

THE  
BALLAD MINSTRELSY  
OF  
SCOTLAND.

---

*ROMANTIC AND HISTORICAL.*

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COLLATED AND ANNOTATED.

New and Revised Edition.

ALEXANDER GARDNER,  
*PUBLISHER TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,*  
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## PREFATORY NOTE.

THE *Flotsam* of our old Traditionary Ballad Lore, which came drifting down the Stream of Time—much of it starting no one knows when, and coming from no one knows where—was diligently sought after and collected from time to time by those who took pleasure therein, or who sought to derive profit therefrom.

Beginning with Chepman and Myllor, whose issues have been so admirably reproduced in *fac-simile* by that still—and long may he continue to be so— hale and efficient veteran Editor and Illustrator of our ancient Scottish Literature, Mr. David Laing.\*

Passing over the greater and darker portion of the long dark night of civil broil and literary darkness which settled down on Scotland during the reigns of the later Stuarts, we come towards its close, and as the harbinger of the dawn of a brighter period, to Watson, the celebrated “undertaker” of several elegantly printed national works, whose *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems* has been produced in *fac-simile* under the auspices of the Publishers of this work.† Watson probably stimulated, and certainly was followed immediately after by Ramsay, who, in his turn, was followed at intervals by others whose names are recorded in the bead-roll of fame with which the General Introduction to this work terminates.

Motherwell, after stating “that of every old traditionary ballad known, there exists what may be called different versions,” next proceeds to classify and describe the different modes of editing them which had been practised by different Ballad Editors, thus:—

1st. He who contents “himself with merely selecting that one of his copies which appears the most complete and least vitiated.”

2nd. He who, “by selecting the most beautiful and striking passages which present themselves in” two or more versions, “succeeds in producing from the conflicting (?) texts of his various authorities a third version, more perfect and ornate than any individual one as it originally stood.”

3rd. He or they “who, under no authority of written or recited copy, but merely to gratify [his or] their own insatiate rage for innovation and improvement, recklessly and injudiciously cut and carve as they list, on these productions, and in some cases entirely re-write them.”

4th. “There is yet another class of old Song Editors,” or rather Forgers, on “whose dishonest propensities” Mr. Motherwell pours the scorching vials of his sarcastic scorn.‡

It is a sad commentary on human consistency to state, and that on the authority of evidence furnished by himself, that the theory of Mr. Motherwell, who highly commends the first, and unqualifiedly condemns the three other “modes,” is at variance with his practice; as it can easily be shown from Mr. Motherwell’s own statements,

\* Edinburgh, MDCCCXXVII.

† Glasgow, 1869.

‡ Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, pp. vi.-ix.



that he carefully collated—in accordance with his definition of class 2nd\*—every previously unprinted Ballad of which more than one set came into his possession, and which he thought worthy of a place in his *Minstrelsy*.

The Editor of the present work has followed in the same, and, as he regards it, commendable path, going, however, a step further, although quite in the same direction, by removing what appeared to be obvious inconsistencies and errors introduced through the ignorance or lapse of memory of oral reciters; in performing which delicate and difficult work, it is not at all necessary to deface or vitiate the ancient Story which the Ballad tells; because, as is “granted” by even Mr. Motherwell himself, “the ‘expressions and allusions’ of these compositions fluctuate, and that frequently; but these changes never alter entirely the venerable aspect of the whole ballad. It is like repairing gradually the weather-worn face of an ancient cathedral by the insertion here and there of a freshly-hewn stone, as need may require. The outline of the building and the effect of the whole remain unchanged.”†

The work of Restoration, however, necessarily brings the restorer within the scope of criticism; and amid the great diversities of tastes which prevail, it would be passing strange if some were not very far from being satisfied with respect to many points, and few or none thoroughly pleased with regard to all.

It is probable that some portions have been rejected which should have been retained, and others retained which should have been rejected; but it is consoling to know that nothing has been destroyed, and that those, who wish to gaze upon the originals, in all their rugged and fragmentary simplicity, may find in this work a complete and ready reference to the different versions of the various ballads.

In conclusion, the Editor has to express his indebtedness, and to tender his thanks, to Dr. Patrick Buchan—son of the eminent collector to whose zeal and industry Scottish Ballad Literature is so largely indebted, as this work so amply testifies—for the kind and patriotic interest which he has manifested in this collection in the course of its progress through the press, nearly the whole of the proof sheets of the First Part having been submitted to him, and returned with many valuable suggestions and emendations. The removal of Dr. Buchan to England has, much to the Editor’s regret, deprived him of the same valuable advice and assistance in the Second Part; but he is glad to learn that Dr. Buchan, although far from being well, has made considerable progress towards the completion of a work on the Proverbs of Scotland, as illustrated and explained by similar proverbs current among the people of other nations, by etymological definitions, by literary quotations, and by Scottish Anecdotes and Stories.

The Editor has also to acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. Griffin & Co., Publishers, London, for permission to include “The Brave Earl Brand and the King of England’s Daughter,” *post*, p. 32.

\* For example, see *post*, p. 125, and *post*, p. 432.

† Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. xi.

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## GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

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BALLADS may be described as short narrative poems, each celebrating some real or fancied event, and suitable for singing or chanting to some simple natural melody. They often are, but ought not to be, confounded with songs, which, properly speaking, are the more polished and artistic vehicles of "sentiment, expression, or even description."<sup>1</sup>

Ballads may therefore be reasonably regarded as the earlier, nay, probably, as the very earliest, form of literary composition,<sup>2</sup> and more especially as the earliest expression of the Historic Muse; an opinion eloquently set forth and amply illustrated by Lord Macaulay, in the preface to his *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

The same, or a similar opinion, appears to have commended itself to other distinguished writers and scholars, as the following quotations indicate.

*The Book of Jasher*, quoted by name in two of the Earlier Historic Books of *The Bible*, and probably still more largely incorporated in their narratives, is, by an eminent Biblical scholar and critic, described as "apparently a national collection, in the form of ballads, containing the record of great men and great deeds."<sup>3</sup>

Homer, the historian of the Trojan War, "though the early poet of a rude age," writes Sir Walter Scott, "has purchased for the era he has celebrated, so much reverence, that not daring to bestow on it the term barbarous, we distinguish it as the heroic period;" and though "no other poet (sacred and inspired authors excepted) ever did, or ever will, possess the same influence over posterity, in so many distant lands, as has been acquired by the blind old man of Chios, yet we are assured that his works, collected by the pious care of Pisistratus, who caused to be united into their present form those divine poems, would otherwise, if preserved at all, have appeared to succeeding generations in the humble state of a collection of detached ballads, connected only as referring to the same age, the same

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<sup>1</sup> Ritson's Historical Essay on National Song, prefixed to *English Songs*.

<sup>2</sup> "The Narrative Ballad we believe to be the oldest of all compositions; and we are not induced to alter our opinion by all that has been said of love and innocence, and of golden, pastoral, and patriarchal ages."—R. Jamieson, in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, Popular Ballads, Introduction, p. 237.

<sup>3</sup> *Biblical Cyclopædia*, edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., &c., article "Jasher."

general subjects, and the same cycle of heroes, like the metrical poems of the Cid in Spain, or of Robin Hood in England.”<sup>1</sup>

Among the Latins, “In the middle of the third century B.C., we have a few trenchant relics of the Saturninian epic of Nævius celebrating the main events of the first, and the more polished hexameters of Ennius celebrating the Second Punic War. But they are rather reflections after the event than incentives to action. Ennius, however, elsewhere alludes to the existence of older writers, or an earlier literature which had treated of the same or similar themes in a more popular style: and Cicero, in his ‘Brutus,’ quoting the passage, laments the loss of those more primitive strains. From these and other passages Macaulay, building on a theory of Niebuhr’s, has imagined that a whole series of Roman national ballads, . . . had existed and passed away previous to the date of the Punic Wars. He maintains that these early poems were expelled from poetic literature by the flowing tide of Greek influence (which passed over Latium as that of the Normans did over England), but that the substance of them is preserved in the more fanciful pages of Livy. . . .

“The first light that falls on the Gothic race all over Europe, by the shores of the Baltic, or under the shadow of the Hartz, reveals the old singers along with the old soldiers exalted by the same apotheosis into gods and heroes. The Norwegian chiefs took their harpers with them to battle, and when the Norse armies invaded England they used to pass free from camp to camp.

“The earliest ballads—as the lays out of which grew the ‘Nibelungen Lied,’ the ‘Song of Roland,’ the ‘Death Song of Regner Lodbrog,’ half the *Eddas*, [and] the old Norse legend of the ‘Sword *Tyrfinn*,’ . . . belong to the Pagan period of our own history, and that of the countries with which we were most closely connected.

“Their general character of wild defiance is admirably represented in Mr. Longfellow’s ‘Challenge of Thor,’ and Mr. Motherwell’s ‘Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.’ [But] the Conquest broke the stream of our early minstrelsy, [and] the more elaborate Romance took the place of the Ballad among the higher circles.”<sup>2</sup>

The view expressed in the last sentence fully accords with that advanced by Mr. Motherwell, who argues, “that the Romance of Chivalry was the legitimate descendant of the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott’s Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, &c., prefixed to *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, edit. 1830.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Nichol, of Glasgow University, in a recent Lecture on “War Songs,” as reported in the Glasgow Newspaper Press.

Heroic Ballad.<sup>1</sup> The heroes whom the minstrels chose for their versifications, were uniformly selected from those worthies of antiquity whose names and famous actions the traditions and ancient songs of the land still kept in remembrance. These, again, were occasionally supplanted by others who flourished in more recent times; and even contemporary warriors at last came in for their share of adulation, and of that glory with which the muse can arrest and halo an otherwise fleeting name. But the origin of Romantic<sup>2</sup> Fiction, instead of being thus sought for in the traditions of each particular land where it obtained, and being looked upon as the natural intellectual growth of that land, at a certain stage of its progress towards refinement and the courtesies of life; and as, step by step, advancing from the simple narrative ballad to the more elaborate composition, which embraced a variety of such narratives, and at length bourgeoned and branched out into all those complicated and fictitious adventures, and singular poetic creations, for which the Metrical Romance is distinguished, has, with much learning and ingenuity, been by different writers traced to a variety of opposite and contradictory sources. One hath assigned it a Scandinavian,<sup>3</sup> another an Arabian,<sup>4</sup> a third an Armorican origin;<sup>5</sup> while others have claimed this distinction for Nor-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Leyden, on the other hand, supposes that "many of the wild romantic ballads which are still common in the Lowlands of Scotland, have the appearance of episodes which, in the progress of traditional recitation, have been detached from the romances of which they originally formed a part."—*Complaynt*, Preliminary Dissertation, p. 271. This may have occurred in some instances, but seems to have been the exception, and the other the rule.

<sup>2</sup> "Under the head of ROMANTIC, a phrase we are obliged to employ for lack of something more significant and precise, may be ranged a numerous and highly interesting body of short metrical tales, chiefly of a tragic complexion, which, though possessing all the features of real incident and probably originating in fact, cannot now, after the lapse of many ages, be with certainty traced to any historical source, public or private. With these may also be classed that description of ANCIENT SONG which treats of incredible achievements, and strange adventures by flood and field,—deals largely with the marvellous in all its multiform aspects,—and occasionally pours a brief but intense glare of supernatural light over those dim and untravelled realms of doubt and dread, whose every nook the giant superstition of elder days has colonized with a prodigal profusion of mysterious and spiritual inhabitants. And, in short, under this comprehensive head, we must include every legend relating to person, place, thing, or occurrence, to establish whose existence it would be vain to seek for other evidence than that which popular tradition supplies."—*Motherwell's Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. iv.

Sir Walter Scott's definition of the word "Romance" is:—"A fictitious narrative in prose or verse, the interest of which turns upon marvellous and uncommon incidents;" but "the word 'Romance,' in its original meaning, signifies merely one or other of the popular dialects of Europe, founded, as almost all those dialects were, upon the Roman tongue, that is, upon the Latin."—*Essay on Romance*. First published in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* [1824], and now included in his *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. vi., p. 129.

<sup>3</sup> By Mallet, by his translator Bishop Percy, and by Pinkerton.

<sup>4</sup> "By Warburton, in his remarks on *Love's Labour Lost*, and supported with copious illustrations by Warton, in his Preliminary Dissertation to the *History of English Poetry*."—Leyden.

<sup>5</sup> Favoured by Dr. Leyden in his Preliminary Dissertation to *The Complaynt of Scotland*.

mandy and Provence."<sup>1</sup> ["And a later system, patronized by later authors, has derived them, in a great measure, from the *Fragments of Classical Superstition* which continued to be preserved after the fall of the Roman empire."] <sup>2</sup> "To examine into the merit of these respective hypotheses is foreign from our present purpose; but to ascribe to any one of them the sole origin of that stupendous fabric of poetical invention which delighted the Middle Ages, would be as foolish as the shepherd's thought, who, after tracing with affectionate fondness the windings of his slender native stream, till he found it terminate in the ocean sea, deemed the boundless expanse of waters before him no other than the accumulations of the small well-spring, which, in the solitude of the far uplands, he knew full well, did morning and evening hum its tiny song, and gush with the gladness of new-born life, in a silver-like thread, down the dark hill side. Each of the systems, it is true, does in part account for this species of poetic compositions; but it would require them all blended together to obviate every objection which applies to each singly."<sup>3</sup>

Nor would even this suffice, as the flood of light more recently thrown upon comparative philology and mythology by that distinguished scholar Max Muller, and by other labourers in the same interesting and important field, reveals the broader and truer doctrine of later times, which carries back the date of much of this wide-spread traditionary lore, and assigns to it an origin prior to the disjunction of the different branches of our race from the one primeval stem.<sup>4</sup>

Subsequent to such disjunctions, changes of scene and circumstance introduced modifications and divergences resulting in the course of time in something like a Babel of tradition, which, age by age, grew greater and wider, until the traces of a common origin among the more divergent branches were

<sup>1</sup> Ellis, in the Introduction to his *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, contends that the Earliest Romances, properly so called, were composed in Norman French by minstrels pertaining to the court of the Anglo-Norman kings; while he regards the southern portion of Scotland as the birthplace of the English language, and the earliest English Romances as the productions of "Scottish minstrels."

Sir Walter Scott, referring to this seeming paradox, remarks:—"Upon this hypothesis, it is curious to observe that, as the earliest French Romances were written in England, so the earliest English Romances were composed in Scotland."

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Scott, in his *Essay on Romance*, *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. vi., p. 174.

<sup>3</sup> Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. xxxv.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Motherwell rises "to the height of this great argument" in the following passage:—"As to the original source from whence these stories have flowed, the reader need scarcely be told, how utterly useless all conjecture becomes; the same stories, or but slightly varied, we find everywhere, and in every language, the popular vehicles of amusement or instruction to the people. Countries far separated from each other, and having no affinity of language, still preserve this identity in their popular tales; and where these have disappeared in a measure from the literature of the people, we may rest assured that their vestiges can still be traced in the legends of the nursery."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, pp. xxxii.—xxxiii. See also Introduction to "Lord Randal," *post*, p. 305.



all but lost.<sup>1</sup> But by far the most fruitful source of confusion and mystification appears to have arisen from what seems to have been a common practice of the later bards, skalds, or minstrels—namely, the adaptation and application of the older stories and traditions to new persons and events—a practice, by the way, of which the careful reader will find several examples in this collection. Originality is a God-given gift conferred on few; but the capacity to imitate, to copy, or to reconstruct more or less skilfully under varied forms and in new combinations from pre-existent materials, are qualities possessed by multitudes. Nor does this apply to bards or ballad-writers merely, as much of our current literature in every department, and the bulk of our pulpit prelections, most amply and sadly testify. Literary patchwork in the press, and mosaic discourses in the pulpit, are leading characteristics of this age of shoddy.<sup>2</sup>

The use made of the old material gleaned or pilfered, and re-constructed or re-dressed, is usually abuse of such a nature as finds its fitting analogy in the conduct of such Goths as ignorantly and wantonly lay sacrilegious hands on the remains of some stately Old Edifice, in order that they may, without much expenditure of labour or money, construct a barn, or rear a dry-stone wall.

These remarks are not directed against honest work in the form of compilation, or the introduction of quotation honestly acknowledged, but against those counterfeiters who seek to stamp their own impress on the coinage of other men's brains—those pilferers or forgers who take or convey over to themselves the intellectual property of other and better endowed minds. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that originality becomes in every succeeding age much more difficult; mental phenomena, or the principles of human *thought*, as developed by the intellectual faculties; of *feeling*, as manifested in the emotions and passions; or of *will*, as

<sup>1</sup> "With respect to vulgar poetry, preserved by tradition," writes Ritson, "it is almost impossible to discriminate the ancient from the modern, the true from the false. Obsolete phrases will be perpetually changing for those better understood; and what the memory loses the invention must supply. So that a performance of genius and merit, as the purest stream becomes polluted by the foulness of its channel, may in time be degraded to the vilest jargon. Tradition, in short, is a species of alchemy which converts gold to lead.

"He, however, who should have the patience to collect, the judgment to arrange, and the integrity to publish the best pieces of this description, would probably deserve the thanks of the antiquary and the man of taste; but would more probably excite the malicious attacks and scurrilous language of a few despicable hirelings, who, to the disgrace of criticism, of letters, and liberality, are permitted to dictate their crude and superficial ideas as the criterion of literary eminence."—*Scotch Song, Historical Essay*, vol. i., pp. lxxxii.-lxxxiii.

<sup>2</sup> If the Wise Man were alive at the present day, he might reiterate with greater force and propriety than ever, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun," &c., &c.—*Ecclesiastes*, chap. i., verses 9-10. See also note, *post*, p. 373.



displayed in the actions; as well as physical phenomena, as exhibited in the material universe, are, in their general characteristics, the same in every age, and consequently available to those who had, or have, the intuition and opportunity first to use them; priority of appropriation conferring a right of possession, and constituting in this, as in other matters, a material advantage. The general truth thus indicated has been admirably and elegantly expressed by Sir Walter Scott, with special reference to poetic themes and similes:—"The earlier poets," says he, "have the advantage, and it is not a small one, of having the first choice out of the stock of materials which are proper to the art; and thus they compel later authors, if they would avoid slavishly imitating the fathers of verse, into various devices, often more ingenious than elegant, that they may establish, if not an absolute claim to originality, at least a visible distinction betwixt themselves and their predecessors. Thus it happens, that early poets almost uniformly display a bold, rude, original cast of genius and expression. They have walked at free-will, and with unconstrained steps, along the wilds of Parnassus, while their followers move with constrained gestures and forced attitudes, in order to avoid placing their feet where their predecessors have stepped before them. The first bard who compared his hero to a lion struck a bold and congenial note, though the simile, in a nation of hunters, be a very obvious one; but every subsequent poet who shall use it, must either struggle hard to give his lion, as heralds say, with a *difference*, or lie under the imputation of being a servile imitator."<sup>1</sup>

It may be reasonably inferred that the closer and more numerous the instances of affinity between the traditions of any two or more nations to each other, or *vice versâ*, are, so in proportion will be their more immediate or remote identity as a community.

Keeping this preliminary basis in view, let us now proceed to inquire into the origin of the ample, rich, and varied store of traditionary Ballad Lore which pertains to Scotland, or, to speak more precisely, to the Lowland Scots.

As is well known to every one who has paid any attention to early Scottish History, the origin and language, or languages, of the Caledonians, Picts, and Scots, have formed the fruitful themes of much learned disquisition and vehement controversy.

It forms no part of the writer's plan to trace elaborately, to examine minutely, or to discuss virulently the evidence *pro* and *con* advanced by the respective advocates of the Celtic or

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<sup>1</sup> Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, prefixed to Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 6, edit. 1830, and since.

the Gothic origin of the nation or nations known under the designations named above. Nor is it necessary to do so. It is quite sufficient for us to know that the earliest dawn of Scottish History reveals to the student of its early annals two apparently different races, speaking two different languages, occupying, the one the North-western, and the other the Eastern and Southern portions of the country, the former speaking a Celtic and the other a Gothic language; that the relative positions thus disclosed continued to subsist during the various wars and mutations which the country has passed through; and that they still continue to exist down to the present day, although, as is well known, the Lowlanders of the East and South have, like an advancing tide, slowly but steadily enlarged their boundaries by encroachments on the territories of the no less heroic and chivalrous Highlanders of the North-West.

It would ill become a modern Scot, in whose veins the blood of both those ancient and distinguished races probably mingles and courses, to institute odious comparisons between them, or to exalt one to the disparagement of the other. Such an ungrateful task is, however, fortunately altogether foreign to the purpose of this Essay, which has, if not purely and solely, at least more immediately to do with the Ballads preserved by the Lowland Scots.

Affinity of language, of physical and mental characteristics, and of Folk or Traditionary Lore, all concur in identifying the Lowlanders of Scotland with the Northern or Scandinavian branch of the great Gothic family, which in the fifth and succeeding centuries subverted the Roman empire and established Gothic kingdoms, not only over the whole of Northern and Western Europe, but also on the North-western shores of Africa. But in addition to such positive evidence of the most direct and convincing kind, we may add the negative evidence furnished by the fact, that Fingal and the other heroes of Ossian, as well as the other Traditions or Traditionary Stories current among the Gaelic Celts, find no place whatever in the popular traditions of the Lowlanders. The remains of Cymric traditions, such as of Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table, are likewise scanty, scattered, and obscure.<sup>1</sup> Although it is quite possible that the New-year's Mummings, who in the South-

<sup>1</sup> A few literary notices occur in the works of Sir David Lindsay, &c., regarding "Gowmacmorne," "Fynmakcoul," "Arthour," and "Gawane."

The following curious references to two of those heroes occur in the *Croniklis of Scotland*:—"It is said that Fynmakcoule, the sonne of Coelus Scottisman, was in thir dayes; ane man of huge stature, of xvii. cubits of hicht. He was ane gret hunter, and richt terribil, for his huge quantite, to the pepill: of quhome ar mony vulgar fabillis amang us, nocht unlike to thir fabillis that are rehersit of King Arthure, and becaus his dedis is nocht authorist be authentick authoris, I will rehers na thing thairof."—*Sevent Buke*, chap. 18.

"Arthure" and "The Round Tabil" are also referred to in the same work.—*Nint Buke*, chap. 11.

west of Scotland, the old home of the Scottish Cymri,<sup>1</sup> are designated "Galatians," or "Galashins," may derive their name from "Galashin,"<sup>2</sup> who is said to have been the brother of the supposed hero of the ballad of "Kemp Owyne" (p. 21), and consequently nephew to King Arthur; yet it is somewhat singular to find the term "Kemp" prefixed to the name of the hero; a circumstance which renders it all but certain that the Ballad referred to has come to us from a Scandinavian source.

To Robert Jamieson belongs the honour of being the first to point out "the singular coincidence which exists betwixt the ballads of Scotland and those of Denmark and Sweden, not only in their incidents, but also in those characteristic peculiarities of phraseology and expression which distinguish our Traditional Songs.

"To those fond of tracing the obvious connection thus existing in the traditions and popular poetry of countries long separated from each other, the writings of Mr. Jamieson must ever prove both pleasing and profitable; and there are few who know anything of the subject, on which he has bestowed so much attention and reflected so much light, but will readily subscribe to almost every one of the philosophic and ingenious views he has so well expressed in the Dissertation which precedes his masterly translations. To point out some of the striking resemblances between the Scottish and Scandinavian Ballad, it is only necessary to refer the reader to the translation of 'Skion Annie,' given in *Popular Ballads, &c.*,<sup>3</sup> for comparison with the Ballad of 'Fair Annie,' founded on the same incidents (*post*, p. 103). To the ballads, 'Young Child Dyring' (in *Illustrations, &c.*, page

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jamieson appears to identify them with the Cimbric of the Cimbric Chersonesus. Others, however, contend that they were of the same race as those who are now styled Welsh. If the latter, their entire disappearance from the South-west of Scotland and North of England, is, to say the least, remarkable.

<sup>2</sup> The speech with which he usually introduces himself is in these words:—

"Here comes I Galashin,  
Galashin is my name.  
Sword and buckler by my side,  
I hope to win the game."

<sup>3</sup> *Popular Ballads and Songs, from Traditions, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions, with Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor, Robert Jamieson, A.M. and F.A.S., Edinburgh, 1806, 2 vols. 8vo.*

The work passed through the press while its editor was resident on the Continent; and the first intimation of his "discovery" is contained in a letter written at "Riga, Dec. 31, old style, A.D. 1805-6," and prefixed to his translation of "Skion Anna," vol. ii., p. 99.

The fuller, more matured, and accurate result of his researches may be found in his *Popular, Heroic, and Romantic Ballads, translated from the Northern Languages, with Notes and Illustrations*, by R. Jamieson, A.M. and F.A.S., which forms Mr. Jamieson's contribution to *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances: being an Abstract of the Book of Heroes and Nibelungen Lay, with Translations of Metrical Tales, from the Old German, Danish, Swedish and Islandic Languages.* Edinburgh, 1814, 4to. This valuable work was the joint production of Henry Weber, Robert Jamieson, and Sir Walter Scott.

335), and 'Catherine Janfarie' (*post*, page 85). To 'Ingefred and Gudrune' (*Illustrations*, page 340), the subject of which is the same with that of 'Cospatrick,' 'Bothwell,' or 'Gil Brenton' (*post*, pages 222-8). To 'Ribolt and Guldberg,' page 317, whose affinity to the 'Child of Elle,' 'Erlington,' and the 'Douglas Tragedy,' cannot be mistaken, (*post*, pages 26-34, &c.) To 'Sir Stig and Lady Toreild,' page 344, which resembles 'Willie's Lady' (*post*, page 18). To 'Sir Wal and Lisa Lyle,' 'Fair Midel and Kirsten Lyle,' which ballads find a counterpart in a Scottish ballad called 'Leisome Brand,' though their catastrophes differ"<sup>1</sup> (see *post*, page 59).

Sir Walter Scott also refers to Mr. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads, &c.*, in the following terms:—

"This work, which was not greeted by the public with the attention it deserved, opened a new discovery respecting the original source of the Scottish Ballads. Mr. Jamieson's extensive acquaintance with the Scandinavian literature enabled him to detect not only a general similarity betwixt these and the Danish Ballads preserved in the *Kæmpe Viser*, an early collection of heroic ballads published in that language [1591 and 1695], but to demonstrate that, in many cases, the stories and songs were distinctly the same,—a circumstance which no antiquary had hitherto so much as suspected."<sup>2</sup>

And yet, in the face of the circumstantial account given by Motherwell, and the approval and acquiescence expressed by both him and Sir Walter Scott, as just quoted, and by himself, as undernoted,<sup>3</sup> Dr. Robert Chambers had the assurance to pen the following grossly inaccurate statement:—

"Robert Jamieson found in the *Kæmpe Viser*, a Danish collection of ballads, published in 1695, one resembling the Scottish ballad of *Fair Annie* (otherwise called *Lady Jane*); and on this ground he became convinced that many of our traditional ballads were of prodigious antiquity, though they had been intermediately subjected to many alterations.

"Mr. Jamieson's belief seems remarkably ill-supported; and as it has never obtained any adherents among Scottish ballad editors, I feel entitled to pass it over with but this slight notice."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxxix.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Scott's Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. ii., p. 81. Edit. 1830, and since. See also *post*, p. 103.

<sup>3</sup> "The Tale of Fair Annie," wrote Dr. (then simply Mr.) Chambers, with evident allusion to Mr. Jamieson's researches, "is found, with many others, in the great Danish Collection called the *Kæmpe Viser*, which was published in 1593."—*Scottish Ballads, &c.*, "Introductory," p. 5.

<sup>4</sup> *Edinburgh Papers*, by Robert Chambers, F.R.S.E., F.S.A.S., F.G.S., F.L.S., &c. *The Romantic Scottish Ballads, Their Epoch and Authorship*, 1869.



The reader who has perused the extracts from Motherwell and Scott, which precede that from Dr. Chambers, will not require to have the erroneous assumption of the statement made by the latter specifically exposed. It may, however, prove interesting, if not instructive, to note the ballads which Dr. Robert Chambers manifested such a Quixotic anxiety to lay as a literary guerdon on the tomb of Lady Wardlaw, the reputed authoress of "Hardyknute" (p. 357). They are as follows:<sup>1</sup>—

- "The Lass o' Lochryan" [p. 1].
- "Willie and May Margaret"; or, "The Drowned Lovers" [p. 9].
- "The Douglas Tragedy" [p. 29].
- "Clerk Saunders" [p. 44].
- "Sweet William's Ghost" [p. 50].
- "The Clerk's Twa Sons o' Owsenford" [p. 53].
- "Lady Maisry" [p. 74].
- "The Gay Gos-hawk" [p. 93].
- "Fair Annie" [p. 103].
- "Fause Foodrage" [p. 128].
- "Tamlane" [p. 186].
- "Burd Ellen" [p. 248].
- "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie" [p. 261].
- "Young Huntin'" ["Earl Richard" or "Lord William," p. 270].
- "Edward! Edward!" [p. 293].
- "Gil Morrice"<sup>2</sup> [p. 313].

<sup>1</sup> The references within brackets are to the pages of this work.

<sup>2</sup> "In the middle of the last century," writes Dr. Chambers, "appeared two editions of a *brochure* containing the now well-known ballad of 'Gil Morrice,' the date of the second was 1755. Prefixed to both was an advertisement setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses. . . . Who was the 'lady' that favoured the printers with the copy? I strongly suspect that the reviser was Lady Wardlaw, and that the poem was communicated to the printers either by her or by some of her near relations."—*The Romantic Scottish Ballads, &c.*, p. 11.

Now, as Lady Wardlaw died in 1727, the "copy" could hardly be communicated by her, unless "the printers" were "favoured" with it through the medium of spirit-rapping! At the same time it is quite evident, as stated by Burns, who apparently refers to, if he does not quote from, a communication of Captain Riddel's, "that the present ballad is a modern composition; perhaps not much above the age of the middle of the last century; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to 1650. That it was taken from an old ballad called 'Child Maurice,' now lost, I am inclined to believe; but the present one may be classed with 'Hardyknute,' 'Kenneth,' 'Duncan,' 'Lord Woodhouselee,' 'Lord Livingston,' 'Binnorie' [Pinkerton's version], 'The Death of Monteith,' and many other productions which have been swallowed by many readers as ancient fragments of old poems."—Cromek's *Reliques*.

The substantial accuracy of this opinion is borne out by the more specific statement made on the authority of Sir Walter Scott, and approved by Motherwell [*post*, p. 315]. But whether any one of the ruder, although in some respects more vigorous versions, more recently printed, can be regarded as the original used by the reviser, or who that personage may be, are matters which, like the authorship of *Junius' Letters*, are never likely to be determined.



- "The Jew's Daughter" [p. 352].  
 "Sir Patrick Spens" <sup>1</sup> [p. 368].  
 "Young Waters" [p. 454].  
 "Johnnie of Braidislee" [p. 471].  
 "Mary Hamilton" [p. 509].  
 "Edom o' Gordon" <sup>2</sup> [p. 515].

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Chambers objects to the antiquity of the ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" on account of "the want of any ancient manuscript, the absence of the least trait of an ancient style of composition, the palpable modernness of the diction: for example, 'Our ship must sail the faem,' a glaring specimen of the poetical language of the reign of Queen Anne," p. 7. And again, "Sir Patrick tells his friends before starting on his voyage, 'Our ship must sail the faem;' and in the description of the consequences of his shipwreck we find, 'Mony was the feather-bed that flattered on the faem.' No old poet would use foam as an equivalent for the sea; but it was just such a phrase as a poet of the era of Pope would love to use in that sense."—*The Romantic Scottish Ballads, &c.*, p. 23.

As to the first objection, Dr. Chambers, to be logically consistent, ought to deny the possibility of all transmission by oral tradition, which, as might be easily shown, he does not do. See *post*, p. 622.

As to the second objection, style, words, and phrases are, in oral transmission, somewhat like a shifting quicksand, and liable to such constant change, that to found thereon an argument either *pro* or *con*, resembles the conduct of "the foolish man who built his house upon the sand." And as to the alleged "palpable modernness of the diction," as exemplified in the use of the word "faem," it is only necessary to cite the two lines of an old song, as given by Gawin Douglas in one of the prologues to his celebrated Scottish translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, which appeared in 1513. The lines referred to are—

"The schip sails ower the saut fame,  
 Will bring thir merchandis and my leman hame."

<sup>2</sup> Curiously enough, Mr. Motherwell, who in the main is as reliable as Dr. Chambers is the reverse, specially refers to "Edom o' Gordon," as an example of "how excellently well tradition serves as a substitute for more efficient and less mutable channels of communicating the things of past ages to posterity. In proof of this, it is only necessary to instance the well-known ballad of 'Edom o' Gordon,' which is traditionally preserved in Scotland, and of which there is fortunately extant a copy in an English MS., apparently coeval with the date of the subject of the ballad. The title of this copy is 'Captain Care.' We owe its publication to the late Mr. Ritson, in whose *Ancient Songs* it will be found, printed from a MS. in the Cottonian Library. Between the text of the traditional version and that of the MS., a slight inspection will satisfy us that the variations are neither very numerous nor very important. This is taking the MS. as the standard of the original text, although it can scarcely be considered as such, seeing it has been transcribed by an English clerk, who, perhaps, took it down from the imperfect recitation of some wandering Scottish minstrel, and thereafter altered it to suit his own ideas of poetical beauty." And in a note, Mr. Motherwell adds, "Ritson styles it the undoubted original of the Scottish ballad, and one of the few specimens now extant of the proper old English ballad, as composed, not by a Grub Street author for the stalls of London, but to be chaunted up and down the kingdom by the wandering Minstrels of the North Country. But here the critic has gratuitously assumed, that the name which appears at the end of it, as the copyist, is also that of the author."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, pp. ii-iii.

Regarding this ballad, Dr. Chambers writes:—"Edom o' Gordon" is only a modern and improved version of an old ballad which Percy found in his Folio MS., under the name of *Captain Adam Carre*. . . . All that can be surmised here, is, that the revision was the work of the same pen with the pieces here cited—as witness, for example, the opening stanzas:—

"It fell about the Martinmas,  
 When the wind blew shrill and cauld,\*  
 Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,—  
 'We maun draw to a hauld."

\*Dr. Chambers's note is:—

"Young Waters" opens in the same manner:—

"About Yule, when the wind blew cool!"

“The Bonnie Earl of Murray” [p. 531].

“Gilderoy” [p. 632].

“The Heir of Linne” (Scottish version) [p. 641].<sup>1</sup>

“All of which,” says Dr. Chambers, “besides others which must rest unnamed, bear traces of the same authorship.”

The reader may perceive (see note [2], preceding page) that Dr. Chambers regards a certain hackneyed repetition of stock phraseology as originating with and peculiar to Lady Wardlaw’s alleged imitations of the ancient ballads, which phraseology

“And what a hauld shall we draw till,  
My merry men and me?  
We will gae to the house o’ Rodes,  
To see that fair ladye.’

“The ladye stood on her castle wa’,  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
There she was ’ware of a host of men,  
Come riding towards the town.\*

“‘Oh, see ye not, my merry men a’, †  
Oh, see ye not what I see?’—&c.

Now, let it be observed that stanza 3 and the first two lines of stanza 4, as here quoted, do not occur in the version of the ballad first issued at Glasgow, in 1755.

And to show the justice of the estimate here expressed, as to the relative merits of Mr. Motherwell and Dr. Chambers, it may be sufficient to quote the first five stanzas of the version referred to by the former, as published by Mr. Ritson from the MS. in the Cotton Library, which stanzas the intelligent reader may, if he or she chooses, compare with the stanzas and lines quoted above, and then form his or her own conclusion.

The first five stanzas given by Mr. Ritson are as follows:—

“It befell at Martynmas,  
When wether waxed colde,  
Captaine Care saide to his men,  
‘We must go take a holde.’

“‘Haille, master, and wether you will,  
And wether ye like best.’  
‘To the castle of Crecreynbroghe;  
And there we will take our reste.

“‘I know wher is a gay castle,  
Is build of lyme and stone,  
Within there is a gay ladie,  
Her lord is ryd from hom.’

“The ladie lend on her castle-walle,  
She loked upp and downe;  
There was she ware of an host of men,  
Come riding to the towne.

“‘Come you hether, my meri men all,  
And look what I do see;  
Yonder is ther a host of men,  
I musen who they bee.’”

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Chambers ought to have known that the “Scotch Heir of Linne” was not “recovered by Mr. J. H. Dixon,” but by Mr. Peter Buchan. It appears, however, for the first time, in the *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, edited by Mr. Dixon, for the *Percy Society*.

Dr. Chambers’s notes are:—

\* We have seen the same description in both “Young Waters” and “The Bonnie Earl of Murray.”

† Compare this with “Sir Patrick Spence,”—

“Mak haste, mak haste, my merry men a’.”

really does not occur in the version of the ballad "Edom o' Gordon," which he uses as the basis of an argument wherewith to bring in "Young Waters," &c., within his charmed circle, but which phraseology occurs in two MS. copies, anterior to Lady Wardlaw's day, and these MSS. it is probable she never heard of, and more than probable she never saw, although Dr. Chambers apparently assumes her knowledge of one of them, but how, when, or where it was obtained, he does not condescend to show.

As the Sceptical theory of Dr. Robert Chambers has been fully, perhaps even too verbosely, answered by Mr. Norval Clyne of Aberdeen,<sup>1</sup> and by Mr. James Hutton Watkins of this City;<sup>2</sup> as it has been since virtually abandoned by its advocate; as the Introductions prefixed to the respective ballads, taken in connection with what has here been said, quoted, and referred to, will enable each reader to form his or her own judgment on the matter; and, as the space at disposal is somewhat limited, the writer feels "entitled to pass it over with but this slight notice," which is perhaps more than it is "entitled" to receive.

Most of the ballads assigned to Lady Wardlaw by Dr. Chambers belong to the class of Romantic Ballads included in Part First of this work. A few, however, belong to the class of ballads usually designated Historical,<sup>3</sup> which latter form the larger portion of the ballads comprehended in Part Second.

The Historical and other ballads included in Part Second, are, as nearly as it can possibly be made out, or inferred, arranged

<sup>1</sup> *The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady Wardlaw Heresy.* By Norval Clyne, Aberdeen, MDCCCLIX. As shown by Dr. Chambers's notes to the stanzas quoted by him from "Edom o' Gordon," and therefore as accurately stated by Mr. Norval Clyne, "He"—i.e., Dr. C.—"dwells strongly on points of resemblance between the ballads in dispute, and argues somewhat in this fashion. Number *one* has expressions similar to those in 'Hardyknute;' number *two* contains lines or words wonderfully like some in number *one*; number *three* has, in a similar way, a resemblance to numbers *one* and *two*; and so forth through the whole twenty-five pieces. Take away number *one* therefore—to wit, 'Sir Patrick Spence,' the corner-stone of the structure raised by Mr. Chambers—and Mr. Chambers's logic [!], unsound enough before, becomes too defective to be maintained with gravity." (P. 13.)

It is painful to be under the necessity of passing censure on one who has done so much on behalf of a healthy popular literature.

<sup>2</sup> *Early Scottish Ballads.* By James Hutton Watkins, Member of the Archæological Society of Glasgow. Being a revised paper read at a meeting of the Society, 8th January, 1866.—Printed, Glasgow, MDCCCLXVII.

<sup>3</sup> This class, according to Mr. Motherwell's definition, "Embraces all those narrative songs which derive their origin from historical facts, whether of a public or private nature. The subjects of these are national or personal conflicts, family feuds, public or domestic transactions, personal adventure, or local incidents, which in some shape or other, have fallen under the observation of contemporary and authentic annalists. In general, these compositions may be considered as coeval with the events which they commemorate; but, with this class as with that which has been styled the Romantic ballad, it is not to be expected that, in their progress to our day, they have undergone no modifications of form and these very considerable, from that in which they were originally produced and promulgated among the people."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. ii.

in Chronological order, an arrangement which is quite impossible as regards the ballads contained in Part First. Some attempt, however, has been there made to group together ballads similar in theme or in treatment, or to connect them by references in the respective Introductions prefixed to the individual ballads.

The Introductions referred to preclude the necessity of any further reference to the ballads included in this collection. A few scattered notices regarding some Historical ballads which appear to be lost, together with excerpts of the most interesting passages in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, a passing reference to the Maitland, Bannatyne, and other MSS., followed by some account of our principal printed collections, may, however, be deemed interesting.

Probably the earliest Historical notice, in point of time, "relates to William, brother of King Achaius."<sup>1</sup>

Hume of Godscroft, in his *History of the Family of Douglas*, mentions that "The Lord of Liddesdale, being at his pastyme hunting in Attrick Forest, is beset by William Earle of Douglas, and such as he had ordained for that purpose, and there assailed, wounded, and slain, beside Galeswood, in the year 1353, upon a jealousie, that the Earle had conceived of him with his Lady, as the report goeth, for so sayes the old song:—

The Countesse of Douglas, out of her bowre she came,  
And loudly there that she did call;  
'It is for the Lord of Liddesdale,  
That I let all these teares down fall.'

"The song also declareth how shee did write her love letters to Liddesdale, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise, the manner of the taking of his men, and his own killing at Galeswood, and how he was carried the first night to Linden Kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the Abbacie of Melrose."—*A General History of Scotland*, by David Hume of Godscroft, London, 1657, p. 77.<sup>2</sup>

A stanza of an ancient ballad relating to the Battle of Otter-

<sup>1</sup> One of the *douze peres* of Charlemagne, and who "conquest," says Bellenden, "be his manheid and prowes, sic fame that he was callit *The Knight but Reproche* in all his weris, and got sic riches and landis that he was getrunly renowit among the princiss of France." "It is he," says Hume of Godscroft, "who is named in songs made of him, Scottish Gilmore," which words are simply Hume's rendering of the following words of Major,—*qui a nostratibui vulgariter Scottisgilmor vocatur*. "May we presume then," inquires Finlay, "that since the expression, *vulgariter vocatur*, when applied to Gilmore, appeared to Hume's mind equivalent to 'is named in songs,' these songs must have been still current in the days of the latter historian; or can we only conclude, that at the time when Major wrote (about 1508) he was still a popular hero in Scotland?"—Bellenden's *Boece*, 10 buke, cap. 4. [Hume's] *History of the Family of Douglas*, Major, lib. 11, cap. 13. Finlay's *Ballads*, vol. i., p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Scott quotes the above, and then intimates that "some fragments of this ballad are still current, and will be found in the ensuing work," *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i., Introduction, p. 222. Sir Walter must, however, have overlooked the fragments he refers to, as they do not appear in his work.



bourne (fought 1388), as preserved by the same family historian of the Douglasses, may be found quoted, *post*, p. 426.

“Of the existence of MSS. Romances in Scotland at an early period, and of the esteem in which they were held, the research of [Mr. David Laing] the learned editor of” the “interesting volume entitled, *Early Metrical Tales*, Edinburgh, 1826, presents us with this valuable notice:—‘Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith, the ancestor of the Earls of Morton, in his Last Will and Testament, dated in the year 1390, bequeaths to his son and heir, *Omnes Libros meos tam STATULORUM Regni Scocie quam Romancie.*’ Preface, p. iv.”<sup>1</sup>

Hume of Godscroft, the writer already referred to, furnishes the following stanza:—

“Edinburgh Castle, town, and tower,  
God grant thou, sinke for sinne;  
And that even for the black dinner,  
Earl Douglas gat therein:”

which stanza is supposed to be the sole surviving relic of a ballad referring to what Motherwell justly styles “the infamous murder of William, Sixth Earle of Douglas [and his brother], in the Castle of Edinburgh, in 1440.” But, not as he states, “by the hands of his sovereign.” Although William, the Eighth Earl, fell as infamously, and in violation of a safe conduct, “by the hands of the same sovereign” (1452), in what has since been known as the Douglas room of Stirling Castle.

Hume has also “preserved the beginning of a scoffing rhyme made” with reference to the futile attempt of the Earl of Argyle “to enter the Merse as lieutenant of his Sovereign” (1528). The lines quoted are,—

“The Earl of Argyle is bound to ride  
From the border of Edgebucklin brae;<sup>2</sup>  
And all his habergeons him beside,  
Each man upon a sonk of strae.  
They made their vow that they would slay.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Godscroft, vol. ii., p. 104, edit. 1743.

There issued from the press of “Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, Edinburgh, in the year M.D.VIII.,” a series of early Tracts or Chap-books in black letter, forming the earliest specimens of popular poetry known to have issued from the Scottish press. But the only portion of this series falling specially within the scope of our subject, is

“A Gest of Robyn Hode,” referred to, *post*, p. 322.

<sup>1</sup> Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. xxx., note [†].

<sup>2</sup> “Edgebucklin,” near Musselburgh.—Scott.



*The Complaynt of Scotland* (1549) furnishes us with a curious and interesting list of the "Stories and . . . flet taylis, . . . sum . . . in prose, and sum . . . in verse: . . . [quhilk] the Scheiphirdis,<sup>1</sup> thir vyuis and saruādis [reherseit] ane by ane. . . . Thir var the names of them as eftir followis, the taylis of Cantirberrye.<sup>2</sup> Robert le dyabil duc of Normādie, the tayle of the volfe of the varldis end,<sup>3</sup> Ferrand erl of Flandris that mareit the deuyll,<sup>4</sup> the taiyl of the reyde eyttyn viht the thre heydis,<sup>5</sup> the tail quhou perseus sauit andromada fra the cruel mōstir, the prophysie of merlyne,<sup>6</sup> the tayl of the giantis that eit quyk men<sup>7</sup> on fut by fortht as i culd found, vallaice,<sup>8</sup> the bruce,<sup>8</sup> ypomedon, the tail of the thre futtit dog of narrouay, the tayl quhou Hercules sleu the sarpent hidra that hed vij heydis, the tail quhou the kyng of est mure land mareit the kyngis dochter of vest mure land,<sup>9</sup> Skail gillenderson the kyngis sone of skellye,<sup>10</sup> the tayl of the four sonnys of aymon, the tail of the brig of the mantribil,<sup>11</sup> the tail of Sir euan arthours knyght,<sup>12</sup> rauf collzear,<sup>13</sup> the siege of milan, gauen and

<sup>1</sup> The author of *The Complaynt* states that "euyrie scheipherd hed ane horne spune in the lug of there bonet," p. 66. [Apparently after the same fashion as the tobacco pipe which figures in the hat-band of an Irishman, as depicted or caricatured by Erskine Nicol and the *Punch* artists.] He also relates how "the prencipal scheipherde maid ane orisonne tyll al the laif of his compangzons" [p. 66]; wherein he "indoctryne his nychtbours as he had studeit ptholeme, auerois, aristotel, galien, ypocrites or Cicero, quhilk var expert practicians in methamatic art," and yet strangely enough this learned "Scheiphirde" is described as "ane rustic pastour of bestialite, distitut of vrbante, and of speculatione of natural philosophe" [p. 97].

<sup>2</sup> By Chancer.

<sup>3</sup> *Post*, p. 185.

<sup>4</sup> Referred to in Barbour's *Bruce*, Buke Thryd, v. 468, &c.—Jamieson's edition.

<sup>5</sup> *Post*, p. 199.

<sup>6</sup> *Post*, pp. 208-9, 382, and 335-7.

<sup>7</sup> *Post*, p. 200.

<sup>8</sup> Henry the Minstrel, and Barbour, appear to have done for the Scottish Heroes what Pisistratus is credited with having done for those of Greece, who are celebrated in the Homeric Rhapsodies.—See *ante*, p. ix., and *post*, p. 414.

<sup>9</sup> *Post*, p. 128.

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Pinkerton suggests, and Mr. Motherwell supposes, that the outline of this tale is "to be found in Wintown."—*Cronykil*, A.D. 1158.

<sup>11</sup> Also referred to in Barbour's *Bruce*, where it is said that Charlemagne "Wan Mantrybill, and passed Flagot."—Buke Secund, v. 850 (Jamieson's edition).

<sup>12</sup> *Post*, p. 21.

<sup>13</sup> Mentioned by Gawin Douglas in his *Palace of Honour*, quoted, *post*, p. 403; and by Duubar in his "Address to the King:"—

"Quhen servit is all udir man,  
Gentill and sempill of every clan,  
Kyne of Raul Colyard, and Johnne the Reif;  
Nathing I get, na conquest than;  
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif."

gollogras,<sup>1</sup> lancelot du lac,<sup>2</sup> Arthour knyght he raid  
on nycht viht gyltin spur and candil lycht,<sup>3</sup> the tail of  
floremond of albanye that sleu the dragō be the see,<sup>4</sup> the  
tail of syr valtir the bald leslye,<sup>5</sup> the tail of the pure

<sup>1</sup> Wynthoun mentions Huchowne of the "Awle ryall," or royal palace, as a poet—

"That cunnand wes in literature.  
He made the gret Gest of Arthure,  
And the Awntyre of Gawane,  
The Pystyl als of Sweite Susane.  
He wes curyws in his Style,  
Fayre of facund, and subtile."

Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Deth of the Makklirs," mentions Clerk of Tranent, who made the *Aventers of Sir Gawane*: but whether Huchowne and Clerk be one and the same, or "different persons, and whether this romance be the composition of either, is quite uncertain."

It formed one of a series of popular tracts, printed at Edinburgh "by Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, in the year MDVIII." *Ante*, p. xxiii., and *post*, p. 322.

Pinkerton, in his *Scottish Poems* (1792), reprinted *Gavin and Gollogras*, and also printed, for the first time, another poem under the title of *Sir Gawain and Sir Galoran of Galloway*; but the earlier title of the latter is the *Aventers of Arthure at the Terme Wathelyn*.

<sup>2</sup> One of the most celebrated of the Arthurian Knights. See "*Le Mort Arthur, The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Du Lake*, 1819," printed for the Roxburghe Club.

"*The Scottish Metrical Romance of Lancelot Du Lak*. Now first printed from a manuscript of the fifteenth century, belonging to the University of Cambridge, &c., &c., edited by Joseph Stevenson. Edinb., 1839," printed for the Maitland Club.

"*Lancelot of the Laik*. Edited from the unique MS. in the Cambridge University Library (ab. 1500 A.D.) by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., 1865," printed for the Early English Text Society.

A copy of the extremely rare edition of *Lancelot Du Lac*, 3 vols., black letter, woodcuts, folio, Paris, 1513-20, was lately sold by auction in London. [1871.]

<sup>3</sup> Leyden, in the Preliminary Dissertation prefixed to his edition of the *Complaynt of Scotland* (p. 229), mentions that he had heard these lines "repeated in a nursery tale, of which I only recollect," says he, "the following ridiculous verses:—

'Chick my naggie! chick my naggie!  
How mony miles to Aberdeagie?  
'Tis eight, and eight, and other eight;  
We'll no win there wi' candle light."

<sup>4</sup> "The name of this hero occurs in *Roswall and Lillian*, a metrical romance, which was lately sung as a ballad in the streets of Edinburgh." Leyden. *Ibid*.

<sup>5</sup> "Sir Walter Lesley accompanied his brother Norman to the east, to assist Peter, King of Cyprus; where, according to Fordun, *Cæperunt civitatem Alexandrinam tempore ultimi regis David*." Leyden. *Ibid*, p. 230. But "Mr. Finlay seeks to connect with this a tradition preserved by Verstegan, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, Lond., 1634, p. 292: 'A combat being once fought in *Scotland*, betwene a gentleman of the family of Leslyes, and a knight of *Hungary*, wherein the *Scottish* gentleman was victor; in memory thereof, and of the place where it happened, these ensuing verses doe in *Scotland* yet remaine:—

Betweene the lesseley, and the mare,  
He slew the Knight, and left him there.'

Mackenzie, in his life of John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, gives a different account of this tradition. After mentioning that the family of Lesley sprung from Bartholemey Lesley, a Hungarian gentleman who accompanied Queen Margaret from Hungary to England, and from thence to Scotland, where he married one of her Maids of Honour, about 1067, by whom he had a son, Malcolm; which Malcolm, having been appointed Governor of Edinburgh Castle, defended the same so valiantly, that the king first knighted him, and then made him Governor thereof for life, in reward for his services. 'But this was not all,' says our historian, 'for he desired him to ride a

tynt,<sup>1</sup> claryades and maliades,<sup>2</sup> Arthour of lital bertangze,<sup>3</sup> robene hude and lital ihone,<sup>4</sup> the meruellis of madiueil,<sup>5</sup> the tayl of the zōg tamlene,<sup>6</sup> and of the bald braband, the ryng of the roy Robert,<sup>7</sup> syr egeir and syr

Day's Journey North from Dumfermling, and whenever he bated his horse, he would give him a Mile round. The First place he halted at was *Fechil*, now called Leslie in *Fife*; the Second was at *Innerlepad* in *Angus*; the Third was at Feskie in the Merns; then at *Cushnie* in Mar; and Lastly at *Leslie* in Garioch, where his Horse gave over. Upon his return, the King asked him Where he had left his Horse? He answered, at the *Lessey* beside the Mair. The King noticing, how well that agreed with his name, said to him,—

(Vol. ii., p. 502.) *Lord Lesley shal: thou be,  
And thy Heirs after thee.*"

—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. xlix., note.

<sup>1</sup> "Probably the groundwork of the fairy tale of 'the pure tynt Rashycoat,' a common nursery tale."—Leyden. *Ibid.*, p. 236.

<sup>2</sup> "Of this romance, a fine MS. of the latter part of the 16th century is preserved in the New Hailes Library. Though the end, and seven folios of the beginning, be wanting, it contains above 13,000 lines, and is divided into five books. The romance has all the peculiarities of Scottish diction and orthography; but appears, according to the author's declaration, in the fifth book, to be a translation from the French. . . . .

"The countries of—

'Garnat, Galice, France, and Spaine,  
England, Ireland, Esture, and Castelzie,'

are enumerated in this romance. . . . As well as [the] 'Scott's region.' . . . . This romance is probably alluded to in *Roswall and Lillian*,—

'For blyther was not *Meledas*,  
When as she married *Claudius*;  
Nor Belsant, that most pleasant flower,  
When she got Ronald to paramour!'

Leyden. *Ibid.*, pp. 238-40.

See "*Clariodus: a Metrical Romance*, printed from a Manuscript of the Sixteenth Century, Edited by David Irving, LL.D. Edinb., 1830," printed for the Maitland Club.

<sup>3</sup> "This hero of chivalry is mentioned in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, where 'Largesse' holds by the hand—

'A knight of prise was sibbe to Arthour of Bretaigne.'"—Leyden. *Ibid.*, p. 237.

<sup>4</sup> *Post*, p. 322. Another ballad neither referred to there, nor printed in this work, is given by Mr. Buchan, under the title of "Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant," *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 165, and note, p. 325. It relates the discomfiture of "Jock the Leg," or "Little John," by the "Merchant," who is, therefore, accounted "the strongest and bravest man in the country," seeing that he "overcame Little John, Little John Robin Hood, and Robin Hood all the rest of the country." Just as the "parish schoolmaster" proved by the same gradation of reasoning, "that he was the greatest man in his parish.—*first*, because he ruled over all the children; *secondly*, the children ruled over their mothers; and *thirdly*, the mothers ruled over their husbands." Our American cousins, by the same excellent process of logic, arrive at the satisfactory conclusion that "they can whip creation;" seeing that the Britishers whip the world; and that they whipped the Britishers. The said Britishers having had, of course, no other Powers to fight at the same time.

<sup>5</sup> "Printed by Wynken de Worde, 1499."—Leyden. *Ibid.*, p. 236.

<sup>6</sup> *Post*, p. 186.

<sup>7</sup> Occurs in the Folio Maitland MS., and is there ascribed to "Deine David Steil." A modernized copy is given in Watson's *Collection*, Part II., p. iii.; see also *post*, p. 181.



gryme,<sup>1</sup> beuis of Southamtoun,<sup>2</sup> the goldin targe,<sup>3</sup> the paleis of honour,<sup>4</sup> the tayl quhou acteon vas trāsformit in ane hart, and syne slane be his auen doggis, the tayl of Pirramus and tesbe,<sup>5</sup> the tail of the amours of leander and hero,<sup>6</sup> the tail quhou Iupiter transformit his deir loue yo in ane cou, the tail quhou that iason van the goldin fleice, Opheus kyng of Portingal,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This romance, or it may be some abridgment of it, is thus referred to in the books of the Lord High Treasurer, A.D. 1497. "Item [the xix day of Aprile, in Striuellin], giflin to twa fithelaris, that sang Gray-steil to the King, ix."

Hume, of Godscroft, in his *History of the Family of Douglas*, vol. i., p. 107, states, that James V. was in the habit of naming Douglas of Kilspindie "his Grey-steill." The same redoubtable character is also mentioned by Lindsay in one of his Interludes:—

"This is the sword that slew Grey-steill,  
Nocht half a myle beyond Kynneill."

And his combat with "Sir Grime" is also alluded to by the same author in his *Squire Meldrum*. "A curious MS. volume, entitled 'An Playing Booke for the Lute—noted and collected' at Aberdeen, by Robert Gordon, in the year" 1629, contains the air of "Grey Steel."

"A brief Explanation of the Life, or a Prophecy of the Death, of the Marquess of Argyre, composed in Scottish rhyme by C. C., and printed in 1686, 4to, is appointed to be sung according to the tune of 'Old Grey Steel.'"—Leyden, p. 232.

There are numerous other references to this romance, which seems to have been very popular in Scotland.

Mr. David Laing possesses a copy bequeathed to him by his "old friend, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.," which "has this title: *The History of Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Grey-steel*, printed in the year 1687. It is a little 18mo, pp. 72, black letter, without either the place of printing or the printer's name." "There was also a copy printed at Aberdeen in 1711, of which an abstract is given by Mr. Ellis in his 'Specimens of Early English Romances,' and a reprint by Mr. Laing, in his *Early Metrical Tales*, in 1826."

Another, and apparently more ancient version, is preserved in Bishop Percy's *Folio MS.* (printed copy, vol. i., p. 341).

<sup>2</sup> "This romance is preserved in the Auchinleck MS. . . . As 'the French Tale' is repeatedly quoted, it appears to be a translation from that language. A modernized copy was printed by Pinson, without date. . . . The popularity of this romance appears to have been uncommonly extensive. Lhuyd mentions the Welsh *Ystori Boun o Hamton*. The Italians had *Buovo, d'Antona*, in their own language, before 1348."—Leyden, p. 233. See *Ballad Minstrelsy of England*.

<sup>3</sup> By Dunbar. "Printed at Edinburgh by Chepman and Myllar, 1508."—Leyden, p. 236.

<sup>4</sup> By Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. "Written in 1501, and printed at London, 4to, 1553; and at Edinburgh by Johne Ros, for Heu Charteris, 1579, 4to; both editions rare to excess."—Pinkerton's *List of the Scottish Poets* (p. xcvi.), prefixed to "*Ancient Scottish Poems* . . . from the MSS. Collections of Sir Richard Maitland," vol. i.

<sup>5</sup> This classical tale is given in *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, p. 42, (*Park's Heliconia*, vol. ii.) But the version given there may not be the same as the one here referred to.

<sup>6</sup> In the ROXBURGH COLLECTION, and in Mr. Payne Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 227, occurs, "The Tragedy of Hero and Leander. To a pleasant new tune, or, I will never love the more." A song, or ballad founded on it, appeared in the *Tea-table Miscellany*, vol. ii., p. 138, and was inserted by Ritson in his *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii., p. 198. It is not at all likely that either has any claim to be identified with the story or *flet tayle* here referred to.

<sup>7</sup> A romance, entitled *Orfeo and Heurodis*, is preserved in the Auchinleck MS. Orfeo is, however, there represented as King of Winchester. "Unlike the classical story, the catastrophe terminates quite successfully. The description of Fairyland is equally beautiful for the composition, and curious for the mythology."—Leyden, p. 244. This version has been reprinted by Mr. David Laing in his *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*, 1822; another, from the Harleian MS., is included in Ritson's *Ancient Metrical Romances*, 1802, vol. ii., p. 248; and a third is



the tayl of the goldin appil, the tayl of the thre vierd systirs,<sup>1</sup> the tayl quhou that dedalus maid the laborynth to keip the mōstir minotaurus, the tail quhou kyng midas gat tua asse luggis on his hede be cause of his auereis.<sup>2</sup>

¶ Quhen thir Scheiphyrdis hed tald al thyr pleyсанд storeis, than they and their vyuis began to sing sueit melodius sangis of natural music of the antiquite, as eftir follouis. (See *The Songs of Scotland, Chronologically Arranged*, p. xxvii.)

[Some of the pieces enumerated among the "sueit melodius sangis" are, however, properly speaking, ballads. For instance:—

"The frog cam to the myl dur."<sup>3</sup>

"the sang of gilquhiskhar."<sup>4</sup>

"god sen the duc, hed byddin in France,  
And delabante had neyur cum hame."<sup>5</sup>

"the battel of the hayrlau" [*post*, p. 443].

"The hunttis of cheuet" [*post*, p. 425-6].

"The persee and the mongumrye met  
that day, that gentil day" [*post*, p. 424].

"my luf is laid upon ane knight" [*post*, p. 476]. ]

¶ Thir Scheiphirdis ande there vyuis sang mony vthir melodi' sangis, the quhilkis i hef nocht in memorie. than eftir this sueit célest armonye, tha began to dance in ane ring. euyrie ald scheipherd led his vyfe be the hand, and euyrie zong scheipherd led her quhome he luffit best. Ther vas viij. scheiphyrdis,

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preserved in the Ashmolean MSS., LX., No. 38. One of Henryson's poems, inspired by the same theme, was printed by Chepman and Myllar, in the year 1508, under this title:—

"Heire begynnys the traite of Orpheus Kyng, and how he yeid to hewyn and to hel to seik his quene."—*Post*, p. xxxi.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Motherwell supposes the outline of this story to be given in the following lines, relating to a dream which was dreamt, or vision which was seen, by Macbeth:—

"Thre werd systiris most lyk to be  
The first he heard say, gangaude by,  
*Lo yonder the Thayne of Crumbachty!*  
The Tother woman said agayn,  
*Of Murray yonder I se the Thayn!*  
The Thrid than said, *I se the kyng!*"

This is the fountain-head of the story which the immortal Shakespeare introduces with such effect in his sublime tragedy of "Macbeth."—Act I., Scene iii.

<sup>2</sup> The "Stories and flet taylis" not referred to in the notes are, with the exception of two, either French or Classical.

<sup>3</sup> This is probably one of the numerous versions of the nursery ballad, "A frog he would a-wooing go."

<sup>4</sup> Is supposed to have been an historic ballad, but time, place, circumstance, and person are alike unknown.

<sup>5</sup> This appears to have been a ballad on the Chevalier De la Beaute, whom the Regent John, Duke of Albany, left as his deputy when he returned to France. The unfortunate Frenchman was savagely murdered by the Laird of Wedderburn and others, A.D. 1517

and ilk ane of them hed ane syndry instrument to play to the laif. the fyrst hed ane drone bag pipe, the nyxt hed ane pipe maid of ane bleddir and of ane reid, the third playit on ane trump, the feyrd on ane corne pipe, the fyft playit on ane pipe maid of ane gait horne, the sext playt on a recorder, the seuiut plait on ane fiddil, and the last plait on ane quhissil.<sup>1</sup> . . . . in the fyrst thai dancit, al cristyn mennis dance, the northt of Scotland, huntis up, the comout entray, lang plat fut of garian, Robone hude, thom of lyn, freris al ennyrnes, the loch of slene, the gosseps dance, leuis grene, makky, the speyde, the flail, the lammes vynde, soutra, cum kyttil me naykyt vantounly, schayke leg fut befor gossep, Rank at the rute, baglap and al, johne ermistrangis dance, the alman haye, the bace of voragon, dangeir, the beye, the dede dāce, the dance of kylryne, the vod and the val, schaik a trot.—*The Complaynt of Scotland*, edited by John Leyden, 8vo, 1801, pp. 98, 99, 100, 101, 103.

[Among the dances enumerated, the following are named after ballad heroes:—

“Robone hude” [*post*, p. 322].

“thom of lyn” [*post*, p. 186].

“johne ermistrangis dance” [*post*, p. 489].]

In addition to the “Storeis and flet Taylis” already named, the author of *The Complaynt* (p. 223) refers to the “Tale of the Priests of Peblis.”<sup>2</sup>

But, as remarked by Leyden, the list “cannot be considered as complete, though it marks the peculiar taste of the author.”

No reasonable argument against the antiquity of “Sir Patrick Spens,” or any other presumedly ancient ballad or song, can therefore be founded on the silence of *The Complaynt* regarding them. In fact, it must be obvious to the most superficial reader, that many of the pieces enumerated could never have been popular among Scottish shepherds<sup>3</sup> and their wives, while

<sup>1</sup> The musical powers of “kyng amphon,” “appollo,” “al the scheipherdis that virgil makkis mention in his bucolikis,” “orpheus,” “the scheiphyrd pan,” “nor mercurius,” “culd nocht be comparit to thir foir said scheiphyrdis.”—*Complaynt*, p. 102.

The superlative excellence of their dancing is also graphically described:—“for fyrst thai begū vitht tua bekkis and vitht a kysse. euripides, iuenal, perseus, horasse, nor nane of the satiric poiettes quhilkis mouit ther bodies as thai hed bene dansand quhen thai pronuncit ther tragiedeis, none of them kepit moir geometrial mesure nor thir scheiphyrdis did in thir dansing. nor ludius that vas the fyrst dansar of rome, culd nocht haf been comparit to thir scheiphirdis.” Well might the author exclaim that he “beheld neuyr ane mair dilectabil recreatiōe.”—*Complaynt*, p. 102.

<sup>2</sup> Pinkerton, in his “List of the Scottish Poets,” prefixed to *Ancient Scottish Poems*, vol. i., p. c., writes:—

“A curious relique of old Scottish poetry, called *The thrie tales of the thrie priests of Peblis*; containing many notabil examples and sentences. [Imprinted at Edinburgh be Robert Charteris, 1603, 4to, bl. l., 13 leaves.]”

<sup>3</sup> See note, *ante*, p. xxiv.

the whole scene of Arcadian or "sweet celestial harmony" and simplicity conjured up by the author was entirely alien to the stern reality witnessed in the Scotland of that age.

As *The Complaynt* is chiefly valued and referred to on account of the passages quoted above, it has been deemed advisable to give them in the orthography of the author, as represented by Leyden.<sup>1</sup>

The *Maitland MSS.*, Folio and Quarto, A.D. 1555-86,<sup>2</sup> the one written by Sir Richard Maitland, and the other by his daughter; and the *Bannatyne MS.*, written by George Bannatyne, A.D. 1568;<sup>3</sup> contain poems by Dunbar,<sup>4</sup> Gawin Douglas, Henryson, Alexander Scot, Sir Richard Maitland, and other *makkars*, named and unnamed; but, with two or three exceptions, the poems contained in these *MSS.* cannot, properly speaking, be classed as ballads, although others of them have been published as such in more than one collection. Those which, by an exercise of the most liberal construction, can be regarded as having any affinity with ballad literature are as follows (M., marking those peculiar to the *Maitland MSS.*; B., those peculiar to the *Bannatyne MS.*; and C., one which is common to both):—

"Peblis to the play."<sup>5</sup> [M.]

"Chrystis Kirk on the Grene."<sup>6</sup> [C.]

"The Duik of Orlyance in Defence of the Scots."<sup>7</sup> [M.]

"The ryng of the roy Robert."<sup>7</sup> [M.]

"Quhy sould not Allane honorit be?"<sup>8</sup> [B.]

"In Auchtermuchty thair dwalt ane man."<sup>9</sup> [B.]

"The grit debait and turnament."<sup>10</sup> [B.]

<sup>1</sup> The Early English Text Society announced a new edition of this curious and interesting work for their issue of 1870.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of the contents of these *MSS.*, see Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems*, vol. ii., Appendix I.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, and more accurately in *Memorials of George Bannatyne*, 1829, 4to, a volume, printed for the Bannatyne Club.

<sup>4</sup> "The Twa Mareit Wemen, and the Wedo" a tale by Dunbar, is contained in the *Maitland Folio MS.*, and "The Friars of Berwick," ascribed to him, is given in both it and the *Bannatyne MS.*

<sup>5</sup> Ascribed to James I. of Scotland.

<sup>6</sup> Ascribed to James I. of Scotland by some critics, and to his descendant, James V., by others. Both poems are given by Pinkerton in his *Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii.

<sup>7</sup> See *ante*, p. xxvi. Pinkerton supposes both to be by the same author, and rates them but poorly. They are given by Mr. David Laing, in his *Select Remains*, &c.

<sup>8</sup> Is stated to be "quod Allan Watson." It was "transcribed and transmitted by Dr. Leyden" to Jamieson, in whose *Popular Ballads, &c.*, vol. ii., it appears, along with four other versions—two Scottish and two English—the latter of which are preserved in the Pepysian and Roxburghe collections.

<sup>9</sup> Stated to be by "Mofat," but this is inserted in a different hand. It has been printed with more or less accuracy by Ramsay and others, and with additions.

<sup>10</sup> "Quod Alexander Scot." It is written in imitation of "Peebles to the Play" and "Christ's Kirk on the Green."



"The Bludy Serk."<sup>1</sup> [B.]

"Robene and Makyne."<sup>1</sup> [B.]

"The Raid of Reidsquair."<sup>2</sup> [B. *Post*, p. 521.]

"Ane Ballat of the Nine Nobles," "occurs at the end of the large and splendid copy of Fordun's *Chronicle*, in the University Library of Edinburgh, and is written in the same hand with the rest of the manuscript," says Mr. David Laing, who inserts it in his *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1824. 4to.<sup>3</sup>

"During the heat of the Reformation there were many 'ballatis, sangis, blasphematiounis rhymes, alsweill of kirkmen as temporall and vtheris tragedies,' published; but none of these . . . have reached to our day in a *collected form*."

"That patchwork of blasphemy, absurdity, and gross obscenity, which the zeal of an early Reformer spawned under the captivating title of *Ane Compendiows Booke of Godlie and Spiritvall Songs*,<sup>4</sup> is neither comprehended under the description of Song we are now in quest of, nor do its miserable and prophane parodies reflect any trace whatever of the stately ancient narrative ballad."<sup>5</sup>

Several manuscript Music Books assigned to the seventeenth century contain a few airs, which, judging from their titles, seem to belong to ballads.

<sup>1</sup> By Robert Henryson. The first-named allegorical piece is written in the regular ballad stanza, and is given by Professor Aytoun in his collection of *Scottish Ballads*. Both it and the exquisite pastoral of "Robene and Makyne" are given by Professor Child in his *English and Scottish Ballads*. While to these might be added "The Reasoning betwixt Aige and Youth," and "The Reasoning betwixt Deth and Man," both of which belong to a class long popular as Broad-sides—as, for example, "Death and the Lady," a piece which seems to have been popular in England in the days of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. (See Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i., p. 164; and "The Life and Age of Man," referred to by Burns in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 16th August, 1788, and by some supposed to have been the inspirer of his "Man was made to Mourn.") Another of Henryson's poems, "The Garmond of Gude Ladeis," has a strong affinity to the ballads given respectively by Kinloch, entitled, "The Gardener," and by Buchan, entitled, "The Gardener Lad." See also *ante*, p. xxviii.)

<sup>2</sup> This ballad must have been inserted subsequent to the date assigned to the *Bannatyne MS.*, as the skirmish it commemorates occurred in 1575.

Another poem, ascribed to "Wilm Alexander of Menstrie," must have been inserted in the *MS.* long after the above date, as William Alexander was not born until 1580. See *The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, now first Collected and Edited, with Memoir and Notes*, 3 vols., crown 8vo. Glasgow, 1870-71.

<sup>3</sup> The nine nobles celebrated in this ballad are David, Hector, Alexander, Judas Machabeus, Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bullogne, and Robert the Brus.

<sup>4</sup> *A Compendious Book of Psalms and Spiritual Songs, commonly known as "The Gude and Godlie Ballates."* Edinburgh: reprinted from the Edition of 1578. MDCCCLXVIII.

The edition of which the above is the title and imprint, appeared under the able editorship of Mr. David Laing, who has added a preface, notes, and glossary. He states, "that any edition was printed in Scotland, prior to 1560, is extremely unlikely," and "the earliest intimation of the book in a printed form, occurs in . . . James Melville's Diary, under the year 1570."—Notes, p. 211.

<sup>5</sup> Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lix.



For example: Gordon of Straloch's Lute Book, A.D. 1627-9, contains,—

“There were three Ravens” [*post*, p. 343].

“Gray Steel” [*ante*, p. xxvii.]

“Thir Gowans ar Gey.”<sup>1</sup>

Sir William Mure of Rowallan's Lute Book, “probably noted sometime between the years 1612 and 1628,” contains,—

“Mary Beaton's Row.”<sup>2</sup>

“Battle of Harlaw” [*post*, p. 443].

Nearly fifty Scottish Melodies, noted in tablature, next turn up in a most unexpected quarter—“namely, in the midst of a little volume of closely-written notes of sermons, preached by the well-known James Guthrie, the Covenanting minister, who was executed in 1611.” This discovery we owe to Mr. David Laing, to whom the friends of early Scottish literature are under so many obligations.

It is not at all probable that the Sermons and Music were written and noted by the same person. See note (6), under. The volume contains,—

“Long a-growing.”<sup>3</sup>

“The Bonnie Broom.”<sup>4</sup>

“Sweet Willie.”<sup>5</sup>

“Bessy Bell.”<sup>6</sup>

The Skene MS., which Mr. Daunev was disposed to date A.D. 1612-20, but a portion at least of which Mr. Chappell has shown reason for dating considerably later, contains,—

“The Lass o' Glasgowe.”<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A ballad having “There gowans are gay” for the second, and “The first morning of May,” for the fourth line of each stanza, occurs in Forbes's Aberdeen *Cantus*, of which work editions appeared successively in the years 1662, 1666, and 1682. The same work contains “Elore, Lo,” and both were copied by Herd. Professor Aytoun transferred the latter from Herd to his *Scottish Ballads*, vol. i. Although he suspected it to be ancient, he confessed himself to be ignorant of its antecedents. Mr. J. S. Roberts, however, who probably copied it from Professor Aytoun's work, confidently affirms that it “was first printed in Herd's collection.”—*Legendary Ballads*, p. 475.

<sup>2</sup> This may be one of the ballads referred to by Knox [*post*, p. 509].

<sup>3</sup> A version of this ballad, under the title of “Lady Mary Anne,” appears in Johnson's *Museum*, cccclxxvii., and was communicated by Burns, who is supposed to have dressed it up. Another version, under the title of “The Young Laird of Craigstoun,” was given by Mr. Maidment in his *North Country Garland*, p. 12; while a third was given in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of *Burns*, vol. iii., p. 42.

<sup>4</sup> Supposed to be one or other of the forms of the popular pastoral, entitled, “The Broom of Cowdenknowes.”

<sup>5</sup> This may be the tune of “Sweet Willie and Lady Margerie” [*post*, p. 41], or of “Sweet Willie and Fair Annie” [*post*, p. 261].

<sup>6</sup> As the incident on which the ballad which gives name to this tune was founded occurred in 1645, the musical portion of the volume must consequently date subsequent thereto,—at least this tune must.

<sup>7</sup> This may be the original of “Glasgow Peggy,” of which versions have appeared in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 40; Kinloch's *Scottish Ballads*, p. 174; Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. iv., p. 78; and in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 155, under the title of “Donald of the Isles.”

The principal printed Collections containing Scottish Ballads or Poems, which have been printed and classed as such, are as follows:—

“A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, Both Ancient and Modern, By several Hands. Edinburgh, printed by *James Watson*: Sold by *John Vallange*.” [Three Parts, 1706, 1709, and 1711. Second ed. of Part i., 1713.]<sup>1</sup>

“The Evergreen, Being a Collection of Scots Poems, Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh, 1724.” 2 vols.<sup>2</sup>

“The Tea Table Miscellany: A Collection of Choice Songs, Scotch and English. Edinburgh, 1724, and after.” 4 vols.<sup>3</sup>

“Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, &c., By Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore.” London, 1st ed., 1765, 4th ed. (improved), 1794.<sup>4</sup>

“Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.,” [Edited by David Herd, assisted by George Paton.] Edinburgh, 1769. 2d ed., in 2 vols., 1776.<sup>5</sup>

“The Scots Musical Museum,” &c., by James Johnson. Edinburgh, 6 vols., 1787-1803. [3d ed., “With copious Notes and Illustrations. . . . by the late William Stenhouse,” and “with additional Notes and Illustrations by David Laing and C. K. Sharpe, Edinburgh, 1853.” 4 vols.]<sup>6</sup>

“Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” &c. [1st and 2d vols., 1802; 3d 1803. Last ed. revised by Sir Walter Scott, Caddell, Edinburgh, 1830. 4 vols.]<sup>7</sup>

“Popular Ballads and Songs . . . by Robert Jamieson.” Edinburgh, 1806. 2 vols.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is the earliest collection of *Scots Poems* issued in book form.

<sup>2</sup> Most of the poems contained in *The Evergreen* were printed from the Bannatyne MS.; but they are given very inaccurately. It contains also “Hardyknute,” “The Vision,” &c., which had no right to a place under such a title as the above.

<sup>3</sup> The earliest *Collection of Scots Songs*, and the basis of all subsequent collections.

<sup>4</sup> The *Reliques* contain a larger number of Scottish Ballads than had previously appeared in print, at least in a collected form. Most, if not all of them, were transmitted by Lord Hailes.

<sup>5</sup> Contributes largely to our stock of ballads; many fragments being also gleaned up and preserved which might otherwise have perished.

<sup>6</sup> The *Notes and Illustrations* were added to this last edition, of which they form the 4th volume; but in other respects the editions are the same, both being paged continuously; vols. i. to vi. of the 1st ed. corresponding with vols i. to iii. of the 3d ed. Music, Words, and Notes all combine to render this the most valuable compendium of Scottish Song prior to the beginning of the present century, and indispensable to those who wish to know nearly all that is known or can be ascertained regarding our National Song and Music up to that period.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Motherwell, referring to “this great national work,” remarks,—“Fortunate it was for the Heroick and Legendary Song of Scotland that this work was undertaken, and still more fortunate that its execution devolved upon one so well qualified in every respect to do its subject the most ample justice.” The present work contains, with very few exceptions, all the genuine relics of Traditionary Ballads first given to the world by The Great Wizard of the North, who won his spurs as collector and editor of the above-named work.

<sup>8</sup> For some account of Mr. Jamieson’s contributions to the Ballad Literature of Scotland, see *ante*, p. xvi.

“Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern, with an Historical Introduction and Notes. By William Motherwell.” Glasgow, 1827.<sup>1</sup>

“Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, Hitherto Unpublished, With Explanatory Notes by Peter Buchan.” Edinburgh: printed for W. & D. Laing, and J. Stevenson, &c., 1828. 2 vols.<sup>2</sup>

Numerous collections, many of them of considerable value, although of minor importance, compared with those just named, are referred to under:—<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The “Historical Introduction and Notes” by Mr. Motherwell cannot be too highly praised, and rendered his *Minstrelsy* really invaluable to all who desired a comprehensive, and, at the same time, minute acquaintance with almost everything pertaining to or known regarding Scottish Ballads, up to the date of publication, and prior to the issue of the present work, in which the information he so industriously and intelligently gathered together and imparted is nearly all incorporated and supplemented.

<sup>2</sup> “The most extensive and valuable additions,” writes Sir Walter Scott, “which have been of late made to this branch of ancient literature, are the collections of Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, a person of indefatigable research in that department, and whose industry has been crowned with the most successful results;” and again—“Of the originality of the ballads in Mr. Buchan’s collection, we do not entertain the slightest doubt.” After stating several good and valid reasons for this opinion, he further adds,—“Accordingly, we have never seen any Collection of Scottish Poetry appearing, from internal evidence, so decidedly and indubitably original. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Buchan did not remove some obvious errors and corruptions; but in truth, though their remaining on record is an injury to the effect of the ballads in point of composition, it is, in some degree, a proof of their authenticity.”—Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., pp. 85-8.

<sup>3</sup> “Aberdeen *Cantus*; 1st. ed., 1662; 2nd. ed., 1666; 3rd. ed., 1682. Pinkerton’s *Scottish Tragic Ballads*, 1781, and *Select Scottish Ballads*, 2 vols., 1783. Caw’s *Poetical Museum*, Hawick, 1784. Ritson’s *Scottish Song*, 2 vols., 1794. *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, Edited by J. G. Dalzell, 1801. Finlay’s *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, 2 vols., 1808. Evan’s *Old Ballads*, &c., 2 vols., 1777; 4 vols., 1784; new ed., revised, 1810. Cromek’s *Select Scottish Songs*, 2 vols., 1810. Gilchrist’s *Collection of Ballads*, &c., 2 vols., 1815. Hogg’s *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*, 2 vols., 1819 and 1821. Smith’s *Scottish Minstrel*, 6 vols., 1820-24. Struthers’ *British Minstrel*, 1821. Laing’s (David) *Select Remains*, &c., 1822. Laing’s (Alex.), *Scarce Ancient Ballads*, 1822, and *Thistle of Scotland*, 1823. Webster’s *Curious Old Ballads*, 1824. *A Ballad Book* by C. K. Sharpe, 1824. *A North Country Garland*, by Maidment, 1824. MacTaggart’s *Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia*, 1824. Buchan’s *Gleanings*, 1825. Allan Cunningham’s *Songs of Scotland*, 4 vols., 1825. David Laing’s *Early Metrical Tales*, 1826. Kinloch’s *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827; and *The Ballad Book*, 1827. Lyle’s *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, 1827. *Jacobite Minstrelsy*, Glasgow, 1829. Michel’s *Hughes de Lincoln*, &c., Paris, 1834. Maidment’s *Ballads*, &c., 1834. Daune’s *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, 1838. Madden’s *Syr Gawayne*, &c., 1839. *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads* [from a MS. of Peter Buchan’s], edited by J. H. Dixon, 1845. Chambers’s *Popular Rhymes*, &c. [three editions, 1826, 1842, and 1870]. *A New Book of Old Ballads*, by Maidment, 1844. Whitelaw’s *Book of Scottish Ballads*, 1845. Richardson’s *Borderer’s Table Book*, 8 vols., 1841-6. *The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, &c., By James Paterson 2 parts, 1846-7. Maidment’s *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, 1859. *Bishop Percy’s Folio Manuscript*, printed copy, 3 vols., 1868. Maidment’s *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, &c., 2 vols., 1868. Logan’s *Pedlar’s Pack*, 1868. Professor Child’s *English and Scottish Ballads*, 8 vols., 1861—so often referred to and commended in this work—is specially valuable on account of its giving nearly every British Ballad or Ballad version worthy of preservation. The professedly collated collections are:—Chambers’s *Scottish Ballads*, &c., 1829. Aytoun’s *Ballads of Scotland*, 2 vols., 1858; 2nd edition, 1859. Allingham’s *Ballad Book* (British), 1864. Robert’s *Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland*, 1868.



# BALLAD MINSTRELSY OF SCOTLAND,

## ROMANTIC AND HISTORICAL.

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### PART I.—EARLY ROMANTIC.

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#### FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHRYAN.

The different versions of this favourite ballad are—

- I. Herd's—"The Bonnie Lass of Lochroyan."  
*Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, &c.*, vol. i., p. 149.
- II. Scott's—"The Lass of Lochroyan."  
*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii., p. 199.
- III. Jamieson's—"Fair Annie of Lochroyan."  
*Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 36.
- IV. Buchan's—"Love Gregory."  
*Ancient Ballads and Songs, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 198.

The text here printed has been collated from the four versions named above.

A short fragment appeared in Johnson's *Museum*, vol. i., p. 5; and "Mr. Cunningham, in his *Songs of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 298, favoured the world with an ample specimen of his own poetical talents,"\* based on the version of Sir Walter Scott. Songs on the story of "fair Annie" have also been written by Dr. Wolcot, Burns, and Jamieson.

Scott's version "is composed of verses selected from three MS. copies, and two obtained from recitation. Two of the copies are in Herd's MS.; the third in that of Mrs. Brown, of Falkland."—*Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 199.

\* Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxi.



Jamieson's version is, he states, "given *verbatim* from the large MS. collection, transmitted from Aberdeen, by my zealous and industrious friend, Professor Robert Scott, of that University. It was first written down many years ago, with no view towards being committed to the press; and is now given from the copy then taken, with the addition only of stanzas 22 and 23 (41 and 42 of the present version), which the editor has inserted from memory."—*Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 36.

Sir Walter Scott observes, that "the lover, who, if the story be real, may be supposed to have been detained by sickness, is represented in the legend as confined by fairy charms in an enchanted castle situated in the sea;" and he adds, that "the ruins of ancient edifices are still visible on the summits of most of those small islands, or rather insulated rocks, which lie along the coast of Ayrshire and Galloway, as Ailsa and Big Scaur."

Mr. Chambers describes Lochryan as "a beautiful, though somewhat wild and secluded bay, which projects from the Irish Channel into Wigtonshire (district of Galloway), having the little seaport of Stranraer situated at its bottom."—*Scottish Ballads*, p. 225.

Concerning this ballad, Burns remarks:—"It is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune, which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of, these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few, as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, 'The Lass of Lochroyan,' which I take to be Lochryan, in Galloway."—Cromek's *Reliques*, p. 196.

With reference to the "bonnie boat," which figures so prominently in the ballad, the following extract may be quoted as attesting the accuracy with which its fittings and decorations are described:—

"According to Froissart, the vessels of the French fleet, prepared for the invasion of England in the tenth year of Richard II., were painted with arms, and gilded; their banners, pennons, and standards were formed of silk; and the masts, which glittered like gold, were painted from the top to the bottom. When the ancient popular ballads, therefore, describe the masts of a vessel as shining like gold or silver, or mention the 'sails of light green silk, and the tows of taffetic,' they probably adhere more strictly to the *antique costume* than a cursory observer would be apt to imagine."—Leyden's Preliminary Dissertation to *The Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 116.

- 1 OH, it fell on a Wodensday,  
Lord Gregory's ta'en the sea,  
And he has left his fair Annie,  
And a weary woman was she.
- 2 He hadna sailed away from her  
A day but barely three,  
Till she has born a fair young son  
To her Lord Gregory.

- 
- 3 He hadna sailed away from her  
A week but barely aue,  
Till fair Annie, in child-bed laid,  
For Lord Gregory did mane.
- 4 "Oh, wha will shoe my bonnie foot?  
And wha will glove my hand?  
And wha will lace my middle jimp  
With a lang, lang linen band?"
- 5 "Oh, wha will kame my yellow hair  
With a new-made silver kame?  
And wha will father my young son,  
Till Lord Gregory come hame?"
- 6 "Thy father will shoe thy bonnie foot,  
Thy mother will glove thy hand,  
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,  
Till Lord Gregory come to land.
- 7 "Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair  
With a new-made silver kame,  
And God will be thy bairn's father  
Till Lord Gregory come hame."
- 8 She hadna born her fair young son  
A day but barely three,  
Till word has to fair Annie come,  
Her lord she'd nae mair see.
- 9 "Oh, I will get a carpenter  
To build a boat to me;  
And I will get bold mariners,  
With me to sail the sea.
- 10 "And I will seek him, love Gregory,  
In lands where'er he be;  
Oh, I will gang to love Gregory,  
Since he canna come to me."
- 11 Her father he gar'd build a boat,  
And fitted it royallie;  
The sails were of the light green silk,  
The tows of taffetie.
- 12 The masts of burnish'd gold were made,  
And far o'er sea they shone;  
The bulwarks richly were inlaid  
With pearl and royal bone.

- 13 At every needle tack was in't  
There hung a silver bell,  
That softly tinkled with the breeze,  
Or salt sea's heaving swell.
- 14 And he has gi'en her the bonnie boat,  
And sent her to the strand;  
She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
And turn'd her back to land.
- 15 She hadna sail'd but twenty leagues,  
But twenty leagues and three,  
When she met with a rank rover,  
And all his companie.
- 16 "Now whether are ye the queen hersell  
(For sae ye weel might be),  
Or are ye the lass of Lochryan,  
Seekin' Lord Gregory?"
- 17 "Oh, I am not the queen," she said,  
"Tho' sic I seem to be;  
But I am the lass of Lochryan,  
Seekin' Lord Gregory."
- 18 "Oh, see na thou yon bonnie bower?  
It's all cover'd o'er with tin;  
When thou hast sail'd it round about,  
Lord Gregory is within."
- 19 And when she saw the stately tower,  
Shining sae clear and bright,  
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,  
Built on a rock of height.
- 20 Says—"Row, row ye, my mariners,  
And bring me to the land!  
For yonder I see my love's castle,  
Close by the salt sea strand."
- 21 She sail'd it round and round about,  
And loud and sair cried she—  
"Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,  
And set my true love free!"
- 22 She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
And to the door she's gane;  
And long she knock'd, and sair she call'd,  
But answer got she nane.

- 23 "Oh, open the door, Lord Gregory!  
Oh, open, and let me in!  
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,  
And the rain draps o'er my chin."
- 24 The night was dark, and the wind blew cauld,  
And her love was fast asleep,  
And the bairn that was in her twa arms  
Full sair began to greet.
- 25 Lang stood she at her true love's door,  
And lang tirl'd at the pin;  
At length up got his fause mother,  
Says—"Wha's that wou'd be in?"
- 26 "Oh, it is Annie of Lochryan,  
Your love come o'er the sea,  
And your young son is in my arms,  
Sae open the door to me."
- 27 "Awa, awa, ye ill woman!  
Ye're no come here for good,  
Ye're but some witch or wil' warlock,  
Or mermaid of the flood."
- 28 "I am neither witch nor wil' warlock,  
Nor mermaid of the sea;  
But I am Annie of Lochryan;  
Oh, open the door to me!"
- 29 "If thou be Annie of Lochryan  
(As I trow thou binna she),  
Now tell me some of the love-tokens  
That pass'd between thee and me."—
- 30 "Oh, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,  
As we twa sat at dine,  
We chang'd the rings frae our fingers,  
And I can show thee thine?"
- 31 "Oh, yours was gude, and gude enough,  
But no sae gude as mine;  
For yours was of the gude red gold,  
But mine of the diamond fine.
- 32 "Now open the door, Lord Gregory,  
Open the door, I pray!  
For thy young son is in my arms,  
And will be deid ere day."



- 33 "If thou be the lass of Lochryan  
(As I kenna thou to be),  
Tell me some mair of the love-tokens  
Pass'd between me and thee."
- 34 "Oh, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,  
When we sat at the wine,  
How we chang'd the napkins frae our necks—  
It's nae sae lang sinsyne?"
- 35 "And yours was gude, and gude enough,  
But nae sae gude as mine;  
For yours was of the cambric clear,  
But mine of the silk sae fine.
- 36 "Sae open the door, now, love Gregory,  
And open it with speed;  
Or your young son, that is in my arms,  
With cauld will soon be deid."
- 37 "Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
Gae frae my door for shame;  
For I ha'e gotten anither fair love,  
Sae ye may hie ye hame."
- 38 "Oh, ha'e ye gotten anither fair love,  
For all the oaths ye sware?  
Then fare ye weel, fause Gregory,  
For me ye's ne'er see mair!"
- 39 Fair Annie turn'd her round about—  
"Weel! since that it be sae,  
May ne'er a woman that has born a son  
Ha'e a heart sae full of wae!"
- 40 Oh, hooly, hooly gaed she back,  
As the day began to peep;  
She set her foot on good ship board,  
And sair, sair did she weep.
- 41 "Take down, take down the mast of gold,  
Set up the mast of tree;  
Ill sets it a forsaken lady  
To sail sae gallantlie.
- 42 "Take down, take down the sails of silk,  
Set up the sails of skin;  
Ill sets the outside to be gay,  
When there's sic grief within!"

