt but paine,  
And that happy men disdain.

## SONG XIII.

---

*From "Wit Restored," London, 1658.*

---

ONCE, I must confesse, I loved,  
 And expected love againe;  
 But so often as I proved,  
 My expectance was in vaine.

Women joy to be attempted,  
 And do glory when they see  
 Themselves from love's force exempted,  
 And that men captived bee.

If they love, they can conceale it,  
 And dissemble when they please;  
 When as men will straight reveal it,  
 And make known their hearts disease.

Men must beg, and crave their favour,  
Making many an idle vow;  
Whilst they, froward in behaviour,  
Faine would yield, but know not how.

But would men not goe about it,  
But leave off at all to woe,  
Ere they would be long without it,  
They would beg, and crave it too.

\* \* The penultimate stanza has been omitted, for a reason which will readily appear to such as may have the curiosity to consult that Collection.

## SONG XIV.

## A CATCH.

---

*From "Merry Drollery," London, 1670.*

---

SOME wives are good, and some are bad;  
*Reply.* Methinks you touch them now.  
 And some will make their husbands mad;  
*Chor.* And so will my wife too;  
 And my wife, and my wife,  
 And my wife so will do.

Some women love to breed discord;  
*Reply.* Methinks, &c.  
 And some will have the latter word;  
*Chor.* And so will, &c.

Some women will spin, and some will sow ;

*Reply.* Methinks, &c.

And some will to the tavern go ;

*Chor.* And so will, &c.

Some women will ban, and some will curse ;

*Reply.* Methinks, &c.

And some will pick their husband's purse ;

*Chor.* And so will, &c.

Some women will brawle, and some will scold ;

*Reply.* Methinks, &c.

And some will make their husband cuckold ;

*Chor.* And so will, &c.

Some women will drink, and some will not ;

*Reply.* Methinks, &c.

And some will take the other pot ;

*Chor.* And so will, &c.

Thus of my song I make an end ;

*Reply.* Methinks, &c.

Hoping all women will amend ;

*Chor.* And so will, &c.

## SONG XV.

---



---

*From " Holbourne Drollery," &c." London, 1673.*

---



---

**W**HEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,  
 Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;  
 Mark how at first with bended knee  
 He courts the chrystal nymph, and flings  
 His body to the earth, and he,  
 Prostrate, adores the flowing deity.

But when his sweaty face is drencht  
 In her cool waves, when from her sweet  
 Bosome his burning thirst is quencht;  
 Then mark how with disdainful feet  
 He kicks her banks, and from the place  
 That thus refresht him, moves with sullen pace.

Thus shalt thou be despised, fair maid,  
When by thy sated lover tasted ;  
What first he did with tears invade,  
Shall afterwards in scorns be wasted ;  
When all thy virgin springs grow dry,  
And no streams left—but in thine eye.



## SONG XVI.

BY THE EDITOR.

---

*The dolly Lamentacioun and Complentis of ane Luffar for  
hys Lemman, quham hyr Parentis had garrit marrye till  
ane uthir mare ryche.*

---

**O** Lufe, quharefoir thi sclavis leil  
 Have zu swa snellich all to schent?  
 Or quharefoir brast the stoup of hele  
 On quhilk twa gentil hertis lent?  
 Quhan I was Jok and scho was Gyl,  
 And we mocht lufe and wow at wyl,  
 How seilful and how blyith war we!  
 Bot ach! na langare blyith we be!

Na byrd amang the twistis grene  
 Intil a morowe fresche of May,  
 That karollit fra daw till ene,  
 Had herte swa licht, or pyp swa gay,  
 Als we, quha, lyke the byrdis, blist  
 Wyth lufe and hele, na farder wist,  
 Nor swevenit in our fantase  
 Swich skaith that treuth suld ever dree.

Thought he had gilt that gat hyr han,  
 Na gilt, na gear, ane herte dow wyn;  
 And Jok to Gyl was ay the man,  
 Thought he couth tell na gear, na kyn.  
 Qubilis athir uthir lufen mocht,  
 Or covetise our bale had wrocht,  
 On erde couth leifare twayn ybe?  
 But lufe na langare now mon we!

Gif I of freyndis couth na boist,  
 Scho lufit me freyndles al to mare;  
 And scho, gif I na stoir couth voist,  
 With me hir hertis thesaur dyd skare.  
 Lyffe, luffar, thesaur, kyth, and kynd,  
 I hyr, scho me, dyd algate fynd;  
 Bot lyffe and thesaur now bene fle:  
 O Chryste! that I thilk day suld se!

Wa is me ! quhat mercat hath scho maid ?

How neyffarit be parentis twa

Hyr bliss for bale, my lufe for feid ;

For all ane mayis hope couth schaw,

Ane bed barant, ane sareles borde,

Ane lyffe freyndles, ane tyran lorde !

Alaik ! my herte wyl brasten be

To thynke that I thilk day suld se !

## SONG XVI.

BY THE EDITOR.

Tune—" *An thou wert mine ain Thing.*"

---

AWA, my love, wi' fear and care;  
 We'll think or bode o' ill nae mair;  
 The foulest day may yet be fair,  
 And we be gay for a' this.

*Chorus.* O then, wert thou my ain, love,  
 I wad lo'e thee, I wad lo'e thee;  
 Wert thou but my ain, love,  
 How dearly wad I lo'e thee!

Baith happy then in Fortune's gift,  
 Nae twa sae blest aneath the lift,  
 We'll tenty throw the warld shift,  
 Blythe, canty, and contented.  
 O then, wert thou, &c.

And in some canny lown retreat,  
 Wi' Nature's simple beauties neat,  
 We'll care, and age, and envy cheat,  
 And gar auld time gae dancing.  
 O then, wert thou, &c.

The morn sall rise to mirth and glee;  
 In peace the eening close its e'e;  
 And ilka day be jubilee,  
 Ilk after nicht be sweeter.  
 O then, wert thou, &c.

Nor, tho' the glory love has shed  
 On life's lang simmer day maun fade,  
 Will age's winter o'er us spread  
 Unjoyous, dark, or dreary.  
 O then, wert thou, &c.

For still true love's reflected ray  
 Will gaily gild our closing day;  
 Life's gloamin joys as dear will hae  
 As ever had its noon, love.  
 O then, wert thou, &c.

Then mony a tender, kindly tie,  
 The thochts o' pleasure lang gane by,  
 Will wake, to pour on every joy  
 A life and light divine, love.  
 O then, wert thou, &c.

And oh, whan nature's change maun be,  
 And calm, resign'd, and ripe are we,  
 May ae kind knell our spirits free,  
 Nor gie's a parting pang, love.\*  
 O then, wert thou my ain, love,  
 I wad lo'e thee, I wad lo'e thee;  
 Wert thou but my ain, love,  
 How dearly wad I lo'e thee!

---

\* This stanza, as originally written, ran thus :

“ And oh, may ne'er that light decay,  
 “ But kindly chear us on our way,  
 “ Till Nature's change our heads sall lay  
 “ Thegither in the tomb, love !”

Let the reader adopt whichsoever he prefers.

## SONG XVII.

BY THE EDITOR.

*To the Old Air.*


---

I DAFF'D among the hay-cocks, I've kist upo' the green ;  
 I've cuddled o' the har'st-rig whan it was late at e'en ;  
 At bucht, and loan, and meadow, and in the shaw I've been ;  
 But I never yet ha'e past an hour sae blythely as yestreen,  
     Down among the beds o' sweet roses ;  
 But I never yet ha'e past, &c.

For tocher, for gentility, or for a blinkin e'e,  
 I aft ha'e kist a bonny lass, altho' she lo'edna me ;  
 I aft ha'e kist a bonny lass, tho' lo'ed she cou'dna be ;  
 But love for love again, Oh ! it is heaven on earth to prie,  
     Down among the beds o' sweet roses ;  
 But love for love again, &c.

The gowan o' the lea-rig, the sweet-brier i' the shaw,  
 The cuckow-bell and violet aside the burnie blaw;  
 But the primrose i' the sunny glade's the fairest flower o' a',  
 That minds me o' the happy spot whare to my love I staw,  
     Down amang the beds o' sweet roses;  
 That minds me o', &c.

And maun my love be lightlied, because she saidna nay?  
 And 'cause she tret me kindly, sall I her truth betray?  
 Oh, ne'er sall it be said o' me, until my dying day,  
 That my leal-hearted lassie e'er had cause to rue her stay  
     Down amang the beds o' sweet roses;  
 That my leal-hearted lassie, &c.



## SONG XVIII.

BY THE EDITOR.

Tune—" *My Wife's a wanton wee Thing.*"

---

MY wife's a winsome wee thing;  
 A bonnie blythesome wee thing;  
 My dear, my constant wee thing,  
     And evermair sall be:  
 It warms my heart to view her;  
 I canna choose but lo'e her;  
 And oh! weel may I trow her,  
     How dearly she lo'es me!

For tho' her face sae fair be,  
 As nane could never mair be;  
 And tho' her wit sae rare be,  
     As seenil do we see;

Her beauty ne'er had gain'd me,  
 Her wit had ne'er enchain'd me,  
 Nor baith sae lang retain'd me,  
     But for her love to me.

Whan wealth and pride disown'd me,  
 A' views were dark around me,  
 And sad and laigh she found me,  
     As friendless worth could be ;  
 Whan ither hope gaed frae me,  
 Her pity kind did stay me,  
 And love for love she gae me ;—  
     And that's the love for me !

And, till this heart is cald, I  
 That charm o' life will hald by ;  
 And, tho' my wife grow auld, my  
     Leal love ay young will be ;  
 For she's my winsome wee thing,  
 My canty, blythesome wee thing,  
 My tender, constant wee thing,  
     And evermair sall be.

## SONG XIX.

BY THE EDITOR.

*To the Old Air.*


---

**H**EICH-HOW ! my Johnie, lad,  
 Ye're nae sae kind's ye shou'd ha'e been;  
 Ye promis'd for to marry me,  
 Ere I gaed to your bed yestreen.  
 Johnie's bed's a bonnie bed,  
 Its a' clad o'er wi' red and green;  
 Och ! cou'd I in Johnie's bed  
 But find the peace I lost yestreen.

Wae's me ! my Johnie, lad,  
 That ever I shou'd see the day  
 Your kindness wad to caldness turn,  
 And Johnie laugh to see me wae !—

Sae weel's ye true, that I to you  
 Fu' leal and tender ay hae been—  
 Oh, can Johnie e'er forget  
 How kind his Jenny was yestreen?

