

Remarkable & Memorable HISTORY of

# SIR ROBT. BEWICK

AND THE

## LAIRD GRAHAM,

Giving an Account of Laird Graham's meeting with Sir Robert Bewick in the Town of Carlisle, and they going to a Tavern, a Dispute happened betwixt them, which of their Sons was the best Man.—How Graham rode Home in a Passion, and caused his Son to fight young Bewick, which proved their Deaths.

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ALSO, THE

## Berkshire Lady's GARLAND.

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IN FOUR PARTS.

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PART I. Shewing Cupid's Conquest over a Lady of Five Thousand a year —II. The Lady's Letter of Challenge to fight him on refusing to wed her in a Mask —III. How they met by Appointment in a Grove, where she obliged him to fight or wed her —IV. How they rode together in her gilded Coach to her noble Seat or Mansion, &c.

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## Bewick and Graham.

**O**LD Graham he has to Carlisle gone,  
Where Sir Robert Bewick there  
met he,

And arms to the wine they are gone,  
And drank till they were both merry.

Old Graham, he took up the cup,  
And said, Brother Bewick, here's to thee,  
And here's to our two sons at home,  
For they live best in our country.

Nay, were thy son as good as mine,  
And of some books he could but read,  
With sword and buckler by his side,  
To see how he could save his head;

They might have been call'd two bold  
brethren,

Wherever they do go or ride, [brethren,  
They might have been call'd two bold  
They might have crack'd the border side;

Thy son is bad, he is but a lad,  
 And bully\* to my son cannot be.  
 I put him to school, but he would not learn,  
 I bought him books, but he would not  
 read,  
 But my blessing he shall never have,  
 Till I see how he can save his head.

Old Graham he call'd for an account,  
 And he asked what there was to pay—  
 There he paid a crown, so it went round,  
 Which was all for wine and hay.

Old Graham is to the stable gone,  
 Where stood thirty good steeds and three.  
 He's taken his own steed by the head,  
 And home rode he right wantonly.

When he came there he did espy,  
 A loving sight to spy or see,  
 There did he espy his own three sons,  
 Young Christy Graham the foremost  
 was he.

Where have you been all day, father,  
 That no counfel you'll take by me?  
 Nay, I have been at Carlisle town,  
 Where Sir Robert Bewick there met me,

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\* *Bully*, in the North of England, meant *brother*,  
*friend*, or *companion*.

He said thou wast bad, and call'd thee a lad,  
And a baffled man by thee I be:

He said thou wast bad, and call'd thee a lad,  
And bully to his son cannot be,  
For his son Bewick can both write & read,  
And sure I cannot say that of thee.

I put thee to school, but thou wouldst not  
learn, [not read,  
I bought thee books, but thou wouldst  
But my blessing thou shalt never have,  
Till with Bewick thou canst save thy head.

O! pray forbear, my father dear,  
That ever such a thing should be,  
Shall I venture my body in field to fight  
With a man that's faith and troth to me.

What's that thou say'st, thou limmer loon,  
Or how dare you stand to speak to me?  
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,  
Here is my glove—thou shalt fight me.

Christy stoop'd low unto the ground,  
Unto the ground, as you'll understand,  
O father, put on your glove again,  
The wind hath blown it from your hand.

What's that thou say'st, thou limmer loon,  
How dare you stand to speak to me?  
If you do not end this quarrel soon,  
Here is my hand, thou shalt fight me.

Christy Graham is to his chamber gone,  
 And for to study, as well might be,  
 Whether to fight with his father dear,  
 Or with his bully Bewick he.

If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
 As you shall boldly understand,  
 In every town that I ride through,  
 They'll say, there rides a brotherless man.

Nay, for to kill my brother dear,  
 I think it were a deadly sin ;  
 And for to kill my father dear,  
 The blessing of Heav'n I ne'er shall win.

O give me your blessing, father, he said,  
 And pray well for me then to thrive ?  
 If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
 I swear I shall ne'er come home alive.

He put on his back a good old jacket,  
 And on his head a cap of steel ;  
 With sword and buckler by his side,  
 And O he did become them weel.

O fare thee well, my father dear,  
 And fare thee well, thou Carlisle town,  
 If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
 I swear I'll ne'er eat bread again.

Now we leave off talking of Christy Graham  
 And talk of them again, believe ;

But we will talk of bonny Bewick,  
 Where he was teaching his scholars five.