- 43 When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,  
And the sun began to peep,  
Lord Gregory started frae his sleep,  
And sair, sair did he weep.
- 44 "Oh, I ha'e dream'd a dream, mother,  
I wish it may prove true,  
That the bonnie lass of Lochryan  
Was at the yate e'en now.
- 45 "Oh, I ha'e dream'd a dream, mother,  
I wish it be not sae;  
I dream'd a dream last night, mother,  
That gars my heart feel wae.
- 46 "I dream'd that Annie of Lochryan,  
The flower of all her kin,  
Was standin' mournin' at my door,  
But nane wou'd let her in.
- 47 "Oh, I ha'e dream'd a dream, mother—  
The thought o't gars me greet—  
That fair Annie of Lochryan  
Lay cauld deid at my feet."
- 48 "If it be for Annie of Lochryan  
That ye make all this din,  
She stood all last night at your door,  
But I trow she wan na in."
- 49 "Oh, wae betide ye, ill woman!  
An ill deid may ye dee!  
That wadna open the door to her,  
Nor yet wou'd wauken me."
- 50 Oh, he's gane down to yon shore side  
As fast as he cou'd fare;  
He saw fair Annie in the boat,  
But the wind it toss'd her sair.
- 51 "And hey, Annie! and how, Annie!  
O Annie, winna ye bide?"  
But aye the mair he cried "Annie,"  
The braider grew the tide.
- 52 "And hey, Annie! and how, Annie!  
Dear Annie, speak to me!"  
But aye the louder he cried "Annie,"  
The louder roar'd the sea.

- 53 The wind grew loud, the sea grew rough,  
And the ship was rent in twain;  
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,  
Come floating o'er the main.
- 54 He saw his young son in her arms,  
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;  
He wrang his hands, and plung'd himsell  
Into the sea sae wide.
- 55 The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,  
And dashed the boat on shore;  
Fair Annie floated through the foam,  
But the babie rase no more.
- 56 Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,  
And made a heavy moan;  
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet—  
Her bonnie young son was gone.
- 57 Oh, cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
And golden was her hair;  
But clay-cauld were her rosy lips—  
Nae spark of life was there.
- 58 And first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,  
And syne he kiss'd her chin,  
And syne he kiss'd her rosy lips—  
There was nae breath within.
- 59 "Oh, wae betide my cruel mother!  
An ill death may she dee!  
She turn'd my true love frae my door,  
Wha came sae far to me.
- 60 "Oh, wae betide my cruel mother!  
An ill death may she dee!  
She turned fair Annie frae my door,  
Wha died for love of me."
- 61 Oh, he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,  
Till the sun was ganging down;  
Syne with a sigh his heart it burst,  
And his saul to heaven has flown.

THE DROWNED LOVERS; OR, WILLIE AND MAY  
MARGARET.

A fragment of this ballad, extending to sixteen stanzas, first appeared, under the title of "Willie and May Margaret," in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 134, where he says, "it was taken from the recitation of Mrs. Brown of Falkland." Motherwell reprinted the same fragment in his *Minstrelsy*, p. 155; and in his Appendix ii., p. iii., appear sixteen additional stanzas, completing the ballad, which was also given in a complete state by Buchan, under the title of "The Drowned Lovers."—*Ancient Ballads, &c.*, vol. i., p. 140.

The earlier stanzas of this latter version differ in a few unimportant particulars from those of Jamieson's fragment.

Professor Aytoun printed Mr. Jamieson's version, with the addition of "three stanzas, from Mr. Buchan's," under the title of "The Mother's Malison," as he considered that "there is a superfluity of Willies and Margarets in our popular minstrelsy."—*The Ballads of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 155.

Buchan's version is the one here generally followed.

The fatal end of both lovers is brought about through the deception of a malicious mother, who answers in the assumed voice of a lover, in which respect it resembles the preceding ballad, "Fair Annie of Lochryan."

A similar ballad of the North, but apparently of later date, named, "Willie's Drowned in Gamery," appears in a subsequent portion of this collection.

- 1 Willie stands in his stable door,  
Clapping his coal-black steed;  
And looking o'er his white fingers,  
His nose began to bleed.
- 2 "Gi'e corn to my horse, mother,  
And meat to my man, John;  
And I'll awa to Marg'ret's bower,  
Before the night comes on."
- 3 "Oh, bide this night with me, Willie,  
Oh, bide this night with me;  
The best, an' fowl of all the roost  
At your supper shall be."
- 4 "All your fowls, and all your roosts,  
I value not a prin;  
Sae I'll awa to Marg'ret's bower,  
Before the night sets in."



- 5 "Stay this night with me, Willie,  
Oh, stay this night with me;  
The best, an' sheep in all the flock,  
At your supper shall be."
- 6 "All your sheep, and all your flocks,  
I value not a prin;  
Sae I'll awa to Marg'ret's bower,  
I maun be there this e'en."
- 7 "Oh, stay at home, my son, Willie,  
The wind blaws cauld and shrill;  
The night will be baith mirk and late,  
Ere her bower ye win till."
- 8 "Oh, tho' the night werè e'er sae mirk,  
Or the wind blew e'er sae cauld,  
I will be in May Marg'ret's bower  
Before twa hours be tauld."
- 9 "Oh, an' ye gang to Marg'ret's bower,  
Without the leave of me,  
In the deepest pot\* of Clyde's water,  
My malison drown thee."
- 10 "The gude steed that I ride upon  
Cost me thrice threttie pound;  
And I'll put trust in his swift feet,  
To take me safe and sound."
- 11 He mounted on his coal-black steed,  
And fast he rode awa;  
But ere he came to Clyde's water,  
Full loud the wind did blaw.
- 12 As he rade o'er yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
The noise that was in Clyde's water  
Wou'd fear'd five hunder men.
- 13 "Oh, roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,  
Your streams seem wondrous strang;  
Make me your wreck as I come back,  
But spare me as I gang."
- 14 His heart was warm, his pride was up;  
Sweet Willie kentna fear;  
But yet his mother's malison  
Aye sounded in his ear.

\* "Pot:" hole, or eddy-pool

- 
- 15 Oh, he has swam through Clyde water,  
Though it was wide and deep;  
And he came to May Marg'ret's door  
When all were fast asleep.
- 16 Oh, he 's gane round and round about,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
But doors were steek'd, and windows barr'd,  
And nane would let him in.
- 17 "Oh, open the door to me, Marg'ret—  
Oh, open and let me in!  
For my boots are full of Clyde's water,  
And frozen to the brim."
- 18 "Oh, wha is this at my bower door  
That calls me by my name?"  
"It is your first love, sweet Willie,  
This night newly come hame."
- 19 "I ha'e some lovers without, without,  
And I ha'e some within;  
But the best lover that e'er I had,  
He was here late yestreen."
- 20 "Oh, if ye winna open the door,  
Nor yet be kind to me,  
Now tell me of some out-chamber  
Where I this night may be."
- 21 "My barns are full of corn, Willie;  
My stables are full of hay;  
My bowers are full of merry young men,  
They winna remove till day."
- 22 "Oh, fare ye weel, then, May Marg'ret,  
Since better maunna be;  
I've won my mother's malison  
Coming this night to thee."
- 23 He 's mounted on his coal-black steed—  
Oh, but his heart was wae!  
But ere he came to Clyde water,  
'Twas half up o'er the brae.
- 24 And when he came to Clyde water,  
'Twas flowing o'er the brim;  
The rushing that was in Clyde water  
Took Willie's cane frae him.

- 
- 25 He lean'd him o'er his saddle bow,  
To catch his cane again;  
The rushing that was in Clyde water  
Took Willie's hat frae him.
- 26 He lean'd him o'er his saddle bow,  
To catch his hat by force;  
The rushing that was in Clyde water  
Took Willie frae his horse.
- 27 His brother stood upon the bank,  
Says—"Fye, man, will ye droon?  
Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head,  
And learn ye how to soom."
- 28 "How can I turn to my high horse head,  
And learn me how to soom?  
I've gotten my mother's malison,—  
It's here that I maun droon."
- 29 The very hour the young man sank  
Into the pot sae deep,  
Up it waken'd her, May Marg'ret,  
Out of her drowsy sleep.
- 30 "Come here, come here, my mother dear,  
And read this dreary dream;  
I dream'd my love was at our yetts,  
And nane wou'd let him in."
- 31 "Lye still, lye still now, May Marg'ret,  
Lye still, and take your rest,  
Since your true love was at our yetts,  
It's but twa quarters past."
- 32 Nimbly, nimbly rase she up,  
And nimbly put she on;  
And nimbly to Clyde water side  
May Margaret has gone.
- 33 When she came to Clyde water side,  
Right boldly she stepp'd in;  
And loud her true love's name she call'd,  
But louder blew the win'.
- 34 The firsten step that she stepp'd in,  
Her flesh with cauld did creep,  
"Alas, alas!" the lady said,  
"This water's cauld and deep."

- 35 The neisten step that she wade in,  
 She waded to the knee;  
 Says she—"I would wade further in,  
 If I my love cou'd see."
- 36 The neisten step that she wade in,  
 She waded to the chin;  
 The deepest pot in Clyde water  
 She got sweet Willie in.
- 37 "You've had a cruel mother, Willie,  
 And I have had another;  
 But we shall sleep in Clyde water,  
 Like sister and like brother."

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PRINCE ROBERT.

First published, "from the recitation of a lady nearly related to the editor," in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii., p. 269.

Another version appeared in *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, p. 200, "given," says Motherwell, "from the recitation of an old woman, a native of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire; and it is one of the earliest songs she remembers of having heard chanted on the classic banks of the Water of Leven. The variations between the two copies are not very many or striking."

Motherwell's version has furnished a few emendations on Scott's text; while stanzas 8 and 10 are partly, and 12 wholly, derived from it. The stanzas corresponding to stanzas 9 and 14, of the text here printed, are also given at the bottom of the respective pages.

Motherwell further states, in his Introduction (p. lxxxiii., note 95), that he had "seen a third copy, which gives two stanzas not found in either of the sets before the public:"—

"Lord Robert and Mary Florence,  
 They were twa children ying;  
 They were scarce seven years of age,  
 Till love began to spring.

"Lord Robert loved Mary Florence,  
 And she lov'd him above power;  
 But he durst not, for his cruel mither,  
 Bring her intill his bower."

"Lady Isabel," which immediately follows, and "Clerk Tamas," which appears further on, are both similar to "Prince Robert" in the method of poisoning described.

- 1 PRINCE ROBERT has wedded a gay ladye,  
 He has wedded her with a ring;  
 Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,  
 But he darena bring her hame.



- 2 "Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear!  
Your blessing now grant to me!"  
"Instead of a blessing, ye shall have my curse,  
And you'll get nae blessing frae me."
- 3 She has call'd upon her waiting-maid  
To fill a glass of wine;  
She has call'd upon her fause steward  
To put rank poison in.
- 4 She has put it to her haggard \* lips,  
And to her haggard chin;  
She has put it to her fause, fause mouth,  
But never a drap gaed in.
- 5 He has put it to his bonnie mouth,  
And to his bonnie chin;  
He has put it to his cherry lips,  
And the rank poison ran in.
- 6 "Oh, you ha'e poison'd your ae son, mother,  
Your ae son and your heir;  
Oh, ye ha'e poison'd your ae son, mother,  
And sons you'll never ha'e mair.
- 7 "Oh, where will I get a little boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,  
To rin sae fast to Darlinton,  
And bid fair Eleanor come?"
- 8 Then up and spake a little boy,  
To Prince Robert something akin:  
"I've oft with joy your errands ran,  
But this day with the tears I'll rin."
- 9 Oh, he has run to Darlinton,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor,  
To let the bonnie boy in? †
- 10 "What news, what news, my bonnie boy,  
What news ha'e ye to me?"  
"I bring a message frae Prince Robert,  
And his lady mother, to thee.

\* The original reads "roudes," in place of "haggard," in both this and the following line.

† Motherwell's version has the following stanza here:—

"Oh, when he came to Sittingen's rocks,  
To the middle of a' the ha',  
There were bells a-ringing, and music playing,  
And ladies dancing a'."

Contrast this with stanza 14.

- 11 "Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinner,  
 She's made it baith gude and fine;  
 Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinner,  
 And ye maun come to her and dine."
- 12 She call'd unto her waiting-maid,  
 To bring her a riding weed;  
 And she call'd to her stable groom,  
 To saddle her milk-white steed.
- 13 Oh, it's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,  
 The langest that ever were gane:  
 But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was light,  
 And she rade briskly in.
- 14 But when she came to Sillertoun town,  
 And into Sillertoun hall,  
 The torches were burning, the ladies were mourning,  
 And they were weeping all.\*
- 15 "Oh, where is now my wedded lord?  
 And where now can he be?  
 Oh, where is now my wedded lord?  
 For him I canna see."
- 16 "Your wedded lord," his mother said,  
 "Will soon be laid in the clay:  
 Your wedded lord is dead," she said,  
 "And will be buried the day."
- 17 "Ye'se get nane of his gowd, ye'se get nane of his gear,  
 Ye'se get nae thing frae me;  
 Ye'se no get an inch of his gude braid land,  
 Though your heart shou'd burst in threë."
- 18 "I want nane of his gowd, I want nane of his gear,  
 I want nae land frae thee;  
 But I'll ha'e the rings frae his wee finger,  
 For them he did promise to me."
- 19 "Ye'se no get the rings frae his wee finger,  
 Ye'se no get them frae me;  
 Ye'se no get the rings frae his wee finger,  
 An' your heart shou'd burst in three."

\* The corresponding stanza in Motherwell's version reads—

"But when she came to Earl Robert's bouir,  
 To the middle of a' the ha',  
 There were bells a-ringing, and sheets down hinging,  
 And ladies murning a'."

- 20 She's turned her back unto the wall,  
 And her face unto a rock ;  
 And there, before the mother's face,  
 Her very heart it broke.
- 21 The anc was buried in Marie's kirk,  
 The other in Marie's quire ;  
 And out of the ane there sprang a birk,  
 And out of the other a brier.
- 22 And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,  
 The birk but and the brier ;  
 And by that ye may very weel ken  
 They were twa lovers dear.

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### LADY ISABEL.

Abridged from Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 129.

- 1 'Twas early on a May morning,  
 Lady Isabel comb'd her hair ;  
 But little kenn'd she on the morn  
 She would never comb it mair.
- 2 Ben it came her stepmother,  
 As wroth as wroth cou'd be ;  
 " It's tauld me that your father loves  
 You better far than me."
- 3 " Oh, them that tauld you that, mother,  
 Ha'e done it for some spite ;  
 Oh, them that tauld you that, mother,  
 May God their ill requite."
- 4 " It may be very well seen, Isabel,  
 It may be very well seen,  
 He buys to you the damask gowns,  
 To me the dowie green."
- 5 " Ye are of age, and I am young,  
 And young among my flowers ;  
 The fairer that my claithing be,  
 The mair honour is yours.
- 6 " I ha'e a love beyond the sea,  
 And far ayont the faem ;  
 For ilka gown my father buys,  
 My love sends me ten hame."

- 
- 7 "Come ben, now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine with me;  
I ha'e twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And I'll gi'e ane to thee."
- 8 "Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
Stay still a little while,  
Till I gang into Marykirk,—  
It's but a little mile."
- 9 When she gaed on to Marykirk,  
And into Mary's quair,  
There she saw her ain mother  
Sit in a gowden chair.
- 10 "Oh, will I leave the lands, mother?  
And shall I sail the sea?  
Or shall I drink this dowie drink  
That is prepared for me?"
- 11 "Ye winna leave the lands, daughter,  
Nor will ye sail the sea,  
But ye will drink the drink prepared  
By this woman for thee.
- 12 "Your bed is made in a better place  
Than ever hers will be;  
And ere ye're call'd into the room,  
Ye will be there with me."
- 13 She gaed unto her garden green,  
Her Marys all to see;  
And ga'e to each a broach or ring,  
A keepsake for to be.
- 14 Then slowly to the bower she gaed,  
And slowly enter'd in;  
And being full of courtesie,  
Says—"Begin, mother, begin."
- 15 She put it to her fause, fause cheek,  
Sae did she to her chin;  
Sae did she to her fause, fause lips,  
But never drap gaed in.
- 16 Lady Isabel put it to her cheek,  
Sae did she to her chin;  
Sae did she to her rosy lips,  
And the rank poison gaed in.



- 17 "Oh, take this cup frae me, mother,  
Oh, take this cup frae me;  
My bed is made in a better place  
Than ever yours will be.
- 18 "My bed is in the heavens high,  
Amang the angels fine;  
But yours is in the lowest hell,  
To drie, torment, and pine."
- 19 Nae mane was made for Lady Isabel,  
In bower where she lay dead;  
But all was for that ill woman  
In the fields gaed raving mad.

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### WILLIE'S LADYE.

ANCIENT COPY.—FIRST PUBLISHED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Mr. Lewis, in his *Tales of Wonder* (No. 56), has presented the public with a copy of this ballad, with additions and alterations. The editor has also seen a copy, containing some modern stanzas, published by Mr. Jamieson, of Macclesfield, in his *Collection of Scottish Poetry*. Yet, under these disadvantages, the editor cannot relinquish his purpose of publishing the old ballad, in its native simplicity, as taken from Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MS.

"Those who wish to know how an incantation, or charm, of the distressing nature here described, was performed in classic days, may consult the story of Galanthis's Metamorphosis, in Ovid, or the following passage in Apuleius:—'Eadem (Saga scilicet quædam) amatoris uxorem, quod in eam dicacule probrum dixerat, jam in sarcinam prægnationis, obsepto utero, et repigrato fœtu, perpetua prægnatione damnavit. Et ut cuncti numerant, octo annorum onere, misella illa, velut elephantum paritura, distenditur.'—Apul., *Metam.*, lib. i.

"There is also a curious tale about a Count of Westeravia, whom a deserted concubine bewitched upon his marriage, so as to preclude all hopes of his becoming a father. The spell continued to operate for three years, till one day, the Count happening to meet with his former mistress, she maliciously asked about the increase of his family. The Count, conceiving some suspicion from her manner, craftily answered, that God had blessed him with three fine children; on which she exclaimed, like Willie's mother in the ballad, 'May heaven confound the old hag, by whose counsel I threw an enchanted pitcher into the draw-well of your palace!' The spell being found and destroyed, the Count became the father of a numerous family (*Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, p. 474)."—Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 168.

To complete the story, stanzas 15 and 16 are adapted with slight

alteration from Jamieson's version, which appears under the title of "Sweet Willie," in *Popular Ballads, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 367.

The modernized copy which Sir Walter Scott refers to is probably "Sweet Willie of Liddesdale."—*Popular Ballads, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 178.

The last two lines of stanzas 5 and 9 are the same as the two concluding lines of "Kemp Owyne."

It is probable that in this ballad the last line of these stanzas originally read—

"I wish that I were dead and gane,"

and that the last word of stanzas 3, 7, and 11, originally read "wean," in place of "bairn."

There is a Danish ballad, "Sir Stig and Lady Torelild," on the same subject, a translation of which is given by Jamieson, in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 344, and "is the eighth (marked H) of nine Danish ballads given by Grundtvig, under the title *Hustru og Mands Moder*, vol. ii., p. 404. Three Swedish versions have [also] been printed."—Prof. Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 162.

- 1 WILLIE has ta'en him o'er the faem,  
He 's wooed a wife, and brought her hame;  
He 's wooed her for her yellow hair,  
But his mother wrought her meikle care;
- 2 And meikle dolour gar'd her dree,  
For lighter she can never be;  
But in her bow'r she sits with pain,  
And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.
- 3 And to his mother he has gane,  
That vile rank witch, of vilest kind!  
He says—"My lady has a cup,  
With gowd and silver set about;  
This gudely gift shall be your ain,  
And let her be lighter of her bairn."
- 4 "Of her bairn she 's never be lighter,  
Nor in her bow'r to shine the brighter;  
But she shall die, and turn to clay,  
And you shall wed another may."
- 5 "Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame."  
But, sighing, said that weary wight—  
"I wish my life were at an end."
- 6 "Yet gae ye to your mother again,  
That vile rank witch, of vilest kind!  
And say, your ladye has a steed,  
The like of him 's no in the land of Leed.\*

\* "Land of Leed:" perhaps Lydia. [Scott.] Not at all probable: more likely either Liddesdale or the district of Leadhills, Lanarkshire.

- 7 "For he is silver shod before,  
And he is gowden shod behind;  
At every tuft of that horse mane  
There 's a golden chess,\* and a bell to ring.  
This gudely gift shall be her ain,  
And let me be lighter of my bairn."
- 8 "Of her young bairn she 's ne'er be lighter,  
Nor in her bow'r to shine the brighter;  
But she shall die, and turn to clay,  
And ye shall wed another may."
- 9 "Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame."  
But, sighing, said that weary wight—  
"I wish my life were at an end!"
- 10 "Yet gae ye to your mother again,  
That vile rank witch, of rankest kind!  
And say, your ladye has a girdle,  
It 's all red gowd to the middle;
- 11 "And aye, at ilka siller hem,  
Hang fifty siller bells and ten;  
This gudely gift shall be her ain,  
And let me be lighter of my bairn."
- 12 "Of her young bairn she 's ne'er be lighter,  
Nor in your bow'r to shine the brighter;  
For she shall die, and turn to clay,  
And thou shall wed another may."
- 13 "Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame."  
But, sighing, said that weary wight—  
"I wish my days were at an end!"
- 14 Then out and spak the Billy Blind, †  
He spak aye in good time [his mind]:—  
"Yet gae ye to the market place,  
And there do buy a loaf of wace; ‡  
Do shape it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in it two glassen een you'll put.

\* "Chess"—should probably be jess—the name of a hawk's bell.—SCOTT.

† "Billy Blind:" a familiar genius, or propitious spirit, somewhat similar to the Brownie. He is mentioned repeatedly in Mrs. Brown's ballads; but I have not met with him anywhere else, although he is alluded to in the rustic game of Bogle (i. e., goblin) Billy Blind. The word is, indeed, used in Sir David Lindsay's Plays, but apparently in a different sense:—

"Priests sall leid you like ane *Billy Blinde*."

Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, 1792, vol. ii., p. 232.

‡ "Wace:" wax.

- 15 "Then to your mother you shall go,  
And bid her your boy's christening to;  
But do you stand a little away,  
And notice weel what she may say."
- 16 Then to his mother he did go,  
And bade her his boy's christening to;  
And he did stand a little away,  
To notice weel what she might say.
- 17 "Oh, wha has loosed the nine witch-knots  
That were amang that ladye's locks?  
And wha's ta'en out the kames of care,  
That were amang that ladye's hair?"
- 18 "And wha has ta'en down that bush of woodbine  
That hung between her bow'r and mine?  
And wha has kill'd the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladye's bed?  
And wha has loosed her left foot shée,  
And let that ladye lighter be?"
- 19 Syne, Willie's loosed the nine witch-knots  
That were amang that ladye's locks;  
And Willie's ta'en out the kames of care  
That were into that ladye's hair;  
And he's ta'en down the bush of woodbine,  
Hung atween her bow'r and the witch carlivè.
- 20 And he has killed the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladye's bed;  
And he has loosed her left foot shée,  
And latten that ladye lighter be;  
And now he has gotten a bonnie son,  
And meikle grace be him upon.

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KEMP OWYNE; OR, KEMPION.

The following ballad is collated from two different versions, namely:—

I. "Kempion," printed in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii., p. 230. "Chiefly from Mrs. Brown's MS., with corrections from a recited fragment."

II. "Kemp Owyne," printed in *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, p. 373.



In a note to "Young Hastings," Mr. Buchan states that it, and the five following-named ballads, "Reedisdale and Wise William," "Billie Archie," "Young Bearwell," "Kemp Owyne," and "Earl Richard," were sent to him, "in MS., by Mr. Nicol, Strichen, who wrote them from memory, as he had learned them in earlier years from old people." Buchan sent these MSS. to Motherwell, in whose work, above-named, they first appeared.

They were all shortly afterwards included in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs, &c.*

"The tale of 'Kempion,'" says Sir Walter Scott, "seems, from the names of the personages and the nature of the adventure, to have been an old metrical romance, degraded into a ballad by the lapse of time and the corruption of reciters.

"Such transformations as the song narrates are common in the annals of chivalry. In the 25th and 26th cantos of the second book of the *Orlando Inamorato*, the paladin, Brandimarte, after surmounting many obstacles, penetrates into the recesses of an enchanted palace. Here he finds a fair damsel seated upon a tomb, who announces to him that, in order to achieve her deliverance, he must raise the lid of the sepulchre, and kiss whatever being should issue forth. The knight, having pledged his faith, proceeds to open the tomb, out of which a monstrous snake issues forth with a tremendous hiss. Brandimarte, with much reluctance, fulfils the *bizarre* conditions of the adventure, and the monster is instantly changed into a beautiful fairy, who loads her deliverer with benefits.

"There is a ballad somewhat resembling 'Kempion,' called 'The Laidley Worm of Spindleston-heugh,' which is very popular upon the Borders. The most common version was either entirely composed, or re-written, by the Reverend Mr. Lamb of Norham."—*Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 230.

Mr. Motherwell considers that the copy given by him "preserves in greater purity the name of the hero than any other yet published;" and adds, "He was, no doubt, the same Ewein, or Owain, ap Urien, the king of Reged, who is celebrated by the bards Taliessin and Llywarch-Hen, as well as in the Welch Historical Triades."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxxiii., note 92.

Sir Ewein was nephew to King Arthur, and cousin of Sir Gawain, who "loved" him "beste of alle other."\* Segramour is styled "newew to the Emperour of Constantynnoble;"† and both are celebrated among the knights of King Arthur.

- 1 HER mother died when she was young,  
Which gave her cause to make great moan;  
Her father married the warst woman  
That ever lived in Christendom.

\* *Merlin; or, The Early History of King Arthur*, p. 455. Published by Early English Text Society.

† Same work, p. 373.

- 2 Dove Isabel, with foot and hand,  
 In every thing that she could do,  
 Did serve her wicked stepmother  
 With servitude baith leal and true
- 3 Till ance in an unlucky time,  
 When nane were near to hear nor see,  
 This wicked witch to her did call.  
 "Come here, dove Isabel, to me.
- 4 "Come here, come here, ye freely feed,\*  
 And lay your head low on my knee;  
 The heaviest weird I will you read  
 That ever was read to gay ladye.
- 5 "Oh, meikle dolour shall ye dree,  
 And aye the salt seas shall ye swim;  
 And far mair dolour shall ye dree,  
 On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.
- 6 "I weird ye to a fiery beast,  
 And borrow'd shall ye never be,  
 Till Kemp Owyne, the king's own son,  
 Come to the crag, and thrice kiss thee."
- 7 The wicked witch, her stepmother,  
 Then threw her in the craigy sea,  
 Saying—"Lye you there, dove Isabel,  
 And all my sorrows lye with thee.
- 8 "Let all the world do what they will,  
 Else borrow'd shall you never be,  
 Till Kemp Owyne come o'er the sea,  
 And borrow you with kisses three."
- 9 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,  
 And twisted thrice about the tree;  
 And all the people far and near  
 Thought that a savage beast was she.
- 10 Oh, meikle dolour did she dree,  
 And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;  
 And far mair dolour did she dree  
 On Estmere crags, ere she them clamb.
- 11 And aye she cried for Kemp Owyne,  
 "Kemp Owyne, come and borrow me!"  
 Till word has gane to Kemp Owyne,  
 Where he lived far beyond the sea.

\* Sic Scott's *Minstrelsy*; but should probably read "frely feyd;" i.e., "frely," a noble or beautiful woman; "feyd," or doomed to destruction.

- 12 "Now, by my sooth," said Kemp Owyne,  
"This fiery beast I'll gang and see."  
"And, by my sooth," said Segramour,  
"My ae brother, I'll gang with thee."
- 13 Then bigged ha'e they a bonnie boat,  
And they ha'e set her to the sea;  
But a mile before they reach'd the shore,  
Round them she gart the red fire flee.
- 14 "Oh, Segramour, ply weel your oar,  
And mind ye weel how ye do steer;  
For this wicked beast will fire the boat,  
If we to it do come ower near."
- 15 Syne he has bent an arblast bow,  
And aim'd an arrow at her head;  
And swore, if she did not hold back,  
With that same shaft to shoot her dead.
- 16 "Oh, out of my stythe I winna rise  
(And it is not for the awe of thee),  
Till Kemp Owyne, the king's own son,  
Come to the crag, and thrice kiss me."
- 17 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted thrice about the tree;  
And with a swing she came about,—  
"Kemp Owyne, come and kiss with me.
- 18 "Here is a royal belt," she cried,  
"That I have found in the green sea;  
And while your body it is on,  
Drawn shall your blood never be;  
But if you touch me tail or fin,  
I vow my belt your death shall be."
- 19 He louted o'er, gave her a kiss,  
The royal belt he brought him wi';  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted twice about the tree;  
And with a swing she came about,—  
"Kemp Owyne, come and kiss with me.
- 20 "Here is a royal ring," she said,  
"That I have found in the green sea;  
And while your finger it is on,  
Drawn shall your blood never be;  
But if you touch me tail or fin,  
I swear my ring your death shall be."

- 21 He louted o'er, gave her a kiss,  
 The royal ring he brought him wi';  
 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
 And twisted ance around the tree;  
 And with a swing she came about,—  
 "Kemp Owyne, come and kiss with me.
- 22 "Here is a royal brand," she said,  
 "That I have found in the green sea;  
 And while your body it is on,  
 Drawn shall your blood never be;  
 But if you touch me tail or fin,  
 I swear my brand your death shall be."
- 23 He louted o'er, gave her a kiss,  
 The royal brand he brought him wi';  
 Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,  
 And twisted nane about the tree;  
 And smilingly she came about,  
 As fair a woman as fair could be.
- 24 "And by my sooth," says Kemp Owyne,  
 "My ain true love (for this is she),  
 They surely had a heart of stane  
 Could put thee to such miserie.
- 25 "Oh, was it warwolf in the wood,  
 Or was it mermaid in the sea?  
 Or was it man, or vile woman,  
 My ain true love, that misshaped thee?"
- 26 "It was na warwolf in the wood,  
 Nor was it mermaid in the sea;  
 But it was my wicked stepmother,  
 And wae and weary may she be!"
- 27 "Oh, a heavier weird shall light her on  
 Than ever she made light on thee;  
 Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth grow lang,  
 And on her four feet gang shall she.
- 28 "Nane shall take pity her upon,  
 And borrow'd shall she never be;  
 But in Wormeswood she aye shall won,  
 Till St. Mungo\* come o'er the sea."  
 And, sighing, said that weary wight—  
 "I doubt that day I'll never see!"

\*Or St. Kentigern; the patron saint of Glasgow.



## ERLINTON.

"This ballad is published from the collation of two copies, obtained from recitation. It seems to be the rude original, or perhaps a corrupted and imperfect copy, of 'The Child of Elle,' a beautiful legendary tale, published in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. It is singular that this charming ballad should have been translated or imitated by the celebrated Bürger, without acknowledgment of the English original. As 'The Child of Elle' avowedly received corrections, we may ascribe its greatest beauties to the poetical taste of the ingenious editor."—Sir Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 351.

It is now quite certain that the Percy folio MS. "merely suggested the poem which the editor of the *Reliques* wrote and printed." The fragment, as it appears in the MS. (p. 57), and in the genuine text, as printed by the Early English Text Society (vol. i., p. 132), extends to only 39 lines, but in the *Reliques* it is "puffed out" to 200. "Erlinton," "The Child of Elle," "The Douglas Tragedy," "The Brave Earl Brand," "Robin Hood and the Tanner's Daughter," &c., are Scottish and English ballad versions, corresponding to "Ribolt og Guldborg," or the kindred ballad, "Hildebrand og Hilde," of both which numerous versions exist in Danish and Swedish; while of the former there are also three in Icelandic, and two in Norse. An inferior copy of "Ribolt og Guldborg," translated into Scottish verse by Jamieson, was printed in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 317; and "Hildebrand og Hilde" has recently been admirably rendered in English verse by Mr. Robert Buchanan, in *Ballad Stories of the Affections*, p. 15.

In the Introduction to his translation of "Ribolt and Guldborg," Mr. Jamieson remarks, that "those who wish to see from what kind of materials these tales [it, 'Erlinton,' &c.] have been fabricated, may compare this piece with the romantic story of Sir Sampson and Hildesvida, the daughter of Jarl Rudgeir, with which the 'Wilkina Saga' commences."

"'Erlinton' is much mutilated, and has a perverted conclusion, but retains," in lines 59 and 60, "a faint trace of one characteristic, and even fundamental trait of the older forms of the story, which is not found in any of the other [Scottish or] English versions."

It is founded on "a northern superstition, that to call a man by name while he was engaged in fight was a fatal omen; and hence a phrase, 'to name-to-death.' To avert this danger, Ribolt, in nearly all the Scandinavian ballads, entreats Guldborg not to *pronounce his name*, even if she sees him bleeding or struck down. In her agony at seeing the last of her brothers about to be slain, Guldborg forgets her lover's injunction, calls on him by name to stop, and thus brings about the catastrophe. Ignorant reciters have either dropped the corresponding passage in the English ballad, or (as in this case) have so corrupted it, that its significance is only to be made out by comparison with the ancient copies."—Prof. Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 114, and vol. iii., p. 223.

The explanatory foot-notes [marked S.] are from the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

- 1 ERLINTON had a fair daughter,  
I wot he weired her in a great sin;\*  
For he has built a bigly bower,  
And all to put that lady in.
- 2 And he has warn'd her sisters six,  
And sae has he her brethren seven,  
Either to watch her all the night,  
Or else to seek her morn and even.
- 3 She hadna been in that bigly bower  
Not a night, but barely ane,  
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,  
Chapp'd at the door, crying—"Peace within!"
- 4 "Oh, whae is this at my bower door,  
That chaps sae late, or kens the gin?" †  
"Oh, it is Willie, your ain true love;  
I pray you rise and let me in!"
- 5 "Within my bower there is a waik,  
And of the waik there is nae wane; ‡  
But I'll come to the green-wood the morn.  
Where blooms the brier, by mornin' dawn."
- 6 Then she has gane to her bed again,  
Where she has layen till the cock crew thrice;  
And then she said to her sisters all—  
"Maidens, 'tis time for us to rise."
- 7 She put on her back a silken gown,  
And on her breast a siller pin,  
And she's ta'en a sister in ilka hand,  
And to the green-wood she is gane.
- 8 She hadna walk'd in the gude green-wood,  
Na, not a mile but barely ane,  
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,  
Whae frae her sisters has her ta'en.

\* "Weired her in a great sin:" placed her in danger of committing a great sin. [S.] Read "weised," from "weise," to incline, to induce. German, "weisen," to lead into. Or "weired" may be derived from "weire," to guard; and this from "weir," doubt, or fear: "belgie vaer," fear—Anglo-Saxon, "waere," caution. See Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*. I. e., her father "feared," and "guarded" against what he apprehended.

† "Gin:" the slight or trick necessary to open the door. [S.]

‡ "Wane:" a number of people. [S.] Scott's text of the first two lines of stanza 5 reads—

"But in my bower there is a wake,  
And at the wake there is a wane;"

regarding which, it may be remarked, that the spelling and note on "wane" make sheer nonsense of the verse. "Waik" means watch; and "wane," want, defect, carelessness. See Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*.

- 9 He took her sisters by the hand,  
 He kiss'd them baith, and sent them hame;  
 And he's ta'en his true love him behind,  
 And through the green-wood they are gane.
- 10 They hadna ridden in the bonnie green-wood,  
 Na, not a mile but barely ane,  
 When there came fifteen of the boldest knights  
 That ever bare flesh, blood, or bane.
- 11 The foremost was an aged knight,  
 He wore the gray hair on his chin;  
 Says—"Yield to me thy lady bright,  
 And thou shalt walk the woods within."
- 12 "For me to yield my lady bright,  
 To such an aged knight as thee,  
 People wou'd think I were gane mad,  
 Or all the courage flown frae me."
- 13 But up then spake the second knight,—  
 I wot he spake right boustouslie,—  
 "Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,  
 Or here the tane\* of us shall die."
- 14 "My lady is my world's meed,  
 My life I winna yield to nane;  
 But if ye be men of true manhood,  
 Ye'll only fight me ane by ane."
- 15 He lighted off his milk-white horse,  
 And gae'm his lady by the head,  
 Saying—"See you dinna change your cheer,  
 Until you see my body bleed."
- 16 He set his back into an aik,  
 He set his feet against a stane;  
 And he has fought these fifteen men,  
 And kill'd them all but barely ane;  
 But he has left the aged knight,  
 For to carry the tidings hame.
- 17 When he gaed to his lady fair,  
 I wot he kiss'd her tenderlie:  
 "Thou'rt mine ain love, I have thee bought;  
 And we shall walk the green-wood free."

\* "Tane;" one or other.

## THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

“The ballad of ‘The Douglas Tragedy’ is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farm-house, in a wild solitary glen, upon a torrent named Douglas Burn, which joins the Yarrow after passing a craggy rock called the Douglas Craig. From this ancient tower, Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brothers were slain; and the Douglas Burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink. So minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event.

“Many copies of this ballad are current among the vulgar, but chiefly in a state of great corruption, especially such as have been committed to the press in the shape of penny pamphlets. One of these is now before me, which, among many others, has the ridiculous error of ‘*blue gilded horn,*’ for ‘*bugetet horn.*’ The copy principally used in this [Scott’s] edition of the ballad was supplied by Mr. Charles K. Sharpe. The three last verses are given from the printed copy, and from tradition. The hackneyed verse, of the rose and the brier springing from the grave of the lovers, is common to most tragic ballads; but it is introduced into this with singular propriety, as the chapel of St. Mary, whose vestiges may be still traced upon the lake to which it has given name, is said to have been the burial-place of Lord William and fair Margaret. The wrath of the Black Douglas, which vented itself upon the brier, far surpasses the usual stanza:—

‘At length came the clerk of the parish,  
As you the truth shall hear.  
And by mischance he cut them down,  
Or else they had still been there.’”

—Sir W. Scott, *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 3.

Motherwell adopted “the copy given in the work from which the above extract has been taken;” and says, “any recited copy that we have heard has been incomplete, wanting not only the circumstance of the lovers halting at the stream, but likewise that of their death and burial.”

The latter editor appended to his prefatory note, above quoted, five verses of an incomplete “recited copy,” such as he refers to. This fragment “supplies variations,” some of which are here adopted in verses 4, 6, and 8. Other slight alterations have been made on the verses named, and also on most of the subsequent verses—generally by repetition of one or two words from preceding lines—so as to restore the uniform harmony of the metre; but in no case has the sense, or ordinary phraseology of the ballad, been tampered with.

With reference to Sir Walter Scott’s remarks on the localities of this ballad, as above quoted, and a similar identification as to place



of some of the incidents in "Ribolt and Guldborg," by Grundtvig (pp. 342-3), the following observation of Jamieson, relative to the transposition of person, and of the unities of time and place, to widely different scenes and periods of action, is peculiarly applicable:—

"Popular tales and anecdotes of every kind soon obtain locality wherever they are told; and the intelligent and attentive traveller will not be surprised to find the same story which he had learned when a child, with every appropriate circumstance of names, time, and place, in a glen of Mörven, Lochaber, or Rannoch, equally domesticated among the mountains of Norway, Caucasus, or Thibet."  
—*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 317.

- 1 "RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,  
"And put on your armour so bright;  
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine  
Was married to a lord under night.
- 2 "Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armour so bright;  
And take better care of your youngest sister,  
For your eldest's away the last night."
- 3 He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple gray,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And lightly they baith rade away.
- 4 Lord William look'd over his left shoulder—  
He look'd to see what he could see—  
And he spy'd her father and brethren bold,  
Come riding hastily over the lea.
- 5 "Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,  
"And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven brethren bold,  
And your father I make a stand."
- 6 She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
But spake not, nor shed not a tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren fall,  
And the blood of her father so dear.
- 7 "Oh, hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,  
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;  
True lovers I can get many a ane,  
But a father I can never get mair."
- 8 Oh, she's ta'en her kerchief from off her neck—  
It was of the holland sae fine—  
And aye she wiped her father's bloody wounds,  
That were redder than the wine.

- 9 "Oh chuse, oh chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,  
"Oh, whether will ye gang or bide?"  
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,  
"Ye have left me no other guide."
- 10 He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple gray,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they baith rade away.
- 11 Oh, they rade slowly and sadly on,  
And all by the light of the moon;  
They rade till they came to yon wan water,  
And there they alighted them down.
- 12 They alighted them down to take a drink  
Of the water that ran so clear;  
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,  
And sair Lady Marg'ret did fear.
- 13 "Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,  
"For I fear me that you are slain!"  
"Tis but the shadow of my scarlet cloak  
That shines in the water sae plain."
- 14 Oh, they rade slowly and sadly on,  
And all by the light of the moon,  
Until they came to his mother's hall door,  
And there they alighted them down.
- 15 "Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,  
"Get up, get up and let me in!—  
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,  
"For this night my fair lady I've win."
- 16 "Oh, make my bed, lady mother," he says.  
"Oh, make my bed baith braid and deep!  
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,  
And the sounder we baith will sleep."
- 17 Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
Lady Marg'ret was dead lang ere day;  
And all true lovers that go thegither,  
May they havé better luck than they!
- 18 Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,  
Lady Marg'ret in St. Marie's quire;  
Out of the lady's grave grew a red rose,  
And out of the knight's grew a brier.

- 19 And they twa they met, and they twa they plat,  
As if full fain they wou'd be near;  
Sae that all the world might ken right weel  
That they grew frae twa lovers dear.\*
- 20 But by chance that way the Black Douglas rade,  
And wow but he was rude and rough!  
For he pull'd up the bonnie, bonnie brier,  
And flang it in St. Marie's Loch.

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### THE BRAVE EARL BRAND AND THE KING OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER.

“Taken down from the recitation of an old fiddler in Northumberland. The refrain should be repeated in every verse.”—Bell's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, &c.*, p. 122.

Verse 2 has been slightly altered in the interest of delicacy and perspicuity.

Verses 5 and 6 are here inserted in place of verse 5 of the original, which reads,—

“Oh, Earl Brand, but my father has two,  
And thou shalt have the best of tho'.”

An *hiatus*, in verse 11, has been filled by the addition of the four last words, while the last word, of the first line of the same verse, has been changed for the sake of the rhyme. Three words have also been added to verse 26.

The alterations and additions referred to are sanctioned by, and mostly derived from, a similar ballad, named “Leesome Brand,” which appears in a subsequent portion of this work.

- 1 OH, did you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand,  
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;  
He courted the king's daughter of fair England,  
In the brave nights so early.
- 2 -She was scarcely fifteen years old,  
When to Earl Brand she came right bold.

\* If the testimony of numerous minstrels in different lands and ages may be credited, the miracle here narrated in stanzas 18 and 19 was “frequently witnessed over the graves of faithful lovers. King Mark, according to the German romance, planted a rose on Tristan's grave, and a vine on that of Isold. The roots struck down into the very hearts of the dead lovers, and the stems twined lovingly together. The French account is somewhat different. An eglantine sprung from the tomb of Tristan, and twisted itself round the monument of Isold. It was cut down three times, but grew up every morning fresher than before; so that it was allowed to stand.” Several other instances of this miraculous phenomenon occur in this volume; in Swedish, Danish, and Breton ballad lore; “in a Servian tale, cited by Salvi (*Vertuch, &c.*, p. 139); and in an Afghan poem, described by Elphinstone” (*Account of the Kingdom of Cabul*, vol. i., p. 295).—Prof. Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 119.

- 3 "Oh, Earl Brand, how fain would I see  
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."
- 4 "Oh, lady fair, I have no steed but one;  
But thou shalt ride, and I will run."
- 5 "Go, Earl Brand, to my father's stable,  
And bring me a palfrey wight and able."
- 6 Earl Brand he did as the lady bade,  
And when they were mounted, away they rade.
- 7 Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor,  
And they have met neither rich nor poor;
- 8 Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,—  
He's aye for ill, and never for good.
- 9 "Now, Earl Brand, an' ye love me,  
Slay this old carl, and gar him dee."
- 10 "Oh, lady fair, but that would be sair,  
To slay an old carl that wears gray hair;
- 11 "My own lady fair, I'll not do so;  
I'll pay him his fee, and let him go."
- 12 "Oh, where have ye ridden this lee-lang day,  
And where have ye stown this fair lady away?"
- 13 "I have not ridden this lee-lang day,  
Nor yet have I stown this lady away;
- 14 "For she is, I trow, my sick sister,  
Whom I have been bringing frae Winchester."
- 15 "If she's been sick, and like to die,  
What makes her wear the gold so high?"
- 16 When came the carl to her father's yett,  
He loudly and rudely rapp'd thereat.
- 17 "Now, where is the lady of this hall?"  
"She's out with her maids a-playing at the ball."
- 18 "Ha, ha, ha! ye are all mista'en,  
Ye may count your maidens o'er again.
- 19 "I met her far beyond the lea,  
With the young Earl Brand, his leman to be."



- 20 Her father of his best men armed fifteen,  
And they're ridden after them bidene.
- 21 The lady look'd o'er her left shoulder then,  
And saw her father and his fifteen men ;
- 22 Says—" Oh, Earl Brand, we are both of us ta'en,  
And it fears me much that you will be slain."
- 23 " Oh, if they come on me one by one,  
You may stand by till the fights be done ;
- 24 " But if they come on me one and all,  
Then you may stand by and see me fall."
- 25 They came upon him one by one,  
Till fourteen battles he has won ;
- 26 And fourteen [brave] men he has them slain,  
Each after each [they fell] on the plain.
- 27 But the fifteenth man behind him stole round,  
And dealt him a deep and a deadly wound ;
- 28 But though he was wounded to the deid,  
He set his fair lady again on her steed.
- 29 They rode till they came to the river Doune,  
And there they alighted to wash his wound.
- 30 " Oh, Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood !"  
" It's nothing but the glent and my scarlet hood."
- 31 They rode till they came to his mother's yett ;  
So faintly and feebly he rapp'd thereat.
- 32 " Oh, my son 's slain, he is falling to swoon,  
And it's all for the sake of an English loon."
- 33 " Oh, say not so, my dearest mother,  
But marry her to my youngest brother."
- 34 To a maiden true he will give his hand,  
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie ;  
To the king's daughter of fair England,  
To a prize won by a slain brother's brand,  
In the brave nights so early.

## THE BENT SAE BROWN.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 30.

In some portions of the story this ballad resembles "The Douglas Tragedy," and other kindred ballads, which immediately precede this; and also "Lady Elspat," "Sweet Willie and Lady Margerie," and "Clerk Saunders," which immediately follow this, in the order named.

- 1 "THERE are sixteen lang miles, I'm sure,  
Between my love and me;  
There are eight of them on gude dry land,  
And other eight by sea.
- 2 "Betide me life, betide me death,  
My love I'll gang and see;  
Altho' her friends they do me hate,  
Her love is great for me.
- 3 "Of my coat I'll make a boat,  
And of my sark a sail;  
And of my cane a gude topmast,  
Dry land till I come till."
- 4 Then of his coat he made a boat,  
And of his sark a sail;  
And of his cane a gude topmast,  
Dry land till he come till.
- 5 Then he is on to Annie's bow'r,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
"Oh, sleep ye, wake ye, love Annie?  
Rise up, and let me in."
- 6 "Oh, who is this at my bow'r door,  
Sae well that kens my name?"  
"It is your true love, sweet Willie;  
For you I've cross'd the faem."
- 7 "I am deeply sworn, Willie,  
By father and by mother,  
At kirk or market where we meet,  
We darena own each other.
- 8 "And I am deeply sworn, Willie,  
By my bauld brothers three,  
At kirk or market where we meet,  
I darena speak to thee.

- 9 "Ye take your red fan in your hand,  
Your white fan o'er your een,  
And ye may swear, and save your oath,  
You saw na me come in."
- 10 She's ta'en her red fan in her hand,  
The white fan o'er her een;  
It was to swear and save her oath,  
She saw na him come in.
- 11 They hadna kiss'd, nor yet love clapp'd,  
As lovers do when they meet,  
Till up it starts her auld mither  
At her bauld sons' bed feet.
- 12 "Win up, win up, my three bauld sons,  
Win up, and make ye boun';  
Your sister's lover's in her bow'r,  
As ye lye sleeping soun'."
- 13 Then up it raise her three bauld sons.  
With swords baith sharp and strang,  
And they are to their sister's bow'r  
As fast as they could gang.
- 14 When they came to their sister's bow'r,  
They sought it up and down;  
But there was neither man nor boy  
In her bow'r to be foun'.
- 15 Then out it speaks the first of them—  
"We'll gang and let her be;  
For there is neither man nor boy  
Intill her companie."
- 16 Then out it speaks the second son—  
"Our travel's all in vain;  
But mother dear, nor father dear,  
Shall break our rest again."
- 17 Then out it speaks the third of them,  
(An ill death mat he die!)—  
"We'll lurk among the bent sae brown,  
That Willie we may see."
- 18 He stood behind his love's curtains,  
His goud rings show'd him light;  
And by this ye may all weel guess  
He was a renown'd knight.

- 19 He's done him to his love's stable,  
Took out his berry-brown steed;  
His love stood in her bow'r door,  
Her heart was like to bleed.
- 20 "Oh, mourn ye for my coming, love?  
Or for my short staying?  
Or mourn ye for our safe sind'ring,  
Case we never meet again?"
- 21 "I mourn nae for your here coming,—  
To meet ye I am fain;  
Nor mourn I for our safe sind'ring,—  
I hope we'll meet again.
- 22 "I wish ye may won safe away,  
And safely frae the town;  
For ken ye not my brothers three  
Are 'mang the bent sae brown?"
- 23 "If I were on my nut-brown steed,  
And three miles frae the town,  
I wouldna fear your bauld brothers,  
Amang the bent sae brown."
- 24 He lean'd him o'er his saddle bow,  
And kiss'd her lips sae sweet;  
The tears that fell between these twa,  
They wet his great steed's feet.
- 25 But he wasna on his nut-brown steed,  
Nor twa miles frae the town,  
Till up it starts these three fierce men,  
Amang the bent sae brown.
- 26 Then up they came, these three fierce men,  
When one did loudly say,—  
"Bide still, bide still, ye cowardly youth,  
What makes you haste away?"
- 27 "For I must know before you go,  
Tell me, and make nae lie;  
If ye've been in my sister's bow'r,  
My hands shall gar ye die."
- 28 "Though I've been in your sister's bow'r,  
I have nae fear of thee;  
I'll stand my ground, and fiercely fight,  
And shall gain victorie."



- 29 " Now I entreat you for to stay,  
Unto us give gude heed;  
If ye our words do not obey,  
I'se gar your body bleed."
- 30 " I have nae armour," says Willie,  
" Unless it be my brand;  
And that shall guard my fair body,  
Till I win frae your hand."
- 31 Then twa of them stepp'd in behind,  
All in a furious meed;  
The third of them came him before,  
And seiz'd his nut-brown steed.
- 32 Oh, then he drew his trusty brand,  
That hung down by his gare;  
And he has slain these three fierce men,  
And left them sprawling there.
- 33 Then word has gane to their mother,  
In bed where she slept soun',  
That Willie had kill'd her three bauld sons,  
Among the bent sae brown.
- 34 Then she has cut the locks that hung  
Sae low down by her e'e;  
Sae has she kiltit her green claithing  
A little aboon her knee.
- 35 And she has on to the king's court,  
As fast as gang' could she;  
When fair Annie got word of that,  
Was there as soon as she.
- 36 Her mother went before the king,  
Fell low down on her knee;  
" Win up, win up, my dame," he said,  
" What is your will with me?"
- 37 " My wills they are not small, my liege,  
The truth I'll tell to thee:  
There is ane of your courtly knights  
That last night has robb'd me."
- 38 " And has he broke your bigly bow'rs,  
Or has he stole your fee?  
There is nae knight into my court  
Last night has been frae me;

- 39 "Unless 'twas Willie of Lauderdale,  
Forbid that it be he!"  
"And by my sooth," says the auld woman,  
"That very man is he.
- 40 "For he has broke my bigly bow'rs,  
And he has stole my fee;  
And made my daughter his leman,  
And an ill woman is she.
- 41 "That was not all he did to me,  
Ere he went frae the town;  
My sons sae true he fiercely slew,  
Amang the bent sae brown."
- 42 Then out it spake her daughter Ann,—  
She stood by the king's knee,—  
"Ye lie, ye lie, my mother dear,  
Sae loud's I hear you lie.
- 43 "He has not broke your bigly bow'rs,  
Nor has he stole your fee;  
Nor made your daughter his leman,—  
A good woman I'll be.
- 44 "And he might be forgiven, though  
Your three bauld sons he's slain;  
They were well clad in armour bright,  
My love with brand alane."
- 45 "Well spoke, well spoke," the king replied,  
"This talking pleases me;  
For ae kiss of your lovely mouth  
I'll set your true love free."
- 46 She's ta'en the king in her arms twa,  
And kiss'd him cheek and chin;  
He then set her behind her love,  
And they went singing hame.

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 LADY ELSPAT.

From Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 191, where it is said to be given "from the recitation of Mrs. Brown."

- 1 "How brent's your brow, my Lady Elspat!  
How gowden yellow is your hair!  
Of all the maids of fair Scotland,  
There's nane like Lady Elspat fair."

- 2 "Perform your vows, sweet William," she says,  
 "The vows which you have made to me;  
 And at the back of my mither's castle  
 This night I'll surely meet with thee."
- 3 But wae be to her brother's page,  
 That heard the words the twa did say;  
 He tauld them to her lady mither,  
 Wha wrought sweet William mickle wae.
- 4 For she has ta'en him, sweet William,  
 And she gar'd bind him with his bow string,  
 Till the red bluid of his fair body  
 Frae ilka nail of his hand did spring.
- 5 Oh, 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'.
- 6 "And what is the crime now, lady," he says,  
 "That has by this young man been done?"  
 "Oh, he has broken my bonnie castle,  
 That was weel biggit with lime and stone;
- 7 "And he has broken my bonnie coffer,  
 That was weel bandit with aiken band;  
 And he has stown my rich jewels,  
 My jewels costly rare and grand."
- 8 Then out it spake fair Lady Elspat,  
 As she sat by Lord-justice knee;  
 "Now ye ha'e told your tale, mither,  
 I pray, Lord-justice, ye'll now hear me.
- 9 "He hasna broken her bonnie castle,  
 That was weel biggit with lime and stone;  
 Nor has he stown her rich jewels;  
 For I wot she has them every one.
- 10 But though he was my first true love,  
 And though I had sworn to be his bride,  
 Because he hasna a great estate,  
 She wou'd this day our loves divide."
- 11 Syne out and spake the Lord-justice—  
 I wot the tear was in his e'e,—  
 "I see na faut in this young man;  
 Sae loose his bands, and set him free.

- 12 "And take your love, now, Lady Elspat,  
And my best blessing ye baith upon;  
For if he be your first true love,  
He is my eldest sister's son.
- 13 "There stands a steed in my stable,  
Cost me baith gold and white money;  
Ye's get as mickle of my free land  
As he'll ride about in a summer's day."

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SWEET WILLIE AND LADY MARGERIE.

"This ballad," says Mr. Motherwell, "which possesses considerable beauty and pathos, is given from the recitation of a lady now far advanced in years, with whose grandmother it was a deserved favourite. It is now for the first time printed."—*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, p. 370.

Buchan styles Motherwell's "an imperfect copy," and gives another and longer ballad "on a similar subject," under the title of "Willie and Lady Maisry."—*Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 155.

The present version is compiled from both. It not only resembles "The Bent sae Brown," p. 35, but also "Clerk Saunders," the ballad which follows this, as well as "Johnnie Scott," and "Lang Johnnie Moir," which subsequently appear.

- 1 SWEET WILLIE was a widow's son,  
And he wore a milk-white weed, O;  
And weel could Willie read and write,  
Far better ride on steed, O.
- 2 Lady Margerie was the first ladye  
That drank to him the wine, O;  
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,  
"Laddie, your love is mine, O."
- 3 Lady Margerie was the first ladye  
That drank to him the beer, O;  
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,  
"Laddie, ye're welcome here, O."
- 4 "You must come intill my bow'r,  
When the evening bells do ring, O;  
And you must come intill my bow'r,  
When the evening mass doth sing, O."
- 5 He's ta'en four-and-twenty braid arrows,  
And laced them in a whang, O;  
And he's awa to Lady Margerie's bow'r,  
As fast as he can gang, O.



- 6 He set his ae foot on the wall,  
 And the other on a stane, O;  
 And he 's kill'd all the king's life guards,  
 He 's kill'd them every man, O.
- 7 Then he is on to Margerie's bow'r,  
 And tirl'd at the pin, O;  
 "Oh, open, open, Lady Margerie,  
 Open and let me in, O."
- 8 With her feet as white as sleet,  
 She strode her bow'r within, O;  
 And with her fingers lang and small,  
 She 's looten sweet Willie in, O.
- 9 She 's looted down unto his foot,  
 To louze sweet Willie's shoon, O;  
 The buckles they were stiff with bluid,  
 That on them had drapt doon, O.
- 10 "What frightful sight is this, my love,  
 Is this that I do see, O?  
 What bluid is this ye're cloated with,  
 I pray you tell to me, O."
- 11 "As I camè thro' the woods this night,  
 A wolf maist worried me, O;  
 Oh, shou'd I slain the wolf, Margerie?  
 Or shou'd it worried me, O?"
- 12 "O Willie, O Willie, I fear that thou  
 Hast bred me dule and sorrow;  
 The deed that thou hast donè this night,  
 Will kythe upon the morrow."
- 13 They had no; kiss'd, nor yet love clapp'd,  
 As lovers when they meet, O;  
 Till up it starts her auld father  
 Out of his drowsy sleep, O.
- 14 Then he is on to Margerie's bow'r,  
 And tirl'd at the pin, O;  
 Saying—"Wake ye, daughter Margerie,  
 Wake up, and let me in, O."
- 15 Between the curtains and the wall,  
 She had her lover in, O;  
 Then hooly to the door she went,  
 And let her father in, O.

- 16 "What's become of your Maries all,  
That nane your bow'r are in, O?  
What's become of your green covering,  
That your beds they are sae thin, O?"
- 17 "Oh, Gude forgi'e you, father," she said,  
"That you even me to sin, O;  
That you dread me for, and watch me for,  
But never find me in, O."
- 18 He turn'd him right and round about,  
As he'd been gaun awa, O;  
But stealthily he slippet in  
Behind a screen sae sma', O.
- 19 Sweet Willie came frae his retreat,  
And ere they were aware, O,  
Her auld father did give to him  
A deep wound and a sair, O.
- 20 "Oh, Gude forgi'e you, father," she said,  
"Forgi'e this deadly sin, O;  
That thus my ain true love is slain  
By you, my bow'r within, O!"
- 21 "This night he slew my gude bold watch,  
Thirty stout men and twa, O;  
And likewise slew your ae brother,  
To me was worth them a', O."
- 22 "If he has slain my ae brother,  
The blame it was his ain, O;  
For many a day he plots contriv'd  
To ha'e sweet Willie slain, O.
- 23 "Tho' he has slain your gude bold watch,  
He might ha'e been forgi'en, O;  
For they came on him in armour bright,  
As alane he cross'd the green, O.
- 24 "Oh, Gude forgi'e you, my auld father,  
For the ill you've made me drec, O;  
For ye've killed Willie, the widow's son,  
And he would have married me, O."
- 25 She turn'd her back unto the room,  
Her face unto the wa', O;  
And with a deep and heavy sigh,  
Her heart it brake in twa, O.

## CLERK SAUNDERS.

First published by Sir Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii., p. 175.

"This romantic ballad," says Sir Walter, "is taken from Mr. Herd's MSS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy, in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas. The resemblance of the conclusion to the ballad beginning, 'There came a ghost to Margaret's door,' will strike every reader. The tale is uncommonly wild and beautiful, and apparently very correct. The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages in Scotland. The sexton goes through the town ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral. The three concluding verses have been recovered since the first edition of this work; and I am informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. For this, however, there seems no necessity, as other authorities give the whole as a complete tale."

A second version was published by Mr. Jamieson, *Popular Ballads, &c.*, vol. i., p. 80, "which, though of inferior beauty, is not the less valuable, as illustrating the transmutations to which traditional song is inevitably subjected."

"Nothing," says Jamieson, "could have been better imagined than the circumstance in Mr. Scott's copy, of killing Clerk Saunders while his mistress was asleep (stanza 13); nor can anything be more natural or pathetic than the two stanzas that follow. They might have charmed a whole volume of bad poetry against the ravages of time; in Mr. Scott's volumes they shine but like pearls among diamonds."

Jamieson's version was, as he states, mainly "transmitted by Mrs. Arrott, of Aberbrothick." Stanzas 1 and 2 are thence taken, "because," as stated by Motherwell, "they supply information as to the rank in society respectively held by these ill-fated lovers; and by hinting at the scholastic acquirements of Clerk Saunders, they prepare us for the casuistry by which he seeks to reconcile May Margaret's conscience to a most jesuitical oath." For verses extracted from Jamieson's version, see following ballad.

A third version of Part I. was published by Kinloch—*Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 233—and is there styled "the North Country version of this popular and pathetic ballad." It is followed by an imperfect copy of "Sweet William and May Margaret," which Mr. Kinloch confounds with the concluding portion of Scott's version of this present ballad.

A fourth version, named "Clerk Sandy," was published by Buchan, *Ancient Ballads and Songs, &c.*, vol. i., p. 160.

Scott's version is greatly superior to any of the others, and is here generally followed; but stanzas 10, 12, 17, and 18, of the present

collated version, are either wholly or partly derived from Kinloch's ; and stanzas 21, 22, 23, from Buchan's versions, above referred to.

Part I. resembles the preceding ballad, and has its counterpart in the Swedish ballad, "Den Grymma Brodern," *Svenska Folk-Visor*, No. 86 (translated in *Literature and Romance of North Europe*, p. 519) ; and in the Spanish ballad, "De la Blanca Miña," in the *Romancero de Amberes*.

Part II. resembles the ballad which follows, and "Aage og Else," *Grundtvig*, No. 90 (translated by Robert Buchanan, in *Ballad Stories of the Affections, from the Scandinavian*, p. 112).

Variations to stanzas 34 and 35, from the following ballad—"Sweet William's Ghost"—are noted under those stanzas, p. 48.

## PART I.

- 1 CLERK SAUNDERS was an earl's son,  
He lived upon the salt sea strand ;  
May Margaret was a king's daughter,  
She lived away in upper land.
- 2 Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,  
He was weel learn'd at the scheel ;  
May Margaret was a king's daughter ;—  
They baith did lo'e each ither weel.
- 3 Clerk Saunders and May Margaret  
Walk'd fondly o'er yon garden green ;  
And sad and heavy was the love  
That fell the Clerk and May between.
- 4 "A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,  
"A bed, fair May, for you and me !"  
"Fye na, fye na," said May Margaret,  
"Till ance that we twa married be.
- 5 "For in may come my seven brothers,  
With torches burning red and bright ;  
They'll say—' We ha'e but ae sister,  
And, behold, she's sleeping with a knight !'"
- 6 "Then take the brand frae out my hand,  
And with it slowly lift the pin ;  
And you may swear, and safe your aith,  
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.
- 7 "And take a napkin in your hand,  
And tie up baith your bonnie een ;  
And you may swear, and safe your aith,  
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."



- 8 It was about the midnight hour,  
When soundly they asleep were laid,  
That in and came her seven brothers,  
With torches burning bright and red.
- 9 When in and came her seven brothers,  
With torches burning red and bright,  
They said—"We ha'e but ae sister,  
And behold her sleeping with a knight!"
- 10 Oh, out it speaks the first of them,  
"We will awa and let them be;"  
Then out it speaks the second of them,  
"His father has nae mair but he."
- 11 And out and spake the third of them,  
"I wot that they are lovers dear;"  
And out and spake the fourth of them,  
"They ha'e been in love this mony a year."
- 12 Then out it speaks the fifth of them,  
"It were a sin to do them ill;"  
Then out it spake the sixth of them,  
"Twere shame a sleeping man to kill."
- 13 Then up and gat the seventh of them,  
And never a word spake he;  
But he has striped his bright brown brand  
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.
- 14 Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd  
Into his arms, as asleep she lay;  
And sad and silent was the night  
That was atween these lovers twae.
- 15 And she lay still and slept sound,  
Until the day began to daw;  
Then kindly to him she did say,  
"It is time, true love, you were awa."
- 16 But he lay still, as sleeping sound,  
Albeit the sun began to sheen;  
She looked atween her and the wall,  
And dull and drumlie were his een.
- 17 May Margaret turn'd the blankets down,  
The sheet she turn'd it to the wall;  
And when she saw his bluidy wound,  
Her tears they bitterly did fall.

- 18 " Oh, wae be to ye, my fause brothers,  
Ay, and an ill death may ye dee,  
Ye have slain Clerk Saunders, my true love,  
That loved and would ha'e wedded me."
- 19 Then in and came her father dear;  
Said—" Margaret, let your mourning be;  
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,  
And then come back and comfort thee."
- 20 " Comfort ye weel your seven sons,  
For comforted will I never be;  
I ween 'twas neither knave nor lown  
Was in the bow'r last night with me."
- 21 " Oh, hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
Oh, hush, and let your mourning be;  
I'll wed you to a higher match  
Than e'er his father's son could be."
- 22 " Wed well, wed well your seven sons,  
I wish ill wedded they may be;  
For they have kill'd my ain true love,  
Wha loved and would ha'e wedded me."
- 23 " Wed well, wed well your seven sons,  
But ill deaths may the dastards dee;  
For they have slain my ain true love,  
And wedded shall I never be."

## PART II.

- 24 The clinking bell gaed through the town,  
The corpse was laid in kindred clay;  
And the ghost at Margaret's window stood  
An hour before the dawn of day.
- 25 " Oh, if ye sleep, then wake, Margaret,  
Or if ye wake, then list to me;  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
I wot, true love, I gave to thee."
- 26 " Your faith and troth ye shall never get,  
Nor our true love shall never twin,  
Until ye come within my bow'r,  
And kiss me ance mair cheek and chin."
- 27 " My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,  
Its smell is now both rank and straung;  
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
Thy days of life will not be lang.

- 28 " Oh, cocks are crowing a merry midnight;  
I wot, the wild-fowls are boding day;  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
And let me fare upon my way.
- 29 " Oh, cocks are crowing a merry midnight;  
I wot, the wild-fowls are boding day;  
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,  
And I ere now will be missed away."
- 30 Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,  
She has stroken her troth thereon,  
And given it out at the shot window,  
With mony a sigh and heavy groan.
- 31 " I thank ye, Marg'ret, I thank ye, Marg'ret,  
And aye I thank ye heartilie;  
If ever the dead come for the quick,  
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."
- 32 She waited not for gown nor hose,  
Nor yet for shoon, to put them on;  
But up she got and follow'd him,  
And to the kirkyard she has gone.
- 33 She climb'd the wall and follow'd him  
Into the kirkyard all alone;  
Then stood beside his new-made grave,  
And thus she made her heavy moan:
- 34 " Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?  
Is there ony room at your feet?  
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,  
Where fain, fain I would sleep?"\*
- 35 " There is nae room at my head, Marg'ret,  
And there is nae room at my feet;  
My bed it is full lowly now:  
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.†
- 36 " Cauld mould it is my covering now,  
And cauld mould my winding sheet:  
The dew it falls nae sooner down,  
Than my resting-place is weet.

\* "Wherein that I may creep."

† "There's nae room at my side, Marg'ret,  
My coffin's made so meet."

- 37 " But plait a wand of bonnie birk,  
 And lay the wand upon my breast;  
 And shed a tear upon my grave,  
 And wish ye for my saul gude rest.
- 38 " And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,  
 And fair Marg'ret of veritie,  
 If ever ye love another man,  
 Never love him as ye did me."
- 39 Then up and crew the milk-white cock,  
 And up and loudly crew the gray;  
 Her lover vanish'd in the air,  
 And she gaed sadly weeping away.

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 WIT AT NEED.

The following verses are taken from Jamieson's version of " Clerk Saunders," into which they appear to have been introduced erroneously by some reciter, as similar verses occur apart in Danish (*Danske*, V., No. 204, and *Arwidsson*, I., 358). They also resemble the Scottish song, " Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en," first printed by Herd (vol. ii., p. 74), and one of the same description in the Danish (*Kæmpe Viser*, p. 709), translated by Jamieson, in *Northern Antiquities*, p. 424, where it appears under the heading given above. The two last lines of stanzas 2 and 5 are here added to fill up the *hiatus* of the original; and the first word of stanzas 3 and 6 is in consequence altered from " But " to " Then." The second lines of stanzas 2 and 5 are somewhat nonsensical.

- 1 " OH, tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
 And dinna to us lein,\*  
 Oh, wha is aught yon noble steed,  
 That stands your stable in?"
- 2 " The steed is mine, and it may be thine,  
 To ride when ye ride on hie;  
 But I am sick, and very, very sick,  
 And as sick as I can be.
- 3 " Then awa, awa, my bauld brethren,  
 Awa and mak' nae din;  
 For I am as sick a lady the nicht,  
 As e'er lay a bow'r within."

\* "Lein:" to conceal. The word used by Jamieson is " len," which he thus explains:—"The term 'len' here means to stop or hesitate, and is used in the same sense by Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals*. It seems to be the same with the old English and Scottish 'blin,' to cease or stop."



- 4 "Oh, tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
And dinna to us lein,  
Oh, wha is aught yon noble hawk  
That stands your kitchen in?"
- 5 "The hawk is mine, and it may be thine,  
To hawk when ye hawk in hie;  
But I am sick, and very, very sick,  
And as sick as I can be.
- 6 "Then awa, awa, my bauld brethren,  
Awa and mak' nae din;  
I'm ane of the sickest ladies this night,  
That e'er lay bow'r within."
- 7 "Oh, tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
And dinna to us lein,  
Oh, wha is that, May Margaret,  
You and the wall between?"
- 8 "Oh, it is my bow'r-maiden," she says,  
"As sick as sick can be;  
Oh, it is my bow'r-maiden," she says,  
"And she's thrice as sick as me."
- 9 "We ha'e been east, and we've been west,  
And low beneath the moon;  
But all the bow'r-women e'er we saw  
Hadna goud buckles in their shoon."

### SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

First printed by Ramsay in the *Tea Table Miscellany*. Motherwell furnished a second version, under the title of "William and Marjorie," in the *Minstrelsy*, p. 186; and Kinloch a third, under the title of "Sweet William and May Margaret," in *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 241.

The present copy is collated from all three, but omits two stanzas, corresponding to stanzas 34 and 35 of "Clerk Saunders" (p. 48), to which they appear properly to belong. These stanzas are given by Ramsay, but are omitted by both Motherwell and Kinloch.

Ramsay's version begins with lines 3 and 4; and the stanza is completed with the following lines:—

"And aye he tirl'd at the pin,  
But answer made she nane,"

which, followed as they are by questions almost identical with those propounded in stanza 2—here printed from Kinloch's version—is manifestly inconsistent.

- 1 As Lady Marg'ret sat in her bow'r,  
In her bow'r all alone,  
There came a ghost to her bow'r door,  
With many a grievous groan.
- 2 "Oh, is it my father? oh, is it my mother?  
Or is it my brother John?  
Or is it sweet William, my ain true love,  
To Scotland new come home?"
- 3 "It is not your father, it is not your mother,  
It is not your brother John;  
But it is sweet William, your ain true love,  
To Scotland new come home."
- 4 "Ha'e ye brought me any fine things,  
Any new thing for to wear?  
Or ha'e ye brought a braid of lace  
To snood up my gowden hair?"
- 5 "I've brought ye nae fine things at all,  
Nor any new thing to wear,  
Nor ha'e I brought ye a braid of lace  
To snood up your gowden hair.
- 6 "But sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!  
I pray thee, speak to me;  
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,  
As I gave it to thee."
- 7 "Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
Nor will I with thee twin,  
Till that thou come within my bow'r,  
And kiss me cheek and chin."
- 8 "My lips they are sae bitter," he says,  
"My breath it is sae strang;  
If you get ae kiss of my clay-cauld lips,  
Your days will not be lang.
- 9 "O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!  
O Marg'ret of veritie,  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
As I gave them to thee."
- 10 "Thy faith and troth thou's never get!  
Fast to them will I cling,  
Till you take me to yonder kirk,  
And wed me with a ring."

- 11 "Do you not see my cheeks, Marg'ret,  
Sae sunken and sae wan?  
Do you not see, my dear Marg'ret,  
I am nae earthly man?"
- 12 "My body lies in yon kirkyard,  
Close by the rolling sea;  
And it is but my ghost, Marg'ret,  
That's speaking now to thee.
- 13 "Then sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!  
I pray thee, for charitie,  
To give me back my faith and troth,  
As I gave them to thee."
- 14 "Your faith and troth ye shall not get,  
Nor will I twin with thee,  
Till ye tell me of heaven's joys,  
Or hell's pains, how they be."
- 15 "The joys of heaven I wot not of,  
The pains of hell I dree;  
But I hear the cocks begin to crow,  
Sae I must hence frae thee.
- 16 "The cocks are crawling, dear Marg'ret,  
The cocks are crawling again;  
The dead must now part frae the quick,  
And sae I must be gane."
- 17 No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,  
But with a grievous groan  
Evanished in a cloud of mist,  
And left her all alone.
- 18 Now she has kilted her robes of green  
A piece below her knee,  
And all the live-lang winter night  
The dead corp follow'd she.
- 19 She follow'd high, she follow'd low,  
To yonder kirkyard lone,  
And there the deep grave open'd up,  
And William he sank down.
- 20 "Oh, what three things are these, William,  
That stand here at your head?"  
"Oh, it's three maidens, sweet Marg'ret,  
I promised once to wed."

- 22 "Oh, what three things are these, William,  
That stand close at your side?"  
"Oh, it is three babies, Marg'ret,  
That these three maidens had."
- 23 "Oh, what three things are these, William,  
That lye close at your feet?"  
"Oh, it is three hell-hounds, Marg'ret,  
Waiting my saul to keep."
- 24 Then she 's ta'en up her white, white hand,  
And struck him on the breast,  
"Have there again your faith and troth,  
And I wish your saul good rest."

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THE CLERKS OF OXENFORD.

Abridged, and slightly emendated, from Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, &c., vol. i., p. 281.

Mr. Buchan (note, p. 319) describes the two clerks as "sons of the Laird of Oxenford," in the county of Mid-Lothian; the place, "Billsbury," as "a famous town, at that time celebrated for its seminaries of learning;" and the period, to "have been in the time of the feudal law."

Mr. Chambers prints the ballad under the title of "The Clerk's Twa Sons o' Owsenford—Part First," *Scottish Ballads*, p. 345, and states it to be "chiefly taken from the recitation of the editor's grandmother (who learned it, when a girl, nearly seventy years ago [about 1760], from Miss Anne Gray, resident at Neidpath Castle, Peebleshire); some additional stanzas, and a few various readings, being adopted from a less perfect, and far less poetical copy, published in Mr. Buchan's *Ancient and Modern Ballads*." The reader may, however, be surprised to learn that the ballad, as given by Mr. Chambers, is almost identical with the stanzas here given from Mr. Buchan's ballad; but the scene of the tragedy is transferred by him from "Billsbury" to "Parish," or, as he notes it, "Paris,"—which latter is not, however, within a day's journey or sail of Oxenford, in Mid-Lothian. Oxenford gave the title of Viscount—now dormant—to one of the Macgill family, in the reign of Charles II. It is now a seat of the Earl of Stair.

Mr. Chambers's "Second Part" contains two stanzas slightly altered from Mr. Buchan's ballad; the others, with the exception of two or three additional stanzas, being almost identical with "The Wife of Usher's Well," first published in Scott's *Minstrelsy*.

The ballads thus united were regarded by Professor Aytoun—*Ballads of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 116—as quite distinct; and even Mr. Chambers virtually admits it, when he refers to "the great



*superiority of what follows over what goes before*”—i.e., of “Part Second” over “Part First;” and to “*the latter portion as in a great measure independent of the other.*” The extracts are quoted in italics as given by Professor Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 63; the last-named editor adding his opinion, “that the two parts originally had no connection, [but] were arbitrarily united, to suit the purposes of some unscrupulous rhapsodist.” He also mentions that “there is to a certain extent a resemblance between this ballad and the German ballad, ‘Das Schloss in Oesterrich,’ found in most of the German collections, and in Swedish and Danish.”

- 1 I WILL sing to you a waeful sang,  
Will grieve your heart full sair,  
How the twa bonnie clerks of Oxenford  
Went aff to learn their lear.
- 2 Their father loved them very weel,  
Their mother meikle mair,  
And they sent them on to Billsbury  
To learn deeper lear.
- 3 They hadna been in Billsbury  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till the mayor's twa daughters of Billsbury  
On them their loves did lay.
- 4 And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,  
The ladies sew'd and sang;  
There was mair mirth in that chamber  
Than in all Ferrol's land.
- 5 But word has gane to the haughty mayor,  
As o'er his lands he rade,  
That the twa bonnie clerks of Oxenford  
His daughters had betray'd.
- 6 “Oh, have they betray'd my daughters dear,  
The heirs of all my land?  
Then the morn, ere I eat or drink,  
I'll hang them with my hand.”
- 7 Then he has ta'en the twa bonnie clerks,  
Bound them frae tap to tae,  
Till the reddest bluid within their veins  
Out o'er their nails did gae.
- 8 Then word has gane to Oxenford,  
Frae the clerks in prison strang,  
That ere the morn at twelve o'clock,  
The mayor he would them hang.

- 9 Then up spake Lady Oxenford,  
While tears fell fast and free—  
“O husband, take good store of gold,  
And let them borrow'd be.
- 10 “O husband, take good store of gold,  
And bring them back with thee;  
But if you get not hynde Henry,  
Bring Gilbert hame to me.”
- 11 Out then spake auld Oxenford,  
A waeful man was he—  
“Your strange wish it does me surprise,  
They are baith alike to me.”
- 12 Oh, sweetly sang the nightingale,  
As she sat on the wand;  
But sair, sair mourn'd Oxenford,  
As he gaed to the strand.
- 13 When he came to the prison strang,  
He rade it round about,  
And at a little shot-window  
His sons were looking out.
- 14 “Oh, lye ye there, my sons,” he said,  
“For oxen or for kye?  
Or for a cast of dear-bought love,  
Do ye in prison lye?”
- 15 “We lye not here, father,” they said,  
“For oxen or for kye;  
But for a cast of dear-bought love,  
We are condemned to die.”
- 16 “Oh, borrow us, borrow us, father,  
For the love we bear to thee!”  
“Oh, never fear, my bonnie sons,  
Weel borrow'd ye shall be.”
- 17 Then he has gane to the haughty mayor,  
And hail'd him courteouslie—  
“Good day, good day, good Billsbury,  
God make you safe and free!
- 18 “Good day, good day, good Billsbury,  
A boon I crave frae thee.”  
Come, sit ye down, brave Oxenford,  
What is your will with me?”

- 19 "Will ye gi'e me my sons again,  
For gold or yet for fee?  
Will ye gi'e me my sons again  
For's sake that died on tree?"
- 20 "I winna gi'e ye your sons again,  
For gold nor yet for fee;  
But if ye stay a little while,  
Ye'll see them baith hang'd hie."
- 21 In then came the mayor's daughters,  
With kirtle, coat alone;  
Their eyes they sparkled like the gold,  
As they tripp'd o'er the stone.
- 22 "Oh, will ye gi'e us our loves, father,  
For gold or yet for fee?  
Or will ye take our own sweet lives,  
And let our true loves be?"
- 23 He's ta'en a whip into his hand,  
And lash'd them wondrous sair;  
"Gae to your bow'rs, ye vile lemans,  
Ye'll never see them mair."
- 24 Then out and spake auld Oxenford,  
A waeful man was he—  
"Gang to your bow'rs, ye lily flowers,  
For, oh, this maunna be."
- 25 Then out and spake him hynde Henrie—  
"Come here, Janet, to me;  
Will ye gi'e me my faith and troth,  
And love, as I gave thee?"
- 26 "Oh, ye shall ha'e your faith and troth,  
With God's blessing and mine!"  
And twenty times she kiss'd his mouth,  
Her father looking on.
- 27 Then out and spake him gay Gilbert—  
"Come here, Marg'ret, to me;  
Will ye gi'e me my faith and troth,  
And love, as I gave thee?"
- 28 "Yes, ye shall get your faith and troth,  
With God's blessing and mine!"  
And twenty times she kiss'd his mouth,  
Her father looking on.

- 29 "Ye'll take aff your twa black hats,  
And lay them on that stone,  
That nane may ken that ye are clerks  
When ye are putten down."
- 30 The bonnie clerks they died that morn,  
Their loves died lang ere noon;  
And baith their fathers and mothers died  
For sorrow very soon.
- 31 Six of the souls went up to heaven,  
(I wish sae may we a'!)  
But the cruel mayor went down to hell,  
For judging unjust law.

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### THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 258.

Stanza 4 is adapted from Buchan's ballad, "The Clerks of Oxenford;" and stanza 5 from Chambers's ballad, "The Clerk's Twa Sons o' Owsenford—Part Second."

The explanatory notes [marked S.] are from the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

- 1 THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them o'er the sea.
- 2 They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely ane,  
When word came back to the carline wife,  
That her three sons were gane.
- 3 They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
When word came to the carline wife,  
That her sons she'd never see:
- 4 That they were learning a deeper lear,  
And at a higher schule;  
But them she wou'd never see again,  
On the holy days of Yule.



- 5 "I wish the wind may never cease,\*  
Nor fishes † in the flood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me  
In earthly flesh and blood."
- 6 It fell about the Martinmas,  
When nights are lang and mirk,  
The carline wife's three sons came hame,  
And their hats were of the birk.
- 7 It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
Nor yet in ony sheugh;  
But at the gates of Paradise  
That birk grew fair eneuch. ‡
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 8 "Blow up the fire, my maidens, and  
Bring water from the well;  
For all my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well.
- 9 "Oh, eat and drink, my merry men all.  
The better shall ye fare;  
For my three sons they are come hame  
To me for evermair."
- 10 And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide;  
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,  
Sat down at the bedside.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 11 Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said—  
" 'Tis time we were away."
- 12 The cock he hadna craw'd but ance,  
At dawning of the day,  
When the eldest to the youngest said—  
"Brother, we must away."

\* The sense of this verse is obscure, owing probably to corruption by reciters. [S.]

† Subsequent editors have changed "fishes" to "fashes," "freshes," and "freshets."

‡ The notion, that the souls of the blessed wear garlands, seems to be of Jewish origin. At least, in the "Maase-book," there is a Rabbinical tradition to that effect.—See *Jewish Traditions, abridged from Buxtorf*, London, 1732, vol. ii., p. 19. [S]

- 13 "The cōck doth craw, the day doth daw,  
The channerin'\* worm doth chide;  
If we be miss'd out of our place,  
A sair pain we maun bide.†
- 14 "Then fare ye weel, my mother dear!  
Fareweel to barn and byre!  
And fare ye weel, the bonnie lass  
That kindles my mother's fire!"

## LEESOME BRAND.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 41; with the exception of verse 2, which is inserted from a kindred portion of "The Brave Earl Brand and the King of England's Daughter," p. 32.

Stanza 1 describes "an unco," or wonderful "land," bearing some resemblance to the "better land," or "oe."—i. e., island—of "Ribolt and Guldborg," as described in stanzas 3 to 9 inclusive, of the version translated by Jamieson.

Stanzas 3 to 8 inclusive, represent ten stanzas of the original, here abridged to avoid repetition and some objectionable details. These stanzas bear some resemblance to, but are more ample in narrative than, the portion of "The Brave Earl Brand," &c., above referred to.

The succeeding seven stanzas are omitted entirely, because they merely represent—and that in a very corrupt form—several stanzas of "Herr Medelvold," and similar Danish and Swedish ballads.

In the Scandinavian ballad, the hero takes his lady's gold embroidered shoe, and hastes to a distant rill in search of water to quench her thirst; but when he reaches it, two nightingales sing to him of the death of the lady and her two new-born infants. He returns; finds them dead; buries them; fixes his sword against a tree or stone, and drives the blade through his heart. Two versions of this ballad—"Sir Wal and Lisa Lyle," and "Fair Midel and Kirsten Lyle"—as translated by Jamieson, appear in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 373 and p. 377.

In the omitted stanzas of Buchan's ballad, the hero is anything but gallant. He is asked by the lady to leave her alone—to take his "bow," and go to "hunt the deer and roe," but not to touch "the white hynde." He obeys only too willingly, and quite forgets his lady until reminded by the passing of a "milk-white hynde," when he returns and finds her "lying dead," with her "young son at

\* "Channerin':" fretting. [S.]

† This will remind the German reader of the comic adieu of a heavenly apparition:—

"Doch sieh! man schliesst die himmels thür;  
Adieu! der himmlische Portier  
Ist strengund hält auf ordnung."—*Blumauer*. [S.]

her head." Stanzas somewhat analogous to those described occur also in two ballads which immediately follow—viz., "The Earl of Douglas and Lady Oliphant," and "Sweet Willie and Fair Janet."

Part II. narrates the sequel, of which stanza 9 is common ballad property; while stanzas 10 to 14 are almost identical with four stanzas of a ballad in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 189), under the title of "The Broom blooms Bonnie and says it is Fair," which four stanzas follow the present ballad, and are all of Motherwell's ballad that are considered to be fit for publication in this collection.

The four or five concluding stanzas of "Leesome Brand" appear to be the only original stanzas it contains.

#### PART I.

- 1 My boy was scarcely ten years auld,  
When he went to an unco land,  
Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever crew,  
Ohon! for my son, Leesome Brand.
- 2 Oh, did you ever hear of brave Leesome Brand?  
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;  
He courted the king's daughter of fair England,  
In the brave nights so early.
- 3 Awa to that king's court he went,  
It was to serve for meat and fee;  
Gude red gowd it was his hire,  
And lang in that king's court stay'd he.
- 4 He hadna been in that king's court,  
But only twellmonths twa or three,  
Till by the glancing of his e'e,  
He gain'd the love of a gay ladye.
- 5 This ladye was scarce fifteen years auld,  
When on her love she was right bauld;  
To Leesome Brand she then did say—  
"In this place I can nae mair stay.
- 6 "Ye do you to my father's stable,  
Where steeds do stand both wight and able;  
Get ane for you, another for me,  
And let us ride out o'er the lea.
- 7 "Ye do you to my mother's coffer,  
And out of it ye'll take my tocher;  
Therein are sixty thousand pounds,  
Which all to me by right belongs."

- 8 He's done him to her father's stable,  
And waled twa steeds baith wight and able;  
He's done him to her mother's coffer,  
And there he's ta'en his lover's tocher.

## PART II.

- 9 His mother lay o'er her castle wall,  
And she beheld baith dale and down;  
And she beheld young Leesome Brand,  
As he came riding to the town.
- 10 "Get minstrels for to play," she said,  
"And dancers to dance in my room;  
For here comes my son, Leesome Brand,  
And he comes merrilie to the town."
- 11 "Seek nae minstrels to play, mother,  
Nor dancers to dance in your room;  
But tho' your son comes, Leesome Brand,  
Yet he comes sorry to the town.
- 12 "Oh, I ha'e lost my gowden knife,  
I rather had lost my ain sweet life;  
And I ha'e lost a better thing,  
The gilded sheath that it was in."
- 13 "Are there nae gowdsmiths here in Fife  
Can make to you another knife?  
Are there nae sheath-makers in the land  
Can make a sheath to Leesome Brand?"
- 14 "There are nae gowdsmiths here in Fife  
Can make me sic a gowden knife;  
Nor nae sheath-makers in the land  
Can make me sic a sheath again.
- 15 "There ne'er was man in Scotland born,  
Ordain'd to be so much forlorn;  
I've lost my ladye I lov'd sae dear,  
Likewise the son she did me bear."
- 16 "Put in your hand at my bed head,  
There ye'll find a gude gray horn;  
In it three draps of Saint Paul's ain bluid,  
That ha'e been there since he was born.
- 17 "Drap twa of them on your ladye,  
And ane upon your new-born son;  
Then as lively they baith will be  
As the first night ye brought them hame."

- 18 He put his hand at her bed head,  
 And there he found a gude gray horn,  
 With three draps of Saint Paul's ain bluid,  
 That had been there since he was born.
- 19 Then he drapp'd twa on his ladye,  
 And ane of them on his young son;  
 And now they do as lively be,  
 As the first day he brought them hame.

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### THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNIE AND SAYS IT IS FAIR.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 191. See introduction to preceding ballad, p. 59.

The complete ballad is one of a class which, following the judicious example of Professor Child, are excluded from this collection, on account of the revolting nature of their theme. The other ballads of the class referred to are—

“Lizie Wan,” Herd, vol. i., p. 91.

“The Bonnie Hynd,” Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 307.

“Castle Ha's Daughter,” Buchan, vol. i., p. 241.

“Bold Burnett's Daughter” (which is merely referred to by Buchan in his note, vol. i., p. 315), and “Lady Jean,” a stanza of which is given by Motherwell, Appendix, p. xxi., note to music, xxiii.

- 1 WHEN Willie came hame to his father's court hall—  
 The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair;  
 There was music and minstrels and dancing 'mang them all—  
 But he'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.
- 2 “O Willie! O Willie! what makes thee in pain?”—  
 The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair;  
 “I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never see again—  
 For we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.”
- 3 “There are ships of your father's sailing on the sea”—  
 The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair;  
 “That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee—  
 And we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.”
- 4 “There are ships of my father's sailing on the sea”—  
 The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair;  
 “But sic a sheath and knife they can never bring to me—  
 Now we'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.”



## THE EARL OF DOUGLAS AND DAME OLIPHANT.

Abridged from Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 181.

It is probable that the name of the heroine, in place of "Oliphant"—which is a family surname, and not a lady's Christian name—should read "Eleanor," and that the ballad may relate to the second marriage of "William de Douglas, denominated the Hardy;" of the circumstances attending which marriage, we have the following account:—

"His second wife appears to have been Eleanor, relict of William Ferrers of Groby, in the county of Leicester, a younger son of William Earl Derby. This William Ferrers died 1287-8, leaving Eleanor, his second wife, surviving; and she going to Scotland to obtain her dowry of such lands as by her husband belonged to her, being at Travernent [Tranent], the manor-house of Helen [or Allan] la Zuche [or Suche], in that realm, William de Douglas, in a hostile manner, took her thence against her will, and carried her to another place; of which complaint being made to King Edward I., he sent his precept to the Sheriff of Northumberland, to sieze upon all the goods and chattels of the said William de Douglas, which then were in his bailiwick. But in 1290-1, in consideration of £100 fine, the king granted to William de Douglas the benefit of her marriage." And in a note we are further "informed, that in a MS. collection of English records, the second wife of William Ferrers, who died 16th Edward I., is stated to have been Comitissa de Fife, in Scotia, vidua Colbani et mater Macduffi, Comitum de Fife."—*Douglas's Peerage of Scotland*, second edition, edited by J. P. Wood, vol. i., p. 420.

The ballad resembles in some respects both "Leesome Brand" and the ballad which follows this.