\* \* \* "*Heich-how, Johnie, lad,*" is a very popular air in Scotland; but the only words I have ever heard sung to it, are those preserved in the first stanza of the above song, to the last two lines of which I have ventured to give a different cast from the traditional ones, which are as follows:

"I'll awa to Johnie's bed,  
 And seek the thing I lost yestreen."

## SONG XX.

BY THE EDITOR.

*The Unmarried Mother's Song.*


---

Chorus. *O blessings attend my sweet wee laddie,  
That blinks sae bonnily now on my knee;  
And thousands o' blessings attend on his daddie,  
Tho' far awa' now frae his babie and me.*

IT's aft ha'e I sitten, and sair ha'e I grutten,  
Till blear'd and blinded wi' tears was my e'e;  
And aft I bethought me, how dearly I've bought thee;  
For dear hast thou been, and dear art thou to me;  
Yet blessings attend, &c.

O lanely and weary, cald, friendless, and dreary,  
To me the wide warld's a wilderness a';  
Yet still ae dear blossom I clasp to my bosom,  
And oh! 'tis sae sweet—like the joy that's awa'!  
And blessings attend, &c.

When thou lighest sleeping, I hang o'er thee weeping,  
 And bitter the tears that thy slumbers bedew;  
 Yet thy innocence smiling, sae sweetly beguiling,  
 Half maks me forget that I sorrow e'er knew;  
 And blessings attend, &c.

Then smile, my sweet laddie—O smile like thy daddie;  
 My heart will be light tho' the tear's in my e'e;  
 I canna believe he will ever deceive me,  
 Sae leal and sae kind as he kythed ay to be;  
 And blessings attend, &c.

And O, 'mid my mourning to see him returning!—  
 Wi' thee to his arms, when with rapture I fly—  
 Come weal or come wae then, nae fear I can ha'e then,  
 And wha'll be sae blest as my babie and I!  
 Then blessings attend my sweet wee laddie,  
 That blinks sae bonnily now on my knee;  
 And thousands o' blessings attend on his daddie,  
 Tho' far awa now frae his babie and me!

For I cam to this world to little bilive;  
And as little in't ha'e I got o' my ain!  
    And whan I shall quat it,  
    There's few will greet at it,  
And as few, I trow, will ha'e cause to be fain!

I loed a fair maiden, but she caredna by;  
 I syne lo'ed anither, as little cared she;  
     I'll now lo'e mysel,  
     Wi' nae jilt I will mell,  
 And the queans may a' gae to the garret for me.

I ance had twa friends, and 'twas "wha but we three!"  
 But soon they coost out; I boot part wi' the tane;  
     As I was in a swither,  
     'Tween this ane and tither,  
 Or ever I witted, baith o' them were gane.

I soon got anither,—but ah, willawins!  
 I loutit to lean, and my staff was a strae!  
     To a fourth ane I grantit  
     The help that he wantit;—  
 But ne'er has he lookit my gate sin that day!

Thus dainty o' honours and siller I've tint;  
 Wi' lasses I ne'er mean to mird or to mell;  
     A friend—gin I get him,  
     I'll cannily treat him;—  
 But, whate'er befa's, may I ay please mysel!



*She.* My father's o'er the water gane,  
 My mither's eirie ay her lane,  
 And winna sleep a wink, I ken,  
 But start at ilka din, jo.  
 Sae, tho' it be but ae nicht, &c.  
 I manna lat you in, jo.

The doors will chirk, the bands will cheep,  
 The tyke will waken frae his sleep;  
 Ye canna gang, nor can ye creep,  
 But a' the house will ken, jo.  
 Sae, tho' it be but ae nicht, &c.  
 I manna lat you in, jo.

*He.* The tyke is whingin at the door;  
 He's seen me aft eneuch afore;  
 I hear your mither souch and snore;  
 Sae rise and lat me in, jo.  
 And lat me in, &c.

And creesh the bands untill they dreep,  
 And syne they'll neither chirk nor cheep;  
 And calm and tentilie I'll creep,  
 Gin ye'll but lat me in, jo.  
 And lat me in, &c.

Cald, mark, and goustie, is the nicht;  
 Loud roars the blast ayont the hight;  
 It's comin—I'll be dead outright,  
 Unless you lat me in, jo.  
 And lat me in, &c.

*She.* The heart that's leal will ay lye tee; \*  
 Ye's never die nor dwine for me;—  
 But och, could ye a fause ane be,  
 What wad come o' me then, jo?  
 And waes me o' this ae nicht, &c.  
 That ye cam up the glen, jo.

Tip-tae she tript it o'er the floor;  
 She drew the bar, unsneck'd the door:  
 " Ah, waes me, whareto cam ye o'er  
 The muir sae late at een, jo?"  
 She loot him in but ae nicht,  
 But ae nicht, but ae nicht;—  
 Ah, wae's me for that ae nicht;  
 The fause ane ne'er cam back again!

---

\* TEE, *to*, according to the Aberdeenshire pronunciation.

\* \* Of the song on this subject, which the Editor has since found in JOHNSON'S "Scots Musical Museum," he remembered only a few lines, which he has preserved. It was not till after the publication of Dr Currie's excellent edition of Burns, that he became acquainted with the exquisite songs which Burns wrote for the collections of Johnson and Thomson. This may be easily accounted for, from the remoteness of his situation. He had made some progress in the design of furnishing songs for Scottish airs, and patching up fragments, when, upon reading the superior productions of the Ayrshire Poet, he committed them all, except two or three, to the flames. The above is one of those that escaped, on account of its total dissimilarity to that of Burns; and, "My Wife's a winsome wee Thing," is another.

## SONG XXIII.

BY THE EDITOR.

---

Too truly men do oft complain,  
By base ingratitude undone,  
That "Benefit is friendship's bane;"—  
"Who gets forgets, who gives thinks on."  
Ay me! on whom may we rely,  
When maiden mildness' self can so  
Tear the warm heart, that glad would die  
To save her's from a single throe?

I saw one fair, I found her kind;  
I ween'd her truth would ever hold;  
Nor ever did I fear to find  
An heart like her's so vilely sold.

She saw the world took not my part ;  
    She seem'd to love me thence the more ;  
And oh, how my unguarded heart  
    With love and gratitude ran o'er !

But in false woman's love, whate'er  
    Her seeming, let not man confide ;  
Nor count meer love for love sincere,  
    Nor trust the faith has ne'er been tried !  
She lov'd my love so well approv'd ;  
    In worth she yielded sure to none ;  
Yet could she break the heart she lov'd,  
    And now forgets, while I think on.

## SONG XXIV.

BY THE EDITOR.

---

O \* \* \* \* \*! and are honour, truth,  
 And love, e'en from *thy* breast removed?  
 Canst thou forego each wish of youth,  
 By seven long years so dearly prov'd?  
 And canst thou, for a little gold,  
 Thy dearest peace and mine betray,  
 And sacrifice me to a cold,  
 A common claim of yesterday?

Thou mayst!—But never hope that love,  
 Or peace, will smile on such a deed;  
 Nor ever hope the bliss to prove  
 That can alone be Virtue's meed!

How in God's presence shalt thou stand,  
And pledge that faith is due to me,  
To him, who, while he takes thy hand,  
Must from thy heart estranged be?

And on what pledge shall he rely?  
How *duty's* listless tribute prize,  
While, in his arms, the stifled sigh  
Of injur'd feeling still must rise?  
And, couldst thou bliss to him impart,  
How wilt thou the reflection bear,  
That thou hast rent my faithful heart,  
And built his joy on my despair?

## SONG XXV.

BY THE EDITOR.



Go to him, then, if thou canst go;  
 Waste not a thought on me;  
 My heart and mind are a' my store;—  
 And they were dear to thee.  
 But there is music in his gold,  
 (I ne'er sae sweet could sing)  
 That finds a chord in every breast  
 In unison to ring.

The modest virtues dread the spell;  
 The honest loves retire;  
 The finer sympathies of soul  
 Far other charms require.



The breathings of my plaintive reed  
 Sink dying in despair ;  
 The still, small voice of gratitude,  
 Even that is heard nae mair.

But, if thy heart can suffer thee,  
 The powerful call obey,  
 And mount the splendid bed that wealth  
 And pride for thee display.  
 There gaily bid farewell to a'  
 Love's trembling hopes and fears ;  
 While I my lonely pillow, here,  
 Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him  
 That half thy worth ne'er knew,  
 O thinkna on my lang-tried love,  
 How tender and how true ;  
 For sure 'twould break thy gentle heart  
 My breaking heart to see,  
 Wi' a' the wrangs and waes it's tholed,  
 And yet maun thole for thee.

## SONG XXVI.

BY THE EDITOR.

---

To powers ungracious and unkind,  
Who altar rears, or bends the knee?  
And why, thro' fond affection blind,  
Should I, once scorn'd, a lover be?  
Then cease, my lyre! nor more resound  
The charms for which I've sigh'd in vain;  
For, where my prayer no audience found,  
My praise shall ne'er be heard again.

My plaintive song has sooth'd her ear;  
She lov'd to hear my sorrows flow;  
Yet, tho' she could not check the tear,  
She could refuse to ease my woe.

But she that proudly heard me praise  
Her rosy cheek, while mine grew pale,  
Shall ne'er see blooming, in my lays,  
Her transient charms that soon must fail.

Ne'er shall my plausive voice be rais'd,  
Another's triumph to adorn;  
Nor e'er by me the beauty prais'd  
That to a rival's bed is borne.  
Then cease, my lyre; nor song of mine  
Her honours or her name retain;  
She never in the verse shall shine,  
Who could the poet's suit disdain.

## SONG XXVII.

BY THE EDITOR.

---

*To a Lady Singing.*

O CEASE, in pity, cease that strain  
 Which melts my very soul to hear;  
 That look—Oh look not thus again,  
 If mercy to thy heart is dear!  
 O cease, if thou canst cease, to be  
 What most I love to hear and see!

Such were the tones, whose echo soft  
 My heart's still trembling chords retain;  
 Such was the pensive smile, that oft  
 Thrill'd to my soul thro' every vein;  
 And such was she, like me that mourns,  
 The blasted hope that ne'er returns!

## WORKING SONGS.

---

IT was the original intention of the Editor, to have considerably enlarged this Class of Songs, both original and collected, and to have prefixed to them a dissertation upon the subject, with such anecdotes and exemplifications as the course of his reading had furnished him with: But this article, as well as many others, must, from necessity, remain in a very imperfect state. His books are already gone on ship-board, and he must follow to-morrow; so that he has leisure at present only to say, what he has *not* done, that ought to have been done.

The characters of all these songs, of whatever country or language, it is presumed, will be found to be pretty uniform.