Now when he had learned them to fence,  
 To handle their swords, without any doubt,  
 He's taken his sword under his arm,  
 And walk'd his father's clofe about :

He look'd between him and the fun,  
 To see what farlies he could see,  
 And espied a man with armour on,  
 As he came riding o'er the lea.

I wonder much what man yon be,  
 That so boldly this way doth come ;  
 I think it is my nighest friend,  
 I think it is my bully Graham.

O welcome, O welcome, my bully Graham,  
 O man, thou art my dear, welcome,  
 O man, thou art my dear, welcome,  
 For I love thee best in Christendom.

Away, away, O bully Bewick.  
 And of thy bullyship let me be,  
 The day is come that I ne'er thought on,  
 I'm hither come to fight with thee,

O no, not so, O bully Graham,  
 That e'er such a word should spoken be ;  
 I was thy master, and thou wast my scholar,  
 So well as I have learned thee.

My father, he was in Carlisle town,  
 Where thy father Bewick there met he :  
 He said, I was bad, and call'd me a lad,  
 And a baffled man by you I be.

Away, away, O bully Graham,  
 And of that talk, man, let us be ;  
 We'll take three men on either side,  
 To see if we can our fathers agree.

Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
 And of thy bullyship let me be ;  
 But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
 Come over this ditch, and fight with me.

O no, not so, my bully Graham,  
 That e'er such a word should spoken be,  
 Shall I venture my body in field to fight  
 With a man that's faith and troth to me.

Away, away, thou bully Bewick,  
 And of care, man, let us be ;  
 If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
 Come over this ditch, and fight with me.

Now, if it be my fortune thee Graham to kill  
 As God's will, man, it all must be—  
 If it be my fortune thee Graham to kill,  
 'Tis home again, I'll never gae.

Thou art then of my mind, bully Bewick,  
 And sworn brethren we will be ;

Thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch, and fight with  
me.

He flang his cloak from off his shoulders,  
His psalm-book from his pouch flang he,  
He clapp'd his hand upon the hedge,  
And o'er lap he right wantonly.

When Graham did see his bully come,  
The salt tears stood long in his e'e,  
Now needs must I say, thou art a man,  
That dare venture thy body to fight  
with me.

I say, I have a harness on my back,  
I know that thou hast none on thine ;  
But as little as thou hast on thy back,  
As little shall there be on mine.

He flang his jacket from off his back,  
His cap of steel from his head flang he,  
He's taken his spear into his hand,  
He's tied his horse unto a tree.

Now they fell to it with two broad swords,  
For two long hours fought Bewick  
and he,  
Much sweat was to be seen on them both,  
But never a drop of blood to see.



Now Graham gave Bewick an awkward  
stroke,

An awkward stroke surely struck he,  
He struck him under the left breast,  
Then down to the ground as dead fell he.

Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,  
Arise, and speak three words to me,  
Is this to be thy deadly wound,  
Or God and good surgeons will mend  
thee?

O horse, O horse, O bully Graham,  
And pray do get thee far from me,  
Thy sword it is sharp, it hath wounded my  
heart,  
And so no farther can I gae.

O horse, O horse, O bully Graham,  
And get thee far from me with speed,  
And get thee out of this country quite,  
That none may know who's done the  
deed.

Oh! if this be true, my bully dear,  
The words that thou dost tell to me,  
The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep,  
I swear I'll be the first to die.

Then he stuck his sword in a mould-hill,  
And he leapt thirty good feet and three,

First he bequeath'd his soul to God,  
And upon his own sword leapt he.

Now Graham he was the first that died;  
And then Sir Robert Bewick came to see;  
Arise, arise, O son, he said,  
For I see thou's won the victory.

Father, could not you drink your wine at  
home,  
And letten me and my bully be,  
Now dig a grave both low and wide,  
And in it us two pray bury!  
But bury my bully Graham on the sun side,  
For I'm sure he's won the victory.

Now we'll leave off talking of these bold  
brethren,  
In Carlisle town, where they were slain,  
And talk of these two good old men,  
Where they were making a pitiful moan.

And now up spake Sir Robert Bewick,  
O man, was I not much to blame,  
I have lost one of the liveliest lads  
That ever was bred unto my name.

With that up spake my good Laird Graham,  
O man, I've lost the better block,  
I've lost my comfort and my joy,  
I've lost my key, I've lost my lock.

Had I gone through all Lauderdale,  
 And forty horse had set on me,  
 Had Christy Graham been at my back,  
 So well he would have guarded me.

I have no more of my song to sing,  
 But two or three words I will name—  
 It will be talk'd in Carlisle town,  
 That these two men were all the blame.