- 1 Willie was an earl's ae son,  
An earl's ae son was he;  
And he is on to fair England,  
To serve for meat and fee.
- 2 But it was not for meat and fee  
That Willie hied him there;  
But for his love to Oliphant,  
Of beauty bright and rare.
- 3 Now, it fell ance upon a day,  
That Oliphant thought lang;  
And she went on to good greenwood,  
As fast as she cou'd gang.
- 4 Willie he stood in his chamber door,  
In a love-musing mood,  
And spy'd fair Lady Oliphant,  
As she hied to the wood.

- 5 He took his bow and arrows keen,  
His sword baith braid and lang;  
And he is on to good greenwood,  
As fast as he cou'd gang.
- 6 And there he found fair Oliphant,  
Asleep beneath a tree;  
But up she started at his step,  
And thus in fear cry'd she:
- 7 "Hold away from me, young man,  
Hold far away from me;  
I fear you are some false young knight,  
Beguiles young ladies free."
- 8 "I an not such a false young knight  
As you fear me to be;  
I am young Willie of Douglas-dale,  
And dearly I love thee."
- 9 "If you are Willie of Douglas-dale,  
Your love is dear to me,  
For oft I think, and in my sleep  
Full oft I dream of thee."
- 10 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,  
And herds lowed on the hill;  
And Willie he hied him back again,  
Unto his daily toil.
- 11 Sae likewise did fair Oliphant,  
To her book and her seam;  
But little she read, and little she sewed,  
For love was her day-dream.
- 12 Then it fell ance upon a night,  
Young Willie he thought lang;  
And he went on to Oliphant's bow'r,  
As fast as he cou'd gang.
- 13 "Oh, are you asleep, fair Oliphant?  
Oh, are you asleep?" cried he;  
"Oh, waken, waken, Oliphant,  
Oh, waken and speak to me."
- 14 "Oh, much I do fear me, dear Willie,  
Oh, much I fear," said she;  
"If my father or his knights do hear,  
By them you slain shall be."

- 15 "O Oliphant, dear Oliphant,  
A king's daughter are ye;  
But would you leave your father's court,  
To live and die with me?"
- 16 "Oh, I would leave my father's court,  
Let weal or woe betide;  
For I could range the warld o'er,  
If you were by my side."
- 17 She took a web of scarlet cloth,  
And tore it fine and small;  
Then plaited it both long and strong,  
To let her down the wall.
- 18 She lower'd herself in Willie's arms,  
A down the castle wall;  
And Willie was wight and well able  
To save her from a fall.
- 19 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,  
And herds low'd on the hill,  
As Willie's lady follow'd him  
Tho' her tears trickl'd still.
- 20 They lived together in good greenwood  
Some nine months and a day,  
When Willie to fair Oliphant  
Thus lovingly did say:
- 21 "Oh, want ye ribbons to your hair,  
Or roses to your shoon?  
Or want ye chains about your neck?  
You'll get mair when they're done."
- 22 "I want not ribbons to my hair,  
Nor roses to my shoon;  
And there are mair chains about my neck?  
Than ever I'll see done."
- 23 "Will ye gae to the cards or dice?  
Or to the table play?  
Or to a bed sae well down-spread,  
And sleep till it be day?"
- 24 "I've mair need of the rodens, Willie,  
That grow on yonder thorn;  
Likewise a drink of spring water,  
Out of your grass-green horn.

- 25 "I've mair need of a fire, Willie,  
To heat my shivering frame;  
Likewise a glass of good red wine,  
Ere your young son come hame."
- 26 He got a bush of rodens till her,  
That grew on yonder thorn;  
Likewise a drink of spring water,  
Out of his grass-green horn.
- 27 He carried the match in his pocket,  
That kindled to her the fire,  
Well set about with oaken spails,  
That leam'd o'er Lincolnshire.
- 28 And he has brought to his lady  
A glass of good red wine;  
And he has likewise brought to her  
A loaf of white bread fine.
- 29 The milk that he milk'd frae the goats,  
He fed his young son on;  
Thus he did tend and serve them baith,  
In greenwood all alone.
- 30 Till it fell ance upon a day,  
Fair Oliphant did plaine:  
"Oh, if you have a place, Willie,  
I pray you have me hame."
- 31 He took his young son in his arms,  
When Oliphant grew strang;  
And they went on through good greenwood,  
As fast as they cou'd gang.
- 32 They journey'd on through good greenwood,  
They journey'd northward on,  
Till they came to a shepherd May,  
Was feeding her flocks alone.
- 33 The lady said—"My bonnie May,  
If you will come with me,  
And carry my young son in your arms,  
Rewarded you will be.
- 34 "The gowns were shapen for my wear,  
They shall be sewed for thee,  
And you will get a braw Scotsman  
Your husband for to be."

- 35 When they came on to Willie's yetts,  
Beyond the Solway sea,  
The news of their arrival spread  
Like wild fire o'er the lea.
- 36 Then many a stout and stalwart knight,  
And many a stately dame,  
The lord and lady of Douglas-dale  
With joy did welcome hame.
- 37 And many a bold and warlike youth,  
And many a maiden fair,  
The lord and lady of Douglas-dale  
Right gaily welcomed there.
- 38 The bonnie May they brought with them,  
She got a braw Scots man;  
And the children that her lady bare,  
She nursed them every one.
- 39 Earl Willie and fair Oliphant  
Lang happy lived, I ween,  
Ere in the kirk of sweet Saint Bride  
Their graves grew fresh and green.

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### SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR JANET.

The works in which, and the titles under which, versions of this ballad have appeared, are—

- I. Herd, vol. i., p. 162; under the title of "Willie and Annet."
- II. Finlay, vol. ii., p. 61; under the title of "Sweet Willie," where it is said to be made up from different copies and fragments. It contains eleven stanzas, taken verbally from Herd's version, five slightly different, leaves out three, and adds ten.
- III. Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 1; under the title of "Fair Janet." "Is printed as it was sung by an old woman in Perthshire. The air is extremely beautiful."—C. K. S.
- IV. Buchan, vol. i., p. 97; under the title of "Sweet Willie and Fair Maisry." Mr. Buchan states that "Mr. Findlay," notwithstanding "all his painful industry, came far short of completing or perfecting the ballad."

Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, p. 139, copied Sharpe's version, inserting [in brackets] three stanzas from Herd, here numbered 51, 53, and 56.

The ballad, as here printed, is compiled from the four versions above



named, and contains 120 lines more than Finlay's, and eighty-eight lines more than Motherwell's extended version.

Both this and the following ballad, "Lady Maisry," are supposed to be derived from the Danish, and to owe their origin to the tragic story of "King Waldemar and his Sister;" which "appears to be founded on facts which occurred during the reign and in the family of the Danish king, sometime between 1157 and 1167." There are numerous Danish, Swedish, Norse, Icelandic, Faröish, and German versions of the ballad. The journey on horseback and the dance are the incidents which are regarded as connecting "Sweet Willie and Fair Janet" with the Scandinavian ballad, in which particulars it follows or is related to the Icelandic and Faröish versions; while "Lady Maisry," the ballad which follows this, more closely resembles the Danish and other versions above referred to.

See Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 78 and p. 86.

- 1 "YE maun gang to your father, Janet,  
Ye maun gang to him sune;  
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,  
In case that his days are dune!"
- 2 Janet's awa to her father,  
As fast as she could hie;  
"Oh, what's your will with me, father?  
Oh, what's your will with me?"
- 3 "My will with you, fair Janet," he said,  
"It is both bed and board;  
Some say that ye lo'e sweet Willie,  
But ye maun wed a French lord."
- 4 "A French lord maun I wed, father,  
A French lord maun I wed?  
Then, by my sooth," quo' fair Janet,  
"He's ne'er enter my bed."
- 5 "Hey, love Willie, and how, love Willie,  
And Willie my love shall be;  
They think to sinder our love, Willie,  
But I'll love you till I dee."
- 6 "Now, will you marry this French lord,  
And with him cross the sea?  
Or will you mourn for sweet Willie  
The morn upon yon lea?"
- 7 "Oh, I may marry this French lord,  
And bend me to your will;  
But I'd rather it were my burial day,  
And my grave I went till."

- 8 Janet's awa to her chamber,  
As fast as she could go;  
Wha's the first ane that tapp'd there,  
But sweet Willie, her jo!
- 9 "Oh, we maun part this love, Willie,  
Tho' dear aboon all thing;  
There's a French lord coming o'er the sea  
To wed me with a ring.
- 10 "There's a French lord coming o'er the sea,  
To wed and take me hame,  
And my father says, I maun him wed,  
And with him cross the faem."
- 11 "If we maun part this love, Janet,  
It will cause me meikle woe;  
If we maun part this love, Janet,  
Through life I'll mourning go."
- 12 "Now, Willie, if you love me weel,  
As sae it seems to me,  
Gar build, gar build a bonnie ship,  
Gar build it speedilie!
- 13 "And we will sail the sea sae green,  
Unto some far countrie;  
Or sail unto some bonnie isle,  
Stands lanely midst the sea."
- 14 But lang or ere the ship was built,  
Or deck'd or weel rigg'd out,  
Came sic a pain in Janet's back,  
That down she couldna lout.
- 15 "Now, Willie, if ye love me weel,  
As sae it seems to me,  
Oh, haste and take me to my bow'r,  
In yonder greenwood free.
- 16 "O Willie, mount me on a steed,  
A milk-white steed or gray;  
And to my bow'r in yon greenwood  
Take me ere it be day.
- 17 "Then gang ye to your sisters three,  
Meg, Marion, and Jean;  
And bid them come to fair Janet,  
At her bow'r in yon green."

- 18 He mounted her upon a steed,  
Upon a steed of gray,  
And to her bow'r in good greenwood  
Ta'en her ere it was day.
- 19 He's ta'en her in his arms twa,  
And kiss'd her cheek and chin,  
And laid her in her ain sweet bow'r,  
But nae bow'r-maid was in.
- 20 Then hied he to his sisters three,  
Meg, Marion, and Jean;  
Said—"Haste, and gang to fair Janet,  
At her bow'r in yon green.
- 21 "Oh, haste, and gang to fair Janet,  
Dress and gang to her sune;  
Oh, haste, and gang to fair Janet,  
I fear her days are dune."
- 22 They drew to them their silken hose,  
They drew to them their shoon;  
They drew to them their silk mantels,  
And quickly put them on:
- 23 And they hied awa to fair Janet,  
By the ae light of the mune;  
But yet for all the haste they made,  
They came na there ower sune.
- 24 For when they came to fair Janet's bow'r,  
In the greenwood fair and free,  
They found fair Janet sitting there,  
With her young son on her knee.
- 25 "Come in, come in now, sweet Willie,  
Take your young son frae me,  
And bear him to your mother's bow'r  
With speed and privacie.
- 26 "Oh, I have born this babe, Willie,  
With meikle toil and pain;  
Take hame, take hame your babe, Willie,  
For nurse I dare be nane."
- 27 He's ta'en his young son in his arms,  
And kiss'd him cheek and chin;  
And he is to his mother's bow'r  
As fast as he could rin.

- 28 "Oh, open, open, mother," he says,  
"Oh, open, and let me in;  
The rain rains on my yellow hair,  
And the dew drops o'er my chin.
- 29 "Oh, open, open, mother," he says,  
"Oh, open the door to me;  
Oh, open, and take my young son in,  
And get him nurses three."
- 30 She open'd the door to Willie, her son,  
She open'd and let him in;  
And she took his babe up in her arms,  
And kiss'd him cheek and chin.
- 31 "Gae back, gae back now, sweet Willie,  
And to comfort your lady strive;  
For where ye had but a single nurse,  
Your young son shall ha'e five."
- 32 He hied awa frae his mother's bow'r,  
And to fair Janet's he came:  
Then lifted her up in his arms twa,  
And safely carried her hame.
- 33 He carried fair Janet safely hame,  
And laid her safely in bed;  
Then stole awa frae her father's towers  
With saft and stealthy tread.
- 34 Then in there came her father dear,  
Well belted with a brand;  
"It's nae time for brides to lye in bed,  
When the bridegroom is at hand."
- 35 "There's a sair pain in my head, father,  
There's a sair pain in my side;  
And ill, oh, ill am I, father,  
This day for to be a bride."
- 36 "Oh, ye maun busk this bonnie bride,  
And put a gay mantle on;  
For she shall wed this auld French lord,  
Tho' she should die the morn."
- 37 In came fair Janet's mother dear,  
And she spake out with pride—  
"Oh, where are all our bridesmaidens?  
They're no busking the bride."

- 38 "Oh, haud your tongue, my mother dear,  
Your speaking let it be,  
For I'm sac fair and full of flesh,  
Little busking will serve me."
- 39 Out then spake the bride's maidens,  
And they spake out with pride—  
"Oh, where is all the fine cleeding?  
It's we maun busk the bride."
- 40 "Deal hooly with my head, maidens,  
Deal hooly with my hair,  
For it was washen late yestreen,  
And it is wonder sair.
- 41 "My maidens, easy with my back,  
And easy with my side;  
And set my saddle soft, Willie,  
I am a tender bride."
- 42 Some put on the gay green robes,  
And some put on the brown;  
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,  
To shine foremost through the town.
- 43 And some they mounted the black steed,  
And some mounted the brown;  
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,  
To ride foremost through the town.
- 44 "Oh, wha will guide your horse, Janet?  
Oh, wha will guide him best?"  
"Oh, wha but Willie, my true love!  
I ken he lo'es me best."
- 45 And when they came to Marie's kirk,  
To tie the holy ban',  
The colour fled fair Janet's cheeks,  
And they look'd deathly wan.
- 46 When dinner it was past and done,  
And dancing to begin,—  
"Oh, we'll go take the bride's maidens,"  
And we'll go fill the ring."
- 47 Oh, ben then came the auld French lord,  
Says—"Bride, come dance with me!"  
"Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,  
Your face I downa \* see."

\* "Downa" means, generally, *inability*; but also, sometimes, as here, *want of inclination, or repugnance*.



- 48 Oh, ben then came now sweet William,  
He came with ane advance;  
"Oh, I'll gae take the bride's maidens,  
And we'll gae take a dance."
- 49 "I've seen other days with you, Willie,  
And sae ha'e mony mae,  
Ye wou'd ha'e danced with me yoursell,  
Let all my maidens gae."
- 50 Oh, up then spake now sweet Willie,  
Saying—"Bride, will ye dance with me?"  
"Ay, by my sooth, and that I will,  
Tho' my back break in three!"
- 51 And she's ta'en Willie by the hand,  
The tear blinded her e'e:  
"Oh, I wou'd dance with my true love,  
Tho' burst my heart in three!"
- 52 She hadna turn'd her through the dance,  
Through the dance but thrice,  
When she fell down at Willie's feet,  
And up did never rise!
- 53 She's ta'en her bracelet frae her arm,  
Her garter frae her knee,—  
"Gi'e that, gi'e that to my young son,  
He'll ne'er his mother see."
- 54 Willie's ta'en the key of his coffer,  
And gi'en it to his man,—  
"Gae hame and tell my mother dear,  
My horse he has me slain.
- 55 "Bid her be kind to my young son,  
For they'll ne'er see me again;  
Bid her be kind to my young son,  
For father he has nane.
- 56 "Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he cried,  
"Gar deal, gar deal the wine;  
This day has seen my true love's death,  
This night shall witness mine."
- 57 The ane was buried in Maric's kirk,  
And the ither in Mary's quier;  
Out of the ane there grew a birk,  
And the ither a bonnie brier.\*

\* See note, p. 32.

## LADY MAISRY.

"This excellent old ballad is," says Motherwell, "very popular in many parts of Scotland."—*Minstrelsy*, p. 71.

It first appeared in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 73, where it is "given verbatim, as taken down from the recitation of Mrs. Arrott," pp. 66 and 59. Portions of another version appeared in the *Scot's Magazine*, June, 1822.

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* contains other two different versions—viz., "Lady Marjorie," p. 234, and "Bonnie Susie Cleland," p. 221. Which latter follows the present collated version.

Buchan furnishes yet another, named "Young Prince James."—*Ancient Ballads, &c.*, vol. i., p. 103.

Jamieson's version is the one here chiefly followed; but a few stanzas and some emendations have been adopted from "Lady Marjorie" and "Young Prince James."

For the probable origin of the ballad, see introduction to the one preceding this. The present ballad preserves the relationship of the principal actors, sister and brother, and the death of the former at the hands of the latter; but the manner in which the sister suffers death differs, as in the Danish, Swedish, and German ballads she is said to be beaten to death with leathern whips.

See *Old Danish Ballads, translated from Grimms' Collection by an Amateur*, p. 90. Svo. London, 1856.

Motherwell's version, "Lady Marjorie," opens thus—

"Lady Marjorie was her mother's only daughter,  
Her father's only heir;  
And she is awa to Strawberry Castle,  
To get some unco lair."

- 1 THE young lords of the North Country  
Have all a-wooing gane,  
To win the love of Lady Maisry;  
But of them she wou'd ha'e nane.
- 2 Oh, they ha'e sought her, Lady Maisry,  
With broaches and with rings;  
And they ha'e courted her, Lady Maisry,  
With all kind of things.
- 3 And they ha'e sought her, Lady Maisry,  
Frae father and frae mither;  
And they ha'e sought her, Lady Maisry,  
Frae sister and frae brither.
- 4 And they ha'e followed her, Lady Maisry,  
Through chamber and through ha';  
But all that they could say to her,  
Her answer still was "Na."

- 5 "Oh, haud your tongues, young men," she said,  
"And think nae mair on me;  
For I've gi'en my love to an English lord;  
Sae think nae mair on me."
- 6 But word has to her father gane,  
And word unto her mother;  
And word unto her sister gane,  
And word unto her brother.
- 7 'Twas whisper'd here, 'twas whisper'd there—  
Ill news aye travels soon—  
That Lady Maisry gaes with bairn  
Unto an English loon.
- 8 When her brother heard word of this,  
An angry man was he:  
"A malison light on the tongue  
Sic tidings tells to me!
- 9 "A malison light on the tongue,  
Tho' true the tale may be;  
But if it be a lie you tell,  
It's you shall be hang'd hie."
- 10 He's done him to his sister's bow'r,  
With meikle dool and care;  
And there he saw Lady Maisry  
Combing her yellow hair.
- 11 "Oh, wha is aucht that bairn," he says,  
"And brought this shame on thee?  
And if ye winna own the truth,  
This moment ye shall dee."
- 12 She's turn'd her right and round about,  
And the comb fell frae her han';  
A trembling seized her fair bodie,  
And her rosy cheek grew wan.
- 13 "Oh, pardon me, my brother dear,  
And the truth I'll tell to thee;  
My bairn it is to Lord William,  
And he is betroth'd to me."
- 14 "Oh, couldna ye gotten dukes or lords,  
Intil your ain countrie,  
That ye drew up with an English dog,  
To bring this shame on me?"

- 15 " But ye maun gi'e up your English lord  
 When your young babe is born;  
 For if ye langer keep by him,  
 Your life shall be forlorn."
- 16 " I'll cause my men build up a fire,  
 And tie you to a stake;  
 And on the head of yon high tower  
 I'll burn you for his sake."
- 17 " I will gi'e up this English lord,  
 Till my young babe is born;  
 But the never a day nor hour langer,  
 Though my life should be forlorn."
- 18 " Oh, where are all my merry young men  
 Whom I gi'e meat and fee,  
 To pull the bracken and the thorn,  
 To burn this vile ladye?"
- 19 " Oh, where will I get a bonnie boy  
 To help me in my need,  
 To rin with haste to Lord William,  
 And bid him come with speed?"
- 20 Oh, out it spake a bonnie boy,  
 Stood by her brother's side;  
 " It's I would rin your errand, lady,  
 O'er all the world wide."
- 21 " Oft ha'e I run your errands, lady,  
 When blawin' baith wind and weat;  
 But now I'll rin your errand, lady,  
 With saut tears on my cheek."
- 22 Oh, when he came to broken brigs,  
 He bent his bow and swam;  
 And when he came to grass growin',  
 He slack'd his shoon and ran.
- 23 And when he came to Lord William's yetts,  
 He badena to chap or call;  
 But set his bent bow to his breast,  
 And lightly lap the wall;  
 And, or the porter was at the yett,  
 The boy was in the hall.

- 24 " Oh, is my biggin broken, boy?  
Or have my towers been won?  
Or is my lady lighter yet,  
Of a dear daughter or son?"
- 25 " Your biggin isna broken, sir,  
Nor have your towers been won;  
Nor is your lady lighter yet,  
Of dear daughter or son.
- 26 " But her brother has gar'd build a fire,  
And tie her to a stake,  
On the head of their highest tower,  
To burn her for your sake."
- 27 " Oh, saddle to me the black, the black,  
Or saddle to me the brown;  
Or saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That e'er rade frae the town."
- 28 As he drew nigh unto the tower,  
She heard his horn blaw:  
" Mend up the fire, my fause brother,  
I mind ye not a straw."
- 29 As he drew nearer to the tower,  
She heard his war-horse sneeze:  
" Mend up the fire, my fause brother,  
It's nae come to my knees."
- 30 When he alighted at the yett,  
She heard his bridle ring:  
" Mend up the fire, my fause brother,  
It's far yet frae my chin.
- 31 " But look about, my fause brother,  
Ye see not what I see;  
For I see him comin' hard and fast,  
Will soon mend it for thee.
- 32 " Oh, if my hands had been loose, Willie,  
Sae hard as they are boun',  
I wad ha'e turn'd me frae the gleed,  
And easten out your son."
- 33 " Oh, I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
Your father and your mother;  
And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
Your sister and your brother;



- 34 " And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
 The chief of all your kin ;\*  
 And the last bonfire that I come to,  
 Myself I will cast in ;  
 But I'll reward the pretty boy,  
 That did thine errand rin."

### BONNIE SUSIE CLELAND.

First published by Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, p. 221. He does not mention from whence it is derived, but in note 155, p. ci., he states, "I have been unable to trace this ballad to any historical source. In its subject it resembles 'Lady Maisry.'" (See introduction thereto, p. 74.) In Ariosto's *Ginevra*, "it is mentioned that ladies guilty of incontinence were, by the laws of Scotland, doomed to the flames; but this cruel enactment has no foundation, we believe, in the criminal code of the land,—at least, within historic times."

- 1 THERE lived a lady in Scotland,  
 Hey, my love, and ho, my joy ;  
 There lived a lady in Scotland,  
 And dearly she loved me ;  
 There lived a lady in Scotland,  
 And she's fallen in love with an Englishman,  
 And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.
- 2 The father unto the daughter came,  
 Hey, my love, and ho, my joy ;  
 The father unto the daughter came,  
 And dearly she loved me ;  
 The father unto the daughter came,  
 Saying, " Will you forsake that Englishman ?"  
 And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.
- 3 " If you will not that Englishman forsake,  
 Hey, my love, and ho, my joy ;  
 If you will not that Englishman forsake,  
 So dearly loved by thee ;  
 If you will not that Englishman forsake,  
 Oh, I will burn you at a stake !"  
 And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

\* The share taken in this auto-da-fé by "father," "mother," and "sister," as indicated by the retribution threatened, appears to have either dropped out of Jamieson's version of the ballad, or to have been added in Motherwell's "Lady Marjorie," *Minstrelsy*, p. 235, where it is thus given:—

" Her father he put on the pat,  
 Her sister put on the pan,  
 And her brother he put on a bauld, bauld fire,  
 To burn Lady Marjorie in ;  
 And her mother she sat in a golden chair,  
 To see her daughter burn."

The mention of "the pat," and "the pan," in the first two of these lines, savours of cookery: but there is no other reason for suspecting the family to be inclined to anthropophagy.

- 
- 4 " I will not that Englishman forsake,  
Hey, my love, and ho, my joy;  
I will not that Englishman forsake,  
Who dearly loveth me;  
I will not that Englishman forsake,  
Though you should burn me at a stake!"  
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.
- 5 " Oh, where will I get a pretty little boy,  
Hey, my love, and ho, my joy;  
Oh, where will I get a pretty little boy,  
Who dearly loveth me;  
Oh, where I will get a pretty little boy,  
Who will carry tidings to my joy,  
That bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee?"
- 6 " Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
Hey, my love, and ho, my joy;  
Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
Who dearly loveth thee;  
Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
Who will carry tidings to thy joy,  
That bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee."
- 7 " Give to him this right hand glove,  
Hey, my love, and ho, my joy;  
Give to him this right hand glove,  
Who dearly loveth me;  
Give to him this right hand glove,  
Tell him to get another love,  
For bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.
- 8 " Give to him this little pen-knife,  
Hey, my love, and ho, my joy;  
Give to him this little pen-knife,  
Who dearly loveth me;  
Give to him this little pen-knife,  
Tell him to get another wife,  
For bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.
- 9 " Give to him this gay gold ring,  
Hey, my love, and ho, my joy;  
Give to him this gay gold ring,  
Who dearly loveth me;  
Give to him this gay gold ring,  
Tell him I'm going to my burning,  
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee."

- 10 Her father he ca'd up the stake,  
 Hey, my love, and ho, my joy;  
 Her father he ca'd up the stake,  
 So dearly she loved me;  
 Her father he ca'd up the stake,  
 Her brother he the fire did make,  
 And bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Dundee.

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### LORD INGRAM AND CHILDE VYET.

First appeared, in an imperfect state, under the title of "Lord Wa'yates and Auld Ingram," in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 265; and then, in a more complete form, in Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 24. The same gentleman contributed a slightly different copy to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 173; and a longer version, containing a number of inferior stanzas, is given by Buchan, *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, &c., vol. i., p. 234.

Jamieson's version was printed "from Herd's MS., [as] transmitted by Mr. [afterwards Sir Walter] Scott." In it the rivals are represented to be uncle and nephew; while the incongruity and incompatibility of the marriage are fully and graphically exhibited in the following stanzas:—

"When e'en was come, and e'en bells rung,  
 And a' men 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 ae cod,—  
 Lady Maisry's like the molten 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."

Maidment's version is the one here generally followed; but some half-dozen stanzas of it have been omitted; while fifteen stanzas or so have been added from the other versions—mostly from Buchan's, as, for instance, stanzas 27 to 35 inclusive,—while many of the others are, with the exception of slight verbal differences, common to both versions. It will be seen that, by leaving out stanzas 27 to 35, the story reads as if Childe Vyet had concealed himself in the bridal chamber, and that the bloody tragedy had been there enacted,—thus imparting a cast to the story resembling in some respects Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

Stanzas 12 and 13 occur in the preceding ballad, "Lady Maisry" (stanzas 22 and 23), where they are followed by other two (stanzas 24 and 25), which are almost identical with two stanzas in "Lord Wa'yates and Auld Ingram," as given by Jamieson.

In the copy furnished to Motherwell, the last word of the first stanza reads "bonheur," from which "circumstance" Mr. Maidment conjectures that the ballad "may probably have had a French original."

This ballad may be compared with "Ebbe Skammelson," as translated by Mr. Robert Buchanan, in *Ballad Stories of the Affections*, from the *Scandinavian*, p. 31; and with the somewhat comic ballad, entitled "Sir John," as given in *Old Danish Ballads*, translated from *Grimms' Collection*, p. 117.

- 1 LORD INGRAM and Childe Vyet  
Were both born in one bow'r,  
Laid both their loves on one lady;  
The less was their honour.
- 2 Lord Ingram and Childe Vyet  
Were both bred in one hall,  
Laid both their loves on one lady;  
The worse did them befall.
- 3 Lord Ingram woo'd Lady Maisry  
From father and from mother;  
Lord Ingram woo'd Lady Maisry  
From sister and from brother.
- 4 Lord Ingram woo'd Lady Maisry  
With leave of all her kin;  
But Childe Vyet woo'd Lady Maisry,  
And her love he did win.
- 5 Now, it fell out upon a day,  
She was dressing her head,  
That ben did come her father dear,  
Wearing the gold so red.
- 6 "Get up now, Lady Maisry,  
Put on your wedding gown:  
Lord Ingram you must wed this day,  
Before the sun go down!"
- 7 "I'd rather be Childe Vyet's wife,  
The white fish for to sell,  
Before I'd be Lord Ingram's wife,  
To wear the silks so well!
- 8 "I'd rather be Childe Vyet's wife,  
With him to beg my bread,  
Before I'd be Lord Ingram's wife,  
To wear the gold so red."

- 9 Her father turn'd him round about,  
And solemnly sware he—  
"It's you shall be the bride ere night,  
And he bridegroom shall be."
- 10 "Where will I get a bonnie boy  
Will win gold to his fee;  
Will run unto Childe Vyet's hall  
With this letter from me?"
- 11 Out spake a boy—"Oh, here am I,  
Will win gold to my fee,  
And run unto Childe Vyet's hall  
With any letter from thee."
- 12 And when he found the bridges broke,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And when he found the grass growing,  
He hasten'd and he ran.
- 13 And when he came to Vyet's castle,  
He did not knock nor call;  
But set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly leap'd the wall;  
And, ere the porter open'd the gate,  
The boy was in the hall.
- 14 The first line that Childe Vyet read,  
A tear did dim his e'e;  
The next word that Childe Vyet read,  
An angry man was he.
- 15 He dang the board up with his foot,  
So did he with his knee;  
The silver cup that was on it,  
In the fire he made it flee.
- 16 "What ails my brother, Lord Ingram,  
He'll not let my love be?  
What ails my brother, Lord Ingram,  
He takes my love from me?"
- 17 "Take four-and-twenty buck and roe,  
And ten tun of the wine,  
And bid my love be blithe and glad,  
And I will follow syne."
- 18 Sweetly play'd the merry organ  
Into her mother's bow'r;  
But silent stood Lady Maisry,  
' And let the tears down pour.



- 19 Sweetly play'd the harp sae fine,  
 Into her father's hall;  
 But silent stood Lady Maisry,  
 And let the tears down fall.
- 20 Her noble kinsmen gather'd were,  
 Each with a hawk in hand;  
 And every lady in the place  
 Did wear a gay garland.
- 21 And each of the retainers  
 In gay attire was clad;  
 And all were blithe and merry,  
 But Lady Maisry sad.
- 22 'Tween Marykirk and that castle  
 Was all spread o'er with garl,\*  
 To keep the bride and her bridesmaids  
 From tramping on the marl.
- 23 From Marykirk to that castle  
 Was spread a cloth of gold,  
 To keep the bride and her bridesmaids  
 From treading on the mold.
- 24 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
 And all in bed were laid,  
 Lord Ingram to Lady Maisry said—  
 "I fear you are no maid.
- 25 "But if you father your bairn on me,  
 And on no other man,  
 Then I will give him to his dowry  
 Full fifty ploughs of land."
- 26 "I will not father my bairn on you,  
 Nor on no wrongous man,  
 Tho' you wou'd give him to his dowry  
 Five thousand ploughs of land."
- 27 "Whoever be your bairn's father,  
 If you father it on me,  
 The fairest castle of Snowdown  
 Your morning gift shall be."

\* Should either read "garel"—a stripe of soft grass on barren or hard mountain-land, from "gare," or "gair," a stripe or streak—or "harle," the reed or stem of flax; i. e., either fine grass or flax reeds were strewn along the pathway.

- 28 "Whoever be my bairn's father,  
I'll ne'er father it on thee;  
For better I love my bairn's father  
Nor ever I'll love thee."
- 29 Then he's ta'en out a trusty brand,  
Laid it between them twae;  
Says—"Lye ye there, ye ill woman,  
A maid for me till day."
- 30 Next morning forth Lord Ingram went,  
Well belted with a brand;  
And forth fair Lady Maisry led  
To her father by the hand.
- 31 "If your daughter had been a good woman,  
As I thought she had been,  
Cold iron shou'd have never lain  
The long night us between."
- 32 "Ohon! alas! my daughter dear,  
What's this I hear of thee?  
I thought no better woman lived  
Within the north countrie!"
- 33 "Oh, hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And cease upbraiding me;  
I never lov'd Lord Ingram,  
But was forced his bride to be."
- 34 Then in there came him Childe Vyet,  
Bearing a naked brand;  
And up then raise him Lord Ingram,  
His brother to withstand.
- 35 "Win up, win up now, Lord Ingram,  
Win up immediately;  
That you and I the quarrel try,  
Who gains the victory."
- 36 Then forward darted Childe Vyet,  
Shed back his yellow hair,  
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart  
A deep wound and a sair.
- 37 Then forward darted Lord Ingram,  
Shed back his coal-black hair,  
And gave Childe Vyet to the heart  
A deep wound and a sair.

- 38 There was no pity for these two knights,  
When they were lying dead;  
But all was for Lady Maisry,  
Who in that bow'r went mad.
- 39 "Oh, get to me a cloak of cloth,  
A staff of good hard tree;  
If I have been an ill woman,  
Sore penance I shall dree.
- 40 "If I have been an ill woman,  
Alas! and woe is me;  
For up and down the world wide,  
I shall beg till I dee.
- 41 "For ae bit I beg for Childe Vyet,  
For Lord Ingram I'll beg three;  
All for the honour that he paid  
At Marykirk to me."

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### KATHERINE JANFARIE.

"Belongs to a numerous class of Danish and Scottish ballads."—  
Jamieson's *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 335.

The words quoted form part of the Introduction to "Young Child Dyring," translated by Jamieson from the *Kampe Viser*.

The analogous Scottish ballads are as follows:—

- I. "The Laird of Laminton," Scott's *Minstrelsy*, first edition.
- II. "'Catherine Janfarie,' from several recited copies," Scott's *Minstrelsy*, last edition, vol. iii., p. 122.
- III. "Catherine Jaffery," Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 34.
- IV. "'Catherine Johnstone,' obtained from recitation in the West of Scotland," Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 225.
- V. "Loch-in-var," Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 74.
- VI. "Katherine Jaffray," a fragment of four stanzas, found in the handwriting of Burns. This fragment is not only printed as a song of his composition, and copyright in it claimed by the publisher of the Aldine edition of Burns's *Poetical Works*, 1839, but the same error is perpetuated in all the subsequent reprints of the Aldine edition!

Sir Walter Scott's spirited and popular ballad, "Lochinvar," which appears in *Marmion*, is founded on this early ballad. The ballad which follows next in order is also somewhat similar in incident.

The antiquity of this ballad may be inferred from the number of different versions in Scottish and Danish, irrespective of the supposed reference in "the tenth stanza," which, says Motherwell, "seems to contain an allusion to the knights of the round table."

"The residence of the lady, and the scene of the affray at her bridal, is said by old people to have been upon the banks of the Cadden, near to where it joins the Tweed. Others say the skirmish was fought near Traquair, and [that] Katharine Janfarie's dwelling was in the glen about three miles above Traquair House."—Scott's *Minstrelsy*.

Motherwell's version transfers the scene to the classic district of Cowdenknowes, on the banks of the Leader, and one of the stanzas in Scott's own version corroborates this transfer. (See note to stanza 20, p. 88.)

In Scott's first and Motherwell's versions, the hero is said to be the "Laird of Laminton," or "Lamington," in Clydesdale; but in Scott's second version the successful lover is said to be "Lord Lauderdale," and the disappointed rival "Lord Lochinvar;" which names are transposed in Maidment's version.

Burns's fragment also names the successful lover "Lord Lauderdale," while the rival "frae the English border" is named "Laird o' Lochinton."

The titles of the lover and rival, as given in Buchan's version, are here adopted, but Scott's and Motherwell's versions are those chiefly followed.

Lockhart, who edited the last edition of Scott's *Minstrelsy*, suggests, with great plausibility, that the heroine "was a Johnstone of *Wamphray*, and that Katherine o' Wamphray had been blundered by the Ettrick reciters into Katharine Jeffray, vulgarly pronounced *Jaufray*."—Note, vol. iii., p. 125.

It only remains to state that Lochinvar—a lake of three miles circuit, situate in Kirkcudbright, Galloway—gave name to the domain and title of Knights of Lochinvar to a branch of the Gordon family, which family acquired the title of Viscount Kenmure in 1633, a title which was attained on the execution of William, sixth Viscount, 1716; restored by Act of Parliament, 1824; and which became dormant at the death of the ninth Viscount, in 1847.

Assuming Lockhart's conjecture with regard to the family of the heroine to be correct, and further, that the hero is correctly named "Lord Lochinvar," then the scene of the sanguinary encounter would neither be the river Caddon or its vicinity, as stated by Scott, nor Cowdenbrae, as given by Motherwell, both of which localities lie to the eastward of Wamphray; but rather Cluden Water, a tributary of the river Nith, both of which Lord Lochinvar would require to cross on his homeward and westward flight.

The probabilities are so strongly in favour of this theory as to warrant the alteration from the "Caddon," of Scott, and the "Couden," of Motherwell, to Cluden, as here printed.

- 1 THERE was a May, and a weel-far'd May,  
Lived high up in yon glen;  
Her name was Katherine Janfarie,  
Weel loved by mony men.
- 2 Then up came young Lord Lochinvar,  
Up frae the Lawland border;  
He came to court this bonnie May,  
All mounted in good order.
- 3 Lord Lochinvar he courted her,  
Unknown to all her kin;  
Lord Lochinvar he courted her,  
And did her favour win.
- 4 Up then came Lord Lymington,  
Frae o'er the English border;  
He came to seek this bonnie May,  
All mounted in good order.
- 5 He sought her frae father and mother baith,  
And they did answer Yea;  
But he ask'd not the bonnie May hersell,  
Or the answer would been Nay.
- 6 She never heard a word of it  
Till on her wedding day,  
When her father he did order her  
To busk in bride's array.
- 7 She sent word to Lord Lochinvar,—  
“My wedding come and see;”  
And he sent answer back to her,—  
“I will not fail to be.”
- 8 Then he has sent a messenger  
In haste throughout his land,  
And four-and-twenty stalwart men  
Were soon at his command.
- 9 But he has left his merry men  
Conceal'd in greenwood free,  
While he rade to the wedding-house  
As fast as fast cou'd be.
- 10 When he came to the wedding-house,  
He enter'd there, and found  
Full four-and-twenty belted knights  
Set at a table round,



- 11 They all rose up to honour him,  
For he was of high renown;  
They all rose up to welcome him,  
And bade him to sit down.
- 12 Oh, meikle was the good red wine  
Was filled up them between;  
But the bride aye drank to Lochinvar,  
Wha her true love had been.
- 13 She pledg'd the health of Lochinvar,  
As toasts were circled round;  
While her kin grasp'd their gude sword-hilts,  
And wrathfully they frown'd.
- 14 "Oh, came ye here for sport, young lord,  
Or came ye here for play?  
Or came ye here to drink good wine  
Upon the wedding day?"
- 15 "I came not here for sport," he said,  
"I came not here for play;  
But with the bride I'll lead a dance,  
Then mount and go my way."
- 16 They set her bridesmaids her behind,  
To hear what they would say;  
But never a word to her he said,  
Save—"Mount and come away."
- 17 Then took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And mounted her behind himsell,  
At her kin spiered nae leave.
- 18 "Now take your bride, Lord Lymington,  
Now take her if you may!  
But if you take your bride again,  
We'll call it but foul play."
- 19 There were four-and-twenty belted knights,  
All clad in Johnstone gray,\*  
Said they would take the bride again,  
By strong hand, if they may.
- 20 Some of them were right willing men,  
But sae they were na all,  
When four-and-twenty Gordons gay  
Came at their leader's call.†

\* The livery of the ancient family of Johnstone.

† "And four-and-twenty Leader lads  
Bid them mount and ride awa."—SCOTT'S VERSION.

- 21 Then swords were drawn frae out their sheaths,  
As they rush'd to the fray,  
And red and rosy was the bluid  
Ran down the lily brae.
- 22 The bluid ran down by Cluden bank,  
And down by Cluden brae;  
While the bride she made the trumpet sound,  
"It is a weel won play."
- 23 Oh, meikle was the bluid was shed  
Upon the Cluden brae;  
And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
"Oh, it is all fair play."
- 24 My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!  
But wae your wilful will!  
There's mony a gallant gentleman  
Whose bluid ye have gar'd spill.
- 25 Now, all ye lords of fair England,  
Across the Border born,  
Oh, come not here to seek a wife,  
For fear ye get the scorn.
- 26 They'll feed ye up with flattering words,  
And play ye foul, foul play;  
Then dress ye frogs instead of fish,  
Upon your wedding day.

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### LORD LUNDIE'S DAUGHTER AND SQUIRE WILLIAM.

Versions of this ballad appeared in—

- I. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 307, under the title of "Sweet William," as "given from the chaunting of an old woman."
- II. Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 57, under the title of "Lord Lundy."
- III. *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 57; which last was "printed for the Percy Society," as selected from "two folio (MS.) volumes, consisting of ballads, songs, and poems, taken down by"—the last-named industrious and highly successful collector and editor—"Mr. P. Buchan of Peterhead, North Britain, from the oral recitation of the peasantry of his country."

The ballad here printed is collated from all three; Motherwell's being the one principally followed.

The ballad resembles, and in fact all the versions contain stanzas almost identical with several in "Sweet Willie and Fair Janet," p. 67.

It has also some features of resemblance to "Katherine Janfarie," which precedes, and to "The Gay Gos-hawk," which follows.

The mention of "pistol, powder, and lead," stanzas 18 and 19, and the reference to shooting, stanzas 19 and 20, are probably anachronisms introduced by some modern reciter.

With reference to the introduction of the "wee bird," as a love messenger, it may be noted, that "to understand the language of birds was peculiarly one of the boasted sciences of the Arabians; who pretend that many of their countrymen have been skilled in the knowledge of the language of birds ever since the time of King Solomon. Their writers relate that Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, or Saba, had a bird called *Hudbud*, that is, a lapwing, which she despatched to King Solomon on various occasions; and that this trusty bird was the messenger of their amours. We are told that Solomon having been secretly informed by this winged confidant that Balkis intended to honour him with a grand embassy, inclosed a spacious square with a wall of gold and silver bricks, in which he ranged his numerous troops and attendants in order to receive the ambassadors, who were astonished at the suddenness of these splendid and unexpected preparations."—Warton's *History of English Poetry*.

See also quotation from Sir Walter Scott, at the close of the introduction to the ballad which comes after this.

- 1 LORD WILLIAM had but ae dear son,  
For valour had nae peer;  
Lord Lundie had but ae daughter,  
For beauty nane came near.
- 2 Upon ae book they baith did read,  
On ither their love did lay;  
But when Lord Lundie got word of this,  
To his daughter he did say,—
- 3 "Oh, ye maun marry the English prince,  
The Queen of England to be;  
And ye maun leave your love William,  
Or baith of you shall dee."
- 4 She walk'd up, and she walk'd down,  
Had nane to hear her moan;  
Nae creature but the pretty bird,  
Sat on the window stone.
- 5 "If thou cou'dst speak, wee bird," she said,  
"As weel as you can flee;  
A message to my love William,  
It's I wou'd send by thee."

- 
- 6 "Write a letter to William," it said,  
"And seal it with thy ring;  
Then take a thread of the silk sae fine,  
And round my neck it hing."
- 7 She wrote a letter to love William,  
And seal'd it with her ring;  
Then with a thread of the finest silk,  
Round the bird's neck did it hing.
- 8 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
It flew o'er hill and lea;  
This bonnie wee bird flew alang,  
As fast as it cou'd flee.
- 9 It flew to where young Squire William  
In a balcony did stand;  
And straight to him the wee bird flew  
And lighted on his hand.
- 10 "Oh, here is a letter, Squire William,  
Frae thy true love to thee;  
And ere the morn at twelve o'clock,  
Your love shall married be."
- 11 "To horse, to horse," Squire William cried,  
"At her bridal I maun be;  
And I'll never come back a living man,  
If the bride come not with me."
- 12 Then with a goodly companie,  
Each mounted on a steed,  
Squire William and they, to Marykirk,  
Rade on at utmost speed.
- 13 When the lady enter'd the kirk style,  
Her tears fell fast and free;  
But when she enter'd the kirk door,  
A blithe sight she did see.
- 14 For there she saw her love William,  
In armour shinin' clear;  
And all his valiant companie,  
Full many a glitterin' spear.
- 15 The parson he took book in hand,  
The marriage to begin;  
Then forward young Squire William strode,  
Bride and bridegroom between.

- 16 "Oh, hold a little, thou holy man,  
Oh, hold a little," said he,  
"Till I speak with the bonnie bride—  
She's a dear, dear friend to me.
- 17 "Stand off, stand off, ye braw bridegroom,  
Stand off, stand off," said he;  
"Stand off, stand off, ye braw bridegroom,  
The bride shall join with me."
- 18 Up then spake the bride's father,  
And an angry man was he—  
"If I had pistol, powder, and lead,  
A dead man you wou'd be.
- 19 "If I had pistol, powder, and lead,  
With me at my command,  
It's I would shoot thee stiff and dead,  
In the place where thou dost stand."
- 20 Up and spake then Squire William,  
While blithely blink'd his e'e—  
"If ye ne'er be shot till I shoot you,  
You'll ne'er be shot for me."
- 21 "Oh, if my daughter marries you  
Without the leave of me,  
I make a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
A portionless bride she'll be."
- 22 Up and spake then Squire William,  
And light he laugh'd with glee—  
"I've got the best portion now, my lord,  
That ye cou'd gi'e to me.
- 23 "Your gude red gold I value not,  
Nor value I your fee;  
I ha'e her by the hand this day  
That's dearer far to me.
- 24 "Let the young prince clasp your gold coffer,  
When he gangs till his bed;  
Let the young prince clasp your gold coffer,  
And I my bonnie bride.
- 25 "Commend me to my good mother,  
At night when you gang home;  
Come out, come out, my foremost man,  
And lift my lady on."



- 26 Out then spake him Lord Lundie,  
 An angry man was he:  
 "My daughter will marry Squire William,  
 It seems, in spite of me."

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THE GAY GOS-HAWK.

Three versions of this ballad have been published:—

- I. By Sir Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 151, "partly from one under this title in Mrs. Brown's collection, and partly from a MS. of some antiquity, penes Edit."
- II. By Motherwell, p. 353, under the title of "The Jolly Gos-hawk," from a MS. sent to Mr. Peter Buchan, and "forwarded" by him to his "good friend," the editor of *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*.
- III. By Buchan, *Ancient Ballads, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 245, under the title of "The Scottish Squire," from a copy which he "took down from recitation." In this latter "the parrot takes the place of the gos-hawk." It opens with the following stanza:—

"When grass grew green on Lanark plains,  
 And fruit and flowers did spring,  
 A Scottish squire, in cheerful strains,  
 Sae merrily thus did sing."

Followed by a stanza corresponding to stanza 4 of the present version, and to the one with which Motherwell's begins.

The present version is compiled from all three.

The simile, stanza 7, "resembles a passage in a MS. translation of an Irish fairy tale, called 'The Adventures of Faravla, Princess of Scotland, and Carral O'Daly, Son of Donogho More O'Daly, Chief Bard of Ireland.' Faravla, as she entered her bower, cast her looks upon the earth, which was tinged with the blood of a bird which a raven had newly killed. 'Like that snow,' said Faravla, 'was the complexion of my beloved; his cheeks like the sanguine traces thereon; whilst the raven recalls to my memory the colour of his beautiful locks.' There is also some resemblance in the conduct of the story, betwixt the ballad and the tale just quoted. The princess Faravla, being desperately in love with Carral O'Daly, despatches in search of him a faithful confidante, who, by her magical art, transforms herself into a hawk, and perching upon the windows of the bard, conveys to him information of the distress of the princess of Scotland.

"In the ancient romance of 'Sir Tristrem,' the simile of the 'blood drops upon snow' likewise occurs:—

'A bride bright thal ches  
 As blod opun snoweing.'

Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 152.

- 1 "OH, weel is me my gay gos-hawk,  
If your feathering be sheen!"  
"Oh, waly, waly, my master dear,  
But ye look pale and lean!"
- 2 "Oh, have ye tint, at tournament,  
Your sword, or yet your spear?  
Or mourn ye for the Southern lass  
Whom you may not win near?"
- 3 "I have not tint, at tournament,  
My sword nor yet my spear;  
But sair I mourn for my true love,  
With mony a bitter tear.
- 4 "But weel is me my gay gos-hawk,  
That ye can speak and flee;  
Ye shall carry a letter to my love,  
Bring an answer back to me."
- 5 "But how shall I your true love find,  
Or how shou'd I her know?  
I bear a tongue ne'er with her spake,  
And eyes that ne'er her saw."
- 6 "Oh, weel shall ye my true love ken,  
Sae sune as ye her see;  
For of all the flowers of fair England,  
The fairest flower is she.
- 7 "Oh, what is red of her is red  
As bluid drapp'd on the snaw;  
And what is white of her is white  
As milk, or wild sea-maw.
- 8 "And even at my love's bow'r door  
You'll find a bowing birk;  
And ye maun sit and sing thereon,  
As she gangs to the kirk.
- 9 "And four-and-twenty fair-ladyes  
Will to the mass repair;  
But well may ye my ladye ken,  
The fairest ladye there.
- 10 "And when she goes into the house,  
Light ye upon the whin;  
And sit ye there and sing our loves,  
As she goes out and in."

- 11 Lord William has written a love letter,  
Put it under his pinion gray;  
And he is awa to Southern land  
As fast as wings can gae.
- 12 And even at that ladye's bow'r  
There grew a flowering birk;  
And he sat down and sung thereon,  
As she gaed to the kirk.
- 13 And weel he kent that ladye fair,  
Amang her maidens free,  
For the flower that springs in May morning  
Was not sae sweet as she.
- 14 And when she came back from the mass,  
He sat him on a whin,  
And sang full sweet the notes of love,  
Till all was cosh \* within.
- 15 And first he sang a low, low note,  
And syne he sang a clear;  
And aye the o'erword of the sang  
Was—"Your love can no win here."
- 16 "Feast on, feast on, my maidens all,  
The wine flows you amang,  
While I gang to my shot-window,  
And hear yon sweet bird's sang.
- 17 "Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird,  
With feathering sae sheen;  
For weel I ken, by your sweet sang,  
You left my love yestreen."
- 18 Oh, first he sang a merry sang,  
And syne he sang a grave;  
And syne he peck'd his feathers gray,  
To her the letter gave.
- 19 "Have there a letter from Lord William;  
He says he's sent ye three;  
He canna wait your love langer,  
But for your sake he'll dee."
- 20 "I send him the rings from my white fingers,  
The garlands off my hair;  
I send him the heart that's in my breast,  
What wou'd my love have mair?

\* "Cosh:" snug; comfortable; quiet.

- 
- 21 "Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,  
And brew his bridal ale,  
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,  
Lang, lang ere it be stale."
- 22 She hied her to her father dear,  
As fast as gang cou'd she:  
"A boon, a boon, my father dear,  
A boon I beg of thee!"
- 23 "Ask what you will, my dear daughter,  
And I will grant it thee;  
Unless to marry yon Scottish squire;  
That's what shall never be."
- 24 "Oh, that's the asking, father," she said,  
"That I'll ne'er ask of thee;  
But if I die in merry England,  
In Scotland ye'll bury me."
- 25 "And the first kirk that ye come to,  
Ye's gar the mass be sung;  
And the next kirk that ye come to,  
Ye's gar the bells be rung."
- 26 "At the third kirk of fair Scotland,  
You'll deal gold for my sake;  
And at that kirk, St. Mary's kirk,  
All night my body wake."
- 27 "The asking's nae sae great, daughter,  
But granted it shall be;  
And tho' ye die in merry England,  
In Scotland we'll bury thee."
- 28 And she has gane to her step-mother,  
Fell low down on her knee:  
"An asking, an asking, mother dear,  
I pray you grant it me."
- 29 "Ask what you please, my lily-white dove,  
And granted it shall be."  
"If I do die in merry England,  
In Scotland gar bury me."
- 30 "Oh, had these words been to speak again,  
I'd not have granted thee;  
You ha'e a love in fair Scotland,  
With him you fain wou'd be."

- 31 She has hied her to her bigly bow'r  
As fast as she cou'd fare;  
And she has drank a sleepy draught  
That she had mix'd with care.
- 32 And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,  
That was sae bright of blee,  
And she seem'd to be as surely dead  
As any one cou'd be.
- 33 Then spake her cruel step-minnie,—  
“Take ye the burning lead,  
And drap a drap on her bosom,  
To try if she be dead.”
- 34 They took a drap of boiling lead,  
And drapp'd it on her breast;  
“Alas! alas!” her father cry'd,  
“She's dead without the priest.”
- 35 She neither chatter'd with her teeth,  
Nor shiver'd with her chin;  
“Alas! alas!” her father cry'd,  
“There is nae breath within.”
- 36 Then up arose her seven brethren,  
And hew'd to her a bier;  
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,  
Laid it o'er with silver clear.
- 37 Her sisters they went to a room,  
To make to her a sark;  
The cloth of it was satin fine,  
And the steeking silken wark.
- 38 The first Scots kirk that they came to,  
They gar'd the bells be rung;  
The next Scots kirk that they came to,  
They gar'd the mass be sung.
- 39 But when they came to St. Mary's kirk,  
There stude spearmen all on a raw;  
And up and started Lord William,  
The chieftain o'er them a'.
- 40 “Set down, set down the corpse,” he said,  
“Till I look on the dead;  
The last time that I saw her face,  
She ruddy was and red.



- 41 "Set down, set down the bier," he said;  
 "Let me look her upon;"  
 But as soon as Lord William touch'd her hand,  
 Her colour 'gan to come.
- 42 She brighten'd like the lily flower,  
 Till her pale colour was gone;  
 With rosy cheek and ruby lip,  
 She smil'd her love upon.
- 43 "A morsel of your bread, my lord,  
 And one glass of your wine;  
 For I ha'e fasted these three lang days,  
 All for your sake and mine.
- 44 "Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,  
 Gae hame and blaw your horn!  
 I trow ye wou'd ha'e gi'en me the skaith,  
 But I've gi'en you the scorn.
- 45 "I came not here to fair Scotland,  
 To mix amang the clay;  
 I came to be Lord William's wife,  
 And wear the silks so gay.
- 46 "I came not here to fair Scotland,  
 To lye amang the dead;  
 But I came here to fair Scotland,  
 To wear the gold so red.
- 47 "Commend me to my gray father,  
 That wish'd my saul gude rest;  
 But wae be to my cruel step-dame,  
 Gar'd burn me on the breast."
- 48 "Ah! woe to you, you light woman!  
 An ill death may you die!  
 For we left father and sisters at hame,  
 Breaking their hearts for thee.
- 49 "But since ye ha'e gi'en to us this scorn,  
 We shall gi'e you anither;  
 For the only tocher you shall get  
 Is the bier that brought ye hither."

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THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER.

“In the Oriental courts of the ancients, magic was a favourite study;” and “till within” a comparatively recent period, “a belief in magic and witchcraft was cherished, not only by the ignorant, but the learned, in our own” and other European countries. In Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca, and in various parts of Italy, there were, during the middle ages, “public schools where magic was taught.” In our own country, the names of Merlin, Michael Scot, Lord Soulis, and Thomas the Rhymer, are famous on account of their alleged magical and supernatural gifts; and in more recent times it is stated, in connection with the Gowrie conspiracy, that “When he—*i.e.*, Earl Gowrie—went to Padua, there he studied necromancy; and his own pedagogue, Master Rhind, testifies, that he had those characters aye upon him, which he loved so, that if he had forgot to put them in his breeches, he would run up and down like a madman; and he had them upon him when he was slain; and as they testify that saw it, he could not bleed so long as they were upon him.”

Transformations are common to the mythology and early literature of all nations; such as the metamorphosis of gods and men into “birds, beasts, fishes, woods, and water.”

“This ballad has the highest claim to antiquity. The learned Lord Hailes says the title of Mar is one of the earldoms whose origin is lost in its antiquity. It would therefore be vain for me to ascribe the date of the ballad to any precise period.” The quotations are taken from Mr. Buchan’s note above referred to.

- 1 It was intil a pleasant time,  
Upon a simmer’s day,  
The noble Earl of Mar’s daughter  
Went forth to sport and play.
- 2 As thus she did amuse hersel’  
Below a green aik tree,  
There she saw a sprightly doo  
Set on a tower sae hie.
- 3 “O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,  
If ye’ll come down to me,  
Ye’se ha’e a cage of gude red gowd,  
Instead of simple tree:
- 4 “I’ll put gowd hingers roun’ your cage,  
And silver roun’ your wall;  
I’ll gar ye shine as fair a bird  
As ony of them all.”
- 5 But she had not these words well spoke,  
Nor yet these words well said,  
Till Cow-me-doo flew frae the tower,  
And lighted on her head.

- 6 Then she has brought this pretty bird  
Hame to her bow'rs and hall,  
And made him shine as fair a bird  
As ony of them all.
- 7 When day was gane and night was come,  
About the evening tide,  
This lady spied a sprightly youth  
Stand straight up by her side.
- 8 "From whence came ye, young man?" she said,  
"That does surprise me sair;  
My door was bolted right secure;  
What way ha'e ye come here?"
- 9 "Oh, haud your tongue, ye lady fair,  
Let all your folly be;  
Mind ye not on your turtle doo,  
Last day ye brought with thee?"
- 10 "Oh, tell me mair, young man," she said;  
"This does surprise me now;  
But what country ha'e ye come frae?  
What pedigree are ye?"
- 11 "My mither lives on foreign isles;  
She has nae mair but me;  
She is a queen of wealth, and state,  
And birth, and high degree.
- 12 "Likewise well skill'd in magic spells,  
As ye may plainly see;  
And she transform'd me to yon shape,  
To charm such maids as thee.
- 13 "I am a doo the live-lang day,  
A sprightly youth at night;  
This aye gars me appear mair fair  
In a fair maiden's sight.
- 14 "And it was but this very day  
That I came o'er the sea;  
Your lovely face did me enchant:  
I'll live and dee with thee."
- 15 "O Cow-me-doo, my luvè sae true,  
Nae mair frae me ye'se gae."  
"That's never my intent, my luvè;  
As ye said, it shall be sae."

- 16 Then he has staid in bow'r with her  
For sax lang years and ane,  
Till sax young sons to him she bare,  
And the seventh she 's brought hame.
- 17 But aye as ever a child was born,  
He carried them away,  
And brought them to his mither's care,  
As fast as they cou'd fly.
- 18 Thus he has staid in bow'r with her  
For twenty years and three ;  
Then came a lord of high renown  
To court this fair ladye.
- 19 But still his proffer she refused,  
And all his presents too ;  
Says—"I'm content to live alane,  
With my bird, Cow-me-doo."
- 20 Her father sware a solemn oath  
Amang the nobles all,—  
"The morn, or ere I eat or drink,  
This bird I kill it shall."
- 21 The bird was sitting in his cage,  
And heard what they did say ;  
And when he found they were dismiss'd,  
Says—"Waes me for this day.
- 22 "Before that I do langer stay,  
And thus to be forlorn,  
I'll gang unto my mither's bow'r,  
Where I was bred and born."
- 23 Then Cow-me-doo took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea ;  
And lighted near his mither's castle,  
On a tower of gowd sae hie.
- 24 As his mither was walking out,  
To see what she cou'd see,  
It's there she saw her little son  
Set on the tower sae hie.
- 25 "Get dancers here to dance," she said,  
"And minstrels for to play ;  
For here 's my young son, Florentine,  
Come here with me to stay."

- 26 "Get nae dancers to dance, mither,  
Nor minstrels for to play;  
For the mither of my seven sons,  
The morn's her wedding day."
- 27 "Oh, tell me, tell me, Florentine,  
Tell me, and tell me true;  
Tell me this day, without a flaw,  
What I will do for you."
- 28 "Instead of dancers to dance, mither,  
Or minstrels for to play,  
Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men,  
Like storks, in feathers gray;
- 29 "My seven sons to seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to flee;  
And I, mysel', a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird of high degree."
- 30 Then sighin', said the queen hersel',  
"That thing's too high for me;"  
But she applied to an auld woman,  
Who had mair skill than she.
- 31 Instead of dancers to dance a dance,  
Or minstrels for to play,  
Four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
Turn'd birds of feathers gray;
- 32 Her seven sons to seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to flee;  
And he, himsel', a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird of high degree.
- 33 This flock of birds took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea;  
And landed near the Earl Mar's castle,  
Took shelter in every tree.
- 34 They were a flock of pretty birds,  
Right comely to be seen;  
The people view'd them with surprise  
As they danced on the green.
- 35 These birds ascended frae the tree,  
And lighted on the hall;  
And at the last with force did flee  
Amang the nobles all.



- 36 The storks there seiz'd some of the men,  
They cou'd neither fight nor flee;  
The swans they bound the bride's best man  
Below a green aik tree.
- 37 They lighted next on maidens fair,  
Then on the bride's own head;  
And with the twinkling of an e'e  
The bride and them were fled.
- 38 There's ancient men at weddings been,  
For sixty years or more;  
But sic a curious wedding-day  
They never saw before.

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LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE.

“This ballad is much the same with the Breton romance, called ‘Lay le Frain,’ or the ‘Song of the Ash,’ a copy of which ancient romance is preserved in the invaluable collection (W. 4. 1.) of the Advocates’ Library, and begins thus :—

‘We redeth oft and findeth ywrite  
And this clerkes wele it wite  
Layes that ben in harping  
Ben yfound of ferli thing  
Sum beth of wer and some of wo  
Sum of joye and mirthe also  
And sum of trecherie and gile  
Of old eventours that fel while  
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy  
And many ther beth of faery  
Of al things that men seth  
Maist o’ love forsoth yai beth.

‘In Breyteyne bi old time  
This layes were wrought to seithe this rime  
When kinges might our y here  
Of ani mervailles that ther wer  
They token a harp in glee and game  
And maked a lay and gaf it name  
Now of these aventours that weren y falle  
Y can tell sum ae nought alle  
Ae herkeneth lordinges sothe to sain  
I chil you tel Lay le Frain  
Befel a cas in Breteyne  
Whereof was made Lay le Frain  
In Ingliche for to tellen y wis  
Of ane ashe forsothe it is  
On ane ensammp e fair with alle  
That sumtyme was bifalle,’ &c.

“A ballad, agreeing in every respect with that which follows, exists in the Danish collection of ancient songs, entitled *Kæmpe Viser*. It is called ‘Skien Anna,’ *i. e.*, Fair Annie; and has been translated literally by my learned friend, Mr. Robert Jamieson. See his *Popular Ballads*, Edin., 1806, vol. ii., p. 100. This work contains many original and curious observations on the connection between the

ancient poetry of Britain and of the northern nations.”—Scott, *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 249.

Versions of the ballad also exist in Swedish, Dutch, and German, but in the latter it appears in a form “considerably changed.”

“The Scottish versions are quite numerous. A fragment of eight stanzas was published in Herd’s collection, ‘Wha will bake my bridal bread,’ Ed., 1776; i., 167. Sir Walter Scott gave a complete copy in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* [‘from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian, the same from whom were obtained the variations in the tale of “Tamlane” and the fragment of the “Wife of Usher’s Well”’]. Two other copies, also from oral tradition, were inserted by Jamieson in the appendix to his *Popular Ballads*, ‘Lady Jane’ [from the recitation of Mrs. Brown], vol. ii., p. 371; ‘Burd Helen’ [from the recitation of Mrs. Arrot], vol. ii., p. 376; and from these he constructed the edition of ‘Lady Jane,’ printed at p. 73 of the same volume. Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, p. 327, affords still another variety [under the title of ‘Fair Annie’]; and Chambers has compiled a ballad from all these sources, and a manuscript furnished by Mr. Kinloch, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 186.”—Professor Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. iii., p. 192.

The ballad here published has been collated from the various Scottish versions named above.

#### PART I.

- 1 THERE liv’d a lord on yon sea-side,  
And he thought on a wile,  
How he would go o’er the salt sea,  
A lady to beguile.
- 2 “It’s narrow make your bed, Annie,  
And learn to lye your lane;  
For I’m gaun o’er the sea, Annie,  
A braw bride to bring hame.  
With her I will get gowd and gear;  
With you I ne’er got nane.”
- 3 “Oh, I maun make it wide, Thomas,  
Oh, I maun make it wide,  
If all your seven sons, and mine,  
Maun lye down by my side.
- 4 “The first of your braw seven sons,  
He rides a milk-white steed;  
The second of your seven sons,  
He wears a milk-white weed;
- 5 “The third ane of your seven sons,  
He draws baith ale and wine;  
The fourth ane of your seven sons,  
He serves you when you dine;

- 6 "The fifth ane of your seven sons,  
He can baith read and write;  
And the sixth ane of your seven sons,  
He is all your heart's delight;
- 7 "The youngest of your seven sons,  
He sleeps on my breast-bane;  
He soundly sleeps, and sweetly smiles,  
Nor heeds his mother's mane."
- 8 "But wha will bake my bridal bread,  
Or brew my bridal ale?  
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,  
That I bring o'er the dale?"
- 9 "It's I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale;  
And I will welcome your brisk bride,  
That you bring o'er the dale."
- 10 "But she that welcomes my brisk bride  
Maun gang like maiden fair;  
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,  
And braid her yellow hair."
- 11 "But how can I gang maiden-like,  
When maid I ne'er can be?  
Or I, the mother of seven sons,  
Look like a maiden free?"

## PART II.

- 12 She's dress'd her sons in the scarlet red,  
Herself in dainty green;  
And tho' her cheeks look'd pale and wan,  
She well might been a queen.
- 13 She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
Another in her hand;  
And she's up to the highest tower,  
To see him come to land.
- 14 "Come up, come up, my eldest son,  
And look o'er yon sea-strand,  
And see your father's new-come bride  
Before she come to land."
- 15 "Come down, come down, my mother dear,  
Come frae the castle wall;  
I fear, if langer ye stand there,  
Ye'll let yoursel' down fall."

- 16 She's ta'en a cake of the best bread,  
A bottle of the best wine,  
And all the keys upon her arm,  
And to the shore hied syne. :
- 17 She hied her down to the shore side,  
Her love's ship for to see;  
The topmast and the mainmast baith,  
Shone like the silver free.
- 18 She hied her down, and farther down,  
The bride's ship to behold;  
The topmast and the mainmast baith,  
They shone just like the gold.
- 19 She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand;  
I wot she didna fail!  
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,  
As they came o'er the dale.
- 20 "You are welcome hame, Lord Thomas,  
And welcome to your land;  
You are welcome, with your fair ladye,  
That you lead by the hand.
- 21 "You are welcome to your halls, ladye,  
You are welcome to your bow'rs;  
You are welcome to your hame, ladye,  
For all that's here is yours."
- 22 "I thank thee, Annie," said the bride,  
"Sae dearlie I thank thee;  
While I am ladye in this place,  
Your good friend I will be."

## PART III.

- 23 Fair Annie served the first table  
With white bread and with wine;  
And aye she drank the wan water,  
To keep her colour fine.
- 24 Fair Annie served the next table  
With brown bread and with beer;  
But aye she drank the wan water,  
To keep her colour clear.
- 25 As she gaed by the first table,  
She leuch amang them all;  
But e'er she reach'd the next table,  
She let the tears down fall.

- 26 Fair Annie turn'd her round about,  
For fear she wou'd be seen;  
And aye she wiped the tears trickling  
Fast frae her watery een.
- 27 Then she has ta'en a lang napkin,  
And hung it on a pin;  
And aye she wiped the tears trickling  
Adown her cheek and chin.\*
- 28 And aye Lord Thomas turn'd him round  
And smiled amang his men,  
Says—"Like ye best the old ladye,  
Or her that's new come hame?"
- 29 When bells were rung and mass was sung,  
And all men bound to bed,  
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride  
To their chamber they gaed.
- 30 Fair Annie ta'en her harp in hand,  
To harp the twa asleep;  
And as she harp'd and as she sang,  
Full sorely she did weep.†
- 31 "Oh, I have born seven fair sons  
To the good lord of this place;  
And I wish they were seven hares,  
That I might give them chase.
- 32 "I wish that they were seven hares,  
Running o'er yon lily lee,  
And I a good greyhound mysel'—  
Soon worried they shou'd be."
- 33 "Oh, I have born seven fair sons  
To the good lord of this hall;  
I wish that they were seven rats,  
Running on the castle wall;  
And I were a gray cat mysel'—  
I soon wou'd worry them all."
- 34 And wae and sad fair Annie sat,  
And drearic was her sang;  
And ever, as she sobb'd and grat,  
"Wae to him that did the wrang!"

\* "It was to dry her watery eyes  
As she gaed out and in."

Jamieson's Version, vol. ii, p. 374.

† "She's ta'en a harp into her hand,  
Went to their chamber door,  
And aye she harp'd and aye she murn'd,  
With the salt tears falling o'er."

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 334.



- 35 "My gown is on," the new bride said,  
 "My shoon are on my feet,  
 And I will to fair Annie gang,  
 And see what gars her greet.
- 36 "What ails, what ails ye, fair Annie,  
 That ye make sic a moan;  
 Has your wine barrels cast the girds,  
 Or is your white bread gone?"
- 37 "I had a sister ance, Annie,  
 By reivers stown away;  
 Father and mother baith for her  
 Sair mourn'd many a day:  
 A sister just like you, Annie,  
 Then answer me, I pray.
- 38 "And say wha was your father, Annie,  
 And say wha was your mother?  
 And had you any sister, Annie?  
 Or had you any brother?"
- 39 "The Earl of Wemyss was my father,  
 The countess was my mother:  
 And all the bairns beside mysel'  
 Were a sister and a brother." \*

\* Motherwell's version reads:—

"King Henry was my father dear,  
 Queen Esther was my mother,  
 Prince Henry was my brother dear,  
 And Fanny flower my sister."

"If King Henry was your father dear,  
 And Queen Esther was your mother,  
 If Prince Henry was your brother dear,  
 Then surely I'm your sister."

"Come to your bed, my sister dear,  
 It ne'er was wrang'd for me:  
 But æ kiss of his merry mouth,  
 As we came o'er the sea."

The version given by Jamieson from Mrs. Arrot's recitation names the relatives as "King Henry," "Queen Catherine," "Frederick," and "Lady Anne," and states that the heroine as a child had been called "Mary mild." In the version from the recitation of Mrs. Brown, the father is styled "the Earl of Richmond," mother, sister, and brother being referred to, but not named.

"The tradition which commonly accompanies this tale," as stated by Jamieson, "says that Lord Thomas was aware of his bride 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 fair Annie, whom he intended to marry."

The stanza which follows the three quoted above, from Motherwell's version, appears to favour this tradition. It reads—

"Awa, awa, ye forenoon bride,  
 Awa, awa frae me;  
 I wadna hear my Annie greet,  
 For a' the gold I got wi' thee."

There is also a stanza of a similar tenor in the version from Mrs. Brown's recitation

- 40 "If the Earl of Wemyss\* was your father,  
I wot sae was he mine;  
And it shall not be for lack of gowd,  
That ye your love shall tyne.
- 41 "Oh, seven ships convey'd me here,  
When I came o'er the faem;  
And four of them shall stay with you,  
And three convey me hame.
- 42 "But when I reach our father's house,  
They may laugh me to scorn,  
That I shou'd leave a bride betroth'd,  
Gae hame a maid forlorn."

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THOMAS O' YONDERDALE.

Abridged from Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 221.

This ballad resembles, in some respects, both "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie," which immediately precedes, and "Lord Beichan," which immediately follows it.

- 1 LADY MAISRY lives intil a bower;  
She never wore but what she wou'd;  
Her gowns were of the silk sae fine,  
Her coats stood up with bolts of gowd.
- 2 Mony a knight there courted her,  
And gentlemen of high degree;  
But it was Thomas o' Yonderdale  
That gain'd the love of this ladye.
- 3 He haunted her intil her bow'r,  
He haunted her baith night and day;  
But when he gain'd her virgin love,  
To an unco land he hied away.
- 4 He hadna been on unco ground,  
A month, a month, but barely three,  
Till he has courted anither maid,  
And quite forgotten fair Maisry.

\* The family of Wemyss is, as stated by Sibbald, lineally descended from Macduff, Earl of Fife, which statement of his seems to be borne out by ancient charters; but as the title of Earl of Wemyss was first conferred in 1633 on Sir John Wemyss, Lord Wemyss of Elcho, the ballad, if it refers to one of that family at all, must refer to an ancestor of the Earl's.

- 5 But ae night as he lay in bed,  
A wae and dreary dream dream'd he,—  
That Maisry stood by his bed-side,  
Upbraiding him for perfidie.
- 6 Then he call'd on his little boy,—  
“Bring me candle, that I may see;  
And ye maun quickly rin this night  
With a letter to a gay ladye.”
- 7 “It is my duty you to serve,  
To bring you coal and candle light;  
And fain wou'd I your errand rin,  
If 'twere to Lady Maisry bright.
- 8 “Tho' I were sae, I scarce cou'd gang;  
The night sae dark, I scarce cou'd see;  
I wou'd creep on my hands and knees  
With a message to her frae thee.”
- 9 “Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,  
To do my bidding ye blithe will be;  
To Maisry ye maun quickly rin,  
With this message to her frae me.
- 10 “Ye'll bid her dress in gowns of silk,  
Likewise in coats of cramasie;  
Ye'll bid her come alang with you,  
Lòrd Thomas' wedding for to see.
- 11 “Ye'll bid her graith her steed with gowd,  
And ye will likewise bid her hing  
On ilka tip of her horse mane  
Twa siller bells to sweetly ring.
- 12 “And on the tor of her saddle,  
A courtly bird to sweetly sing;  
Her bridle reins of siller fine,  
And stirrups by her side to hing.”
- 13 She dress'd her in the finest silk,  
Her coats were of the cramasie;  
And she's away to unco land,  
Lòrd Thomas' wedding for to see.
- 14 At ilka tip of her horse mane  
Twa siller bells did sweetly ring;  
And on the tor of her saddle  
A courtly bird did sweetly sing.

- 15 The bells they rang, the bird he sang,  
As they rade o'er a pleasant plain,  
Where they met with Lord Thomas' bride  
Wending on with her bridal train.
- 16 The bride she turn'd her round about,—  
"I wonder much who this may be?  
It surely is the Scottish queen,  
Come here our wedding for to see."
- 17 Out then spake Lord Thomas' boy,—  
"She maunna lift her head sae hie;  
But it's Lord Thomas' first true love  
Come here your wedding for to see."
- 18 Out then spake Lord Thomas' bride—  
I wyte the tear did blind her e'e,—  
"If this be Lord Thomas' first true love,  
I'm sair afraid he'll ne'er ha'e me."
- 19 Then in came Lady Maisry fair,  
Lovely and grand she did appear;  
"What is your will now, Lord Thomas,  
This day, ye know, ye call'd me here?"
- 20 "Come hither by me, ye lily flower,  
Come hither, and set ye down by me;  
Ye are the ane I've call'd upon,  
And ye my wedded wife maun be."
- 21 Then in it came Lord Thomas' bride,  
Primly and trimly in she came;  
"What is your will now, Lord Thomas,  
This day, ye know, ye call'd me hame?"
- 22 "Ye ha'e come on hired horseback,  
But ye'se gae hame in coach sae free;  
For here's the flower into my bower,  
I mean my wedded wife shall be."
- 23 "Then ye maun part your lands, Thomas,  
And part them in divisions threc;  
Gi'e twa of them to your ae brother,  
And cause your brother marry me."
- 24 "I winna part my lands," he said,  
"For ony woman that I see;  
My brother he is a landed knight,  
Will wed nane but he will for me."

## LORD BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

Versions of this highly popular and apparently ancient ballad have appeared as under:—

I. "Young Beichan and Susie Pye."

II. "Young Bekie."

Both in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., pp. 117 and 127. Mr. Jamieson says that these ballads "(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."—Prefatory note, p. 117.

III. One in "*Scarce Ancient Ballads*. Peterhead, 1819." [Aberdeen, 1822?]

IV. "Lord Beichan and Susie Pye."—Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 260.

V. A portion of a version, consisting of "prose and rhyme intermixed," given from the recitation of "a story-teller," by Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. xv. Stanza 10 is derived from this source.

VI. "Young Bondwell," in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 1, and note, p. 82.

This last and "Young Bekie" (II.) are almost identical in incident.

VII. "An English traditional version, communicated by" J. H. Dixon to *The Local Historian's Table Book*, vol. i., Newcastle, 1842; and subsequently given in *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 85.

VIII. "Lord Bateman," the common English broadside, p. 95 of the work last cited. Probably identical with or similar to the ballad picked off the "wall in Piccadilly" by Jamieson.

There is also an edition of "Lord Bateman," with comic illustrations, three additional verses, and notes of a burlesque character, by George Cruickshank.

The ballad which follows is collated chiefly from the versions numbered I. and IV., with the addition of two stanzas from recitation, from which source sundry emendations also are derived. In each of the two versions just specified the first line announces "London" as the birthplace of "Young Beichan." The first has the following curious anachronism:—

"And they have made him trail the wine,  
And spices on his fair bodie;"



although it is well known that the use of wine is forbidden by the Koran, and could therefore only be indulged in clandestinely.

The origin of the ballad was first pointed out by Motherwell; whose elaborate account of it and its hero is as follows:—

“This popular ballad, which is unquestionably an English production (or, at all events, of English origin), exists in many different shapes in Scotland. It is of unquestionable antiquity; and the young Beichan, or Bekie, whose captivity, sufferings, and subsequent marriage with his deliverer, it records, is no less a personage than the father of the celebrated Thomas À Becket. In *The Life of Thomas Becket*, quoted in Warton’s *History of English Poetry*, vol. i., p. 19, occurs this notice:—

— ‘Ther was Gilbert, Thomas fadir, name the trewe man and gode,  
He loved God and holi cherche setthe he writte onderstode;  
The cross to the holi cherche in his youth he nom,  
    . . . and on Rychard that was his mon to Jerlem come,  
Ther hy dede, here pylgrimage in holi stedes faste,  
So that among Sarazyns hy wer nom at laste.’

“When so *nomed*, it is probable that the Saracen lady fell in love with him. Gilbert Becket must have been a distinguished individual in his day. He appears to have been portgrave of London, a title now changed to that of mayor. See *A Brief Chronicle of the Success of Times*, London, 1611, p. 574. That he was a person of great estate, Langtoft bears witness:—

‘There was his chancelere, Thomas of London born,  
Saint Thomas fader I fynd hight Thomas (Gilbert) Beket;  
In London of noble kynd and moste of alle was let,  
A riche man he was, mot spend thre hundreth pound.’

—Langtoft’s *Chronicle*, apud Herne, p. 128.

“Hollingshed, speaking of the saint, says:—‘This Becket was borne in London, his father hight Gilbert, but his mother was a Syrian born, and by religion a Saracen.’ To the same effect Baker:—‘The man was *Thomas Becket*, born in London. His father, one *Gilbert Becket*,—his mother an outlandish woman of the country of *Syria*.’ Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments*, vol. i., p. 267, London, 1641, affords another notice:—‘And first here to omit the programe of him, and his mother named Rose, whom Polyd. Virgilius falsely nameth to be a Saracen, when indeed she came out of the parts bordering neere to Normandy, &c.’ Though she came from the quarter Fox says she came from, that did not prevent her from being a Saracen,—a designation as general then as heathen is at the present day.

“These notices will afford evidence sufficient to warrant us referring the ballad to the individual now pointed out. An inspection of some of the numerous legends touching the blessed martyr, Saint Thomas of Canterbury, will probably supply many other interesting particulars, tending more completely to connect and identify them.”—Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, note, p. xv.

Professor Child corroborates Motherwell’s opinion, and states, that “an inspection of the first hundred lines of Robert of Gloucester’s *Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Beket* (edited for the Percy Society

by W. H. Black, vol. xix.) will leave no doubt that the hero of this ancient and beautiful tale is veritably Gilbert Becket, father of the renowned Saint Thomas of Canterbury.

“Robert of Gloucester’s story coincides in all essential particulars with the traditionary legend; but Susie Pye is unfortunately spoken of in the chronicle by no other name than the daughter of the Saracen Prince Admiraud.”—Professor Child’s *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. iv., p. 1.

After such convincing statements from two such reliable authorities, it is scarcely necessary to notice the suggestion made to and noted by Jamieson, “that the names in” this and the “succeeding romantic tales ought to be, not Beichan [or Bekie], but Buchan” (*Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 134); or the more recent theory of the editor or annotator of *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads* (Percy Society, No. lviii.), who surmises “that the hero was one of the ancient and noble border family of Bartram or Bertram” (note to “Young Bondwell,” p. 84).

- 1 LORD BEICHAN was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree;  
He placed himself on good shipboard,  
And sail’d away o’er the salt, salt sea.
- 2 He sail’d far south, he sail’d far east,  
Until he pass’d all Christendie;  
He sail’d far south, he sail’d far east,  
Until he came to Pagandie.
- 3 He view’d the fashions of that land,  
Their way of worship too view’d he;  
But to Mahound or Termagant,  
Lord Beichan wou’d not bend a knee.
- 4 For Beichan was a Christian born,  
And such resolved to live and dee,  
So he was ta’en by a savage Moor,  
Who treated him right cruellie.
- 5 In ilka shoulder was put a bore,  
In ilka bore was put a tree;  
And heavy loads they made him draw,  
Till he was sick, and like to dee.\*
- 6 Then he was cast in a dungeon deep,  
Where he cou’d neither hear nor see;  
And seven long years they kept him there,  
Both cold and hunger sore to dree.

\* “Till of his life he was quite wearie.”—*Variation*.

- 
- 7 The Moor he had an only daughter,  
The damsel's name was Susie Pye;  
And ilka day as she took the air,  
Lord Beichan's prison she pass'd by.
- 8 So it fell out upon a day,  
She heard Lord Beichan sadly sing;  
And this the sad and hopeless lay  
Of sorrow in her ear did ring:
- 9 "My hounds they all go masterless,  
My hawks they flee from tree to tree,  
My younger brother heirs my land;  
Fair England again I ne'er will see.
- 10 "But were I free as I have been,  
On good shipboard to sail the sea,  
I'd turn my face to fair England,  
And sail no more to a strange countrie."
- 11 Young Susie Pye had a tender heart,  
Tho' she was come of a cruel kin;  
And sore she sigh'd, she knew not why,  
For him who' lay that dungeon in.
- 12 "Oh, were I but the prison keeper,  
As I'm a lady of high degree,  
I soon wou'd set this youth at large,  
And send him to his own countrie."
- 13 The whole night long no rest she got,  
Lord Beichan's song for thinking on;  
And when the morn began to dawn,  
She to his prison door has gone.
- 14 She gave the keeper a piece of gold,  
And many pieces of white monie,  
To unlock to her the prison doors,  
That she Lord Beichan might go see.
- 15 The keeper open'd the prison doors,  
I wot he open'd two or three,  
Ere they came where Lord Beichan stood,  
Chain'd by the middle to a tree.
- 16 Lord Beichan he did marvel sore,  
The Moor's fair daughter there to see;  
But took her for some captive maid,  
Brought from some land in Christendie.

- 17 For when she saw his wretched plight,  
Her tears fell fast and bitterlie;  
And thus the Moor's fair daughter spake  
Unto Lord Beichan tenderlie :
- 18 "Oh, have ye any lands," she said,  
"Or castles in your own countrie,  
That ye cou'd give to a lady fair,  
From prison strong to set you free?"
- 19 "Oh, I have lands both fair and braid,  
And I have castles fair to see;  
But I wou'd give them all," he said,  
"From prison strong to be set free."
- 20 "Plight me the truth of your right hand,  
The truth of it here plight to me,  
That till seven years are past and gone,  
No lady ye will wed but me."
- 21 "For seven long years I do make a vow,  
And seven long years I'll keep it true,  
If you wed with no other man,  
No other lady I'll wed but you."
- 22 Then she has bribed the prison-keeper,  
With store of gold and white monie,  
To loose the chain that bound him so,  
And set Lord Beichan once more free.
- 23 To eat she gave him good spice-cake,  
To drink she gave him blood-red wine;  
And bade him sometimes think of her,  
Who kindly freed him out of pine.
- 24 A ring she from her finger broke,  
And half of it to him gave she,—  
"Keep it, to mind you of the maid  
Who out of prison set you free."
- 25 She had him put on good shipboard,  
That he might safely cross the main;  
Then said, "Adieu! my Christian lord,  
I fear we ne'er may meet again."
- 26 Lord Beichan turn'd him round about,  
And lowly, lowly bent his knee;  
"Ere seven years are come and gone,  
I'll take you to my own countrie."

- 27 But when he came to London town,  
A happy, happy man was he;  
The ladies all around him throng'd,  
To see him come frae slaverie.
- 28 His mother she had died of grief,  
His kindred all were dead but he;  
His lands they all were lying waste,  
In ruins were his castles free.
- 29 No porter stood to tend his gate,  
No human creature cou'd he see;  
Nought but the screeching owls and bats,  
Had he to bear him companie.
- 30 But gold works like a magic spell,  
And he had gold and jewels free;  
So soon his halls were richly deck'd,  
While pages served on bended knee.
- 31 Both lords and ladies throng'd his halls,  
His table rang with mirth and glee;  
And he soon forgot the eastern maid,  
Who freed him out of slaverie.
- 32 But Susie Pye cou'd get no rest,  
Nor day nor night cou'd happy be;  
For something whisper'd in her breast,  
"Lord Beichan will prove false to thee."
- 33 So she set foot on good shipboard,  
Well mann'd and fitted gallantlie;  
She bade adieu to her father's towers,  
And left behind her own countrie.
- 34 Then she sailed west, and she sailed north,  
She sailed far o'er the salt sea faem;  
And after many weary days,  
Unto fair England's shore she came.
- 35 She landed there in wealth and state,  
And journey'd with a gallant train,  
Till she met with a shepherd youth,  
When thus she did accost the swain :
- 36 "Oh, whose are all those flocks of sheep,  
And whose are all those herds of kye,  
And whose are all those lands so braid,  
With many more that I've pass'd by?"



- 37 " Oh, those are all Lord Beichan's sheep,  
Oh, those are all Lord Beichan's kye,  
And those are all Lord Beichan's lands,  
And many more that you've pass'd by."
- 38 " What news of him, thou shepherd youth,  
What news hast thou to tell to me?"  
" Such news, such news, thou lady fair,  
Was ne'er before in this countrie."
- 39 " For he has betroth'd a lady gay,  
'Tis now full thirty days and three;  
But will not mate with his fair bride,  
For love of one beyond the sea."
- 40 Then in her pocket she put her hand,  
And gave him gold and white monie;  
" Here, take ye that, my shepherd youth,  
For the good news ye tell to me."
- 41 Then she went to Lord Beichan's gate,  
And she tirl'd gently at the pin,  
And ask'd—" Is this Lord Beichan's hall,  
And is that noble lord within?"
- 42 The porter ready answer made,—  
" Oh yes, this is Lord Beichan's hall;  
And he is also here within,  
With bride and guests assembled all."
- 43 " And has he betroth'd another love,  
And has he quite forgotten me,  
To whom he plighted his love and troth,  
When from prison I did him free?"
- 44 " Bear to your lord, ye proud porter,  
This parted ring, the plighted token  
Of mutual love, and mutual vows,  
By him, alas! now falsely broken."
- 45 " And bid him send one bit of bread,  
And bid him send one cup of wine,  
Unto the maid he hath betray'd,  
Tho' she freed him from cruel pine."
- 46 The porter hasten'd to his lord,  
And fell down on his bended knee:  
" My lord, a lady stands at your gate,  
The fairest lady I e'er did see."

- 47 "On every finger she has a ring,  
And on her middle finger three;  
With as much gold above her brow  
As wou'd buy an earldom to me."
- 48 It's out then spake the bride's mother,  
Both loud and angry out spake she,—  
"Ye might have excepted our bonnie bride,  
If not more of this companie."
- 49 "My dame, your daughter's fair enough,  
Her beauty's not denied by me;  
But were she ten times fairer still,  
With this lady ne'er compare cou'd she.
- 50 "My lord, she asks one bit of bread,  
And bids you send one cup of wine;  
And to remember the lady's love,  
Who freed you out of cruel pine."
- 51 Lord Beichan hied him down the stair,—  
Of fifteen steps he made but three,  
Until he came to Susie Pye,  
Whom he did kiss most tenderlie.
- 52 He's ta'en her by the lily hand,  
And led her to his noble hall,  
Where stood his sore-bewilder'd bride,  
And wedding guests assembled all.
- 53 Fair Susie blushing look'd around,  
Upon the lords and ladies gay;  
Then with the tear-drops in her eyes,  
Unto Lord Beichan she did say:
- 54 "Oh, have ye ta'en another bride,  
And broke your plighted vows to me?  
Then fare thee well, my Christian lord,  
I'll try to think no more on thee.
- 55 "But sadly I will wend my way,  
And sadly I will cross the sea,  
And sadly will with grief and shame  
Return unto my own countrie."
- 56 "Oh, never, never, Susie Pye,  
Oh, never more shall you leave me;  
This night you'll be my wedded wife,  
And lady of my lands so free."

- 57 Syne up then spake the bride's mother,  
 She ne'er before did speak so free,—  
 "You'll not forsake my dear daughter,  
 For sake of her from Pagandie."
- 58 "Take home, take home your daughter dear,  
 She's not a pin the worse of me;  
 She came to me on horseback riding,  
 But shall go back in a coach and three."
- 59 Lord Beichan got ready another wedding,  
 And sang, with heart brimful of glee,—  
 "Oh, I'll range no more in foreign lands,  
 Since Susie Pye has cross'd the sea."
- 60 "Then fy,\* gar all my cooks make ready,  
 And fy! gar all my minstrels play;  
 Gar trumpets sound, and bells be rung,  
 For this is my true wedding-day."

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### YOUNG BEKIE.

From Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 127. With the addition of stanzas 4, 25 (first half), 26, 27, and 40 to 43 inclusive, from "Young Bondwell," but somewhat altered, so as to adapt them to Jamieson's ballad. See introduction to preceding ballad, p. 112.

- 1 YOUNG BEKIE was as brave a knight  
 As ever sail'd the sea;  
 And he's done him to the court of France,  
 To serve for meat and fee.
- 2 He hadna been in the court of France  
 A twelvemonth, nor sae lang,  
 Till he fell in love with the king's daughter,  
 And was thrown in prison strang.
- 3 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.
- 4 "Oh, if my father get word of this,  
 At hame, in his ain countrie,  
 He will send red gowd for my relief,  
 And a bag of white monie,

\* "Fy;" haste.

- 5 "Oh, if a lady wou'd borrow me,  
At her stirrup I wou'd rin;  
Oh, if a widow wou'd borrow me,  
I wou'd swear to be her son.
- 6 "Oh, if a virgin wou'd borrow me,  
I wou'd wed her with a ring;  
I'd gi'e her halls, I'd gi'e her bow'rs,  
The bonnie towers of Linne."
- 7 Oh, barefoot, barefoot gaed she but,  
And barefoot came she ben;  
It was na for want of hose and shoon,  
Nor time to put them on;
- 8 But all for fear that her father  
Wou'd hear her makin' din;  
For she has stown the prison keys,  
And gane the dungeon in.
- 9 And when she saw him, young Bekie,  
Wow, but her heart was sair!  
For the mice but and the bauld rattons  
Had eaten his yellow hair.
- 10 She's gotten him a shaver for his beard,  
A comber till his hair;  
Five hundred pounds in his pocket,  
To spend, and nae to spare.
- 11 She's gi'en him a steed was good in need,  
And a saddle of royal bane;\*  
A leash of hounds of ae litter,  
And Hector called ane.
- 12 Atween thir twa a vow was made,  
'Twas made full solemnie,  
That or three years were come and gane,  
Weel married they shou'd be.
- 13 He hadna been in 's ain countrie  
A twelvemonth till an end,  
Till he's forced to marry a king's daughter,  
Or else lose all his land.
- 14 "Ohon, alas!" says young Bekie,  
"I kenna what to dee;  
For I canna win to Burd Isbel,  
And she canna come to me."