Of the songs so frequently mentioned in Scripture, which the Hebrew women sung at the mill, we have no specimens remaining; but if we may judge of those mentioned by Aristophanes, which the Grecian women sung as they ground their parched corn, from the *ἄλσι μύλην, ἄλσι, &c.*

of the Lesbian Matron in Plutarch,\* the Grecian working song was exactly in the style of the Scotch Highland *Jurram* and *Luinneag*.

At some more convenient time, and under more auspicious circumstances, the Editor may probably offer to the world a considerable assortment of this kind of songs, both collected, translated, and original; should the specimens here given be honoured with such a share of approbation, as to give him a reasonable hope of any such future attempt of his being favourably received.

\* Ὁ μὲν Θαλῆς ἐπισκώπτων, εὖ φροεῖν, ἔφη τὸν Ἐπιμείδην, ὅτι βουλευται πράγματα ἔχειν ἀλῶν τὰ στήθια, καὶ πύττων ἑαυτῷ, καθάπερ Πιττακός· Ἐγὼ γὰρ, εἶπε, τῆς ξείνης ἤκουον ἀδουσης πρὸς τὴν μύλην, ἐν Δεσφῷ γενόμενος, “Ἄλει μύλη, αλει, καὶ γὰρ Πιττακὸς ἄλει μὲγαλας Μιντυλήνας βασιλεύων.”

PLUT. *Symp.* Tom. I. p. 434. edit. Ox. 4to.

SONG XXVIII.  
THE BOATIE ROWS.

---

*From JOHNSON'S "Scots Musical Museum," p. 438.*

---

O WHEEL may the boatie row,  
 And better may she speed ;  
 And leesome may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns' breed :  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns' bread !

I coost my line in Largo Bay,  
 And fishes I catch'd nine ;  
 There was three to boil, and three to fry,  
 And three to bait the line.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot o' a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

O weel may the boatie row,  
 That fills a heavy creel,  
 And cleads us a' frae head to foot,  
 And buys our porridge meal :  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And happy be the lot o' a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And wan frae me my heart,  
 O muckle lighter grew my creel ;  
 He swore we'd never part :  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;  
 And muckle lighter is the load,  
 Whan love bears up the creel.

My curtch I put upo' my head,  
 And drest mysel fu' bra ;  
 I true my heart was dowf and wae  
 Whan Jamie gaed awa ;



But weel may the boatie row,  
 And lucky be her part;  
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,  
 That yields an honest heart.

Whan Sandy, Jock, and Janety,  
 Are up, and gotten lear,  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel;  
 And lightsome be her heart that bears  
 The murlain and the creel.

And whan we're worn down wi' age,  
 And hirpling round the door,  
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,  
 As we did them before:  
 Then weel may the boatie row,  
 She wins the bairns' bread;  
 And happy be the lot o' a',  
 That wish the boat to speed.

## SONG XXIX.

LUNNEAG NA MULLIN GRADDAN,

THE

QUERN LILT, OR GRINDER'S CARROL.

BY THE EDITOR.

---

**T**HE *Cronach* stills the dowie heart;  
 The *Jurram* stills the bairnie;  
 The music for a hungry wame  
 Is grinding o' the quernie.  
 And loes me o' my little quernie!  
 Grind the gradden, grind it:  
 We'll a' get crowdie whan it's done,  
 And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his joy may prize ;  
 The lover prize his arles ;  
 But gin the quernie gangna round,  
 They baith will soon be sareless.  
 Sae loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life  
 Drive merrily and rarely ;  
 But graddan is the ballast gars  
 It steady gang and fairly.  
 Then loes me, &c.

Tho' winter steeks the door wi' drift,  
 And o'er the inglie hings us ;  
 Lat but the little quernie gae,  
 We're blythe, whatever diings us.  
 Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at een,  
 And sets his heart-strings dirlin,  
 When, comin frae the hungry hill,  
 He hears the quernie birlin !  
 Then loes me, &c.

Tho' sturt and strife wi' young and auld,  
And flytin but and ben be ;  
Lat but the quernie play, they'll soon  
A' lown and fidgin-fain be.  
Then loes me, &c.

## THE DEY'S SANG.

---

THIS is intended as a specimen of that kind of unpremeditated song, for which the Scottish Highlanders are remarkable. It may be observed, that, in this piece, all the stanzas have a relation to each other, as being supposed to be sung by an individual, and confined entirely to one subject; whereas, in the foregoing, (as in the Gaelic *Luinneag*, of the manner of which it is an imitation) all the stanzas are perfectly independent of each other; so that, in any part of the song, the singers may digress at pleasure, laying hold of the circumstances of the moment, or introducing, as they commonly do, any person that happens to be present, into their extemporary effusions, without its appearing in the least forced or unnatural.

The supposed scene of this song being peculiar and characteristic, it will be proper to give some account of it, in order that the nature and tendency of the piece may be the better understood.

On a very hot day in the beginning of autumn, the author, when a stripling, was travelling a-foot over the mountains of Lochaber, from Fort-Augustus to Inverness; and when he came to the house where he was to have breakfasted, there was no person at home; nor was there any place where refreshment was to be had nearer than Duris, which is eighteen miles from Fort-Augustus. With this disagreeable prospect, he proceeded about three miles farther, and turned aside to the first cottage he saw, where he found a hale-looking, lively, tidy, little, middle-aged woman, spinning wool, with a pot on the fire, and some greens ready to be put into it. She understood no English, and his Gaelic was then by no means good, although he spoke it well enough to be intelligible. She informed him, that she had nothing in the house that could be eaten, except cheese, a little sour cream, and some whisky. On being asked, rather sharply, how she could dress the greens without meal, she good-humouredly told him, that there was plenty of meal in the croft, pointing to some unreaped barley that stood dead-ripe and dry before the door; and, if he could wait half-an-hour, he should have *brose* and butter, bread and cheese, bread and milk, or any thing that he chose. To this he most readily consented, as well on account of the singularity of the proposal, as of the necessity of the time; and the good dame set with all possible expedition about her arduous undertaking.—She first of all brought him some cream in a bottle, telling him, “He that will not work, neither shall he eat;” if he wished for butter, he

must shake that bottle with all his might, and sing to it like a mavis all the while ; for unless he sung to it, no butter would come. She then went to the croft ; cut down some barley ; burnt the straw to dry the grain ; rubbed the grain between her hands, and threw it up before the wind to separate it from the ashes ; ground it upon a quern, or hand-mill ; sifted it ; made a bannock of the meal ; set it up to bake before the fire ; went to her cow, that was reposing during the heat of the day, and eating some outside cabbage-leaves “ ayont the hallan,”

— ἀσίδων τρομαυε,  
— καὶ ἀδία πορτίη ἀμάλγυε,

*Mosch. Id. 3.*

singing like a lark all the while, varying the strain according to the employment to which it was adapted. In the meanwhile, a hen cackled under the eaves of the cottage ; two new-laid eggs were immediately plunged into the boiling *kail-pot* ; and, in less than half-an-hour, the poor, starving, faint, and way-worn minstrel, with wonder and delight, sat down to a repast, that, under such circumstances, would have been a feast for a prince. \*

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\* This instance of salutary dexterity in speedily administering to the wants of the hungry traveller, in a bleak and thinly peopled country, will be found mentioned in Sir Frederick Eden's "State of the Poor."

The Dey's Sang is supposed to resemble that which the hospitable matron sung "*ex tempore*," while she was milking Hawkie. Like most songs of the same kind, it has a *burden*; tending to soothe the cow and keep her quiet; there being generally in these things one line for sound, and one for sense.



## SONG XXX.

## THE DEY'S SANG.

BY THE EDITOR.



Pbroo, pbroo! my bonny cow;  
 (Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!)  
 Ye ken the hand that's kind to you;  
 Sae lat the drappie go, hawkie.

Your caufie's sleepin in the pen,  
 (Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!)  
 He'll soon win to the pap again;  
 Sae lat the drappie go, hawkie.  
 Pbroo, pbroo, &c.

The stranger is come here the day,  
 (Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !)  
 We'll send him singin on his way ;  
 Sae lat the drappie go, hawkie.  
 Pbroo, pbroo, &c.

The day is meeth, and weary he,  
 (Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !)  
 While cozie in the bield were ye ;  
 Sae lat the drappie go, hawkie.  
 Pbroo, pbroo, &c.

He'll bless your bouk whan far awa,  
 (Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !)  
 And scaff' and raff ye ay sall ha',  
 Sae lat the drappie go, hawkie.  
 Pbroo, pbroo, &c.

Sic bennison will sain ye still,  
 (Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !)  
 Frae cantrip elf and quarter-ill ;  
 Sae lat the drappie go, hawkie.  
 Pbroo, pbroo, &c.

The stranger's blissin's lucky ay ;  
    (Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !)  
We'll thrive like hainit girss in May ;  
    Sae lat the drappie go, hawkie.  
        Pbroo, pbroo, my bonny cow !  
            Pbroo, hawkie ! ho, hawkie !  
    Ye ken the hand that's kind to you ;  
        Sae lat the drappie go, hawkie.

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**APPENDIX.**

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# APPENDIX.

---

No. I.

## SWEET WILLY.

---

SWEET Willie's ta'en him o'er the faem;  
He's woo'd a wife and brought her hame;  
He's woo'd her for her yellow hair;  
But's mither wrought her mickle care;  
And mickle dolour gart her dree,  
For lighter can she never be;  
But in her bower she sits wi' pain,  
And Willy mourns o'er her in vain.

Now to his mither he is gane,  
That vile rank witch o' vilest kin;  
He says, " My lady has a girdle,  
It's a' red goud unto the middle;

And ay at ilka silver hem  
 Hings fifty silver bells and ten ;  
 That goodly gift shall be your ain,  
 And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."

" O' her young bairn she's never be lighter,  
 Nor in her bower to shine the brighter ;  
 But she shall die and turn to clay,  
 And you shall wed anither may."—

" Anither may I'll never wed,  
 Anither may I'll never bring hame ;"  
 But, sighing, says that weary wight,  
 " I wish my days were at an en'!"

He did him till his mither again,  
 That vile rank witch o' vilest kin,  
 And said, " My lady has a steed,  
 The like o' him's nae i' the lands o' Leed ;  
 For he is gouden shod before,  
 And he is gouden shod behin' ;  
 And at ilka tate o' that horse' mane  
 There's a gouden chess and bell ringin' ;—

" This goodly gift sall be your ain,  
 And lat her be lighter o' her young bairn."—  
 " O' her young bairn she's never be lighter,  
 Nor in her bower to shine the brighter,

But she shall die and go to clay,  
And you shall wed anither may."

" Anither may I'll never wed,  
Anither may I'll never bring hame ;"  
But, sighing, says that weary wight,  
" I wish my life were at an en' !"  
Then out it spak the Billy Blin,  
He spak ay in a good time,  
" Ye do you to the market-place,  
And there ye buy a leaf o' wax.

" Ye shape it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in twa glazen een ye pit ;  
And do you to your mither then,  
And bid her to your boy's Christnin ;  
For dear's the boy he's been to you ;  
Then notice well what she shall do ;  
And do you stand a little forbye,  
And listen well what she will say."

He did him to the market-place,  
And there he bought a leaf o' wax ;  
He shaped it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in twa glazen een he pat ;

He did him till his mither then,  
And bade her to his boy's Christmin;  
And he did stand a little forbye,  
And noticed well what she did say.

“ O wha has loos'd the nine witch knots,  
That was amang that lady's locks?  
And wha's ta'en out the kaimbs o' care,  
That was amang that lady's hair?  
And wha has kill'd the master kid,  
That ran aneath that lady's bed?  
And wha has loos'd her left-foot shee,  
And latten that lady lighter be?”

“ O Willy has loos'd the nine witch knots  
That hang amang his lady's locks;  
And Willy's ta'en out the kaimbs o' care,  
That hang amang his lady's hair;  
And Willy's killed the master kid,  
That ran aneath his lady's bed;  
And Willy's loos'd her left-foot shee,  
And latten his lady lighter be.



No. II.

## LADY JANE.

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*From Mrs BROWN.*

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“ O WHA will bake my bridal bread,  
And brew my bridal ale?  
And wha will welcome my bright bride,  
That I bring o'er the dale?”

“ O I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale;  
And I will welcome your bright bride,  
That you bring o'er the dale.”

“ O she that welcomes my bright bride,  
Maun gang like maiden fair;  
She maun lace her in her green clothing,  
And braid her yellow hair.”

“ O how can I gang maiden-like,  
 When maiden I am nane;  
 When I ha’e born you seven sons,  
 And am wi’ bairn again?”

The lady stood in her bower door,  
 And looked o’er the land,  
 And there she saw her ain good lord  
 Leading his bride by the hand.

She’s drest her sons i’ the scarlet red,  
 Hersel i’ the dainty green;  
 And tho’ her cheek look’d pale and wan,  
 She well might ha’e been a queen.

She call’d upon her eldest son,  
 “ Look yonder what you see;  
 For yonder comes your father dear,  
 Your step-mother him wi’.—

“ O you’re welcome hame, my ain good lord,  
 To your halls but and your bowers;  
 You are welcome hame, my ain good lord,  
 To your castles and your towers;

Sae is your bright bride you beside;—  
 She's fairer nor the flowers."

" O whatten a lady's that," she says,  
 " That welcomes you and me ?  
 If I'm lang lady about this place,  
 Some good I will her dee ;  
 She is sae like my sister Jane,  
 Was stown i' the bower frae me."

O she has served the lang tables  
 Wi' the white-bread and the wine ;  
 But ay she drank the wan water,  
 To keep her colour fine. \*

And she gaed by the first table,  
 And leugh amang them a' ;  
 But ere she reach'd the second table,  
 She loot the tears down fa'.

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\* " To keep her colour fine," *i. e.* to preserve her complexion ;  
 to keep her from betraying the secret emotions of her heart by  
 changing countenance.

She's ta'en a napkin lang and white,  
 And hung't upon a pin :—  
 It was to dry her watery eyes  
 As she gaed out and in.

Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a' man boun to bed,  
 The bride but and the bonny bridegroom  
 In ae chamber were laid.

She's ta'en her harp intill her hand,  
 To harp this twa asleep ;  
 And ay as she harped and she sang,  
 Full sorely did she weep.

“ O seven full fair sons I have born,  
 To the good lord o' this place ;  
 And I wish that they were seven hares,  
 To run the castle race,  
 And I mysel a good grey hound,  
 And I wad gi'e them chase.

“ O seven full fair sons I have born,  
 To the good lord o' this ha',

And I wish that they were seven rattons,  
 To run the castle wa',  
 And I mysel a good grey cat,  
 And I wad worry them a'.

"The Earl o' Richmond was my father,  
 And the lady was my mither;  
 And a' the bairns beside mysel  
 Was a sister and a brither."

"Sing on, sing on, ye sad lady;  
 I wat ye ha'e sung in time;  
 Gin the Earl o' Richmond was your father,  
 I wat sae was he mine."

"Rise up, rise up, my bierly bride,  
 I think my bed's but cald;  
 I wadna hear my lady lament  
 For your tocher ten times tald."

"O seven ships did bring you here,  
 And ane sall tak you hame;  
 The leave I'll keep to your sister Jane,  
 For tocher she gat nane."

No. III.

## BURD HELEN.

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*From the recitation of Mrs ARROT.*

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**T**HERE liv'd a lord on yon sea-side,  
 And he thought on a wile,  
 How he would go over the saut sea  
 A lady to beguile,

“ O learn to mak your bed, Helen,  
 And learn to ly your lane ;  
 For I'm gaun over the saut seas  
 A bright bride to bring hame.”

7 “ How can I mak my bed,” she says,  
 “ Unless I mak it wide,  
 Whan I have seven o' your sons  
 To lie down by my side?

“ And the first o’ your seven sons,  
 He rides a milk-white steed ;  
 The second o’ your seven sons  
 He wears a milk-white weed ;

“ The third ane o’ your seven sons,  
 He draws baith ale and wine ;  
 The fourth ane o’ your seven sons,  
 He serves you when you dine ;

“ The fifth ane o’ your seven sons,  
 He can baith read and write ;  
 And the sixth ane o’ your seven sons,  
 He is a’ your heart’s delight ;

“ And the youngest o’ your seven sons,  
 He sleeps on my breast-bane ;  
 Whan him and I ly down at night,  
 For him rest get I nane.”

“ O wha will bake my bridal bread,  
 And brew my bridal ale ?  
 And wha will welcome my gae lady  
 That I bring o’er the dale ?

“ And sin ye’ve ta’en the turn in hand,  
 See that ye do it right,  
 And ilka chimly o’ the house,  
 That they be dearly dight.”

O a’ the day she wash’d and wrang,  
 And a’ the night she buik,  
 And she’s awa’ to her chamber  
 To gie her young son suck.

“ Come here, come here, my eldest son,  
 And see what ye may see ;  
 For yonder comes your father dear,  
 Your mother-in-law side be.”

She’s ta’en a cake o’ the best bread,  
 A bottle o’ the best wine,  
 And a’ the keys upon her arm,  
 And to the yates she’s gaen.

“ Ye are welcome hame, gay lady,” she said,  
 “ And ay ye are welcome hame ;  
 And sae is a’ the gentlewomen  
 That’s wi’ you ridden and gane.



“ You are welcome hame, gay lord,” she said,  
 “ And ay ye are welcome hame ;  
 And sae is a’ the gentlemen  
 That’s wi’ you ridden and gane.”

She sair’d them up, she sair’d them down,  
 She sair’d them till and frae ;  
 But when she went behind their backs,  
 The tear did blind her e’e.

Whan day was gane and night was come,  
 And a’ man boun’ to bed,  
 The bridegroom and the bonny bride  
 In their chamber was laid.

Burd Helen and her seven sons  
 Lay in a bower near by ;

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“ If my seven sons were seven grey ratts,  
 To rin frae wa’ to wa’,  
 And I mysel a good grey cat,  
 I would bite their back a-twa.

“ If my seven sons were seven grey hares,  
 And them to rin a race,  
 And I mysel a good greyhound,  
 I would gi’e them a chace.”

Up and spak the bonny bride  
 In chamber where she lay,—  
 “ There is a lady in this bower,  
 She will gae mad or day.”

“ Lye still, lye still, my bonny bride,  
 Lye still and tak a sleep ;  
 Its but ane o’ my wine puncheons ;  
 Nae langer wad it keep.”

“ King Henry was my father dear,  
 Queen Catharine was my mother,  
 Lady Anne she was my sister dear,  
 And Frederick was my brother.

“ And whan I was six years of age,  
 They ca’d me *Mary Mild* :  
 I was stown frae my father’s yate,  
 Whan I was but a child.”

Then up and spak the bonny bride,  
By her lord as she lay,—  
“ Lye down, lye down, my dear sister,  
There’s nae ill done for me.

“ O seven ships convey’d me here,  
And seven came o’er the main ;  
And four o’ them shall stay wi’ you,  
And three convey me hame.

“ But when I gae hame to my father’s house,  
They will laugh me to scorn,  
To come awa’ a wedded wife,  
Gae hame a maid the morn.”

## No. IV.

## TIFTY'S NANNY.

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*From a Stall Copy, procured from Scotland.*

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“ **T**HERE springs a rose in Fyvie's yard,  
 And **O** but it springs bonny ;  
 There's a daisy in the middle of it,  
 It's name is Andrew Lammie.  
 I wish the rose were in my breast,  
 For the love I bear the daisy ;  
 So blyth and merry as I would be,  
 And kiss my Andrew Lammie.

“ The first time I and my love met,  
 Was in the wood of Fyvie ;  
 He kissed and he dawted me,  
 Call'd me his bonny Annie ;

Wi' apples sweet he did me treat,  
 Which stole my heart so canny ;  
 And ay sinsyne himself was kind,  
 My bonny Andrew Lammie.

" But I am going to Edinburgh ;  
 My love, I'm going to leave thee"—  
 She sigh'd full sore, and said no more,  
 " I wish I were but wi' you."

" I will buy thee a wedding gown ;  
 My love, I'll buy it bonny."—  
 " But I'll be dead or ye come back,  
 My bonny Andrew Lammie."

" I will buy you brave bridal shoes ;  
 My love, I'll buy them bonny."—  
 " But I'll be dead or ye come back,  
 My bonny Andrew Lammie."

" If you'll be true and trusty too,  
 As I am Andrew Lammie,  
 That you will ne'er kiss lad nor lown,  
 Till I return to Fyvie."—

" I shall be true and trusty too,  
 As my name's Tifty's Nanny,  
 That I'll kiss neither lad nor lown,  
 Till you return to Fyvie.

Love pines awa', love dwines awa',  
 Love pines awa' my body;  
 And love's crept in at my bed foot,  
 And ta'en possession o' me.

" My father drags me by the hair,  
 My mother sore does scold me;  
 And they would give one hundred merks  
 To any one to wed me.  
 My sister stands at her bower door,  
 And she full sore does mock me;  
 And when she hears the trumpet sound,  
 ' Your cow is lowing, Nanny !'