\* Variation: for "bane," read "bend."—"Young Bondwell."

- 15 Oh, it fell out upon a day  
 Burd Isbel fell asleep,  
 And up it starts the Billy Blin,  
 And stood at her bed feet.
- 16 "Oh, waken, waken, Burd Isbel;  
 How can ye sleep so soun',  
 When this is Bekie's wedding-day,  
 And the marriage going on? \*
- 17 "Ye'll do ye till your mither's bow'r,  
 As fast as ye can gang;  
 And ye'll take three of your mither's Marys,  
 To haud ye unthocht lang.
- 18 "Ye'll dress yoursel' in the red scarlet,  
 And your Marys in green attire;  
 And ye'll put girdles about your middles,  
 Well worth an earl's hire.
- 19 "Syne ye'll gang down by yon sea-side,  
 And down by yon sea-strand;  
 And bonnie will the Hollans boats  
 Come rowin' till your hand.
- 20 "Ye'll 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."
- 21 She's gane her till her mither's bow'r,  
 As fast as she could gang;  
 And she's ta'en twa of her mither's Marys,  
 To haud her unthocht lang.
- 22 She's drest hersel' in the red scarlet,  
 Her Marys in green attire;  
 And they've put girdles about their middles,  
 Well worth an earl's hire.
- 23 And they gaed down by yon sea-side,  
 And down by yon sea-strand;  
 And sae bonnie as the Hollans boats  
 Came rowin' till their hand.
- 24 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.

\* The countries could not be far apart, or the fair Isbel and her Marys must have had a marvellously quick passage under the pilotage of "the Billy Blin."



- 25 So they sail'd on, and farther on,  
Till they came to the Tay;  
And when she came to Bekie's gate,  
She heard the music play.
- 26 When the porter came to her call,—  
"What news ha'e ye?" says she;  
"Is there any wedding in this place,  
Or any soon to be?"
- 27 "There is a wedding in this place,  
A wedding very soon;  
For Bekie, lord of this domain,  
Marries this day ere noon."
- 28 She put her hand in her pocket,  
And ga'e to him marks three;  
"Hae, take ye that, ye proud porter,  
Bid your master speak to me."
- 29 Oh, when that he came up the stair,  
He fell down on his knee:  
He hail'd the king, and he hail'd the queen,  
And he hail'd young Bekie.
- 30 "Oh, 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.
- 31 "There's ane of them drest in red scarlet,  
And twa in green attire;  
And they ha'e girdles about their middles  
Well worth an earl's hire."
- 32 Then out and spake the bierdly bride,  
Was all gowd to the chin:  
"If she be fine without," she says,  
"We's be as fine within."
- 33 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."
- 34 Oh, quickly he ran down the stair;  
And when he saw 'twas she,  
He kindly took her in his arms,  
And kiss'd her tenderlie.

- 35 "Oh, ha'e ye forgotten now, young Bekie,  
The vow ye made to me,  
When I took you out of prison strang,  
When ye was condemn'd to dee?"
- 36 "I ga'e you a steed was good in need,  
And a saddle of royal bane;  
A leash of hounds of ae litter,  
And Hector called ane."
- 37 It was well kenn'd what the lady said  
Was true as true cou'd be;  
For at the first word the lady spake,  
The hound fell at her knee.
- 38 "Take hame, take hame your daughter dear;  
A blessing gang her wi';  
For I maun marry her wha has  
Come o'er the sea to me."
- 39 "Is this the custom of your house,  
Or when was it brought in,  
To bring a maid here to be wed,  
To gae back a maid at e'en?"
- 40 "An asking, an asking, fair lady,  
If such ye'll grant to me;"—  
"Ask on, ask on, my young Bekie;  
What may your asking be?"
- 41 "Five hunder pound to you I'll gi'e,  
Of gowd and white monie,  
If ye'll wed John, my ain cousin,—  
He looks as braw as me!"
- 42 "Keep well your monie, Bekie," she said,  
"Nane do I ask of thee;  
Your cousin John was my first love,  
My husband now he's be."
- 43 Young Bekie was married to Burd Isbel,  
And John, ere day was dune,  
Was married to the morning bride,  
In the merry halls of Linne.

The king and queen, who were forcing "Young Bekie" to wed their daughter, suddenly subside, and without either note, comment, or protest, permit this interesting young couple to follow the bent of their respective inclinations.

## HYNDE HORN.

“An imperfect copy of this very old ballad appeared in *Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern*, edited by Mr. Cromeck; but that gentleman seems not to have been aware of the jewel he had picked up, as it is passed over without a single remark. We have been fortunate enough to recover two copies from recitation, which, joined to the stanzas preserved by Mr. Cromeck, have enabled us to present it to the public in its present complete state. Though ‘Hynd Horn’ possesses no claims upon the reader’s attention on account of its poetry, yet it is highly valuable, as illustrative of the history of Romantic Ballad. In fact, it is nothing else than a portion of the ancient English Metrical Romance of ‘K yng Horn,’ which some benevolent pen, peradventure ‘for luf of the lewed man,’ hath stripped of its ‘quante Inglis,’ and given—

‘In symple speche as he couthe,  
That is lightest in manne’s mouthe.’

Of this the reader will be at once convinced, if he compares it with the Romance alluded to, or rather with the fragment of the one preserved in the Auchinleck MS., entitled, ‘Horne Childe and Maiden Riminild,’ both of which ancient poems are to be found in Ritson’s *Metrical Romances*.

“It is perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader that Hend, or Hynd, means ‘courteous, kind, affable,’ &c., an epithet which, we doubt not, the hero of the ballad was fully entitled to assume.”—Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 35.

The opening stanza of Motherwell’s version is as follows:—

“Near Edinburgh was a young child born,  
With a hey-lille-lu, and a how-to-lan;  
And his name it was called Young Hynd Horn,  
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.”

The refrain, as given in italics, forms the second and fourth lines of every stanza,—a form by no means rare in Scottish, and very common in Scandinavian ballads.

Versions omitting the refrain were subsequently published by Kinloch, in *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 135, as “recovered from recitation in the North;” and by Buchan, *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 268.

“All the poems relating to Horn, in French and English, including the Scottish ballads above mentioned, are collected by Michel in a beautiful volume of the Bannatyne Club, *Horn et Rimenkild*, Paris, 1845.”—Professor Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. iv., p. 17.

Kinloch’s and Buchan’s version are very similar. In fact, the latter appears to be simply a more perfect copy of the former, and it is the one here chiefly used, with additions and emendations from Motherwell’s, and editorial emendations on both.

The metrical romance of “King Horn,” or “Horne Childe, and Maiden Rymenild,” is thus summarized by Warton:—

“Mury, king of the Saracens, lands in the kingdom of Suddene, where he kills the king named Allof. The queen, Godylt, escapes; but Mury seizes on her son Horne, a beautiful youth, aged fifteen years, and puts him into a galley with two of his play-fellows, Athulph and Fykeuyl: the vessel being driven on the kingdom of Westnesse, the young prince is found by Aylmer, king of that country, brought to court, and delivered to Athelbras his steward, to be educated in hawking, harping, tilting, and other courtly accomplishments. Here the Princess Rymenild falls in love with him, declares her passion, and is betrothed. Horne, in consequence of this engagement, leaves the princess for seven years—to demonstrate, according to the ritual of chivalry, that by seeking and accomplishing dangerous enterprises he deserved her affection. He proves a most valorous and invincible knight; and at the end of seven years, having killed King Mury, recovered his father’s kingdom, and achieved many signal exploits, recovers the Princess Rymenild from the hands of his treacherous knight and companion, Fykenyld, carries her in triumph to his own country, and there reigns with her in great splendour and prosperity.”—*History of English Poetry*, vol. i., p. 40.

The ballad, even in its fragmentary and “mutilated state, still retains the couplet measure of the romance, though it is otherwise greatly altered from its ancient text. It appears, however, to relate to that part of the romance where Horne, after being betrothed to the princess, departs in search of adventures, and returns, after the lapse of his probationary exile, when he recovers the princess from the hands of his rival.”—Kinloch’s *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 137.

- 1 “OH, it’s Hynde Horn fair, and it’s Hynde Horn free;  
Oh, where were you born, and in what countrie?”  
“In a far distant countrie I was born;  
But of home and friends I am quite forlorn.”
- 2 Oh, it’s seven long years he served the king,  
But wages from him he ne’er got a thing;  
Oh, it’s seven long years he served, I ween,  
And all for love of the king’s daughter Jean.
- 3 Oh, he gave to his love a silver wand,  
Her sceptre of rule over fair Scotland;  
With three singing laverocks set thereon,  
For to mind her of him when he was gone.
- 4 And his love gave to him a gay gold ring,  
With three shining diamonds set therein;  
Oh, his love gave to him this gay gold ring,  
Of virtue and value above all thing;
- 5 Saying—“While the diamonds do keep their hue,  
You will know that my love holds fast and true;  
But when the diamonds grow pale and wan,  
I’ll be dead, or wed to another man.”

- 6 Then the sails were spread, and away sail'd he;  
Oh, he sail'd away to a far countrie;  
And when he had been seven years to sea,  
Hynde Horn look'd to see how his ring might be.
- 7 But when Hynde Horn look'd the diamonds upon,  
Oh, he saw that they were both pale and wan;  
And at once he knew, from their alter'd hue,  
That his love was dead or had proved untrue.
- 8 Oh, the sails were spread, and away sail'd he  
Back over the sea to his own countrie;  
Then he left the ship when it came to land,  
And he met an auld beggar upon the strand.
- 9 "What news, thou auld beggar man?" said he;  
"For full seven years I've been over the sea."  
Then the auld man said—"The strangest of all  
Is the curious wedding in our king's hall.
- 10 "For there's a king's daughter, come frae the wast,  
Has been married to him these nine days past;  
But to the bride-bed the bride winna jee,  
For love of Hynde Horn, far over the sea."
- 11 "Now, auld man, give to me your begging weed,  
And I will give to thee my riding steed;  
And, auld man, give to me your staff of tree,  
And my scarlet cloak I will give to thee.
- 12 "And you must teach me the auld beggar's role,  
As he goes his rounds, and receives his dole."  
The auld man he did as young Hynde Horn said,  
And taught him the way to beg for his bread.
- 13 Then Hynde Horn bent him to his staff of tree,  
And to the king's palace away hobbled he;  
And when he arrived at the king's palace gate,  
To the porter he thus his petition did state:
- 14 "Good porter, I pray, for Saints Peter and Paul,  
And for sake of the Saviour who died for us all,  
For one cup of wine, and one bit of bread,  
To an auld man with travel and hunger bestead.
- 15 "And ask the fair bride, for the sake of Hynde Horne,  
To hand them to one so sadly forlorn."  
Then the porter for pity the message convey'd,  
And told the fair bride all the beggar man said.



- 16 And when she did hear it, she tripp'd down the stair,  
And in her fair hands did lovingly bear  
A cup of red wine, and a farle of cake,  
To give the old man, for loved Hynde Horn's sake.
- 17 And when she came to where Hynde Horn did stand,  
With joy he did take the cup from her hand;  
Then pledged the fair bride, the cup out did drain,  
Dropp'd in it the ring, and return'd it again.
- 18 "Oh, found you that ring by sea or on land,  
Or got you that ring off a dead man's hand?"  
"Oh, I found not that ring by sea or on land,  
But I got that ring from a fair lady's hand."
- 19 "As a pledge of true love she gave it to me,  
Full seven years ago, as I sail'd o'er the sea;  
But now that the diamonds are chang'd in their hue,  
I know that my love has to me proved untrue."
- 20 "Oh, I will cast off my gay costly gown,  
And follow thee on from town unto town,  
And I will take the gold combs from my hair,  
And follow my true love for ever mair."
- 21 "You need not cast off your gay costly gown,  
To follow me on from town unto town;  
You need not take the gold combs from your hair,  
For Hynde Horn has gold enough, and to spare."
- 22 He stood up erect, let his beggar weed fall,  
And shone there the foremost and noblest of all;  
Then the bridegrooms were chang'd, and the lady re-wed,  
To Hynde Horn thus come back, like one from the dead.

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#### FAUSE FOODRAGE.

From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii., p. 220; in which work it was first published.

"This ballad," says Sir Walter Scott, "has been popular in many parts of Scotland. It is chiefly given from Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MSS. The expression,

'The boy stared wild like a gray gos-hawk,

verse 31, strongly resembles that in Hardyknute,

'Norse e'en like gray gos-hawk stared wild;'

a circumstance which led the editor to make the strictest inquiry into

the authenticity of the song. But every doubt was removed by the evidence of a lady of high rank, who not only recollected the ballad, as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses, particularly those beautiful stanzas from the 20th to the 25th. The editor is therefore compelled to believe that the author of 'Hardyknute' copied the old ballad, if the coincidence be not altogether accidental.

"The King Easter and King Wester of the ballad were probably petty princes of Northumberland and Westmoreland. In the *Complaynt of Scotland*, an ancient romance is mentioned under the title, 'How the King of Estmureland married the King's Daughter of Westmureland,' which may possibly be the original of the beautiful legend of 'King Estmere,' in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i., p. 62, 4th edit. From this it may be conjectured, with some degree of plausibility, that the independent kingdoms of the east and west coast were, at an early period, thus denominated, according to the Saxon mode of naming districts from their relative positions, as Essex, Wessex, Sussex. But the geography of the metrical romances sets all system at defiance; and, in some of these, as 'Clariodus and Meliades,' Estmureland undoubtedly signifies the land of the Easterlings, or the Flemish provinces at which vessels arrive in three days from England, and to which they are represented as exporting wool."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, first edition.

In the next and subsequent editions of the same work, Sir Walter adds:—"On this subject I have, since publication of the first edition, been favoured with the following remarks by Mr. Ritson, in opposition to the opinion above expressed:—

"'Estmureland and Westmureland have no sort of relation to Northumberland and Westmoreland. The former was never called Eastmoreland, nor were there ever any kings of Westmoreland; unless we admit the authority of an old rhyme, cited by Usher:—

"Here the King Westmer  
Slow the King Rothinger."

"'There is, likewise, a "King Estmere of Spain," in one of Percy's ballads.

"'In the old metrical romance of "K yng Horn," or "Horn Child," we find both Westnesse and Estnesse; and it is somewhat singular, that two places, so called, actually exist in Yorkshire at this day. But *ness*, in that quarter, is the name given to an inlet from a river. There is, however, great confusion in this poem, as Horn is called king sometimes of one country, and sometimes of the other. In the French original, Westir is said to have been the old name of Hirland or Ireland; which occasionally, at least, is called Westnesse, in the translation, in which Britain is named Sudene; but here, again, it is inconsistent and confused.

"'It is, at any rate, highly probable, that the story, cited in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, was a romance of "King Horn," whether prose or verse; and, consequently, that Estmureland and Westmureland should there mean England and Ireland; though it is possible that no other instance can be found of these two names occurring with the same sense."

“Without expressing any opinion on this controverted point,” says Mr. Motherwell, “I may mention that I have a copy of this ballad, in which the parties interested are styled—

‘The Eastmure king, and the Westmure king,  
And the king of O Norie;’

certainly a very near approximation to the names contained in the above tale” (Introduction, pp. lix. and lxxxiii., note 91). And in prefatory note, p. 131, he states:—“The ballad is popular in Scotland, and there can be no reasonable doubt of its authenticity. Like others, however, it has lost none of its beauties by being distilled through the alembic established at Abbotsford for the purification of ancient song.”

- 1 KING EASTER wooed her for her lands,  
King Wester for her fee,  
King Honour for her comely face,  
And for her fair bodie.
- 2 But they had not been four months wed,  
As I've heard often tell,  
Until the nobles of the land  
Against them did rebel.
- 3 And they cast keviles \* them amang,  
And keviles them between;  
And they cast keviles them amang,  
Wha shou'd gae kill the King.
- 4 Oh, some said Yea, and some said Nay,  
Their words did not agree;  
Till up and got him Fause Foodrage,  
And swore it shou'd be he.
- 5 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And all men bound to bed,  
King Honour and his gay ladye  
In ae chamber were laid.
- 6 Then up and raise him Fause Foodrage,  
When all were fast asleep,  
And slew the porter in his lodge,  
That watch and ward did keep.
- 7 Oh, four-and-twenty silver keys  
Hang hie upon a pin;  
And as each door he did unlock,  
He fasten'd it behin'.

\* “Kevils:” lots. Both words originally meant only a portion or share of any thing.—*Leges Burgorum*, cap. 59, de lot, cut, or kavil. *Statuta Gildæ*, cap. 20. *Nullus emat lanam, &c., nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ, &c. Neque lot neque cavil habeat cum aliquo confratre nostro.* In both these laws, lot and cavil signify a share in trade.

- 8 Then up and raise him King Honour,  
Says—"What means all this din?  
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage?  
Or wha has loot you in?"
- 9 "Oh, ye my errand weel shall learn,  
Before that I depart;"  
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,  
And pierced him to the heart.
- 10 Then up and got the Queen hersel',  
And fell low on her knee;  
"Oh, spare my life now, Fause Foodrage!  
For I ne'er injured thee.
- 11 "Oh, spare my life now, Fause Foodrage!  
Until I lighter be;  
And see if it be lad or lass,  
King Honour's left me wi'."
- 12 "Oh, if it be a lass," he says,  
"It's weel nursed it shall be;  
But if it be a lad bairn,  
It's he shall be hang'd hie.
- 13 "I winna spare for his tender age,  
Nor yet for his hie kin;  
But soon as ever he born is,  
He'll mount the gallows pin."
- 14 Oh, four-and-twenty valiant knights  
Were set the Queen to guard:  
And four stood aye at her bow'r door,  
To keep both watch and ward.
- 15 But when the time drew near an end  
That she shou'd lighter be,  
She cast about to find a wile  
To set her body free.
- 16 Oh, she has birlled these merry young men  
With the ale but and the wine,  
Until they were all deadly drunk  
As any wild-wood swine.
- 17 "Oh, narrow, narrow is this window,  
And big, big am I grown!"  
Yet through the might of Our Ladye,  
Out at it she is gone.

- 18 She wander'd up, she wander'd down,  
 She wander'd out and in;  
 And at last, into the very swine's stythe,  
 The Queen brought forth a son.
- 19 Then they cast keviles them amang,  
 Which shou'd gae seek the Queen;  
 And the kevil fell upon Wise William,  
 And he sent his wife for him.
- 20 Oh, when she saw Wise William's wife,  
 The Queen fell on her knee:  
 "Win up, win up, madam!" she says;  
 "What needs this courtesie?"
- 21 "Oh, out of this I winna rise,  
 Till this boon ye grant me,—  
 To change your lass for this lad bairn,  
 King Honour left me wi'.
- 22 "And ye maun learn my gay gos-hawk  
 Right weel to breast a steed;  
 And I shall learn your turtle dow\*  
 As weel to write and read.
- 23 "And ye maun learn my gay gos-hawk  
 To wield both bow and brand;  
 And I shall learn your turtle dow  
 To lay gowd † with her hand.
- 24 "At kirk and market, when we meet,  
 We'll dare make nae avowe,  
 But—'Dame, how does my gay gos-hawk?' ‡  
 'Madam, how does my dow?'"
- 25 When days were gane and years came on,  
 Wise William he thought lang;  
 And he has ta'en King Honour's son  
 A-hunting for to gang.
- 26 It sae fell out, at this hunting,  
 Upon a simmer's day,  
 That they came by a fair castell,  
 Stood on a sunny brae.
- 27 "Oh, dinna ye see that bonnie castell,  
 With halls and tow'rs sae fair?  
 If ilka man had back his ain,  
 Of it you shou'd be heir."

\* "Dow:" dove. † "Lay gowd:" embroider in gold.

‡ This metaphorical language was customary among the northern nations.



- 28 "How I shou'd be heir of that castell,  
In sooth, I canna see;  
For it belongs to Fause Foodrage,  
And he is nae kin to me."
- 29 "Oh, if you shou'd kill him, Fause Foodrage,  
You wou'd do but what was right;  
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,  
Or ever ye saw the light.
- 30 "And if ye shou'd kill him, Fause Foodrage,  
There's no man durst you blame;  
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,  
And she darena take ye hame."
- 31 The boy stared wild like a gray gos-hawk;  
Says—"What may all this mean?"  
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,  
Your mother our lawful Queen."
- 32 "Oh, if I be King Honour's son,  
By Our Ladye I swear,  
This night I will that traitor slay,  
'And free my mother dear!"
- 33 He set his bent bow to his breast,  
And leap'd the castell wall;  
And soon he seiz'd on Fause Foodrage,  
Wha loud for help 'gan call.
- 34 "Oh, haud your tongue now, Fause Foodrage,  
Frae me ye shanna flee;"  
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause heart,  
And set his mother free.
- 35 And he has rewarded Wise William  
With the best half of his land;  
And sae has he the turtle dow,  
With the truth of his right hand.

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 EARL RICHARD'S DAUGHTER.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 145, and note, p. 306.

"The Earl Richard, the lady's father, is said to have been one of the Earls of Wemyss.

“There is such a striking and visible coincidence between this ballad and ‘Hynd Horn,’ that I am apt to think they are coeval.”—Buchan.

With reference to the family and the title of Earl of Wemyss, see note, *ante*, p. 109.

- 1 EARL RICHARD had but ae daughter,  
A maid of birth and fame;  
She lov'd her father's kitchen boy,—  
The greater was her shame.
- 2 But she cou'd ne'er her true love see,  
Nor with him cou'd she talk,  
In towns where she had went to go,  
Nor fields where she cou'd walk.
- 3 But it fell ance upon a day,  
Her father went from home;  
She's call'd upon the kitchen boy,  
To come and clean her room.
- 4 “Come sit ye down by me, Willie,  
Come sit ye down by me;  
There is nae lord in all the north,  
That I can love like thee.”
- 5 “Let never the like be heard, lady,  
Forbid that it shou'd be;  
For if your father get word of this,  
He will gae hang me hie.”
- 6 “Oh, ye shall ne'er be hang'd, Willie,  
Your bluid shall ne'er be drawn;  
I'll lay my life in pledge of thine,  
Your body's ne'er get wrang.”
- 7 “Excuse me now, my comely dame,  
No langer here I'll stay;  
You know my time is near expir'd,  
And now I must away.
- 8 “The master-cook will on me call,  
And answer'd he must be;  
If I am found in bow'r with thee,  
Great anger will there be.”
- 9 “The master-cook will on you call,  
But shall not answer'd be;  
I'll put you in a higher place  
Than any cook's degree.

- 
- 10 "I have a coffer full of gold,  
Another of white monie;  
And I will build a bonnie ship,  
And set my love to sea.
- 11 "Silk shall be your sailing clothes,  
Gold yellow in your hair;  
As white as milk shall be your hands,  
Your body neat and fair."
- 12 This lady, with her fair speeches,  
She made the boy grow bold;  
And he began to kiss and clap,  
And on his love lay hold.
- 13 And she has built a bonnie ship,  
Set her love to the sea,  
With seven score of brisk young men,  
To bear him companie.
- 14 Then she's ta'en out a gay gold ring,  
To him she did it gi'e;  
"This will mind you on the lady, Willie,  
That's laid her love on thee."
- 15 Then he's ta'en out a piece of gold,  
And he brake it in two;  
"All I have in the world, my dame,  
For love, I give to you."
- 16 So he is to his bonnie ship,  
And merrily ta'en the sea;  
The lady lay o'er castle wall,  
The tear blinded her e'e.
- 17 They had not sail'd upon the sea  
A week but barely three,  
When came a prosperous gale of wind,—  
On Spain's coast landed he.
- 18 A lady lay o'er castle wall,  
Beholding dale and down;  
And she beheld the bonnie ship  
Come sailing to the town.
- 19 "Come here, come here, my Marys all,  
Ye see not what I see;  
For here I see the bonniest ship  
That ever sail'd the sea.

- 20 "In her there is the bravest squire  
That e'er my eyes did see;  
All clad in silk and rich attire,  
A comely youth is he.
- 21 "Oh, busk, oh, busk, my Marys all,  
Oh, busk and make ye fine;  
And we will on to yon shore side,  
Invite yon squire to dine.
- 22 "Will ye come up to my castle  
With me, and take your dine?  
And ye shall eat the gude white bread,  
And drink the claret wine."
- 23 "I thank you for your bread, lady,  
I thank you for your wine;  
I thank you for your kind offer,  
But now I have not time."
- 24 "I wou'd gi'e all my land," she says,  
"Your gay bride were I she;  
And then to live on a small portion,  
Contented I wou'd be."
- 25 "She's far awa frae me, lady,  
She's far awa frae me,  
That has my heart a-keeping fast,  
And my love still she'll be."
- 26 "But ladies they unconstant are,  
When their loves go to sea;  
And she'll be wed ere ye gae back;  
My love, pray stay with me."
- 27 "If she be wed ere I go back,  
And prove sae false to me,  
I shall live single all my life,—  
I'll ne'er wed one but she."
- 28 Then she's ta'en out a gay gold ring,  
And ga'e him presentlie;  
"Twill mind you on the lady, squire,  
That laid her love on thee."
- 29 "The ring that's on my mid-finger  
Is dearer far to me,  
Though yours were of the gude red gold,  
And mine the metal free."

- 30 He view'd them all, baith neat and small,  
As they stood on the shore ;  
Then spread the mainsail to the wind ;  
" Adieu, for evermore ! "
- 31 He had not sail'd upon the sea  
A week but barely three,  
Until there came a prosperous gale,—  
In Scotland landed he.
- 32 But he put paint upon his face,  
And oil upon his hair ;  
Likewise a mask above his brow,  
Which did disguise him sair.
- 33 Earl Richard lay o'er castle wall,  
Beholding dale and down ;  
And he beheld the bonnie ship  
Come sailing to the town.
- 34 " Come here, come here, my daughter dear,  
Ye see not what I see ;  
For here I see the bonniest ship  
That ever sail'd the sea.
- 35 " In her there is the bravest squire  
That e'er my eyes did see ;  
Oh, busk, oh, busk, my daughter dear,  
Oh, busk and come to me.
- 36 " Oh, busk, oh, busk, my daughter dear,  
Oh, busk, and make ye fine ;  
And we will on to the shore side,  
Invite yon squire to dine."
- 37 " He's far awa frae me, father,  
He's far awa frae me,  
Who has the keeping of my heart,  
And I'll wed nane but he."
- 38 " Whoever has your heart in hand,  
Yon lad's the match for thee ;  
And he shall come to my castle  
This day, and dine with me."
- 39 " Will ye come up to my castle  
With me, and take your dine ?  
And ye shall eat the gude white bread,  
And drink the claret wine."



- 40 "Yes, I'll come up to your castle  
With you, and take my dine;  
For I wou'd give my bonnie ship,  
Were your fair daughter mine."
- 41 "I wou'd give all my lands," he said,  
"That your bride she wou'd be;  
Then to live on a small portion,  
Contented wou'd I be."
- 42 As they gaed up from yon sea strand,  
And down the bowling green,  
He drew the mask out o'er his face,  
For fear he shou'd be seen.
- 43 He's done him down from bow'r to bow'r,  
Likewise from bower to hall;  
And there he saw that lady gay,  
The flower out o'er them all.
- 44 He's ta'en her in his arms twa,  
And hail'd her courteouslie;  
"Excuse me, sir, no strange man shall  
Such freedom use with me."
- 45 Her father turn'd him round about,  
A light laugh then gave he;  
"Stay, I'll retire a little while,  
Perhaps you may agree."
- 46 Now Willie's ta'en a gay gold ring,  
And gave her presentlie;  
Says—"Take ye that, ye lady fair,  
A love-token from me."
- 47 "Oh, got ye't on the sea sailing?  
Or got ye't on the sand?  
Or got ye't on the coast of Spain,  
Upon a dead man's hand?"
- 48 "Fine silk it was his sailing clothes,  
Gold yellow was his hair;  
It wou'd ha'e made a hale heart bleed  
To see him lying there.
- 49 "He was not dead as I pass'd by,  
But no remeid cou'd be;  
And he gave me this ring to bear  
Unto a fair ladye.

- 50 "And by the marks that he descryed,  
I'm sure that you are she;  
So take this token of free-will,  
For him you'll never see."
- 51 In sorrow she tore her mantle,  
With grief she tore her hair;  
"Now, since I've lost my own true love,  
I ne'er will love man mair."
- 52 He drew the mask from off his face,  
The lady sweetly smiled;  
"Awa, awa, ye fause Willie,  
How have you me beguiled?"
- 53 Earl Richard he went through the hall,  
The wine glass in his hand;  
But little thought his kitchen boy  
Was heir o'er all his land.
- 54 But this she kept within her heart  
And never told to one,  
Until nine months they were expir'd,  
And she brought home a son.
- 55 Then she has told her father dear;  
He said—"Daughter, well won;  
You've married, not for gold, but love;  
Your joys will ne'er be done."

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 THE MILLER'S SON.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, &c., vol. ii., p. 120, and note, p. 320.

"This ballad, by the burden of its song, is," says Mr. Buchan, "undoubtedly old."

It has some points of resemblance both to the ballad which precedes, and the one which follows it.

The following stanza, which begins Part II., is omitted in the text, as it appears out of place, obscure, and modern.

"A bonnie boy the ballad read,  
Forbade them sair to lie;  
She was a lady in Southland town,  
Her name was Barbarie."

## PART I.

- 1 "OH, woe is me! the time draws nigh  
My love and I must part;  
No one doth know the cares and fears  
Of my poor troubled heart.

- 2 "Already I have suffered much;  
Our parting cost me dear;  
Would that I cou'd have gone with him,  
Or he could tarry'd here.
- 3 "My heart is fix'd within his breast,  
And that he knows right well;  
For bitter were the tears I shed,  
When I bid him farewell.
- 4 "When I bid him farewell," she said,  
"Alas, and woe is me;  
For cauld and shrill the wind blows still,  
Between my love and me.
- 5 "The hat my love wears on his head,  
It's not made of the woo';  
But it is of the silk so fine,  
And well becomes his brow.
- 6 "His eyes sae blithely they do blink,  
His hair shines like the broom;  
And I wou'd not gi'e my laddie's love  
For all the wealth in Rome.
- 7 "He said, 'Farewell, my dearest dear,  
Since from you I must go;  
Let not your heart be full of grief,  
Nor parting grieve you so.
- 8 "'If life remains, I will return,  
And bear you companie;'  
But cauld and shrill the wind blaws still  
Between my love and me.
- 9 "His bonnie middle is well made,  
His shoulders brave and braid;  
Out of my mind he'll never be,  
Till in my grave I'm laid.
- 10 "Till I'm in grave laid low," she says,  
"Alas! and woe is me;  
Now cauld and raw the wind does blaw,  
Between my love and me.
- 11 "Some do mourn for oxen," she said,  
"And others mourn for kye;  
And some do mourn for dowie death,  
But none for love like I.

- 
- 12 "What need I make all this din,  
Or what gude will it dee?  
For cauld and shrill the wind blaws still  
Between my love and me."
- 13 She's ta'en her mantle her about,  
And sat down by the shore,  
In hopes to meet with some relief  
But still her grief grew more.
- 14 "Oh, I'll sit here while my life's in,  
Until the day I die;  
Oh, cauld and shrill the wind blaws still  
Between my love and me.
- 15 "Oh, see ye not yon bonnie ship?  
She's beauteous to behold;  
Her sails are taffety sae fine,  
Her topmasts shine like gold.
- 16 "In yonder ship my love does skip,  
And quite forsaken me;  
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still  
Between my love and me.
- 17 "My love he's neither laird nor lord,  
Nor ane of noble kin;  
But my bonnie love, the sailor bold,  
Is a poor miller's son.
- 18 "He is a miller's son," she says,  
"And will be till he die;  
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still  
Between my love and me.
- 19 "My love he's bound to leave the land,  
And cross the watery faem;  
And the bonnie ship my love sails in,  
The Goldspink is her name.
- 20 "She sails mair bright than Phoebus fair  
Out o'er the raging sea;  
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still  
Between my love and me.
- 21 "He promised I shou'd letters have,  
Ere six months they were gone;  
But now nine months they are expir'd.  
And yet I have got none.

- 22 " So I may sigh, and say, alas  
 This day! and woe is me!  
 And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still  
 Between my love and me.
- 23 " I wish a stock-stone aye on earth,  
 And high wings on the sea,  
 To cause my true love stay at home,  
 And no more go from me.
- 24 " What needs me for to wish in vain?  
 Such things will never be;  
 The wind blaws sair in every where  
 Between my love and me."

## PART II.

- 25 She thought her love was still abroad,  
 Beyond the raging sea;  
 But there was nae mair between them twa  
 Than a green apple tree.
- 26 " Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,  
 No more from you I'll part;  
 I'm come to ease the cares and fears  
 Of your poor troubled heart.
- 27 " All for my sake ye've suffer'd much;  
 I'm home to cherish thee;  
 And now we've met, nae mair to part  
 Until the day we die.
- 28 " I wish'd your face was set in glass,  
 That I might it behold;  
 And the very letters of your name  
 Were wrote in beaten gold;
- 29 " That I the same might bear about,  
 Thro' many strange countrie:  
 But now we're met, nae mair to part  
 Until the day we die.
- 30 " Here is a ring, the pledge of love,  
 I still will you adore;  
 Likewise a heart that none can move;  
 A prince can give no more.
- 31 " A prince can give no more, my love,  
 Than what I give to thee;  
 Now we are met, nae mair to part  
 Until the day we die.



- 32 "I promised letters to send thee,  
Ere six months they were gone ;  
But now nine months they are expired,  
And I'm return'd home.
- 33 "Now from the seas I am return'd,  
My dear, to comfort thee ;  
And we are met, nae mair to part  
Until the day we die.
- 34 "Ye say I'm neither laird nor lord,  
Nor one of noble kin ;  
But ye say I'm a sailor bold,  
But and a miller's son.
- 35 "When ye come to my father's mill,  
Ye shall grind mouter free ;  
For now we're met, nae mair to part  
Until the day we die.
- 36 "Ye say I'm bound to leave the land,  
And cross the watery faem ;  
The ship that your true love commands,  
The Goldspink is her name.
- 37 "Though I were heir o'er all Scotland,  
Ye should be lady free ;  
And now we're met, nae mair to part  
Until the day we die."

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### THE ENCHANTED RING.

Two versions of this ballad have been published:—

- I. "Bonny Bee-Ho'm."—Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 185; where it is "given *verbatim* from Mrs. Brown's MS."
- II. "The Enchanted Ring."—Buchan's *Ancient Ballads, &c.*, vol. i., p. 169.

The present version is collated from both, but Mr. Buchan's is the one chiefly followed.

This ballad, like "Hynde Horn" and others, "is founded," says Mr. Buchan, "on the visionary belief of a supernatural agency in a piece of gold and pebble." Those who are any way curious to know the alleged "vertues and qualities of sundrie pretious stones," &c., may consult the *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, by Reginald Scot, in which "antiquated and curious black-letter book, printed in

1584, p. 231, we find the following receipt for making a '*Wastecote of Proofs*':—'On Christmas daie, at night, a thread must be sponne of flax, by a little virgin girle, in the name of the divell; and it must be by her woven, and also wrought with the needle. In the breast, or fore-part thereof, must be made with needle-work, two heads; on the head, at the right side, must be a hat and a long beard. The left head must have on a crown, and it must be so horrible that it maie resemble Belzebug; and on each side of the wastecote must be made a cross.'—Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 345.

- 1 IN Lauderdale, as late I went,\*  
I heard a lady's moan,  
Lamenting sadly for her dear,  
And aye she cried—"Ohon!
- 2 "Sure never maid that e'er drew breath  
Had harder fate than me;  
For I never loved but one on earth,  
And now he's forced to sea.
- 3 "A handsome youth with shoulders broad,  
Gold yellow is his hair;  
None other of our Scottish youths  
Can with my love compare.
- 4 "But I will do for my love's sake  
Most ladies wou'd think sair;  
For seven years shall come and gae  
Ere kame gae in my hair.
- 5 "There shall neither shoe gae on my feet,  
Nor kame gae in my hair,  
Nor ever coal or candle light  
Within my bow'r shine mair.
- 6 "And neither ale in Scotland brew'd,  
Nor wine frae foreign land,  
Shall ever cross my halse again,  
Till my love come to land."
- 7 She thought her love had been on sea,  
Fast sailing to Bahome;  
But in next chamber still was he,  
And heard his lady's moan.
- 8 "Be hush'd, be hush'd, my lady dear;  
I pray thee, moan not so;  
For I am deep sworn on a book,  
To Bahome for to go.

\* "In Arthur's dale."—Jamieson's version.

- 9 "And traitors false there to subdue,  
O'er seas I make me boun',  
For they've trepan'd our kindly Scots,  
Like dogs to ding them down."
- 10 "Then take this ring, this royal thing,  
Set with a ruby stone;  
As long as 'tis your finger on,  
Your blood can ne'er be drawn."
- 11 "But if this ring shou'd fade or stain,  
Or the ruby change its hue,  
Be sure your love is dead and gone,  
Or she has proved untruc."
- 12 This loving couple then did part,  
With sad and heavy moan;  
The wind was fair, the ship was rare,  
And soon he reach'd Bahome.
- 13 But in Bahome he had not been  
A month but barely one,  
Till tarnish'd was his gay gold ring,  
And faded was the stone.
- 14 And in Bahome he scarce had been  
Some two months past and gone,  
Till black and ugly grew the ring,  
And lustreless the stone.
- 15 "Fight on, fight on, you merry men all,  
With you I'll fight no more;  
But I will gang to some holy place,  
Pray to the King of Glore."
- 16 Then to a chapel he has gone,  
And knelt upon his knee  
For seven days and seven nights,  
Then this bequest made he:
- 17 "When you return to Scotland fair,  
Gi'e all I ha'e to gi'e  
To the young that canna, the auld that maunna,  
And the blind that downa see.
- 18 "But gi'e the maist to women weak,  
Can neither fight nor flee,  
For the sake of her—I trust in heaven—  
Wha died for love of me."

- 19 Then death did come with kindly dart,  
 And split his heart in twain;  
 God grant their souls are both in heaven,  
 There ever to remain.

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### YOUNG RONALD.

Abridged from Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, &c., vol. ii., p. 282.

This ballad has some points of analogy with the one which precedes it, with "Sir Cawline" which follows it, and with the Danish ballads, "Sir Olger the Dane," and "Sir Grimner," both of which last are translated in *Old Danish Ballads, from Grimm's Collection*, London, 1856.

Many of the names of persons and places in the early romantic ballads are such as it would puzzle the most learned antiquary to identify; but the name of Windsor, which occurs in the present ballad, is not one of these.

It is not, however, New Windsor, distant fully twenty miles west by south from London, and celebrated for its royal castle and domain; but Old Windsor, situated about two miles south-east from the other, which is referred to in the ballad. At this latter place the Saxon kings had a palace which was named Windles-ofra, or Windleshora, from the winding of the Thames at this part of its course.

Whether the Linne of the ballad refers,—to the ancient town of *Lynn Regis* in Norfolk; to the modern *Lincoln*, known under the Romans as *Lindum*, and under the Saxons as *Lindsey*, during a portion of which regime nearly, if not quite, the whole of the modern county appears to have existed as a subordinate state in connection with the Saxon kingdom of Mercia; to some other place unknown; or to some region purely imaginary,—is a problem which cannot now be solved; and, fortunately, it is a matter of no great consequence.

The name occurs in a preceding ballad, as designating the domain of "Young Bekie," and it gives title to "The Heir of Linne," a ballad which appears in a subsequent portion of this work.

The name of the heroine's father, "King Honour," also appears in "Fause Foodrage," *ante*, p. 128.

- 1 It fell upon the Lammas time,  
 When flowers were fresh and green,  
 And craig and cleugh were cover'd o'er  
 With clothing that was clean.
- 2 'Twas at that time a noble squire,  
 Sprung from an ancient line,  
 Laid his love on a lady fair,  
 The king's daughter of Linne.

- 3 When cocks did craw, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows sprang,  
Young Ronald, and his little wee boy,  
They rode the way alang.
- 4 And when he unto Windsor came,  
And lighted on the green,  
Young Ronald spy'd his mother dear  
Was walking there alane.
- 5 "Where ha'e you been, my son Ronald,  
From gude school-house this day?"  
"Oh, I ha'e been at Linne, mother,  
Seeing yon bonnie May."
- 6 "Oh, waes me for you now, Ronald,  
For she will not you ha'e;  
For many a knight and bauld baron  
She's nick'd them aye with Nay."
- 7 Young Ronald's done him to his bow'r,  
And he took bed and lay;  
Nae woman cou'd come in his sight,  
For thoughts of this fair May.
- 8 Then Ronald call'd his stable groom  
To come right speedilie;  
Says—"Ye'll gang to yon stable, boy,  
And saddle a steed for me.
- 9 "His saddle of the good red gold,  
His bits of polish'd steel,  
His bridle of a glittering hue;  
See that ye saddle him weel."
- 10 When cocks did craw, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows sprang,  
Young Ronald, and his little wee boy,  
The way they rode alang.
- 11 So they rode on, and farther on,  
To yonder pleasant green;  
And there they saw that lady fair,  
In her garden alane.
- 12 He rais'd his hat, and thus he spake,—  
"Oh, pity have on me!  
For I cou'd pledge what is my right,  
All for the sake of thee."



- 13 "But I'm too young to wed, kind sir;  
You must not take it ill;  
Whate'er my father bids me do,  
I maun be at his will.
- 14 "King Honour is my father's name,  
The morn to war maun fare;  
He gangs to fight a giant proud,  
That's wrought him meikle care.
- 15 "Alang with him he is to take  
Baith noble knights and squires;  
If you gae there a weel-graith'd knight,  
You'll honour my desires.
- 16 "And I'll give you a thousand crowns,  
To part among your men;  
A robe upon your ain body,  
Weel sew'd with my ain hand.
- 17 "Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
Whose virtue is well known;  
As lang's this ring's your finger on,  
Your bluid shall ne'er be drawn."
- 18 He kiss'd her then, and took his leave;  
His heart was all in pride;  
And he is on to Windsor gone,  
With his boy by his side.
- 19 And when he unto Windsor came,  
And lighted on the green,  
Young Ronald saw his auld father  
Was walking there alane.
- 20 "Where ha'e ye been, my son Ronald,  
From gude school-house the day?"  
"Oh, I ha'e been at Linne, father,  
Seeking yon bonnie May."
- 21 "Oh, waes me for you now, Ronald,  
For she will not you ha'e;  
Many a knight and bauld baron  
She's nick'd them aye with Nay."
- 22 "Oh, hold your tongue, my father dear,  
Let all your folly be;  
The last words that I with her spake,  
Her love was granted me.

- 23 "The morn I join her father dear,  
His knights and noble squires,  
To fight against a giant proud,  
And honour her desires."
- 24 His father gave him a hundred men,  
To bear him companie;  
Besides as meikle gude harness  
As carry them on the lea.
- 25 When cocks did crawl, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows spread,  
Young Ronald and his merry young men  
Were ready for to ride.
- 26 So they rode on, and farther on,  
To yonder pleasant green;  
And there they spy'd that lady fair,  
With love-tears in her een.
- 27 And twenty times before he ceased,  
He kiss'd her lips sae clear;  
And said—"I'll fight the giant proud  
For your sake, lady dear."
- 28 Then to his great steed he set spur,  
Which being swift of feet,  
They soon arriv'd upon the plain,  
Where all the rest did meet.
- 29 Then flew the foul thief frae the west,  
His maik was never seen;  
He had three heads upon ae hause,  
Three heads on ae breast-bane.
- 30 He bauldly stepp'd up to the king;  
Says—"I'm a valiant man;  
Let you, or any in your train,  
Fight me now if ye can."
- 31 "Where is the man in all my train  
Will take this deed in hand?  
And he shall ha'e my daughter dear,  
And third part of my land."
- 32 "Oh, here am I," said young Ronald,  
"Will take the deed in hand;  
If you give me your daughter dear,  
I'll seek nane of your land."

- 33 "I wou'dna for my life, Ronald,  
That you shou'd perish here;  
Remember that my daughter fair  
For you shed many a tear."
- 34 When he thought on that lady fair  
He ne'er might see again,  
He boldly coursed him to the fight,  
Like a lion frae a chain.
- 35 Then he cut aff the giant's heads  
With ae sweep of his hand,  
Gaed hame and marry'd that lady fair,  
And heir'd her father's land.

#### KING MALCOLM AND SIR COLVINE.

This old romantic tale has appeared in print in the following works :—

- I. Under the title of "Sir Cauline," in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i., p. 38, 2d edit., 1767.
- II. Under the above title, in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 6.
- III. Under the title of "Sir Cawline," in Bishop Percy's *Folio Manuscript* (printed copy), vol. iii., p. 1.

The version given in the *Reliques* extends to 392 lines, while the last-named copy contains 201 lines, only 162 of which are represented in the *Reliques*; the concluding portion of the MS. copy being either omitted, or completely perverted by Bishop Percy in his version. These are facts which the apparently innate modesty of the ingenuous and venerable prelate led him, in this instance, to conceal under the prefatory statement that the copy "preserved in the editor's folio MS." was "in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting;" but which unfortunately appears to others, as rather "most" stilted and affected. It is well, however, that the world, or at least the English reading portion of it, should now be aware of the full extent of its or their indebtedness to the worthy prelate; and this it or they are now enabled to estimate by comparing the "Sir Cauline" of the *Reliques* with the "Sir Cawline" of the MS., as it appears in the printed copy issued by or in connection with the Early English Text Society.

Mr. Buchan's version comprises 27 stanzas, and numbers 110 lines.

It omits the apocryphal billing and cooing which the taste and invention of the Bishop led him to tag on as a fitting finale to his first part ; and it entirely omits his second part, with its perverted termination, but finishes with one stanza in accord with the *denouement* of the MS. copy.

Yet the editor or editors of the MS. copy, not satisfied with his or their exposure of the English prelate, which there is ample evidence to substantiate, cannot stop short, but must in the flush of victory proceed to play the *role* of literary bravo or bravos against the Scottish editor, by insinuating that "there can be little doubt that this [his version] is one of that collector's many fabrications,"—not a tittle of evidence being adduced in support of this, to say the least of it, most uncharitable accusation.

Probably the editor or editors thought something necessary in order to appease the *manes* of the convicted prelate, and satisfy the *genius* of their country,—too often tremblingly and meanly jealous of Scotland and of Scotsmen ; but if so, it is much to be regretted that he or they could think of no other and better way than by this attempt to immolate the reputation and outrage the memory of a deceased collector and editor, notoriously as honest as he was painstaking.

Nor is it on this ground alone that they are open to animadversion, as it can easily be shown that the ignorance and sycophancy of this contemptible coterie of padding manufacturers is quite on a par with their egotism, impertinence, and malignity. And that we do not need to travel far for proof of this, let the following fawning paragraph, which immediately precedes the attack made on the late Mr. Buchan, testify :—

"As Mr. Furnival, in his original proposal for the publication of the folio, said :—'With a true instinct Professor Child remarked in his *Ballads* (ed. 1861, vol. iii., p. 172), it is difficult to believe that this charming romance had so tragic and so sentimental a conclusion.'"

Now let us quote the words of Mr. Motherwell, the steadfast and appreciative friend of Mr. Buchan, and the precursor, if not the actual inspirer of this marvellous intuition which Mr. Furnival and his coadjutors delight to honour. He says :—

"How much it (Sir Cauline) owes to the taste and genius of its editor, we have not the means of ascertaining ; but that his interpolations and additions have been very considerable, any one acquainted with ancient minstrelsy will have little room to doubt. We suspect too that the original ballad had a less melancholy catastrophe, and that the brave Syr Cauline, after his combat with the 'hend soldan,' derived as much benefit from the leechcraft of fair Christabelle as he did after winning the Eldridge sword."

Referring to the theory of another accomplished, but prematurely cut off, ballad editor and annotator, Mr. Motherwell adds :—

"Between this ballad and some parts of the metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, the late Mr. Finlay of Glasgow affects to discover a resemblance ; but he has not condescended to trace a parallel between them. Indeed, we cannot help thinking, for all he says to the contrary, that his reasoning is no whit superior to Fluellin's :—'There



is a river at Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth :’ and, according to Mr. Finlay, ‘ there is an Irish king and his daughter in “ Sir Cauline.” ’ And there is also, moreover, an Irish king and his daughter in *Sir Tristrem*. The concealed love of Sir Cauline for one so much above him in station will remind the reader of the gentle

‘ — Squyer of lowe degrè  
That loved the king’s daughter of Hungre.”

*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, p. 99.

As regards the nationality of the ballad, it appears from the Percy *Folio MS.* (printed copy, vol. iii., p. 1, footnote), that Bishop Percy had indicated, and we believe correctly, his opinion in the following terms, as inscribed by him on the MS. :—

“ A strange romantic old song,—very defective and obscure.—*N.B.* This seemes to have been originally a Scotch song, which will account for its being so corrupted.—*P.*” We presume his meaning to be that, on account of its being Scotch, the English reciter and transcriber did not fully understand, and consequently corrupted it.

“ King Malcolm and Sir Colvine,” as here printed, is collated, with some editorial license, from “ Sir Cawline,” Bishop Percy’s *Folio MS.*, printed copy, vol. iii., pp. 4-11, lines 31 to 129 inclusive, and from Mr. Buchan’s ballad, “ King Malcolm and Sir Colvin ;” but the latter is the one chiefly followed.

The original version of the latter ends with the following stanza :—

“ Up he has ta’en that bluidy hand,  
Set it before the king ;  
And the morn it was Wednesday,  
When he married his daughter Jean.”

As an appropriate prelude, the following stanzas, which form the beginning of the ballad of “ Sir Cawline ” in Bishop Percy’s *Folio MS.*, are here given verbatim from the printed copy, vol. iii., pp. 3 and 4 :—

“ Iesus : lord mickle of might,  
that dyed ffor vs on the roode  
to maintaine vs in all our right,  
4 that loues true English blood.

“ ffor by a *Knicht* I say my song,  
was bold & ffull hardye ;  
Sir Robert Briuse wold forth to fight  
8 in-to Ireland ouer the sea ;

“ & in *that* land dwells a king  
which ouer all does beare the bell,  
& with him there dwelled a curteous *Knicht*,  
12 men call him Sir Cawline.

“ And he hathe a Ladye to his daughter,  
of fashyon shee hath noe peere ;  
*Knights* and lordes they wooed her both,  
16 trusted to haue beene her peere.

“ Sir Cawline loues her best of oné,  
but nothing durst hee say  
to descreue his counsell to noe man,  
20 but deerlye loued this mayd.



- “ till itt beffell vpon a day,  
 & great dill to him was dight,  
 the maydens loue remoued his mind,  
 24 to care bed went the Knight;
- “ & one while he spread his armes him ffroe,  
 & cryed soe pittyoulsye  
 ffior the maydens loue *that* I haue most minde,  
 28 this day may comfort mee,  
 or else ere noone I shal be dead!  
 thus can Sir Cawline say.”

Compare, in particular, lines 21 to 28, with stanza 7 of “Young  
 Ronald,” *ante*, p. 146.

- 1 THERE lived a king in fair Scotland,  
 King Malcolm call'd by name,  
 Renown'd, as history doth record,  
 For valour, worth, and fame.
- 2 Now, it fell ance upon a day,  
 This king sat down to dine;  
 And then he miss'd a favourite knight,  
 Whose name was Sir Colvine.
- 3 But out then spake another knight,  
 Ane of Sir Colvine's kin:  
 “ Sir Colvine's sick and like to die,  
 And needing good leechin'.”
- 4 “ Go fetch to him my daughter dear,  
 She is a leech full fine;  
 And take ye bread, and wine so red,  
 To give to Sir Colvine.
- 5 “ No dainties let Sir Colvine lack,  
 Spare nothing that is mine;  
 A knight so leal and brave as he,  
 I wou'd be loth to tyne.”
- 6 The king's daughter did bear the bread,  
 Her page did bear the wine,  
 And set a table at his bed,—  
 “ Sir Colvine, rise and dine.”
- 7 “ Oh, well love I the wine, lady,  
 Comes frae your lovely hand;  
 But better I love yoursel', lady,  
 Than all fair Scotland's strand.
- 8 “ And it is for your love, lady,  
 That all this dule I dree;  
 But grant your love, seal'd with a kiss,  
 And I wou'd pass from bale to bliss,  
 And nane mair happy be.”

- 9 "Oh, hold your tongue now, Sir Colvine,  
Let all your folly be;  
My love must be by honour won,  
Or nane shall marry me."
- 10 "Alas, full well I know, lady,  
I cannot be your peer,  
But I'd fain do some deed of arms  
To be your bacheleer."
- 11 "Then hie ye to the Elrick hill,  
Near by yon sharp hawthorn,  
Where never man did waik all night  
Since Christ our Lord was born.
- 12 "Oh, hie ye there and waik all night,  
And boldly blaw your horn;  
And if with honour ye return,  
I'll marry ye the morn."
- 13 Then up Sir Colvine quickly raise,  
For battle has him boun';  
And said—"Fair lady, for your sake,  
I'll walk the bent sae brown.
- 14 "And I will bring a token back,  
Or never mair be seen;"  
Then forth Sir Colvine proudly walk'd,  
Clad in his armour keen.
- 15 He hied him to the Elrick hill,  
To walk and waik all night;  
And the lady to her chamber went,  
With all her maidens bright.
- 16 At midnight mirk the moon did rise,  
While he walk'd up and down:  
And a lightsome bugle he heard sound,  
Over the bent sae brown.
- 17 Then near him by, the knight did spy,  
By the twinkling of an e'e,  
A fierce-like knight and lady bright,  
Wha comely was to see.
- 18 This fierce knight call'd to Sir Colvine,—  
"O man, I rede thee, flee;  
I bear a brand both sharp and broad,  
Will quarter you in three;

- 19 "For there's never man comes to this hill,  
But he maun fight with me;  
And if cryance come thy heart intil,  
It's here that ye maun dee."
- 20 Sir Colvine said—"I'm not afraid  
Of any here I see;  
In Christ above I put my trust,  
And therefore dread not thee."
- 21 Sir Colvine then he drew his sword,  
The fierce knight drew his brand;  
And stiff and stoure and stark and doure,  
Each other did withstand.
- 22 But Colvine, with an awkward stroke,  
Struck off the knight's right hand,  
And down fell hand, and down fell brand,  
Upon the Elrick land.
- 23 The fingers of the hand that fell,  
Were girt with five rings round;  
And the rings that were these fingers on,  
Were worth five hundred pound.
- 24 "I yield, I yield," the fierce knight said,  
"I fairly yield to thee;  
No man e'er came to Elrick hill  
E'er gain'd such victorie.
- 25 "I and my forbears here did haunt  
A thousand years and more;  
I'm safe to swear a solemn oath,  
We ne'er were beat before."
- 26 Then the knight's fair lady wrung her hand,  
And Colvine did implore:  
"For love of her, whom you love most,  
Pray smite my lord no more.
- 27 "But give me back my wounded knight,  
Let us fare on our way;  
And never more, on Elrick hill,  
For rapine or for play;
- 28 "No, never more, on Elrick hill,  
By night nor yet by day,  
Shall we molest the race of men,  
On Christ their trust doth lay."

- 29 Sir Colvine set the Elrick knight  
 Upon his steed again,  
 Who with his lady leal and fair  
 Rade off with might and main.
- 30 Sir Colvine then took up the hand,  
 With five rings it upon,  
 Likewise the brand as hard as flint,  
 And homeward he has gone.
- 31 There to the king's fair daughter gave  
 These tokens of his love,  
 Won by the might of his right arm,  
 And trust in Christ above.

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### SIR CAWLIN.

The following stanzas, which narrate the adventures of "Sir Cawline" after his return from his combat with the "Elrick" or "Eldridge king" or "knight," are here given verbatim from the Percy *Folio MS.*, printed copy, vol. iii., p. 11.

They begin abruptly, which led Bishop Percy to note on the MS., "Some very great omission here," and induced him to tax his invention to fill the gap; which he accordingly did, to the extent, and in the manner, previously indicated.

The fight with the "Gyant" or "Soldan" bears considerable resemblance to the concluding portion of "Young Ronald" (*ante*, p. 149); and the adventure with the "Lion" finds its counterpart in the life of the Scottish patriot Sir William Wallace, as narrated by Henry the Minstrel.

The incident is said to have occurred during the sojourn of Wallace in France, and to have been brought about through the jealousy of the French courtiers, who thought, by means of this plot, to get rid of the indomitable Scot, whose superiority they could ill brook, but whose prowess they had seen, felt, and feared.

The resemblance may be seen from the following extract, the orthography of which has been modernized, but which in other respects is given as it appears in the original.

- 235 "This thing admitted was,  
 That Wallace shou'd on to the Lion pass.  
 The king then charg'd to bring him gude harness;  
 And he said, 'Nay, God shield me frae sic case.  
 I wou'd take weid, shou'd I fight with a man;
- 240 But [for] a dog, that nought of arms can,  
 I will have nane, but singular as I gae.'  
 A great mantle about his hand 'gan take,  
 And his gude sword; with him he took nae mair;  
 Abandonly in barres enter'd there.

- 245 Great chains was wrought in the gate with a gin,  
 And pull'd it to when Wallace was therein.  
 The wud Lion, on Wallace where he stood,  
 Rampant he brayed, for he desir'd blood;  
 With his rude paws in the mantle wrought sae.  
 250 Athwart the back then Wallace 'gan him take,  
 With his gude sword that was of burnish'd steel,  
 His body in twa it thruschyt euirilk deill"

—Blind Harry's *Wallace*, p. 324, Jamieson's ed., Glasgow, 1869.

The plotting of the courtiers, which led to the combat between Wallace and the lion, recalls to recollection the story of Daniel in the den of lions; and various incidents in the tale of Sir Cawline remind us of circumstances in the history of David, King of Israel.

Bishop Percy omitted the portion from line 163 onwards.

As explained by Mr. Furnivall, "The expansions of contractions are marked in the text by italics, after the German plan introduced (I believe) to the English public by Mr. Whitley Stokes, in his" edition of *The Play of the Sacrament* for the Philological Society.—Forewards, p. 23, (Bishop Percy's *Folio Manuscript*, printed copy, vol. i.)

- & a Gyant that was both Stiffe [&] strong,  
 he lope now them amonge,  
 132 & vpon his squier 5 heads he bare,  
 vnmackley made was hee.
- & he dranke then ou the *Kings* wine,  
 & he put the cup in his sleeue;  
 136 & all thé trembled & were wan  
 ffor feare he shold them greeffe.
- "Ile tell thee mine Arrand, *King*," he sayes,  
 "mine errand what I doe heere;  
 140 ffor I will bren thy temples hye,  
 or Ile haue thy daughter deere;  
 in, or else vpon, yond more soe brood  
 thou shalt ffind mee a ppeare."
- 144 the *King* he turned him round about,  
 (*Lord*, in his heart he was woe!)  
 says, "is there noe *Knight* of the round table  
 this matter will vndergoe?"
- 148 "I, & hee shall haue my broad Lands,  
 & keepe them well his liue;  
 I, and soe he shall my daughter deere,  
 to be his weded wiffe."
- 152 & then stood vp Sir Cawline  
 his owne errand ffor to say:  
 "ifaith, I wold to god, *Sir*," sayd Sir Cawline,  
 "that Soldan I will assay."



- 156 "goe, ffeitch me downe my Eldrige sword,  
ffor I woone itt att [a] fray."  
"but away, away!" sayd the hend Soldan,  
"thou tarryest mee here all day!"
- 160 but the hend Soldan & Sir Cawline  
thé ffought a Summers day:  
now has hee slaine *that* hend Soldan,  
& brought his 5 heads away.
- 164 & the King has betaken him his broade lands  
& all his venison.\*
- "but take you too & your Lands [soe] broad,  
& brooke them well your liffe,  
168 ffor you promised me your daughter deere  
to be my weded wiffe."
- "now by my ffaith," then says our King,  
"ffor *that* wee will not striffe;  
172 ffor thou shalt haue my daughter dere  
to be thy weded wiffe."
- the other morninge Sir Cawline rose  
by the dawning of the day,  
176 & vntill a garden did he goe  
his Mattins ffor to say;  
& *that* bespyed a ffalse steward—  
a shames death *that* he might dye!—
- 180 & he lett a lyon out of a bande,  
Sir Cawline ffor to teare;  
& he had noe wepon him vpon,  
nor noe wepon did weare.
- 184 but hee tooke his Mantle of greene,  
into the Lyons mouth itt thrust;  
he held the Lyon soe sore to the wall  
till the Lyons hart did burst.
- 188 & the watchmen cried vpon the walls  
& sayd, "Sir Cawlines slaine!  
and with a beast is not ffull litle,  
a Lyon of Mickle mayne."  
192 then the Kings daughter shee ffell downe,  
"for peerlesse is my payne!"

\* And preferred them to Sir Cawline  
All for his warryson (i. e., reward).

“O peace, my Lady!” says Sir Cawline,  
 “I haue bought thy loue ffull deere.  
 196 O peace, my Lady!” says Sir Cawline,  
 “peace, Lady, ffor I am heere!”

then he did marry this Kings daughter  
 with gold and siluer bright,  
 200 & 15 sonnes this Ladye beere  
 to Sir Cawline the Knight.  
 fins.

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### MAY COLVINE AND FAUSE SIR JOHN.

This ballad was first published in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, &c.*, vol. i., p. 153. “A fuller set,” says Motherwell, was next “given by Mr. Sharpe in his *Ballad Book* (p. 45), taken from recitation; but I have seen a printed stall copy as early as 1749, entitled ‘The Western Tragedy,’ which perfectly agrees with Mr. Sharpe's copy. I have also seen a later stall print, called ‘The Historical Ballad of May Culzean,’ to which is prefixed some local tradition that the lady there celebrated was of the family of Kennedy, and that her treacherous and murder-minting lover was an Ecclesiastick of the monastery of Maybole. In the parish of Ballantrae, on the sea-coast, there is a frowning precipice pointed out to the traveller as ‘Fause Sir John's Loup.’ In the North Country, at the Water of Ugie, I am informed by Mr. Buchan, there is a similar distinction claimed for some precipice there. The same gentleman has recovered other two ballads on a similar story: one called ‘The Water o' Wearie's Well;’ and the other, from its burden, named ‘Aye as the Gowans grow Gay,’ in both of which the heroes appear to have belonged to the Elfin tribe.”—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxx., note 24.

In the same work (p. 67), Mr. Motherwell printed “a copy obtained from recitation, collated with” the “copy to be found in” Herd's collection.

In addition to the two ballads named by Mr. Motherwell, as recovered by Mr. Buchan, the *Ancient Ballads and Songs, &c.*, of the latter contain (vol. ii., p. 45) yet another Scottish version of this widely-spread ballad.

“The story of this ballad,” says Professor Child, “has apparently some connection with *Bluebeard*, but it is hard to say what the connection is (see *Fitcher's Vogel* in the Grimms' *K. u. H.—Märchen*, No. 46, and notes). The versions of the ballad in other languages are all but innumerable.”—Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 271.

“In England,” says the annotator of *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, “the tale is well known and popular, under the title of ‘The Outlandish Knight,’ of which ballad stall copies of considerable antiquity are in existence;” and in the same work there

appears (p. 101) a modernized version, as originally communicated by Mr. James H. Dixon "to *The Table-Book* of the late Mr. Hone."

Mr. Chambers states that "Carlton Castle, about two miles to the south of Girvan (a tall old ruin situated on the brink of a bank which overhangs the sea), is affirmed by the country people, who still remember the story with great freshness, to have been the residence of 'the fause Sir John;' while a tall rocky eminence, called Gamesloup, overhanging the sea, about two miles farther south, and over which the road passes in a style terrible to all travellers, is pointed out as the place where he was in the habit of drowning his wives, and where he was finally drowned himself."—*Scottish Ballads*, p. 232.

Mr. Jamieson's observation on the transposition of "names, time, and place," in traditionary story, as quoted, *ante*, p. 30, appears peculiarly applicable in connection with this ballad.

The pilfering propensities of May Colvine are moderate in comparison with the "sixty thousand pounds" abstracted by the heroine in "Leesome Brand," *ante*, p. 60. Moreover, such actions seem to have been common; for, in "the romantic story of 'Sir Sampson and Hildesvida,' the daughter of Jarl Rudgeir, with which the *Wilkina Saga* commences, as in the Swedish and Danish ballads of 'Fair Midel,' &c., the knight causes the lady to pack up all the plate and treasure she can get her hands on, to carry away with her."—*Jamieson's Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 318.

- 1 HEARD ye ever of a bluidy knight  
Lived in the West Countrie,  
Wha did betray eight virgins fair,  
And drown them in the sea?
- 2 All ladies of a gude account,  
As ever yet were known:  
This traitor was a baron knight,  
They call'd him fause Sir John.
- 3 Then fause Sir John a-wooing came  
To a maid of beauty rare;  
May Colvine was this lady's name,  
Her father's only heir.
- 4 He courted her baith but and ben,  
And urgently did pray,  
That May Colvine would give consent  
To mount and ride away.
- 5 Said he—"I am a knight of might,  
Of town-lands twenty-three;  
And you'll be lady of them all,  
If you will gang with me."

- 
- 6 "Excuse me, gude Sir John," she said,  
"To wed I am too young;  
Without you have my parents' leave,  
With you I darena gang."
- 7 "Your parents' leave you soon shall have,  
To this they will agree;  
For I have made a solemn vow,  
This nighr you'll gang with me."
- 8 Frae below his arm he pull'd a charm,  
And stuck it in her sleeve;  
And he has made her gang with him,  
Without her parents' leave.
- 9 From her father's coffers she took out  
Of gold five hundred pound;  
And from his stable she took out  
The best steed cou'd be found.
- 10 Then privately they rade away,  
They made nae stop nor stay,  
Nor curb'd nor drew the bridle rein  
Till they reach'd Binyan Bay.
- 11 This bay lay in a lonely place,  
Nae habitation nigh;  
And girt by rocks baith high and steep,  
Where nane could hear her cry.
- 12 "Light down, light down, fair May Colvine,  
Your bridal bed you see;  
For here I've drown'd eight virgins brave,  
And you the ninth maun be."
- 13 "Are these your bow'rs and lofty towers,  
Sae beautiful and gay?  
Or is it for my gold," she said,  
"You take my life away?"
- 14 "Cast aff, cast aff your jewels fine,  
Sae costly, rich, and brave;  
They are too costly and too fine  
To sink in the sea wave."
- 15 Then aff she's ta'en her jewels fine,  
And thus she made her moan:  
"Have mercy on a virgin young,  
I pray you, gude Sir John!"

- 16 "Cast aff, cast aff, fair May Colvine,  
Your gown and petticoat ;  
For they're too costly and too fine,  
In salt sea foam to rot."
- 17 "Take all I have, my life to save,  
O gude Sir John, I pray;  
Let it ne'er be said you kill'd a maid  
Upon her wedding-day."
- 18 "Strip aff, strip aff your Holland smock,  
That's border'd with the lawn;  
For it's too costly and too fine  
To toss on the sea sand."
- 19 "Oh, turn ye round, thou gude Sir John,  
Your back about to me ;\*  
It is not comely for a man  
A naked woman to see."
- 20 But as Sir John he turn'd him round,  
She threw him in the sea ;  
Says—"Lye ye there, ye fause Sir John,  
Where you thought to lay me.
- 21 "Oh, lye ye there, ye traitor fause,  
Where you thought to lay me ;  
You wou'd ha'e stript me to the skin,  
But get your claise with thee."
- 22 "Oh, help ! oh, help now, May Colvine !  
Oh, help ! or else I drown !  
I'll take you to your father's gate,  
And safely set ye down."
- 23 "Nae help, nae help, thou fause Sir John,  
Nae help to such as thee ;  
You lye not in a caulder bed  
Than that you meant for me !
- 24 "Lye there, lye there, thou traitor fause,  
Your bed the gurgling sea ;  
If you ha'e bedded eight damsels there,  
The ninth has bedded thee."
- 25 Then she mounted on her father's steed,  
And swiftly rode away,  
Arriving at her father's house  
At breaking of the day.

\* *Variation* : "And look to the leaf of the tree."—Motherwell.



- 26 Then out the wily parrot spake,  
Unto fair May Colvine:  
"What ha'e ye done with fause Sir John,  
That you went with yestreen?"
- 27 "Oh, haud your tongue, my pretty poll,  
And talk nae mair of me;  
And for every meal ye got before,  
My poll, ye will ha'e three.
- 28 "Oh, haud your tongue, my pretty poll,  
Lay not the blame on me;  
Your cage shall be of the beaten gold,  
And the spokes of ivory."
- 29 It's up then spake her father dear,\*  
Frae chamber where he lay:  
"What aileth thee, my pretty poll,  
That ye chat sae ere day?"
- 30 "The cat she scratch'd at my cage door,  
And fain wou'd worry'd me,  
And I call'd in fair May Colvine  
To take the cat frae me."
- 31 Then first she tauld her mother dear  
Concerning fause Sir John;  
And next she tauld her father dear  
The deed that she had done.
- 32 "If that be true, fair May Colvine,  
That ye ha'e tauld to me,  
To-day, ere I do eat or drink,  
This fause Sir John I'll see."
- 33 Then aff they went, with one consent,  
At dawning of the day,  
Until they came to Carline sands,  
And there his body lay.
- 34 His body tall, with that great fall,  
On waves toss'd to and fro,  
The diamond ring that he had on  
Had broke in pieces two.
- 35 And they ha'e taken up his corpse  
To yonder pleasant green;  
And there they buried fause Sir John,  
For fear he shou'd be seen.

\* "Up then spake the king himself."—Motherwell.

- 36 Ye ladies all, where'er you be,  
That read this mournful song,  
I pray you mind on May Colvine,  
And think on fause Sir John.

### THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 201.

As remarked by Professor Child, this appears to "be a compound of two ballads, the conclusion being taken from a story of the character of 'May Colvine.'

"Full details upon the corresponding Scandinavian, German, and Slavic legends are given by Grundt,—viz., in the preface to 'Noekkens Svig,' *Danmarks G. Folkeviser*, vol. ii., p. 57—translated by Jamieson, vol. i., p. 210; and by Monk Lewis, *Tales of Wonder*, No. 11."—*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 198.

Another translation of "Marstigs," or "Marc Stig's Daughter," appears in *Old Danish Ballads, from Grimm's Collection*; and in this latter work, p. 132, it is said to refer to "the exiled daughter of a Danish nobleman executed for the murder of King Erick Glipping (A.D. 1286)."

- 1 THERE came a bird out of a bush,  
On water for to dine;  
And, sighin' sair, says the king's daughter,—  
"Oh, wae's this heart of mine!"
- 2 He's ta'en a harp into his hand,  
He's harp'd them all asleep;  
Except it was the king's daughter,  
Wha ae wink cou'dna get.
- 3 He's luppen on his berry-brown steed,  
Ta'en her behind himsel';  
Then baith rade down to that water  
That they call Wearie's Well.
- 4 "Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times ha'e I water'd my steed  
With the water o' Wearie's Well."
- 5 The first step that she steppit in,  
She steppit to the knee;  
And, sighin' sair, says this lady fair,—  
"This water's no for me."

- 6 "Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times ha'e I water'd my steed  
With the water o' Wearie's Well."
- 7 The next step that she steppit in,  
She steppit to the middle;  
And, sighin' sair, says this lady fair,—  
"I've wet my gowden girdle."
- 8 "Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times ha'e I water'd my steed  
With the water o' Wearie's Well."
- 9 The next step that she steppit in,  
She steppit to the chin;  
And, sighin' sair, says this lady fair,—  
"They shou'd gar twa loves twin."
- 10 "Seven king's daughters I've drown'd there,  
In the water o' Wearie's Well;  
And I'll make ye the eight of them,  
And ring the common bell."
- 11 "Since I am standin' here," she says,  
"This dowie death to dee,  
One kiss of your comelie mouth,  
I'm sure, wou'd comfort me."
- 12 He louted him o'er his saddle-bow,  
To kiss her cheek and chin;  
She's ta'en him in her arms twa,  
And thrown him headlong in.
- 13 "Since seven king's daughters ye've drown'd there,  
In the water o' Wearie's Well,  
I'll make ye bridegroom to them all,  
And ring the bell mysel'."
- 14 And aye she warsled, and aye she strave,  
Till to dry land she swam;  
Then thankit God most cheerfullie,  
For the dangers she'd o'ercam'.

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LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF KNIGHT.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 22, where it is entitled "The Gowans sae Gay."

Referring to this and the preceding ballad, Professor Child

observes:—"It is possible that in both instances two independent stories have been blended; but it is curious that the same intermixture should occur in Norse and German also."

Professor Child regards the hero of the preceding ballad as a "Nix, or Merman," that of the present being an Elf, "though," as he correctly remarks, "the punishment awarded to each of them in the catastrophe, as the ballads now exist, is not consistent with their supernatural character."

We shall have "the Elf Knight introduced, under the same circumstances," in a subsequent portion of this collection,—“indeed, the first three or four stanzas are common to both pieces.”—*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 195.

- 1 FAIR Isabel sits in her bow'r sewing,  
Aye as the gowans grow gay;  
There she heard an elf knight blawing his horn,  
The first morning in May.
- 2 "If I had but yon horn that I do hear,  
And yon elf knight wha blaws it to be my dear."
- 3 This maiden had scarcely these words spoken,  
Till in at her window the elf knight has luppen.
- 4 "It's a very strange matter, fair maiden," said he,  
"I canna blaw my horn, but ye call on me."
- 5 "But will ye go [with me] to yon greenwood side?  
If ye canna gang, I will cause you to ride."
- 6 He leapt on a horse, and she on another,  
And they rode on to the greenwood together.
- 7 "Light down, light down, Lady Isabel," said he,  
"We are come to the place where ye are to dee."
- 8 "Ha'e mercy, ha'e mercy, kind sir, on me,  
Till ance my dear father and mother I see."
- 9 "Oh, it's seven king's daughters here ha'e I slain,  
And ye shall [now here] be the eight of them."
- 10 "Oh, sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,  
That we may ha'e some rest before that I dee."
- 11 She stroak'd him sae fast, the nearer he did creep,  
[And] with a small charm she lull'd him fast asleep.
- 12 With his ain sword-belt sae fast as she bang him,  
With his ain dag-dirk sae sair as she dang him.
- 13 "If seven king's daughters here ye ha'e slain,  
Lye ye here a husband to them ilk ane."

## THE DEMON LOVER.

"This ballad, which contains some verses of merit, was taken down from recitation by Mr. William Laidlaw, tenant in Traquair-knowe. It contains a legend which, in various shapes, is current in Scotland. I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden; but, disconcerted by the holy herbs which she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burden of his courtship:—

'Gin ye wish to be leman mine,  
Lay aside the St. John's wort and the vervain.'

"The heroine of the following tale was unfortunately without any similar protection."—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 194.

Mr. Motherwell reprinted the ballad in his *Minstrelsy*, pp. 92-95; but indicates his suspicion that Mr. Laidlaw "may have improved upon" the "original; for, with all our industry," says he, "we have not been able to find it in a more perfect state than this." Then follow nine verses, eight of them corresponding to verses 10, 11, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, and 25, of the ballad as here printed; and the last is inserted in the page following this.

Mr. Buchan, however, with his usual good luck, proved himself more fortunate in hunting up the ballad than "the indefatigable editor of *Minstrelsy*, *Ancient and Modern*;" and he was "therefore happy" to have it in his "power to convince" his "esteemed friend" that "a perfect copy of this curious and scarce legend" still existed. "In this ballad, it is not a demon or a fiend that betrays [the heroine] Jeanie Douglas, but the spirit of her own first true love, James Herries."—*Ancient Ballads and Songs*, &c., vol. i., Ballad, pp. 214-218. Note, pp. 312-313.

Professor Child, in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 209, quotes the following ludicrous "stanzas from a version of this ballad printed at Philadelphia (and called 'The House Carpenter')," as "given in Graham's *Illustrated Magazine*, Sept., 1858:—

"I might have married the king's daughter dear;  
'You might have married her,' cried she,  
'For I am married to a house carpenter,  
And a fine young man is he.'

"Oh, dry up your tears, my own true love,  
And cease your weeping,' cried he;  
'For soon you'll see your own happy home,  
On the banks of old Tennesseee.'

But these incongruous verses are, in substance—with the exception of the crowning absurdity of the last two lines—derived from Buchan's version of the ballad, which latter winds up with the two following verses:—

"The fatal flight of this wretched maid (?)  
Did reach her own countrie;  
Her husband then distracted ran,  
And this lament made he:



“ Oh, wae be to the ship, the ship,  
 And wae be to the sea,  
 And wae be to the mariners,  
 Took Jeanie Douglas frae me! ”

Mr. Motherwell's fragment ends thus:—

“ They had not sailed a mile awa,  
 Never a mile but four,  
 When the little wee ship ran round about,  
 And never was seen more! ”

Professor Child remarks, that “The Devil (Auld *Nick*) here takes the place of the merman (Nix) of the ancient ballad,” *ante*, p. 164; “and the same natural substitution [is] noted in *K. U. H.—Märchen*, 3d ed., iii., 253.”—*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 201. He regards this and the two preceding ballads, “diverse as they may now appear, after undergoing successive corruptions,” as “primarily of the same type.”—*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 198.

- 1 “ Oh, where have you been, my long-lost love,  
 This long seven years and more? ”  
 “ Oh, I'm come to seek my former vows,  
 That ye granted me before.”
- 2 “ Oh, hold your tongue of your former vows,  
 For they now will breed sad strife ;  
 Oh, hold your tongue of your former vows,  
 For I am become a wife.”
- 3 He turn'd him right and round about,  
 And the tear blinded his e'e:  
 “ I wou'd ne'er have trodden on Irish ground  
 If it had not been for thee.
- 4 “ I might have had a king's daughter,  
 Far, far beyond the sea ;  
 I might have had a king's daughter,  
 Had it not been love of thee.”
- 5 “ If ye might have had a king's daughter,  
 Yersel' ye had to blame ;  
 Ye might have taken the king's daughter,  
 For ye kenn'd that I was nane.”
- 6 “ Oh, false are the vows of womankind,  
 But fair is their false bodie ;  
 I wou'd ne'er have trodden on Irish ground  
 Had it not been love of thee.
- 7 “ For you I scorn'd the crown of gold,  
 The king's daughter also ;  
 And I am come for you, my love,  
 So with me you must go.

- 8 " You must forsake your dear husband,  
And your young son also,  
With me to sail the raging seas,  
Where the stormy winds do blow."
- 9 " Oh, what ha'e you to keep me with,  
If I shou'd with you go?  
If I forsake my dear husband,  
And my young son also?"
- 10 " See ye not yon seven pretty ships—  
The eighth brought me to land—  
With merchandise and mariners,  
And wealth in every hand?"
- 11 " And I have slippers for my love's feet,  
Cover'd with purest gold,  
And lined with velvet soft and fine,  
To keep you from the cold."
- 12 She turn'd her round upon the shore,  
Her love's ships to behold;  
The sails were silk, the masts and yards  
Were cover'd o'er with gold.
- 13 Then she has gone to her young son,  
And kiss'd him cheek and chin;  
Next to her sleeping husband gone,  
And done the same to him.
- 14 She's drawn the slippers on her feet,  
Were cover'd o'er with gold,  
Well-lined within with velvet fine,  
To keep her frae the cold.
- 15 She's set her foot upon the ship;  
'Twas rigg'd with silk and gold;  
But no mariners, to sail the ship,  
On board cou'd she behold.
- 16 "Oh, how do you love the ship?" he said;  
"Or how do you love the sea?  
And how do you love the mariners,  
That wait upon thee and me?"
- 17 "Oh, I do love the ship," she said,  
"And I do love the sea;  
But woe be to the mariners  
That nowhere I can see."

- 18 They had not sail'd a mile away,  
Never a mile but one,  
When she began to weep and mourn,  
And to think on her young son.
- 19 "Oh, if I were at land again,  
At land where I would be,  
The woman ne'er shou'd bear the son  
Shou'd gar me sail the sea."
- 20 "Oh, hold your tongue, my sprightly flower,  
Let all your mourning be;  
I'll show you how the lilies grow  
On the banks of Italy."
- 21 They had not sail'd away, away,  
It's miles but barely two,  
Until she espy'd his cloven foot,  
From his gay robes stickin' thro'.
- 22 "Oh, that gentle Death had cut my breath  
Ere I saw yester morn!  
I had been buried in Scottish ground,  
Where I was bred and born."
- 23 "Ye'se ne'er be buried in Scottish ground,  
Nor land ye'se nae mair see;  
I brought you away to punish you,  
For breaking your vows to me.
- 24 "I said you shou'd see the lilies grow  
On the banks of Italy;  
But I'll let you see the fishes swim  
In the bottom of the sea."
- 25 She had not sail'd away, away,  
It's leagues but barely three,  
When dismal grew his countenance,  
And raging grew the sea.
- 26 The masts, that were like the beaten gold,  
Bent not on the heaving seas;  
And the sails, that were of the silk so fine,  
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.
- 27 "Oh, what are yon pleasant hills," she said,  
"That the sun shines sweetly on?"  
"Oh, yon are the hills of heav'n," he said,  
"Where you will never win."

- 28 "Oh, what grim mountain is yon," she said,  
 "All so dreary with frost and snow?"  
 "Oh, yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,  
 "Where you and I will go!"
- 29 And aye when she turn'd her round about,  
 Aye taller he seemed to be;  
 Until that the tops of that gallant ship  
 Nae taller were than he.
- 30 The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,  
 And the levin filled her e'e;  
 And waesome wail'd the snow-white sprites  
 Upon the raging sea.
- 31 He struck the tap-mast with his hand,  
 The fore-mast with his knee;  
 And he brake that gallant ship in twain,  
 And sank her in the sea.

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 SIR ROLAND.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 124.

Mr. Motherwell states:—"This fragment, we believe, has never before been printed. It was communicated to us by an ingenious friend, who remembered having heard it sung in his youth. A good many verses at the beginning, some about the middle, and one or two at the end, seem to be wanting. More sanguine antiquaries than we are might, from the similarity of names, imagine they had in this ballad discovered the original romance whence Shakespeare had given this line—

'Child Rowland to the dark tower came.'—*King Lear*, Act III.

"The story is of a very gloomy and superstitious texture. A young lady, on the eve of her marriage, invited her lover to a banquet, where she murders him, in revenge for some real or fancied neglect. Alarmed for her own safety, she betakes herself to flight, and in the course of her journey she sees a stranger knight riding slowly before her, whom she at first seeks to shun, by pursuing an opposite direction; but on finding that wheresoever she turned he still appeared between her and the moonlight, she resolves to overtake him. This, however, she finds in vain, till, of his own accord, he stays for her at the brink of a broad river. They agree to cross it; and when in mid stream she implores his help to save her from drowning, to her horror she finds her fellow-traveller to be no other than the gaunt apparition of her dead lover."

- 1 SIR ROLAND came to his ain love's bow'r,  
 And he tirl'd at the pin;  
 And sae ready was his fair fause love  
 To rise and let him in.

- 2 "Oh, welcome, welcome, Sir Roland," she says,  
 "Thrice welcome thou art to me;  
 For this night ye shall feast in my secret bow'r,  
 And to-morrow we'll wedded be."
- 3 "This night is Hallow-e'en," he said,  
 "And to-morrow is Hallow-day;  
 And I dream'd a drearie dream yestreen,  
 That has made my heart full wae.
- 4 "I dream'd a drearie dream yestreen,  
 I wish it may come to gude;  
 I dream'd that ye slew my best grey-hound,  
 And gied me his lapper'd blude."
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 5 "Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,  
 "And set you safely down."  
 "Oh, your chamber is very dark, fair maid,  
 And the night is wond'rous lown."
- 6 "Yes, dark, dark is my secret bow'r,  
 And lown the midnight may be;  
 For there is none waking in all this tower,  
 But thou, my true love, and me."
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 7 She mounted on her true love's steed,  
 By the ae light of the moon;  
 She whipp'd him on, she spurr'd him on,  
 And roundly rade frae the toun.
- 8 She hadna ridden a mile of gate,  
 It's never a mile but ane,  
 When she was aware of a tall young man  
 Riding slowly o'er the plain.
- 9 She turn'd her to the right about,  
 Then to the left turn'd she;  
 But aye between her and the wan moonlight,  
 That tall knight did she see.
- 10 And he was riding burd-alane,  
 On a horse as black as jet;  
 But though she follow'd him fast and fell,  
 Nae nearer cou'd she get.
- 11 "Oh, stop! oh, stop! young man," she said,  
 "For I in dule am dight;  
 Oh, stop! and win a fair lady's luvè,  
 If ye be a leal true knight."



- 12 But nothing did the tall knight say,  
And nothing did he blin';  
Still slowly rade he on before,  
And fast she rade behin'.
- 13 She whipp'd her steed, she spurr'd her steed,  
Till his breast was all in foam;  
But nearer unto that tall young knight  
The ladye cou'd not come.
- 14 "Oh, if ye be a gay young knight,  
As well I trow you be,  
Pull tight your bridle-reins, and stay  
Till I come up to thee."
- 15 But nothing did that tall knight say,  
And no whit did he blin',  
Until he reach'd a broad river's side,  
And there he drew his rein.
- 16 "Oh, is this water deep?" she said,  
"As it is wond'rous dun;  
Or is it sic as a saikless maid  
And a leal true knight may swim?"
- 17 "The water it is deep," he said,  
"As it is wond'rous dun;  
But it is sic as a saikless maid  
And a leal true knight may swim."
- 18 The knight spurr'd on his tall black steed,  
The lady spurr'd on her brown;  
And fast they rade into the flood,  
And fast they baith swam down.
- 19 "The water weets my feet," she said,  
"The water weets my knee;  
Hold up my bridle reins, Sir Knight,  
For the sake of Our Ladye."
- 20 "If I wou'd help you now," he said,  
"It were a deadly sin;  
For I've sworn ne'er to trust a fair May's word,  
Till the water weets her chin."
- 21 "Oh, the water weets my waist," she said,  
"Sae does it weet my skin;  
And my aching heart rins round about,—  
The burn makes sic a din.

- 22 "The water is waxing deeper still,  
Sae does it wax mair wide;  
And aye the farther that we ride on,  
Farther off is the other side.
- 23 "Oh, help me now, thou fause, fause knight!  
Have pity on my youth;  
For now the water jaws o'er my heid,  
And it gurgles in my mouth."
- 24 The knight turn'd slowly round about,  
All in the middle stream;  
Then he stretch'd out his head to that ladye,  
And loudly she did scream!
- 25 "Oh, this is Hallow-morn," he said,  
"And it is your bridal day;  
But sad would be that gay wedding,  
Were bridegroom and bride away.
- 26 "But ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,  
Till the water comes o'er your bree;  
For the bride maun ride deep and deeper yet,  
Wha rides this foord with me!
- 27 "Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,  
Turn round, and look on me!  
Thou hast kill'd a true knight under trust,  
And his ghost now links with thee."

### WILLIE'S FATAL VISIT.

The following ballad forms the concluding portion of one under the above title, given by Mr. Buchan in his *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 259.

The prior portion is simply a different and very inferior version of a well-known and highly popular ballad published by Herd, under the title of "The Gray Cock," and beginning—

"Oh, saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,  
Or saw ye my true love John."

The connection between the portions probably resulted from the confused remembrance and accidental combination of some reciter.

- 1 As Willie gaed o'er yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
Oh, there he saw a grievous ghost,  
Wou'd fear ten thousand men.

- 2 As he gaed in by Mary kirk,  
And in by Mary stile,  
Wan and weary was the ghost  
On him did grimly smile.
- 3 "Oft ha'e ye travell'd this road, Willie,  
Oft ha'e ye travell'd in sin;  
Nor thought what wou'd come of your puir soul,  
When your sinfu' life was dune.
- 4 "Oft ha'e ye travell'd this road, Willie,  
Your bonnie new love to see;  
Oft ha'e ye travell'd this road, Willie,  
Nor thought of puir wrang'd me.
- 5 "Oft ha'e ye travell'd this road, Willie,  
Your bonnie new love to see;  
But ye'll never travel this road again,  
For this night avenged I'll be."
- 6 Then she has ta'en her perjured love,  
And rave him gair by gair;  
And on ilka side of Mary's stile,  
Of him she hung a share.
- 7 His father and mother baith made moan,  
His new love meikle mair;  
His father and mother baith made moan,  
His new love rave her hair.

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### THE KNIGHT'S GHOST.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads, &c.*, vol. i., p. 227. He remarks that "this ghost was a generous and liberal one in many respects."—Note, p. 314.

- 1 "THERE is a fashion in this land,  
And even come to this countrie,  
That every lady shou'd meet her lord,  
When he is newly come frae sea.
- 2 "Some with hawks and some with hounds,  
Or other seemly thing to see;  
But I will gae to meet my lord,  
And set his young son on his knee."
- 3 She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
And nimbly walk'd by yon sea-strand;  
And there she spied her husband's ship,  
As it came sailing to the land.

- 4 "Where ha'e ye put my ain gude lord?  
Oh, whereabouts may my gude lord be?"  
"If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,  
A sight of him ye'll never sec."
- 5 "Was he burnt, or was he slain?  
Or was he drown'd in the deep sea?  
Or what's become of my ain gude lord,  
That he comes not to meet with me?"
- 6 "Oh, your guid lord he wasna burnt,  
Nor was he drown'd in the deep sea;  
But he was slain in Dunfermline,—  
A fatal day to you and me."
- 7 "Come in, come in, my merry young men,  
Come in and drink the wine with me;  
And all the better ye shall fare,  
For this gude news ye tell to me."
- 8 She brought them down to a low cellar,  
She brought them fifty steps and three;  
She birl'd them with the beer and wine,  
Till they were as drunk as drunk cou'd be.
- 9 Then she has lock'd her cellar door,  
At the head of the fifty steps and three,—  
"Lye there with my sad malison,  
For this bad news ye've tauld to me."
- 10 She's ta'en the keys into her hand,  
And threw them deep, deep in the sea,—  
"Lye there with my sad malison,  
Till my gude lord return to me."
- 11 Then she sat down in her ain room,  
And sorrow lull'd her fast asleep;  
When up it starts her ain gude lord,  
As she sat there in slumber deep.
- 12 "Take here the keys, Janet," he says,  
"That ye threw deep, deep in the sea,  
And gae relieve my merry young men,—  
They're nane to blame for death of me."
- 13 "They shot the bolt, and drew the stroke,  
And in red blude waded to the knee;  
Nae sailors mair for their lord cou'd do,  
Nor my young men they did for me."

- 14 "I ha'e a question at you to ask,  
Before that ye depart frae me;  
Tell me how lang I ha'e to live,  
And the kind of death I ha'e to dee."
- 15 "I ha'e nae mair of God's ain power  
Than He has granted unto me;  
But come to heaven when ye will,  
There porter to you I will be.
- 16 "But ye'll be wed to a finer knight  
Than ever was in my degree;  
Unto him ye'll ha'e children nine,  
And six of them will be ladies free.
- 17 "The other three will be bold young men,  
To fight for king and for countrie:  
The ane a duke, the second a knight,  
The third a laird of lands sae free."

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### PROUD LADY MARGARET AND THE COURTEOUS KNIGHT.