" O be still, my sister Jane,  
 And leave off all your folly;  
 For I'd rather hear that cow low,  
 Than all the kye in Fyvie.  
 My father locks the door at night,  
 Lays up the keys fu' canny;  
 And when he hears the trumpet sound,  
 ' Your cow is lowing, Nannie !'

" O, hold your tongue, my father dear,  
 And let be a' your folly;  
 For I would rather hear that cow,  
 Than all the kye in Fyvie."

\* \* \* \* \*

• • • • •  
 " If you ding me, I will greet,  
 And gentlemen will hear me;  
 Laird Fyvie will be coming by,  
 And he'll come in and see me."

" Yea, I will ding you though ye greet,  
 And gentlemen should hear you;  
 Though Laird Fyvie were coming by,  
 And did come in and see you."  
 So, they dang her, and she grat,  
 And gentlemen did hear her;  
 And Fyvie he was coming by,  
 And did come in to see her.

Mill of Tifty, give consent,  
 And let your daughter marry.—  
 If she were full of as high blood,  
 As she is full of beauty,  
 I would take her to myself,  
 And make her my own lady."

" Fyvie lands ly broad and wide,  
 And O but they ly bonny!  
 But I would not give my own true love,  
 For all the lands in Fyvie.

But make my bed, and lay me down,  
 And turn my face to Fyvie ;  
 That I may see before I die,  
 My bonny Andrew Lammie."

They made her bed, and laid her down,  
 And turn'd her face to Fyvie ;  
 She gave a groan, and died or morn,  
 So ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.  
 Her father sorely did lament  
 The loss of his dear Nannie,  
 And wish'd that he had gi'en consent  
 To wed with Andrew Lammie.

But ah ! alas ! it was too late ;  
 For he could not recall her ;  
 Through time unhappy is his fate,  
 Because he did controul her.  
 You parents grave, who children have,  
 In crushing them be canny,  
 Lest for their part they break their heart,  
 As did young Tifty's Nanny.



•• Whatever the rest of the piece may be, certainly the concluding stanza is neither deficient in rhyme nor reason. But rhyme and reason may both be very dull; and it is strongly to be suspected, that the printer's devil has turned poet *for the nonce*, and furnished a conclusion suited to his own taste.

The beauty, gallantry, and amiable qualities, of "Bonny Andrew Lammie," seem to have been proverbial wherever he went. And the good old *cummer* in Allan Ramsay, as the best evidence of the power of her own youthful charms, and the best apology for her having *cast a leggen girth hersel*, says,

"I'se warrand ye have a' heard tell  
Of Bonny Andrew Lammie?  
Stiffly in luvè wi' me he fell,  
As soon as e'er he saw me—  
That was a day!"

In this instance, as in most others in the same piece, it seems most probable, that Allan Ramsay forgot that he was writing of the days of the original author of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and copied only the manners and traditions of his own times. If a woman, who could boast of having had an intrigue with the *Trumpeter of Fyvie*, was hale and hearty at the time when Allan wrôte, we may reasonably suppose poor *Tifty's Nanny* to have died some time about the year 1670.

What afterwards became of *Bonny Andrew Lammie*, we have not been able to learn; but the current tradition of the "Lawland leas of Fyvie," says, that, some years subsequent to the melancholy fate of poor *Tifty's Nanny*, her sad story being mentioned, and the ballad sung in a company in Edinburgh when he was present, he remained silent and motionless, till he was discovered by a groan suddenly bursting from him, and *several of the buttons flying from his waistcoat*. This will immediately put the reader of taste in mind of the exquisite picture of nature in Shakespeare, where King Lear calls to those about him to *unbutton* him. But the peasants in the "Bonny bows o' Fyvie," borrowed this striking characteristic of excessive grief neither from the statue of Laocoon and his sons, nor from the description of Shakespeare, but from nature.

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**GLOSSARY.**

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## GLOSSARY.

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### A.

A'. *All.*

Abeigh. *At a shy distance.*

Aboon, abov-en. *Above.*

Acht, or aught. *Possession*; from the Gael. &c. *aga'*, to *have*. In all languages, of which the present writer knows any thing, this root is found, wherever the letters *k, g, c, ch, gh*, occur; and it always has the same meaning, and gives an adjective sense to the word of which it makes a part,

Adred. *Afraid.*

Ae. *One.* This is but a variety of the English part. *a*, which in reality is only the numeral adjective, denoting unity. The old English used *o*, as we do *a* and

*ae*; and *an, one*, and *one*, are compounds of these vowels, with *in*.

Agleed. *Asquint.*

Air. *Hair.*

Albe. *Although it be; although.*

Ald-farran, or ald-farrand. *Old-favouring; having the favour, appearance, and characteristics, of old age; sagacious; cunning; prudent.*

Alkone, ilk' one. *Each one.*

Allanerly. *Solely.*

An *and* if. See "Diversions of Purley."

Arles. *Earnest-money; God's penny.*

Assoile. *Absolve from sin.*

Asteir. *Astir; stirring.*

Athort. *Athwart.*

Atteynt, atteind. *Seized upon as a forfeit.*

Aught. See **ACHT**.

Aumers. *Embers*.

Aunter, anter. *Adventure*; *that which comes to one*; *an accident*.

## B.

Ba'. *Ball*.

Bab, bob. *Dodge*.

Baff. *A heavy blow*.

Bairn-time. *All the children of one woman*.

Bald. *Bold*.

Bale. *Destruction*; *death*.

Bane, boun. *Bound*; (*bound up*; *girded*;) *ready*.

Banes. *Bones*.

Bannock. *A thick oat-cake*. The term is Gaelic, and is derived from its roundness.

Bardach. *Forward*.

Bargane. *Contention*; *strife*.

Barmkin, barbican. *Rampart*; *battlements*.

Barys, (True Thomas, St. 8.) Qu. *Berys* † i. e. *Beryl*.

Bauk, balk. *A cross-beam for strengthening a couple, in building*.

Bear. *Barley*.

Beirly, burly, buirdly, board-like. *Like one that has been well-fed*; *stout and large*.

Bellamy. *Warrior*.

Belly-flaught, belly-flat. *Flat upon the belly*.

Belyfe, belive. *Forthwith*; *quickly*. In the song, beginning, "As I came to this ward to little *belive*," in this Collection, it is used in a very different sense. In Morayshire, they say *little belive*, as in England they say *little or nothing*. Qu. Is *belive*, in this sense, a contraction of *by my life*, as *by'r lady* is of *by our lady*?

Ben, be-in. *Within*; *inwards*; *the inner apartment*.

Bennisons. *Blessings*.

Bent. *Field*.

Be teche. *Bequeath*; *recommend to*.

Bicker. *A wooden dish, made by a cooper, not by a turner, with two ears for lifting it by*.

Bield. *Shade, shelter*.

Bigly, big-like. *spacious*.

Billy. *The manner in which little children commonly pronounce brother, (as titty is the infantine pronunciation of sister;) hence used as a general term of endearment to a man*. Many words, in different languages, have arisen from the fondness of parents, and the labial, and more easily uttered sounds

- which constitute the first attempts of infants at articulation. Hence the Latin *am-o*, I love; *pap*, and *tad*, which, in almost all languages, signify *father*; *pap*, the mother's breast; *pap*, children's food; *pappare* and *lallare* in the Latin; *mam*, mother; *mammæ*, the breasts; *lieb* and *lief*, dear; *life*, *love*, lip, (which we kiss); *liberi*, children, i. e. *dear ones*; *liberi*, free persons, i. e. *children*, not slaves or aliens; *libertas*, liberty, &c. &c. &c.
- Birk.** *Birch tree.*
- Birling.** *Drinking. Also making a noise like a cart driving over stones, or mill-stones at work.*
- Bizzing.** *Making a bussing noise.*
- Blae.** *Livid.*
- Blate.** *Shame-faced; bashfull.*
- Blee.** *Complexion.*
- Blethrin,** bluttering; Latin, *blaterans.* *Talking foolishly.*
- Blink.** *A glance; a glimpse of light.*
- Blinking.** *Throwing glances with the eyes; looking kindly at.*
- Blo, blae.** *Blue; livid.*
- Bod, bade.** *Abode; awaited; withstood.*
- Boden, beholden.** *Looked to; provided.*
- Bogle.** *A goblin.*
- Bonnar.** *A bond.*
- Bonny.** *Beautiful.*
- Bonny-wallies.** *Trinkets; pretty trifles.*
- Boot.** *Avail.* It is also a contraction of *behovit*, or *beho-ved.*
- Bossis.** *Flasks; bottles.*
- Bounty.** *Something over and above the wages that are promised; from the Fr. bontè.*
- Bousteous, busteous.** *Boisterous.*
- Bowies.** *Casks.*
- Bowk.** *Bulk; body.*
- Bowt.** *Bolt.*
- Brae, brow.** *A low hill.*
- Braided.** *Proceeded with impetuosity, as when advancing to attack an enemy.*
- Brand.** *A sword.*
- Brankit.** *Pranced; capered.*
- Brannit.** *Branded; burnt of a reddish brown colour, as if singed by fire.*
- Brast.** *Burst.*
- Brattled.** *Proceeded with haste and bustle.*
- Bravourie.** *Finery.*
- Braw.** *Brave; finely drest.*
- Breke.** *Breech.*
- Brent.** *Burnt; also straight.*
- Brim.** *Crum; terrible.*

- Bristled. *Roasted; said of something dry, such as grain, beans, coffee, &c.*  
 Brogue (Gael. and Irish). *A single-soled shoe, such as is worn by the Scottish Highlanders, and Irish.*  
 Broo. *Broth; liquor; water.*  
 Bruzies. *Broils; Brawls.*  
 Brytand. *Dissecting; cutting up.*  
 Bubbis. *Blasts.*  
 Buirds. *Boards; planks.*  
 Bullied. *Bellowed.*  
 Bumbazed, bemazed. *Amazed.*  
 Bung. *Tipsey.*  
 Bure. *Bare; bore.*  
 Burly. *Large and strong.*  
 Busk. (Gael.) *Dress.*  
 But, he-out. *Without; except; unless.*  
 Byke, (bee-wik.) *A bee's nest, or place of abode.*  
 Byre, shippen. *Cow-house.*
- C.
- Ca'. *Call.*  
 Cadgie. *Cheerful and lively.*  
 Caler. *Cool; fresh.*  
 Camsterie, (from Celt. *cam*, crooked). *Cross and ill-tempered.*  
 Cantie. *Cheerful and pleasant-looking; lively.*  
 Cantrips. *Enchantments.*  
 Capul (Gael.) *A horse.*  
 Carl. *A large old man. The application of this term conveys an idea of dislike.*  
 Carlish. *Churlish.*  
 Carpe. *Talk.*  
 Cathel. *Caudle.*  
 Cauk. *Chalk.*  
 Chafts. *Chops; jaws.*  
 Cheep. *To utter a shrill, small sound, like that of a chicken, mouse, &c.*  
 Chess. *Jess; a hawk's bell.*  
 Chield. *Child; also, young fellow, from the Gael. Gil.*  
 Chirk. *Chirp; make a noise like two pods of green pease rubbed against each other.*  
 Claes, claiths. *Clothes.*  
 Clamb, clomb. *Climed.*  
 Clashing. *Telling tales.*  
 Claught. *Made a catch at; from the Gael. glaca', (pron. clachca'), to lay hold of.*  
 Claymore. *Great sword; from the Gael. glainh, (glaive) q. d. gu laimh, for the hands.*  
 Cleck. *Collect; hatch.*  
 Cleuch. *Cliff.*  
 Clip. *To clasp.*  
 Clukis. *Clutches.*  
 Cockernony. *The bunch of hair folded up on the top of a woman's head; a woman's fore-top.*  
 Cocys. *Cooks.*

- Cod. *Pillow.*  
 Coist. *The side.*  
 Collyshangy. *Such a confused noise as colliers (cur-dogs) make about one that has got a shangy, or shangan, (i. e. canister, bottle, cloven-stick, or such thing) tied to his tail.*  
 Comyn. *Common.*  
 Connyng. *Skilful; knowing.*  
 Couth (Gael. *cuth*). *Any enunciated sound; a word.*  
 Cowthe. *Could; can; know how to.*  
 Couthie. *Kind; loving; comfortable; agreeable; pleasant.*  
 Cowpit. *Turned over.*  
 Crack. *Chat; boast.*  
 Craft. *Croft; a small field.*  
 Craig (Gael.) *Rock; also, the neck.*  
 Cramese. *Crimson.*  
 Crawdown. *One that has been crowed down, cowed, and triumphed over; a coward.*  
 Creel. *A basket; Gael. creilag.*  
 Creesh. *Grease.*  
 Croppen. *Crept.*  
 Crouse. *Courageous.*  
 Crouted. *Made a noise like the roaring of cattle when they threaten each other.*  
 Crowded. *Cooed, as a pigeon.*  
 Crowds, cruds. *Curds.*  
 Croon, crane. *Moan; from Gael. cronan, the purring of a cat, or any low sound of that kind.*  
 Cummer, commere. *Gossip; more particularly a mid-wife.*  
 Curtch (Gael. *curuc*). *A linen cap, tying under the chin.*  
 Curis. *Cares; takes care.*  
 Cutties (Gael.). *Short spoons; any thing docked and stunted is called a cutty.*
- D.
- Da. *A lazy, unthrifty housewife.*  
 Dabs. *Slight stabs; pricks.*  
 Dackerin. *Searching.*  
 Dae. *Do.*  
 Daddit. *Beat about.*  
 Daffin. *Folly; foolish; frolicsomeness.*  
 Daft. *Foolish.*  
 Dane. *Done.*  
 Deas. *A table; a long wooden settle, settee, or sofa, such as is found in the kitchens of farm-houses; also a pew in church.*  
 Defend. *Hinder; forbid.*  
 Demisday, domisday. *Doom's-day.*  
 Dere. *Harm; injury.*

- Derfly. *Actively and vigorously.*
- Dight. *Drest.*
- Dightit. *Wiped.*
- Dilp. *A thriftless housewife.*
- Dirdum. *Noise; racket.*
- Dirgie, dirge. *The entertainment that is given to those who attend funerals, after the dirgie, &c. or funeral-service, has been performed.*
- Doilt. *Stupified; bewildered in thought.*
- Doitit. *Turned to dotage.*
- Dolour. *Grief.*
- Dow. *Dove.*
- Dow, (verb.) *To be able.*
- Doughty. *Powerful; able.*
- Dowie, dolly. *Worn with grief, fatigue, or disease.*
- Dowtes. *Fears.*
- Drak; in the draik. *In a slovenly, neglected, and disordered state, like something that is put aside unfinished.*
- Dree. *Suffer.*
- Dreich. *Dreary; tiresome; tedious.*
- Duryd. *Suffered.*
- Dush. *A stroke or blow.*
- Dushit. *Thrashed; beat.*
- Dwell. *Stay.*
- Dwine. *Pine away.*
- Dyke. *Ditch.* In Scotland it commonly signifies, not the ditch which is dug, but that which is dug out of the ditch,
- and thrown up as an earthen wall.
- Dynt, dent. *A blow; a stroke.*
- E.
- Eard. *Earth.*
- Earn, ern. *An eagle; Gael. fear, coin, which in the oblique cases drops the f. It signifies (what cannot be properly defined in English) the he, male, chief, or supreme of birds, to whom all the other birds, as subjects, belong.*
- Eelist. *Flaw, or eye-sore.*
- Eild, eld. *Age.*
- Elrich. *Frightful, as if abounding with, or being under the dominion of, elves.*
- Erch. *Afraid.*
- F.
- Fadge. *A kind of cake, either of wheaten flour or other meal, baked with yeast, and being the fourth part of a round cake quartered. Its different quality differs in form and parts of the country.*
- Faem. *Foam.*



- Fald. *Fold.*  
 Falt. *Want.*  
 Fang. *Take; also (as a subst.) that which is taken.*  
 Fare. *Go.*  
 Farrow-cow, (ferry-cow, fern-year's cow, i. e. faren-year's cow, or a cow of the year that has gone by,) a cow that still gives milk, although she has not had a calf since last season.  
 Fash. *Trouble.*  
 Faut. *Fault; want.*  
 Fawkyn. *Falcon.*  
 Fearè. *Fairy.*  
 Fedder. *Feather.*  
 Fee. *Cattle; hence property of any kind; and now more particularly wages, which, like the portions of Leah and Rebecca, were formerly paid in cattle and horses. It is found in the Gael. word fe-dal, cattle; and fei', deer.*  
 Feil. *Many.*  
 Feirie. *Active.*  
 Fele. *Find.*  
 Fell. *Hill; it also signifies the skin, (pellis) Lat.*  
 Feltered, felted. *Entangled.*  
 Fenyre. *Feign; form an idea of.*  
 Feer. *Entire; unmixed; Gael. fior, answering to the Latin verus.*  
 Ferly. *Wonderful; rare; strange.*  
 Fike, fyke. *Bustle about little things.*  
 Flane. *An arrow.*  
 Flaught. *Flake.*  
 Fleetched. *Flattered.*  
 Fleer. *Floor, in the east-coast dialect.*  
 Flicht. *Flight; flutter.*  
 Flickered. *Grinned.*  
 Fling. *Kick.*  
 Flirry. *Blossom.*  
 Flonne. *Arrows.*  
 Flyret. *Fleered.*  
 Flyting. *Scolding.*  
 Foggit. *Supplied with moss, as the nest of a mouse, &c. Fog is moss.*  
 Fordweblit. *Enfeebled; made weak.*  
 Forebeers. *Forefathers; predecessors.*  
 Forfairn. *Distressed; forlorn.*  
 Forfoughten. *Worn out with fighting.*  
 Foundis. *Goes.*  
 Fouth (fulleth). *Plenty.*  
 Frem. *Strange; not a-kin.*  
 Fremmit. *Strange; estranged; uncongenial.*  
 Friek. *A fellow.*  
 Frith. *A forest.*  
 Fure. *Fared; went.*  
 Fyrryd. *Furred.*

- G.
- Ga'. *Gall*, also *go*.
- Gage. *Pledge*.
- Gaits. *Goats*, also *ways*.
- Gar. *Compell*; *cause to*.
- Togar, (Dan. and Swed. *giere*).  
*To make*; ind. *To cause*, or  
*compell*.
- Gauffin. *Laughing*.
- Gausie. *Jolly*.
- Gear. *Property*; *effects*.
- Geckit. *Tossed the head in  
disdain*.
- Gent. *Gentle*.
- Gerron, (Gael.) *A work-horse*.
- Gilore, (Gael. *gu leor*, Lat. *ad  
abundantiam*, to a sufficien-  
cy,) *Enough*.
- Gimmer, gilmer. *An ewe*.
- Gin, gif. *If*. It is a contrac-  
tion of *given*, i. e. *giving*, or  
*granting it to be so*.
- Girsie. *Grassie*.
- Glack. *A ravine in a moun-  
tain*; *the part of a tree  
where a bough branches out*;  
*the part of the hand between  
the thumb and fingers*. From  
the Gaelic *glaca'*, to lay hold  
of.
- Glade, glode. *Glided*.
- Glave, (See CLAYMORE). *A  
Sword*.
- Glar. *Mire*.
- Glazen. *Of glass*.
- Gleed. *Flame*; also *a live  
coal*, or *any thing glowing  
and shining hot*. "Red rub-  
bies, as red as any *glede*."—  
PIER'S *Plowm.* pass. 2. l. 12.  
" And furth sche sprent as  
spark of *glede* and fyre."—  
G. DOUG. *Virg.* p. 390. 29.
- Glen, (Gael.) *A valley*.
- Glent. *Sprung*.
- Glew, glee. *Pastime*; *merry-  
make*.
- Gloamin, glooming. *Twilight*.
- Gogled. *Shoggled*; *did not  
sit steadily*.
- Golk, gowk. *Cuckow*.
- Golett, qu. *whether neck*, or  
*cowl?*
- Good. *Property*; *goods*; *mo-  
ney*.
- Goustie. *Ghastly*; *ghost-like*;  
*frightful*.
- Gowan. *Daisy*.
- Gowpen. *As much as one can  
carry in both hands open and  
joined together, with the  
palms up*.
- Graen. *Groan*.
- Grain. *Branch of a tree*;  
*prong of a dung-fork, &c.*
- Greaf. *Grave*.
- Greathit. *Girded*; *harness-  
ed*; *drest*; *accoutered*.
- Green. *To long*, as *a woman  
with child*; *to desire great-  
ly*.