"Proud Lady Margaret" is the title of a ballad "communicated to" Sir Walter Scott, "by Mr. Hamilton, musicseller, Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favourite. Two verses and one line were wanting, which are here supplied from a different ballad, having a plot somewhat similar. These verses are the sixth and ninth" of the version in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 32, and correspond to the last four lines respectively of stanzas 14 and 17, as here printed.

"The Courteous Knight" is the title of "a ballad similar in incident," but more complete "in narrative," printed in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., pp. 91-97.

Another version, under the title of "The Bonny Hind Squire," is given in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 42. The present is collated from the two first-named versions.

- 1 'Twas on a night, an evening bright,  
When the dew began to fall,  
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,  
Looking o'er her castle wall.
- 2 She looked east, and she looked west,  
To see what she could spy,  
When a gallant knight came in her sight,  
And to the gate drew nigh.



- 3 "God make you safe and free, fair maid,  
God make you safe and free!"  
"Oh, sae fall you, ye courteous knight,  
What are your wills with me?"
- 4 "My wills with you are not small, lady,  
My wills with you nae small,  
And since there's nane your bow'r within,  
Ye'se ha'e my secrets all.
- 5 "For here am I, a courtier,  
A courtier come to thee!  
And if ye winna grant your love,  
All for your sake I'll dee."
- 6 "If that ye dee for me, Sir Knight,  
Few for you will make meen,  
For mony gude lord's done the same,  
Their graves are growing green."
- 7 "Oh, winna ye pity me, fair maid?  
Oh, winna ye pity me?  
Oh, winna ye pity a courteous knight,  
Whose love is laid on thee?"
- 8 "You seem to be no gentleman,  
You wear your boots so wide;  
But you seem some cunning hunter,  
You wear your horn so syde."\*
- 9 "I am no cunning hunter," he said,  
"Nor ne'er intend to be;  
But I am come to this castle  
To seek the love of thee."
- 10 "Ye say ye are a courteous knight,  
But I think ye are nane;  
Ye seem to be some false young man,  
Sae I pray ye begane."
- 11 "Indeed, I am a courteous knight,  
And of great pedigree;  
Nae knight did mair for a lady bright  
Than I will do for thee.
- 12 "Oh, I'll put smiths in your smithy,  
To shoe for you a steed;  
And I'll put tailors in your bow'r,  
To make for you a weed.

\* "Syde:" long or low.

- 13 "I will put cooks in your kitchen,  
And butlers in your ha';  
And on the tap of your father's castle,  
I'll big gude corn and saw."
- 14 "If ye be a courteous knight,  
As I trust not ye be,  
Ye'll answer me the three questions  
That I will ask at thee;  
And but ye read them right," she said,  
"Gae stretch ye out and dee."
- 15 "What is the flower, the fairest flower,  
That grows in mire or dale?  
Likewise, which is the sweetest bird  
Sings next the nightingale?  
Or what's the finest thing," she says,  
"That king or queen can wale?"
- 16 "The primrose is the fairest flower  
That grows in muir or dale;  
The mavis is the sweetest bird  
Next to the nightingale;  
And yellow gowd is the finest thing  
That king or queen can wale."
- 17 "Ye may be my match, kind sir,  
Your answers they are sound;  
But what's the little coin," she said,  
"Wou'd buy my castle bound?  
And what's the little boat," she said,  
"Can sail the world all round?"
- 18 "Oh hey, how many small pennies  
Make thrice three thousand pound?  
Or hey, how many small fishes  
Swim all the salt sea round?"
- 19 "I think ye are my match," she said,  
"My match and something mair;  
You are the first e'er got the grant  
Of love frae my father's heir."
- 20 "My father was lord of nine castles,  
My mother lady of three;  
My father was lord of nine castles,  
And there's nane to heir but me,  
Unless it be Willie, my ae brother,  
But he's far beyond the sea."

- 21 "Your father was lord of nine castles,  
Your mother lady of three;  
And I am Willie, your ae brother,  
Was far beyond the sea:  
I come to humble your haughty heart,  
Has gar'd sae mony dee."
- 22 "If ye be my brother Willie," she said,  
"As I trow well ye be,  
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,  
But gae alang with thee."
- 23 "Ye've ower ill-washen feet, Marg'ret,  
And ower ill-washen hands,  
And ower coarse robes on your body,  
Alang with me to gang.\*
- 24 "The worms they are my bedfellows,  
And the cauld clay my sheet;  
And the higher that the wind does blaw,  
The sounder I do sleep.
- 25 "My body's buried in Dumfermline,  
And far beyond the sea,  
But day nor night nae rest could get,  
All for the pride of thee.
- 26 "Leave aff your pride, Marg'ret," he says,  
"Use it not ony mair;  
Or when ye come where I ha'e been,  
You will repent it sair.
- 27 "Cast aff, cast aff, sister," he says,  
"The gowd lace frae your crown;  
For if ye gang where I ha'e been,  
Ye'll wear it laigher down.
- 28 "When ye are in the gude church set,  
The gowd pins in your hair,  
Ye take mair delight in your feckless dress,  
Than ye do in your morning prayer.
- 29 "And when ye walk in the churchyard,  
And in your dress are seen,  
There is nae lady that sees your face,  
But wishes your grave were green.

\* "Oh, no! oh, no! Margaret," he said,  
"Oh, no! that canna be;  
You've ower ill-washen feet and hands,  
To gang alang with me."

- 30 "You're straight and tall, handsome withal,  
But your pride o'ergrows your wit;  
And if ye do not your ways refrain,  
In peerie \* chair ye'll sit.
- 31 "In peerie chair you'll sit, I say,  
The lowest seat of hell;  
If ye do not amend your ways,  
It's there that ye must dwell."
- 32 With that he vanish'd frae her sight,  
With the twinkling of an eye;  
And naething mair the lady saw,  
But the gloomy clouds and sky.

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THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

This ballad may be found as under:—

- I. "In a volume in the Pepysian Library, bound up with Blind Harry's *Wallace*, Edin., 1673, 12mo; 'The Battle of Glenlivet,' a Scottish tragic ballad, printed 1681, 12mo. In the same volume is the challenge of Robert III. of Scotland, to Henry IV. of England, beginning, 'During the reign of the Roy Robert.'† Here is also 'The Hunting of Chevy Chase,' in black-letter, in the Scottish way of reading the altered stanzas. It is to the tune of 'The Yle of Kyle.'"—Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems from the Maitland MSS.*, Appendix, vol. ii., p. 496.

The title of the present ballad, as there given, is, "The Wind hath Blawn my Plaid awa: or, a Discourse betwixt a Young Maid and the Elphin Knight,' *black-letter*, printed," says Pinkerton, "I suppose, about 1670."

"A literal copy from the original in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge," appears in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix i., p. 1.

- II. A second version is given in *The Commonplace Book of Ancient and Modern Ballads, and Metrical Legendary Tales*, &c.—"a projected work (edited by David Webster, Edinburgh) which reached no farther than the first

\* "Peerie." The original reads "Pirie's," a word which has completely nonplussed Scottish ballad editors subsequent to Mr. Buchan, in whose version it appears. It should be spelled as above, and means "fearful;" old French, *peureux*, "fearful." The word may also have some connection with "peary," *inquisitive, disposed to examine narrowly*; English, *to peer*. As the word "pirrie" means *trim, nice in dress*, or *pernickitie*, the ghost may have meant, by a play upon words, to warn "Proud Margaret" that her being so "pirrie" would end in a fate "peerie"—or fearful.

† This poem is mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549; occurs in the Maitland MS., 1555-86; included by Watson in his *Collection of Scots Poems*, part ii., p. iii.; and somewhat dubiously referred to and numbered by Mr. Motherwell as a ballad in his *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxi.

number. The only thing remarkable in which is," says Motherwell, "that the editor states he gives it from the recitation of two *ladies*, one of whom is his own mother, and the other an honest fishwife of Musselburgh."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. xcix., note 148.

- III. A third version appears in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 145, under the title of "The Elfin Knight," as "given from the recitation of a native of Mearnshire."
- IV. A fourth version is furnished by Mr. Buchan, in *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 296, under the title of "The Fairy Knight." Mr. Buchan states that he had "seen more than one (copy) in MS.," note, p. 346.

The ballad, as here given, is collated from the four versions named above. The different refrains are also here represented,—viz., that of versions I. and II. in stanza 1, Kinloch's in stanza 2, and Buchan's in stanza 3.

"Similar collections of impossibilities" occur in other Scottish, English, and German ballads.—See Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 128.

- 1 THE elfin knight stands on yon hill—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba ;  
He blaws his horn baith loud and shrill—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 2 He blaws it east, he blaws it west—  
O'er the hills and far awa ;  
He blaws it where he liketh best—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 3 Fair Is'bel sits in her bow'r sewing—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,  
And hears the elf knight his horn blowing—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 4 "If I had the horn that I hear blaw—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,  
And had the knight here, in my arms twa—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 5 "I wou'd lock the horn up in my chest—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,  
And the knight wou'd lock me to his breast—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."
- 6 She had no sooner these words said—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,  
Than the elfin knight stood by her side—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.



- 7 "You are too young a May," quoth he—  
"Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw;  
Married with me, you ill wou'd be—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."
- 8 "I have a sister, a younger May—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,  
And she was married yesterday—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."
- 9 "Married with me, if you wou'd be—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,  
A courtesy you must do me—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 10 "You must make me a Holland sark—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,  
Without any cutting or needle wark—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 11 "And you must wash it in yonder well—  
O'er the hills and far awa,  
Where dew never wet, nor rain ever fell—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 12 "And you must dry it on yon hawthorn—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,  
That never budded since man was born—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."
- 13 "If that courtesie I do to thee—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,  
Another you must do to me—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 14 "I have an acre of good lea land—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,  
Which lyeth low by yon sea strand—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 15 "And you must till it with your horn—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba;  
And you must sow it with pepper corn—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 16 "And you must harrow it with a thorn—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,  
And ha'e your wark done ere the morn—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.

- 17 "And you must shear it with your knife—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba;  
Nor tyne a grain o't for your life—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 18 "You must bigg a cart of stone and lime—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw,  
And make Robin Redbreast trail it betime—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 19 "And you must bring it frae the sea—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,  
Fair, and clean, and dry, to me—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 20 "And you must barn it in yon mouse-hole—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw;  
And you must thrash it in your shoe sole—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 21 "And you must winnow it in your looves—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba;  
And you must sack it in your gloves—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 22 "And you must dry it without a fire on—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw;  
And grind it without a mill or a quern—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.
- 23 "And when you have well done your work—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba,  
Come back to me and get your sark—  
The wind hath blawn my plaid awa."
- 24 "I wou'd not tyne my plaid for my life—  
Blaw, blaw, blaw, ye cauld winds, blaw;  
It haps my seven bairns and my wife—  
The wind shall not blaw my plaid awa."
- 25 "Then a maiden I will keep me still—  
Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba, ba;  
Let the elfin knight do what he will—  
The wind shall not blaw my plaid awa.
- 26 "My plaid awa, my plaid awa,  
O'er the hills and far awa,  
And far awa, to Norrowa',  
My plaid shall not be blawn awa."

## THE MAID AND FAIRY.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 117; and note, p. 301. Leyden, in his "Preliminary Dissertation" to *The Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 234, referring to "The Tale of the Wolf of the Warldis End," remarks:—"I have heard fragments of songs repeated, in which the 'well of the warldis end' is mentioned, and denominated 'the well Absalom,' and 'the *cald well sae weary*.' According to the popular tale, a lady is sent by her stepmother to draw water from the well of the world's end. She arrives at the well after encountering many dangers, but soon perceives that her adventures have not reached a conclusion. A frog emerges from the well, and before it suffers her to draw water, obliges her to betroth herself to the monster, under penalty of being torn to pieces. The lady returns safe; but at midnight the frog-lover appears at the door and demands entrance, according to promise, to the great consternation of the lady and her nurse:—

"Open the door, my hinny, my hart,  
Open the door, mine ain wee thing,  
And mind the words that you and I spak  
Down in the meadow, at the well-spring."

"The frog is admitted, and addresses her—

"Take me up on your knee, my dearie,  
Take me up on your knee, my dearie,  
And mind the words that you and I spak  
At the cauld well sae wearie."

"The frog is finally disenchanted, and appears as a prince in his original form."

The story of "The Paddo," in Dr. Robert Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 87, last edition, is almost identical; and Mr. Buchan's story is also essentially the same, but terminates differently. His prose explanation is to the following effect:—Shortly after the maid's return, the genius appeared "at the door, singing the first four lines of the song, and was admitted. In the second four lines he craves, as his due, the castock or stem,—having had coleworts for their supper, a dish common to the peasantry of Scotland. In the third four lines, he asks his brose (oatmeal, and the decoction of the coleworts stirred together). In the fourth four lines, he requests the kail; and in the fifth four lines, he petitions the maid to lay him down in a bed, putting her in mind at the same time of the favour he had done her at the 'well sae wearie.' The old woman, who ere now had been a silent spectator to all that was passing, got enraged, and commanded her daughter to throw him out of the house—which was instantly done. The sixth and last four lines conclude the piece with his prayers or malison for her woe, and an opportunity of having her again in his power at the 'well sae weary.'"

- 1 OH, open the door, my honey, my heart,  
Oh, open the door, my ain kind dearie;  
For dinna ye mind upon the time  
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie?

- 2 Oh, gi'e me my castock, my dow, my dow,  
Oh, gi'e me my castock, my ain kind dearie;  
For dinna ye mind upon the time  
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie?
- 3 Oh, gi'e me my brose, my dow, my dow,  
Oh, gi'e me my brose, my ain kind dearie;  
For dinna ye mind upon the time  
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie?
- 4 Oh, gi'e me my kail, my dow, my dow,  
Oh, gi'e me my kail, my ain kind dearie;  
For dinna ye mind upon the time  
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie?
- 5 Oh, lay me down, my dow, my dow,  
Oh, lay me down, my ain kind dearie;  
For dinna ye mind upon the time  
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie?
- 6 Oh, woe to you now, my dow, my dow,  
Oh, woe to you now, my fause, fause dearie;  
And oh for the time I had you again,  
Plunging the dubs at the well sae wearie.

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### TAMLANE.

“The following ballad, still popular in Ettrick Forest, where the scene is laid, is certainly of much greater antiquity than its phraseology, gradually modernized as transmitted by tradition, would seem to denote. The ‘Tayl of the Young Tamlane’ is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland* [1548], and the air, to which it was chaunted, seems to have been accommodated to a particular dance,—for the dance of ‘Thom of Lynn,’ another variation of ‘Thomalin,’ likewise occurs in the same performance. Like every popular subject, it seems to have been frequently parodied; and a burlesque ballad, beginning,

‘Tom o’ the Linn was a Scotsman born,’

is still well known.

“In a medley, contained in a curious and ancient MS. cantus, *penes* J. G. Dalryell, Esq., there is an allusion to our ballad:—

‘Sing young Thomlin, be merry, be merry, and twice so merry.’

“In Herd’s *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 159, a part of the original tale was published, under the title of ‘Kerton Ha,’—a corruption of Carterhaugh.



"In Johnston's *Musical Museum*, vol. v., p. 423, a more complete copy occurs, under the title of 'Tam Linn,' which, with some alterations, was reprinted in the *Tales of Wonder*, No. 58."—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 331.

Sir Walter Scott's edition was "prepared from a collation of the printed copies with a very accurate one in Glenriddell's MSS., and with several recitals from tradition," but contains some stanzas "supplied by some ingenious gentleman residing near Langholm, [which] are clearly suppositious, and ought to be omitted."—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxii., note 31.

Subsequent to the publication of Scott's *Minstrelsy*, a fragment, under the title of "Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane," appeared in Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 21, as "taken down from the recitation of a lady who had heard it sung in childhood." Complete versions are also given in Maidment's *New Book of Old Ballads*, p. 54, as "taken down from the recitation of an old woman;" and in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 11, under the respective titles of "Tom Linn," and "Tam-a-Line, the Elfin Knight." Sir Walter Scott's version is the one here chiefly followed; and the stanzas referred to by Mr. Motherwell are retained, but placed within brackets. Regarding the stanzas in question, Sir Walter Scott states:—"The editor has been enabled to add several verses of beauty and interest to this edition of 'Tamlane,' in consequence of a copy, obtained from a gentleman residing near Langholm, which is said to be very ancient, though the diction is somewhat of a modern cast. The manners of the fairies are detailed at considerable length, and in poetry of no common merit."

"Carterhaugh," continues Sir Walter Scott, "is a plain at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow, in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle, a romantic ruin, which overhangs the Yarrow, and which is said to have been the habitation of our heroine's father, though others place his residence in the tower of Oakwood. The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings which vulgar credulity supposes to be traces of the fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk and of water in which Tamlane was dipped, in order to effect the disenchantment [as directed in stanza 35]; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. Miles Cross (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross), where fair Janet awaited the arrival of the fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bow-hill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh. In no part of Scotland, indeed, has the belief in fairies maintained its ground with more pertinacity than in Selkirkshire. The most sceptical among the lower ranks only venture to assert that their appearances and mischievous exploits have ceased, or at least become infrequent, since the light of the gospel was diffused in its purity."

- 1 "OH, I forbid ye, maidens all,  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tamlane is there."



- 2 But up then spake her, fair Janet,  
The fairest of her kin:  
"I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave of him."
- 3 Then she has kilted her green kirtle \*  
A little abune her knee;  
And she has braided her yellow hair  
A little abune her bree.
- 4 And to the wood of Carterhaugh  
She hied her forth alane,  
To pull the roses frae the tree,  
In spite of young Tamlane.
- 5 She hadna pull'd a red, red rose,  
A rose but barely three,  
When up and starts a wee, wee man,  
At Lady Janet's knee!
- 6 Says—"Why pull ye the rose, Janet?  
What gars ye break the tree?  
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh  
Without the leave of me?"
- 7 "Oh, I will pull the flowers," she said,  
"Or I will break the tree,  
And come and gang to Carterhaugh,  
Nor ask nae leave of thee."
- 8 He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
Amang the leaves sae green;  
And meikle, meikle was the love  
That fell the twa between.
- 9 He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
Amang the roses red;  
And they ha'e vow'd a solemu vow  
Ilk ither for to wed.
- 10 "The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane,  
A word ye maunna lee;  
If e'er ye was in haly kirk,  
Or sained † in Christentie?"

\* "The ladies are always represented, in Dunbar's poems, with green mantles and yellow hair."—Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems from the Maitland MSS.*, vol. i., p. 45.

† "Sained:" blessed; not *hallowed*, or made holy, as often explained.

- 11 "The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,  
A word I winna lee;  
I was ta'en to the haly kirk,  
And sained as well as thee.
- 12 "Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,  
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine;  
We lov'd when we were children small,  
Which yet you well may min'.
- 13 "When I was a boy just turn'd of nine,  
My uncle sent for me,  
To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,  
And keep him companie.
- 14 "There came a wind out of the north,  
A sharp wind and a snell;  
A dead sleep then came over me,  
And frae my horse I fell.
- 15 "The fairy queen she keppit \* me,  
And took me to hersel',  
And ever since, in yon green hill,  
With her I'm bound to dwell.
- 16 ["And we that live in fairyland,  
Nae sickness know nor pain;  
I quit my body when I will,  
And take to it again.
- 17 "I quit my body when I please,  
Or unto it repair;  
We can inhabit at our ease  
In either earth or air.
- 18 "Our shapes and size we can convert  
To either large or small;  
An old nut-shell's the same to us  
As is the lofty hall.
- 19 "We sleep in rosebuds soft and sweet,  
We revel in the stream,  
We wanton lightly on the wind,  
Or glide on a sunbeam.
- 20 "And all our wants are well supplied  
From every rich man's store,  
Who thankless sins the gifts he gets,†  
And vainly grasps for more.]

\* "Keppit:" caught.

† To "sin" our gifts and mercies, means, ungratefully to hold them in light esteem.

- 21 " And it is sic a bonnie place,  
And I like it sae well,  
That I wou'd never tire, Janet,  
In fairyland to dwell.
- 22 " But aye, at ilka seven years,  
They pay the teind to hell;  
And I'm sae fat and fair of flesh,  
I fear 'twill be mysel'!
- 23 " This night is Hallow-e'en, Janet,  
The morn is Hallow-day,  
And if ye dare your true love win,  
Ye ha'e nae time to stay.
- 24 " The night it is good Hallow-e'en,  
When fairy folk will ride;  
And she that wou'd her true love win,  
At Miles Cross she maun bide.
- 25 " And ye maun gae to the Miles Cross,  
Between twelve hours and one,  
Take haly water in your hand,  
And cast a compass roun'."
- 26 " And how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?  
And how shall I thee know,  
Amang sae many fairy folk,  
The like I never saw?"
- 27 " The first company that passes by,  
Stand still, and let them gae;  
The neist company that passes by,  
Stand still, and do right sae.
- 28 " The third company that passes by,  
All clad in robes of green,  
It is the head ane of them all,  
For in it rides the queen.
- 29 " I'll there ride on the milk-white steed,  
With a gold star in my crown;  
Because I was a christen'd knight,  
They gi'e me that renown.
- 30 " First let pass the black, Janet,  
And syne let pass the brown;  
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,  
And pull the rider down.

- 31 "My right hand will be gloved, Janet,  
My left hand will be bare;  
And these the tokens I gi'e thee,  
If ye wou'd win me there.
- 32 "They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and a snake;  
But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
If ye wou'd be my maik.\*
- 33 "They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and an aske; †  
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A bale‡ that burns fast.
- 34 "They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A red-hot gad of airn; §  
But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
For I'll do you no harm.
- 35 "First dip me in a stand of milk,  
And then in a stand of water;  
But haud me fast, let me not pass,—  
I'll be your bairn's father.
- 36 "And next, they'll shape me in your arms  
A tod, but and an eel;  
But haud me fast, nor let me gang,  
As you do love me weel.
- 37 "They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
A dove, but and a swan;  
And last they'll shape me in your arms  
A mother-naked man.
- 38 "Cast your green mantle over me,  
I'll be mysel' again;  
Cast your green mantle over me,  
And sae I will be wan."
- 39 Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
And eerie || was the way,  
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,  
To Miles Cross she did gae.

\* "Maik:" sweetheart, wife.

† "Aske:" newt.

‡ "Bale:" fagot.

§ "Gad of airn:" bar of iron.

|| "Eerie:" producing superstitious  
dread.

- 40 [The heavens were black, the night was dark,  
And dreary was the place;  
But Janet stood with eager wish,  
Her lover to embrace.
- 41 Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,  
A north wind tore the bent;  
And straight she heard strange elritch sounds,  
Upon that wind which went.
- 42 About the dead hour of the night,  
She heard the bridles ring;  
And Janet was as glad of that  
As any earthly thing.
- 43 Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,  
The hemlock small blew clear,  
And louder notes from hemlock large  
And bog-reed struck the ear;  
But solemn sounds or sober thoughts  
The fairies cannot bear.
- 44 They sing, inspired with love and joy,  
Like skylarks in the air;  
Of solid sense, or thought that 's grave,  
You'll find no traces there.
- 45 Fair Janet stood, with mind unmoved,  
The dreary heath upon;  
And louder, louder wax'd the sound,  
As they came riding on.
- 46 Will of the Wisp before them went,  
Sent forth a twinkling light;  
And soon she saw the fairy bands  
All riding in her sight.]
- 47 With haly water in her hand,  
She cast a compass round,  
As she beheld the fairy band  
Come riding o'er the mound.
- 48 And first gaed by the black, black steed,  
And then gaed by the brown;  
But fast she gripp'd the milk-white steed,  
And pull'd the rider down.
- 49 She pull'd him frae the milk-white steed,  
And let the bridle fall;



- And up there raise an elritch\* cry,—  
 “He’s won amang us all!”
- 50 They shaped him in fair Janet’s arms  
 An aske, but and an adder;  
 She held him fast in every shape,  
 To be her bairn’s father.
- 51 They shaped him in her arms at last  
 A mother-naked man;  
 She cuist † her mantle over him,  
 And sae her true love wan.
- 52 Up then spake the fairy queen,  
 Out of a bush of broom,—  
 “She that has borrow’d young Tamlane  
 Has got a stately groom!”
- 53 Up then spake the fairy queen,  
 Out of a bush of rye,—  
 “She’s ta’en away the bonniest knight  
 In all my companie!
- 54 “But had I kenn’d, Tamlane,” she says,  
 “A lady wou’d borrow thee,  
 I wou’d ha’e ta’en out thy twa gray een,  
 Put in twa een of tree!
- 55 “Had I but kenn’d, Tamlane,” she says,  
 “Before ye came frae hame,  
 I wou’d ta’en out your heart of flesh,  
 Put in a heart of stane!
- 56 “Had I but had the wit yestreen  
 That I ha’e coft ‡ this day,  
 I’d paid my kane§ seven times to hell,  
 Ere you’d been won away!”

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 THE WEE, WEE MAN.

Four versions of this ballad, differing only slightly from each other, have appeared in the under-named works: in the three first, under the above title, and in the last, under the title of “The Little Man”:

I. Herd’s *Scottish Songs*, &c., vol. i, p. 95.

II. Caw’s *Poetical Museum*, p. 348.

\* Unearthly,  
 † Threw.

‡ “Coft:” bought.  
 § “Kane:” payment to feudal superiors.

III. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 343.

IV. Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 263.

Herd's version is given in Johnson's *Museum*, vol. iv., p. 382, accompanied with the old melody to which it was sung. Both words and music were copied by Ritson in his *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii., p. 139; and in his *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. lxxxii. (prefixed to the same work), he refers to this piece in these terms:—"There is one song, or rather fragment of one, which seems to merit particular attention, from a singular evidence of its origin and antiquity. It is inserted in the present collection under the title of 'The Wee, Wee Man,' and begins,—

'As I was walking all alone.'

"The original of this song is extant in a Scottish or Northumbrian poem of Edward the First or Second's time, preserved in the British Museum, and intended to be one day given to the public. The two pieces will be found to afford a curious proof how poetry is preserved for a succession of ages by mere tradition; for though the imagery or description is nearly the same, the words are altogether different; nor, had the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer been preserved to the present time in the same manner, would there have remained one single word which had fallen from the pen of that venerable bard; they would have been as completely, though not quite so elegantly, modernized as they are by Dryden and Pope."

This passage appears to have been unknown to, or forgotten by, Sir Walter Scott, when he published the first edition of his *Minstrelsy*; as, in subsequent editions, he explains, in his introduction to "Tamlane," that "in one recital only the well-known fragment of 'The Wee, Wee Man' was introduced in the same measure with the rest of the poem. It was retained in the first edition, but is now omitted, as the editor has been favoured, by the learned Mr. Ritson with a copy of the original poem of which it is a detached fragment." The poem here referred to by Mr. Ritson and Sir Walter Scott follows "The Wee, Wee Man."

- 1 As I was walking all alane,<sup>a</sup>  
Between a water and a wa',  
There I espy'd a wee, wee man,—  
He was the least that e'er I saw.
- 2 His legs were scarce a shathmont's<sup>b</sup> length,<sup>c</sup>  
And small and nimble was his thie;<sup>d</sup>  
Between his een there was a span;  
Between his shoulders there were three.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> "As I gaed out to tak' the air,  
Between Midmar and bonnie Craigha'."—Buchan

<sup>b</sup> "Shathmont," in old Scottish, means the fist closed, with the thumb extended, and may be considered a measure of about six inches; Anglo-Saxon, "Scaftmund."

<sup>c</sup> "His legs were but a finger lang."—Buchan.

<sup>d</sup> Caw's *Poetical Museum*, as in text.

"And [or both\*] thick and nimble was his knee."—Buchan and Motherwell.\*  
"And thick and thimber was his thighs."—Herd.

<sup>e</sup> "Between his shoulders [there were\*] ells three."—Buchan and Motherwell.\*

- 3 He pull'd <sup>a</sup> up a meikle stane,<sup>b</sup>  
 And flang 't as far as I cou'd see;  
 Though I had been as Wallace wight,  
 I couldna liften 't to my knee.
- 4 "Oh, wee, wee man, but ye be strang!  
 Oh, tell me where thy dwelling be?"  
 "I dwell down at yon bonnie bow'r;<sup>c</sup>  
 Oh, will you go with me and see?"<sup>d</sup>
- 5 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
 Till we came to yon bonnie green;  
 We lighted down to bait our steed,<sup>e</sup>  
 And out there came a lady sheen.<sup>f</sup>
- 6 With four-and-twenty at her back,  
 All comely clad in glistening green;<sup>g</sup>  
 Though there the king of Scots had stood,<sup>h</sup>  
 The warst might weel ha'e been his queen.
- 7 On we lap, and awa we rade,<sup>i</sup>  
 Till we came to a bonnie hall;  
 The roof was of the beaten gowd,<sup>j</sup>  
 The floor was of the crystal all.

<sup>a</sup> "Took."—Herd. "Has ta'en."—Caw's *Poetical Museum*.

<sup>b</sup> "This wee, wee man pull'd up a stane."—Motherwell.

"He lifted a stane sax feet in height,  
 He lifted it up till his right knee;  
 And fifty yards and mair, I'm sure,  
 I wyte he made the stane to flee."—Buchan.

<sup>c</sup> "My dwelling 's down at yon bonnie bow'r."—Herd.

<sup>d</sup> "Fair lady, will ye go and see?"—Motherwell.

<sup>e</sup> "Horse."—Herd.

<sup>f</sup> "Fine."—Herd.

<sup>g</sup> Text from Caw's *Poetical Museum*.

"And they were a' clad out in green."—Herd.

<sup>h</sup> "Though the king of Scotland had been there,  
 The warst o' them might ha'e been his queen."—Herd.

Mr. Buchan's version omits stanzas 5 and 6.

<sup>i</sup> "On syne we pass with wondering cheir."—Caw's *Poetical Museum*.

<sup>j</sup> "The rafters were o' the beaten gold,  
 And silver wire were the kebars all."—Motherwell.

"Sae on we lap, and awa we rade,  
 Till we came to yon little ha';  
 The kipples were o' the gude red gowd,  
 The reef was o' the proseyla'."—Buchan.

- 8 When we came there, with wee, wee knights,\*  
 Were ladies dancing, jimp and sma';  
 But in the twinkling of an e'e,  
 My wee, wee man was clean awa.

AS I WENT ON AE MONDAY. †

“In the manuscript from which these verses are taken, they form the preface to a long strain of incomprehensible prophecies of the same description as those which are appended to ‘Thomas of Eryldoune.’ Whether the two portions belong together or not, the first alone requires to be cited here for the purpose of comparison with ‘The Wee, Wee Man.’ The whole piece has been twice printed; first by Finlay, in his *Scottish Ballads* (vol. ii., p. 163), and afterwards by a person who was not aware that he had been anticipated, in the *Retrospective Review*, second series, vol. ii., p. 326.

“Both texts are in places nearly unintelligible, and are evidently full of errors, part of which we must ascribe to the incompetency of the editors. Finlay’s is on the whole the best; but it has received a few corrections from the other, and one or two conjectural emendations.”—Professor Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 273.

In order to facilitate “comparison” with “The Wee, Wee Man,” the poem, as given by Professor Child, has been here somewhat modernized, chiefly in the orthography.

The explanatory notes are mostly given from Professor Child’s Glossary to *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i.

- 1 As I went on ae Monday  
 Between Wyltenden and Wall,  
 The ane after braid way,  
 A little man I met withall,  
 The least that ever I, sooth to say,  
 Either [saw] in bow’r or in hall;  
 His robe was neither green nor gray,  
 But all it was of rich pall.‡

\* “When we came to the stair foot.”—Herd.

“There were pipers playing in every neuk,  
 And ladies dancing jimp and sma’;  
 And aye the owreword o’ their tune

Was—‘Our wee, wee man has been lang awa.’—Motherwell.

Mr. Buchan’s version concludes thus:—

“Out gat the lights, on cam’ the mist,  
 Ladies nor mannie mair cou’d see;  
 I turn’d about and gae a look  
 Just at the foot o’ Benachie.”

† The title, as given by Professor Child, from the first line of his text, is, “Als y yod on ay Mounday.”

‡ “Pall;” rich cloth.

- 2 On me he call'd, and bade me bide;  
Well still I stood a little space;  
Frae Lancaster the park side  
On he came, well fair his pace.  
He hailed me with meikle pride;  
I had well meikle ferly <sup>a</sup> what he was;  
I said,—“Well might the <sup>b</sup> betide,  
That little man with large face.”
- 3 I beheld that little man  
By the street as we gon gae; <sup>c</sup>  
His beard was long a large span,  
And gilded as the feather of pae; <sup>d</sup>  
His head was white as any swan,  
His eyes was great and gray also;  
Brows lang, well I the <sup>b</sup> 'gan  
Mark it to five inches and mae. <sup>e</sup>
- 4 Arms short, for sooth I say,  
A span seem'd them to be;  
Hands braid withouten nay,  
And fingers lang, he shewed me.  
A stane he took up where it lay,  
And castit forth that I might see;  
A merk-shot of large way  
Before me strides he castit three.
- 5 Well still I stood as did the stane,  
To look him on though me not lang;  
His robe was all gold begane, <sup>f</sup>  
Well craftlike made I understand;  
Buttons azure every ane  
Frae his elbow unto his hand;  
Earth-like man was he nane,  
That in my heart I understand.
- 6 Till him I said full soon on-ane, <sup>g</sup>  
For furthermair I wou'd him fraine, <sup>h</sup>  
“Gladly wou'd I wit <sup>i</sup> thy name,  
And I wist wat me mouthe gaine; <sup>j</sup>  
Thou art so little of flesh and bane,  
And so meikle of might and main,

<sup>a</sup> “Ferly:” wonder.<sup>b</sup> “The:” thee or they.<sup>c</sup> “Gon gae:” went along.<sup>d</sup> “Pae:” peacock.<sup>e</sup> “Mae:” more.<sup>f</sup> “Begane:” bedecked.<sup>g</sup> “On-ane:” anon.<sup>h</sup> “Fraine:” question.<sup>i</sup> “Wit:” know.<sup>j</sup> This line, *sic* “wist,” means knew; “wat,” usually know, but here apparently what; “mouthe:” might.



Where vones<sup>a</sup> thou, little man, at hame?  
Wit of thee I wou'd full fain."

- 7 "Though I be little and lith,<sup>b</sup>  
Am I not withouten wane;<sup>c</sup>  
Fairly questioned thou what I hith,<sup>d</sup>  
That<sup>e</sup> thou shalt not wit my name;  
My wonige stede<sup>f</sup> full well is dyght,<sup>g</sup>  
Now soon thou shalt see at hame."  
Till him I said,—“For God's might,  
Let me forth mine errand gane.”
- 8 "Thee thar<sup>h</sup> not of thine errand let,<sup>i</sup>  
Though thou come a stonde<sup>j</sup> with me,  
Further shalt thou not be set,  
Be miles twa neither be three."  
No langer durst I for him let,  
But forth I funded<sup>k</sup> with that free;<sup>l</sup>  
Stinted<sup>m</sup> us brook nor beck;<sup>n</sup>  
Ferlich<sup>o</sup> me though how so might be.
- 9 He went forth as I you say,  
In at a gate, I understand;  
In till a gate withouten nay;  
It to see though me not lang.  
The bankers<sup>p</sup> on the binkes<sup>q</sup> lay,  
And fair lords set I found;  
In ilka hirn<sup>r</sup> I heard a lay,  
And ladies soth<sup>s</sup> melody sang.

### TAMMIE DOODLE.

The following lively little nursery piece is here set down from re-citation:—

- 1 TAMMIE DOODLE was a cantie chiel,  
Fu' cantie and fu' crouse;  
Thè fairies liked him unco weel,  
And built him a wee house.

<sup>a</sup> "Vones:" wones, dwellest.

<sup>b</sup> "Lith:" supple, limber.

<sup>c</sup> "Wane:" dwelling.

<sup>d</sup> "Hith:" named.

<sup>e</sup> "That:" yet.

<sup>f</sup> "Wonige stede:" dwelling-place.

<sup>g</sup> "Dyght:" decked, adorned.

<sup>h</sup> "Thar:" it needs.

<sup>i</sup> "Let:" hinder.

<sup>j</sup> "A stonde:" astonished.

<sup>k</sup> "Funded:" went.

<sup>l</sup> "Free:" fey—lord or fairy.

<sup>m</sup> "Stinted:" stopped.

<sup>n</sup> "Beck:" stream.

<sup>o</sup> "Ferlich:" wondered.

<sup>p</sup> "Bankers:" covers.

<sup>q</sup> "Binkes:" benches.

<sup>r</sup> "Hirn:" corner.

<sup>s</sup> "Soth:" soothing, sweet.

- 2 And when the house was all built up,  
And finish'd but the door,  
A fairy it came skippin' in,  
And danced upon the floor.
- 3 The fairy it whirl'd up and down,  
It loupit and it flang;  
It friskit and it whiskit roun',  
And croon'd a fairy sang.
- 4 At length it whistled loud and shrill,  
And in came all the gang,  
Till puir little Tammie Doodle  
Was maist smother'd in the thrang.

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 HYNDE ETIN.

Mr. Kinloch printed a fragment of this ballad, under the above title, in his *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 225.

Mr. Buchan next communicated a considerably different version, under the title of "Young Hastings the Groom," to his friend Mr. Motherwell, by whom it was given in *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, p. 287. It was afterwards included by Mr. Buchan in his *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 67.

Another and more complete version, under the title of "Young Akin," appears in Mr. Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 6.

The present version has been diligently collated from all three, and has, as usual under such process, received what are considered some necessary alterations.

The six opening, two intermediate, and three concluding, stanzas of "Young Hastings," as they differ greatly from the present version, are given next in order.

Mr. Kinloch's version of "Hynde Etin" is prefaced by the following remarks:—"A sanguine antiquary might, perhaps, with some probability, discover in this ballad a fragment of the tale or romance of 'The Reyde Eyttyn vitht the Thre Heydis,' mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*. Dr. Leyden, in his Preliminary Dissertation to that work, p. 235, speaking of such romances, remarks, that they are either lost or only exist as popular tales. The 'Red Etin' is still a popular character in Scotland; and, according to the vulgar etymology of his name, is always represented as an insatiable gormandizer on red or raw flesh, and exclaiming, as in the story of Jack and the Bean Stalk,—

'Snouk butt, snouk ben,  
I find the smell of earthly men.'

"In this ballad, however, he bears a more courteous name and character, and seems to have lost his 'thre heydis,' and his appetite

for 'quyk men;' although his gormandizing qualities are proverbial in Mearnsire, where the phrase, 'Roaring like a Red Etin,' is applied to any one who is clamorous for his victuals."

Dr. Leyden observes, that "the idea of the giants who devoured quick men is probably derived from the Cyclops, as they are generally placed in Etaland" [Etnaland?]. The name *Etin*, however, appears rather to be derived immediately from the Danish *Iette*, which means *giant*.

The above description answers better the "foul thief" of "Young Ronald," *ante*, p. 149, stanza 29, and the "Gyant" or "Soldan" of "Sir Cawline," *ante*, p. 157, than it does the hero of the following ballad.

It may be mentioned that Dr. Robert Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (p. 89, last edition) contains, under the same title as this ballad, a traditionary story interspersed with snatches of rhyme. It, however, differs from this in incident, in which, as well as in structure, it closely resembles the succeeding, "interesting relic of ancient Scottish song, entitled, 'Child Rowland and Fair Burd Helen,' a legend still current in the nursery," says Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. xc.

- 1 MAY MARGARET stood within her bow'r,  
Combing her yellow hair;  
She heard a note in Elmond wood,  
And wish'd that she was there.
- 2 May Margaret sat in her bow'r door,  
Sewing her silken seam;  
She heard a note in Elmond wood,  
Among the leaves sae green.
- 3 She let the seam fall frae her side,  
The needle to her tae;  
And she's awa to Elmond wood  
As fast as she cou'd gae.
- 4 She hadna pull'd a nut, a nut,  
A nut but barely ane,  
Till up started the Hynde Etin,  
Says—"Lady, let alane!
- 5 "Oh, why pull ye the nut, the nut,  
Or why break ye the tree?  
For I am forester of this wood—  
Ye shou'd speir leave of me."
- 6 Yet aye she pull'd the ither berry,  
Ne'er thinking of the skaith,  
And said—"To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,  
I wou'd be unco laith.

- 7 "But Elmond wood it is my ain;  
My father gave it me,  
To sport and play when I thought lang;  
I'll speir nae leave of thee."
- 8 He's ta'en her by the yellow locks,  
And tied her till a tree,  
And said—"For slighting my commands,  
My sair weid ye shall dree." \*
- 9 Then pull'd a tree out of the wood,  
The biggest that was there,  
And houk'd a cave monie fathoms deep,  
And put May Margaret there.
- 10 "Now rest ye there, ye saucy May!  
My woods are free for thee;  
And if I take ye to mysel',  
The better ye'll like me!"
- 11 Nae rest, nae rest May Margaret took,  
Sleep got she never nane;  
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,  
Her head upon a stane.
- 12 "Oh, take me out," May Margaret cried;  
"Oh, take me hame to thee;  
And I shall be your bounden page,  
Until the day I dee."
- 13 He took her out of the dungeon deep,  
And awa with him she's gane;  
But sad was the day a king's daughter  
Was by Hynde Etin ta'en.
- 14 Oh, they ha'e lived in Elmond wood  
For nine lang years and ane,  
Till seven prettie sons to Hynde Etin  
May Margaret has brocht hame.
- 15 But these seven bairns, sae fair and fine,  
They got nae christening;  
And she was ne'er within kirk door,  
Nor e'er got gude kirking.
- 16 Then it fell ance upon a day,  
Hynde Etin's hunting gane;  
And the eldest of his seven sons  
Alang with him has ta'en.

\* My grievous and furious rage ye shall endure, or suffer.

- 17 And as they hameward bent their way,  
And slowly on did walk,  
The boy's heart being somewhat wae,  
He thus began to talk :
- 18 "A question I wou'd ask, father,  
If ye wou'dna angry be?"  
"Ask on, ask on, my bonnie boy,  
Ask what ye will at me."
- 19 "I see my mother's cheeks oft wet,  
Alas! they are seldom dry;"  
"Nae wonder, nae wonder, my bonnie boy,  
Though she shou'd oft-times cry.
- 20 "Your mother was a king's daughter,  
Sprung frae a high degree,  
And she might ha'e wed some noble prince,  
Had she nae been stown by me.
- 21 "But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift,  
The buntin' on the tree,  
And bear them to your mother dear,—  
See if she'll merrier be."
- 22 It fell upon anither day,  
Hynde Etin's hunting gane,  
With bow and arrows by his side,  
In greenwood all alane;  
And left May Margaret and her sons  
Within their cave of stane.
- 23 Then she has ta'en her harp in hand,  
And harp'd them all asleep,  
All but the eldest of her sons,  
Wha still did waking keep;  
And as she harp'd, it's thus she sang,  
And bitterly did weep :
- 24 "Oh, ten lang years ha'e o'er me flown,  
Of sorrow and of shame,  
Since in this greenwood I was stown,  
And Etin's wife became.
- 25 "And seven fair sons to him I've born,  
Wha ne'er got christendame;  
Oh, sad fate for a king's daughter,  
Of noble birth and fame!



- 26 "Oh, seven fair sons to him I've born,  
 Yet ne'er got gude kirking;  
 And ten years in this cave ha'e been,  
 Nor e'er heard kirk bells ring."
- 27 It's out then spake her eldest son,  
 A brisk young boy was he,—  
 "There's something I wou'd tell, mother,  
 If ye wou'dna angry be;"  
 "Speak on, speak on, my bonnie boy,  
 Tell what ye will to me."
- 28 "The ither day, as we hunting gaed,  
 And shot birds on the wing,  
 Near to the verge of the wood we stray'd,  
 And I heard sweet music ring."
- 29 "My blessings on you, my bonnie boy;  
 And oh, I fain wou'd be  
 Alang with you all in holy kirk;  
 There christen'd ye wou'd be."
- 30 Oh, out then spake her eldest son,  
 And he spake out with glee,—  
 "Oh, weep nae mair, my mother dear,  
 And I your guide will be."
- 31 "Take you the youngest in your arms,  
 The rest can gang alane,  
 And we will on to holy kirk,  
 And leave this cave of stane."
- 32 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
 With their wee stratlin feet;  
 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
 Till near her father's yett;  
 But May Margaret that weel-kenn'd spot  
 She ne'er cou'd it forget.
- 33 "I hae nae monie," May Margaret said,  
 "But royal rings I've three:  
 Here, take ye them, my eldest son,  
 And gang ye there for me."
- 34 "Ye'll gi'e the first to the proud porter,  
 And he will let you in;  
 Ye'll gi'e the next to the butler boy,  
 And he will show you ben."

- 35 "Ye'll gi'e the next to the gude harper,  
That harps before the king;  
And he will sweetly tune his harp,  
And success to you sing."
- 36 The boy went bauldly to the yett,  
And did as he was bade;  
And everything his mother tauld,  
It happen'd as she said.
- 37 And when he came before the king,  
He fell low on his knee;  
The king he turn'd him round about,  
With tear-drops in his e'e.
- 38 "Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,  
Gang frae my companie;  
Ye look sae like my daughter dear,  
My heart will burst in three."
- 39 "If I look like your daughter dear,  
Nae wonder it need be;  
If I look like your daughter dear,  
My mother dear is she."
- 40 "Oh, tell me now, my bonnie boy,  
Where may my Margaret be?"  
"She's just now standing at your yett,  
With six sons forbye me."
- 41 "Oh, where are all my porter boys,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To open my yetts baith wide and braid?  
Let her come in to me."
- 42 When she came in before the king,  
She fell low on her knee;  
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
This day ye'll dine with me."
- 43 "Ae bit I canna eat, father,  
Nor ae drap can I drink,  
Till I see my mother and sister dear,  
For lang for them I think.
- 44 "Ae bit I canna eat, father,  
Nor ae drap can I drink,  
Until I see my dear husband,  
For lang on him I think."

- 45 " Oh, where are all my rangers bauld,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To search the forest far and wide,  
And bring Etin to me?"
- 46 Out then spake the bonnie boy,—  
" Na, na, this maunna be;  
Without ye grant a free pardon,  
I hope ye'll ne'er him see."
- 47 " Oh, here I grant a free pardon,  
Weel seal'd with my ain han';  
Gae search and bring here Hynde Etin,  
As soon as e'er you can."
- 48 They search'd the country wide and braid,  
The forests far and near;  
Till they found him in Elmond wood,  
Tearing his yellow hair.
- 49 " Win up, win up now, Hynde Etin,  
Win up, and boun with me;  
We're messengers come frae the king,  
And he wants you to see."
- 50 " Oh, let him take frae me my head,  
Or hang me on a tree;  
For since I've lost my dear ladye,  
Life has nae joy to me."
- 51 " Your head will nae be touch'd, Etin,  
And hang'd you winna be;  
Your ladye's in her father's court,  
And all he wants is thee."
- 52 When he came in before the king,  
He fell low on his knee;  
" Arise, arise now, Hynde Etin,  
This day ye'se dine with me."
- 53 As they were at the dinner set,  
The young boy thus spake he,—  
" I wish we were at holy kirk,  
To get our Christentic!"
- 54 " Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,  
But granted it shall be;  
This day to gude kirk ye shall gang,—  
Your mother too with thee."

- 55 When they unto the gude kirk came,  
 She at the door did stan';  
 She was sae sair sunk down with shame,  
 She wou'dna venture ben.
- 56 Then out and spake thé parish priest,  
 And a sweet smile ga'e he,—  
 "Come ben, come ben, my lilie flower,  
 Present your babes to me."
- 57 And he has ta'en and sained them all,  
 And gi'en them Christentie;  
 And they staid in her father's hall,  
 And lived with mirth and glee.

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### YOUNG HASTINGS.

See Introduction to "Hynde Etin," *ante*, p. 199.

OH, well like I to ride in a mist,  
 And shoot in a northern win';  
 And far better a lady to steal,  
 That's come of a noble kin.

Four-and-twenty fair ladies  
 Put on this lady's sheen;  
 And as many young gentlemen  
 Did lead her o'er the green.

Yet she preferr'd, before them all,  
 Him young Hastings the groom:  
 He's coosten a mist before them all,  
 And away this lady has ta'en.

He's taken the lady on him behind,  
 Spar'd neither grass nor corn,  
 Till they came to the wood of Amonshaw,  
 Where again their loves were sworn.

And they ha'e lived within that wood  
 Full many a year and day;  
 And were supported from time to time  
 By what he made of prey.

And seven bairns, fair and fine,  
 There she has born to him;  
 Yet never was in gude kirk door,  
 Nor ever got gude kirking.

Stanzas corresponding to 16 to 20 inclusive of "Hynde Etin" should evidently follow, and then two stanzas, as given in Mr. Buchan's "Young Akin," but which palpably belong properly to the present version. They are:—

"I was her father's cup-bearer,  
Just at that fatal time;  
I catch'd her on a misty night,  
When summer was in prime.

"My love to her was most sincere,  
Her love was great for me;  
But when she hardships doth endure,  
Her folly she does see."

Then come, next in order, stanzas corresponding to 23 to 31 inclusive of the present text, and to five stanzas in "Young Hastings;" after which succeed the following:—

"Then go with us unto some kirk—  
You say they are built of stane—  
And let us all be christen'd [there],  
And you get gude kirking."

She took the youngest in her lap,  
The next youngest by the hand,  
Set all the rest of them before,  
As she learnt them to gang.

And she has left the wood with them,  
And to the kirk has gane;  
Where the gude priest them christened,  
And gave her gude kirking.

### CHILD ROWLAND AND BURD ELLEN.

Given by Jamieson in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 397.

Mr. Jamieson alleges, and Professor Child thinks, "it is not impossible that this ballad should be the one quoted by Edgar in *King Lear* (act iii., sc. 4):—

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came!"

Mr. Jamieson remarks, that, "having the outline of the story so happily sketched to his hand, it would have required no very great exertion of talents or industry, for one exercised in these studies, to have presented this Romance in a poetical dress, far more correct and generally engaging than that in which it can be expected to be found ;



but, as he accounts an original, however imperfect, which bears the genuine marks of the age which produced it, and of the taste of those who have preserved it, much more interesting to the historian or antiquary than any mere modern tale of the same kind, however artfully constructed, he has preferred subjoining the Scottish legend *in puris naturalibus*, in the hope that the publication of it may be the means of exciting curiosity, and procuring a more perfect copy of this singular relic."

The ballad of "Rosmer Hafmand," which is to be found in Danish, Swedish, Faroish, and Norse, and three versions of which have been translated by Jamieson, bears a considerable resemblance to "Child Rowland."

The tale of the Red Etin, which it also closely resembles, has already been alluded to at the close of the preceding introductory note, *ante*, p. 200.

"The occurrence of the name of Merlin," writes Professor Child, "is by no means a sufficient ground for connecting this tale, as Jamieson does, with the cycle of King Arthur; for Merlin, as Grundtvig has remarked ('Folkeviser,' vol. ii., p. 79), did not originally belong to that cycle; and again, his name seems to have been given in Scotland to any sort of wizard or [warlock] prophet."—*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 245. And in a prefatory note to "Rosmer Hafmand," Professor Child further states, that "all the questions bearing upon its origin, and the relations of the various forms in which the story exists, are amply discussed by Grundtvig, vol. ii., p. 72."—Same work and vol., p. 253.

[KING ARTHUR'S sons of merry Carlisle]  
 Were playing at the ball;  
 And there was their sister Burd Ellen,  
 I' the mids amang them all,

Child Rowland kick'd it with his foot,  
 And keppit it with his knee,  
 And aye, as he play'd out o'er them all,  
 O'er the kirk he gar'd it flee.

Burd Ellen round about the isle  
 To seek the ball is gane;  
 But they bade lang and ay langer,  
 And she came na back again.

They sought her east, they sought her west,  
 They sought her up and down;  
 And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle],  
 For she was nae gait found!

"At last her eldest brother went to the Warluck Merlin (*Myrddin Wyldt*), and asked if he knew where his sister, the fair Burd Ellen, was. 'The fair Burd Ellen,' said the Warluck Merlin, 'is carried away by the fairies, and is now in the castle of the king of Elfland; and

it were too bold an undertaking for the stoutest knight in Christendom to bring her back.' 'Is it possible to bring her back?' said her brother; 'and I will do it or perish in the attempt.' 'Possible, indeed, it is,' said the Warluck Merlin; 'but woe to the man or mother's son who attempts it, if he is not well instructed beforehand of what he is to do.'

"Influenced no less by the glory of such an enterprise than by the desire of rescuing his sister, the brother of the fair Burd Ellen resolved to undertake the adventure; and after proper instructions from Merlin (which he failed in observing), he set out on his perilous expedition.

But they bade lang and ay langer,  
With dout and mickle maen;  
And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle],  
For he came na back again.

"The second brother in like manner set out; but failed in observing the instructions of the Warluck Merlin; and—

They bade lang and ay langer,  
With mickle dout and maen;  
And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle],  
For he came na back again.

"Child Rowland, the youngest brother of the fair Burd Ellen, then resolved to go; but was strenuously opposed by the good queen [Gwenevra], who was afraid of losing all her children.

"At last the good queen [Gwenevra] gave him her consent and her blessing; he girt on (in great form, and with all due solemnity of sacerdotal consecration) his father's good *claymore* [Excalibar], that never struck in vain, and repaired to the cave of the Warluck Merlin. The Warluck Merlin gave him all necessary instructions for his journey and conduct, the most important of which were, that he should kill every person he met with after entering the land of Fairy, and should neither eat nor drink of what was offered him in that country, whatever his hunger or thirst might be; for if he tasted or touched in Elfland, he must remain in the power of the Elves, and never see *middle eard* again.

"So Child Rowland set out on his journey, and travelled 'on and ay farther on,' till he came to where (as he had been forewarned by the Warluck Merlin) he found the king of Elfland's horse-herd feeding his horses.

"'Canst thou tell me,' said Child Rowland to the horse-herd, 'where the king of Elfland's castle is?' 'I cannot tell thee,' said the horse-herd; 'but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the cow-herd, and he, perhaps, may tell thee.' So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar], that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the horse-herd. Child Rowland then went on a little farther, till he came to the king of Elfland's cow-herd, who was feeding his cows. 'Canst thou tell me,' said Child Rowland to the cow-herd, 'where the king of Elfland's castle is?' 'I

cannot tell thee,' said the cow-herd ; ' but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the sheep-herd, and he, perhaps, may tell thee.' So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar], that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the cow-herd. He then went on a little farther, till he came to the sheep-herd. . . .  
 [The sheep-herd, goat-herd, and swine-herd are all, each in his turn, served in the same manner ; and lastly he is referred to the hen-wife.]

" ' Go on yet a little farther,' said the hen-wife, ' till thou come to a round green hill surrounded with rings (*terraces*) from the bottom to the top ; go round it three times *widershins*, and every time say, Open, door ! open, door ! and let me come in ! and the third time the door will open, and you may go in.' So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar], that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the hen-wife. Then went he three times *widershins* round the green hill, crying, ' Open, door ! open, door ! and let me come in ;' and the third time the door opened, and he went in.

" It immediately closed behind him, and he proceeded through a long passage where the air was soft and agreeably warm, like a May evening, as is all the air of Elfland. The light was a sort of twilight or gloaming ; but there were neither windows nor candles, and he knew not whence it came, if it was not from the walls and roof, which were rough and arched like a grotto, and composed of a clear transparent rock, incrustated with *sheeps-silver* and spar, and various bright stones. At last he came to two wide and lofty folding-doors, which stood ajar. He opened them, and entered a large and spacious hall, whose richness and brilliance no tongue can tell. It seemed to extend the whole length and height of the hill. The superb Gothic pillars by which the roof was supported were so large and so lofty (said my sennachy) that the pillars of the Chanry Kirk,\* or of Pluscardin Abbey, are no more to be compared to them, than the Knock of Alves is to be compared to Balrinnes or Ben-a-chi. They were of gold and silver, and were fretted like the west window of the Chanry Kirk, with wreaths of flowers, composed of diamonds and precious stones of all manner of beautiful colours. The key-stones of the arches above, instead of coats of arms and other devices, were ornamented with clusters of diamonds in the same manner. And from the middle of the roof, where the principal arches met, was hung by a gold chain an immense lamp of one hollowed pearl, perfectly transparent, in the midst of which was suspended a large carbuncle, that by the power of magic continually turned round, and shed over all the hall a clear and mild light, like the setting sun ; but the hall was so large, and these dazzling objects so far removed, that their blended radiance cast no more than a pleasing lustre, and excited no more than agreeable sensations in the eyes of Child Rowland.

" The furniture of the hall was suitable to its architecture ; and at the farther end, under a splendid canopy, seated on a gorgeous sofa of velvet, silk, and gold, and ' keming her yellow hair with a silver kemb,'—

\* The cathedral of Elgin naturally enough furnished similes to a man who had never in his life been twenty miles distant from it.

There was his sister Burd Ellen;  
She stood up him before.

Says,—

‘God rue on thee, poor luckless fode!\*  
What hast thou to do here?’

‘And hear ye this, my youngest brither,  
Why badena ye at hame?  
Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,  
Ye canna brook ane o’ them.

‘And sit thou down; and wae! oh wae!  
That ever thou was born;  
For come the king o’ Elfland in,  
Thy leccam † is forlorn!’

“A long conversation then takes place: Child Rowland tells her the news of [merry Carlisle], and of his own expedition; and concludes with the observation, that, after this long and fatiguing journey to the castle of the king of Elfland, he is *very hungry*.

“Burd Ellen looked wistfully and mournfully at him, and shook her head, but said nothing. Acting under the influence of a magic which she could not resist, she arose, and brought him a golden bowl full of bread and milk, which she presented to him with the same timid, tender, and anxious expression of solicitude.

“Remembering the instructions of the Warluck Merlin, ‘Burd Ellen,’ said Child Rowland, ‘I will neither taste nor touch till I have set thee free!’ Immediately the folding-doors burst open with tremendous violence, and in came the king of Elfland,—

With ‘*F*i*, f*i*, f*o* and f*um*!*  
I smell the blood of a Christian man!  
Be he dead, be he living, with my brand  
I’ll clash his harns frae his harn-pan!’

“‘Strike, then, bogle of hell, if thou darest!’ exclaimed the undaunted Child Rowland, starting up, and drawing the good claymore [Excalibar], that never struck in vain.

“A furious combat ensued, and the king of Elfland was felled to the ground; but Child Rowland spared him, on condition that he should restore to him his two brothers, who lay in a trance in a corner of the hall, and his sister, the fair Burd Ellen. The king of Elfland then produced a small crystal vial, containing a bright red liquor, with which he anointed the lips, nostrils, eye-lids, ears, and finger-ends of the two young men, who immediately awoke as from a profound sleep, during which their souls had quitted their bodies, and they had seen, &c., &c., &c. So they all four returned in triumph to [merry Carlisle].

\* “Fode:” man.

† “Leccam:” body.



"Such was the rude outline of the Romance of Child Rowland, as it was told to me when I was about seven or eight years old, by a country tailor then at work in my father's house. He was an ignorant and dull good sort of honest man, who seemed never to have questioned the truth of what he related. Where the *etceteras* are put down, many curious particulars have been omitted, because I was afraid of being deceived by my memory, and substituting one thing for another. It is right also to admonish the reader, that the Warluck Merlin, Child Rowland, and Burd Ellen, were the only *names* introduced in *his* recitation; and that the others, inclosed within brackets, are assumed upon the authority of the locality given to the story by the mention of *Merlin*. In every other respect I have been as faithful as possible."—Professor Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., pp. 245-252.

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### CLERK COLVILL AND THE MERMAID.

The following ballad was printed in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 217; and in an altered shape in Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, No. 56.

It was reprinted from Herd by Mr. Buchan, in his *Gleanings*, &c., p. 92; and in a note thereto, in the same collection, p. 195, he states that "the scene is laid at Slains, on the coast of Buchan, which is indented in many places by the sea with immense chasms, excavated in many places to a great extent. The author is said to be of the name of Clark, a drunken dominie in that parish—*i. e.*, Slains—who was also author of a poetical 'Dialogue between the Gardeners and the Tailors,' on the origin of their crafts, and a most curious Latin and English poem, called 'The Buttery Colledge of Slains,' which resembles much in language and style Drummond's (of Hawthornden) 'Polemo-Middinia.'"

The poem last referred to appears to be that printed in Watson's *Collection of Scots Poems*, part iii., pp. 56 to 69, Edinburgh, 1711. Fac-simile reprint, Glasgow, 1869.

The accuracy of the report as to Clark's authorship of "Clerk Colvill" may well be questioned, as versions of the ballad, or of others similar, appear to be common to all the northern languages. See Professor Child's prefatory note (*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 298) to a translation of the Danish *Elveskud* (Abrahamson, vol. i., p. 237), from Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 219, where it appears under the title of "Sir Oluf and the Elf-King's Daughter." "Sir Oluf," or, as it is there named, "Sir Olave," may also be found translated in *Old Danish Ballads*, &c., p. 66. This ballad, and others of the same class, exemplify "a superstition deeply rooted in the belief of all the northern nations—the desire of the elves and water-spirits for the love of Christians."—Professor Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 192.

A similar Breton ballad, named "Lord Nann and the Korrigan," may be found translated in Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, p. 433.—*Bohn's Antiquarian Library*.



- 1 CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame  
 Were walking in the garden green;  
 The belt around her stately waist  
 Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.
- 2 "Oh, promise me now, Clerk Colvill,  
 Or it will cost ye muckle strife,  
 Ride never by the wells of Slane,  
 If ye wou'd live and brook your life."
- 3 "Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,  
 Now speak nae mair of that to me;  
 Did I ne'er see a fair woman,  
 But I wou'd sin with her fair bodie?"
- 4 He's ta'en leave of his gay ladye,  
 Nought minding what his ladye said;  
 And he's rode by the wells of Slane,  
 Where washing was a bonnie maid.
- 5 "Wash on, wash on, my bonnie maid,  
 That wash sae clean your sark of silk;"  
 "And well fa' you, fair gentleman,  
 Your body's whiter than the milk."
- 6 Then loud, loud cry'd the Clerk Colvill,—  
 "Oh, my head it pains me sair!"  
 "Then take, then take," the maiden said,  
 "And frae my sark you'll cut a gare."
- 7 Then she gave him a little bane-knife,  
 And frae her sark he cut a gare;  
 She ty'd it round his whey-white face,  
 But aye his head it ached [the] mair.
- 8 Then louder cry'd the Clerk Colvill,—  
 "Oh, sairer, sairer aches my head!"  
 "And sairer, sairer ever will,"  
 The maiden cry's, "till you be dead."
- 9 Out then he drew his shining blade,  
 Thinking to stick her where she stood.  
 But she was vanish'd to a fish,  
 And swam far off, a fair mermaid.
- 10 "Oh! mother, mother, braid my hair;  
 My lusty lady, make my bed;  
 Oh! brother, take my sword and spear,  
 For I have seen the false mermaid."

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE MERMAID.

From Mr. Finlay's *Scottish, Historical, and Romantic Ballads*.

"This beautiful piece of poetry," says Mr. Finlay, "was recovered from the recitation of a lady, who heard it sung by the servants in her father's family about fifty years ago;" i.e., about 1758, as Mr. Finlay's collection was published in 1808.

"'The Mermaid,' says Mr. Motherwell, "though Mr. Finlay considers it an old ballad, is certainly wholly re-written. There are stories, sure enough, of knights—yea, squires of low degree—being captivated by these 'swimming ladies,' rife in every part of the country; and the only one on record who was so fortunate as to escape their embraces was a gentleman commemorated in the rhyme given by Mr. Chambers in his late curious work, *The Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 1826, p. 208. (Last edition, 1870, p. 332.)

'Lorntie, Lorntie, wer't na for your man,  
I had gart your heart's blude skirl in my pan.'

"But as to the verses in Mr. Finlay's book, or those in Mr. Pinkerton's, on a similar subject, being ancient, I must beg leave to remain incredulous."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxxvii.

- 1 To yon fause stream that, near the sea,  
Hides mony an elf and plum,\*  
And rives with fearful din the stanes,  
A witless knight did come.
- 2 The day shines clear—far in he's gane,  
Where shells are silver bright;  
Fishes war loupin' all aroun',  
And sparklin' to the light.
- 3 When, as he laved, sounds came sae sweet  
Frae ilka rock and tree;  
The brief was out, 'twas him it doom'd  
The mermaid's face to see.
- 4 Frae 'neath a rock, sune, sune she rose,  
And stately on she swam,  
Stopp'd in the midst, and beck'd and sang  
To him to stretch his han'.
- 5 Gowden glist the yellow links  
That round her neck she'd twine;  
Her een were of the skyie blue,  
Her lips did mock the wine.

\* "Plum:" a deep hole in a river's bed.

- 6 The smile upon her bonnie cheek  
Was sweeter than the bee;  
Her voice excell'd the birdie's sang  
Upon the birchen tree.
- 7 Sae couthie, couthie did she look,  
And meikle had she fleech'd;\*  
Out shot his hand—alas! alas!  
Fast in the swirl he screech'd.
- 8 The mermaid leuch, her brief was gane,  
And kelpie's blast was blawin';  
Full low she dook'd, ne'er raise again,  
For deep, deep was the fawin'.
- 9 Aboon the stream his wraith was seen,  
Warlocks tirl'd lang at gloamin'; :  
That e'en was coarse, the blast blew hoarse,  
Ere lang the waves were foamin'.

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 ALISON GROSS.

From Mr. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 187, where it is said to be given "from the recitation of Mrs. Brown."

In a note (p. 189), Mr. Jamieson explains, that "the term *worm* formerly signified, like *serpent*, 'a reptile of any kind that made its way without legs.' Here 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."

He also explains "Seeley Court" as meaning "pleasant or happy court," or "court of the pleasant and happy people;" which, he says, "agrees with the ancient and more legitimate idea of fairies."

- 1 O ALISON GROSS, that lives in yon tow'r,  
The ugliest witch in the north countrie,  
She trysted me ae day up till her bow'r,  
And mony fair speeches she made to me.
- 2 She straik'd my head, and she kaim'd my hair,  
And she set me down saftly on her knee;  
Says—"If ye will be my leman sae true,  
Sae mony braw things as I will you gi'e."
- 3 She shaw'd me a mantle of red scarlet,  
With gowden flowers and fringes fine;  
Says—"If ye will be my leman sae true,  
This goodly gift it shall be thine."

\* "Fleech'd:" flattered, or beseeched.

- 4 "Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Haud far awa, and let me be;  
I never will be your leman sae true,  
And I wish I were out of your company."
- 5 She neist brocht a sark of the saftest silk,  
Weel wrought with pearls about the band;  
Says—"If ye will be my ain true love,  
This goodly gift ye shall command."
- 6 She show'd me a cup of the good red gowd,  
Weel set with jewels sae fair to see;  
Says—"If ye will be my leman sae true,  
This goodly gift I will you gi'e."
- 7 "Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Haud far awa, and let me be;  
For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth,  
For all the gifts that ye cou'd gi'e."
- 8 She's turn'd 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.
- 9 Then out has she ta'en a silver wand,  
And she turn'd her three times round and round;  
She mutter'd sic words, that my strength it fail'd,  
And I fell down senseless on the ground.
- 10 She turn'd me into an ugly worm,  
And gar'd me toddle about the tree;  
And aye on ilka Saturday night,  
'Auld Alison Gross she came to me,
- 11 With silver basin, and silver kame,  
To kame my headie upon her knee;  
But rather than kiss her ugly mouth,  
I'd ha'e toddled for ever about the tree.
- 12 But as it fell out on last Hallow-e'en,  
When the seely court was ridin' by,  
The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,  
Near by the tree where I went to lye.
- 13 She took me up in her milk-white hand,  
And she straik'd me three times o'er her knee;  
She chang'd me again to my ain proper shape,  
And nae mair do I toddle about the tree.

## KING HENRIE.

“This piece,” says Mr. Jamieson, “prepared for the press, and in the exact state in which it now appears, was shown by the editor to Mr. [afterwards Sir Walter] Scott of Edinburgh, long before the publication of either the *Tales of Wonder* (No. 57) or the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (vol. iii.);” in both of which it appeared prior to the publication of *Popular Ballads*, &c., in which work (vol. ii., p. 194) it appears in a form slightly different from the text of Scott, and with the addition of some interpolated lines and stanzas of Jamieson’s own.

The present text is collated from both versions; but Scott’s, which, as he informs us, was “edited from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, corrected by a recited fragment,” is the one chiefly followed.

The modernized copy appears under the title of “Courteous King Jamie,” in *Tales of Wonder*, vol. ii., p. 451.

“The legend,” says Sir Walter Scott, “will remind the reader of the ‘Marriage of Sir Gawain,’ in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and of ‘The Wife of Bath’s Tale,’ in Father Chaucer. But the original, as appears from Torfœus [*Hrolfji Krakii Hist.*, p. 49, Hafn, 1715], is to be found in an Icelandic Saga.”

- 1 LET never man a-wooing wend,  
That lacketh thingis thrie:  
A rowth of gold, an open heart,  
And full of courtesie.
- 2 And this was seen of King Henrie,  
For he lay burd-alane;  
And he has ta'en him to a jelly hunt's hall,  
Was far frae ony town.
- 3 He chased the dun deer thro' the wood,  
And the roe down by the den,  
Till the fattest buck in all the herd  
King Henrie he has slain.
- 4 He 's ta'en him to his huntin' hall,  
For to make burly cheer,  
When loud the wind was heard to sound,  
And an earthquake rock'd the floor.
- 5 And darkness cover'd all the hall  
Where they sat at their meat;  
The grey dogs, yowling, left their food,  
And crept to Henrie's feet.



- 6 And louder howl'd the rising wind,  
And burst the fast'ned door;  
And in there came a grisly ghost,  
Stood stamping on the floor.
- 7 Her head touch'd the roof-tree of the house,  
Her middle ye weel mot span;  
Each frightened huntsman fled the hall,  
And left the king alane.
- 8 Her teeth were all like tether stakes,  
Her nose like club or mell;  
A fitting maik she seem'd to be  
To the fiend that wons in hell.
- 9 "Some meat, some meat, ye King Henrie,  
Some meat ye'll gi'e to me!"  
"And what meat's in this house, ladye,  
And what ha'e I to gi'e?"
- 10 "And what meat's in this house, ladye,  
That ye're na welcome tee?"\*  
"Oh, ye'se gae kill your berry-brown steed,  
And serve him up to me."
- 11 Oh, when he kill'd his berry-brown steed,  
Wow, but his heart was sair!  
She ate him all up, flesh and bane,  
Left naething but hide and hair.
- 12 "Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie,  
Mair meat ye'll gi'e to me!"  
"And what meat's in this house, ladye,  
And what ha'e I to gi'e?"
- 13 "And what meat's in this house, ladye,  
That ye're na welcome tee?"  
"Oh, ye'se gae slay your gude greyhounds,  
And bring them all to me."
- 14 Oh, when he slew his gude greyhounds,  
Wow, but his heart was sair!  
She's eaten them all up, ane by ane,  
Left naething but hide and hair.
- 15 "Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henrie,  
Mair meat ye'll gi'e to me!"  
"And what meat's in this house, ladye,  
That I ha'e left to gi'e?"

\* "Tee," for "to," is the Buchan and Gallovidian pronunciation.

- 16 "And what meat's in this house, ladye,  
That ye're na welcome tee?"  
"Oh, ye'se gae kill your gay gos-hawks,  
And bring them all to me."
- 17 Oh, when he kill'd his gay gos-hawks,  
Wow, but his heart was sair!  
She ate them all up, skin and bane,  
Left naething but feathers bare.
- 18 "Some drink, some drink now, King Henrie,  
Some drink ye'll gi'e to me!"  
"And what drink's in this house, ladye,  
And what ha'e I to gi'e?"
- 19 "And what drink's in this house, ladye,  
That ye're na welcome tee?"  
"Oh, ye'se sew up your horse's hide,  
And bring in a drink to me."
- 20 Oh, he has sew'd up the bluidy hide,  
And a pipe of wine put in;  
She drank it all up at ae draught,  
And left na a drap ahin'.
- 21 "A bed, a bed, ye King Henrie,  
A bed ye'll make to me!"  
"And what bed's in this house, ladye,  
And what ha'e I to gi'e?"
- 22 "And what bed's in this house, ladye,  
That ye're na welcome tee?"  
"Oh, ye maun pu' the green heather,  
And make a bed to me."
- 23 Oh, pu'd has he the green heather,  
And made to her a bed;  
And up he has ta'en his gay mantle,  
And o'er it he has spread.
- 24 "Now swear, now swear, ye King Henrie,  
To take me for your bride!"  
"Oh, God forbid," King Henrie said,  
"That e'er the like betide!  
That e'er the fiend that wons in hell  
Shou'd streek down by my side."

- 25 When night was gane and day was come,  
 And the sun shone thro' the hall,  
 The fairest lady that e'er was seen  
 Lay atween him and the wall.
- 26 "Oh, weel is me!" King Henrie said,  
 "How lang will this last with me?"  
 And out and spake that ladye fair,—  
 "E'en till the day ye dee.
- 27 "For I was witch'd to a ghastry shape,  
 All by my stepdame's skill,  
 Till I shou'd meet with a courteous knight,  
 Wou'd gi'e me all my will."

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### KEMPY KAYE.

Two versions of this ballad have appeared:—

- I. In *A Ballad Book*, p. 81. Edinburgh, 1823. [Edited by C. K. Sharpe, Esq.]
- II. In *The Ballad Book*. Edinburgh, 1827. [Edited by George Ritchie Kinloch.]

The text as here printed is collated from both versions.

The music "of this ludicrous and extravagant ballad" is given by Motherwell, in his *Minstrelsy*. He says, that "it affords a pretty ample specimen of the description of melody to which a great number of the traditionary ballads of Scotland are still chaunted by the people."—Appendix, p. xxiv.

Mr. Motherwell also states that "Kemp Owyne," *ante*, p. 21, is sung to a similar air.

C. K. Sharpe, Esq., supposed the ballad to be of Scandinavian origin; a theory which may be questioned, although similar Danish ballads do exist, as, for instance, "Sir Guncelin," translated by Jamieson, in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 310, and "Thor and the Ogre," in *Old Danish Ballads, translated from Grimm's Collection*, p. 79.

Both C. K. Sharpe, Esq., and Mr. Kinloch, suppose the name to be derived from Sir Kaye, of King Arthur's "Round Table." And the former remarks, that "the description of Bengoleer's daughter resembles that of the enchanted damsel who appeared to courteous King Henrie." (See previous ballad.)

- 1 KEMPY KAYE is a-wooning gane,  
 Far, far ayont the sea,  
 And there he met with Bengoleer,  
 His gudefather to be.

- 2 "Whar are ye gaun, O Kempy Kaye,  
Whar are ye gaun sae sune?"  
"Oh, I am gaun to court a wife,  
And thinkna ye that 's weel dune?"
- 3 "If ye be gaun to court a wife,  
As ye do tell to me,  
'Tis ye shall ha'e my Fusome Fug,  
Your ae wife for to be."
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 4 "Gae scrape yersel', my Fusome Fug,  
And mak' your broukit face clean;  
For the brawest wooer that e'er ye saw,  
Is come develling down the green."
- 5 Up then raise the Fusome Fug,  
To mak' her broukit face clean;  
And aye she cursed her mither, that  
She had nae water in.
- 6 She rampit out, and she rampit in,  
She rampit but and ben;  
The tattles that hung frae her tail  
Wou'd muck'd an acre of lan'.
- 7 Sae she scrapit her, and scartit her,  
Like the face of an assy pan;  
And I wot she look'd the strangest maid  
That e'er the sun shone on.
- 8 She had a neis upon her face  
Was like an auld pat fit;  
Atween her neis bot and her mou'  
Was inch thick deep of dirt.
- 9 She had twa een intil her head,  
Ilk like a rotten ploom;  
Her heavy brows hung o'er her face,  
And sairly she did gloom.
- 10 She had lauchty teeth, and kaily lips,  
And wide lugs full of hair;  
Her pouches, full of pease-meal daigh,  
Werc hanging down her spare.
- 11 When Kempy Kaye cam' to the house,  
He keekit through a hole,  
And there he saw the dirty drab  
Just whisking ower the coal.

- 12 Then in cam' Kempy Kaye himsel',  
A clever and tall young man;  
Between his shoulders were ells three,  
Between his een a span.
- 13 Ilka nail upon his hand  
Was like an iron rake,  
And ilka teeth into his head  
Was like a tether stake.
- 14 "I'm come to court your dochter dear,  
And some pairt of your gear:"  
"And by my sooth," quo' Bengoleer,  
"She'll sair a man o' weir.
- 15 "My dochter she's a thrifty lass;  
She span seven year to me;  
And if it were weel counted up,  
Full ten wobs it would be."
- 16 He led his dochter by the hand,  
His dochter ben brought he;  
"Oh, is she not the fairest lass  
That's in great Christendie?"
- 17 Her wooer ga'e her a fine napkin,  
Made o' an auld horse-brat;  
"I ne'er wore sic in a' my life,  
But I warrant I'se wear that."
- 18 He ga'e to her a braw gowd ring,  
Made frae an auld brass pat;  
"I ne'er wore a gowd ring a' my life,  
But I warrant I'se wear that."

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### COSPATRICK.

In a note referring to "Bothwell," as contained in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 83, Mr. Motherwell says:—"This is a very popular ballad, and is known to reciters under a variety of names. I have heard it called 'Lord Bangwell,' 'Bengwill,' 'Dingwell,' 'Brenghwell,' and 'The Seven Sisters'; or, 'The Leaves of Lind.' In the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 72, fifth edition (and p. 263, last edition), is a version entitled 'Corsspatrick.' The same authority mentions that a copy in Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MS. is styled 'Child Brenton' (or, as Mr. Jamieson names it, 'Gil Brenton'). In a book misnamed *Remains of Galloway and Nithsdale Song*, it is titled, 'We were Sisters, We were Seven.' It is amusing to see this motley version challenging that in the *Border*



*Minstrelsy*, as being interspersed with modern patches, and claiming for itself the merit of being a pure and unalloyed traditional copy. Unparalleled impudence!"

Another version was published by Mr. Buchan in *Ancient Ballads*, &c., vol. i., p. 204, under the title of "Lord Dingwall;" and "Mr. Jamieson has translated," says Mr. Motherwell, "a Danish ballad, 'Ingfred and Gudrune' (*Northern Antiquities*, p. 340), wherein he points out the striking resemblance it bears to the present one."—*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, Introduction, p. lxi., note 21. Another translation of the same appears in *Old Danish Ballads*, &c., (p. 146), under the title of "The Gossiping Nightingales."

In this Danish ballad, the bride's sister becomes her substitute, but in one or more of the other Scandinavian versions, as in the Scottish, the maid-servant takes her place.

"This idea," says Professor Child, "was perhaps derived from *Tristan and Isold*. See Scott's *Sir Tristrem*, vol. ii., pp. 54, 55."—*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 152.

The text of the ballad, as here printed, is chiefly taken from Sir Walter Scott's, who informs us, that "some stanzas were transferred by him from Herd's copy," while the remainder was "taken down from the recitation of a lady, nearly related to the Editor." Some readings "were also adopted" by him from the copy in Mrs. Brown's MS., as previously referred to. "Cospatrick (*Comes Patricius*) was the designation of the Earl of Dunbar, in the days of Wallace and Bruce."

The inconsistent conduct of Cospatrick, and the manner in which he ultimately stood self-convicted, as related in the ballad, may be profitably compared with similar incidents in the life of the patriarch Judah, as narrated in Genesis xxxviii.

It is surely much to be regretted, that in this nineteenth century, after our Lord's advent, and among nominally Christian communities, that matters in this respect appear to have scarcely, if at all, progressed since the days of this early patriarch and zealous conservator of female purity; as it is quite notorious that fashion, and her male and female votaries, still practically maintain one code of morality for man, and quite another for his help-meet, or gentler sister woman.

Alas for our vaunted *Christianity* and *Chivalry*! What are they, and where are they?

- 1 COSPATRICK has sent o'er the faem;  
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame;  
And fourscore ships have come her wi',  
The lady by the greenwood tree.
- 2 There were twal' and twal' with baken bread,  
And twal' and twal' with gowd sae red;  
And twal' and twal' with bouted flour,  
And twal' and twal' with the paramour.

- 3 Sweet Willie was a widow's son,  
And at her stirrup he did run;  
And she was clad in the finest pall,  
But aye she let the tears down fall.
- 4 "Oh, is your saddle set awry?  
Or rides your steed for you ower high?  
Or are you mourning in your tide,  
That you shou'd be Cospatrick's bride?"
- 5 "I am not mourning at this tide,  
That I shou'd be Cospatrick's bride;  
But I am sorrowing in my mood,  
That I shou'd leave my mother good.
- 6 "But, gentle boy, come tell to me,  
What is the custom of thy countrie?"  
"The custom thereof, my dame," he says,  
"Will ill a gentle ladye please.
- 7 "Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,  
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded;  
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-bane,  
And sent them mourning hame again.
- 8 "Yet, if you're sure that you're a maid,  
Ye may gae safely to his bed;  
But if of that ye be na sure,  
Then hire some damsel of your bow'r."
- 9 The ladye's call'd her bow'r maiden,  
That waiting was into her train;  
"Five thousand merks I'll gi'e to thee,  
To sleep this night with my lord for me."
- 10 When bells were rung and mass was sayn,  
And all men unto bed were gane,  
Cospatrick and the bonnie maid  
Into a chamber they were laid.
- 11 "Now speak, thou blankets, and speak, thou bed,  
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web;  
And speak, my brown sword, that winna lee,  
Is this a true maiden that lies by me?"
- 12 "It is not a maid that you ha'e wedded,  
But it is a maid that you ha'e bedded;  
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,  
But not the maiden that it should be."

- 13 Oh, wrathfully he left the bed,  
And wrathfully his claes on did;  
And he has ta'en him through the hall,  
And on his mother he did call.
- 14 "I am the most unhappy man  
That ever was in Christen land!  
I courted a maiden meek and mild,  
And I find it is a woman with child."
- 15 "Oh, stay, my son, into this hall,  
And sport ye with your merry men all;  
And I will to her secret bow'r,  
To see how it fares with your paramour."
- 16 His mother's hied her up to the tow'r,  
And lock'd her in the secret bow'r;  
"Now, daughter mine, come tell to me,  
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi'?"
- 17 "Oh, mother dear, I canna learn  
Wha is the father of my bairn;  
But hear me, mother, on my knee,  
Till my sad tale I tell to thee.
- 18 "Oh, we were sisters, sisters seven,  
The fairest women under heaven;  
And we keist kevels\* us amang,  
Wha wou'd to the greenwood gang,
- 19 "There, for to pull the finest flow'rs,  
To put around our simmer bow'rs,  
To pull the red rose and the thyme,  
To deck my mother's bow'r and mine.
- 20 "I was the youngest of them all;  
The heavy weird did me befall;  
Sae to the greenwood I did gang,  
And there I dree'd this cruel wrang.
- 21 "For I had scarce pull'd flower but ane,  
There in the greenwood all alane,  
Till ane, wha a king's son seem'd to be,  
Came through the wood and accosted me.
- 22 "He wore high-coll'd hose and laigh-coll'd shoon,  
And he kept me there till the day was dune,—  
Till the sun had sunk low in the west,  
And ilka wee bird gane to its nest.

\* "Keist kevels;" cast lots.

- 23 "He ga'e me a lock of his yellow hair,  
And bade me keep it for evermair;  
He ga'e me a carknet\* of bonnie beads,  
And bade me keep it against my needs.
- 24 "He ga'e to me a gay gold ring,  
And bade me keep it abune all thing."  
"What did ye with the tokens rare,  
That ye gat frae that gallant there?"
- 25 "Oh, bring that coffer unto me,  
And all the tokens ye shall see."  
"Now stay, daughter, your bow'r within,  
While I gae parley with my son."
- 26 Oh, she has ta'en her through the hall,  
And on her son began to call:  
"What did ye with the bonnie beads  
I bade ye keep against your needs?"
- 27 "What did you with the gay gold ring  
I bade you keep abune all thing?"  
"I ga'e them to a ladye gay,  
I met in greenwood on a day.
- 28 "I wou'd gi'e all my halls and tow'rs,  
I had that ladye within my bow'rs;  
And I wou'd gi'e my very life,  
I had that ladye to be my wife."
- 29 "Now keep, my son, your halls and tow'rs,  
Ye have that bright burd in your bow'rs;  
And keep, my son, your ain dear life,  
Ye have that ladye for your dear wife."
- 30 Now, or a month was come and gane,  
The ladye she bare a bonnie son;  
And 'twas weel-written on his breast-bane,  
"Cospatrick is my father's name."  
Oh, row my lady in satin and silk,  
And wash my son in the morning milk.

\* "Carknet:" a necklace. Thus:—

"She threw away her rings and carknet clean."

—Harrison's translation of *Orlando Furioso*. Notes on book 37th.

## BOTHWELL.

As stated by Sir Walter Scott, Herd's copy is "materially different from that" given by him under the title of "Cospatrick." The differences chiefly occur in the opening stanzas of Herd's, which here follow. But in place of Herd's refrain of

"Hey down, and adown,"

which is "repeated at the end of each line," the refrain from Buchan's version is here substituted.

- 1 As Bothwell was walking in the lawlands alane—  
Bowling down, bowling down,  
He met six ladies sae gallant and fine—  
And aye the birks a' bowing.
- 2 He cast his lot amang them all—  
Bowling down, bowling down;  
And on the youngest his lot did fall—  
And aye the birks a' bowing.
- 3 He's brought her frae her mother's bow'r—  
Bowling down, bowling down,  
Unto his castle's strongest tow'r—  
And aye the birks a' bowing.
- 4 But aye she cried, and made great moan—  
Bowling down, bowling down;  
And aye the tear came trickling down—  
And aye the birks a' bowing.
- 5 "Come up, come up," said the foremost man—  
Bowling down, bowling down;  
"I think our bride comes slowly on—  
And aye the birks a' bowing.
- 6 "Oh, lady, sits your saddle awry?  
Bowling down, bowling down;  
Or is your steed for you ower high?  
And aye the birks a' bowing."
- 7 "My saddle is not set awry—  
Bowling down, bowling down,  
Nor carries me my steed ower high—  
And aye the birks a' bowing.
- 8 "But I am weary of my life—  
Bowling down, bowling down,  
Since I maun be Lord Bothwell's wife—  
And aye the birks a' bowing."



- 9 He's blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill—  
Bowin' down, bowin' down;  
Up start the deer on every hill—  
And aye the birks a' bowin'.
- 10 He's blawn his horn sae lang and loud—  
Bowin' down, bowin' down;  
Up start the deer in gude greenwood—  
And aye the birks a' bowin'.
- 11 His mother look'd o'er the castle wall—  
Bowin' down, bowin' down,  
And she saw them ridin' ane and all—  
And aye the birks a' bowin'.
- 12 She's call'd upon her maids by seven—  
Bowin' down, bowin' down,  
To make his bed baith saft and even—  
And aye the birks a' bowin'.
- 13 She's call'd upon her cooks by nine—  
Bowin' down, bowin' down,  
To make their dinner fair and fine—  
And aye the birks a' bowin'."
- 14 When day was gane and night was come--  
Bowin' down, bowin' down;  
"What ails my love on me to frown?  
And aye the birks a' bowin'.
- 15 "Or does the wind blow in your glove?  
Bowin' down, bowin' down;  
Or runs your mind on another love?  
And aye the birks a' bowin'."
- 16 "Nor blows the wind within my glove—  
Bowin' down, bowin' down;  
Nor runs my mind on another love—  
And aye the birks a' bowin'.
- 17 "But I not maid nor maiden am—  
Bowin' down, bowin' down,  
For I'm with bairn to another man—  
And aye the birks a' bowin'."
- 18 "I thought I'd a maid sae meek and mild—  
Bowin' down, bowin' down,  
But I have nought but a woman with child—  
And aye the birks a' bowin'."

For the remainder of the story, see the previous ballad—"Cospatrick," stanzas 15 and after.

## THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

"A more sanguine antiquary than the editor," writes Sir Walter Scott, "might perhaps endeavour to identify this poem, which is of undoubted antiquity, with the 'Broom, Broom on Hill,' mentioned by Lane in his *Progress of Queen Elizabeth into Warwickshire*, as forming part of Captain Cox's collection, so much envied by the black-letter antiquaries of the present day.—Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 166. The same ballad is quoted by one of the personages, in a 'very merry and pythie comedie,' called 'The Longer thou Livest, the more Fool thou Art.' See Ritson's Dissertation prefixed to *Ancient Songs*, p. lx. 'Brume, Brume on Hill' is also mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*. See Leyden's edition, p. 100."—*Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 28.

A fragment of this ballad was printed in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 168, under the title of "I'll Wager, I'll Wager;" complete versions were afterwards given by Kinloch, in *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 195, under the title of "Lord John;" by Scott, in *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 28, under the above title; and by Buchan, in *Ancient Ballads, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 291, under the title of "Broomfield Hills."

The last-named is decidedly the best version, and is the one here generally followed, but with additions and emendations from the others. Stanza 11 is inserted in order to avoid the repetition, in a slightly varied form, of stanzas 7 to 10 inclusive.

"A Danish ballad exhibits the same theme, though differently treated: 'Sövnerunerne,' Grundtvig, No. 81." There is also "a modernized English one of no value ('The West Country Wager') in *Ancient Poems, &c.* Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 116."—Professor Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. 131.

Kindred ballads are—"The Baffled Knight," Percy's *Reliques*; "Too Courteous Knight," Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, vol. ii., p. 54; and "D'Urfey's Pills," &c., vol. iii., p. 37; "The Shepherd's Son," Herd, vol. ii., p. 267; "Jock Sheep," Kinloch's *Ballad Book*, p. 17; "The Abashed Knight," Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 131; "Blow the Winds, Heigh Ho!" *Ancient Poems, &c.* Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 123.

- 1 THERE was a knight, and a lady bright,  
Set a tryst among the broom;  
The one went there in the morning aer,  
The other in the afternoon.
- 2 "I'll wager, I'll wager with you," he said,  
"Five hundred merks and ten,  
That ye shall not gang to yon Broomfield hill,  
And a maid return again."
- 3 "I'll wager, I'll wager with you," she said,  
"Five hundred merks and ten,  
That I shall gang to yon Broomfield hill,  
And a maid return again."

- 4 The lady stands in her bow'r door,  
And thus she made her mane,—  
"Oh, shall I gang to the Broomfield hill,  
Or shall I stay at hame?"
- 5 "If I do gang to the Broomfield hill,  
A maid I'll not return;  
And if I stay frae the Broomfield hill,  
I'll be a maid mis-sworn."
- 6 It's up then spake an auld witch-wife,  
Sat in the bow'r aboon,—  
"Oh, ye shall gang to Broomfield hill,  
And yet come maiden hame.
- 7 "When ye gang to the Broomfield hill,  
Walk nine times round and round;  
And there, down by the bonnie burn bank,  
Your love will sleep full sound.
- 8 "Ye'll pull the bloom frae off the broom,  
The bloom that smells sae sweet,  
And strew it at your lover's head,  
And likewise at his feet;  
And aye the thicker that ye strew,  
The sounder he will sleep.
- 9 "The rings that are on your fingers,  
Put them on his right hand,  
To let him know, when he does wake,  
Ye was at his command.
- 10 "The brooch that is on your napkin,  
Put it on his breast-bane,  
That he may know, when he does wake,  
His love has come and gane."
- 11 The lady gaed to the Broomfield hill,  
Did as the witch-wife bade,  
And hied her back to her bow'r again,  
A maid, as forth she gaed.
- 12 The knight he waken'd frae his sleep,  
And he saw, to his pain,  
By all the tokens she had left,  
His love had come and gane.
- 13 "Oh, where were ye, my gude greyhound,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
Ye didna waken me frae my sleep,  
When my true love was near?"