- Greet.** *Weep.*  
**Grefe.** *Grieved.*  
**Grith, girth.** *Sanctuary; protection within a certain circle or girth.*  
**Groom.** *Man.*  
**Gryse, agrise.** *To make to shudder; to make afraid.*  
**Guise.** *Manner.*  
**Gullies.** *Large knives.*  
**Gynne, gin.** *Engine; device.*
- H.**
- Ha'.** *Hall.* In the Gael. *hal* still signifies simply *beyond*, i. e. beyond the partition-wall next the door, which was often the only partition in the house.  
**Hafts.** *Handles.*  
**Haggit.** *Haggard.*  
**Hail.** *Whole.*  
**Hainit.** *Spared; saved.*  
**Hair.** *High.*  
**Hallan.** *A partition-wall, between the door and the kitchen, in cottages and farm-houses.* In the Gael. it is *tallaid*; from *do*, for; *hal*, beyond; and *aid*, place, i. e. that which is erected in order to form a room beyond it.  
**Hame.** *Home.*
- Hamely.** *Familiar.*  
**Hamphis'd.** *Enclosed, and crowded round.*  
**Hantle.** *A good deal.*  
**Hap.** *Hop, also cover,*  
**Harkit.** *Listened.*  
**Harl.** *Scratch; scrape; to drag.*  
**Harness.** *Accoutrements.*  
**Hat.** *Hit.*  
**Haud.** *Hold.*  
**Haugh, (Gael.)** *A meadow; valley, or low ground by the side of a river.*  
**Hause, halse.** *The neck; the windpipe.*  
**Haw.** *Lividly pale; of a lead colour.*  
**Heather.** *Heath.*  
**Hee, hie.** *High.*  
**Helit.** *Concealed; covered.*  
**Hende.** *Civil; courteous.*  
**Hent.** *Took; handed.*  
**Herryed.** *Plundered.*  
**Hewmond.** *Helmet.*  
**Heugh.** *Dell.*  
**Hie.** *Haste.*  
**Hight.** *Promise.*  
**Hode.** *Hood.*  
**Holm, howm, ho'm.** *A small island; an islet.* "Holme vero eminentis loci, interdum et aquis circumsepti, verticem exprimit."—LELAND'S *Itin.* v. 9. p. 59.  
**Holt.** *A high woody place.*  
**Hond.** *Hand.*

- Hooding o' gray, hoding gray. they gape," &c. — CHAUC.  
 Coarse cloth, such as the Miller's Tale, sub. fin.  
 Grey-friars used to have Kent, stick. A stout rough  
 their hoods made of. walking staff.  
 Hope. Apprehend; fear. Kep. Catch.  
 Host. Cough. Kettrin, kethrin, (catherin,  
 Howe. Hollow. Gael. warriors, fighting men).  
 Howkit, holkit. Dug out. Free-booters.  
 Hunkert. Squatted down upon Kiauve. Work; knead.  
 the hunkers, or hams. Kist. Chest; coffin.  
 Hurloch, or Urloch, (Gael. Kittie. Girl.  
 obherlach). Cloudy Kittle. Tickle, ticklish.  
 Husto! (havesthu) There! take Knag. The antlers of a deer,  
 that! or any thing of that kind to  
 Hyght. Inform. hang things on.  
 Hync, (hyc on) Straight. Kutte. A loose woman.  
 Kythe. To seem.

## I.

- Ingle, (Gael. angil) Fire.  
 Jellily. Jolly; merrily.  
 Jenkis. Turns a corner sud-  
 denly.  
 Jo, (joy) Sweetheart.  
 Jous. The pillory.  
 Jowed. Swung.

## K.

- Kaime, kemb. Comb.  
 Keekit. Looked; peeped. "In-  
 to the roof they kyken and

## L.

- Laigh. Low.  
 Laith. Loth.  
 Lamer. Amber.  
 Landwart. Inland; rustic.  
 Langrin. Long-run.  
 Lap. Leapt.  
 Laverock. Lark.  
 Lax. Releaf; release.  
 Layn. Stop; hesitation; delay.  
 Leal. Loyal; faithful.  
 Leed. Language.  
 Leepit. Scalded.  
 Lemman, lef-mad. Lover.  
 Len. Hesitate.

- Lethal. *Fatal.*  
 Leugh. *Laughed.*  
 Levin. *Lightening.*  
 Like-wake. *Improperly sometimes called Late-wake. The watching by a corpse before interment, as it is still the custom to do in Scotland and the north of England.*  
 Lilt. *A merry song, or tune; a carrol.*  
 Limmer. *A blood-hound; Fr. limier.*  
 Linn. *The pool under a water-fall.*  
 Lincan; qu. Lecan. *i.e. Body?*  
 Lippen, ly upon. *Rely upon; trust to.*  
 Lire. *Flesh and skin; sometimes that on the cheek more particularly.*  
 Lith. *Joint.*  
 Liver. *Deliver; free in one's motions; nimble and active.*  
 Loch. (Gael.) *A lake. Sometimes a gulph in the sea.*  
 Lone. *Lawn; the green where the cows are milked in summer.*  
 Loot. *Let.*  
 Lope. *Leapt.*  
 Loundert. *Beat; thrashed; cudgelled.*  
 Low. *Flame.*  
 Lowt. *To stoop.*  
 Lowyth. *Praiseth.*  
 Luffy. *Lovely.*  
 Luifsomest. *Most lovely.*  
 Lucken'd. *Contracted.*  
 Lugs. *Ears.*  
 Luif-mowis. *Amorous play; sportive dalliance.*  
 Lum. *Chimney-top; place in the roof of a cottage for letting out the smoke.*  
 Lyart (Gael. *lia'*) *Grizzled; turning grey.*  
 Lyggys, ligs. *Lyes.*  
 Lyne, or Lynd; qu. *The linden, or lime tree?*  
 Lyste. *Will.*  
 Lythe. *Be quiet.*

## M.

- Mae, mo. *More.*  
 Magrat, malgrat, malgrè, mawgre. *In spite of.*  
 Mail. *Rent. (Gael.) Also, a Wallet.*  
 Main. *Strength.*  
 Mark, mirk. *Dark.*  
 Mailin. *Rent; also the farm for which rent is paid.*  
 Mat, mote. *Might.*  
 May. *Maid.*  
 Meat. *Food.*  
 Mede, meed. *Reward.*  
 Meeth. *Sultry; hot.*

- Mell. *Mallet*; also, a blow of a mallet, or bat.
- Mell. *Mix*.
- Meltith. *Mealtide*; as much as is eaten usually at meal-time; a meal.
- Mene. *Manage*; demean.
- Mensefu. *Mannerly*.
- Menyie. *A retinue*; the force, that attends a great man for his protection and state.
- Mickle. *Much*; great.
- Mim. *Prim*.
- Mird. *Attempt*; meddle.
- Misaunter. *Misadventure*; that which happens amiss; misfortune.
- Mister. *Need*.
- Mith. *Might*.
- Mools. *Mould*; earth; more particularly that in which the dead are deposited.
- Mowband. *Inclose with the mouth*; repeat; utter, or articulate.
- Moop. *Browse, as sheep*.
- Mouter. *Multure*; that which is paid in kind for grinding corn at the mill.
- Mows. *Sport*; jest; play.
- Muck. *Dung*.
- Muir. *Heath*; moor.
- Mycull. *Much*.
- Narrow. *At short intervals*.
- Nas, ne was. *Was not*.
- Neist. *Nearest*; next.
- Neuk, nook. *Corner*.
- Nicker, or nicher. *To neigh*.
- Nievefu'. *Handful*.
- Nom. *Name*; also, took.
- Nourice. *Nurse*.
- Nowt. *Nolt*; black cattle.
- O.
- Ohon! ochon! *Alas*.
- Onfeirie, unfeirie. *Inactive*.
- Oriel. *Bow-window*.
- Oryens. *The east*.
- Ostler-house. *Hostlery*; inn.
- Owsen. *Oxen*.
- Outlay. *Outlaw*.
- Oy (Gael. ogha). *A grandson*.
- P.
- Parel'd. *Apparelled*.
- Paughty. *Haughty*.
- Pawkie. *Sly and arch*; but amicably and agreeably so.
- Paytrell. *The pectoral, or breast-leather of a horse*.
- Pensie. *Spruce, clean and neat in one's dress and appearance, as rich people in low life are expected to be*.
- N.
- Na. *No*.

Perdye, (*par Dieu*). *By God!*  
Perry. *Precious stones; pearls.*

Person. *Parson.*

Pertrick. *Partridge.*

Plaiding. *Blanketing.* The term *plaid*, as applied by the Lowlanders of Scotland, means the garment which Highlanders wear in fine weather as a sash, and in cold or rainy weather as a mantle, or great coat. The *plaids* of the shepherds in the pastoral counties in the south of Scotland are actually a finer sort of *blankets*; and so are the *plaids* worn by the wives and daughters of the peasants in many parts of the north-east of Scotland at this day. To them, therefore, the term is properly enough applied, as it is used by the Highlanders only to designate a *blanket*. The word, in the Gaelic, however, and in every other language of which I have any knowledge, means any thing *broad* and *flat*; and when applied to a *plaid*, or *blanket*, signifies simply a broad, plain, unformed piece of cloth.

In calling the Highland *breacan*, *tartan*, or *chequered* stuff, *plaid*, the English very much misapply the term;

and it is long before a Scotsman can reconcile himself to such a use of it.

Plouter. *To splash about, and flounder in mud.*

Pree, prie, prieve. *Prove, prove by tasting; taste.*

Press. *Crowd.*

Prest. *Ready.*

Preve. *Secret; apart.*

Priggin. *Higgling; entreaty.*

Pronely. *Downrightly; directly.*

Protica, (Gael.) *Tricks; pranks.*

Purry. *Porridge.*

Pyre. *Peer.*

## Q.

Quarter-ill. *The same as side-ill; a disease to which sheep and cattle are subject.*

Quech (Gael. *cuoch*). *A wooden cup.*

Quell. *Kill.*

Quern. *A handmill.*

Quhair. *Where.*

Quik. *Alive.*

Quicknand. *Enlivening.*

Quylke, quhilk. *Which, which of the two.*

## R.

Rade. *Rode.*

- Radle, rathely. *Readily.*  
 Rae. *Roe.*  
 Raff. *Great plenty ; great abundance.*  
 Rair. *To roar.*  
 Raking. *Reaching ; walking with long strides.*  
 Ransoun. *Ransom.*  
 Raught. *Reached.*  
 Reayll. *Royal.*  
 Reavelled. *Entangled ; disordered ; dishevelled.*  
 Reich, reck. *Regard.*  
 Redd. *Extricate ; unravel ; disentangle.*  
 Rede. *Advice.*  
 Reek. *Smoke.*  
 Reested. *Roasted ; dried like something that has been hung up in the roost.*  
 Reird. *Noise.*  
 Reke. *See REEK.*  
 Reng. *Reign.*  
 Rennen. *Run.*  
 Rewis. *Pities.*  
 Rief. *Robbery ; rapine.*  
 Rife. *Plenty ; abounding ; frequently occurring.*  
 Riggand. *The back, or ridge of any thing.*  
 Rise. *Brushwood ; qu. rising ground ?*  
 Roose. *Praise.*  
 Rottacks. *Old musty corn. Literally, the grubs in a beehive.*  
 Rout. *Thump.*  
 Routed. *Roared like a bull, or ox.*  
 Routh. *Plenty ; abundance.*  
 Ruddock. *The red-breast.*  
 Rude, rood. *Cross.*  
 Rueful. *Compassionate ; full of ruth, or pity.*  
 Ruggit. *Tugged, or plucked violently.*  
 Rung. *Rough walking-stick.*  
 Ruth. *Pity.*  
 Ryfe, rive. *Burst.*  
 Ryse. *Bush ; brushwood.*
- S.
- Sabbit. *Sobbed.*  
 Sain. *Bless against evil supernatural influence.*  
 Sair. *Sore.*  
 Sareless, saurless. *Savourless.*  
 Sark. *Shirt, or shift.*  
 Saughs. *Willows.*  
 Saught, (s'auch, Gael. quiet). *Peace.*  
 Sauns, sans. *Without.*  
 Saur. *Savour.*  
 Saye. *Silk.*  
 Scaff. *Great abundance.*  
 Schaw. *Wood.*  
 Schield. *Shield ; defend ; prevent ; forbid.*  
 Scriek of day. *Peep of dawn.*  
 Scryed. *Described.*



Seel. Seal.