- 14 "I stroked ye with my foot, master,  
While thus I whining sang,—  
'Oh, waken, waken, dear master,  
Before your love does gang.'"
- 15 "Oh, where were ye, my milk-white steed,  
That I ha'e coft sae dear,  
That ye did not watch and waken me,  
When there came maiden here?"
- 16 "I stampit with my foot, master,  
Until my bridle rang;  
And aye neigh'd,—'Waken, dear master,  
Before the maiden gang.'"
- 17 "Then wae betide ye, my gay gos-hawk,  
That I did love so dear,  
That ye did not watch and waken me,  
When my love was sae near."
- 18 "I flappit with my wings, master,  
And aye my bells I rang;  
And aye sang,—'Waken, gude master,  
Before the ladye gang.'"
- 19 "Oh, where were ye, my merry young man,  
That I pay meet and fee,  
That ye did not waken me frae my sleep,  
When my love ye did see?"
- 20 "Go sooner to your bed at e'en,  
And keep awake by day,  
When ye go down to Broomfield hill,  
In hope sic pranks to play.
- 21 "For had I seen an armed man  
Go riding o'er the hill,  
I wou'd ha'e stay'd him in his course  
Until I kenn'd your will;  
But I only saw a fair ladye  
Gang quietly you until.
- 22 "When she gaed out, right bitter she wept,  
But singing came she hame,—  
'Oh, I ha'e been at Broomfield hill,  
And maid return'd again.'"
- 23 "But haste, and haste, my gude white steed,  
To come the maiden till,  
Or all the birds of gude greenwood  
Of your flesh shall have their fill."



- 24 "Ye needna burst your gude white steed,  
With racing o'er the howm;  
Nae bird flies faster through the wood  
Than she fled through the broom."

### EARL RICHARD.

"The locality of this ballad—Barnisdale—will bring to the remembrance of the reader," says Motherwell, "tales of Robin Hood and Little John, who, according to the testimony of Andrew of Wyntown,

'In Yngilwode and Barnysdale,  
Their oysed all this tyme thare travaile.'

Whether the ballad is originally the production of an English or of a Scotch minstrel, admits of question; certain, however, it is, that it has been received into both countries at a pretty early period. Hearne, in his preface to *Gul. Neubrigiensis Historia*, Oxon., 1719, vol. i., p. lxx., mentions that 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter' was well known in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In Fletcher's 'Pilgrim,' act iv., scene 2, a stanza of the same ballad is quoted. The English version of this ballad is given in the *Reliques of English Poetry*, vol. iii. There are various copies of it current in Scotland; as, for instance, "Earl Richard," first published by Mr. Motherwell, in his *Minstrelsy*, p. 377, and afterwards by Mr. Buchan, from whom Mr. Motherwell had received it; in *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 81 (see *ante*, p. 22). Another and different version, also from recitation, followed it in the same work and volume (p. 91), under the title of "Earl Lithgow;" but previous to the appearance of the last-named work and version, two other printed versions were given by Mr. Kinloch, in his *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, under the respective titles of "Earl Richard," p. 13, and "The Shepherd's Daughter," p. 25. The present version has been collated from the Scottish versions here referred to, but chiefly from the two furnished by Mr. Buchan. Stanzas 1 to 12 are peculiar to the first-named Scottish version, and are here printed all but verbatim. Mr. Motherwell, referring to it, affirms that it "is out of sight the most circumstantial and elaborated that has yet been printed, [that] it possesses no small portion of humour, and [that] it appears to be of greater antiquity than the copy published in the *Reliques*."

"The artifices," says Kinloch, "which the lady practises to maintain the character of a 'beggar's brat,' and the lively description which she gives of the 'gentle craft,' are kept up with great spirit and fancy. The English copy, which is decidedly inferior both in poetical composition and archness of humour, is entirely destitute of this part, even in allusion." Professor Child also states it as his opinion that the "Scottish versions" are "superior to the English in every respect."

- 1 EARL RICHARD once upon a day,  
And all his valiant men so wight,  
He hied him down to Barnisdale,  
Where all the land is fair and light.



- 2 And there he met with a damosel,  
I wot fast on she did her bound,  
With tow'rs of gold upon her head,  
As fair a woman as cou'd be found.
- 3 He said—" Busk you, busk you ! fair ladye,  
With the white flowers and the red ;  
And I wou'd give my bonnie ship,  
If I your love and favour had."
- 4 " I wish your ship might rent and rive,  
And drown you in the sea ;  
For all this wou'd not mend the miss  
That you wou'd do to me."  
" The miss is not so great, ladye—  
Soon mended it might be.
- 5 " In Scotland I've four-and-twenty mills,  
Stand on the water Tay :  
You'll have them, and as much good flour  
As they'll grind in a day."
- 6 " I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,  
And drown you in the sea ;  
For all that wou'd not mend the miss  
That you wou'd do to me."  
" The miss is not so great, ladye—  
Soon mended it might be.'
- 7 " I have four-and-twenty milk-white cows,  
Were all calved in one day :  
You'll have them, and as much hain'd grass  
As they all on can gae."
- 8 " I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,  
And drown you in the sea ;  
For all that wou'd not mend the miss  
That you wou'd do to me."  
" The miss is not so great, ladye—  
Soon mended it might be.
- 9 " I have four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,  
Were all foal'd in one year :  
You'll have them, and as much red gold  
As all their backs can bear."
- 10 She turn'd her right and round about,  
And she swore by the mold ;  
" I would not be your love," said she,  
" For that church full of gold."

- 11 He turn'd him right and round about,  
And he swore by the mass;  
Says—"Ladye, ye my love shall be,  
And gold ye shall have less."
- 12 She turn'd her right and round about,  
And she swore by the moon;  
"I would not be your love," says she,  
"For all the gold in Rome."
- 13 He turn'd him right and round about,  
And he swore by the moon;  
Says—"Ladye, ye my love shall be,  
And gold ye shall have none."
- 14 He caught her by the milk-white hand,  
The gude greenwood amang;  
And for all that she cou'd say or do,  
He did her sairly wrang.
- 15 The ladye frown'd and sadly blush'd,  
And oh! but she thought shame;  
Says—"If you are a knight at all,  
You'll surely tell your name."
- 16 "In some places they call me Jack,  
In others they call me John;  
But when I am in the queen's court,  
Then Lithcock is my name."
- 17 "Lithcock! Lithcock!" the ladye said,  
And spelt it o'er again;  
"Lithcock is Latin," the ladye said,  
"But Richard's your English name."
- 18 Then he has mounted on his horse,  
And said he wou'd go ride;  
And she has kilted her green clothes,  
And said she wou'd not bide.
- 19 The knight he rode, the ladye ran,  
A live-long summer's day,  
Till they came to the wan water,  
That all men do call Tay.
- 20 He set his horse head to the water,  
Just through it for to ride;  
And the ladye was as ready as him,  
The waters for to wade.

- 21 For he was ne'er so kind-hearted  
As to bid the ladye ride;  
And she was ne'er so low-hearted  
As for to bid him bide.
- 22 But deep into the wan water,  
Close by a great big stone,  
He turn'd his wight horse head about,  
Said—"Ladye fair, loup on."
- 23 She's taken the wand was in her hand,  
And struck it on the foam;  
"Ye need not stop for me," she said,  
"Sir Knight, ye may ride on.
- 24 "I learn'd it from my mother dear,  
There's few ha'e learn'd it better—  
When I come to a deep water,  
I can swim like ony otter.
- 25 "I learn'd it from my mother dear,  
I learn'd it for my weal—  
When I come to a deep water,  
I can swim like ony eel.
- 26 "By the help of God and Our Ladye,  
I'll swim across the tide;"  
And ere he reached the middle stream,  
She was on the other side.
- 27 And when she reach'd the other side,  
She sat down on a stone;  
She sat down there to rest herself,  
And wait till he came on.
- 28 "Turn back, turn back, you ladye fair,  
You know not what I see;  
There is a ladye in that castle,  
That will burn you and me."  
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That ladye I will see."
- 29 Then she's gane on to the queen's court,  
And there tirl'd at the pin;  
The porter ready answer made,  
To see who wou'd be in.
- 30 She gave a ring from her finger,  
To the porter for his fee;  
Says—"Take you that, my good porter,  
The queen I fain wou'd see."

- 31 The porter he went to the queen,  
And knelt low on his knee;  
"There is a ladye waits at your gates,  
Says she wou'd fain you see."
- 32 "Then open my gates both wide and braid,  
As wide as they can be;  
Ye'll open my gates both wide and braid,  
And bring her here to me."
- 33 And when she came before the queen,  
She fell low on her knee;  
"Win up, win up, my fair woman,  
What means this courtesie?"
- 34 "My errand it's to thee, O queen!  
My errand it's to thee;  
There is a knight into your court  
Who has this day robb'd me."
- 35 "Oh, has he robb'd you of your gold,  
Or robb'd you of your fee?"  
"He has not robb'd me of my gold,  
Nor robb'd me of my fee;  
But robb'd me of what's dearer still,  
The flow'r of my bodie."
- 36 "There is no knight in all my court  
Has done this wrang to thee,  
But you'll have the troth of his right hand,  
Or for your sake he'll dee.\*
- 37 "Tho' it were Earl Richard, my own brother,—  
But, oh! forbid it be!"  
Then, sighing, said the ladye fair,  
"I wot that it is he."
- 38 "Oh, wou'd ye ken this dastard knight  
Among a hundred men?"  
"That wou'd I," said the bonnie lass,  
"Tho' there were hundreds ten."
- 39 The queen made all her merry men pass,  
By anc, and twa, and three;  
Earl Richard used to be the first,  
But the hindmost now was he.

\* Variation: "Oh, if he be a single man,  
Your husband he shall be;  
But if he be a married man,  
It's high hang'd he shall be."

- 40 He came hirpling on ae foot,  
And blinking with ae e'e;  
"Aha!" then cried the bonnie lass,  
"That same young man are ye."
- 41 He laid his brand and a gay gold ring  
Together on a stone;  
She minted twice to take the brand,  
And then the ring put on.
- 42 Then he 's ta'en out one hundred pounds,  
And told it in his glove;  
Says—"Take you that, my ladye fair,  
And seek another love."
- 43 "Oh no, oh no," the ladye cried,  
"That 's what shall never be;  
I'll have the troth of your right hand;  
The queen she gave it me."
- 44 "I wish I had drunk the wan water,  
When I did drink the wine;  
That now for a carle's fair daughter,  
It gars me dree this pine."
- 45 "Maybe I am a carle's daughter,  
And maybe I am none;  
But when we met in the greenwood,  
Why not let me alone?"
- 46 "Will you wear the short clothing,  
Or will you wear the syde?  
Or will you walk to your wedding,  
Or will you to it ride?"
- 47 "I will not wear the short clothing,  
But I will wear the syde;  
I will not walk to my wedding,  
But I to it will ride."
- 48 When he was set upon the horse,  
The lady him behin',  
Then cauld and eerie were the words  
The twa had them between.
- 49 She said—"Gude e'en, ye nettles tall,  
Where ye grow by the dyke;  
If the auld carline, my mother, was here,  
Sae weel 's she wou'd you pyke.



- 50 "How she wou'd stap you in her pock,  
I wot she wou'dna fail;  
And boil ye in her auld brass pan,  
And of ye make gude kail.
- 51 "And she wou'd meal you with mellering\*  
That she gathers at the mill,  
And make you thick as any dough,  
Till the pan it was brimful.
- 52 "She wou'd mess you up with scuttllins,  
To sup till she were fu',  
Then lay her head upon a pock,  
And snore like any sow."
- 53 "Oh, hold your tongue, ye beggar's brat,  
My heart will break in three!"  
"And so did mine in yon greenwood,  
When ye wou'dna let me be.
- 54 "Gude e'en, gude e'en, ye heather berries,  
There growing on the hill;  
If the auld carle and his pocks were here,  
I wot he'd get his fill.
- 55 "Last night I sat till I was tired,  
And mended at their pocks;  
But to-morrow morning I will bear  
The keys of an earl's locks.
- 56 "Late, late last night, through baith their pocks,  
I drew the hempen strings;  
But to-morrow morning I will wear  
On my fingers gay gold rings."
- 57 "Away! away! ye ill woman,  
Your vile words grieve me sair;  
When you heed so little for yourself,  
For me still less ye'll care.
- 58 "But if you are a carle's daughter,  
As I take you to be,  
How did you get the gay clothing  
That on ye I do see?"
- 59 "My mother she is a poor woman,  
Nursed an earl's children three;  
And I got them from a foster-sister,  
To beguile such sparks as thee."

\* "Mellering:" corruption of *meldering*.

† "Scuttllins:" light flour made from inferior grain.

- 60 "But if you be a carle's daughter,  
As I take you to be,  
How did ye learn the good Latin  
That ye spoké unto me?"
- 61 "My mother she is a mean woman,  
Nursed an earl's children three;  
I learn'd it from their chapelain,  
To beguile such sparks as thee."
- 62 Then to a beggar wife that pass'd,  
The ladye flang a crown;  
"Tell all your neighbours, when ye go hame,  
Earl Richard's your gude-son."\*
- 63 "Oh, hold your tongue, ye beggar's brat,  
My heart will break in three!"  
"And so did mine in yon greenwood,  
When ye wou'dna let me be."
- 64 And when they to Earl Richard's came,  
And were at dinner set,  
Then out and spake the bonnie bride,  
I wot she was not blate.
- 65 "Go, take away the china plates,  
Go, take them far frae me,  
And bring to me a wooden dish—  
It's that I'm best used wi'.
- 66 "And take away these silver spoons,  
The like I ne'er did see,  
And bring to me the horn spoons—  
They're gude enough for me."
- 67 When bells were rung and mass was sung,  
And all men bound for rest,  
Earl Richard and his bonnie bride  
In ae chamber were placed.
- 68 "Oh, take away your sheets," she said,  
"Made of the Holland fine,  
And bring to me the linsey clouts,  
That lang ha'e served as mine."
- 69 "Keep far away from me," he said,  
"Keep far away from me;  
It is not meet a carline's brat  
My bedfellow shou'd be."

\* "Gude-son:" son-in-law.

- 70 "It's maybe I'm a carline's brat,  
And maybe I am none;  
But when we met in yon greenwood,  
Why not let me alone?"
- 71 "Now rest content," said the Billy Blin',  
"The one may serve the other;  
The Earl of Stockford's fair daughter,  
And the queen of Scotland's brother."
- 72 "Oh, fair fall you, ye Billy Blin',  
Since such is her degree;  
For with this witty lady fair,  
How happy must I be!"

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### BURD HELEN.

"Earl Richard," which precedes, and "Burd Helen," which follows, must either have had one common origin, or the one has borrowed largely from the other. The various versions of the latter ballad are as under:—

- I. "Child Waters," published by Percy from his folio MS. *Reliques*, vol. iii., p. 94.
- II. "Burd Ellen," in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 112; where it is "given from Mrs. Brown's recitation," and "with scrupulous exactness, except where the variations are pointed out."
- III. "An imperfect copy," prefixed to the last-named, and communicated to Mr. Jamieson by "Mrs. Arrot of Arbroath."
- IV. "Lady Margaret," in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 179.
- V. "Burd Helen," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 30.
- VI. "Burd Helen," in Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, p. 193; collated from the above-named, with additions and emendations, from a MS. supplied by Mr. Kinloch.

The text which follows is chiefly derived from Mr. Jamieson's and Mr. Buchan's versions.

- 1 LORD JOHN stood at his stable door,  
While a groom his steed did kaim;  
Burd Helen sat at her bow'r door,  
Sewing her silken seam.
- 2 Lord John stood in his stable door,  
Said he was bound to ride;  
Burd Helen stood in her bow'r door,  
Said she'd run by his side.

- 
- 3 "The corn is turning ripe, Lord John,  
The nuts are growing fu',  
And ye are bound for your ain countrie,—  
Fain wou'd I go with you."
- 4 "With me, Helen! with me, Helen!  
What wou'd ye do with me?  
I've mair need of a little page,  
Than of the like of thee."
- 5 "Oh, I will be your little page,  
To wait upon your steed;  
And I will be your little page,  
Your leash of hounds to lead."
- 6 "But my hounds will eat the bread of wheat,  
And ye the dust and bran;  
Then you will sit and sigh, Helen,  
That e'er our loves began."
- 7 "Oh, your dogs may eat the gude wheat bread,  
And I the dust and bran;  
Yet I will sing and say—'Well's me,  
That e'er our loves began!'"
- 8 "Oh, I may drink the gude red wine,  
And you the water wan;  
Then you will sigh and say—'Alas,  
That e'er our loves began!'"
- 9 "Oh, you may drink the gude red wine,  
And I the water wan;  
Yet I will sing and say—'Well's me,  
That our two loves began!'"
- 10 "Oh, you'd better stay at hame, Helen,  
And sew your silken seam,  
Than go with me o'er moss and moor,  
And many a foaming stream."
- 11 "I will not stay at hame, Lord John,  
And sew my silken seam:  
I'll follow you o'er moss and moor,  
And o'er each foaming stream."
- 12 Lord John he mounted his white steed,  
And northward hame did ride;  
Burd Helen, dress'd in page attire,  
Ran onward by his side.

- 13 He ne'er was sic a courteous knight,  
As ask her for to ride;  
And she was ne'er so mean a May,  
As ask him for to bide.
- 14 Lord John he rade, Burd Helen ran,  
A live-long summer day;  
And when they came to Clyde water,  
'Twas filled from brae to brae.
- 15 The first step that she waded in,  
She waded to the knee:  
"Alas! alas!" said Burd Helen,  
"This water 's no for me."
- 16 The next step that she waded in,  
She waded to the neck;  
And then she felt her unborn babe  
For cauld begin to quake.
- 17 "Lye still, lye still, my unborn babe,  
I can no better do;  
Your father rides on high horseback,  
But cares not for us two."
- 18 About the middle of the Clyde  
There stood an earth-fast stone;  
And there she call'd to God for help,  
Since help from man came none.
- 19 Lord John he turn'd him round about,  
And took Burd Helen on;  
Then brought her to the other side,  
And there he set her down.
- 20 "Oh, tell me this now, good Lord John,  
In pity tell to me,  
How far is it to your lodging,  
Where we this night shou'd be?"
- 21 "It's thirty miles, Burd Helen," he said,  
"It's thirty miles and three."  
"Oh, wae is me," said Burd Helen,  
"It will ne'er be run by me!"
- 22 Then up and spake out in good time  
A pyet on a tree,—  
"Ye lee, ye lee, ye false, false knight,  
So loud as I hear you lee.



- 23 "For yonder stand your goodly tow'rs,  
Of miles scarce distant three."  
"Oh, well is me," said Burd Helen,  
"They shall be run by me."
- 24 "But there is a ladye in yon castle  
Will sinder you and I."  
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
I shall go there and try."
- 25 "I wish no ill to your ladye,  
She ne'er did ill to me;  
But I wish her most of your love,  
Who drees the most for thee."
- 26 "I wish no ill to your ladye,  
For sic I never thought;  
But I wish her most of your love,  
Has dearest that love bought."
- 27 Lord John was welcom'd hame again  
By ladies fair and gay;  
But a fairer ladye than any there  
Did lead his horse away.
- 28 Four-and-twenty ladies fair  
Sat with him in the hall;  
But the fairest ladye that was there  
Did wait upon them all.
- 29 When bells were rung and mass was sung,  
And all were bound to meat,  
Burd Helen was at the bye-table,  
Amang the pages set.
- 30 "Oh, eat and drink, my bonnie boy,  
The white bread and the beer."  
"The never a bit can I eat or drink—  
My heart's sae full of fear."
- 31 "Oh, eat and drink, my bonnie boy,  
The white bread and the wine."  
"Oh, how shall I eat or drink, master,  
With a heart sae full of pine?"
- 32 Then up and spake Lord John's sister,  
A sweet young maid was she:  
"My brother has brought the bonniest page  
That ever I did see."

- 33 But out then spake Lord John's mother,  
A wise woman was she:  
"Where met ye with that bonnie boy,  
That looks so sad on thee?"
- 34 "Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,  
And sometimes deadly wan;  
He's liker a woman big with bairn,  
Than a young lord's serving man."
- 35 "Oh, it makes me laugh, my mother dear,  
Sic words to hear frae thee;  
He is a squire's ae dearest son,  
That for love has follow'd me.
- 36 "Rise up, rise up, my bonnie boy,  
Give my horse baith corn and hay."  
"Oh, that I will, my master dear,  
As quickly as I may."
- 37 She's ta'en the hay beneath her arm,  
The corn intill her hand,  
And she's gane to the great stable  
As fast as e'er she can.
- 38 "Oh, room ye round, my bonnie brown steeds,  
Oh, room ye near the wall;  
For the pain that strikes through my twa sides,  
I fear, will gar me fall."
- 39 She lean'd her back against the wall,  
Strong travail came her on;  
And e'en amang the horses' feet,  
Burd Helen bare her son.
- 40 Lord John's mother intill her bow'r  
Was sitting all alane,  
When, in the silence of the night,  
She heard Burd Helen's mane.
- 41 "Won up, won up, my son," she said,  
"Go see how all does fare;  
For I think I hear a woman's groans,  
And a bairnie greetin' sair!"
- 42 Oh, hastily he got him up,  
Staid not for hose nor shoon;  
But to the stable where she lay,  
He quickly hied him down.

- 43 "Oh, open the door, Burd Helen," he said,  
"Oh, open and let me in:  
I want to see if my steeds are fed,  
And what makes all this din."
- 44 "How can I open, how shall I open,  
How can I open to thee?  
I'm lying amang your horses' feet,  
Your young son on my knee."
- 45 He hit the door then with his foot,  
Sae did he with his knee,  
Till door of deal and locks of steel  
In splinters he gar'd flee.
- 46 "An askin', an askin', Lord John," she said,  
"An askin' ye'll grant me:  
The warsten bow'r in all your tow'rs  
For thy young son and me."
- 47 "Oh yes, oh yes! Burd Helen," he said,  
"All that and mair frae me;  
The very best bow'r in all my tow'rs  
For my young son and thee."
- 48 "An askin', an askin', Lord John," she said,  
"An askin' ye'll grant me:  
The meanest maid in all the place  
To wait on him and me."
- 49 "I grant, I grant, Burd Helen," he said,  
"All that and mair frae me:  
The very best bed in all the place  
To my young son and thee."
- 50 "The highest ladye in all the place  
Shall wait on him and thee;  
And that's my sister, Isabel,  
And a sweet young maid is she.
- 51 "Take up, take up, my bonnie young son,  
Gar wash him with the milk;  
Take up, take up my fair ladye,  
Gar row her in the silk.
- 52 "And cheer thee up, Burd Helen," he said,  
"Look nae mair sad nor wae,  
For your wedding and your kirking too  
Shall baith be in ae day."

## REEDISDALE AND WISE WILLIAM.

“This excellent ballad is from the recitation of Mr. Nicol, Strichen, and was communicated by Mr. P. Buchan, of Peterhead, to Mr. Motherwell,” in whose *Minstrelsy*, p. 298, it first appeared. See *ante*, p. 22.

This ballad may also be found in Mr. Buchan’s own collection of *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 70. It resembles, in some respects, “The Twa Knights,” which appears in the same work and volume, p. 271.

A similar Scandinavian ballad, as translated by Mr. Robert Buchanan, may be found in his volume, *Ballad Stories of the Affections*, p. 45, under the title of “Maid Mettelil.”

- 1 WHEN Reedisdale and Wise William  
Were drinking at the wine,  
There fell a roosing them amang,  
On an unruly time.
- 2 For some of them ha’e roosed their hawks,  
And some other their hounds;  
And some other their ladies fair,  
As the roosing went the rounds.
- 3 When out it spake him Reedisdale,  
And a rash word spake he;  
Says—“There is not a ladye fair,  
In bow’r where’er she be,  
But I cou’d aye her favour win  
With one blink of my e’e.”
- 4 Then out it spake him Wise William,  
And a rash word spake he;  
Says—“I have a sister of my own,  
In bow’r where’er she be,  
And ye will not her favour win  
With three blinks of your e’e.”
- 5 “What will you wager, Wise William?  
My lands I’ll wad with thee;”  
“I’ll wad my head against your land,  
Till I get more monie.”
- 6 Then Reedisdale took Wise William,  
Laid him in prison strang,  
That he might neither gang nor ride,  
Nor ae word to her send.

- 7 But he has written a braid letter,  
Between the night and day,  
And sent it to his own sister,  
By dun feather and gray.
- 8 When she had read Wise William's letter,  
She smiled and syne she leuch;  
Said—"Very weel, my dear brother,  
Of this I have eneuch."
- 9 She looked out at her west window,  
To see what she could see,  
And there she spied him Reedisdale,  
Come riding o'er the lea.
- 10 "Come here to me, my maidens all,  
Come hitherward to me;  
For here it comes him Reedisdale,  
Who comes a-courting me."
- 11 "Come down, come down, my ladye fair,  
A sight of you give me."  
"Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you will not see."
- 12 "Come down, come down, my ladye fair,  
A sight of you give me;  
And bonnie are the gowns of silk  
That I will give to thee."
- 13 "If you have bonnie gowns of silk,  
Oh, mine is bonnie tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale;  
For me you shall not see."
- 14 "Come down, come down, my ladye fair,  
A sight of you give me;  
And bonnie jewels, brooches, rings,  
I will give unto thee."
- 15 "If you have bonnie brooches, rings,  
Oh, mine are bonnie tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see."
- 16 "Come down, come down, my ladye fair,  
One sight of you give me;  
And bonnie are the halls and bow'rs  
That I will give to thee."



- 17 "If you have bonnie halls and bow'rs,  
Oh, mine are bonnie tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see."
- 18 "Come down, come down, my ladye fair,  
A sight of you give me;  
And bonnie are my lands so broad  
That I will give to thee."
- 19 "If you have bonnie lands so broad,  
Oh, mine are bonnie tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you will not see."
- 20 "Come down, come down, my ladye fair,  
A sight of you give me;  
And bonnie are the bags of gold  
That I will give to thee."
- 21 "If you have bonnie bags of gold,  
I have bags of the same;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For down I will not come."
- 22 "Come down, come down, my ladye fair,  
One sight of you I'll see;  
Or else I'll set your house on fire,  
If better cannot be."
- 23 Then he has set the house on fire,  
And at the first it took;  
He turned his wight horse head about,  
Said—"Alas! they'll ne'er get out."
- 24 "Look out, look out, my maidens fair,  
And see what I do see;  
How Reedisdale has fired our house,  
And now rides o'er the lea!
- 25 "Come hitherward, my maidens fair,  
Come hither unto me;  
For through this reek, and through this smeeck,  
Oh, through it we must be!"
- 26 They took wet mantles them about,  
Their coffers by the band;  
And through the reek and through the flame  
Alive they all have wan.

- 27 When they had got out through the fire,  
And able all to stand,  
She sent a maid to Wise William,  
To bruik Reedisdale's land.
- 28 "Your lands are mine now, Reedisdale,  
For I have won them free."  
"If there is a good woman in the world,  
Your ain sister is she."

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### YOUNG BEARWELL

"Is a fragment, and now printed," says Mr. Motherwell, "in the hope that the remainder of it may hereafter be recovered. From circumstances, one would almost be inclined to trace it to a Danish source; or it may be an episode of some forgotten metrical romance; but this cannot satisfactorily be ascertained, from its catastrophe being unfortunately wanting." This fragment first appeared in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 345, and afterwards in Mr. Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 75. It appears here in a revised and amended form.

- 1 WHEN two lovers love each other weel,  
'Twere sin to have them twined;  
And this I speak of young Bearwell,  
Who loved a ladye kind,—  
The Mayor's daughter of Birkton-brae,  
That lovely liesome thing.
- 2 One day, as she was looking out,  
Washing her milk-white hands,  
Then she beheld him, young Bearwell,  
As he came o'er the sands.
- 3 Says—"Wae's me for you, young Bearwell,  
Such tales of you are tauld;  
They'll cause you sail the salt sea far,  
Beyond Orcades cauld."
- 4 "Oh! shall I bide in good greenwood,  
Or here in bow'r remain?"  
"The leaves are thick in good greenwood,  
Wou'd hold you from the rain;  
And if you stay in bow'r with me,  
You will be ta'en and slain.
- 5 "But I'll cause build a ship for you,  
Upon Saint Innocent's day;  
I'll pray Saint Innocent be your guide,  
And Our Ladye, who meikle may.  
You are a ladye's first true love,  
God carry you well away!"

- 6 Then he sailed east and he sailed west,  
By many a comely strand;  
At length a puff of northern wind  
Did blow him to the land,
- 7 Where he did see the king and court  
Were playing at the ball,  
Gave him a harp into his hand,  
And welcomed him withal.
- 8 He has ta'en up the harp in hand,  
And unto play went he;  
And young Bearwell was the first man  
In all that companie.
- 9 He had not been in the king's court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till there came many a lord and laird,  
To court that ladye gay.
- 10 They wooed her baith with brooch and ring,  
They nothing could keep back;  
The very charters of their lands  
Into her hands they pat.
- 11 She's done her down to her fiall,\*  
With the ae light of the mune;  
Says—"Will ye do this deed for me,  
And will ye do it'sune?"
- 12 "Will ye go seek him, young Bearwell,  
On seas where'er he be?  
And if I live and bruik † my life,  
Rewarded ye shall be."
- 13 "Alas! I am too young a skipper,  
So far to sail the faem; ...  
But if I live and bruik my life,  
I'll strive to bring him hame."
- 14 So he sail'd east and then sail'd west,  
By many a comely strand,  
Till there came a blast of northern wind,  
And blew him to the land.
- 15 And there the king and all his court  
Were playing at the ball,  
And Bearwell, with his harp in hand,  
Play'd sweetly 'mang them all.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* "Fiall:" feudal vassal.

† "Bruik:" endure or enjoy.

## CHIL ETHER.\*

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 228.

- 1 CHIL ETHER and Ladye Maisry  
Were baith born at ae birth;  
They lov'd each other tenderlie,  
'Boon everything on earth.
- 2 "The ley likesna the summer show'r,  
Nor girse the morning dew,  
Better, dear Ladye Maisry,  
Than Chil Ether loves you."
- 3 "The bonnie doo likesna its mate,  
Nor babe at breast its mither,  
Better, my dearest Chil Ether,  
Than Maisry loves her brither."
- 4 But he needs gae to gain renown,  
Into some far countrie;  
Sae Chil Ether has gane abroad,  
To fight in Paynimie.
- 5 And he has been in Paynimie  
A twelvemonth and a day;  
But tidings ne'er to Maisry came,  
Of his welfare to say.
- 6 Then she 's ta'en ship awa to sail,  
Out ower the roaring faem,  
All for to find him Chil Ether,  
And for to bring him hame.
- 7 She hadna sail'd the sea a month,  
A month but barely three,  
Until she landed on Cyprus shore,  
By the mune-light sae hie.
- 8 Ladye Maisry did on her green mantle,  
Took her purse in her hand,  
And call'd to her her mariners,  
Syn e walk'd up thro' the land.
- 9 Oh, she walk'd up, and she walk'd down,  
Till she reach'd a castle high;  
And there sat down on the door-stane,  
And wept right bitterlie.

\* Childe Arthur, or A'thur. The last is the vulgar pronounciation in Edinburgh, where Arthur's Seat is called "A'thur's Seat."

- 10 Then out it spake a sweet, sweet voice,  
 Out o'er the castle wall:  
 "Oh, isna that Ladye Maisry,  
 That lets the tears down fall?"
- 11 "But if that be Ladye Maisry,  
 Let her make mirth and glee;  
 For I'm her brother, Chil Ether,  
 That loves her tenderlie.
- 12 "But if that be Ladye Maisry,  
 Let her take purse in hand,  
 And gang to yonder castle wall,—  
 They call it Gorinand;
- 13 "Spier for the lord of that castle,  
 Give him dollars thirty-three;  
 Tell him to ransom Chil Ether,  
 That loves you tenderlie."
- 14 She 's dune her up to that castle,  
 Paid down her gude monie;  
 And she has ransom'd Chil Ether,  
 Then hame baith cross'd the sea.

### JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, appendix, p. ix. "This curious ballad," says Mr. Motherwell, "is of respectable antiquity. Dunbar has written a piece, entitled, 'Prayer that the King war John Thomson's Man,' the fourth line of each stanza being, 'God, gif ye war John Thomson, man!' In his note on this poem, Mr. Pinkerton says: 'This is a proverbial expression, meaning a henpecked husband. I have little doubt but the original proverb was *Joan Thomson's man*; *man*, in Scotland, signifies either *husband* or *servant*.' Pinkerton was ignorant of the existence of the ballad: had he been acquainted with it, he would have saved himself the trouble of writing a foolish conjecture. Colville, in his *Whigs' Supplication, or the Scotch Hudibras*, alludes twice to John Thomson:—

'We read in greatest warriors' lives,  
 They oft were ruled by their wives, &c.  
 And so the imperious Roxalan  
 Made the great Turk Johne Thomson's man.'

Again—

'—And these, we ken,  
 Have ever been John Thomson's men,  
 That is still ruled by their wives.'

"Pennicuik, in his 'Linton Address to the Prince of Orange,' also alludes to the proverbial expression:—

'Our *Lintoun* Wives shall blaw the coal,  
 And women here, as weel we ken,  
 Would have Us all *John Thomson's men*.'



“Two or three stanzas of the ballad were known to Dr. Leyden when he published his edition of *The Complaynt of Scotland*. These he has given in the glossary appended to that work.

“In Kelly’s *Proverbs*, London, 1721, there is this notice of the proverb,—‘Better be John Thomson’s man than Ringan Dinn’s or John Knox’s;’ and Kelly gives this gloss,—‘John Thomson’s man is he that is complaisant to his wife’s humours; Ringan Dinn’s is he whom his wife scolds; John Knox’s is he whom his wife beats.’ In the West Country, my friend, Mr. A. Crawford, informs me that when a company are sitting together sociably, and a neighbour drops in, it is usual to welcome him thus,—‘Come awa, we’re a’ John Tamson’s bairns.’

“There is a song about John Tamson’s wallet, but whether this was the palmer’s scrip, which the hero of the ballad must have borne, I know not. All that I have heard concerning the wallet is contained in these two verses:—

‘John Tamson’s wallet frae end to end,  
John Tamson’s wallet frae end to end;  
And what was in’t ye fain would ken,—  
Whigmaleeries for women and men.

‘About his wallet there was a dispute;  
Some said it was made o’ the skin o’ a brute,  
But I believe it’s made o’ the best o’ bend,  
John Tamson’s wallet, frae end to end.’

There is also a nursery rhyme which runs thus:—

‘John Tamson and his man  
To the town ran;  
They bought and they sold,  
And the penny down told.  
The kirk was ane,  
The quire was twa;  
They gi’ed a skelp  
And cam’ awa.’

And this exhausts all I know respecting this worthy warrior.”

- 1 JOHN THOMSON fought against the Turks  
Three years, intil a far countrie;  
And all that time, and something mair,  
Was absent from his gay ladye.
- 2 But it fell ance upon a time,  
As this young chieftain sat alane,  
He spied his ladye in rich array,  
As she walk’d ower a rural plain.
- 3 “What brought ye here, my ladye gay,  
So far awa from your ain countrie?  
I’ve thought lang, and very lang,  
And all for your fair face to see.”
- 4 For some days she did with him bide,  
Till it fell ance upon a day,—  
“Fare ye weel, for a time,” she said,  
“For now I must boun hame away.”

- 5 He's gi'en to her a jewel fine,  
Was set with pearl and precious stane;  
Says—"My love, beware of these savages bold,  
That's in your way as ye gang hame.
- 6 "Ye'll take the road, my ladye fair,  
That leads you fair across the lea:  
That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,  
And likewise from base Violentrie."
- 7 With heavy heart they twa did part,  
She mintet as she wou'd gae hame;  
Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,  
But to base Violentrie she's gane.
- 8 When twelve months they had expired,  
John Thomson he thought wondrous lang,  
And he has written a braid letter,  
And seal'd it weel with his ain hand.
- 9 He sent it with a small vessel  
That there was quickly gaun to sea;  
And sent it on to fair Scotland,  
To see about his gay ladye.
- 10 But the answer he received again—  
The lines did grieve his heart right sair:  
Nane of her friends there had her seen  
For twelve months and something mair.
- 11 Then he put on a palmer's weed,  
And took a pike-staff in his hand;  
To Violentrie's castle he hied,  
But slowly, slowly he did gang.
- 12 When within the hall he came,  
He jook'd and couch'd out ower his tree;  
"If ye be ladye of this hall,  
Some of your good bountith give me."
- 13 "What news, what news, palmer?" she said,  
"And from what far countrie came ye?"  
"I'm lately come from Grecian plains,  
Where lies some of the Scots armie."
- 14 "If ye be come from Grecian plains,  
Some mair news I will ask of thee,—  
Of one of the chieftains that lies there,  
If he has lately seen his gay ladye."

- 15 "It is twelve months, and something mair,  
Since they did part on yonder plain;  
And now this knight has began to fear  
One of his foes he has her ta'en."
- 16 "I was not ta'en by force nor slight;  
It was all by my ain free will;  
He may tarry into the fight,  
For here I mean to tarry still.
- 17 "And if John Thomson ye do see,  
Tell him I wish him silent sleep;  
But he shall sleep alane for me,  
For where I am I mean to keep."
- 18 With that he threw aff his disguise,  
Laid by the mask that he had on;  
Said—"Hide me now, my ladye fair,  
For Violentrie will soon be hame."
- 19 "For the love I bore thee ance,  
I'll strive to hide thee if I can."  
Then she put him down in a dark cellar,  
Where there lay many a new slain-man.
- 20 But he hadna in the cellar been,  
Not an hour but barely three,  
When hideous was the noise he heard,  
As in at the gate came Violentrie.
- 21 Says—"I wish you well, my ladye fair,  
It's time for us to sit to dine;  
Come, serve me with the good white bread,  
And likewise with the claret wine.
- 22 "That Scots chieftain, our mortal fae,  
Sae aft frae field has made us flee,  
Ten thousand zechins this day I'd give  
That I his face cou'd only see."
- 23 "Oh, that same gift now give to me—  
I fairly hold you at your word—  
That chieftain's face you soon will see;  
Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord."
- 24 Then from the vault John Thomson came,  
Wringing his hands most piteouslie;  
"What wou'd ye do?" the Turk he cried,  
"If ye had me as I ha'e thee?"

- 25 "If I had you as ye ha'e me,  
I'll tell you what I'd do to thee;  
I'd hang you up in good greenwood,  
And cause your ain hand wale the tree.
- 26 "I meant to stick you with my knife,  
For kissing my beloved ladye."  
"But that same weed ye've shaped for me,  
It quickly shall be sew'd for thee."
- 27 Then to the wood they baith are gane;  
John Thomson clamb frae tree to tree;  
And aye he sigh'd and said—"Och hone!  
Here comes the day that I must die."
- 28 He tied a ribbon on every branch,  
Put up a flag his men might see;  
But little did his false faes ken  
He meant them any injurie.
- 29 He set his horn unto his mouth,  
And he has blawn baith loud and shrill;  
And then three thousand armed men  
Came tripping all out o'er the hill.
- 30 "Give us our chief," they all did cry;  
"It's by our hand that ye must dee."  
"Here is your chief," the Turk replied,  
With that fell on his bended knee.
- 31 "Oh, mercy, mercy, good fellows all,  
Mercy, I pray, you'll grant to me;"  
"Such mercy as you meant to give,  
Such mercy we shall give to thee."
- 32 This Turk they in his castle burnt,  
That stood upon yon hill so hie;  
John Thomson's gay ladye they took,  
And hang'd her on the greenwood tree!

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### GLENKINDIE.

"The hero of this tale," writes Jamieson, "seems to be the celebrated Welsh bard, 'Glaskirion,' or 'Kirion the Sallow;' of whom some notice will be found in Owen's *Cambrian Biography*."

“In Chaucer’s ‘House of Fame,’ he is classed with Orpheus, Arion, and Chiron:—

‘There herde I play on a harpe,  
That sowned both well and sharpe,  
Hym Orpheus full craftily;  
And on this side fast by  
Sate the harper Orion;  
And Eacides Chirion;  
And the Briton Glaskyrion.’

“The Scottish writers, adapting the name to their own meridian, call him Glenkindy, Glenskeenie, &c.”

Douglas, the classic Bishop of Dunkeld, has, in his “Palice of Honour,” followed the father of English poetry in associating “the Briton Glaskyrion” with Orpheus.

The only Scottish version of the ballad is that printed under the above title by Jamieson, in his *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 92. He states that it is there “given,” as “taken from the recitation of an old woman, by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, and somewhat improved by a fragment communicated by the Rev. William Gray of Lincoln.”

The ballad entitled “Glasgerion,” as printed by Percy from his *Folio MS.*, may be found in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. iii.; and *verbatim* in the printed copy of the *Folio MS.*, vol. i., p. 246.

To complete the story, stanzas 8, 27, and 28, are here added from Percy’s copy. Stanzas 9, 14, 29, 31, and 38, are also either altered or adapted from one or other, or both, of the versions named.

It may be suggested, that something closer than a mere similarity of name, and of skill in music, may subsist between the classic Chiron and the British Glaskyrion.

- 1 GLENKINDIE he was a harper gude,  
He harpit to the king;  
Glenkindie he was the best harper  
That e’er harpit on string.
- 2 He’d harpit a fish out of saut water,  
Or water out of a stane;  
Or milk out of a maiden’s breast,  
That bairn had never nane.
- 3 He’s ta’en his harp intil his hand,  
He harpit and he sang;  
And aye he harpit to the king,  
To haud him unthought lang.
- 4 “I will gi’e you a robe, Glenkindie,  
A robe of the royal pall,  
If ye will harp in the winter’s night  
Before me and my nobles all.”



- 5 The king but and his nobles all  
 Sat birling at the wine;  
 And he wou'd ha'e nane but his ae daughter  
 To wait on them at dine.
- 6 He 's ta'en his harp intil his hand,  
 He 's harpit them all asleep,  
 Except it was the young princess,  
 That love did wauken keep.
- 7 And first he has harpit a grave tune,  
 And syne he has harpit a gay;  
 And mony a sich\* atween the tunes  
 I wot the fair lady ga'e.
- 8 "Strike on, strike on, Glenkindie," she said,  
 "Of thy striking do not blin;  
 There's never a stroke comes o'er thy harp,  
 But it glads my heart within.
- 9 "And come ye to my bow'r," she said,  
 "Come when the day it doth dawn;  
 Come when the cocks ha'e flappit their wings,  
 Ha'e flappit their wings and crawn.
- 10 "But look ye tell na Gib your man,  
 Of naething that ye may dee;  
 For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,  
 He'll beguile baith you and me."
- 11 He 's ta'en his harp intil his hand,  
 He harpit and he sang;  
 And he is hame to Gib, his man,  
 As fast as he cou'd gang.
- 12 "Oh, might I tell you, Gib, my man,  
 If I a man had slain?"  
 "Oh, that you might, my gude master,  
 Tho' men ye had slain ten."
- 13 "Then take ye tent now, Gib, my man,  
 My bidden for to dee,  
 And, but an ye waken me in time,  
 Ye shall be hangit hie.
- 14 "For I maun haste to yon ladye's bow'r  
 On the morn, when day doth dawn,  
 As sune as the cocks ha'e flappit their wings,  
 Ha'e flappit their wings and crawn."

\* "Sich:" a long-drawn sigh.

- 15 "Then gae to your bed, my gude master,  
Ye've waked, I fear, ower lang;  
But I'll waken you in as gude time  
As ony cock in the land."
- 16 He's ta'en the harp intil his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
Until he harpit his master asleep,  
Synce fast awa did gang.
- 17 And he is till that ladye's bow'r,  
As fast as he cou'd rin;  
And when he came till that ladye's bow'r  
He tirl'd at the pin.
- 18 "Oh, wha is this," says that ladye,  
"That tirls sae at the pin?"  
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,—  
Oh, open and let me in!"
- 19 She kenn'd he was nae gentle knight,  
That she had letten in;  
For neither when he gaed nor came,  
Kiss'd he her cheek nor chin.
- 20 He neither kiss'd her when he came,  
Nor clapp'd her when he gaed;  
And in and out at her bow'r window  
The moon shone like the glead.\*
- 21 "Oh, raggit are your hose, Glenkindie,  
And riven are your sheen,†  
And ravell'd is your yellow hair,  
That I saw late yestreen."
- 22 "The hose and sheen are Gib my man's,  
They came first to my hand;  
And I've ravell'd all my yellow hair,  
Coming against the wind."
- 23 He's ta'en the harp intil his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
Until he came to his master's bed,  
As fast as he cou'd gang.
- 24 "Win up, win up, my gude master,  
I fear ye sleep ower lang;  
There is nae a cock in all the land  
But has flapp'd his wings and crawn."

\* Live embers.

† Shoes. Aberdeenshire dialect.

- 25 Glenkindie's ta'en his harp in hand,  
And hastily he ran,  
And he has reach'd the ladye's bow'r,  
Afore that e'er he blan.\*
- 26 When he came to the ladye's bow'r,  
He there tirl'd at the pin.  
"Oh, wha is that at my bow'r door,  
That tirls sae to get in?"  
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,  
And in I canna win."
- 27 "Oh, whether have you left with me  
Your bracelet or your glove?  
Or are you return'd back again  
To know more of my love?"
- 28 Glenkindie swore a full great oath:  
"By oak, and ash, and thorn,  
Ladye, I was ne'er in your chamber  
Sith the time that I was born."
- 29 "Forbid it, forbid it," the ladye said,  
"That it as you say shou'd be;  
For if it be sae, then Gib, your man,  
Hath beguil'd baith you and me."
- 30 "Forbid it, forbid it," the ladye said,  
"That e'er sic shame betide;  
That I shou'd first be a wild loon's lass,  
And then a young knight's bride."
- 31 Then she has ta'en a little penknife,  
Hung low down by her gair,  
And she has gi'en herself with it  
A deep wound and a sair.
- 32 There was nae pity for that ladye,  
For she lay cauld and dead;  
But all was for him, Glenkindie—  
In bow'r he there gaed mad.
- 33 He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,  
Sae mournfully it rang,  
And wae and weary it was to hear  
Glenkindie's dowie sang.

\* "Blan:" stopped.

- 34 But cauld and dead was that ladye,  
Nor heeded of his maen;  
Tho' he wou'd harp on till doomsday,  
She ne'er will speak again.
- 35 He's ta'en his harp until his hand,  
He harpit and he sang;  
And he is hame to Gib, his man,  
As fast as he cou'd gang.
- 36 "Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,  
Till I pay you your fee;  
Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,  
For weel paid ye shall be."
- 37 And he has ta'en him, Gib, his man,  
And he has hang'd him hie,  
And he's hang'd him o'er his ain yett,  
As high as high cou'd be.
- 38 Next set the pummil of his sword  
Against an earth-fast stone;  
Then threw himself upon the point,  
And died without a groan.

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SWEET WILLIE AND FAIR ANNIE.

"Three ballads," says Mr. Jamieson, "all of them of considerable merit, on the same subject, are to be found in vol. iii. of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, under the titles of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor,' 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' and 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet;' the latter of which is in that work given with some corrections, 'from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland,' and supposed to be composed, not without improvements, out of the two former ancient English ones. At this distance of time, it would be in vain to attempt to ascertain which was the original and which the imitation; and, I think it extremely probable that, in their origin, they were perfectly independent of each other, and both derived from some one of those fableaux, romances, or tales, which, about four or five hundred years ago, were so familiarly known, in various forms, over a great part of Europe, that it would even then have been difficult to say to what country or language they owed their birth. The text of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet' seems to have been adjusted, previous to its leaving Scotland, by some one who was more of a scholar than the reciters of ballads generally are; and, in attempting to give it an antique cast, it has been deprived of somewhat of that easy facility which is the distinguished characteristic of the traditionary ballad narrative. With the text of the ditty," printed in *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 22, under the above title, "no such

experiment has been made. It is," says Mr. Jamieson, "given pure and entire, as it was taken down by the editor, from the recitation of a lady in Aberbrothick (Mrs. W. Arrot), to whose politeness and friendship this [his] collection is under considerable obligations. She had no previous intimation of the compiler's visit, or of his undertaking; and the few hours he spent at her friendly fireside were very busily employed in writing. As she had, when a child, learnt the ballad from an elderly maid-servant, and probably had not repeated it for a dozen of years before I had the good fortune to be introduced to her; it may be depended upon, that every line was recited to me as nearly as possible in the exact form in which she learnt it."

There is a similar Swedish ballad, "Herr Peder och Liten Kerstin," in the *Svenska Folk-Visor*, i., 49; a translation of which may be found in *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, by William and Mary Howitt, vol. i., p. 258.

- 1 SWEET WILLIE and fair Annie  
Sat all day on a hill;  
When night was come and sun was set,\*  
They had not talk'd their fill.
- 2 Sweet Willie said a word in haste,  
And Annie took it ill:  
"I winna wed a tocherless maid,  
Against my parent's will."
- 3 Oh, Annie, she's gane till her bow'r,  
And Willie hied him down;  
He hied him till his mither's bow'r,  
By the lee light of the moon.
- 4 "Oh, sleep ye, wake ye, mither?" he says,  
"Or are ye the bow'r within?"  
"I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft; †  
What want ye with me, son?"
- 5 "Where ha'e ye been all night, Willie?  
Oh, wow! ye've tarried lang!"  
"I have been courtin' fair Annie,  
And she is frae me gane.
- 6 "There are twa maidens in a bow'r;  
Which of them shall I bring hame?  
The nut-brown maid has sheep and kye,  
And fair Annie has nane."

\* "And though they had sitten seven years,  
They ne'er wad had their fill."—Jamieson's version.

† "That is, my slumbers are short, broken, and interrupted; a characteristic of age."—J.



- 7 "It's an ye wed the nut-brown maid,  
I'll heap gold with my hand;  
But an ye wed her, fair Annie,  
I'll straik it with a wand.
- 8 "The nut-brown maid has sheep and kye,  
And fair Annie has nane;  
And the little beauty Annie has,  
Oh, it will sune be gane;  
Then, Willie, for my benison,  
The nut-brown maid bring hame."
- 9 "But, alas, alas!" says sweet Willie,  
"Oh, fair is Annie's face!"  
"But what's the matter, my son, Willie,  
She has nae ither grace."
- 10 "Alas, alas!" says sweet Willie,  
"But white is Annie's hand!"  
"But what's the matter, my son, Willie,  
She has neither gold nor land."
- 11 "But sheep will die in their cots, mither,  
And owsen die in byre;  
And what is this warld's wealth to me,  
An I getna my heart's desire?"
- 12 And he has till his brother gane:  
"Now, brother, rede ye me—  
It's shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
And let fair Annie be?"
- 13 "The nut-brown bride has sheep, brother,  
The nut-brown bride has kye;  
I wou'd ha'e ye marry the nut-brown bride,  
And cast fair Annie by."
- 14 "Her sheep may die in their cots, Billie,  
And her kye in the byre;  
And I shall ha'e nothing to mysel',  
But a fat fadge by the fire."
- 15 And he has till his sister gane:  
"Now, sister, rede ye me—  
Oh, shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
And set fair Annie free?"
- 16 "I'se rede ye take fair Annie, Willie,  
And let the brown bride alane;  
Lest you shou'd sigh and say—'Alace!  
What is this I've brought hame?'"

- 17 "No, I will take my mother's counsel,  
And marry me out of hand;  
And I will take the nut-brown bride,  
And let fair Annie stand.
- 18 "Oh, I shall wed the nut-brown maid,  
And I shall bring her hame;  
But peace nor rest I ne'er shall ha'e,  
Till death part us again.
- 19 "Where will I get a bonnie boy,  
Wou'd fain win hose and shoon,  
That will rin to fair Annie's bow'r,  
With the lee light of the moon?
- 20 "Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin'  
The morn, by twelve at noon;  
Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',  
The heir of Duplin town.\*
- 21 "She maunna put on the black, the black,  
Nor yet the dowie brown;  
But the scarlet red, and the kerches white,  
And her fair locks hangin' down."
- 22 The bonnie boy ran to Annie's bow'r,  
And tirl'd at the pin,  
And tauld his message to hersel',  
As she open'd to let him in.
- 23 "Oh, I will gang to Willie's weddin'  
The morn, by twelve at noon;  
Oh, I will gang to Willie's weddin',  
But I'll die ere day be dune.
- 24 "My maids, come to my dressin' room,  
And dress to me my hair;  
Where'er ye laid a plait before,  
See ye lay ten times mair.
- 25 "My maids, come to my dressin' room,  
And dress to me my smock;  
The one-half is of the Holland fine,  
The other of needle-work.

\* "*Duplin town.*—Duplin is the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul, from which he derives his title of Viscount. It is in the neighbourhood of Perth. This copy of the ballad was taken from the current traditional manner of reciting it in that part of the country; and it is observable that ballads are very frequently adapted to the meridian of the place where they are found; so that the same parts and characters are given to persons of different names and ranks in life, in different parts of the country."  
—Jamieson.

- 26 " My maids, come to my dressin' room,  
And busk me in silken sheen ;  
And let us gae to St. Mary's kirk,  
To see that rich weddin'.
- 27 " My maids, come to my dressin' room,  
And busk me fair and fine ;  
But ere the day comes to an end,  
The death-mass will be mine."
- 28 The horse fair Annie rade upon,  
He amblit like the wind ;  
With siller he was shod before,  
With burning gowd behind.
- 29 Four-and-twenty siller bells  
Were all tied till his mane ;  
And at ilka tift of the norland wind,  
They tinkled ane by ane.
- 30 Four-and-twenty gay gude knights  
Rade by fair Annie's side,  
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,  
As if she were a bride.
- 31 And when she came to Mary's kirk,  
She sat on Mary's stane ;  
The cleading that fair Annie had on,  
It skinkled in their een.
- 32 And when she came into the kirk,  
She shimmer'd like the sun ;  
The belt that was about her waist  
Was with pearls all bedone.
- 33 She sat her by the nut-brown bride,  
And her een they were sae clear ;  
Sweet Willie clean forgot the bride,  
When fair Annie drew near.
- 34 He had a rose into his hand,  
And he gave it kisses three,  
And, reaching by the nut-brown bride,  
Laid it on Annie's knee.\*

\* The three following highly poetical stanzas occur at this place in Jamieson's version:—

" Willie 's ta'en a rose out of his hat,  
Laid it in Annie's lap ;

" The bonniest to the bonniest fa's ;  
Ha'e, wear it for my sake."

" Take up and wear your rose, Willie,  
As lang as it will last ;  
For, like your love, its sweetness all  
Will soon be gane and past.

- 35 Up then spake the nut-brown bride,  
She spake with meikle spite;  
"And where got ye that rose-water,  
Makes ye sae fair and white?"
- 36 "Oh, I did get that rose-water  
Where ye'll ne'er get the same;  
For I did get that rose-water  
Ere to the light I came.
- 37 "But ye've been wash'd in dunnie well,  
And dried on dunnie dyke;  
And all the water in the sea  
Cou'd never wash ye white."
- 38 The bride she drew a long bodkin  
Frae out her gay head-gear,  
And strake fair Annie to the heart,  
That word she ne'er spake mair.
- 39 Sweet William he saw fair Annie wax pale,  
And marvell'd what mote be;  
But when he saw her dear heart's bluid,  
It's wud-wroth then wax'd he.
- 40 He drew his dagger was sae sharp,  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave it into the nut-brown bride,  
Who fell dead at his feet.
- 41 "Now stay for me, dear Annie," he said,  
"Now stay, my dear," he cried;  
Then strake the dagger intil his heart,  
And fell dead by her side.
- 42 Sweet Willie was buried without the kirk wall,  
Fair Annie within the quire;  
And of the ane there grew a birk,  
The other a bonnie brier.
- 43 And aye they grew, and aye they threw,  
As they wou'd fain be near;  
And by this ye may ken right weel,  
They were twa lovers dear.

"Wear ye the rose of love, Willie,  
And I the thorn of care;  
For the woman shall never bear a son  
That will make my heart sae sair."

The third line of the first of these stanzas was "an interpolation" of Jamieson's own; and the other two stanzas were manufactured out of the following, as taken down by him from Mrs. Arrot's recitation:—

"Take up and wear your rose, Willie,  
And wear't with mickle care;  
For the woman sall never bear a son,  
That will make my heart sae sair."

## FAIR ANNIE'S GHOST.

The following stanzas form the conclusion of the preceding ballad, according to Mr. Jamieson's version.

They strongly resemble the latter portion of "Fair Margaret and Sweet Willie," as the termination of the preceding does that of "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor." See preceding introduction.

- 1 WHEN night was come and day was gane,  
And all men boun to bed,  
Sweet Willie and his nut-brown bride,  
In their chamber were laid.
- 2 But they had scarcely lain down,  
And werena fa'n asleep,  
When up and stands she, fair Annie,  
Just up at Willie's feet.
- 3 "Weel brook ye of your nut-brown bride,  
Between ye and the wall;  
And sae will I of my winding-sheet,  
That suits me best of all.
- 4 "Weel brook ye of your nut-brown bride,  
Between ye and the stock;  
And sae will I of my black, black kist,\*  
That has neither key nor lock.
- 5 "Weel brook ye of your nut-brown bride,  
And of your bridal bed;  
And sae will I of the cauld, cauld mools,  
That sune will hap my head."
- 6 Sad Willie raise, put on his claise,  
Drew till him his hose and shoon;  
And he is on to Annie's bow'r,  
By the lee light of the moon.
- 7 The firsten bow'r that he came till,  
There was right dowie wark;  
Her mother and her three sisters  
Were makin' to Annie a sark.
- 8 The nexten bow'r that he came till,  
There was right dowie cheer;  
Her father and her seven brethren  
Were makin' to Annie a bier.

\* "Black kist:" the coffin.



- 9 The lasten bow'r that he came till,  
Oh, heavy was his care!  
The dead candles were burning bright,  
And fair Annie streekit \* there.
- 10 " It's I will kiss your bonnie cheek,  
And I will kiss your chin,  
And I will kiss your clay-cauld lip;  
But I'll ne'er kiss woman again.
- 11 " And that I was in love outdone  
Shall ne'er be said of me;  
For as ye've died for me, Annie,  
Sae will I do for thee.
- 12 " This day ye birl at Annie's wake  
The white bread and the wine;  
Before the morn, at twelve o'clock,  
They'll birl the same at mine."
- 13 The ane was buried in Mary's kirk,  
The other in Mary's quire;  
And out of the ane there grew a birk,  
And out of the other a brier.
- 14 And aye they grew, and aye they drew,  
As they would fain be near;  
And every ane that pass'd them by,  
Said—"Thae's been lovers dear!"

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#### CLERK TAMMAS.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. 1, p. 43; and note, p. 294. See *ante*, p. 13. Mr. Buchan says:—"This ballad bears all the characteristics of antiquity. It seems rather of a romantic kind, although in many places allegorical."

- 1 CLERK TAMMAS loved her, fair Annie,  
As well as Mary loved her son;  
But now he hates her, fair Annie,  
And hates the land that she lives on.
- 2 " Ohon, alas!" said fair Annie,  
" Alas! this day I fear I'll dee;  
But I will on to sweet Tammas,  
And see if he will pity me."

"Streekit:" stretched, or laid out.

- 3 As Tammas lay o'er his shott-window,  
Just as the sun was gaein' down,  
There he beheld her, fair Annie,  
As she came walking to the town.
- 4 "Oh, where are all my well-wight men,  
I wot that I pay meat and fee,  
For to let all my hounds gang loose,  
To hunt this vile wench to the sea?"
- 5 The hounds they knew the ladye well,  
And nane of them they wou'd her bite,  
Save ane that was named Gaudy-where;  
I wot he did the ladye smite.
- 6 "Oh, wae mot worth ye, Gaudy-where,  
An ill reward this is to me;  
For ae bit that I ga'e the lave,  
I'm very sure I've gi'en you three.
- 7 "For me, alas! there 's nae remcid,  
Here comes the day that I maun dee;  
I ken ye love your master well,  
And sae did I, alas for me!"
- 8 A captain lay o'er his ship window,  
Just as the sun was gaein' down;  
There he beheld her, fair Annie,  
As she was hunted frae the town.
- 9 "If ye'll forsake father and mother,  
If ye'll forsake your friends and kin;  
If ye'll forsake your lands sae broad,  
Then come, and I will take you in."
- 10 "Yes, I'll forsake father and mother,  
And sae will I my friends and kin;  
Yes, I'll forsake my lands sae broad,  
And come, if ye will take me in."
- 11 Then a' thing gaed frae fause Tammas,  
And there was naething bade him wi';  
Then he thought lang for Annandale,—  
It was fair Annie for to see.
- 12 "How do ye now, ye sweet Tammas?  
And how gaes all in your countrie?"  
"I'll do better to you than ever I've done,  
Fair Annie, if ye'll come and see."

- 13 "Oh, Gude forbid," said fair Annie,  
 "That e'er the like fall in my hand;  
 Wou'd I forsake my ain gude lord,  
 And follow you a gae-through-land?"
- 14 "Yet, nevertheless now, sweet Tammas,  
 Ye'll drink a cup of wine with me;  
 And nine times, in the live-lang day,  
 Your fair claithing shall changed be."
- 15 Fair Annie put it till her cheek,  
 Sae did she till her milk-white chin;  
 Sae did she till her flatterin' lips,  
 But never a drap of wine gaed in.
- 16 Tammas put it till his cheek,  
 Sae did he till his dimpled chin;  
 He put it till his rosy lips,  
 And then the well of wine gaed in.
- 17 "These pains," said he, "are ill to bide;  
 Here is the day that I maun die:  
 Oh, take this cup frae me, Annie,  
 For of the same I am weary."
- 18 "And sae was I of you, Tammas,  
 When I was hunted to the sea;  
 But I'se gar bury you in state,  
 Which is mair than ye'd done to me."

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### LORD WILLIAM.

"A fragment of this gloomy and impressive romance was published in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 148." (See next page.)

Five versions, more or less complete, appeared subsequently. They are:—

- I. "Lord William," in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 23. This version was communicated by the Ettrick Shepherd, accompanied by a note, in which he states that he can "trace it back several generations, but cannot hear of its ever being in print."
- II. "Earl Richard," same work and volume, p. 184. Collated from "two ballads in Mr. Herd's MSS. upon the following story, in one of which the unfortunate knight is termed 'Young Huntin.'"
- III. "Earl Richard," in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 218. "Given from recitation."

- IV. "Young Redin," in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 1. "Recovered," says Mr. Kinloch, "from the recitation of Miss E. Beattie, of Edinburgh, a native of Mearnshire, who sings it to a plaintive, though somewhat monotonous, air of one measure."
- V. "Young Huntin," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads, &c.*, vol. i., p. 118. "Though last on the stage of public criticism," says Mr. Buchan, "is not the least in poetical merit;—it is superior to all those which have preceded it, and now for the first time printed in a complete and perfect state, with beauties that are not to be found in any of the other fragments."—Note, p. 303.

"In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1794, vol. lxiv., part i., p. 553, there is a modern ballad of extremely perverted orthography and vicious style (meant for ancient), in which the twenty [twenty-eight?] lines of Herd's fragment are interwoven with an altogether different story. It is printed, as authentic, in *Scarce Ancient Ballads*, Aberdeen, 1822."—Professor Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. iii., p. 3.

The opening stanzas of "Sir Roland," *ante*, p. 171, are similar in incident; but, with the exception of the first stanza of it, and the fourth of the following, the ballads differ entirely in phraseology and treatment; while the retributive catastrophes of the latter portion differ *in toto*.

The ballad which follows has been compiled from the versions named above, and numbered I. to V.

On account of the number of versions, their numerous minor differences, and the inconsistencies which more or less pervade them all, and particularly the "Earl Richard" of Sir Walter Scott, it has been thought not only necessary, but proper, to exercise some degree of licence in the work of collation; while, for the sake of uniformity and consistency of style, the language and orthography of the various versions have been here modernized.

The notes are from the pen of Sir Walter Scott: the narratives of cases cited by him in the last note are, however, omitted, while the references are retained.

The following is the fragment which originally appeared in Herd's *Scottish Songs*:—

•   •   •   •   •   •

"She has call'd to her bow'r-maidens,  
She has call'd them one by one;  
'There is a dead man in my bow'r,  
I wish that he was gone.'

"They have booted him, and spurr'd him,  
As he was wont to ride:  
A hunting-horn around his waist,  
A sharp sword by his side.

"Then up and spake a bonnie bird,  
That sat upon the tree,—  
'What ha'e ye done with Earl Richard,  
Ye was his gay ladye?'

“ ‘Come down, come down, my bonnie bird,  
 Come, sit upon my hand;  
 And ye shall ha’e a cage of the gowd,  
 Where ye ha’e but the wand.

“ ‘Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
 Nae ill woman for me;  
 What ye ha’e done to Earl Richard,  
 Sae wad ye do to me.’

• • • • •

“ ‘Oh, there’s a bird within your bow’r,  
 That sings sae sad and sweet;  
 Oh, there’s a bird intil your bow’r,  
 Kept frae my night’s sleep.’

• • • • •

“ ‘And she sware by the grass sae green,  
 Sae did she by the corn,  
 That she had not seen Earl Richard  
 Syne yesterday at morn.’”

• • • • •

- 1 LORD WILLIAM was the bravest knight  
 That dwelt in fair Scotland;  
 And though renown’d in foreign lands,  
 Fell by a ladye’s hand.
- 2 And he has forth a-hunting gone,  
 As fast as he cou’d ride,  
 With hunting-horn hung round his neck,  
 And a small sword by his side.
- 3 Ladye Maisry forth from her bow’r came,  
 Then on her tow’r-head stood;  
 And thought she heard a bridle ring,  
 Down by the shady wood.
- 4 Lord William then came riding up,  
 And tirl’d at the pin;  
 Ladye Maisry hasted from the tow’r,  
 To open and let him in.
- 5 “Good morrow, good morrow, Ladye Maisry,  
 God make you safe and free;  
 I’m come to take my last farewell,  
 My last farewell of thee.”
- 6 “Then light, oh light, Lord William,” she said,  
 “And stay with me this night;  
 You shall have cheer with charcoal red,\*  
 And candles burning bright.”

\* “‘Charcoal red.’ This circumstance marks the antiquity of the poem. While wood was plenty in Scotland, charcoal was the usual fuel in the chambers of the wealthy.”—Scott.



- 7 "I cannot light, I will not light:  
The truth I will thee tell;  
A fairer ladye than ten of thee  
Meets me at Brannan's well.
- 8 "Oh, the very sole of that ladye's foot,  
Than thy face is far more white;  
And I am sworn at Brannan's well  
To meet with her this night."
- 9 "Then if your love be changed," she said,  
"And better may not be,  
At least ye will, for auld lang syne,  
Come taste the wine with me."
- 10 "I will not stay, I cannot stay,  
To drink the wine with thee:  
A ladye I love better far,  
Is waiting now for me."
- 11 He leant him o'er his saddle-bow,  
To kiss ere they did part;  
And with a bodkin sharp and keen,  
She pierc'd him to the heart.
- 12 "Ride on, ride on, Lord William, now,  
As fast as you can ride;  
Your new love at St. Brannan's well  
Will wonder why ye bide."
- 13 It's out then spake a popinjay,  
Sat high upon a tree:  
"How cou'd you kill that noble lord?  
He came to marry thee."
- 14 Up then spake the popinjay,  
As it flew o'er her head:  
"Ladye, keep well your green clothing  
Free from the blood so red."
- 15 "Oh, I will keep my green clothing  
Free from the blood so red,  
Better than thou canst keep thy tongue,  
That prattles in thy head.
- 16 "But come thou down, thou bonnie bird,  
Nor hop from tree to tree;  
I'll give to thee a cage of gold,  
And with white bread feed thee."

- 17 "Keep your good cage of gold, ladye,  
And I will keep my tree;  
As ye have done to Lord William,  
So wou'd ye do to me."  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 18 "Oh, long, long is the winter night,  
And slowly dawns the day;  
A slain knight lyes close by my bow'r,  
And I wish he were away."
- 19 Up then spake her bow'r-maiden,  
And she spake out with spite:  
"If there be a slain knight near your bow'r,  
It's yourself that has the wyte."\*
- 20 "Oh, heal † this deed on me, Katherine,  
Oh, heal this deed on me,  
And the silks were shapen for my wear,  
They shall be sew'd for thee."
- 21 The one has ta'en him by the feet,  
The other by the head,  
And the deepest pot ‡ of Clyde's water  
They made his burial bed.
- 22 It's up then spake the popinjay,  
As it sat on a tree:  
"Go home, go home, thou false ladye,  
And pay your maid her fee."  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 23 Now it did chance that very day  
The King was bound to ride;  
And he has sent for Lord William,  
To ride forth by his side.
- 24 Many a lord and many a knight  
Sought for him all around;  
They sought him up, they sought him down,  
But he cou'd not be found.
- 25 Then they call'd the Ladye Maisry,  
And she swore by the thorn:  
"I have not seen good Lord William  
Since early yestermorn.

\* "Wyte:" blame.

† "Heal:" conceal.

‡ The deep holes scooped in the rock by the eddies of a river are called pots, the motion of the water having there some resemblance to a boiling caldron. Linn means the pool beneath a cataract.

- 26 "He rode by way of Clyde water;  
And much it feareth me,  
That if he tried to ride the stream,  
He therein drown'd must be."
- 27 "Go dive, go dive," the King loud cried,  
"Go dive for gold and fee;  
Who dives there, for Lord William's sake,  
Shall well rewarded be."
- 28 They sought Clyde water up and down,  
They sought it in and out;  
But Lord William or Lord William's corpse  
They found nowhere about.
- 29 Then up it spake the popinjay,  
As it flew overhead:  
"Dive on, dive on, ye divers all,  
For there he lyes indeed.
- 30 "But leave off diving by the day,  
Leave off till it be night;  
Then, where that saikless\* knight lyes slain,  
The candles will burn bright." †
- 31 They left off diving by the day,  
And waited till the night;  
Then, where that saikless knight lay slain,  
The candles burned bright.
- 32 In the deepest pot of Clyde water  
Lord William's corpse was found;  
With boots, spurs, sword, and hunting-horn,  
As he to hunt went bound.
- 33 Then up and spake the King himself,  
When he saw the deadly wound:  
"Oh! who has slain my right-hand man,  
That held my hawk and hound?"

\* "Saikless:" guiltless.

† These are unquestionably the corpse-lights, called in Wales "Canhwyllan Cyrph," which are sometimes seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. The editor is informed that, some years ago, the corpse of a man drowned in the Etrick, below Selkirk, was discovered by means of these candles. Such lights are common in churchyards, and are probably of a phosphoric nature. But rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes that, as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house in which the person had died, and glides towards the churchyard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest. This and other opinions, relating to the "tomb-fire's livid gleam," seem to be of Runic extraction.

- 34 Then up and spake the popinjay;  
Says—"What needs all this din?  
It was his leman took his life,  
And threw him in the linn."
- 35 Yet still she swore by grass so green,  
By corn and by thorn,  
That she Lord William had not seen  
Since yesterday at morn.
- 36 "It must have been my bow'r-woman;  
Oh, ill may her betide!  
For I ne'er wou'd slain Lord William,  
And thrown him in the Clyde."
- 37 The King he call'd upon his men,  
To hew down wood and thorn;  
And there to build a strong baile-fire,  
The bow'r-maiden to burn.
- 38 Then they built up a strong baile-fire,  
To burn that maiden in;  
But it would not light upon her cheek,  
Nor yet upon her chin;
- 39 Nor yet upon her yellow hair,  
To cleanse the deadly sin;  
But it took upon the cruel hands  
That help'd to throw him in.
- 40 The maiden touch'd the clay-cold corpse,  
A drop it never bled;  
But when the ladye touch'd the corpse,  
The blood came gushing red.
- 41 Then they've ta'en out the bow'r-woman,  
And they've put the ladye in:  
The flame took fast upon her cheek,  
And fast upon her chin;
- 42 And faster on the cruel hand,  
That wrought the deadly sin;  
Until the ladye's fair body  
Was burn'd like holyn green.\*

\* "Holyn green:" green holly. The lines immediately preceding, "The maiden touched," &c., and which are restored from tradition, refer to a superstition formerly received in most parts of Europe, and even resorted to by judicial authority, for the discovery of murder. In Germany, this experiment was called Bahr-recht, or the law of the bier; because, the murdered body being stretched upon a bier, the suspected person was obliged to put one hand upon the wound,

## YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

"A fragment of this fine old ballad" was published by Herd, under the title of "The Cruel Knight," in his *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 165; but "for the first complete copy the public is indebted to Mr. Finlay, of Glasgow, in whose collection (of *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 72) it appeared." Mr. Finlay's version was, as he informs us, "completed from two recited copies." It was followed by a similar, but still more complete version, also "obtained from recitation;" which, with "a few verbal emendations" from "Mr. Finlay's copy," was given in his *Minstrelsy*, p. 193, by Mr. Motherwell, accompanied with the following explanatory statement:—

"The reciters of old ballads frequently supply the best commentaries upon them, when any obscurity or want of connection appears in the poetical narrative. This ballad, as it stands, throws no light on young Johnstone's motive for stabbing his lady; but the person from whose lips it was taken down alleged that the barbarous act was committed unwittingly, through young Johnstone's suddenly waking from his sleep, and, in that moment of confusion and alarm, unhappily mistaking his mistress for one of his pursuers. It is not improbable but the ballad may have had at one time a stanza to the above effect, the substance of which is still remembered, though the words in which it was couched have been forgotten. At all events, it is a more likely inference than that which Mr. Gilchrist has chosen to draw from the premises. See *A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads, Tales, and Songs, with Explanatory Notes and Observations*, by John Gilchrist, vol. i., p. 185, Edin., 1815."

The hiatus here referred to by Mr. Motherwell was shortly after filled by the appearance of another version of the ballad, under the title of "Lord John's Murder," in Mr. Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 20, which version contains a stanza answering to the prose rider of Mr. Motherwell's reciter. It occurs in the text, in a slightly amended form, as stanza 26.

Motherwell's version is the one generally followed in the text here given; but stanza 21 has been substituted from "The Cruel Knight," in place of the corresponding stanza in Motherwell. Stanzas 14, 20, and the first two lines of 16, are also added from the same source. The last two lines of stanzas 22 and 25 have been substituted for those

and the other upon the mouth of the deceased, and, in that posture, call upon Heaven to attest his innocence. If, during this ceremony, the blood gushed from the mouth, nose, or wound—a circumstance not unlikely to happen in the course of shifting or stirring the body—it was held sufficient evidence of the guilt of the party.

The same singular kind of evidence, although reprobated by Malthæus and Carpozovius, was admitted in the Scottish criminal courts, at the short distance of one century.

[The cases narrated by Scott are those of Muir, laird of Auchindrane, in Ayrshire (1611), from Wodrow's *History*, vol. i., p. 513; and Hume's *Criminal Laws*, vol. i., p. 428: of Philip Standfield (30th Nov., 1687), from Fountainhall's *Decisions*, vol. i., p. 483; and another at the classic stream of Yarrow, as communicated to him by "an ingenious correspondent."

An instance of the prevalence of this belief, in comparatively recent times, is cited by Kinloch (p. 12), from Telfair's *True Relation of an Apparition*, &c., 1695; and one still more recent, as "practised at Aberdeen," within the recollection of Mr. Kinloch, namely, some time about the beginning of the present century.]



subjoined in the notes; the first two lines of stanza 23 added, with the view of completing the sense; and a few verbal changes made, it is hoped, not only without violence, but rather with improvement, to the text.

- 1 YOUNG JOHNSTONE and the young Col'nel  
Sat drinking at the wine:  
"Oh, if ye wou'd marry my sister,  
It's I wou'd marry thine."
- 2 "I wou'dna marry your sister  
For all your houses and land;  
But I'll keep her for my leman,  
When I come o'er the strand.
- 3 "I wou'dna marry your sister  
For all your gowd and fee;  
But I'll keep her for my leman,  
When I come o'er the sea."
- 4 Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,  
Hung low down by his gair,  
And he ritted\* it through the young Col'nel,  
That word he ne'er spake mair.
- 5 But he's awa to his sister's bow'r,  
He's tirl'd at the pin;  
"Where ha'e ye been, my dear brother,  
Sae late a-coming in?"
- 6 "I've dreamed a dream this night," she says,  
"I wish it may be for good;  
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
And the young Col'nel was dead."
- 7 "With hawks and hounds they may seek me,  
As I trow well they be;  
For I ha'e kill'd the young Col'nel,  
And thy true love was he."
- 8 "If ye ha'e kill'd the young Col'nel,  
Oh, dule and wae is me!  
But may ye hang on a high gallows,  
And ha'e nae power to flee."

\* "Ritted:" thrust violently. In *Sir Tristrem* it is used simply to cut. [*Vide Fytte I., stanza xlv.*]—Finlay. In the copy obtained by the editor, the word 'ritted' did not occur; instead of which the word 'stabbed' was used. The 'nut-brown sword' was also changed into 'a little small sword.'—Motherwell.

- 9 Then he's awa to his true love's bow'r,  
He's tirl'd at the pin:  
"Where ha'e ye been, my dear Johnstone,  
Sae late a-coming in?"
- 10 "I ha'e dream'd a dreary dream," she says,  
"I wish it may be for good;  
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
And the young Col'nel was dead."
- 11 "With hawks and hounds they may seek me,  
As I trow well they be;  
For I ha'e kill'd the young Col'nel,  
And thy ae brother was he."
- 12 "If ye ha'e kill'd the young Col'nel,  
Oh, dule and wae is me!  
But I care the less for the young Col'nel,  
If thy ain body be free.\*"
- 13 "Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,  
Come in and take a sleep;  
And I will go to my casement,  
And careful watch I'll keep."
- 14 She's ta'en him to her secret bow'r,  
Pinn'd with a siller pin;  
And she's up to her highest tow'r,  
To watch that none come in.
- 15 He hadna weel got up the stair,  
And enter'd in her bow'r,  
When four-and-twenty belted knights  
Came riding to the door.
- 16 "Now God you save, my fair ladye,  
I pray you tell to me,  
Oh, did you see a bloody squire,  
A bloody squire was he;  
Oh, did you see a bloody squire  
Come riding o'er the lea?"
- 17 "What colour were his hawks?" she says,  
"What colour were his hounds?  
What colour was the gallant steed  
That bore him from the bounds?"

\* "But if I save your fair body,  
The better you'll like me."—The Cruel Knight

- 18 " Bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
And bloody were his hounds;  
And milk-white was the gallant steed  
That bore him from the bounds."
- 19 " Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
And bloody were his hounds;  
And milk-white was the gallant steed  
That bore him from the bounds.
- 20 " Yes, bloody, bloody was his sword,  
And bloody were his hands;  
But if the steed he rides be good,  
He 's past fair Scotland's strands.\*
- 21 " Light down, light down, then, gentlemen,  
And take some bread and wine;  
The better you will him pursue,  
When you shall lightly dine."
- 22 " We thank you for your bread, ladye,  
We thank you for your wine;  
But till that bloody knight is ta'en,  
We cannot think to dine."†
- 23 Then up unto her secret bow'r  
She noiselessly did creep,—  
" Lye still, lye still, my dear Johnstone,  
Lye still and take a sleep;  
For thy enemies are past and gone,  
And careful watch I keep."‡
- 24 But young Johnstone had a sharp wee sword,  
Hung low down by his gair,  
And he stabb'd it in fair Annet's breast,  
A deep wound and a sair.
- 25 " What aileth thee now, my dear Johnstone?  
What aileth thee at me?  
That for the service I ha'e done  
Ye pay me such a fee?" §

\* " He 's past the bridge of Tyne."—Finlay. } Both occur in connection with the  
" He 's past the brig o' Lyne."—Motherwell. } first two lines of stanza 21.

† " But I wad gi'e thrice three thousand pound  
That bloody knight was ta'en."—Motherwell.

‡ One version ends here. The concluding stanzas seem to have been added by another hand.

§ " Hast thou not got my father's gold,  
Bot and my mother's fee?"—Both Finlay and Motherwell.

- 26 "Alas! alas! my fair ladye,  
To come so hastilie:  
I took you for my deadly foe,  
Had come to capture me.
- 27 "Now live, now live, my dear ladye,  
Now live but half an hour,  
And the skilliest leech in all Scotland  
Shall be brought to thy bow'r."
- 28 "How can I live, how shall I live?  
My love, do not you see  
The red, red drops of my heart's blood  
Run trickling down my knee?
- 29 "But take thy harp into thy hand,  
And harp out o'er yon plain;  
And think nae mair on thy true love,  
Than if she ne'er had been."
- 30 He was scarce frae the stable gone,  
And on his saddle set,  
Till four-and-twenty broad arrows  
Were thrilling in his heart.

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### YOUNG BENJIE.

"In this ballad," writes Sir Walter Scott, "the reader will find traces of a singular superstition, not yet altogether discredited in the wilder parts of Scotland. The lykewake, or watching a dead body, in itself a melancholy office, is rendered, in the idea of the assistants, more dismally awful, by the mysterious horrors of superstition. In the interval betwixt death and interment, the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover around its mortal habitation, and, if invoked by certain rites, retains the power of communicating, through its organs, the cause of its dissolution. Such inquiries, however, are always dangerous, and never to be resorted to, unless the deceased is suspected to have suffered foul play, as it is called. It is the more unsafe to tamper with this charm in an unauthorized manner, because the inhabitants of the infernal regions are at such periods peculiarly active. One of the most potent ceremonies in the charm, for causing the dead body to speak, is setting the door ajar or half open. On this account, the peasants of Scotland sedulously avoid leaving the door ajar, while a corpse lies in the house. The door must either be left wide open, or quite shut; but the first is always preferred, on account of the exercise of hospitality usual on such occasions. The attendants must be likewise careful never to leave the corpse for a moment alone, or, if it is left alone, to avoid, with a degree of superstitious horror, the first sight of it.

“The following story, which is frequently related by the peasants of Scotland, will illustrate the imaginary danger of leaving the door ajar. ‘In former times, a man and his wife lived in a solitary cottage on one of the extensive Border fells. One day the husband died suddenly; and his wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse, or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door, and looked anxiously over the lonely moor for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm, she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up, and sat in the bed, frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination of the dead man’s eye, and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a Catholic priest, passing over the wild, entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth, and said the pater-noster backwards; when the horrified look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed, and behaved itself as a dead man ought to do.’

“The ballad is given from tradition. I have been informed by a lady, of the highest literary eminence, that she has heard a ballad on the same subject, in which the scene was laid upon the banks of the Clyde. The chorus was—

‘Oh, Bothwell banks bloom bonnie,’

and the watching of the dead corpse was said to have taken place in Bothwell church.”

The ballad is here printed from Scott’s *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 10, with the addition of stanzas 13 to 17 inclusive, from a different version, published by Mr. Buchan, in *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 265, under the title of “Bondsey and Maisry.” The last two lines of stanza 17, and the first two of stanza 18, have, however, been very slightly altered.

- 1 Of all the maids of fair Scotland,  
The fairest was Marjorie;  
And young Benjie was her ae true love,  
And a dear true love was he.
- 2 And wow but they were lovers dear,  
And lov’d full constantlie;  
But aye the mair when they fell out,  
The sairer was their plea.\*
- 3 And they ha’e quarrell’d on a day,  
Till Marjorie’s heart grew wae;  
And she said she’d chuse another luvie,  
And let young Benjie gae.
- 4 And he was stout † and proud-hearted,  
And thought o’t bitterlie;  
And he’s gane by the wan moonlight,  
To meet his Marjorie.

\* “Plea:” used obliquely for dispute.

† “Stout,” through this whole ballad, except in one instance (stanza 10), signifies haughty.



- 5 "Oh, open, open, my true love,  
Oh, open and let me in!"  
"I darena open, young Benjie,  
My three brothers are within."
- 6 "Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonnie burd,  
Sae loud 's I hear ye lee;  
As I came by the Louden banks,  
They bade gude e'en to me.
- 7 "But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,  
That I have lov'd sae lang!  
It sets ye \* chuse another love,  
And let young Benjie gang."
- 8 Then Marjorie turn'd her round about,  
The tear blinding her e'e;  
"I darena, darena let thee in,  
But I'll come down to thee."
- 9 Then saft she smil'd, and said to him—  
"Oh, what ill ha'e I done?"  
He took her in his arms twa,  
And threw her o'er the linn.
- 10 The stream was strong, the maid was stout,  
And laith, laith to be dang; †  
But ere ye wan the Louden banks,  
Her fair colour was wan.
- 11 Then up bespake her eldest brother—  
"Oh, see na ye what I see?"  
And out then spake her second brother—  
"It is our sister Marjorie!"
- 12 Out then spake her eldest brother—  
"Oh, how shall we her ken?"  
And out then spake her youngest brother—  
"There's a honey mark on her chin."
- 13 The eldest brother he stepp'd in,  
He stepp'd in to the knee;  
Then out he jump'd upon the bank—  
"This water 's no for me."
- 14 The second brother he stepp'd in,  
He stepp'd in to the queet;  
Then out he jump'd upon the bank—  
"This water 's wond'rous deep."

\* "Sets ye:" becomes you; ironical.

† "Dang;" defeated.

- 15 Then the third brother he stepp'd in,  
He stepp'd in to the chin;  
But out again he quick did wade,  
For fear of drowning him.
- 16 The youngest brother he stepp'd in,  
Took his sister by the hand;  
He knew her by the honey drops,  
And brought her corpse to land.
- 17 Then he has ta'en the comely corpse,  
And laid it on the ground;  
Saying—"Wha has kill'd our ae sister?  
And how can he be found?"
- 18 "The night it is her low lykewake,  
The morn her burial day;  
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,  
And hear what she will say."
- 19 With doors ajar, and candles light,  
And torches burning clear,  
The streekit corpse, till still midnight,  
They waked, but naething hear.
- 20 About the middle of the night  
The cocks began to craw;  
And at the dead hour of the night,  
The corpse began to thraw.
- 21 "Oh, wha has done thee wrang, sister,  
Or dared the deadly sin?  
Wha was sae stout, and fear'd nae dout,  
As throw ye o'er the linn?"
- 22 "Young Benjie was the first ae man  
I laid my love upon;  
He was sae stout and proud-hearted,  
He threw me o'er the linn."
- 23 "Shall we young Benjie head, sister?  
Shall we young Benjie hang?  
Or shall we pike out his twa gray een,  
And punish him ere he gang?"
- 24 "Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers,  
Ye maunna Benjie hang;  
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,  
And punish him ere he gang."

- 25 "Tie a green gravat \* round his neck,  
And lead him out and in,  
And the best ae servant about your house  
To wait young Benjie on.
- 26 "And aye at every seven years' end,  
Ye'll take him to the linn;  
For that's the penance he maun dree,  
To scug † his deadly sin."

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### FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

This favourite Scottish ballad first appeared in Herd's collection, vol. i., p. 88. A more complete version subsequently appeared, in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 66, under the title of "The Cruel Brother; or, The Bride's Testament," and was there printed *verbatim*, as taken down from the recitation of Mrs. Arrott. Professor Aytoun, in his *Ballads of Scotland*, 2d edition, vol. i., p. 232, prints, professedly "from recitation," what in reality is simply a collated version of the two above-named.

As the difference between the two versions occurs chiefly in the opening stanzas, those from Herd, with their peculiar refrain, are first given up to the point at which the versions become identical for four stanzas, which, with the remaining portion of the ballad, are next given under the title, and following the text, of Jamieson's version; in its earlier portion more consistent, and in its latter portion more ample and polished, than Herd's.

The verses from this last which follow occur *verbatim*, and in the same order in Professor Aytoun's copy. Both start with "three ladies" and "three lords," but one of the "ladies" and two of the "lords" drop suddenly and unaccountably out of the story.

The two following stanzas, which have a different refrain from the others, appear at the end of Herd's version:—

"She louted down to gi'e a kiss—  
With a hey, and a lily gay;  
He stuck his penknife in her hass—  
And the rose it smells so sweetly.

"'Ride up, ride up,' cried the foremost man—  
With a hey, and a lily gay;  
'I think our bride looks pale and wan'—  
And the rose it smells so sweetly."

The concluding, or testamentary portion of the ballad, as given in "The Cruel Brother," &c., occurs, in slightly varied forms, in the two succeeding ballads, "The Twa Brothers," "Edward, Edward," and in another still further on, "Lord Donald." Analogous conclusions may also be found in Scandinavian and German ballads.

\* "Gravat" or cravat: a worsted neck scarf.

† "Scug:" cover or expiate.

- 1 THERE were three ladies in a hall—  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 There came three lords among them all—  
*The red, green, and the yellow.*
- 2 The first of them was clad in red—  
 "Oh, ladye fair, will ye be my bride?"
- 3 The second of them was clad in green—  
 "Oh, ladye fair, will ye be my queen?"
- 4 The third of them was clad in yellow—  
 "Oh, ladye fair, will ye be my marrow?"
- 5 "Oh, ye maun ask my father dear,  
 Likewise the mother that did me bear;
- 6 "And ye maun ask my sister Ann,  
 And not forget my brother John."
- 7 "Oh, I have ask'd thy father dear,  
 Likewise the mother that did thee bear;
- 8 "And I have ask'd thy sister Anu,  
 But I forgot thy brother John."

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#### THE CRUEL BROTHER.

- 1 THERE were three ladies in a hall—  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 There came a lord among them all—  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.
- 2 The eldest was baith tall and fair;  
 But the youngest was beyond compare.
- 3 The midmost had a graceful mien;  
 But the youngest look'd like beauty's queen.
- 4 The knight bow'd low to all the three;  
 But to the youngest he bent his knee.
- 5 The ladye turn'd her head aside;  
 The knight he woo'd her to be his bride.
- 6 The ladye blush'd a rosy red,  
 And said—"Sir Knight, I'm too young to wed."

- 7 "Oh, ladye fair, give me your hand,  
And I'll make you ladye of all my land."
- 8 "Sir Knight, ere you my favour win,  
Ye maun get consent frae all my kin."
- 9 He has got consent frae her parents dear,  
And likewise frae her sisters fair ;
- 10 He has got consent frae her kin each one,  
But forgot to speir at her brother John.
- 11 Now, when the wedding-day was come,  
The knight wou'd take his bonnie bride home.
- 12 And many a lord and many a knight  
Came to behold that ladye bright.
- 13 And there was nae man that did her see,  
But wish'd himself bridegroom to be.
- 14 Her father dear led her down the stair,  
And her sisters twain they kiss'd her there.
- 15 Her mother dear led her through the close,  
And her brother John set her on the horse.
- 16 She lean'd her o'er the saddle-bow,  
To give him a kiss ere she did go.
- 17 He has ta'en a knife, baith lang and sharp,  
And stabb'd the bonnie bride to the heart.
- 18 She hadna ridden half through the town,  
Until her heart's blood stain'd her gown.
- 19 "Ride saftly on," said the best young man,  
"For I think our bonnie bride looks pale and wan."
- 20 "Oh, lead me over into yon stile,  
That I may stop and breathe awhile.
- 21 "Oh, lead me gently up yon hill,  
And I'll there sit down and make my will."
- 22 "Oh, what will you leave to your father dear?"  
"The silver-shod steed that brought me here."
- 23 "What will you leave to your mother dear?"  
"My velvet pall and silken gear."



- 24 "And what will you leave to your sister Ann?"  
"My silken scarf and my golden fan."
- 25 "What will you leave to your sister Grace?"  
"My bloody clothes to wash and dress."
- 26 "What will you leave to your brother John?"  
"The gallows-tree, to hang him on."
- 27 "What will ye leave to your brother John's wife?"  
"The wilderness, to end her life."
- 28 This fair ladye in her grave was laid,  
And a mass was o'er her said.
- 29 But it wou'd have made your heart right sair—  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,  
To see the bridegroom rive his hair—  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

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### THE TWA BROTHERS.

Three Scottish versions of this ballad have appeared, as under:—

- I. In Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 59, where it "is given genuine, as it was taken down from the recitation of Mrs. Arrot. A very few lines [were] inserted by the editor to fill up chasms, [and] inclosed in brackets." (See the stanza noted in connection with stanza 3 of the present text, and discussed under.)
- II. In *A Ballad Book*, edited by C. K. Sharpe, Esq. (p. 56). "As to Kirkland," says Mr. Sharpe, "my copy has only kirk-yard, till the last verse, where *land* has been added from conjecture. Kirkland, or Inchmurry, is in Perthshire."
- III. In Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 60.

C. K. Sharpe, Esq., felt "convinced" that "the origin of the ballad" was derived from the following tragedy in real life, as quoted by Mr. Motherwell, who appears, from the terms in which he introduces the quotation, to coincide with C. K. Sharpe, Esq., in his opinion. He says:—"The domestic tragedy which this affecting ballad commemorates is not without a precedent in real history; nay, we are almost inclined to believe that it originated in the following melancholy event:—

"This year, 1589, in the moneth of July, ther falls out a sad accident, as a further warneing that God was displeas'd with the familie. The Lord Sommervill haveing come from Cowthally, earlie in the morning, in regard the weather was hott, he had ridden hard to be at the

Drum be ten a clock, which haveing done, he laid him down to rest. The servant, with his two sones, William, Master of Sommervill, and John his brother, went with the horses to ane Shott of land, called the Prety Shott, directly opposite the front of the house where there was some meadow ground for grassing the horses, and willowes to shaddow themselves from the heat. They had not long continued in this place, when the Master of Somervill, efter some litle rest awakeing from his sleep, and finding his pistolles that lay hard by him wett with the dew, he began to rub and dry them, when unhappily one of them went off the ratch, being lying upon his knee, and the muzel turned syde-ways, the ball strocke his brother John directly in the head, and killed him outright, soe that his sorrowful brother never had one word from him, albeit he begged it with many teares.'—*Memorie of the Somervilles*, vol. i., p. 467."

Mr. Motherwell next refers to Mr. Jamieson's "edition of this ballad," as, "in point of merit, perhaps superior to" his own. "The third stanza of that edition," continues he, "was, however, imperfect; and the ingenious editor, Mr. Jamieson, has supplied four lines to render it complete. Excellent though his interpolations generally are, it will be seen that, in this instance, he has quite misconceived the scope and tendency of the piece on which he was working, and in consequence has supplied a reading with which the scope of his own copy is at complete variance, and which at same time sweeps away the deep impression this simple ballad would otherwise have made upon the feelings; for it is unnecessary to mention that its touching interest is made to centre in the boundless sorrow and cureless remorse of him who had been the unintentional cause of his brother's death, and in the solicitude which that high-minded and generous spirit expresses, even in the last agonies of nature, for the safety and fortunes of the truly wretched and unhappy survivor."

Mr. Motherwell's reasoning is very plausible, but not very convincing, as we can see no special analogy between even his own version of the ballad and the tragic event which he and C. K. Sharpe, Esq., suppose it to have originated from. If precedents are allowed to count for anything in such a case, Mr. Jamieson might, with better show of reason than Mr. Motherwell can boast of, appeal to one much better known, and of much earlier occurrence than the Somerville tragedy—we allude to the murder of Abel by his brother Cain.

It is not, however, necessary to travel into the sacred record in search of a foundation for the story, as it finds a more immediate, appropriate, and exact counterpart in the Swedish ballad, "Sven i Rosengard," *Svenska F. V.*, No. 67; *Arwidsson*, No. 87, A. B.—a translation of which may be found in *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, vol. i., p. 263. In Schroter's *Finnische Runen* (Finnisch and Deutsch), there is also given "a traditionary ballad known in Finland, entitled, 'Weriner Pojka,'" "Der Blutige Sohn," or "The Bloody Son," of which an all but literal translation may be found in Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 350.

There are also two other similar Scotch ballads, "Edward! Edward!" which follows next in order, but in which the crime is

parricide; and "Son Davie! Son Davie!" which is given by Motherwell, "from the recitation of an old woman" (*Minstrelsy*, p. 339). This last closely resembles "Edward! Edward!" but the crime, as in all the other ballads named, is fratricide. Very curiously, too, the first of three stanzas, as quoted from it under, vindicates Mr. Jamieson's rendering of stanza 3, in opposition to Motherwell's, as given in the text of the collated ballad here printed, and makes havoc of his theory. They are—

"What about did the plea begin?  
Son Davie! son Davie!"  
"It began about the cutting o' a willow wand,  
That would never ha'e been a tree, O."

"What death dost thou desire to die?  
Son Davie! son Davie!  
What death dost thou desire to die?  
And the truth come tell to me, O."

"I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
Mother ladye! mother ladye!  
I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
And ye'll never see mair o' me, O."

- 1 THERE were twa brothers at the skuil;  
And when they got awa,—  
"It's will ye play at the stane-chucking?\*"  
Or will ye play at the ba'?  
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,  
And there we'll warsle † a fa'?"
- 2 "I winna play at the stane-chucking,  
Nor will I play at the ba';  
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,  
And there we'll warsle a fa'."
- 3 They warsled up, they warsled down,  
Till John fell to the ground:  
A dirk fell out of William's pouch,  
Gave John a deadly wound. ‡
- 4 "Oh, lift me, lift me on your back,  
Take me to yon well so fair,  
And wash the bluid frae aff my wound,  
And it will bleed nae mair!"

\* "Stane-chucking:" stone-putting.

† "Warsle:" wrestle.

‡ "They warsled up, they warsled down,  
The lee-lang simmer's day;  
[And nane was near to part the strife  
That raise atween them twae,  
Till out and Willie's drawn his sword,  
And did his brother slay.]"—Jamieson.

- 5 He's lifted him upon his back,  
Ta'en him to yon well fair,  
And wash'd the bluid frae aff his wound,  
But aye it bled the mair.
- 6 "Oh, ye'll take aff my holyn sark,  
And rive it gair by gair,  
And stap it in my bluidy wound,  
That it may bleed nae mair!"
- 7 Oh, he's ta'en aff his holyn sark,  
And rived it gair by gair;  
He's stapt it in the bluidy wound,  
But it bled mair and mair.
- 8 "Oh, lift me, lift me on your back,  
Take me to Kirkland fair,  
And dig a grave baith wide and deep,  
And lay my body there.
- 9 "Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,  
My bent bow at my feet;  
My sword and buckler at my side,  
As I was wont to sleep.
- 10 "But what will ye say to your father dear,  
When ye gae hame at e'en?"  
"I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,  
Where the grass grows fair and green."
- 11 "Oh no, oh no, my brother dear,  
Oh, you must not say so;  
But say that I'm gane to a foreign land,  
Where nae man does me know.
- 12 "Or when ye gang hame to my father dear,  
And he says—'Willie, where's John?'  
Then say that, to buy him a cask of wine,  
To England I have gone."
- 13 "And what will I say to my mother dear,  
When she says—'Willie, where's John?'"  
"Oh, say that, to buy her a new silk gown,  
To England I have gone."
- 14 "And what will I say to my sister dear,  
When she says—'Willie, where's John?'"  
"Oh, say that, to bring her a lover true,  
To England I have gone."

- 15 " And what will I say to your true love,  
When she speirs for her love John?"  
" Oh, say that, to buy her a wedding ring,  
To England I have gone."\*
- 16 [Oh, Willie he has hied him hame,  
A waeful, waeful man;]  
And when he sat in his father's chair,  
He grew baith pale and wan.
- 17 " Oh, what bluid 's that upon your brow?  
Oh, dear son, tell to me."  
" It is the bluid of my gude gray steed;  
He wou'dna ride with me."
- 18 " Oh, thy steed's bluid was ne'er sae red,  
Nor e'er sae dear to me:  
Oh, what bluid 's this upon your cheek?  
My dear son, tell to me."  
" It is the bluid of my greyhound;  
He wou'dna hunt for me."
- 19 " Oh, thy hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,  
Nor e'er sae dear to me:  
Oh, what bluid 's this upon your hand?  
My dear son, tell to me."  
" It is the bluid of my gay gos-hawk;  
He wou'dna flee for me."
- 20 " Oh, thy hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,  
Nor e'er sae dear to me:  
Oh, what bluid 's this upon your dirk?  
Dear Willie, tell to me."  
" It is the bluid of my ae brother;  
Oh, dule and wae is me."
- 21 " Oh, what will you say to your father?  
Dear Willie, tell to me."  
" I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride,  
To dwell in some far countrie."

\* " But what will I say to her you lo'e dear,  
Gin she cry—Why tarries my John?  
'Oh, tell her I lie in Kirk-land fair,  
And home again will never come.'"—C. K. Sharpe's version.

" When ye gae hame to my true love,  
She'll speir for her lord John;  
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirk-land fair,  
But hame ye fear he'll never come."—Jamieson's version.



- 22 "Oh, when will ye come hame again?  
Dear Willie, tell to me."  
"When sun and mune leap on yon hill;\*  
And that will never be."
- 23 She turn'd hersel' right round about,  
And her heart burst into three:  
"My ae best son is dead and gane,  
And my other I'll nae mair see!"

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EDWARD! EDWARD!

This "terrible ballad," or, as Percy less appropriately terms it, "this curious song, was transmitted" to him "by Sir D. Dalrymple, Bart., late Lord Hailes." Mr. Motherwell regards it as "rather a detached portion of a ballad," and thinks "there is reason to believe that his lordship made a few slight verbal improvements on the copy he transmitted, and altered the hero's name to Edward; a name which, by the by, never occurs in a Scottish ballad, except where allusion is made to an English king."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxvii.

The absurdly and affectedly antique orthography of the *Reliques* is here discarded in favour of that now usually adopted, but which was not first introduced by Herd, as the following notice in Professor Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 19 (first edition), leads its readers to suppose. His words are:—"I adhere to the version first printed (*i. e.*, Percy's 'Edward! Edward!' in preference to Motherwell's ballad of 'Son Davie'), more especially because it was afterwards adopted by Herd in his collection, with a reasonable change of orthography;" the fact being, that Herd printed *verbatim et literatim* from Percy.

Nor is the other reason which the Professor gives for his choice of version less curious or irrelevant, as honest David Herd had no choice but to give the only version which then existed in print, unless he had picked up a different copy from recitation; which he does not appear to have done. Stanzas 11 and 12 are here adapted from Motherwell's ballad of "Son Davie," in place of the stanzas noted under p. 295.

- 1 "WHY does your brand sae drap with bluid?  
Edward! Edward!  
Why does your brand sae drap with bluid,  
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"
- "Oh, I ha'e kill'd my hawk sae gude,  
Mither! mither!  
Oh, I ha'e kill'd my hawk sae gude,  
And I ha'e nae mair but he, O."

\* "When the sun and moon dance on the green."—Jamieson,

- 2 "Your hawk's bluid was never so red,  
Edward! Edward!  
Your hawk's bluid was never so red,  
My dear son, I tell thee, O."
- "Oh, I ha'e kill'd my red-roan steed,  
Mither! mither!  
Oh, I ha'e kill'd my red-roan steed,  
That erst was fair and free, O."
- 3 "Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e got mair,  
Edward! Edward!  
Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e got mair;  
Some other dule ye dree, O."
- "Oh, I ha'e kill'd my father dear,  
Mither! mither!  
Oh, I ha'e kill'd my father dear,  
Alas! and wae is me, O."
- 4 "And whatten penance will ye dree for that?  
Edward! Edward!  
And whatten penance will ye dree for that?  
My dear son, now tell me, O."
- "I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
Mither! mither!  
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
And I'll fare over the sea, O."
- 5 "And what will ye do with your tow'rs and your ha'?  
Edward! Edward!  
And what will ye do with your tow'rs and your ha',  
That were sae fair to see, O?"
- "I'll let them stand till they down fa',  
Mither! mither!  
I'll let them stand till they down fa';  
For here never mair maun I be, O."
- 6 "And what will ye leave to your poor wife?  
Edward! Edward!  
And what will ye leave to your poor wife,  
When ye gang over the sea, O?"
- "Grief and sorrow all her life,  
Mither! mither!

Grief and sorrow all her life;  
For her never mair will I see, O.\*

7 "And what will ye leave to your young son?  
Edward! Edward!  
And what will ye leave to your young son,  
When ye gang over the sea, O?"

"The wide warld, to wander up and down,  
Mither! mither!  
The wide warld, to wander up and down;  
He will never get mair frae me, O."

8 "And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear?  
Edward! Edward!  
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
My dear son, now tell to me, O?"

"The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,  
Mither! mither!  
The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear—  
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

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### BINNORIE.

The following are the different versions of this highly popular ballad, named in the order of their appearance:—

I. "The Miller and the King's Daughter," in *Wit Restor'd* (1658). Mr. Jamieson and Sir Walter Scott both designate this as a parody. Professor Child, however, contends that it is not, although he admits that "two or three stanzas are ludicrous." "Mr. Rimbault has printed the same piece from a broadside, dated 1656, in *Notes and Queries*, v., 591."

II. "Binnorie," in Pinkerton's *Scottish Tragic Ballads*, p. 72. Contains a few scraps of the original; but is, for the most part, Pinkerton's own manufacture.

\* *Variation*.—"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife?  
Edward! Edward!  
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
When ye gang over the sea, O?"

"The world's room—let them beg through life,  
Mither! mither!  
The world's room—let them beg through life;  
For them never mair will I see, O."—Original version.

- III. "The Cruel Sister," in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii, p. 287. "It is compiled from a copy in Mrs. Brown's MSS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment of fourteen verses, transmitted to the editor," Sir Walter Scott, "by J. C. Walker, Esq., the ingenious historian of the Irish bards. Mr. Walker, at the same time, favoured the editor" of the *Border Minstrelsy* "with the following note:—'I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss Brook, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her account of it was as follows:—This song was transcribed, several years ago, from the memory of an old woman, who had no recollection of the concluding verses; probably the beginning may also be lost, as it seems to commence abruptly.' The first verse and burden of the fragment ran thus:—

'Oh, sister, sister, reach thy hand!  
Hey ho, my Nanny, O,  
And you shall be heir of all my land,  
While the swan swims bonnie, O.'

The first part of this chorus seems to be corrupted from the common burden of 'Hey Nunny, Nanny,' alluded to in the song beginning, 'Sigh no more, Ladies.' The chorus retained in this edition is the most common and popular; but Mrs. Brown's copy bears a yet different burden, beginning thus:—

'There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r—  
Edinborough, Edinborough;  
There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r—  
Stirling for aye;  
There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,  
There cam' a knight to be their wooer—  
Bonnie St. Johnston stands upon Tay.'

- IV. "The Twa Sisters," in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. i, p. 48, given *verbatim* from the recitation of Mrs. Brown. The refrain, however, was changed from that noted above to the one generally used, and several interpolated stanzas of Mr. Jamieson's own were introduced, but "included within brackets."

Mr. Jamieson's "copy, in the exact state in which it appears" in his work, "was shown by the editor to Mr. (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott, some years before the publication of the *Minstrelsy*, and before he (Scott) had any thoughts of adopting it."

- V. "The Twa Sisters," in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 30. The refrain is similar to that of Mrs. Brown's version, as may be seen from the first stanza, which reads—

"There lived twa sisters in a bow'r—  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch;  
There lived twa sisters in a bow'r—  
Stirling for aye:  
The youngest o' them, oh, she was a flower!  
Bonnie Sanct Johnstone that stands upon Tay."

VI. "The Bonnie Bows o' London" (London?) in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 128. The refrain is—

"Hey wi' the gay and the grinding,  
At the bonnie, bonnie bows o' London."

"The old woman from whose recitation" Mr. Buchan "took it down, says, she had heard another way of it, quite local, whose burden runs thus,—' Even into Buchan-shire, vari, vari, O!'" (Note, p. 321.)

The text which follows is collated from Scott's and from Jamieson's versions; but the latter, being on the whole the best, is the one generally adopted.

"The same story is found in Icelandic, Norse, Faroish, and Estnish ballads, as well as in the Swedish and Danish, and a nearly related one in many other ballads or tales—German, Polish, Lithuanian, &c. &c. See *Svenska Folk-visor*, iii., 16; i., 81, 86; Arwidsson, ii., 139; and 'Den Talende Strengelig,' Grundtvig; No. 95; and the notes to 'Der Singende Knochen,' K. U. H. Märchen, iii., 55, ed. 1856."—Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 231.

N. B. —"It may be necessary *euphoniæ gratia* to caution the English [or American] reader, that the burden is pronounced Binnōrie, and not Binnōrie, as it is accented in a beautiful little modern ballad bearing that name, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* some time ago."<sup>3</sup>—Jamieson (1806).

- 1 THERE were twa sisters lived in a bower—  
    *Binnorie, O Binnorie!*  
    There came a knight to be their wooer,  
    *By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.*
- 2 He courted the eldest with glove and ring;  
    But he loved the youngest aboon a' thing.
- 3 He courted the eldest with brooch and knife;  
    But he loved the youngest as his life.
- 4 The eldest she was vexèd sair,  
    And sair envièd her sister fair.
- 5 Intil her bow'r she cou'dna rest;  
    With grief and spite she maistly brast.
- 6 Upon a mornin' fair and clear,  
    She cried upon her sister dear :
- 7 "Oh, sister! come to the sea-strand,  
    And see our father's ships come to land."
- 8 She 's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
    And led her down to yon sea-strand.



- 9 The youngest stood upon a stane,  
The eldest came and pushed her in.
- 10 She took her by the middle sma',  
And dash'd her bonnie back to the jaw.
- 11 "O sister, sister, reach your hand,  
And ye shall be heir of half my land."
- 12 "O sister, I'll not reach my hand,  
And I'll be heir of all your land."
- 13 "Shame fa' the hand that I shou'd take,  
It's twin'd me, and my world's maik."
- 14 "O sister, reach me but your glove,  
And sweet William shall be your love."
- 15 "Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,  
And sweet William shall better be my love.
- 16 "Your cherry cheeks, and your yellow hair,  
Gar'd me gang maiden evermair."
- 17 Sometimes she sunk, sometimes she swam,  
Until she came to the miller's dam,
- 18 Oh, out it came the miller's son,  
And saw the fair maid floating down.
- 19 "O father, father, draw your dam—  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
There's a mermaid or a milk-white swan  
In the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie."
- 20 [The miller quickly drew the dam,  
And there he found a drown'd womán.\*
- 21 "Sair will they be, whae'er they be,  
Their hearts that live to weep for thee.]
- 22 "And sair and lang may their teen † last,  
That wrought thee sic a dowie cast."

\* Stated by Jamieson in his Introduction to be, and bracketed by him in the text as, one of his interpolations. It occurs, however, in Scott's copy without note or comment, the only difference being the substitution, in the first line, of "hasted and" in place of "quickly."

† "Teen:" remorse or suffering.

- 23 You cou'dna see her yellow hair,  
For gowd and pearl that were so rare.
- 24 You cou'dna see her middle sma',  
For her gowden girdle sae braw.
- 25 You cou'dna see her fingers white,  
For gowden rings that were sae bright.
- 26 By there came a harper fine,  
That harpèd to the king at dine.\*
- 27 And when he look'd that ladye on,  
He sighed, and made a heavy moan.
- 28 ["Oh, wha shall tell, to thy father dear,  
The sad and waefu' sight that's here?
- 29 "And wha in thy mother's bow'r shall tell  
The weird her dearest bairn befell?
- 30 "And wha to thy luckless lover speak  
The tidings will gar his heart to break?"]
- 31 He made a harp of her breast-bone,  
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone.
- 32 He's ta'en three locks of her yellow hair,  
And with them strung his harp sae fair.†
- 33 He brought the harp to her father's hall;  
And there was the court assembled all.
- 34 He laid the harp upon a stane,  
And straight it began to play alane.
- 35 "Oh, yonder sits my father, the king,  
And yonder sits my mother, the queen.
- 36 "And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
And by him my William, sweet and true."

\* *Variation.*—"A famous harper passing by,  
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy."—Scott's version.

† *Variation.*—"The strings he form'd of her yellow hair,  
Their notes made sad the listening ear."—Scott's version.

Stanzas 31 and 33 to 37, inclusive, are from the same.

- 37 But the last tune that the harp played then,  
Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"\*

### THE CRUEL MOTHER.

Various versions of this ballad, more or less varied, have appeared, as under:—

- I. "A few mutilated stanzas," in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii., p. 237, with the refrain of—

"Oh, and alas-a-day! oh, and alas-a-day!  
Ten thousand times good night and [joy] be wi' thee."

- II. "Fine Flowers in the Valley," Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. iv., p. 331, as communicated by the poet Burns. The title is taken from the first line of the refrain, the other line being—

"And the green leaves they grow rarely."

The lines quoted below by Scott, from memory, are almost identical with stanzas 1, 2, 5, 6, and 7 of this version.

- III. "Ladye Anne," in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 18, and "communicated" to him "by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddum, who mentions having copied it from an old magazine. Although it has probably received some modern corrections, the general turn seems to be ancient,

\* Mr. Jamieson's copy concludes as follows, the bracketed stanzas being his own acknowledged interpolations. They follow stanza 33 of text:—

"[The harp untouch'd to the windes rang,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
And sad and doleful was the sang,  
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.]

"The first tune it did play and sing,  
Was—'Farewell to my father the king;'

"The nexten tune that it played bedene,  
Was—'Farewell to my mother the queen;'

"The thirdden tune that it played then,  
Was—'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen!'

"[But the lasten tune it played sae small,  
Was saft and sadly sweet o'er all

"The hardest heart would ha'e bled to hear,  
It moaned with sic a dowie cheer.

"And fareweel, oh, fareweel to thee,  
Binnorie, O Binnorie!  
The dearest youth in life to me,  
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie."]

and corresponds," says Scott, "with that of a fragment, containing the following verses, which I have often heard sung in my childhood:—

"She set her back against a thorn,  
And there she has her young son born.  
'Oh, smile na sae, my bonnie babe!  
An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead.'

\* \* \* \* \*

An' when that ladye went to the church,  
She spied a naked boy in the porch.

"'Oh, bonnie boy, an ye were mine,  
I'd clead ye in the silks sae fine.'  
'Oh, mother dear, when I was thine,  
To me ye were na half sae kind.'"

"Ladye Anne" was reprinted by Buchan, with the addition of one stanza, in his *Gleanings of Old Ballads*, p. 90.

- IV. "The Cruel Mother," in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 161. The second and fourth lines, composing the refrain, are respectively—

"Three, three, and three by three;"

and,

"Three, three, and thirty-three."

- V. "The Cruel Mother," in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 44. The opening line describes "London" as the place of the lady's residence. Mr. Kinloch mentions that "the Scottish Parliament, in 1690, had recourse to a severe law, which declared that a mother concealing her pregnancy, and not calling in assistance at the birth, should be presumed guilty of murder, if the child were" amissing or found dead. Sir Walter Scott's *Heart of Midlothian* is chiefly founded on a breach of this law. The refrain of Mr. Kinloch's version is the one here adopted.

- VI. "The Minister's Daughter of New York," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 217; or, "The Minister's Dochter o' Newarke," as the title is given in an improved copy of the same, which appears in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 51. The refrain is—

"Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O;"

and,

"Alane by the green burn sidie, O."

- VII. "The Cruel Mother," which also appears in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 222, and in the Percy Society series, vol. xvii., p. 46. It closes with this stanza—

"She threw hersell ower the castle-wa'—*Edinbro', Edinbro'*;  
She threw hersell ower the castle-wa'—*Stirling for aye*;  
She threw hersell ower the castle-wa';  
There I wat she got a fa'—  
*So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.*"

- VIII. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. iv., p. 33, contains a still different version under the same title, and with the same refrain as that contained in Johnson's *Musical Museum*.

Five German and three Wendish ballads of a similar nature are referred to by Professor Child, in *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 262.

The annotator of "The Minister's Dochter o' Newarke" (Percy Society series, vol. xvii., p. 96) explains that "by 'minister' is meant a minstrel, as in Chaucer:—

'——A gret host of *ministers*,  
With instruments and sounes diverse.'  
Chaucer's *Dreame*, i., 2132."

And "by 'clerk,'" he infers that it is not "a person in holy orders, but a student or young man learning al maner of mynstralcie," that meant.

The same writer regards "the village of Newark, on Yarrow," as "the locality" indicated. Mr. Furnivall may, however, feel inclined to claim the heroine and ballad as English, and localize both at Newark, in Nottinghamshire—a noted stage on the road from York to London. Or some zealous American may contend that Mr. Buchan's title is perfectly correct. For our own part, with the impartiality and fairness so specially characteristic of Scotsmen, we forbear to dogmatize.

The writer already quoted remarks, that "the burden of this ballad [version VI.] is very ancient, and, when coupled with the *purgatorial* nature of the punishment of the heroine, affords a strong presumption of the antiquity of the whole composition."

*Pythagorian*, in place of *purgatorial*, is probably the more correct term.

This feature is peculiar to version VI., which is the one chiefly followed in the text here printed.

- 1 THE minister's dochter of Newarke,  
All alone, and alonie,  
Has fallen in love with her father's clerk,  
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.
- 2 She courted him sax years and a day ;  
At length her false love did her betray.
- 3 She has ta'en her mantle her about,  
And sat her down on an auld tree root.
- 4 She leant her back unto an aik :  
First it bow'd, and syne it brake.
- 5 She leant her back unto a thorn,  
And there she has her twa babes born.
- 6 "Oh, smile na sae, my babes sae sweet,  
Smile na sae, for it gars me greet."



- 7 She's ta'en the ribbons frae her hair,  
And bound their bodies fast and sair.
- 8 Then she's ta'en out a little penknife,  
And twined each sweet babe of its life.
- 9 She's houkit a grave baith deep and wide,  
And put them in baith side by side.
- 10 She's cover'd them o'er with a big whin stane,  
Thinking to gang like maiden hame.
- 11 She's gane back to her father's castle hall,  
And she seem'd the lealest maid of them all.
- 12 As she look'd o'er her father's castle wall,  
She saw twa pretty babes playing at the ball.
- 13 "Oh, bonnie babes, if ye were mine,  
I wou'd feed and clead ye fair and fine.
- 14 "I would feed you with the ferra cow's \* milk,  
And clead you in the finest silk!"
- 15 "It's oh, cruel mother! when we were thine,  
Ye did neither feed nor clead us fine;
- 16 "But oh, cruel mother! when we were thine,  
Ye tied us with ribbons and hempen twine;
- 17 "And then ta'en out your wee penknife,  
And twined us each of our sweet life."
- 18 "Oh, bonnie babes! can ye tell me  
What sort of penance for this I maun dree?"
- 19 "Yes, cruel mother! we will tell thee  
The penance ye for this maun dree:
- 20 "Seven years a fool in the woods,  
Seven years a fish in the floods;
- 21 "Seven years to be a church bell,  
Peeling joy to us, but woe to yoursel';
- 22 "Seven years a porter to hell,  
And then evermair in its torments to dwell.

\* "Ferra cow:" a cow not with calf, but which continues to yield milk.

- 23 "But we shall dwell in the heavens hie,  
While you your penance and torments dree."
- 24 "Welcome! welcome! fool in the woods,  
Welcome! welcome! fish in the floods;
- 25 "Welcome! welcome! to be a church bell,  
But Gude preserve me out of hell!"

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LADYE ANNE.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 18, with the addition of the penultimate stanza from Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 91. See preceding introduction, (III.) According to this version, the act of murder was not really committed by the "cruel mother," but by a "fause nurse," or baby farmer of the olden time.

- 1 FAIR Ladye Anne sat in her bow'r,  
Down by the greenwood side;  
And the flow'rs did spring, and the birds did sing—  
'Twas the pleasant May-day tide.
- 2 But fair Ladye Anne on Sir William call'd,  
With the tear grit in her e'e:  
"Oh, tho' thou be fause, may heaven thee guard  
In the wars ayont the sea!"
- 3 Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,  
Upon the summer's morn,  
And they did sing and play at the ba',  
As naked as they were born.
- 4 "Oh, seven lang years wou'd I sit here,  
Amang the frost and snaw,  
All to ha'e anc of these bonnie boys  
A-playing at the ba'."
- 5 Then up and spake the eldest boy—  
"Now listen, th'ou fair ladye,  
And ponder well the rede that I tell,  
Then make ye a choice of the three.
- 6 "'Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,  
And that aue, sac fair to see,  
But a twelve-month sinsyne to paradise came,  
To join with our companie."

- 7 "Oh, I will ha'e the snaw-white boy,  
The bonniest of the three."  
"And if I were thine and in thy propine,\*  
Oh, what wou'd ye do to me?"
- 8 "It's I wou'd clead thee in silk and gowd,  
And nourish thee on my knee."  
"O mother! mother! when I was thine,  
Sic kindness I cou'dna see.
- 9 "At love's gay call, in the baron's hall,  
Ye quaff'd the laughing wine,  
While foodless days and sleepless nights  
In a menial's hut were mine.
- 10 "Beneath the turf, where now I stand,  
The fause nurse buried me;  
The cruel penknife still sticks in my heart,  
And I come not back to thee."

\* \* \* \* \*

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### LORD RANDAL.

Scotch versions, or fragments of versions, of this ballad have appeared as under:—

- I. In Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. iv., p. 337, consisting of two stanzas recovered by Burns.
- II. In Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 43. "There is," writes Sir Walter, "a beautiful air to this old ballad. The hero is more generally termed Lord Ronald; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy for calling him Randal,—because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and Governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison. See *The Bruce*, by Barbour, book xx. Fordun repeats, and Boece echoes, this story, both of whom charge the murder on Edward III. But it is combated successfully by Lord Hailes, in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*.

\* "Propine:" usually gift; but here the power of giving or bestowing.

“The substitution of some venomous reptile for food, or putting it into liquor, was anciently supposed to be a common mode of administering poison, as appears from [a] curious account of the death of King John, extracted from a MS. Chronicle of England, penes John Clerk, Esq., advocate. There is a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by a false step-mother.” \*

- III. In Allan Cunningham’s *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 285. It is similar to Scott’s, but has one stanza more.
- IV. In Kinloch’s *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 110, under the title of “Lord Donald,” as here printed next in order.
- V. In Buchan’s *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 179, under the title of “Willie Doo” (Dove). Mr. Buchan says:—“I have every reason to believe that this is the beautiful nursery song to which Sir Walter Scott alludes, now for the first time printed.” Note, p. 327.
- VI. In Chambers’s *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 51, under the title of “The Croodin Doo.” Dr. Chambers states it to be Mrs. Lockhart’s copy, as she used to sing it to her father at Abbotsford. But for the fact that Lockhart, in a note to Scott’s *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 48, mentions Buchan’s version as “probably” the one referred to by Scott, we should have supposed Mr. Buchan to be mistaken in his opinion, and Dr. Chambers’s version to be the one referred to.

With reference to this ballad, Mr. Jamieson writes:—“As I have lately heard it insinuated, upon authority that ought to have some weight, that nothing was known of the tragical fragment beginning—

‘Oh, whare ha’e ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?’

till the publication of Johnson’s *Scots Musical Museum*, I am happy to be able to furnish the reader—along with the assurance that there are many persons in Scotland who learnt it long before it was printed—with two curious scraps, the genuineness of which is unquestionable. An English gentleman, who had never paid any attention to ballads, nor ever read a collection of such things, told me, that, when a child, he learnt from a playmate of his own age, the daughter of a clergyman in Suffolk, the following imperfect ditty:—

“Where have you been to-day, Billy, my son?  
Where have you been to-day, my only man?  
‘I’ve been a-wooing, mother; make my bed soon,  
For I’m sick at heart, and fain would lay down!’

“What have you ate to-day, Billy, my son?  
What have you ate to-day, my only man?  
‘I’ve ate eel-pie, mother; make my bed soon,  
For I’m sick at heart, and shall die before noon!’”

\* This introduction of Scott’s is a fair sample of the drivelling nonsense which a man of genius may write. We have never seen, heard, nor read of any one else who has adopted the above wire-drawn and palpably erroneous theory.

Mr. Jamieson then quotes a "German" popular ditty, inserted in the *Knaben Wunderhorn*, and accompanies it with "a *verbatim* English prose translation," under the title of "Grandmother Addercook," remarking, "that any one of these Scottish, English, and German copies of the same tale has been borrowed or translated from another, seems very improbable; and it would now be in vain to attempt to ascertain what it originally was, or in what age it was produced. It has had the great good fortune in every country to get possession of the nursery—a circumstance which, from the enthusiasm and curiosity of young imaginations, and the communicative volubility of little tongues, has insured its preservation."—*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, pp. 319–322.

For Scandinavian versions, see "Den Lilas Testamente;" *Svenska Folk-Visor*, iii., 13. Translated in *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, i., 265. See also Arwidsson's *Fornsanger*, ii., 90.

There are other English versions besides the fragment cited by, and quoted from, Jamieson. Hector Macneill's popular song, "My Boy Tammie," appears also to be inspired from the same source. And away in the sunny south, on the once gay, but lately devastated plains of Louisiana, the following lively strain, which sounds somewhat like a burlesque of the tragic ballad, may be heard:—

"Oh, where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?  
'I have been to seek a wife—she's the joy of my life—  
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother!'

"Did she ask you to come in, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Did she ask you to come in, charming Billy?  
'Yes, she asked me to come in, with a dimple in her chin—  
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother!'

"Did she bid you take a chair, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Did she bid you take a chair, charming Billy?  
'Yes, she bade me take a chair, with a ringlet in her hair—  
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother!'

"Is she often seen at church, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Is she often seen at church, charming Billy?  
'Yes, she's often seen at church, with a bonnet white as birch—  
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother!'

'Oh, is she very tall, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Oh, is she very tall, charming Billy?  
'She's tall as a pine, and straight as a pumpkin vine—  
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother!'

"Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?  
'She can bake a cherry pie, in the twinkle of an eye—  
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother?'"

- 1 "WHERE ha'e ye been hunting, Lord Randal, my son?  
Where ha'e ye been hunting, my handsome young man?"  
"In yon wild wood, O mither; so make my bed soon,  
For I'm wae and I'm weary, and fain wou'd lie down."



- 2 "Where got ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
Where got ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"  
"Oh, I dined with my true love; so make my bed soon,  
For I'm wae and I'm weary, and fain wou'd lie down."
- 3 "Oh, what was your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
Oh, what was your dinner, my handsome young man?"  
"Eels boiled in broo, mither; so make my bed soon,  
For I'm wae and I'm weary, and fain wou'd lie down."
- 4 "Oh, where did she find them, Lord Randal, my son?  
Oh, where did she catch them, my handsome young man?"  
"'Neath the bush of brown brechan; so make my bed soon,  
For I'm wae and I'm weary, and fain wou'd lie down."
- 5 "And where are your blood-hounds, Lord Randal, my son?  
What came of your blood-hounds, my handsome young  
man?"  
"They swell'd and they died, mither; and sae maun I soon:  
I am wae, I am weary, and fain wou'd lie down."
- 6 "I fear you are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son!  
I fear you are poison'd, my handsome young man!"  
"Oh, yes! I am poison'd; so make my bed soon:  
I am sick, sick at heart, and I fain wou'd lie down."

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### LORD DONALD.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 109.

"This ballad," says Mr. Kinloch, "seems to be of an ancient cast. This copy, which was procured in the north, differs in many respects from that of 'Lord Randal,' and appears to be more complete in its detail.

"It would seem (stanza 5) that Lord Donald had been poisoned by eating toads, prepared as a dish of fishes. Though the frog is in some countries considered a delicacy, the toad has always been viewed as a venomous animal. The reader is referred to" Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 43, "for a curious extract, from a MS. Chronicle of England, relative to the death of King John, who is said to have been poisoned by drinking a cup of ale in which the venom of a toad had been infused.

"Might not the Scots proverbial phrase, 'To gi'e one frogs instead of fish,' as meaning to substitute what is bad or disagreeable for expected good, be viewed as allied to the idea of the venomous quality of the toad? This phrase occurs in the ballad of 'Katherine Janfarie.'"—*Ante*, p. 85.

The diversity of national tastes, as above referred to, is very well hit off in a rencontre between "a fine old Scotch lady, one of the olden time," and a Frenchman. It is said that the latter expressed by words and grimace his astonishment or disgust at the Scotch partiality for *porridge*; on which the old dame promptly and drily remarked—"Ay, ay, tastes differ: some folks like *parritch*, and ithers like *puddocks*;" *i.e.*, frogs.

- 1 "OH, whare ha'e ye been all day, Lord Donald, my son?  
Oh, whare ha'e ye been all day, my jolly young man?"  
"I've been awa courtin'; mither, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wou'd lie down."
- 2 "What wou'd you ha'e for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?  
What wou'd you ha'e for your supper, my jolly young  
man?"  
"I've gotten my supper; mither, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 3 "What did ye get for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?  
What did ye get for your supper, my jolly young man?"  
"A dish of sma' fishes; mither, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wou'd lie down."
- 4 "Whare gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my son?  
Whare gat ye the fishes, my jolly young man?"  
"In my father's black ditches; mither, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wou'd lie down."
- 5 "What like were your fishes, Lord Donald, my son?  
What like were your fishes, my jolly young man?"  
"Black backs and speck'l'd bellies; mither, make my bed  
soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wou'd lie down."
- 6 "Oh, I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Donald, my son!  
Oh, I fear ye are poison'd, my jolly young man!"  
"Oh, yes! I am poison'd; mither, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wou'd lie down."
- 7 "What will you leave to your father, Lord Donald, my son?  
What will ye leave to your father, my folly young man?"  
"Baith my houses and land; mither, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 7 "What will leave to yeur brither, Lord Donald, my son?  
What will you leave to your brither, my jolly young man?"  
"My horse and the saddle; mither make my bed soon;  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wou'd lie down."

- 9 "What will you leave to your sister, Lord Donald, my son?  
 What will ye leave to your sister, my jolly young man?"  
 "Baith my gold box and rings; mither, make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wou'd lie down."
- 10 "What will you leave to your true love, Lord Donald, my  
 son?  
 What will you leave to your true love, my jolly young  
 man?"  
 "The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon tree,  
 And let her hang there for the poisoning of me."

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### THE BONNIE BANKS OF FORDIE.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 88, "This ballad is given," states Motherwell, "from two copies obtained from recitation, which differ but little from each other. Indeed, the only variation is in the verse where the outlawed brother unweetingly slays his sister. One reading is—

'He's taken out his wee penknife—  
 Hey how bonnie;  
 And he's twin'd her o' her ain sweet life,  
 On the bonnie banks of Fordie.'

The other reading is that adopted in the text. This ballad is popular in the southern parishes of Perthshire; but where the scene is laid, the editor has been unable to ascertain; nor has any research of his enabled him to throw any further light on the history of its hero with the fantastic name, than what the ballad itself supplies."

A different version from Kinloch's collection follows. A similar ballad is to be found in Danish, under the title of "Herr Truel's Doetre," *Danske Viser*, No. 164; and "in a note," says Professor Child, "the editor endeavours to show that the story is based on fact!"

Professor Aytoun "conjectures that the name, 'Baby Lon,' is a corruption, by the reciters, of 'Burdalane,' signifying 'the Solitary;' a very appropriate name for an outlaw."

- 1 THERE were three ladies lived in a bow'r—  
*Eh vow bonnie;*  
 And they went out to pull a flow'r,  
*On the bonnie banks of Fordie.*
- 2 They hadna pu'ed a flow'r but ane,  
 When up started to them a banish'd man.
- 3 He's ta'en the first sister by her hand,  
 And he's turn'd her round and made her stand.

- 4 "It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee penknife?"
- 5 "It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
But I'll rather die by your wee penknife."
- 6 He's kill'd this May, and he's laid her by,  
For to bear the red rose company.\*
- 7 He's taken the second ane by the hand,  
And he's turn'd her round and made her stand.
- 8 "It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee penknife?"
- 9 "I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
But I'll rather die by your wee penknife."
- 10 He's kill'd this May, and he's laid her by,  
For to bear the red rose company.
- 11 He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,  
And he's turn'd her round and made her stand.
- 12 Says—"Will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee penknife?"
- 13 "I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
Nor will I die by your wee penknife;
- 14 "For I ha'e a brother in this wood,  
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee."
- 15 "What's thy brother's name, come, tell to me?"  
"My brother's name is Baby Lon."
- 16 "O sister, sister, what have I done?  
Oh, have I done this ill to thee?"
- 17 "Oh, since I've done this evil deed,  
Good shall never be seen of me."
- 18 He's taken out his wee penknife—  
*Eh vow bonnie;*  
And he's twin'd himsel' of his ain sweet life,  
*On the bonnie banks of Fordie.*

\* There is here an evident allusion to the superstition connected with the red rose, which was probably the flower she pulled. Vide *Life and Correspondence of W. G. Lewis: in re*, murder of Miss Ray by a clergyman, Hackman. In certain districts of Italy, &c., the red rose is an emblem of early death, and it is an evil omen to scatter its leaves *on the ground*.



## DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS,

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 210.

This is a different version of the preceding ballad. Mr. Kinloch says:—"The present copy is from Mearnsshire. It appears to relate to the family of Drummond of Perth; and, although the title of 'Duke of Perth' was unknown prior to the Revolution, the assumption of it here does not lessen the antiquity of the ballad, as it is a well-known custom among the vulgar, from whom we have to glean our 'legendary lore,' frequently to alter the names of persons and places to suit their own fancy or caprice; and this ballad, though really relating to the family alluded to, may have formerly borne a more humble name, and acquired its present title on the creation of the dukedom."

The ballad may have received the above title in consequence of some confused and oblique allusion to the fate of "Mistress Margaret Drummond," so fondly loved by James IV., and her two sisters, Euphemia Lady Fleming, and Sybilla, daughters of John, first Lord Drummond, who were poisoned in 1502. They were interred in a vault, and covered with three marble stones, which may still be seen in the choir of Dumblane Cathedral. An entry regarding her, in the books of the Lord High Treasurer, records a payment to the priests of Edinburgh for a "Saule-mess for Mergratt, £5."

- 1 THE Duke of Perth had three daughters—  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;  
And Elizabeth's to the greenwood gane,  
To pull the rose and the fair lilie.
- 2 But she hadna pull'd a rose, a rose,  
A double rose but barely three,  
When up and started a Loudon lord,  
With Loudon hose and Loudon sheen.\*
- 3 "Will ye be call'd a robber's wife,  
Or will ye be stickit with my bloody knife,  
For pullin' the rose and the fair lilie,  
For pullin' them sae fair and free?"
- 4 "Before I'll be call'd a robber's wife,  
I'll rather be stickit with your bloody knife,  
For pullin' the rose and the fair lilie,  
For pullin' them sae fair and free!"
- 5 Then out he's ta'en his wee penknife,  
And he's parted her and her sweet life;  
And thrown her o'er a bank of brume,  
Ne'er to be found till the crack of doom.†

\* "Loudon sheen:" Lothian shoes.—Kinloch.

† Substituted for—

"There never more for to be found."



A repetition of stanzas 1 to 5 inclusive constitutes stanzas 6 to 10 inclusive, merely substituting in stanza 6 "Margaret's" name in place of "Elizabeth's," as in stanza 1, line 3; another repetition of stanzas 1 to 4 inclusive constitutes stanzas 11 to 14 inclusive, merely substituting in that which, if given here, would be stanza 11, the name of the third sister, Marie or Mary, in place of the "Elizabeth" of stanza 1, or the "Margaret" of stanza 6. The ballad then proceeds, and concludes as follows:—

- 15 But just as he took out his knife,  
To take frae her her ain sweet life,  
Her brother John came riding by,  
And this bloody robber did espy.
- 16 But when he saw his sister fair,  
He kenn'd her by her yellow hair;  
Then call'd upon his pages three  
To find this robber speedilie.
- 17 "My sisters twa that are dead and gane,  
For whom we made a heavy mane,  
It's you that's twin'd them of their life,  
And with your cruel bloody knife.
- 18 "Then for their life ye sair shall dree—  
Ye shall be hangit on a tree,  
Or thrown into the poison'd lake,  
To feed the toad and rattlesnake."\*

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GIL MORICE.

Versions of this highly popular ballad have appeared in the following works:—

- I. "Gil Morrice," in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. iii.
- II. "Childe Maurice," from Bishop Percy's *Folio MS.*, in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 3.
- III. "Chield Morice," from the recitation of an old woman, "seventy years of age," who learned it "in her infancy from her grandmother."
- IV. "Child Noryce," "verbatim as it was taken down (January, 1825) from the singing of widow M'Cormick of Paisley."

\* "Though the 'poisoned lake' seems the fiction of romance, yet history, in her record of human cruelty, shows that the use of venomous animals to inflict a lingering and painful death was not unknown in Britain. The Saxon Chronicle, in detailing the cruelties exercised by the Normans upon the Anglo-Saxons, during the reign of King Stephen, relates that 'they squeezed the heads of some with knotted cords, till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dungeons swarming with serpents, snakes, and toads.'—Henry's *Britain*, vol. vi., p. 346. This reminds us [also] of the fate of Lodbrog, a Danish king, who was taken prisoner by Ella, King of Northumberland, and thrown into a dungeon full of serpents," where he composed "an heroic death-song, in which he laments his fate, and describes his sufferings."—Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 218.

Both of these two last-named versions appear in Mr. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, in which work he also reprints the other versions named, prefixing the following Introduction. The different versions are also connected by further explanatory matter, the whole extending from pages 257 to 286, inclusive, of Mr. Motherwell's work:—

“Of the many ancient ballads which have been preserved by tradition among the peasantry of Scotland, none has excited more interest in the world of letters than the beautiful and pathetic tale of ‘Gil Morice;’ and this no less on account of its own intrinsic merits as a piece of exquisite poetry, than of its having furnished the plot of the justly-celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*.\* It has likewise supplied Mr. Langhorne with the principal materials from which he has woven the fabric of his sweet though prolix poem of ‘Owen of Carron;’ and Mr. Jamieson mentions that it has also been ‘made the subject of a dramatic entertainment with songs, by Mr. Rennie of Aberdeen.’† Perhaps the list could be easily increased of those who have drawn their inspiration from this affecting strain of olden minstrelsy.

“If any reliance is to be placed on the traditions of that part of the country where the scene of the ballad is laid, we shall be enforced to believe that it is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish history. The ‘greenwood’ of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, and Lord Barnard’s Castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire. A small burn which joins the Carron, about five miles above these lands, is named the Earlsburn, and the hill near the source of that stream is called the Earlshill, both deriving their appellations, according to the unvarying traditions of the country, from the unfortunate Earl’s son who is the hero of the ballad. He also, according to the same respectable authority, was ‘beautiful exceedingly,’ and especially remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair, which shrouded him as it were with a golden mist. To these floating traditions we are probably indebted for the attempts which have been made to improve and embellish the ballad by the introduction of various new stanzas since its first appearance in a printed form.

“Of the early printed editions of this ballad the editor has been unable to procure any copy.‡ In Percy’s *Reliques* it is mentioned that it had run through two editions in Scotland, the second of which appeared at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo; and that to both there was prefixed an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of the

\* “When this tragedy was originally produced at Edinburgh, in 1756, the title of the heroine was Lady Barnard: the alteration to Lady Randolph was made on its being transplanted to London. It was acted in Covent Garden in 1757. *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. ii., p. 175.”—Motherwell.

† *Popular Ballads and Songs*. Edinburgh, 1806, vol. i., p. 5.

‡ “Since writing this, he has been kindly favoured, by Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, with an edition which, though it has neither place, date, nor printer’s name, may, from its title, be considered as the first Edinburgh edition, and printed probably in 1756. The title is given at length, ‘Gil Morice, an Ancient Scots Poem. The foundation of the tragedy called Douglas, as it is now acted in the Concert-hall, Canongate.’ Except some slight variations in orthography, and in its omitting the sixteen additional verses which are mentioned by Bishop Percy as having been subsequently added to the ballad, there is no other material difference between this edition and that which is reprinted in the *Reliques*.”—Motherwell.

poem was owing 'to a lady who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;' and requesting 'that any reader who could render it more perfect and complete would oblige the public with such improvements.' This was holding out too tempting a bait not to be greedily snapped at by some of those 'ingenious hands' who have corrupted the purity of legendary song in Scotland by manifest forgeries and gross impositions. Accordingly, sixteen additional verses soon appeared in manuscript, which the editor of the *Reliques* has inserted in their proper places, though he rightly views them in no better light than that of an ingenious interpolation. Indeed, the whole ballad of 'Gil Morice,' as the writer of the present notice has been politely informed by the learned and elegant editor of *The Border Minstrelsy*, underwent a total revisal about the period when the tragedy of 'Douglas' was in the zenith of its popularity; and this improved copy, it seems, embraced the 'ingenious interpolation' above referred to. Independent altogether of this positive information, any one familiar with the state in which traditionary poetry has been transmitted to the present times, can be at no loss to detect many more 'ingenious interpolations,' as well as paraphrastic additions, in the ballad as now printed. But though it has been grievously corrupted in this way, the most scrupulous inquirer into the authenticity of ancient song can have no hesitation in admitting that many of its verses, even as they now stand, are purely traditionary, and fair and genuine parcels of antiquity, unalloyed with any base admixture of modern invention, and in nowise altered, save in those changes of language to which all oral poetry is unavoidably subjected in its progress from one age to another."\*

"In the shape which it now bears, the ballad must be considered as one whose text has been formed out of various sets combined by the taste, and in all likelihood materially eked out by the invention, of the editor of 1755. The worthy and useful class of 'old women and nurses,' from whose mouths it is stated to be carefully taken, has not entirely disappeared; but it would defy the most unwearied and persevering industry to obtain from their lips, in this day, any duplicate of the present copy which could, by unexceptionable evidence, be traced to a period anterior to the date of the first edition. The scene of wire-drawn recrimination between Lord Barnard and his lady, which is quite out of keeping with the character of the 'bold baron,' is of itself quite enough to convince any one versant in this species of literature that it has come through the refining hands of a modern ballad-wright. In this opinion the present writer does not stand singular; for both Mr. Ritson and Mr. Jamieson agree in rejecting as spurious the stanzas which follow after the one beginning—

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman.'

And the opinion of these critics in such a question is certainly entitled to much deference."

\* The passage which follows is a portion of the connecting link between the version (I.) reprinted from Percy's *Reliques*, and "Chield Morice" (III.), which follows it in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. It occurs on page 268.—Editor.

Nor did the tinkering end there, as "some miserable verse-maker" took in hand the task of completing the ballad in accordance with the final catastrophe of Home's "Tragedy of Douglas," which "delectable continuation, extending to six stanzas," is here added from Mr. Jamieson's notes to "Childe Maurice."—*Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 21.

Mr. Jamieson states, that these stanzas "had been handed about in" or about Edinburgh, "and found their way into Mr. Herd's MS. collection, from whence they were extracted by Mr. (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott," who transmitted them to him.

He adds, that "they are given to show what dispositions my good countrymen, who can forge with address, and who cannot have manifested respecting this ballad." The stanzas referred to are those numbered 53 to the end.

The poet Gray, in one of his letters, writes regarding this ballad in these terms:—"I have got the old Scotch ballad on which *Douglas* was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence (Cambridge) to Aston. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it in a manner that shows the author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play (viz., of Home's tragedy of *Douglas*); you may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story."

It only remains to add, that the text of Percy's *Reliques* is the one here chiefly followed. The absurd orthography of that work is, however, discarded. Lines 1 and 2 of stanza 2 are added from a chap-book version, as noted by Mr. Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, p. 260; while stanza 3 is added from a fragment given by Mr. Jamieson (*Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 17). Slight verbal changes have been made on two of these added lines, and also as noted on the last line of stanza 4. Lines 160, 161, 169, and 170 of the *Reliques* text are omitted, the two last being almost a repetition of the first two lines of stanza 41, the last two lines of which are transposed, as they form lines 171 and 172 of the *Reliques* text, in which they immediately precede those here numbered stanza 44.

- 1 GIL MORICE was an earl's son;  
His name it waxed wide;  
It was nae for his great riches,  
Nor yet his meikle pride.
- 2 His face was fair, lang was his hair,  
In greenwood he did bide;  
But his fame was for a lady gay,  
That lived on Carron side.
- 3 Gil Morice sat in gude greenwood,  
He whistled and he sang:  
"Where shall I get a bonnie boy  
That will my errand gang?"



- 4 "Where shall I get a bonnie boy,  
That will win hose and shoon:  
That will gae to Lord Barnard's hall,  
And tryst his ladye doon? \*
- 5 "And ye maun gae my errand, Willie;  
And ye maun gae with pride;  
When other boys gae on their foot,  
On horseback ye shall ride."
- 6 "Oh no, oh no, my master dear!  
I dare nae, for my life;  
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,  
For to tryst forth his wife."
- 7 "My bird, Willie, my boy, Willie,  
My dear Willie," he said;  
"How can ye strive against the stream?  
For I shall be obey'd."
- 8 "But oh, my master dear," he cried,  
"In greenwood ye're your lane;  
Gi'e o'er sic thochts, I wou'd ye rede,  
For fear ye shou'd be ta'en."
- 9 "Haste, haste, I say, gae to the hall,  
Bid her come here with speed:  
If ye refuse my high command,  
I'll gar your body bleed."
- 10 "And bid her take this gay mantle—  
'Tis all gowd but the hem,—  
Bid her come to the gude greenwood,  
And bring nane but her lane."
- 11 "And there it is a silken sark, :  
Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
And bid her come to Gil Morice—  
Speir nae bauld baron's leave."
- 12 "Yes, I will gae your black errand,  
Though it be to your cost;  
Since ye by me will nae be warn'd,  
It's ye shall find the frost."
- 13 "The baron he is a man of might,  
He ne'er cou'd bide to taunt;  
As ye will see before it's night,  
How small ye ha'e to vaunt."

\* "And bid his ladye cum."—Percy's version.



- 14 "And since I maun your errand rin,  
Sae sair against my will,  
I'se make a vow, and keep it trow,  
It shall be done for ill."
- 15 And when he came to broken brig,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And when he came to grass growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.
- 16 And when he came to Barnard's hall,  
Wou'd neither chap nor call;  
But set his bent bow to his breast,\*  
And lightly lap the wall.
- 17 He wou'd nae tell the man his errand,  
Though he stood at the gate;  
But straight into the hall he came, -  
Where they were sat at meat.
- 18 "Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!  
My message winna wait;  
Dame, ye maun to the gude greenwood  
Before that it be late.
- 19 "Ye're bidden take this gay mantle—  
'Tis all gowd but the hem;  
You maun gae to the gude greenwood,  
E'en by yoursel' alane.
- 20 "And there it is, a silken sark;  
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morice,  
Speir nae bauld baron's leave."
- 21 The ladye stampit with her foot,  
And winkit with her e'e;  
But all that she cou'd say or do,  
Forbidden he wou'dna be.
- 22 "It's surely to my bow'r-woman;  
It ne'er cou'd be to me."  
"I brought it to Lord Barnard's ladye;  
I trow that ye be she."
- 23 Then up and spake the wylie nurse,  
(The bairn upon her knee,)  
"If it be come frae Gil Morice,  
It's dear welcome to me."

\* This line the stall copies give thus:—

But bent his bow to his white breast."—Motherwell.

- 24 "Ye lee, ye lee, ye filthy nurse,  
Sae loud I heard ye lee;  
I brought it to Lord Barnard's ladye;  
I trow ye be nae she."
- 25 Then up and spake the bauld baron,  
An angry man was he:  
He's ta'en the table with his foot,  
Sae has he with his knee,  
Till siller cup and mazer dish \*  
In flinders he gar'd flee.
- 26 "Gae, bring a robe of your cleiding,  
That hings upon the pin;  
And I'll gae to the gude greenwood,  
And speak with your leman."
- 27 "Oh, bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,  
I rede ye, bide at hame;  
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,  
That ne'er wat ye with nane."
- 28 Gil Morice sat in gude greenwood,  
He whistled and he sang:  
"Oh, what mean all the folk coming?  
My mother tarries lang."
- 29 [His hair was like the threads of gold,  
Drawn frae Minerva's loom;  
His lips like roses drapping dew,  
His breath was all perfume.
- 30 His brow was like the mountain snow,  
Gilt by the morning beam;  
His cheeks like living roses glow,  
His een like azure stream.
- 31 The boy was clad in robes of green,  
Sweet as the infant spring;  
And like the mavis on the bush,  
He gar'd the valleys ring.]
- 32 The baron came to the greenwood  
With meikle dule and care;  
And there he first spied Gil Morice,  
Kaiming his yellow hair,

\* "Mazer dish:" a drinking cup of maple; other editions read *ezar*.—Percy.

- 33 [That sweetly waved around his face,  
That face beyond compare;  
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel  
All rage but fell despair.]
- 34 "Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,  
My ladye lo'ed thee weel;  
The fairest part of my body  
Is blacker than thy heel.
- 35 "Yet, ne'ertheless, now, Gil Morice,  
For all thy great beautie,  
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born—  
That head shall gae with me."
- 36 Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slait it on the strae;  
And through Gil Morice's fair body  
He's gar'd cauld iron gae.
- 37 And he has ta'en Gil Morice's head,  
And set it on a spear;  
The meanest man in all his train  
Has gotten that head to bear.
- 38 And he has ta'en Gil Morice up,  
Laid him across his steed,  
And brought him to his painted bow'r,  
And laid him on a bed.
- 39 The ladye sat on castle wall,  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
And there she saw Gil Morice's head  
Come trailing to the town.
- 40 "Far better I lo'e that bluidy head,  
Bot and that yellow hair,  
Than Lord Barnard, and all his lands,  
As they lig here and there."
- 41 And she has ta'en her Gil Morice,  
And kiss'd baith mouth and chin:  
"Oh, better I lo'e my Gil Morice  
Than all my kith and kin!
- 42 "I got ye in my father's house,  
With meikle grief and pain;  
I brought thee up in gude greenwood,  
Under the heavy rain.

- 43 "Oft have I by thy cradle sat,  
And fondly seen thee sleep;  
But now I gae about thy grave,  
The saut tears for to weep."
- 44 "Away, away, ye ill woman,  
And an ill death may ye dee:  
If I had kenn'd he'd been your son,  
He'd ne'er been slain for me."
- 45 "Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard!  
Upbraid me not, for shame!  
With that same spear, oh, pierce my heart,  
And put me out of pain!
- 46 "Since nothing but Gil Morice's head  
Thy jealous rage cou'd quell,  
Let that same hand now take her life  
That ne'er to thee did ill.
- 47 "To me nae after-days nor nights  
Will e'er be saft and kind;  
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
And greet till I am blind."
- 48 "Enough of blood by me's been spilt;  
Seek not your death frae me;  
I'd lever lourd\* it had been mysel'  
Than either him or thee.
- 49 "With waeful heart I hear your plaint;  
Sair, sair I rue the deed,  
That e'er this cursed hand of mine  
Had gar'd his body bleed.
- 50 "Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,  
Ye ne'er can heal his wound;  
Ye see his head upon the spear,  
His heart's bluid on the ground.
- 51 "I curse the hand that did the deed,  
The heart that thought the ill;  
The feet that bore me with sic speed,  
The comely youth to kill.
- 52 "I'll aye lament for Gil Morice,  
As if he were mine ain;  
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day  
On which the youth was slain."

\* "Lever lourd:" rather by far.

- 53 [She heard him speak, but fell despair  
Sat rooted in her heart;  
She heard him, and she heard nae mair,  
Though sair she rued the smart.
- 54 Fast to the steep high craig she ran,  
That o'er the water hung:  
"I come, I come, dear Gil Morice!"  
And down herself she flung.
- 55 Syne word came to Lord Barnard's hall:  
"Fye, fye! gar run with speed;  
My ladye o'er the craig did fall;  
I fear ere this she 's dead."
- 56 "'Twas me, 'twas me that kill'd the dame;  
'Twas me Gil Morice slew:  
Oh, how I've blasted all my fame,  
And all my honour true!
- 57 "But soon, soon will I make amends:  
My horse gar saddle swift;  
Farewell, farewell, my merry men!"  
And off he flew like drift.
- 58 He came where Scötland's valiant sons  
Their fierce invaders fought;  
Among the thickest fight he runs,  
And meets the death he sought.]

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### THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

The existence of "this bold outlaw" has been called in question by some recent writers, whose views on the subject are adopted and propounded by Professor Child, in his Robin Hood collection, (*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. v.) The discussion of this question belongs, however, rather to the English than to the Scotch circle of these ballads.

It is, nevertheless, proper to state here, that "Robin Hood, with Little John, and their accomplices," are mentioned by Wyntoun in his *Scottish Chronykil*, under the year A.D. 1283; by Fordun or Bower, in the *Scotichronicon*, under A.D. 1266; and by Mair, in his *Historia Majoris Britanniae*, under the reign of Richard the First (A.D. 1189-99).

"A Gest of Robyn Hode" formed one of a series of chap-books "of popular poetry," printed at Edinburgh, "by Walter Chapman and Andrew Myllar, in the year MDVIII."\*

\* A volume of these issues, believed with good reason to be *unique*, is fortunately preserved in the Advocates' Library; and it has been admirably reproduced in *fac-simile*, "under the careful supervision of Mr. David Laing." Edinburgh, 1827.



“The appearance of which long ballad,” says Mr. Motherwell, “is not only an additional proof of the high popularity of that bold outlaw in Scotland, but goes to establish the fact, that the celebrity of his name in song was not alone owing to the carping of England’s minstrels, but to the equal labours of northern gleemen. It is not meant, however, to claim this ‘Gest’ as a Scottish production, though there certainly is some ground to do so; its appearance in Scotland preceding its imprint, by Wynkin de Worde, by some years. Between the Scottish and English impression there occurs no difference, save in a few orthographical points.”—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lvi.

“Robin Hood,” says Mr. Kinloch, “was anciently celebrated in Scotland by an annual play or festival; and the following extract, while it shows the estimation in which this festival was regarded by the populace, displays at the same time their lawless conduct, and the weakness of the civil power, in the city of Edinburgh in the sixteenth century:—‘The game of Robin Hood was celebrated in the month of May. The populace assembled previous to the celebration of this festival, and chose some respectable member of the corporation to officiate in the character of Robin Hood, and another in that of Little John, his squire. Upon the day appointed, which was a Sunday or a holiday, the people assembled in military array, and went to some adjoining field, where, either as actors or spectators, the whole inhabitants of the respective towns were convened. In this field they probably amused themselves with a representation of Robin Hood’s predatory exploits, or of his encounters with the officers of justice. As numerous meetings for disorderly mirth are apt to engender tumult, when the minds of the people came to be agitated with religious controversy, it was found necessary to repress the game of Robin Hood by public statute. The populace were by no means willing to relinquish their favourite amusement. Year after year the magistrates of Edinburgh were obliged to exert their authority in repressing this game, often ineffectually. In the year 1561, the mob were so enraged in being disappointed in making a Robin Hood, that they rose in mutiny, seized on the city gates, committed robberies upon strangers; and one of the ringleaders being condemned by the magistrates to be hanged, the mob forced open the jail, set at liberty the criminal and all the prisoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the cross for executing the malefactor. They next assaulted the magistrates, who were sitting in the council chamber, and who fled to the tolbooth for shelter, where the mob attacked them, battering the doors, and pouring stones through the windows. Application was made to the deacons of the corporations to appease the tumult. Remaining, however, unconcerned spectators, they made this answer:—*They will be magistrates alone: let them rule the multitude alone.* The magistrates were kept in confinement till they made proclamation be published, offering indemnity to the rioters upon laying down their arms. Still, however, so late as the year 1592, we find the General Assembly complaining of the profanation of the Sabbath, by making of Robin Hood plays.’—Arnot’s *History of Edinburgh*, ch. ii.”

The fame of this illustrious outlaw, or mythic hero, “and his

merry men," which had all but died out in Scotland, has been again revived and extended by, and since, the publication of Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

With regard to the ballad which follows, and the one which comes next in order, Professor Child remarks, that "in character they have no affinity with the recognized circle of Robin Hood ballads. The story is of a more ancient cast, and also of a type common to the northern nations; and we have no doubt that Robin Hood and Little John were, in the day of their popularity, made to displace heroes of immemorial prescription, in order to give *eclat* to an old tale."—*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. v., p. 173.

The editor of the present work has much pleasure in quoting these words of Professor Child, as they so admirably express, in the language of an American of ability and impartiality, ideas which he had independently arrived at; but which, if expressed by a Scotsman, would certainly expose him to the vituperative abuse of some shallow and conceited English critic; a class as full of narrow and ignorant prejudice—particularly about and against everything Scottish—as an egg is full of meat.

The grounds for the views expressed by Professor Child, and here coincided in, may be found by consulting the preceding ballads,—“Leesome Brand,” p. 59; “Earl Douglas and Dame Oliphant,” p. 63; and “Sweet Willie and Fair Janet,” p. 67, with their respective introductions.

Of the ballad which follows, two versions have appeared, both under the same title as the above.

I. In Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 44, as “taken down by the editor from the recitation of Mrs. Brown, and given,” by him, “without the alteration of a single word.”

II. In Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 1.

The first five and the last two stanzas of the text which follows are taken from Mr. Jamieson's version, the intermediate stanzas being chiefly from Mr. Buchan's version.

Stanza 5, as here given from Mr. Jamieson's version, is similar to stanza 14 of “Earl Douglas and Dame Oliphant,” while the three which follow it evidently narrate the same incident as that described in stanzas 17 and 18 of the same ballad. The three stanzas referred to run—

“But ye'll come to my bow'r, Willie,  
Just as the sun gaes down;  
And kep me in your arms twa,  
And letna me fa' down.”

“Oh, when the sun was now gane down,  
He's done him till her bow'r;  
And there, by the lee licht o' the moon,  
Her window she lookit o'er.”

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

- 1 OH, Willie's large of limb and lith,  
And come of high degree;  
And he is gane to Earl Richard,  
To serve for meat and fee.
- 2 Earl Richard had but ae daughter,  
Fair as a lily flower;  
And they made up their love-contract,  
Like proper paramour.
- 3 It fell upon a summer's night,  
When leaves were fair and green,  
That Willie met his gay ladye,  
Intil the woods alane.
- 4 "Oh, narrow is my gown, Willie,  
That wont to be sae wide;  
And gane is all my fair colour,  
That wont to be my pride.
- 5 "But if my father shou'd get word  
What's pass'd between us twa,  
Before that he shou'd eat or drink,  
He'd hang you o'er that wa'."
- 6 "Will ye gae to my mother's bow'r,  
Stands on yon stately green?  
Or will ye bide in gude greenwood,  
Where ye will not be seen?"
- 7 She chose to bide in gude greenwood,  
Sae on they walk'd miles three;  
When this ladye, being sair worn out,  
Lay down beneath a tree.
- 8 "Oh, for a few of yon junipers,  
To cheer my heart again;  
And likewise for a gude midwife,  
To ease me of my pain."
- 9 "I'll bring to you yon junipers,  
To cheer your heart again;  
And I'll be to you a gude midwife,  
To ease you of your pain."
- 10 "Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
For sae it maunna be;  
That's nae the fashion of our land;  
Sae haud awa frae me.

- 11 "Ye'll take your small sword by your side,  
Your buckler and your bow,  
And ye'll gae down thro' gude greenwood,  
To hunt the deer and roe.
- 12 "And you will stay in gude greenwood,  
And with the chase go on,  
Until a white hind pass you by;  
Then straight to me you'll come."
- 13 He's girt his sword then by his side,  
Ta'en buckler and ta'en bow;  
And he's on thro' gude greenwood,  
To hunt the deer and roe.
- 14 And in the greenwood he did stay,  
And there the chase he plied,  
Until a white hind pass'd him by;  
Then to his love he hied.
- 15 And there he found her lying dead,  
Beneath the green oak tree;  
But a sweet young son that she had born,  
Right lively seem'd to be.  
"Alas, alas!" young Willie said,  
"A mournful scene to me!
- 16 "Altho' my sweet babe is alive,  
It but adds to my woe;  
For how to nourish this poor babe,  
Is more than I do know."
- 17 He look'd east, and he look'd west,  
To see what he could see;  
Then spied Earl Richard of Huntingdon,  
With a goodly companie.
- 18 Then Willie fled, and hid himself  
Amang the leaves sae green,  
That he might hear what might be said,  
And see, yet nae be seen.
- 19 For Earl Richard had dream'd a dream  
About his daughter dear;  
He started wildly from his sleep,  
And sought her far and near.
- 20 They sought her back, they sought her fore,  
They sought her up and down;  
Till they found her dead in gude greenwood,  
Beside her new-born son.

- 21 Earl Richard took up the bonnie boy,  
And kiss'd him tenderly;  
Says—"Tho' I would your father hang,  
Your mother was dear to me.
- 22 " And if ye live until I die,  
My bow'rs and lands you'll heir:  
You are my only daughter's child,  
But her I ne'er had mair."
- 23 His daughter he buried in gude churchyard,  
In a dreary mournful mood;  
And he brought the boy to church that day,  
And christen'd him Robin Hood.
- 24 This boy was bred in the earl's halls,  
Till he a man became;  
But lov'd to hunt in gude greenwood,  
To raise his noble fame.
- 25 There's mony ane sings of grass, of grass,  
And mony ane sings of corn;  
And mony ane sings of Robin Hood,  
Kens little where he was born!
- 26 It wasna in the gilded hall,  
Nor in the painted bow'r;  
But it was in the gude greenwood,  
Amang the lily flower.

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ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILY.

Of this ballad three versions have been published:—

I. In Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 208, "chiefly from Mrs. Brown's MS." The name of Robin Hood does not occur in this version; but Sir Walter surmised that it "originally related to" him, "as mention is made of Barnisdale, his favourite abode."

II. In Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 69.

III. In Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 67.

Scott's and Buchan's versions are published under the same title as the above, and Kinloch's under the title of "The Wedding of Robin Hood and Little John." Stanzas 1 to 26 inclusive, as here printed, are collated from versions I. and III., the remaining stanzas being from the former.



- 1 Now word is gane through all the land—  
Gude seile that it sae spread!—  
To Rose the Red and White Lily,  
Their mother dear was dead.
- 2 Their father's married a bauld woman,  
And brought her o'er the sea;  
Twa sprightly youths, her ain young sons,  
Intil her companie.
- 3 And they were twa as gallant youths  
As ever brake man's bread;  
And the ane of them lo'ed her, White Lily,  
And the other, Rose the Red.
- 4 They fix'd their eyes on those ladyes,  
On shipboard as they stood,  
And sware, if e'er they wan to land,  
These ladyes they wou'd wed.
- 5 But there was nae a quarter pass'd,  
A quarter pass'd but three,  
Till these young lovers all were fond  
Of other's companie.
- 6 Oh, bigg'd ha'e they a bigly bow'r  
Fast by the sea-beat strand;  
And there was mair mirth that bow'r within,  
Than in all their father's land.
- 7 The knights they harpit in their bow'r,  
The ladyes sew'd and sang;  
The mirth that was in that chamber  
Through all the place it rang.
- 8 Then out it spake their step-mother;  
At the bigly bow'r stood she:  
"I'm sair plagu'd with your troublesome noise,  
That ye call melodie.
- 9 "O Rose the Red, ye sing too loud,  
While, Lily, your voice is strang;  
But if I live and brook my life,  
I'se gar ye change your sang."
- 10 "We maunna change our loud, loud sang,  
That sae our hearts doth cheer;  
We winna change our loud, loud sang,  
But aye we'll sing the mair.

- 11 " We never sung the sang, mother,  
But we'll sing o'er again ;  
We'll take our harps into our hands,  
And sing with might and main."
- 12 She's call'd upon her eldest son :  
" Come here, my son, to me ;  
It fears me sair, my Bauld Arthur,  
That ye maun sail the sea."
- 13 " If sae it maun be, my dear mother,  
At your bidding I shall be ;  
But never be waur to Rose the Red  
Than ye ha'e been to me."
- 14 She's call'd upon her youngest son :  
" Come here, my son, to me ;  
It fears me sair, my Brown Robin,  
That ye maun sail the sea."
- 15 " If it fear ye sair, my mother dear,  
At your bidding I shall be ;  
But never be waur to White Lily  
Than ye ha'e been to me."
- 16 " Now, haud your tongues, ye foolish boys,  
For small shall be their part ;  
They ne'er again shall see your face,  
Though their very hearts shou'd break.
- 17 " Make haste, make haste, my twa young sons,  
And boun' ye for the sea ;  
But Rose the Red and White Lily  
Shall stay in bow'r with me."
- 18 " O God forbid," said her eldest son,  
" That we shou'd cross the sea,  
Unless ye be to our twa loves  
As ye to them shou'd be."
- 19 " Yet, nevertheless, my pretty sons,  
Ye'll boun' ye for the faem ;  
Let Rose the Red and White Lily  
Stay in their bow'r at hame."
- 20 " Oh, when with you we came alang,  
We felt the stormy sea ;  
But we shall now go where we list,  
Nor speir the leave of thee."

- 21 Then with her harsh and boist'rous words,  
She forced these lads away;  
While Rose the Red and White Lily  
Still in their bow'rs did stay.
- 22 Her twa sons hied to the king's court,  
His chamberlains to be;  
But Brown Robin has slain a knight,  
And to greenwood did flee.
- 23 When Rose the Red and White Lily  
Saw their twa loves were gane,  
Sune did they drop the loud, loud sang,  
And dowilly did maen.
- 24 And there was not a quarter pass'd,  
A quarter pass'd but ane,  
Till Rose the Red in rags she gaed,  
While Lily's claithes grew thin.
- 25 With bitter usage, every day  
The ladyes they thought lang;  
"Alas! alas!" said Rose the Red,  
"She's gar'd us change our sang."
- 26 And out then spake her, White Lily;  
"My sister, we'll be gane:  
Why shou'd we stay in Barnisdale,  
To mourn our bow'r within?"
- 27 Oh, cutted ha'e they their green claithing,  
A little abune their knee;  
And sae ha'e they their yellow hair,  
A little abune their bree.
- 28 And left ha'e they that bonnie bow'r,  
To cross the raging sea;  
And they ha'e gane to a holy chapel  
Was christened by Our Ladye.
- 29 And they ha'e changed their twa names,  
Sae far frae ony toun;  
And the ane of them's hight Sweet Willie,  
And the other Rouge the Rounde.
- 30 Between the twa a promise is,  
They ha'e sworn it to fulfil;  
Whenever the ane blew a bugle-horn,  
The other shou'd come her till.

- 31 Sweet Willie's gane to the king's court,  
Her true love for to see;  
And Rouge the Rounde to gude greenwood,  
Brown Robin's man to be.
- 32 Oh, it fell ance upon a time,  
They putted at the stane;  
And seven foot ayont them all,  
Brown Robin's gar'd it gang.
- 33 She lifted the heavy putting-stane,  
And gave a sad "Ohon!"  
Then out bespake him, Brown Robin,  
"But that's a woman's moan!"
- 34 "Oh, kenn'd ye by my rosy lips,  
Or by my yellow hair;  
Or kenn'd ye by my milk-white breast,  
Ye never yet saw bare?"
- 35 "I kenn'd na by your rosy lips,  
Nor by your yellow hair;  
But, come to your bow'r whae'er likes,  
They'll find a ladye there."
- 36 "Oh, if ye come my bow'r within,  
Through fraud, deceit, or guile,  
With this same brand, that's in my hand,  
I vow I will thee kill."
- 37 "Yet durst I come into your bow'r,  
And ask nae leave," quo' he;  
"And with this brand, that's in my hand,  
Wave danger back on thee."
- 38 About the dead hour of the night,  
The ladye's bow'r was broken;  
And, about the first hour of the day,  
The fair knave bairn was gotten.
- 39 When days were gane and months were come,  
The ladye was sad and wan;  
And aye she cried for a bow'r-woman,  
For to wait her upon.
- 40 Then up and spake him, Brown Robin,  
"And what needs this?" quo' he,  
"Or what can woman do for you,  
That canna be done by me?"

- 41 " 'Twas never my mother's fashion," she said,  
 " Nor shall it e'er be mine,  
 That belted knights should e'er remain  
 While ladyes dree'd their pine.
- 42 " But if ye take that bugle-horn,  
 And wind a blast sae shrill,  
 I ha'e a brother in yonder court,  
 Will come me quickly till."
- 43 " Oh, if ye ha'e a brother on earth  
 That ye lo'e mair than me,  
 Ye may blow the horn yoursel'," he says,  
 " For a blast I winna gi'e."
- 44 She 's ta'en the bugle in her hand,  
 And blawn baith loud and shrill;  
 Sweet William started at the sound,  
 And came her quickly till.
- 45 Oh, up then starts him, Brown Robin,  
 And swore by Our Ladye,  
 " No man shall come into this bow'r,  
 But first maun fight with me."
- 46 Oh, they ha'e fought the wood within,  
 Till the sun was going down;  
 And drops of blood, frae Rose the Red,  
 Came pouring to the ground.
- 47 She leant her back against an aik,  
 Said—"Robin, let me be;  
 For it is a ladye bred and born,  
 Has fought this day with thee."
- 48 Oh, seven foot he started back,  
 Cried—"Alas and woe is me!  
 For I wished never, in all my life,  
 A woman's bluid to see:
- 49 " And that all for the knightly vow  
 I swore to Our Ladye;  
 But mair for the sake of ae fair maid,  
 Whose name was White Lily."
- 50 Then out and spake her, Rouge the Rounde,  
 And leugh right heartilie:  
 " She has been with ye this year and mair,  
 Though ye wistna it was she."



- 51 Now word has gane through all the land,  
Before a month was gane,  
That a forester's page, in gude greenwood,  
Had born a bonnie son.
- 52 The marvel gaed to the king's court,  
And to the king himsel';  
"Now, by my fae," the king did say,  
"The like was never heard tell!"
- 53 Then out and spake him, Bauld Arthur,  
And laugh'd right loud and hie:  
"I trow some May has plaid the loon,\*  
And fled her ain countrie."
- 54 "Bring me my steed," the king 'gan say;  
"My bow and arrows keen;  
And I'll gae hunt in yonder wood,  
And see what's to be seen."
- 55 "If it please your grace," quo' Bauld Arthur,  
"My liege, I'll gang with thee;  
And seek there for a bonnie page,  
That's stray'd awa frae me."
- 56 And they ha'e chased in gude greenwood,  
The buck but and the rae,  
Till they drew near Brown Robin's bow'r,  
About the close of day.
- 57 Then out and spake the king himsel',  
Says—"Arthur, look and see,  
If you be not your favourite page  
That leans against yon tree?"
- 58 Oh, Arthur's ta'en a bugle-horn,  
And blawn a blast sae shrill;  
Sweet Willie started to her feet,  
And ran him quickly till.
- 59 "Oh, wanted ye your meat, Willie,  
Or wanted ye your fee;  
Or gat ye e'er an angry word,  
That ye ran awa frae me?"
- 60 "I wanted nought, my master dear,—  
To me ye aye was good;  
I came to see my ae brother,  
That wons in this greenwood."

\* "Loon:" rogued.

- 61 Then out bespake the king again,—  
“ My boy, now tell to me,  
Who dwells into yon bigly bow'r,  
Beneath yon green aik tree ? ”
- 62 “ Oh, pardon me,” said Sweet Willie,  
“ My liege, I darena tell ;  
And gangna near yon outlaw's bow'r,  
For fear they shou'd you kill.”
- 63 “ Oh, haud your tongue, my bonnie boy,  
For I winna be said nay ;  
But I will gang yon bow'r within,  
Betide me weal or wae.”
- 64 They have lighted frae their milk-white steeds,  
And saftlie entered in ;  
And there they saw her, White Lily,  
Nursing her bonnie young son.
- 65 “ Now, by the mass,” the king he said,  
“ This is a comely sight ;  
I trow, instead of a forester's man,  
This is a ladye bright ! ”
- 66 Oh, out and spake her, Rose the Red,  
And fell low on her knee :  
“ Oh, pardon us, my gracious liege,  
And our story I'll tell thee.
- 67 “ Our father is a wealthy lord,  
Lives into Barnisdale ;  
But we had a wicked step-mother,  
That wrought us meikle bayle.
- 68 “ Yet had she twa as full fair sons,  
As e'er the sun did see ;  
The ane of them lo'ed my sister dear,  
The other said he lo'ed me.”
- 69 Then out and cried him, Bauld Arthur  
As by the king he stood :  
“ Now, by the faith of my body,  
This shou'd be Rose the Red ! ”
- 70 The king has sent for robes of green,  
And girdles of shining gold ;  
And sune the ladyes busk'd themselves,  
Sae glorious to behold.

- 71 Then in and came him, Brown Robin,  
 Frae hunting of the deer;  
 But when he saw the king himsel',  
 He started back for fear.
- 72 The king has ta'en Robin by the hand,  
 And bade him nothing dread;  
 But quit for aye the gude greenwood,  
 And come to the court with speed.
- 73 The king has ta'en White Lily's son,  
 And set him on his knee;  
 Says—"If ye live to wield a brand,  
 My bowman thou shall be."
- 74 Then they have gane to holy chapel,  
 And there had fair wedding;  
 And when they came to the king's court,  
 For joy the bells did ring.

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### JELLON GRAME.

The following ballad has been collated from one of the same name, which appears in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 164, and from one entitled, "May-a-Row," given by Buchan in *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 231. Mr. Motherwell mentions another version, "differing in a few immaterial points" from Scott's, which he had "heard under the title of 'Hynde Henry and May Margerie.'"

With reference to the first-named version, Sir Walter Scott states, that it "is published from tradition, with some conjectural emendations," and "corrected by a copy in Mrs. Brown's MS., from which it differs in the concluding stanzas. Some verses are apparently modernized.

"Jellon seems to be the same name with Jyllian or Julian. 'Jyl of Brentford's Testament' is mentioned in Warton's *History of Poetry*, vol. ii., p. 40. The name repeatedly occurs in old ballads, sometimes as that of a man, at other times as that of a woman. Of the former is an instance in the ballad of 'The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter.'—*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii., p. 72:—

'Some do call me Jack, sweetheart,  
 And some do call me Jille.'

"Witton Gilbert, a village four miles west of Durham, is, throughout the bishopric, pronounced Witton Jilbert. We have also the common name of Giles, always in Scotland pronounced Jill. For Gille, or Juliana, as a female name, we have Fair Gillian of Croydon, and a thousand authorities. Such being the case, the editor must enter his protest against the conversion of *Gil Morrice* into *Child*

Maurice, an epithet of chivalry. All the circumstances in that ballad argue, that the unfortunate hero was an obscure and very young man, who had never received the honour of knighthood. At any rate, there can be no reason, even were internal evidence totally wanting, for altering a well-known proper name, which, till of late years, has been the uniform title of the ballad."

From the first portion of the above extract we are led to infer that Mr. Buchan's is the more genuine text of the two. Stanzas 5 to 7 inclusive, 10, 13 to 15 inclusive, 17, 18, and 28 to 30 inclusive, are from Mr. Buchan's version—the remaining 18 stanzas being from Sir Walter Scott's.

The ballad seems to have some connection with the Scottish Robin Hood series.

- 1 Oh, Jellon Grame sat in Silverwood ; \*  
He sharp'd his broadsword lang ;  
And he has call'd his little foot-page,  
An errand for to gang.
- 2 "Win up, my bonnie boy," he says,  
"As quickly as ye may ;  
For ye maun gang for Lily Flower,  
Before the break of day."
- 3 The boy has buckled his belt about,  
And through the greenwood ran ;  
And he came to the ladye's bow'r,  
Before the day did dawn.
- 4 "Oh, sleep ye, wake ye, Lily Flower?  
The red sun's on the rain :  
Ye're bidden come to Silverwood ;  
But I doubt ye'll never win haine."
- 5 Fair Lily Flower lap on her steed,  
And quickly rade away ;  
She hadna ridden but half a mile,  
Till a warning voice did say,—
- 6 "Turn back, turn back, ye vent'rous maid,  
Nae farther must ye go ;  
For the boy who leads your bridle rein  
Leads you to your o'erthrow."

\* Silverwood, mentioned in this ballad, occurs in a medley MS. song, which seems to have been copied from the first edition of the Aberdeen cantus, *penes* John G. Dalyell, Esq., advocate. One line only is cited, apparently the beginning of some song,—

"Silverwood, gin ye were mine."

- 7 Yet all these words she ne'er did mind,  
But fast away did ride;  
And the little boy wha came for her,  
He ran fast by her side.
- 8 She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely three,  
Ere she came to a new-made grave,  
Beneath a green aik tree.
- 9 Oh, up then started Jellon Grame,  
Out of a bush thereby:  
"Light down, light down now, Lily Flower,  
For it's here that ye maun lye.
- 10 "Light down, light down now, Lily Flower,  
For by my hand ye'se dee;  
Ye married my brother, Brown Robin,  
When ye shou'd ha'e married me."
- 11 She lighted aff her milk-white steed,  
And kneel'd upon her knee:  
"Oh, mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame,  
For I'm no prepared to dee!
- 12 "The bairn that stirs between my sides  
Maun shortly see the light;  
But to see it weltering in my blood,  
Would be a piteous sight.
- 13 "Oh, mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame!  
Until I lighter be,  
Ha'e mercy on your brother's bairn,  
Tho' ye ha'e nane for me."
- 14 "Nae mercy is for thee, ladye,  
Nae mercy is for thee;  
Such mercy unto you I'll gi'e  
As what ye ga'e to me."
- 15 Then he's ta'en out a trusty brand,  
And strok'd it o'er the strae;  
And thro' and thro' her fair body  
He's gar'd cauld iron gae.
- 16 He felt nae pity for Lily Flower,  
Where she was lying dead;  
But he felt some for the bonnie bairn  
Lay weltering in her bluid.



- 17 Then he's ta'en up the bonnie bairn,  
Handled him tenderly;  
And said—"Ye are of my ain kin,  
Tho' your mother ill-used me."
- 18 He's washen him at the crystal stream,  
And row'd him in a weed;  
And named him after a bold robber,  
Who was call'd Robin Hood.
- 19 Up has he ta'en that bonnie boy,  
Given him to nurses nine:  
Three to sleep, and three to wake,  
And three to go between.
- 20 And he bred up that bonnie boy,  
Call'd him his sister's son;  
And he thought no eye cou'd ever see  
The deed that he had done.
- 21 But so it fell upon a day,  
They ranged the greenwood free,  
And rested them at Silverwood,  
Beneath that green aik tree.
- 22 And many were the greenwood flowers  
Upon that grave that grew;  
And marvell'd much that bonnie boy  
To see their lovely hue.
- 23 "What's paler than the primrose wan?  
What's redder than the rose?  
What's fairer than the lily flower  
On this wee knowe\* that grows?"
- 24 Oh, out and answer'd Jellon Grame,  
And he spake hastily:  
"Your mother was a fairer flower,  
And lies beneath this tree.
- 25 "More pale was she, when she sought my grace,  
Than primrose pale and wan;  
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood,  
That down my broadsword ran."
- 26 With that the boy has bent his bow,  
It was baith stout and lang;  
And thro' and thro' him, Jellon Grame,  
He gar'd an arrow gang.

\* "Wee knowe:" little hillock.

- 27 Says—"Lye ye there, now, Jellon Grame!  
My malison gang you wi'!  
The place that my mother lyes buried in  
Is far too good for thee."
- 28 These news ha'e gaen thro' Stirling town,  
Likewise thro' Huntin-hall;  
At last it reached the king's own court,  
Amang his nobles all.
- 29 And when the king got word of it,  
A light laugh then ga'e he;  
And he has sent for little Robin  
To come right speedilie.
- 30 He's put on little Robin's head  
A ribbon and gowden crown,  
And made him one of his foremost knights,  
For the valour he had done.

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BROWN ADAM.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 159.

"There is," says Sir Walter Scott, "a copy of this ballad in Mrs. Brown's collection. The editor has seen one, printed on a single sheet. The epithet 'Smith' implies, probably, the surname, not the profession, of the hero, who seems to have been an outlaw. There is, however, in Mrs. Brown's copy, a verse of little merit, here omitted, alluding to the implements of that occupation."

- 1 OH, wha wou'd wish the wind to blaw,  
Or the green leaves fall therewith?  
Or wha wou'd wish a lealer love  
Than Brown Adam the Smith?
- 2 But they ha'e banish'd him, Brown Adam,  
Frae father and frae mother;  
And they ha'e banish'd him, Brown Adam,  
Frae sister and frae brother.
- 3 And they ha'e banish'd him, Brown Adam,  
The flow'r of all his kin;  
And he's bigged a bow'r in gude greenwood  
Atween his ladye and him.

- 4 It fell upon a summer's day,  
Brown Adam he thought lang;  
And, for to hunt some venison,  
To greenwood he wou'd gang.
- 5 He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,  
His bolts and arrows lang;  
And he is to the gude greenwood  
As fast as he cou'd gang.
- 6 Oh, he's shot up, and he's shot down,  
The bird upon the brier,  
And he sent it hame to his ladye,  
Bade her be of good cheer.
- 7 Oh, he's shot up, and he's shot down,  
The bird upon the thorn,  
And sent it hame to his ladye,  
Said he'd be hame the morn.
- 8 When he came to his ladye's bow'r-door,  
He stood a little forbye,  
And there he heard a fou' fause knight  
Tempting his gay ladye.
- 9 For he's ta'en out a gay gowd ring,  
Had cost him many a poun':  
"Oh, grant me love for love, ladye,  
And this shall be thy own."
- 10 "I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said;  
"I trow sae does he me;  
I wou'dna gi'e Brown Adam's love  
For nae fause knight I see."
- 11 Out has he ta'en a purse of gowd,  
Was all fu' to the string:  
"Oh, grant me love for love, ladye,  
And all this shall be thine."
- 12 "I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says;  
"I wot sae does he me;  
I wou'dna be your light leman,  
For mair than ye cou'd gi'e."
- 13 Then out he drew his lang, bright brand,  
And flash'd it in her e'en:  
"Now, grant me love for love, ladye,  
Or through ye this shall gang!"  
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair,  
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"

- 14 Then in and starts him, Brown Adam ;  
 Says—" I am just at hand."  
 He's gar'd him leave his bonnie bow,  
 He's gar'd him leave his brand,  
 He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge—  
 Four fingers of his right hand.

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BROWN ROBYN'S CONFESSION.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 110. Slightly emendated, and three lines within brackets substituted in place of others.

This ballad is clearly mediæval. This Scottish Jonah was no way connected with, although bearing the same appellation as that of the hero of another ballad, entitled "Brown Robyn and Mally," which appears in the same collection, vol. ii., p. 299.

The latter was not such a monster of iniquity, but is only accused of the venial sin of eloping with his master's daughter, while the ballad ends happily, and to the entire satisfaction of all parties.