Seely. Pleasant and happy.

*Seely Court*; the pleasant and happy court, or the court of the pleasant and happy people; i. e. our good neighbors. The *Seely folk* are the more ancient and legitimate kind of Fairies, the lineal descendants of the oriental *Peri*; and this is one of the appellations of which the Fairies of the present day are known to be particularly fond; as witness the following popular verses, which it is of no small importance to every man to be thoroughly acquainted with:

"Gin ye ca' me *imp*, or *elf*,  
I rede ye weel, look to yourself;  
Gin ye ca' me *faury*,  
I'll work ye meikle tarry;  
Gin gude neiber ye ca' me,  
Then gude neiber I will be;  
But gin ye ca' me *Seely Wight*,  
I'll be your friend baith day  
and night."

Seilful. Pleasant.

Shak-down: A temporary bed spread on the floor, of straw, hay, or heath.

Shealing. A hut raised as a temporary dairy, in the Highlands of Scotland in summer,

when the cows are sent to feed in the distant glens.

Shears. Scissars.

Sheet. Shoot, according to the pronunciation of *Aberdeenshire*.

Shill. Shrill.

Sbog. Shock.

Shoon. Shoes.

Shouter. Shoulder.

Shrewly. Sharply. In the Gaelic language, *sherw* signifies sour.

Shucken. Mill-dues.

Shure, shared. Cut, sheer.

Sinder. Sunder; part.

Sindle. Seldom.

Sith. Since.

Sithe. Time.

Skaith, (Gael. *scath*). Harm.

Skeich. Skittish.

Sicker. Secure; sure.

Skinkland. Glittering; shining.

Sleek. Slake.

Sled. Sledge.

Steevely. Stiffly.

Stock, and stocken. Slake, aswage.

Sluggied. Swallowed up greedily.

Smore. Smother.

Smurtled. Smiled; smiled with an affected air of sly tenderness.

Snackie. Full of tricks and quirks.

**Snaw.** *Snow.*

**Sneek.** *The bar of a door which is lifted by a latch.*

**Snellish, snelly.** *Sharply.*

**Snick-drawer.** *A sly, cunning person, that can remove locks and bolts, and raise latches, without being heard.*

**Sober.** *Poor.*

**Solace.** *Comfort.*

**Sothe.** *Truth; true; also, south.*

**Soughing.** *Breathing long, making a noise like the blowing of the wind.*

**Souples.** *The parts of flails with which the sheaves are struck.*

**Spauld,** (Gael.) *Limb.*

**Spawls.** *Limbs.*

**Spell, spae.** *Prophecy.*

**Spire.**—The *spire in a cottage*, is properly the *stem or leg of an earth-fast couple*, reaching from the floor to the top of the wall, partly inserted in, and partly standing out of, the wall. Such couples were very strong, and few; seldom more than two, or three at most, were requisite for supporting the roof; especially as there is generally at least one partition-wall in every old petty farmer's house.

The *spence, or dispensary*, in which the family sit and eat, is commonly of the length of the distance between the gable-end, on the partition wall against which the fire burns, and the first couple, at which commences the partition called the *hal-lan*, which divides the fireplace from the door.

From the circumstance of the partition beginning at the *couple-leg, or spire*, the name has been transferred from the wooden post, pedestal, or pillar, that supports the couple, and commences the partition, to the partition itself; as has happened also in the Welsh language, from which we seem to have had our term, probably before it ceased to be Caledonian also.

In the Welsh *yspur* is defined by Davies, by the Latin *spira, scotia*; by Richards, "the square of a pillar below; the roundel of a pillar; a short post, or pillar, to set things upon. In Glamorganshire, it signifies a wainscot, or partition."

Mr Owen, in his excellent Dictionary of the Welsh

- language, spells the term *ysbur*, and defines it, "the pedestal, or base of a pillar, a short post, or supporter of a shelf, in ancient houses, projecting into the floor, in form of a skreen, and used to put by such victuals as are in present consumption;" an explanation which is perfectly to my purpose, although perhaps it is in some degree an exception to the general clearness, fulness, distinctness, and precision of Mr Owen's definitions.—See *Spira*, in Ainsworth's Dictionary.
- Spray, (Gael. *sprea*, cattle).  
*Spoil*; *prey*.
- Spulyie. *Spoil*.
- Spyrred, speered. *Asked, enquired after*.
- Staggis. *Young stallions; stallions*.
- Stalwart. *Stately and military looking; stout and brave*.
- Staad. *Puncheon*.
- Stark. *Strong*.
- Stede. *Place*.
- Steek. *Shut*.
- Stennit. *Strode*.
- Stick. *To stab*.
- Stint. *To stop*.
- Stoip, stowp. *A pot to drink out of*.
- Stooks. *Shocks of corn*.
- Stound. *Moment; a momentary shooting pain*.
- Stoup. *A prop, or pillar*.
- Stown. *Stolen*.
- Straked. *Stroaked*.
- Streek. *Stretch*.
- Sueiting. *Endearment*.
- Sunkots. *Something*.
- Swipperly. *Suddenly; hastily*.
- Swirling, whirling. *Eddying*.
- Swithe. *Forthwith*.
- Swither. *Doubt*.
- Syght. *Since*.
- Syith. *Time*.
- Synd. *Rinse; dip in water*.
- T.
- Tach. *Habit; propensity*.
- Tantrums. *Fits of capricious wilfulness*.
- Tate, tait. *A lock of hair or wool*.
- Teen. *Grief*.
- Tenty. *Cautious*.
- Tentillich. *Cautiously*.
- Teryd. *Torn*.
- The. *Thrive; also, thee*.
- Thirled. *Pierced*.
- Tho. *Then*.
- Thole. *Suffer*.

- Thratching. *Gasping convulsively.*  
 Threly. *Eagerly; boldly.*  
 Thud. *A violent stroke.*  
 Tine. *To lose; be last; die.*  
 Tirled. *Twirled.*  
 Tocher. *Marriage-portion.*  
 Tocherless. *Portionless.*  
 Tod. *For.*  
 Tooming. *Emptying.*  
 Trayed. *Betrayed.*  
 Trews, truce. *Trowsers.*  
 Tristel tree, qu. *Trysting-tree, or tree of rendezvous.*  
 Truff. *Turf; sod.*  
 Tryst. *Rendezvous.*  
 Twin'd. *Parted.*  
 Twistis. *Small twigs.*  
 Twohond. *Two handed.*  
 Tyde. *Time.*  
 Tythyngis. *Tidings; news of the events of the time.*
- U.
- Ugsome. *Disgusting.*  
 Umquhile, whilom. *Lately; formerly.*  
 Unsonsy. *Unlucky.*  
 Upsides. *Quits.*  
 Uiskie-bae (Gael. *uisg beatha.*)  
*The water of life.*  
 Vapouring. *Brandishing and flourishing.*  
 Verament. *Truly.*
- Vertie. *Virtuous; frugal and industrious; an epithet applied to housewives.*  
 Vessy. *To see.*
- W.
- Wab. *Web.*  
 Waft. *Woft; woof.*  
 Waired. *Bestowed.*  
 Wakerife. *Wakeful.*  
 Wall. *Well.*  
 Wambe. *Womb.*  
 Wankill. *Unstable.*  
 Warison. *Reward.*  
 Warp. *Turn.*  
 Warre. *Worse.*  
 Waught. *Draught.*  
 Warslin. *Wrestling.*  
 Weight. *As sheep's skin stretched upon a hoop for winnowing corn, &c.*  
 Weir. *War.*  
 Weir-horse. *War-horse.—Weir-horse, in Moray, at present, signifies a stallion, without any respect to his being employed as a charger.*  
 Wend. *To go.*  
 Whaisle. *Wheeze.*  
 Whingin. *Fawning.*  
 Whatrack. *Weasel.*  
 Widden-dream. *Some sudden and violent act of impetuo-*

<i>sity, like the dream of a madman.</i>	Y.
Wight. <i>Strong, mighty.</i>	Yare. <i>Ready.</i>
Wierd. <i>Foretell.</i>	Yeans. <i>Desires.</i>
Willsome. <i>Bewildering ; lonely and wild.</i>	Yeng. <i>Young.</i>
Win, or won. <i>Live ; inhabit.</i>	Yerd. <i>Earth.</i>
Winnock, ( <i>quasi, light-eye.</i> ) <i>A window.</i>	Yrke. <i>Irksome.</i>
Wimplin. <i>Winding intricately.</i>	Yestreen, <i>yester e'en. The Yestern evening ; last evening.</i>
Wodewale. <i>Red-breast.</i>	Yett, yeat. <i>Gate.</i>
Wood. <i>Mad.</i>	Yode. <i>Went.</i>
Wordy. <i>Worthy.</i>	Yowts. <i>Shouts.</i>
Wow. <i>To howl ; also, an interjection of surprise.</i>	Yule. <i>Christmas.</i>
Wull. <i>Wild ; also, bewildered.</i>	
Wush. <i>Washed.</i>	Z.
Wynpill. <i>Veil.</i>	
Wytit. <i>Blamed.</i>	Zeman, yeman. <i>Yeoman.</i>

FINIS.

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