- 1 It fell upon a Wodensday,  
 Brown Robyn's men went to sea;  
 But they saw neither moon nor sun,  
 Nor star-light blink on hie.
- 2 " We'll cast keivils us amang,  
 See wha the unhappy man may be;"  
 The kevil fell on Brown Robyn,  
 The master man was he.
- 3 " It is nae wonder," said Brown Robyn,  
 " Altho' I dinna thrive;  
 [For a greater sinner than I ha'e been,  
 There is not man alive.]
- 4 " But tie me to a plank of wood,  
 And throw me in the sea;  
 And if I sink, ye may bid me sink,  
 And e'en just let me be."
- 5 They've tied him to a plank of wood,  
 And thrown him in the sea;  
 He did not sink, tho' they bade him sink;  
 He swam, and they let him be.
- 6 He hadna been into the sea,  
 An hour but barely three,  
 Till by it came our bless'd Ladye,  
 Her dear young Son her wi'.

- 7 "Will ye gang to your men again?  
Or will ye gang with me?  
Will ye gang to the heavens high,  
With my dear Son and me?"
- 8 "I winna gang to my men again,  
For they wou'd be fear'd at me;  
But I wou'd gang to the high heav'ns,  
With thy dear Son and thee."
- 9 ["Your prayer shall granted be, Brown Robyn,  
For nae honour ye did me;  
But it is all for the fair confession  
You made upon the sea."]

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### BONNIE ANNIE.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 123.

Mr. Motherwell is "inclined to think this is an Irish ballad, though popular in Scotland." "A copy of the ballad in" his "hands corrects" an "error in Mr. Kinloch's version," which correction is adopted in the text—Mr. Kinloch's couplet being retained as a footnote.

The following explanatory notice, from the pen of Mr. Kinloch, is as applicable to the ballad which precedes as to the one which follows:—

"There is," says he, "a prevalent belief among seafaring people, that if a person who has committed any heinous crime be on ship-board, the vessel, as if conscious of its guilty burden, becomes unmanageable, and will not sail till the offender be removed: to discover whom, they usually resort to the trial of those on board by *casting lots*; and the individual upon whom the lot falls is declared the criminal, it being believed that divine Providence interposes in this manner to point out the guilty person." For a scriptural illustration of this prevalent superstition, see the book of the prophet Jonah, ch. i.

- 1 THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar;  
He had a fair ladye and one only dochter.  
Oh, she was fair, oh dear! she was bonnie;  
A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.
- 2 There came a ship's captain out o'er the sea sailing,  
He courted this young thing with words too prevailing: \*  
"Ye'll steal your father's gowd and your mother's money,  
And I'll make ye a ladye in Ireland bonnie."

\* The last four words of this line are substituted in place of a different reading in Kinloch's original.



- 3 She's stown her father's gowd and her mother's money,  
But she ne'er was a ladye in Ireland bonnie.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 4 "There's fey folk\* in our ship, she winna sail for me;  
There's fey folk in our ship, she winna sail for me."  
They've casten black bullets twice six and forty,  
And aye the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie.
- 5 "Ye'll take me in your arms twa, lo, lift me cannie,  
And throw me o'erboard, your ain dear Annie."  
He has ta'en her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,  
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear Annie.
- 6 "What can a woman do, love, I'll do for ye."  
"Meikle can a woman do, ye canna do for me."  
"Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,  
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie."
- 7 "I've laid about, steer'd about, laid about cannie;  
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.  
Ye'll take her in your arms twa, lo, lift her cannie,  
And throw her out o'erboard, your ain dear Annie."
- 8 He has ta'en her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,  
He has thrown her out o'erboard, his ain dear Annie;  
As the ship sail'd, bonnie Annie she swam,  
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.
- 9 "Make my love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,  
Where the woad it is dear and the planks they are narrow."  
They made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,  
And they buried her deep on the high banks of Yarrow.†

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 THE TWA CORBIES.

At least three versions of this weird piece have appeared, one English and two Scottish. They are—

- I. "The Three Ravens," in "Ravenscroft's *Melismata; Musical Phansies, fitting the Citty and Countrie Humours, to 3, 4, and 5 Voyces*, London, 1611, 4to," and reprinted by Mr. Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*.

\* "Fey folk:" "people on the verge of death."—Kinloch.

† Stanza 9 is taken from Mr. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. xcix., note 146. The couplet it displaces reads—

"He made his love a coffin off the goats of Yarrow,  
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley."

On which Mr. Kinloch remarks:—"It would be difficult to ascertain where Yarrow is situated. It would seem, however, to be on the sea coast, as 'goats' signifies inlets where the sea enters!"

- II. "The Twa Corbies," "communicated to" Scott, *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 357, "by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., Jun., of Hoddam, as written down from tradition by a lady. It is a singular circumstance," says Sir Walter, "that it should coincide so very nearly with the ancient dirge called 'The Three Ravens,' published by Mr. Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*; and that, at the same time, there should exist such a difference as to make the one appear rather a counterpart than copy of the other."
- III. "The Twa Corbies," a different version, which appears in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 7, without note or comment. It is the one here printed, and is certainly the best version of the three, but is supposed to have been modernized.

Variations from Scott's version are noted under the text. "The Three Ravens" concludes thus:—

"Down there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with young as she might goe.

"She lift up his bloody hed,  
And kist his wounds that were so red.

"She got him up upon her backe,  
And carried him to earthen lake.

"She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead her selfe ere euen-song time.

"God send euery gentleman  
Such haukes, such houndes, and such a leman."

- 1 THERE were twa corbies sat on a tree,  
Large and black as black might be;  
And one until the other 'gan say—  
"Where shall we go and dine to-day?  
Shall we dine by the wild salt sea?  
Shall we dine 'neath the greenwood tree?"
- 2 "As I sat on the deep sea sand,  
I saw a fair ship nigh at land;  
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,  
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek:  
There they lie, one, two, and three—  
I shall dine by the wild salt sea."
- 3 "Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,  
A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight;  
His blood yet on the grass is hot,  
His sword half-drawn, his shafts unshot,—  
And no one knows that he lies there,  
But his hawk, his hound, and his ladye fair.

- 4 " His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His ladye's away with another mate,  
So we shall make our dinner sweet;  
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free:  
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.
- 5 " Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,  
I will pick out his bonnie blue een;  
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,  
To theeek\* your nest when it grows bare; †  
The gowden down on his young chin  
Will do to rowe my young ones in.
- 6 " Oh, cauld and bare his bed will be,  
When winter storms sing in the tree;  
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,  
He will sleep, nor hear the maiden's moan.  
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,  
The wild deer bound, and foxes cry." ‡

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### THE NEW-SLAIN KNIGHT. §

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 197.

There are other two ballads of a similar description in the same collection—namely, "Blue Flowers and Yellow," vol. i., p. 185, and "Willie's Lyke Wake," vol. ii., p. 51. In the two last-named the lovers feign death, in order to induce their respective lady-loves to attend and gaze upon their supposed remains. In both cases they prove successful in compassing their object. All three ballads contain stanzas which are either repetitions or mere echoes of stanzas in other ballads. In the following ballad, for example, stanzas 5 to 8, inclusive, repeat or echo a portion of "Young Johnstone," *ante*, p. 277; while stanzas 10 and 11 are similar to stanzas in "Fair Annie of Lochryan," *ante*, p. 1; stanza 12 is similar to one in "Lord Ingram and Child Vyet," *ante*, p. 80; while stanzas 13 and 14 will recall to mind the denouement of Hector Macneill's popular song, "Mary of Castlecary."

\* "Theek:" thatch.

† "With ae lock of his gowden hair  
We'll theeek our nest when it grows bare."—Scott's version.

‡ "Mony a ane for him makes mane,  
But nane shall ken where he is gane.  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind shall blaw for evermair."—Scott's version.

§ The title is rather Hibernian, as the "knight" was not "slain."

The two ballads above referred to begin respectively as under:—

“O Willie, my son, what makes you so sad,  
As the sun shines over the valley?  
'I lye sairly sick for the love of a maid,  
Among the blue flowers and yellow.'”  
—“Blue Flowers and Yellow.”

“If my love loves me, she lets me not know,  
That is a dowie chance;  
I wish that I the same cou'd do,  
Tho' my love were in Franca, France.  
Tho' my love were in France.”—“Willie's Lyke Wake.”

- 1 “My heart is lighter than the poll,  
My folly made me glad,  
As on my rambles I went out,  
Near by a garden side.
- 2 “I walk'd on, and farther on,  
Love did my heart engage;  
For there I spied a ladye fair,  
Lay sleeping near a hedge.
- 3 “Then I kiss'd her with my lips,  
And stroked her with my hand:  
'Win up, win up, ye ladye gay,  
This day ye sleep ower lang.
- 4 “‘This dreary sight that I ha'e seen,  
Unto my heart gives pain;  
For by the side of yonder green,  
I see a knight lyes slain.’
- 5 “‘Oh, what like was his hawk, his hawk?  
Or what like was his hound?  
And what like was the trusty brand,  
This new-slain knight had on?’
- 6 “‘His hawk and hound were from him gone,  
His steed tied to a tree;  
A bloody brand beneath his head,  
And on the ground lyes he.’
- 7 “‘Oh, what like was his hose, his hose?  
And what like were his shoon?  
And what like was the gay clothing  
This new-slain knight had on?’
- 8 “‘His coat was of the red scarlet,  
His waistcoat of the same;  
His hose were of the bonnie black,  
And shoon laced with cordin’.

- 9 “ ‘Bonnie was his yellow hair,  
For it was new-comb'd down;’  
Then, sighing sair, said the ladye fair,  
‘I comb'd it late yestreen.
- 10 “ ‘Oh, wha will shoe my bonnie foot?  
Or wha will glove my hand?  
Or wha will father my dear bairn,  
Since my love 's dead and gane?’
- 11 “ ‘Oh, I will shoe your bonnie foot,  
And I will glove your hand;  
And I'll be father to your bairn,  
Since your love 's dead and gane.’
- 12 “ ‘I winna father my bairn,’ she said,  
‘Upon an unkenn'd man;  
I'll father it on the King of Heaven,  
Since my love 's dead and gane.’”
- 13 The knight he knack'd his white fingers,  
The ladye tore her hair;  
He 's drawn the mask from off his face,  
Says—“Ladye, mourn nae mair!
- 14 “For ye are mine, and I am thine,  
I see your love is true;  
And if I love and brook my life,  
Ye'se ne'er ha'e cause to rue.”

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 SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 51.

“This ballad,” says Sir Walter Scott, “is a northern composition, and seems to have been the original of the legend called ‘Sir Aldingar,’ which is printed in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The incidents are nearly the same in both ballads, excepting that in ‘Aldingar’ an angel combats for the Queen, instead of a mortal champion. The names of ‘Aldingar’ and ‘Rodingham’ approach near to each other in sound, though not in orthography, and the one might, by reciters, be easily substituted for the other. I think I have seen both the name and the story in an ancient prose chronicle, but am unable to make any reference in support of my belief.

“The tradition upon which the ballad is founded is universally current in the Mearns; and the editor is informed that, till very lately, the sword with which Sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have



defended the life and honour of the Queen was carefully preserved by his descendants, the Viscounts of Arbutnot. That Sir Hugh of Arbutnot lived in the thirteenth century, is proved by his having (1282) bestowed the patronage of the church of Garvoch upon the monks of Aberbrothwick, for the safety of his soul.—*Register of Aberbrothwick, quoted by Crawford in Peerage.* But I find no instance in history in which the honour of a Queen of Scotland was committed to the chance of a duel.

“But, true or false, the incident narrated in the ballad is in the genuine style of chivalry. Romances abound with similar instances, nor are they wanting in real history. The most solemn part of a knight’s oath was to defend ‘all widows, orphelins, and maidens of gude fame.’—Lindsay’s *Heraldry MS.* The love of arms was a real passion of itself, which blazed yet more fiercely when united with the enthusiastic admiration of the fair sex. The knight of Chaucer exclaims, with chivalrous energy—

‘To fight for a lady! a benedicite!  
It were a lusty sight for to see.’

It was an argument, seriously urged by Sir John of Heinault, for making war upon Edward II. in behalf of his banished wife, Isabella, that knights were bound to aid, to their uttermost power, all distressed damsels living without counsel or comfort.

“Such was the readiness with which, in those times, heroes put their lives in jeopardy for honour and lady’s sake. But, I doubt whether the fair dames of the present day will think that the risk of being burnt, upon every suspicion of frailty, would be altogether compensated by the probability that a disinterested champion, like Hugh le Blond, would take up the gauntlet in their behalf. I fear they will rather accord to the sentiment of the hero of an old romance, who expostulates thus with a certain duke:—

‘Certes, Sir Duke, thou doest unright,  
To make a roast of your daughter bright,  
I wot you ben unkind.’—*Amis and Amelion.*

“I was favoured with the following copy of Sir Hugh le Blond, by K. Williamson Burnet, Esq. of Monboddo, who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service of the Arbutnot family. Of course, the diction is very much humbled, and it has, in all probability, undergone many corruptions; but its antiquity is indubitable, and the story, though indifferently told, is in itself interesting. It is believed that there have been many more verses.”

- 1 THE birds sang sweet as ony bell,  
The world had not their maik;  
The Queen she’s gone to her chamber,  
With Rodingham to talk.
- 2 “I love you well, my Queen, my dame,  
’Bove land and rents so clear;  
And for the love of you, my Queen,  
Would thole\* pain most severe.”

\* “Thole:” bear.

- 3 "If well you love me, Rodingham,  
I'm sure so do I thee;  
I love you well as any man,  
Save the King's fair bodye."
- 4 "I love you well, my Queen, my dame,  
'Tis truth that I do tell;  
Your love and favour for to win,  
The salt seas I wou'd sail."
- 5 "Away, away, O Rodingham!  
Speak not such words to me;  
Nor plot such wrong against the King,  
Who puts such trust in thee.\*
- 6 "To-morrow you'd be taken sure,  
And like a traitor slain;  
And I'd be burnèd at a stake,  
Although I be the Queen."
- 7 He then stepp'd out at her room door,  
All in an angry mood;  
Until he met a leper-man,  
Just by the hard wayside.
- 8 He intoxicate the leper-man,  
With liquors very sweet,  
And gave him more and more to drink,  
Until he fell asleep.
- 9 He took him in his arms twa,  
And carried him along,  
Till he came to the Queen's own bed,  
And there he laid him down.
- 10 He then stepp'd out of the Queen's bow'r,  
As swift as any roe,  
Till he came to the very place  
Where the King himself did go.
- 11 The King said unto Rodingham—  
"What news have you to me?"  
He said—"Your Queen's a false woman,  
As I did plainly see."
- 12 He hasten'd to the Queen's chamber,  
So costly and so fine,  
Until he came to the Queen's own bed,  
That the leper-man lay in.

\* The third line of stanza 4 and the three last of stanza 5 are substituted for others less delicate, as given in the original.

- 13 He look'd upon the leper-man,  
Who lay on his Queen's bed;  
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,  
And thus he to him said:
- 14 "Plooky,\* plooky are your cheeks,  
And plooky is your chin;  
And plooky are your arms twa,  
My bonnie Queen's lain in.
- 15 "Since she has lain into your arms,  
She shall not lye in mine;  
Since she has kiss'd your ugsome† mouth,  
She ne'er mair shall kiss mine."
- 16 In anger he went to the Queen,  
Who fell upon her knee;  
He said—"You false, unchaste woman,  
What's this you've done to me?"
- 17 The Queen then turn'd herself about,  
The tear blinded her e'e:  
"There's not a knight in all your court  
Dare give that name to me."
- 18 He said—" 'Tis true that I do say,  
For I a proof did make:  
You shall be taken from my bow'r,  
And burnèd at a stake.
- 19 "Perhaps I'll take my word again,  
And may repent the same,  
If that you'll get a Christian man  
To fight that Rodingham."
- 20 "Alas! alas!" then cried our Queen,  
"Alas! and woe to me!  
There's not a man in all Scotland  
Will fight with him for me."
- 21 She breath'd unto her messengers,  
Sent them south, east, and west;  
They cou'd find none to fight with him,  
Nor enter the contest.
- 22 She breath'd unto her messengers,  
Sent them unto the north;  
And there they found Sir Hugh le Blond,  
To fight him he came forth.

\* "Plooky:" pimply.

† "Ugsome:" loathsome.

- 23 When unto him they did unfold  
The circumstance all right,  
He bade them go and tell the Queen  
That for her he wou'd fight.
- 24 The day came on that was to do  
That dreadful tragedy;  
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up  
To fight for our ladye.
- 25 "Put on the fire," the monster said:  
"It is twelve on the bell."  
"Tis scarcely ten, now," said the King;  
"I heard the clock mysel'."
- 26 Before the hour the Queen is brought,  
The burning to proceed;  
In a black velvet chair she's set,  
A token for the dead.
- 27 She saw the flames ascending high,  
The tears blinded her e'e:  
"Where is the worthy knight," she said,  
"Who is to fight for me?"
- 28 "Then up and spake the King himsel'—  
"My dearest, have no doubt,  
For yonder comes the man himsel',  
As bold as e'er set out."
- 29 They then advanced to fight the duel  
With swords of temper'd steel,  
Till down the blood of Rodingham  
Went running to his heel.
- 30 Sir Hugh took out a trusty sword,  
'Twas of the metal clear,  
And he has piercèd Rodingham  
Till 's heart-blood did appear.
- 31 "Confess your treachery now," he said,  
"This day before you die!"  
"I do confess my treachery,  
I shall no longer lie:
- 32 "I like to wicked Haman am,  
This day I shall be slain."  
The Queen was brought to her chamber,  
A good woman again.

- 33 The Queen then said unto the King—  
 “Arbattle’s near the sea;  
 Give it unto the northern knight  
 That this day fought for me.”
- 34 Then said the King—“Come here, Sir Knight,  
 And drink a glass of wine;  
 And, if Arbattle’s not enough,  
 To it we’ll Fordoun join.”

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### SIR HUGH AND THE JEW’S DAUGHTER.

“The following ballad bears a great resemblance to the ‘Prioress’s Tale’ in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of ‘Hugh of Lincoln,’ a child said to have been murdered by the Jews (A.D. 1255) in the reign of Henry III.,” as related by Matthew Paris. One Jew, who received a promise of impunity, confessed to the crime; on which, in spite of the promise made to him, he was tied to the tail of a horse and dragged to the gallows; eighteen of the *richest* Jews in Lincoln being also hanged as participants, while many more were imprisoned in the Tower of London. On the other hand, the body of the child was buried with the honours of martyrdom in Lincoln Cathedral; but whether the *Shrine of Saint Hugo* in that Cathedral was erected for the bishop of that name, or for the reputed martyr, cannot be determined. “The remains of a young person found near this spot, in 1791, were at once taken for granted to be those of the sainted infant; and drawings were made of the relics, which may be seen among the works of the artist Grimm, in the British Museum.”—Professor Child’s *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. iii., p. 136.

“Michel has published an Anglo-Norman ballad (‘Hugo de Lincolnia’) on the subject, which appears to be almost contemporary with the event recorded by Matthew Paris, and is certainly of the times of Henry III. The whole subject is critically examined in the *Athenæum* for December 15, 1849.”—*Ibid*, pp. 137 and 138.

The ballad here printed has been somewhat freely rendered from the versions which have appeared as under:—

- I. “The Jew’s Daughter,” in Percy’s *Reliqués*, vol. i., where it is termed “A Scottish Ballad,” and is said to be “printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.” It begins—

“The rain rins doune thro’ Mirry-land toune,  
 Sae dois it doune the Pa:  
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,  
 Quhan they play at the ba.”

- II. “Sir Hugh,” in Herd’s *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 96.



- III. "Hugh of Lincoln," in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 139, where it is given *verbatim* as the editor took it down from Mrs. Brown's recitation. This version preserves the tradition that the "child's body" was thrown "into a well dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and tradition says that it was through the might of 'Our Ladye' that the dead body was permitted to speak and to reveal the horrid story to the disconsolate mother." "The voluntary ringing of the bells, &c., at his funeral," belong to this version, connected with which "Blind Harry's account of the death of Sir William Wallace" is referred to by the editor.
- IV. "Sir Hugh; or, The Jew's Daughter," in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 51, where it is "given as taken down from the recitation of a lady; and contains some additional circumstances not to be found in any of the [other] copies."
- V. "Sir Hugh of Lincoln, an old Scottish ballad," in Stenhouse's *Notes to Johnson's Musical Museum*, p. 500.
- VI. "Sir Hugh," in Hume's *Sir Hugh of Lincoln*. This is a version obtained from recitation in Ireland.

"Besides these," says Professor Child, "fragments have been printed in Sir Egerton Brydges's *Reliquiæ*, l., 381, Halliwell's *Ballads and Poems respecting Hugh of Lincoln* (1849), and in *Notes and Queries*, vol. viii., p. 614; ix., 320; xii., 496."—*English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. iii., p. 137.

The following, which went the round of the newspapers about Easter of the present year (1870), shows the firm hold which such superstitious prejudices have on the minds of the ignorant and credulous of all nations and times:—

"THE RELIGION OF LOVE.—The *Cologne Gazette* publishes a pastoral letter by the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople. The approach of Easter always induces the Christian population to persecute and annoy the Jews, on which subject the document says:—"Superstition is a detestable thing. Almost all the Christian nations of the East have taken up the extravagant idea that the Israelites enjoy shedding Christian blood, either to obtain thereby a blessing from Heaven, or to gratify their national rancour against Christ. Hence conflicts and disturbances break out, by which the social harmony between the dwellers in the same land, yea, the same fatherland, is disturbed. Thus a report was lately spread of the abduction of little Christian children in order to give a pretext for suspicion. We, on our side, abhor such lying fancies; we regard them as the superstitions of men of weak faith and narrow minds; and we disavow them officially. We think that every pious Christian should think more favourably of his Jewish fellow-citizens. Neither the Mosaic law, nor the present social development of the Jews, nor their natural gentleness, warrant such false accusations. Think of the beauty and sublime greatness of Christ's gospel, which threatens the punishment of hell for evil speaking, and commands love and humanity, even towards enemies.

The gospel also commands us to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven.'”

- 1 'Twas merry, 'twas merry, in Lincoln town,  
Upon brave Hallow-day;  
For then all the schoolboys of Lincoln town  
Got out to sport and play.
- 2 There four-and-twenty bonnie young boys  
Were playing at the ball,  
With sweet Sir Hugh of Lincoln town,  
The flower amang them all.
- 3 He kick'd the ball with his right foot,  
And stopp'd it with his knee,  
Till thro' and thro' the Jew's window  
He made the ball to flee.
- 4 Then round and round the Jew's dwelling  
Sir Hugh he walk'd about,  
Until he saw the Jew's daughter  
At a window looking out.
- 5 “Throw down the ball, ye Jew's daughter,  
Throw down the ball,” said he.  
“No, never a bit,” said the Jew's daughter,  
“Come up and get it frae me.”
- 6 “I cannot go up, I will not go up,  
I will not go up to thee;  
I cannot go up, I will not go up,  
Some harm you wou'd do me.”\*
- 7 “Come in, Sir Hugh, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
Come in and get the ball.”  
“I cannot go in, I will not go in,  
Without my play-feres all.”
- 8 She pull'd an apple frae the tree,  
An apple red and green;  
And with the apple that she pull'd,  
She wiled the young thing in.
- 9 She led him to her own chamber,  
To the board where she did dine,  
Then stuck a penknife in his heart,  
And dress'd him like a swine.†

\* “For as ye did to my auld father,  
The same ye'll do to me.”—Jamieson's version.

† “‘She dressed him like a *swan*,’ was the reading we got,” says Mr. Motherwell.

- 10 And first came out the thick, thick blood,  
And syne came out the thin:  
It came frae the heart of sweet Sir Hugh,  
And left no life within.
- 11 She roll'd him in a cake of lead,  
Bade him lie still and sleep;  
Then threw him in Our Ladye's well,  
Was fifty fathom deep.
- 12 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And all the boys went home;  
Then every ladye got her son,  
But Sir Hugh's mother alone.
- 13 She wrapp'd her mantle her about,  
And hied her up and down;  
And till the dead hour of the night,  
She search'd through Lincoln town.
- 14 Then out she cried—"My sweet Sir Hugh,  
Oh, where, where can you be?  
If you speak to any one on earth,  
I pray thee speak to me.
- 15 "My bonnie Sir Hugh, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
I pray thee to me speak."  
"Oh, deep down in Our Ladye's well  
Your young son you must seek."
- 16 Then she ran to Our Ladye's well,  
And knelt upon her knee:  
"My bonnie Sir Hugh, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
I pray thee speak to me."
- 17 "The lead is wond'rous heavy, mother,  
The well is wond'rous deep;  
A keen penknife sticks in my heart,  
But here I cannot sleep.
- 18 "Then hie you home, my mother dear,  
Prepare my winding sheet;  
And at the back of Lincoln town,  
To-morrow we shall meet."
- 19 Ladye Helen quickly hied her home,  
Made him a winding sheet;  
And at the back of Lincoln town,  
Next day the corpse did meet,

- 20 Then she had him laid in hallow'd ground,  
And the death-mass for him sung;  
While all the bells of Lincoln town  
Without men's hands were rung.
- 21 And all the books of Lincoln town  
Were read without man's tongue;  
There was never such a burial  
Of old nor yet of young;  
There was never such a burial  
Since Adam's days begun.
- 22 Oh, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom that makes full sore:  
A woman's mercy is very little,  
But a man's mercy is more.



BALLAD MINSTRELSY OF SCOTLAND,  
ROMANTIC AND HISTORICAL,

---

PART II.—HISTORICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.  
FROM THE REIGN OF ALEXANDER III.

---

HARDYKNUTE,  
A FRAGMENT,

---

EDINBURGH:

*Printed by James Watson, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty.*  
MDCXCIX.

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The above is the title and imprint of the earliest dated edition of "the celebrated poem or ballad of 'Hardyknute,'"\* a copy of which, consisting of "12 pages (folio), very neatly printed," is preserved in the Advocates' Library; but the "original edition" is now, "from internal evidence," supposed to be "one in 12mo (pp. 8), without date, of which a copy is in [the] possession of Mr. David Laing, and seems never to have had a title. The poem is styled "'Hardiknute," a fragment of an old heroick ballad.' Besides an immense variety of minute differences, and some important and material alterations, the folio edition has three stanzas more than the one in 12mo"—viz., those here numbered 27, 28, and 40. "The folio being more enlarged and polished, it is a fair presumption that the less ample and ruder version was a first attempt." †

Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen* (1724) purported to be "a collection of Scots poems, wrote by the ingenious before 1600;" and it contains, toward the end of the second volume, "Hardyknute," with the addition of the stanzas here numbered 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35,

\* Ritson's.

† Letters from Bishop Percy, &c., to George Paton. Note to Prefatory Notice, p. 4.



36, 37, 41, and 42. "Many different readings are given; and Ramsay, to confirm the authenticity of the whole, has everywhere changed the initial *y* to *z*," and rendered the general orthography uncouthly antique.

An edition "with modernized text, general remarks, and notes," from the editorial pen of John Moncrieff, author of *Appius: a Tragedy*, was published, London, 1740.

The *Evergreen* text was reprinted by Foulis of Glasgow, 1748. It also appears "in a collection of Scots poems on several occasions, by the late Mr. Alexander Penicuik, Gent., and others; Edinburgh, printed for James Reid, bookseller in Leith, 1756."

"Lord President Forbes and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland), who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expense of publishing the" folio edition; and it appears to have "generally passed for ancient," until Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, transmitted to Bishop Percy "the following particulars," as contained in a prefatory note to "this fine morsel of heroic poetry," in the second edition of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. (1767). Those "particulars," the editor states, "may be depended on," and are, that "one Mrs. (Lady) Wardlaw, whose maiden name was [Elizabeth] Halket" (second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitferrian, Fifeshire, and widow of Sir Henry Wardlaw, Bart. of Pitreavie and Balmule, near Dunfermline, in the same county), "pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition;" and "the lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to show an additional stanza as a proof of this, she produced the two last [41 and 42], which were not in the copy that was first printed."\* Lord Hailes was, however, "of opinion that part of the ballad may be ancient, but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above mentioned. Indeed, he had been informed that the late William Thomson, the Scottish musician, who published the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo, declared he had heard portions of it repeated in his infancy, before Lady Wardlaw's copy was heard of."

Bishop Percy "was also informed, on the authority of Dr. David Clerk, M.D., of Edinburgh, that between the present stanzas, 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted:—

"Now darts flew wavering through slaw speed,  
Scarce could they reach their aim;  
Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,  
'Twas all but shot in vain:  
Right strengthly arms fore-feeble'd grew,  
Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils;  
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,  
And curs'd war's cruel broils.

"Yet still war's horns sounded to charge,  
Swords clash'd and harness rang;  
But saftly sae ilk blastie blew  
The hills and dales frae 'mang.  
Nae echo heard in double dints,  
Nor the lang-winding horn;  
Nae mair she blew out brade, as she  
Did eir that summer's morn."

\* She was born, April, 1677; married, June, 1696; and died in 1727

In *Scottish Tragic Ballads* (1781), Pinkerton gave to the world "Hardyknute," in what he professed to regard as "its original perfection," such "perfection" being the result of sundry *improvements* on the previous text, and the addition of a *second part* by himself; although, in his Prefatory Dissertation II. (p xxxv.), he alleges his indebtedness, "for most of the stanzas now recovered, to the memory of a lady in Lanarkshire."

In the second edition of the same work, published as *Select Scottish Ballads*, vol. i. (1783), and in "A List of the Scottish Poets," prefixed to *Ancient Scottish Poems* (1786), vol. i. (p. cxxvi.-viii.), he propounded, on the authority of an alleged communication from Lord Hailes, an elaborate theory as to the assumed authorship of *part first* by Sir John Bruce, brother-in-law to Lady Wardlaw. He then proceeds (p. cxxviii.) to state, regarding "the second part of 'Hardyknute,' written in 1776 [when he was only eighteen years of age], but not published till 1781, the editor must now confess himself guilty."

With reference to the assumed authorship of the *first part* by Sir John Bruce, the literary correspondence of Pinkerton, published by Mr. Dawson Turner, in 2 vols. 8vo, 1830, furnishes the following sufficient refutation, in a letter from Lord Hailes to Pinkerton, dated 2d December, 1785, wherein his lordship states:—"You mistook if you suppose that I reckoned Sir John Bruce to be the author of 'Hardyknute.' It was his sister-in-law, Lady Wardlaw, who is said to have been the author. All that I know on the subject is mentioned in Bishop Percy's collection. If you want to have the original edition, with the supplementary stanzas in the handwriting of Dr. John Clerk, the copy is at your service."

Bishop Percy was subsequently "indebted" to Pinkerton "for the use" of Dr. Clerk's copy, the "orthography" and "readings" of which were "followed" in the fourth edition of the *Reliques* (1794), "except in a few instances wherein the common edition appeared preferable;" but to counterbalance this service, he shamefully imposed on the worthy prelate's credulity, by foisting on him the exploded theory as to Sir John Bruce's authorship; although, as we now know, he had received a contradiction of it under the hand of Lord Hailes, as above.

"Hardyknute," which Sir Walter Scott terms "a most spirited and beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad,"\* and which, on its first appearance, was so extravagantly lauded, has of late years been as unduly depreciated. Its historical basis is rather hazy; but it is usually supposed to refer to the battle of Largs—the Scottish Armada—fought on the 2d of October, 1263, between the invading force led by Haco, King of Norway, and the Scottish army commanded in person by King Alexander III. The total loss of the Norwegians in men, in this, to them, most disastrous expedition, has been computed at 20,000, and that of the Scots at 5,000. The victory of the latter was largely due to Alexander, Lord High Stewart of Scotland, who

\* Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. i. p. 43. "On the fly-leaf of his copy of Ramsay's *Evergreen*, 1724, in which the ballad appeared in an amended form, he says—'Hardyknute was the first poem I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget.'"—Mr. D. Laing, in Notes to Johnson's *Musical Museum*, p. \*321.

led the right wing of the Scottish army, and who is supposed to be represented in the ballad as "Hardyknute," or *Hardyknicht*. The results of this important battle were the immediate and permanent loss to Scandinavia of the Hebrides and the Isle of Man, which dependencies were relinquished to Alexander III. of Scotland, by terms of a treaty concluded in 1266, with Magnus, the successor of Haco. The battle of Largs put an effectual stop to Scandinavian aggressions upon Scotland, which thenceforth came to be regarded as "the grave of the Danes," whose descendants were consequently led to shun its fatal shores.

The text of the *Reliques*, fourth edition, is here adopted, except in a few instances.

- 1    STATELY stepp'd he east the wall,  
       And stately stepp'd he west;  
       Full seventy years he now had seen,  
       With scarce seven years of rest.  
       He lived when Britons' breach of faith  
       Wrought Scotland meikle wae;  
       And aye his sword tauld, to their cost,  
       He was their deadly fae.
  
- 2    High on a hill his castle stood,  
       With halls and tow'rs a height,  
       And goodly chambers fair to see,  
       Where he lodged many a knight.  
       His dame, sae peerless ance and fair,  
       For chaste and beauty deem'd,  
       Nae marrow had in all the land,  
       Save Elenor,\* the queen.
  
- 3    Full thirteen sons to him she bare,  
       All men of valour stout;  
       In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,  
       Nine lost their lives but doubt.  
       Four yet remain; long may they live  
       To stand by liege and land!  
       High was their fame, high was their might,  
       And high was their command.
  
- 4    Great love they bare to Fairly fair,  
       Their sister saft and dear;  
       Her girdle show'd her middle jimp,  
       And gowden glist her hair.  
       What waefu' wae her beauty bred!  
       Waefu' to young and auld;  
       Waefu', I trow, to kith and kin,  
       As story ever tauld.

\* "Margaret" was the name of the queen of Alexander III. Her mother was "Elenor," queen of England.

- 5 The king of Norse, in summer tide,  
 Puff'd up with pow'r and might,  
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle,  
 With mony a hardy knight.  
 The tidings to our gude Scots king  
 Came, as he sat at dine,  
 With noble chiefs, in brave array,  
 Drinking the bluid-red wine.
- 6 "To horse! to horse! my royal liege!  
 Your faes stand on the strand;  
 Full twenty thousand glitt'ring spears  
 The king of Norse commands."  
 "Bring me my steed Madge, dapple gray,"  
 Our gude king rose and cry'd:  
 "A trustier beast in all the land  
 A Scots king never try'd.
- 7 "Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,  
 That lives on hill so hie,  
 To draw his sword, the dread of faes,  
 And haste and follow me."  
 The little page flew swift as dart  
 Flung by his master's arm:  
 "Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,  
 And rid your king frae harm."
- 8 Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,  
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;  
 His looks grew keen, as they were wont  
 In dangers great to do.  
 He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,  
 And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,  
 That trees in greenwood shook thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.
- 9 His sons in manly sport and glee  
 Had pass'd that summer's morn,  
 When, lo! down in a grassy dale,  
 They heard their father's horn.  
 "That horn," quo' they, "ne'er sounds in peace—  
 We've other sport to bide;"  
 And soon they hied them up the hill,  
 And soon were at his side.
- 10 "Late, late yestreen I ween'd in peace  
 To end my lengthen'd life;  
 My age might well excuse my arm  
 Frae manly feats of strife;



- But now that Norse do proudly boast  
 Fair Scotland to enthrall,  
 It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,  
 He fear'd to fight or fall.
- 11 "Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow;  
 Thy arrows shoot sae leel,  
 That mony a comely countenance  
 They've turn'd to deadly pale.  
 Brade Thomas, take ye but your lance;  
 Ye need nae weapons mair,  
 If you fight wi't as you did ance,  
 'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.
- 12 "And Malcolm, light of foot as stag,  
 That runs in forest wild,  
 Get me my thousands three of men  
 Well bred to sword and shield.  
 Bring me my horse and harnessine,  
 My blade of metal clear;  
 If faes but kenn'd the hand it bare,  
 They soon had fled for fear.
- 13 "Farewell, my dame, sae peerless gude,"—  
 And took her by the hand,—  
 "Fairer to me in age you seem,  
 Than maids for beauty fam'd.  
 My youngest son shall here remain  
 To guard these stately towers,  
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps  
 Sae fast your painted bowers."
- 14 And first she wet her comely cheeks,  
 And then her boddice green;  
 Her silken cords of twirtle twist,  
 Well plett with silver sheen;  
 And apron set with mony a dice  
 Of needle-work sae rare,  
 Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,  
 Save that of Fairly fair.
- 15 And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,  
 O'er hills and mony a glen,  
 When he came to a wounded knight,  
 Making a heavy mane:  
 "Here must I lie, here must I die,  
 By treachery's false guiles;  
 Witless I was, that e'er gave faith  
 To wicked woman's smiles."



- 16 " Sir Knight, if ye were in my bow'r,  
To lean on silken seat,  
My ladye's kindly care you'd prove,  
Who ne'er kenn'd deadly hate.  
Her self wou'd watch you all the day,  
Her maids watch all the night;  
And Fairly fair your heart wou'd cheer,  
As she stands in your sight.
- 17 " Arise, young knight, and mount your steed,  
Full lowns the shining day;  
Choose frae my men whom you do please,  
To lead you on the way."  
With smileless look, and visage wan,  
The wounded knight reply'd,—  
" Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,  
For here I maun abide.
- 18 " To me nae after day nor night  
Can e'er be sweet or fair;  
But soon beneath some drapping tree,  
Cauld death shall end my care."  
With him nae pleading might prevail;  
Brave Hardyknute to gain,  
With fairest words and reason strong,  
Strave courteously in vain.
- 19 Syne he has gone far hynd out o'er  
Lord Chattan's land sae wide;  
That lord a worthy wight was aye,  
When faes his courage try'd:  
Of Pictish race, by mother's side,  
When Piets rul'd Caledon,  
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,  
When he sav'd Pictish crown.
- 20 Now with his fierce and stalwart train,  
He reach'd a rising height,  
Where, braid encampit on the dale,  
The Norsemen lay in sight.  
" Yonder, my valiant sons and feirs,  
Our raging reivers wait  
On the unconquer'd Scottish sward,  
To try with us their fate.
- 21 " Make orisons to Him that sav'd  
Our souls upon the rood,  
Syne bravely show your veins are fill'd  
With Caldonian bluid."

- Then forth he drew his trusty glave,  
 While thousands all around,  
 Drawn frae their sheaths, glanc'd in the sun,  
 And loud the bugles sound.
- 22 To join his king, adown the hill  
 In haste his march he made,  
 While, playin' pibrochs, minstrels meet,  
 Before him stately strade.  
 "Thrice welcome, valiant stoop of weir,  
 Thy nation's shield and pride;  
 Thy king nae reason has to fear,  
 When thou art by his side."
- 23 When bows were bent and darts were thrown,  
 For thrang scarce could they flee,  
 The darts clove arrows as they met,  
 The arrows dart the tree.  
 Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,  
 With little scaith to man;  
 But bluidy, bluidy was the field,  
 Ere that lang day was done.
- 24 The king of Scots that sindle brook'd  
 The war that look'd like play,  
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,  
 Since bows seem'd but delay.  
 Quoth noble Rothsay—"Mine I'll keep,  
 I wot it's bled a score."  
 "Haste up, my merry men," cried the king,  
 As he rode on before.
- 25 The king of Norse he sought to find,  
 With him to 'mence the faught;  
 But on his forehead there did light  
 A sharp unsonsie shaft.  
 As he his hand put up to find  
 The wound, an arrow keen,  
 Oh, waeful chance! there pinn'd his hand  
 In midst between his een.
- 26 "Revenge! revenge!" cried Rothsay's heir,  
 "Your mail-coat shall not bide  
 The strength and sharpness of my dart;"  
 Then sent it through his side.  
 Another arrow well he mark'd,  
 It pierc'd his neck in twa:  
 His hands then quat the silver reins—  
 He low as earth did fa'.

- 27 "Sair bleeds my liege, sair, sair he bleeds!"  
 Again with might he drew,  
 And gesture dread his sturdy bow,  
 Fast the braid arrow flew.  
 Wae to the knight he ettled at!  
 Lament now, queen Elgreid!  
 High dames, too, wail your darling's fall,  
 His youth and comely meid.
- 28 "Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,"  
 (Of gold well was it twin'd,  
 Knit like the fowler's net, through which  
 His steelly harness shin'd).  
 "Take Norse that gift frae me, and bid  
 Him venge the bluid it bears;  
 Say, if he face my bended bow,  
 He sure nae weapon fears."
- 29 Proud Norse, with giant body tall,  
 Braid shoulder, and arms strong,  
 Cried—"Where is Hardyknute, sae fau'd  
 And fear'd at Britain's throne?  
 Tho' Britons tremble at his name,  
 I soon shall make him wail  
 That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,  
 Sae saft his coat of mail."
- 30 That brag his stout heart cou'dna bide,  
 It lent him youthful might:  
 "I'm Hardyknute; this day," he cried,  
 "To Scotland's king I heght  
 To lay thee low as horses' hoof;  
 My word I mean to keep:"  
 Syne, with the first stroke e'er he strake,  
 He gar'd his body bleed.
- 31 Norse e'en like gray gos-hawks stair'd wild,  
 He sigh'd with shame and spite:  
 "Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm,  
 That left thee power to smite."  
 Then gave his head a blow sac fell,  
 It made him down to stoop,  
 As low as he to ladies us'd  
 In courtly guise to lout.
- 32 Full soon he rais'd his bent body,  
 His bow he marvell'd sair,  
 Since blows till then on him but darr'd  
 As touch of Fairly fair.

- Norse marvell'd too as sair as he,  
 To see his stately look;  
 Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,  
 Sae soon his life he took.
- 33 Where, like a fire to heather set,  
 Bauld Thomas did advance,  
 A sturdy fae, with look enrag'd,  
 Up towards him did prance.  
 He spur'd his steed throw thickest ranks,  
 The hardy youth to quell,  
 Who stood unmov'd at his approach,  
 His fury to repel.
- 34 "That short brown shaft, sae meanly trimm'd,  
 Looks like poor Scotland's gear;  
 But dreadful seems the rusty point!"  
 And loud he leugh in jeer.  
 "Oft Britons' bluid has dimn'd its shine,  
 This point cut short their vaunt:"  
 Syne pierc'd the boaster's bearded cheek,  
 Nae time he took to taunt.
- 35 Short while he in his saddle swang,  
 His stirrup was nae stay:  
 Sae feeble hang his unbent knee,  
 Sure token he was fey.  
 Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,  
 Right far was heard the thud;  
 But Thomas look'd not as he lay,  
 All weltering in his bluid.
- 36 With careless gesture, mind unmov'd,  
 On rode he north the plain;  
 His seem in throng of fiercest strife  
 When winner aye the same.  
 Nor yet his heart-dame's dimpl'd cheek  
 Cou'd mease saft love to brook,  
 Till vengeful Ann return'd his scorn,  
 Then languid grew his look.
- 37 In thraws of death, with wallow'd cheek,  
 All panting on the plain,  
 The fainting corps of warriors lay,  
 Ne'er to arise again;  
 Ne'er to return to native land,  
 Nae mair, with blythesome sounds,  
 To boast the glories of the day,  
 And show their shining wounds.

- 38 On Norway's coast the widow'd dame  
    May wash the rocks with tears—  
    May lang look o'er the shipless seas  
    Before her mate appears.  
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain,  
    Thy lord lies in the clay;  
The valiant Scots nae reivers thole  
    To carry life away.
- 39 There on a lee, where stands a cross,  
    Set up for monument,  
Thousands full fierce that summer's day  
    Fill'd keen war's black intent.  
Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
    Let Norse the name aye dread:  
Ay, how he faught, oft how he spair'd,  
    Shall latest ages read.
- 40 Loud and chill blew the westlin' wind,  
    Sair beat the heavy shower,  
Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute  
    Wan near his stately tow'r.  
His tow'r, that us'd with torches blaze,  
    To shine sae far at night,  
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,  
    Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.
- 41 "There's nae light in my ladye's bower,  
    There's nae light in my hall;  
Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,  
    Nor ward stands on my wall.  
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say!"—  
    Nae answer fits their dread.  
"Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide;"  
    But by they pass'd with speed.
- 42 "As fast I've sped o'er Scotland's faes,"—  
    There ceas'd his brag of weir;  
Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,  
    And maiden Fairly fair.  
Black fear he felt; but what to fear,  
    He wist not yet with dread;  
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,  
    And all the warrior fled.



## SIR PATRICK SPENS.

“The Grand Old Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,” as it is styled by Coleridge,\* “lays claim to a high and remote antiquity. It is supposed by Bishop Percy to be founded on some event of real history; but in what age the hero of it lived, or when the fatal expedition which it records happened, he confesses himself unable to determine. Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Finlay, in their respective collections, concur in assigning it a like foundation, though they disagree as to the historical incident whence it has originated; while, on the other hand, Mr. Ritson asserts that ‘no memorial of the subject of the ballad exists in history.’ Sir Walter Scott inclines to think that the ballad may record some unsuccessful attempt to bring home Margaret, commonly called ‘The Maid of Norway,’ previous to that embassy despatched for her by the Regency of Scotland, after the death of her grandfather, Alexander III. And, though no account of such an expedition appears in history, it is nevertheless ingeniously contended, that its silence cannot invalidate tradition, or form any argument against the probability of such an event—more especially when the meagre materials whence Scottish history is derived are taken into view. Mr. Finlay objects to giving the ballad, as it stands, so high a claim to antiquity, but suggests that if it be referred to the time of James III., who married Margaret, daughter of the King of Denmark, it would be brought a step nearer probability.

“To both these opinions, however, Ritson’s observation applies with overwhelming force. There is no historical evidence of this disastrous shipwreck, either in the embassy for the Maiden of Norway, or in that for the wife of James III. And meagre as the sources of our history may be, it seems improbable that an expedition which terminated so fatally, and to which so many of the choicest gallants of the day, and highest nobles of the land, must necessarily have been attached, should fail to be chronicled. Had they fallen in the field of battle, would all memory of them have been lost? Certainly not. If they perished on the ocean, why is history oblivious of their names? The very circumstance of a national calamity like this happening by shipwreck being of more rare occurrence than one of equal magnitude in time of war, would, we think, be a very mean of securing it a more prominent place in the histories of the times. The ballad must therefore be either wholly fabulous, or it must refer to some other event than any yet spoken of.

“Our own opinion is, that the ballad is founded on authentic history, and that it records the melancholy and disastrous fate of the gallant band which followed in the suite of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., when she was espoused to Eric of Norway. According to Fordun, in this expedition many distinguished nobles accom-

\* “The bard, be sure, was weather-wise, who framed  
The Grand Old Ballad of ‘Sir Patrick Spens.’”

—Coleridge’s *Sibylline Leaves*.

panied her to Norway to grace her nuptials, several of whom perished in a storm while on their return to Scotland (A.D. MCCLXXXI.) Fordun, lib. x., cap. xxxvii. Whoever studies the ballad attentively, and makes due allowance for the transpositions, corruptions, and interpolations which must unavoidably have crept into its text, must ultimately become a convert to the opinion we have now advanced. The bitter taunt of the Norwegians to Sir Patrick—

‘Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s gowd,  
And a’ our *queenis* fee’—

was without meaning and point formerly; its application is now felt.”—Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 9.

Versions of this ballad have appeared as under:—

- I. In Percy’s *Reliques*, vol. i., as “given from two MS. copies, transmitted from Scotland.”
- II. In Scott’s *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 295, as “taken from two MS. copies, collated with several verses, recited by the editor’s friend, Robert Hamilton, Esq., advocate,—being the sixteenth, and the four which follow.\* But even with the assistance of the common copy, the ballad seems still to be a fragment. The cause of Sir Patrick’s voyage is, however, pointed out distinctly; and it shows that the song has claim to high antiquity, as referring to a very remote period in Scottish history.”
- III. In Jamieson’s *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 157. This, “which seems the most perfect” of Scott’s “two MS. copies,” was transmitted by him to Jamieson, as stated by both.
- IV. In Buchan’s *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 1, as “taken down from the recitation of ‘a wight of Homer’s craft,’ who, as a wandering minstrel, blind from his infancy, has been travelling in the north as a mendicant for these last fifty years. He learned it in his youth from a very old person; and the words are exactly as recited.”—Note, p. 289. Mr. Motherwell, who saw it in MS., styles it “one of the best sets of this ballad.”

The text which follows is based upon Scott’s version, with the addition of stanzas 12, 13, and 16, from Mr. Buchan’s version, and of stanzas 21 and 22 from Mr. Finlay’s *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, vol. i., Preface, p. xiii.

The departures from Scott’s text are neither numerous nor important; and wherever they appear to be of the slightest consequence, the words of his text are noted under.

*N.B.*—“In singing, the interjection ‘O’ is added to the second and fourth lines.”—Sir Walter Scott.

\* In the text here printed, they are numbered 19, 20, 23, 24, and 25.

1 THE king sits in Dunfermline town,  
 Drinking the bluid-red wine:  
 "Oh, where will I get a gude<sup>a</sup> skipper  
 To sail this ship of mine?"

2 It's up and spake an eldern knight,  
 Sat at the king's right knee—  
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
 That ever sail'd the sea."

3 The king has written a braid letter,  
 And seal'd it with his hand,  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
 Was walking on the strand.

✕ "To Noroway, to Noroway,  
 To Noroway o'er the faem!  
 The king's daughter to <sup>b</sup> Noroway,  
 'Tis thou maun take <sup>c</sup> her hame!"

4 ✕ The first line that Sir Patrick read,  
 A loud, loud laugh laugh'd he;  
 But ere he read it to an end,\*  
 The tear blinded his e'e.

5 ✕ "Oh, wha is this has done this deed,  
 And tauld the king of me,—  
 To send us out at this time of the year,  
 To sail upon the sea?"

7 ✕ "Be't wind, be't weet, be't hail, be't slect,  
 Our ship must sail the faem;  
 The king's daughter to <sup>a</sup> Noroway.  
 'Tis we must take <sup>e</sup> her hame." †

|                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| <sup>a</sup> "Skeely." | } Scott's version. |
| <sup>b</sup> "Of."     |                    |
| <sup>c</sup> "Bring."  |                    |
| <sup>d</sup> "To."     |                    |
| <sup>e</sup> "Fetch."  |                    |

\* Percy's version reads,—

"The next line that Sir Patrick read."

† Buchan's version has the following stanzas:—

"Ye'll eat and drink, my merry men a',  
 An' see ye be well thorn;  
 For blaw it weet, or blaw it wind,  
 My gude ship sails the morn.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But I maun sail the seas the morn,  
 And likewise sae maun you;  
 To Noroway wi' our king's daughter,—  
 A chosen queen she's now."

8 They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,  
 With all the speed they may,  
 And they ha'e landed in Noroway  
 Upon a Wodensday.

9 They hadna been a week, a week  
 In Noroway, but twae,  
 When that the lords of Noroway  
 Began aloud to say: \*

(8) 10 "Ye Scottishmen spend all our king's gowd,  
 And all our [young] queen's fee."  
 "Ye lee, ye lee, ye liars loud!  
 Full loud I hear ye lee!

11 "For I ha'e brought as much white monie  
 As gane † my men and me;  
 I brought a half-fou ‡ of gude red gowd  
 Out o'er the sea with me.

12 "But betide me weil, betide me wae,  
 This day I'se leave the shore;  
 And never spend my king's monie  
 'Mong Noroway dogs no more."

13 Then out it spake a gude auld man,  
 [In Sir Patrick's companie:] §  
 "Whatever ye do, my gude master,  
 Take God your guide to be."

(6) ~~(7)~~ 14 "Make ready, make ready, my merry men all,  
 Our gude ship sails the morn."  
 "Now, ever alake! my master dear,  
 I fear a deadly storm!

(7) ~~(8)~~ 15 "I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
 With the auld moon in her arm;  
 And if we gang to sea, master,  
 I fear we'll come to harm."

\* "They hadna stayed into that place  
 A month but and a day,  
 Till he caused the flip in mugs gae roun',  
 And wine in cans sae gay.

"The pipe and harp sae sweetly play'd,  
 The trumpets loudly sound;  
 In every hall wherein they stayed,  
 Wi' their mirth did rebound."—Buchan's version.

† "Gane:" serve or suffice.

‡ "I brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd."—Percy and Scott.  
 Scott explains "half-fou" as meaning "the eighth part of a peck."

§ "A gude death mot he dee."—Buchan.

- 16 [Sir Patrick and his merry men all  
Were ance mair on the faem;]\*  
With five-and-fifty Scots lords' sons,  
That lang'd to be at hame.
- 17 But they hadna sail'd upon the sea  
A day but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurlly grew the sea.
- 18 The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm;  
And the waves came o'er the broken ship  
Till all her sides were torn.
- 19 "Oh, where will I get a gude sailor  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall topmast,  
To see if I can spy land?"
- 20 "Oh, here am I, a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till you go up to the tall topmast;  
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."
- 21 Then up and came a mermaid wild,  
With a siller cup in her hand:  
"Sail on, sail on, my gude Scots lords,  
For ye soon will see dry land."
- 22 "Awa, awa, ye mermaid wild,  
And let your fleechin' be;  
For, since your face we've seen the day,  
Dry land we'll never see."
- 23 He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bolt flew out of the goodly ship, †  
And the saut sea it came in. ‡

\* "Young Patrick he is on the sea,  
And even on the faem."—Buchan.

† "I believe a modern seaman would say, 'a plank had started.' . . . Mr. Finlay, however, thinks it rather means that 'a bolt gave way.'"—Scott. On which sapient controversy Mr. Motherwell sagely remarks:—"It seems to us particularly obvious, that 'if a bar or bolt (Scottice, *bout*) had loosened,' a plank must necessarily have started."

‡ "He hadna gane to his tapmast,  
A step but barely three,  
Till thro' and thro' the bonnie ship's side  
He saw the green haw sea.



- 24 "Gae fetch a web of the silken claith,  
Another of the twine,  
And wap them into our gude ship's side,  
And let na the sea come in." \*
- 25 They fetch'd a web of the silken claith,  
Another of the twine;  
And they wapp'd them into the gude ship's side,  
But still the sea came in.
- 26 Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their cork-heel'd † shoon!  
But lang or all the play was play'd,  
They wet their hats aboon.
- 27 And mony was the feather bed  
That floated on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair came hame.
- (19) 28 Oh, lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
And gaze with fan in hand, ‡  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand.
- ((1)) 29 And lang, lang may the maidens sit,  
With their gowd kaims in their hair,  
A-waiting for their ain dear loves;  
For them they'll see nae mair.

"There are five-an'-fifty feather beds,  
Well packed in ae room;  
And ye'll get as muckle gude canvas  
As wrap the ship a' roun';

"Ye'll pict her well, and spare her not,  
And mak' her hale and sonn';  
But ere he had the word well spoke,  
The bonnie ship was down.

"Oh, laith, laith were our gude lords' sons  
To weet their milk-white hands;  
But lang ere a' the play was ower,  
They wat their gowden bands."—Buchan's version.

\* "The remedy applied seems to be that mentioned in *Cook's Voyages*, when, upon some occasion, to stop a leak, which could not be got at in the inside, a quilted sail was brought under the vessel, which, being drawn into the leak by the suction, prevented the entry of more water. Chaucer says,—

'There n'is na new guise that it na'as old.'—Scott.

† "Coal-black."—Buchan.

‡ "Wi' their fans into their hand."—Percy and Scott.

(11) 30 Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,\*  
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep;  
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
 With the Scots lords at his feet.

### THOMAS THE RHYMER.

#### PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iv., p. 110.

"Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of 'The Rhymer.' Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person the powers of poetical composition,† and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

"It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of 'The Rhymer' was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length,‡ the son of our poet designed himself 'Thomas

\* "In Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, this line reads—

'Oh, forty miles off Aberdeen;

but we are inclined to favour the reading—

'Half ower, half ower to Aberdour.'

For, with submission to the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, the meaning of this line is not that the shipwreck took place in the Firth of Forth, but midway between Aberdour and Norway. And, as it would seem from the narrative, at the commencement of the ballad, that Sir Patrick sailed from the Forth, it is but fair to infer that, in his disastrous voyage homeward, he would endeavour to make the same port. This opinion will be corroborated if we are correct in assigning the ballad to the historical event mentioned in the introductory remarks."—Motherwell.

† Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of *Sir Tristrem*, not only claims the authorship of that romance for "Thomas the Rhymer," but also ascribes to him the romance of "Kyng Horn."—See Scott's Introduction, p. lix. The ballad of "Hynde Horn" will be found *ante*, p. 125.

‡ "From the *Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra Advocates' Library*, W. 4. 44.

#### "ERSYLTON.

"Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clameo quæ ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In ejus rei testimonio presentibus nis sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini 1299."

of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun,' which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of 'The Rhymer.'

"We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little further back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (List of Scottish Poets), which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (hereditarie) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation\* as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Chartulary of Melrose.*

"It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle* :—

'Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas  
Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,  
There suld meit stalwartly, starke and sterne.  
He sayd it in his prophecy;  
But how he wist it was feily.—Book viii., chap. 32.

\* "The lines alluded to are these :—

'I hope that Thomas's prophetic,  
Of Ercildoun, shall truly be  
In him, &c."

"There could have been no ferly (marvel) in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the prior of Lochleven.\*

"Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village.† The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still 'drees his weird' in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants.

"It seemed to the editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some further notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of canto, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer.‡ To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the editor has prefixed to the

\* "Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the *History of Wallace*, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge:—

Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than  
With the minister, which was a worthy man.  
He used oft to that religious place;  
The p o p l e deemed of wit he meikle can,  
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,  
In rule of w a r whether they tint or wan;  
Which happen d sooth in many divers case;  
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.  
It may be deemed by division of grace,' &c.

—*History of Wallace*, book ii."

† "There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find a few pages onwards."—S.

‡ "And a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind to the Land of Faëry." Which third part is here omitted.



Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies."—Sir Walter Scott.

Some additional stanzas and various readings are added in the notes, from a "copy procured in Scotland" by Mr. Jamieson, and given in his *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 7.

- 1 TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntly bank;  
A ferlie<sup>a</sup> he spied with his e'e;  
And there he saw a ladye bright,  
Came riding down by the Eildon tree.<sup>b</sup>
- 2 Her skirt was made<sup>c</sup> of the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle of the velvet fine;  
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,  
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.
- 3 True Thomas he pull'd aff his cap,  
And louted low down to his knee:<sup>d</sup>  
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven,  
For thy peer on earth I never did see!"
- 4 "Oh no, oh no,<sup>e</sup> Thomas," she said,  
"That name does not belong to me;  
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,  
That am hither come to visit thee!"
- 5 "Harp and carp, True Thomas," she said,  
"Harp and carp along with me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your body I shall be!"
- 6 "Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird shall never daunton me!"<sup>f</sup>  
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,  
All underneath the Eildon tree.<sup>g</sup>
- 7 "Now ye maun go with me," she said,  
"True Thomas, ye maun go with me;  
And ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro' weal or woe, as chance may be."

<sup>a</sup> "Ferlie:" a wonder, a marvel.

<sup>b</sup> Variations on stanzas 1 to 4, from Jamieson's fragment:—

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

<sup>c</sup> Omits "made."

<sup>d</sup> "True Thomas he took off his hat,  
And bow'd him low down till his knee"

<sup>e</sup> Inserts "True."

<sup>f</sup> "That weird," &c.: "That destiny shall never frighten me,"—Scott.

<sup>g</sup> Stanzas 5 and 6 do not appear in Jamieson's fragment.



- 8 She turn'd about her milk-white steed,  
 And took True Thomas up behind;  
 And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,  
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.<sup>a</sup>
- 9 Oh, they rade on, and farther on,  
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind,  
 Until they reach'd a desert wide,  
 And living land was left behind.<sup>b</sup>
- 10 "Light down, light down, now, True Thomas,  
 And lean your head upon my knee;  
 Abide, and rest a little space,  
 And I will show you ferlies three.
- 11 "Oh, see ye na that braid, braid road,  
 That lies across the lily leven?  
 That is the path of wickedness,  
 Tho' some call it the road to heaven.
- 12 "And see ye not yon narrow road,  
 Sae thick beset with thorns and briers?  
 That is the path of righteousness,  
 Tho' after it but few inquire.
- 13 "And see ye not yon bonnie road,  
 That winds about the ferny brae?  
 That is the way to fair Elfland,  
 Where you and I this night maun gae.

<sup>a</sup> The variations of stanza 8, here noted, are from Scott's version, Jamieson's corresponding stanza being substituted in the text as preferable:—

"She's mounted on," &c. (*line 1*).

"And gaed," &c. (*line 2*).

<sup>b</sup> Stanza 9 is not in Jamieson's fragment; but the following inferior and irregular stanzas come in between 9 and 10 of Scott's text:—

"Oh, they rade on, and farther on,  
 Until they came to a garden green;  
 'Light down, light down, ye ladye free,  
 Some of that fruit let me pull to thee.'

"'Oh no, oh no, True Thomas,' she says,  
 'That fruit maun no be touch'd by thee;  
 For all the plagues that are in hell  
 Light on the fruit of 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 awhile, and ye may dine.'

"When he had eaten and drank his fill,  
 The ladye said—'Ere we climb yon hill,  
 Lay your head upon my knee,  
 And I will show thee ferlies three.'"

- 14 "But, Thomas, ye maun hauld your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see;  
For if ye speak a word in Elfin land,  
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie!"<sup>a</sup>
- 15 Oh, they rade on, and farther on,  
And they waded through rivers abune the knee,  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of the sea.<sup>b</sup>
- 16 It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae stern-light,<sup>c</sup>  
And they waded through red bluid to the knec;  
For all the bluid that 's shed on earth  
Rins through the springs of that countrie.
- 17 Syne they came on to a garden green,  
And she pull'd an apple frae a tree:  
"Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;  
It will give thee the tongue that will never lee!"
- 18 "My tongue is my ain," True Thomas said;  
"A gudely gift ye wou'd gi'e to me!  
I neither dought<sup>d</sup> to buy nor sell,  
At fair or tryste where I may be.
- 19 "I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!"  
"Now, hauld thy peace," the ladye she said;  
"For as I say, so it must be."<sup>e</sup>
- 20 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoon of the velvet green;  
And till seven years were gone and past,  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.<sup>f</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Stanzas 11 to 14, inclusive, occur almost *verbatim* in Jamieson's fragment.

<sup>b</sup> "For forty days and forty nights  
He wade through red blude to the knee;  
And he saw," &c.

<sup>c</sup> "Stern-light:" starlight.

<sup>d</sup> "Dought:" durst.

<sup>e</sup> "The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect."—Scott.

Stanzas 16, 17, 18, and 19—with the exception of line 2, stanza 16—are not to be found in Jamieson's fragment.

<sup>f</sup> Occurs almost *verbatim* in Jamieson's fragment.

## THOMAS THE RHYMER.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

## PART SECOND.

“The prophecies ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance ‘amongst the sons of his people.’ The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, ‘Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of *Schir Gawain*,’ if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintown, and by Henry the Minstrel, or Blind Harry, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer’s vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr. Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the Castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, Black Agnes of Dunbar. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer’s supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:—

‘La countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d’Escoce prendreit fyn. E yl l’a repoundy et dyt,—

‘When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;  
 When man is levere other mones thyng than his owen;  
 When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;  
 When hares kendles o’ the her’stane;  
 When Wyt and Wille werres togedere;  
 When mon makes stables of kyrkes, and steles castels with stye;  
 When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye;  
 When Bambourne is donged with dede men;  
 Wh n men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen;  
 When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes;  
 When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun;  
 When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme that the English ne shall hym  
 fynd-;  
 Wh n rycht ant wronge astente the togedere;  
 When laddes weddeth loveleies;  
 When Scottes fien so faste, that, for faute of shep, hy drowneith hemselve;  
 When shal this be?  
 Nouthur in taine tyme ne in mine;  
 Ah comen ant gone  
 Withinne twenty winter ant one.’

—Pinkerton’s *Poems*, from *Mailland’s MSS.* quoting from *Harl. Lib.* 2253. F. 127.

“As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr. Pinkerton makes his extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly onc of the

most able antiquaries of our age) to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

“The gallant defence of the Castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the introduction to the foregoing ballad). It seems, therefore, very improbable that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas she is described as a young, or middle-aged woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoune, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver that there shall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning which the question was proposed), till a final conquest of the country by England, attended by all the usual severities of war. ‘When the cultivated country shall become forest,’ says the prophecy;—‘when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men;—when Scots shall not be able to escape the English, should they crouch as hares in their form,’—all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III., upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten marks, and a quarter of ‘whaty [indifferent] wheat,’ seems to allude to the dreadful famine about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the minds of superstition as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight, ‘for faute of ships,’—thank God for that too. The prophecy quoted is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose.

“A minute search of the records of the time would probably throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:—

‘The hare sall kittle [litter] on my hearth stane,  
And there will never be a laird Learmont again.’

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library, ‘When hares kendles o’ the her’stane’—au



emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:—

‘This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,  
The hare shall hirple on the hard [hearth] stane.’

“Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoune. ‘The prophecies yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called Thomas the Rhymmer, may justly be admired; having foretold, so many ages before, the union of England and Scotland, in the ninth degree of the Bruce’s blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and other divers particulars, which the event hath ratified and made good. Boethius, in his story, relateth his prediction of King Alexander’s death, and that he did foretell the same to the Earl of March, the day before it fell out, saying, “That before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow as Scotland had not felt for many years before.” The next morning, the day being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an impostor. He replied that noon was not yet passed. About which time a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. “Then,” said Thomas, “this is the tempest I foretold; and so it shall prove to Scotland.” Whence, or how, he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed, but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come.’—*Spottiswoode*, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, Master Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander’s death. That historian calls our bard ‘*ruralis ille vates*.’—*Fordun*, lib. x., cap. 40.

“What Spottiswoode calls ‘the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme,’ are the metrical productions ascribed to the seer of Ercildoune, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. Nisbet the herald (who claims the prophet of Ercildoune as a brother professor of his art, founding upon the various allegorical and emblematical allusions to heraldry), intimates the existence of some earlier copy of his prophecies than that of Andro Hart, which, however, he does not pretend to have seen. The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a king, son of a French queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The groundwork of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:—

‘Of Bruce’s left side shall spring out a leafe,  
As neere as the ninth degree;  
And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,  
In France farre beyond the sea.



And then shall come again ryding,  
With eyes that many men may see.  
At Aberladye he shall light,  
With hempen helteres and horse of tre.

\* \* \* \* \*

'However it happen for to fall,  
The Lyon shall be lord of all;  
The French quen shall beare the sonne,  
Shall rule all Britainne to the sea;  
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,  
As neere as the ninth degree.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,  
A keene man of courage and bold man of armes;  
A duke's son dowbled [*i. e.*, dubbed], a born man in France,  
That shall our mirths augment, and mend all our harmes;  
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter,  
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself.  
Between 13 and thrice three the threip shall be ended,  
The Saxons shall never recover after.'

"There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.*, by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—'fleemit of fair Scotland.' His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

"The prophecy put into the mouth of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land beside a lee, who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to the future halcyon days which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:—

'Our Scottish king sal come ful keene,  
The red lyon beareth he;  
A feddered arrow sharp, I ween,  
Shall make him winke and warre to see.  
Out of the field he shall be led,  
When he is bludie and woe for blood;  
Yet to his men shall he say,  
"For God's love turn you againe,  
And give yon Sutherne folk a frey!  
Why should I lose the right is mine?  
My date is not to die this day."

"Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death

of George Douglas, heir-apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign :—

‘ The sternes three that day shall die,  
That bears the harte in silver sheen.’

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name :—

‘ At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt  
Much gentle blood that day;  
There shall the bear lose the guilt,  
And the eagill bear it away.’

“ To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington’s verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured, so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who showed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question :—

‘ Then to the Beirne could I say,  
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?  
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,  
From the north to the south sey?  
A French queene shall bear the sonne,  
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;  
Which of the Bruce’s blood shall come,  
As neere as the nint degree:  
I frained fast what was his name,  
Where that he came, from what countrie.]  
In Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,  
Thomas Rymour men calls me.’

“ There is surely no one, who will not conclude with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, inclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

“ While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions in Hart’s collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraîne refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses :—

‘ Take a thousand in calculation,  
And the longest of the lyon,  
Four crescents under one crowne,  
With Saint Andrew’s croce thrise,  
Then threescore and thris three:  
Take tent to Merling truely,  
Then shall the wars ended be,  
And never again rise.  
In that yere there shall a king,  
A duke, and no crowned king:  
Beaus the prince shall be youg,  
And tender of yeares.’

“The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish Regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the ‘Moldwarte [England] by the fained hart’ (the Earl of Angus). The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

“The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:—

‘True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,  
In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills.’—*The Prophecy of Gildas.*

“In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told—

‘Marvellous Merlin, that many men of tells,  
And Thomas’s sayings comes all at once.’

“While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwyynn Wylt, or Merlin the Wild, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued? That this personage resided at Drummelzier, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scoti-Chronicon*, lib. iii., cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt St. Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called Lailoken, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:—

‘Sude perfossus, lapide percussus, et unda.  
Hæc tria Merlinum fertur inire necem.  
Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque prehensus,  
Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum.’

“But in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welsh bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page whom Merlin’s sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, inquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and to the third, that he

should be drowned. The youth perished while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

“Fordun, contrary to the French authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelzier, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the churchyard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:—

‘When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin’s grave,  
Scotland and England shall one monarch have.’

On the day of the coronation of James VI., the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet’s grave.—Pennycook’s *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to choose for the scene of his wanderings a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

“Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,\* under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes pursued over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of a man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, ‘to do him no harm.’ This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance:—

‘He was formed like a freike [man] all his four quarters;  
And then his chin and his face haired so thick,  
With haire growing so grime, fearful to see.’

He answers briefly to Waldhave’s inquiry concerning his name and nature, that he ‘drees his weird,’ *i. e.*, does penance in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,—

‘Go musing upon Merlin if thou wilt:  
For I mean no more, man, at this time.’

“This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V.; for, among the amusements with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are,

‘The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin.’  
—Sir David Lindsay’s *Epistle to the King*.

And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar:—

‘This is a true token that Thomas of tells,  
When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields.’

\* “I do not know whether the person here meant be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died, in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.”—S.



The original stands thus :—

‘ When laddes weddeth love dies.’

“ Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the Regent Morton’s execution. When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says, that he asked, “ Who was Earl of Arran ? ” and being answered that Captain James was the man, after a short pause, he said, “ And is it so ? I know then what I may look for ! ” meaning, as was thought, that the old prophecy of the “ Falling of the heart \* by the mouth of Arran, ” should then be fulfilled. Whether this was his mind or not, it is not known ; but some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say that he stood in fear of that prediction, and went that course only to disappoint it. But if so it was, he did find himself now deluded ; for he fell by the mouth of another Arran than he imagined.’—*Spottiswoode*, 313. The fatal words alluded to seem to be these, in the prophecy of Merlin :—

‘ In the mouthe of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,  
Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,  
And derfly dung down without any dome.’

“ To return from these desultory remarks, into which I have been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman’s Visions* ; a circumstance which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway* and *Gawaine and Gollograss*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and revamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler’s transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher’s title to the last prophecy, as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sibyl : ‘ Here followeth a prophecie pronounced by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four bookes, at the instance of the said King Sol, and others divers ; and the fourth book was directed to a noble king, called Baldwine, king of the broad isle of Britain ; in the which she maketh mention of two noble princes and emperours, the which is called Leones. How these two shall subdue and overcome all earthlie princes to their diademe and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus ; that was Leprosus, the son of Saint Helena, that found the croce. The second is the sixt king

\* “ The heart was the cognizance of Morton.”—S.



of the name of Steward of Scotland, the which is our most noble king.' With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction?

"If there still remains, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Ercildoune, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming.\* For example:—

'But then the lilye shall be loued when they least think;  
Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;  
For churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns.  
And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shall arise:  
The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken;  
Seculars shal sit in spiritual seats,  
Occupying offices anointed as they wer.'

"Taking the lily for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

"But, without looking further into the signs of the times, the editor, though the least of all the prophëts, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

"Hart's collections of prophecies were frequently reprinted during the last century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see *Fordun*, lib. iii.

"Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside:—

'Betide, betide, whate'er betide,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.'

"The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr. Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

"Another memorable prophecy bore that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the abbey, should 'fall when at the fullest.' At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece

\* Author of *Discourses on the Rise and Fall of Papacy*, London, 1701. The Revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848, attracted considerable attention to the work named.

of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal, and happy were they who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

“Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:—

‘At Eldon tree if you shall be,  
A brigg ower Tweed you there may see.

“The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

“Corspatrick (Comes Patrick), Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Ercildoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander’s death, the editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart’s publication.”—Sir Walter Scott. The notes to the text are also his.

- 1 WHEN seven years were come and gane,  
The sun blink’d fair on pool and stream;  
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,  
Like one awaken’d from a dream.
- 2 He heard the trampling of a steed,  
He saw the flash of armour flee,  
And he beheld a gallant knight,  
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.
- 3 He was a stalwart knight, and strong,  
Of giant make he ’pear’d to be;  
He stirr’d his horse, as he were wode,  
With gilded spurs of fashion free.
- 4 Says—“Well met, well met, True Thomas!  
Some uncouth ferlies show to me.”  
Says—“Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!  
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!
- 5 “Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!  
And I will show thee curses three,  
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,  
And change the green to the black liverie.

- 6 "A storm shall roar this very hour,  
From Ross's hills to Solway sea."  
"Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!  
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."
- 7 He put his hand on the Earlie's head;  
He show'd him a rock beside the sea,  
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,\*  
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.
- 8 "The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:  
By Flodden's high and heathery side  
Shall wave a banner red as bluid,  
And chieftains throng with meikle pride.
- 9 "A Scottish king shall come full keen,  
The ruddy lion beareth he;  
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,  
Shall make him wink and warre to see.
- 10 "When he is bloody, and all to bledde,  
Thus to his men he still shall say,—  
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,  
And give yon Southern folk a fray!  
Why should I lose the right is mine?  
My doom is not to die this day.' †
- 11 "Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,  
And woe and wonder ye shall see;  
How forty thousand spearmen stand,  
Where yon rank river meets the sea.
- 12 "There shall the lion lose the gylte,  
And the libbards bear it clean away;  
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt  
Much gentil bluid that day."
- 13 "Enough, enough of curse and ban;  
Some blessings show thou now to me,  
Or, by the faith of my body," Corspatrick said,  
"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"

\* "King Alexander, killed (March 16, 1285-6) by falling over a cliff, near Kinghorn, in Fife, and opposite Edinburgh."

† "The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV. is well known."

- 14 "The first of blessings I shall thee show,  
Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread;\*  
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,  
And find their arrows lack the head.
- 15 "Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,  
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,  
Shall many a falling courser spurn,  
And knights shall die in battle keen.
- 16 "Beside a headless cross of stone,  
The libbards there shall lose the gree;  
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,  
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.  
The cross of stone they shall not know,  
So thick the corses there shall be."
- 17 "But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,  
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,  
What man shall rule the isle Britain,  
Even from the north to the southern sea?"
- 18 "A French queen shall bear the son,  
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;  
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,  
As near as in the ninth degree.
- 19 "The waters worship shall his race,  
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;  
For they shall ride over ocean wide,  
With hempen bridles and horse of tree."

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THOMAS OF ERCILDOUNE.

The following remarkable tale is preserved in three or more ancient manuscripts, all of them more or less mutilated. The verbal differences between the copies are numerous but unimportant. The three principal MS. copies are deposited in the libraries, and have been printed respectively in the works mentioned under:—

- I. The Cotton MS. copy, in the British Museum, first printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iv., p. 122.

\* "One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:—

'The burn of breid  
Shall run fow reid.'

Bannockburn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of 'bannock' to a thick round cake of unleavened bread."



- II. The Cambridge University Library MS. copy, first printed in Mr. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads, &c.*, vol. ii., p. 11, as "carefully deciphered," says Mr. Laing, "from a volume of no ordinary curiosity, . . . written in a very illegible hand, about the middle of the 15th century."
- III. The Lincoln Cathedral Library MS. copy, first printed by Mr. David Laing, in his *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*. From "a volume compiled at a still earlier period" than the Cambridge MS.

"In the Cambridge MS. none of the pieces have any titles; the Cotton copy is prefaced by *Incipit prophesia Thome de Erseldown*; and the Lincoln MS. is entitled *Thomas off Erseldoune*, and is introduced in the following manner:—

- 'Lystnys, lordyngs, bothe grete and small,  
And takis gude tente what I will say:  
I sall yow telle als trewe a tale,  
Als euer was herde by nyghte or daye.
- 'And the maste meruelle fforowtyn naye,  
That euer was herde byfore or syen,  
And therefore pristly I yow praye,  
That ye will of youre talkyng blyz.
- 'It es an harde thynge for to saye,  
Of doghety dedis that hase been done;  
Of felle feghtyngs and batells sere;  
And how that knyghtis hasse wonne thair schone.
- 'But Ihesu Christ, that syttis in trone,  
Safe Inglysche bothe ferre and nere;  
And I sall 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 shall have the heghere gree;  
And whethir partye sall hafe the werre.
- 'Wha sall take the flyghte and flee;  
And wha sall dye and bylene thare:  
But Ihesu Christ, that dyed on tre,  
Saue Inglysche men whare so they 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 an 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 undubitably 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. . . . It is remarkable, that in all the three copies now before him, the poet begins the story in the *first person*, and seems

\* Louis XVI., victim of the first French revolution.



disposed to tell the incidents, as if they had really happened to himself. (See stanzas 1 to 10.) 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. (See stanza 14.) If he assumes the mask with a bad grace here, he shows still less address when he drops it again at stanza 51.

“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 the 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 presumed 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,’ says Scott, ‘it will afford 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 foregoing (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.’”—Jamieson’s *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., pp. 3-7.

Both Mr. Jamieson and Mr. David Laing print their respective versions of this ancient poem entire.

But in the text which follows, and which has been collated from all three copies, only the introductory portion, or *First Fytte*, is given, with the addition of stanzas 59, 60, and 61, from the commencement of the *Second Fytte*; and of 62, 63, and 64, from the close of the *Third Fytte*.

The orthography has been modernized in the case of such words as are still in use either in England or Scotland, but the veritable words of the originals are retained.

- 1 As I me went this Andrew’s day,  
Fast on my way, making my moan,  
In a merry morning of May,  
By Huntly’s banks myself alone,

- 2 I heard the jay and the throstle,  
The mavis menyed<sup>a</sup> in her song,  
The wodewale beryd<sup>b</sup> as a bell,  
That all the wood about me rung.
- 3 Alone in longing thus as I lay,  
Underneath a seemly tree,  
Saw I where a ladye gay  
Came riding o'er a lonely lea.
- 4 If I shou'd sit till Domisday,  
All with my tongue to know and see,  
Certainly all her array  
It shall never be 'scryed<sup>c</sup> for me.
- 5 Her palfrey was a dapple gray,  
Like it saw I never none;  
As does the sun on summer's day,  
That fair ladye herself she shone.
- 6 Her saddle it was of royal bone,<sup>d</sup>  
Full seemly was that sight to see!  
Stiffly set with precious stone,  
Compass'd about with cramoisie.<sup>e</sup>
- 7 Stones of orience, great plentic,  
Her hair about her head it hung:  
She rode over that lonely<sup>f</sup> lea,  
Awhile she blew, awhile she sung.
- 8 Her girths of noble silk they were,  
The buckles they were of beryl stone;  
Her stirrups were of crystal clear,  
And all with pearls o'er bedone.
- 9 Her patrel was of irale fine,<sup>g</sup>  
Her crupper was of orfaré,<sup>h</sup>  
Her bridle was of gold [sae] fine;  
On every side [there] hung bells three.

<sup>a</sup> "The mavis menyed:" the thrush lamented.

<sup>b</sup> "The wodewale beryd:" the woodpecker made a noise.

<sup>c</sup> "Scryed:" described.

<sup>d</sup> "Royal bone:" pure ivory.

<sup>e</sup> "Crapotee," Lincoln MS.; "Crapste," Cotton MS.

<sup>f</sup> "Fernyle" (ferny lee), Cotton MS.

<sup>g</sup> "Her patrel, &c.:" *i. e.*, the plate protecting the chest of her steed was of steel or iron fine.

<sup>h</sup> "Orfaré:" embroidery.

- 10 She led seven greyhounds in a leash,  
And seven raches<sup>a</sup> by her feet ran.  
To speak with her I wou'd not press;  
Her bree was as white as any swan.
- 11 She bare a horn about her halse,  
And under her girdle many a flonne.<sup>b</sup>  
Forsooth, lordlings, as I you tell,  
Thus was this ladye fair bedone.
- 12 Thomas lay and saw that sight,  
Underneath a seemly tree;  
He said—"Yon is Mary of might,  
That bare the child that died for me.
- 13 "But I speak with that ladye bright,  
I hope my heart will burst in three;  
But I will go with all my might,  
Her for to meet at Eildon tree!"
- 14 Thomas rathely<sup>c</sup> up he raise,  
And ran over that mountain hie;  
And if it be sooth, as the story says,  
He her met at the Eildon tree.
- 15 He kneelèd down upon his knee,  
Underneath the greenwood spray;  
And said—"Lovely ladye, rew<sup>d</sup> on me,  
Queen of heaven, as thou well may!"
- 16 Then said that ladye, mild of thought,—  
"Thomas, let such wordès be;  
Queen of heaven am I not,—  
I took never so high degree.
- 17 "But I am ladye of another countrie;  
If I be parell'd most of price,  
I ride after the wildè fee,<sup>e</sup>  
My raches rinnin' at my device."
- 18 "If thou be parell'd most of price,  
And ridest here in thy folly,  
Lovely ladye, as thou art wise,  
Then give me leave to lye by thee."

<sup>a</sup> "Raches:" scenting hounds.

<sup>b</sup> "Flonne:" arrow.

<sup>c</sup> "Rathely:" readily, or quickly.

<sup>d</sup> "Rew," or "rue:" have pity.

<sup>e</sup> "Fee:" deer.

- 19 "Do way, Thomas,<sup>a</sup> that were folly!  
I pray thee heartily, let me be,  
For I say thee full sikerly,<sup>b</sup>  
That sin will fordo<sup>c</sup> all my beautie."
- 20 "Now, lovely ladye, rew on me,  
And I shall ever with thee dwell;  
Here my troth I plight to thee,  
Whether thou wilt to heaven or hell!"
- 21 "Man of mold, thou wilt me mar,  
And yet but you may have your will;  
Trow you well thou choosest the waur,<sup>d</sup>  
For all my beautie.thou wilt spill."
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 22 Thomas stood up in that stead,  
And beheld that ladye gay;  
The hair that hung upon her head,  
The one half black, the other gray.
- 23 All her rich clothing was away,  
That he before saw in that stead;  
Her een seem'd out, that were so gray,  
And all her body like the lead.
- 24 Then Thomas sigh'd and said—"Alas!  
In faith, this is a doleful sight;  
How art thou faded thus in the face,  
That shone before as the sun so bright?"
- 25 She said—"Take thy leave of sun and moon,  
Of grass and leaves that grow on tree:  
This twelvemonth shalt thou with me gone,  
And middle earth thou shalt not see."
- 26 He kneelèd down upon his knee,  
To Mary mild he made his moan:  
"Ladye, but that thou rew on me,  
All my games frae me are gone!
- 27 "Alas!" he said, "and woe is me!  
I trow my deeds will work me woe:  
Jesu! my soul beteche<sup>e</sup> I thee,  
Wheresoever my body go!"

<sup>a</sup> "Scho sayde, 'The man.'"—Lincoln MS.<sup>d</sup> "Waur:" worse.<sup>b</sup> "Sikerly:" certainly, truly.<sup>e</sup> "Beteche:" commend.<sup>c</sup> "Fordo:" undo.

- 28 She led him in at Eildon hill,  
Underneath the greenwood tree,<sup>a</sup>  
Where it was dark as midnight mirk,  
And ever in water to the knee.
- 29 There the space of dayès three,  
He heard but southing<sup>b</sup> of the flood;  
At the last, he said—"Full woe is me;  
Almost I die, for fault of food!"
- 30 She led him into a fair herbere,  
Where fruit was growing in great plentie;  
Pears and apples both ripe they were,  
The date, and also the damson tree.
- 31 The fig, and also the wine-berry,  
The nightingales lying on their nest;  
The popinjays fast about 'gan fly,  
And throstles song, wou'd have no rest.
- 32 He press'd to pull the fruit with his hand,  
As man for food that was near faint;  
She said—"Thomas, thou let them stand,  
Or else the fiend will thee attaint.
- 33 "If thou [them] pull, the sooth to say,  
Thy soul goes to the fire of hell;  
It comes never out till Domisday,  
But there in pain aye for to dwell.
- 34 "[But] Thomas, soothly, I thee hight;  
Come, lay thy head down on my knee,  
And thou shalt see the fairest sight  
That ever saw man of thy countrie!"
- 35 He did in haste as she him bade,  
His head upon her knee he laid;  
For her to please he was full glad;  
And then that ladye to him said:
- 36 "See'st thou, Thomas, yon fair way  
That lyes over yonder high mountayne?  
Strait is the way to heaven for aye,  
When sinful souls have dree'd their pain.

<sup>a</sup> "Underneathe a derne lee."—Lincoln MS.

"Undir nethe the derne lee."—Cotton MS.

<sup>b</sup> "Southing:" sounding. "Swaghyng," Lincoln MS.; "swowying," Cotton MS.  
"There is something uncommonly romantic and poetical in Thomas's going under ground with the queen of Elfland, as Æneas does with the Sibyl,—marching for three days in pitchy darkness, and hearing nothing but the *sweehyng* and *swowying*—i. e., swinging and booming—of the waves over his head."—Jamieson.



- 37 " See'st thou now, Thomas, yonder way,  
That lyes so low under yonder rise?  
Yon is the way, the sooth to say,  
Unto the joy of Paradise.
- 38 " See'st thou yet yonder third way,  
That lyes over yon green plain?  
Yon is the way, the sooth to say,  
That sinful souls shall pass to pain.
- 39 " But see'st thou yonder fourth way,  
That lyes over yonder fell?<sup>a</sup>  
Wide is the way, the sooth to say,<sup>b</sup>  
Unto the burning fire of hell!
- 40 " See'st thou now yonder fair castell,  
That stands upon yon fair hill?  
Of town and tow'r it beareth the bell;  
In middle earth is none like ther' till.<sup>c</sup>
- 41 " In sooth, Thomas, yon is mine own,  
And the king's of this countrie;  
But me were better be hanged and drawn,  
Than he wist that thou lay by me!
- 42 " When thou comest to yon castell gay,  
I pray thee courteous man to be;  
And whatsoe'er any man to thee say,  
Look that thou answer none but me.
- 43 " My lord is served at ilka mess  
With thirty knights [sae] fair and free;  
And I shall say, sitting at the dais,  
I took thy speech beyond the sea.<sup>d</sup>
- 44 Thomas stood as still as a stone,<sup>e</sup>  
And beheld that-ladye gay;  
Then she was fair and rich anon,<sup>f</sup>  
And also rode on her palfray.
- 45 Her greyhounds fillèd with deer's blood,  
Her raches coupled, by my fay;  
She blew her horn with main and mood,  
And to the castell she took the way.

<sup>a</sup> "Ouer yone depe delle?"—Lincoln MS.

<sup>b</sup> "So waylawaye."—Lincoln MS.

<sup>c</sup> "In earthe es none lyk it vntill."—Lincoln MS.

<sup>d</sup> "Lee."—Cotton and Cambridge MSS.

<sup>e</sup> "Still als stone he stude."—Lincoln and Cambridge MSS.

<sup>f</sup> "Scho came agayne als faire and gude."—Lincoln MS.

- 46 Into a hall soothly she went,  
 Thomas follow'd at her hand;  
 Ladyes came both fair and gent,  
 Full courteously to her kneeland.<sup>a</sup>
- 47 Harp and fiddle both they fand,  
 Ghittern, and also the psaltry,  
 The lute and rebeck, both gangand,  
 And all manner of minstrelsy.
- 48 Knights were dancing by three and three;  
 There was revel, both game and play;  
 Lovely ladyes, fair and free,  
 Dancing with them <sup>b</sup> in rich array.
- 49 The greatest ferlie <sup>c</sup> there, Thomas thought,  
 When thirty harts lay on [the] floor,  
 And as many deer in were brought,  
 That were both largely long and store.
- 50 Raches lay lappand in deer's blood;  
 The cooks they stood with dressing-knife,  
 Brittling the deer as they were wode,<sup>d</sup>  
 Revel was among them rife.
- 51 There was revel, both game and play,  
 More than I you say, pardie,  
 Till it fell upon a day  
 My lovely ladye said to me:
- 52 "Busk thee, Thomas, for thou must be gone,  
 For here no longer may'st thou be;  
 Hie thee fast, with might and main,  
 I shall thee bring to the Eildon tree."
- 53 Thomas answered with heavy cheer,  
 "Lovely ladye, thou let me be,  
 For certainly I have been here  
 Nought but the space of days three!"
- 54 "For sooth, Thomas, as I thee tell,  
 Thou hast been here seven year and more;  
 But longer here thou may not dwell,  
 The skill I will thee tell wherefore.

<sup>a</sup> "Kneeland:" kneeling.

<sup>b</sup> "Sat and sang."—Lincoln and Cotton MSS.

<sup>c</sup> "Ferlie:" wonder.

<sup>d</sup> "Wode:" mad.

- 55 "To-morrow of hell the foul fiend  
Among these folk shall choose his fee;  
Thou art a fair man and a hend,  
I trow full well he wou'd choose thee!
- 56 "For all the gold that ever might be,  
Frae heaven unto the world's end,  
Thou be'st never betray'd for me;  
Therefore with me I rede thee wend."
- 57 She brought him again to the Eildon tree,  
Underneath the greenwood spray;  
In Huntly banks there for to be,  
Where birds sing both night and day.
- 58 "Far out over yon mountain gray,  
Thomas, a falcon makes her nest;  
A falcon is an eagle's prey,  
For they in place will have no rest.\*
- 59 "Farewell, Thomas; I wend my way;  
I may no longer stand with thee."  
"Give me some token, ladye gay,  
That I may say I spake with thee."
- 60 "To harp and carp, wheresoever ye gone,  
Thomas, take thee these with thee."  
"Harping," said he, "ken I noue,  
For tongue is the chief of minstrelsie!"
- 61 "If thou wilt spell, † or talès tell,  
Thomas, thou never shall make lee:  
Wheresoever thou go, to frith or fell,  
I pray thee speak never no ill of me."
- 62 Then True Thomas a sorry man was he,  
The tears ran out of his een gray:  
"Lovely ladye, yet tell to me,  
If we shall part for ever and aye?"
- 63 "Nay; when thou sittest at Ercildoune,  
To Huntly bank thou take thy way,  
And then shall I be ready boun'  
To meet thee, Thomas, if that I may."

\* "Thomas" seems to be here represented by the "falcon," and the "foul fiend" by the "eagle:" "Thomas" being in as much danger from the visitation of the one, as the "falcon" would be from that of the other.

† "The elfin queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar."—Scott.

† "This is the real word which in Scotland has now taken the form of *spae*."—Jamieson.

- 64 She blew her horn on her palfray,  
 And left Thomas at Eildon tree;  
 Till Helmesdale she took her way,  
 And thus parted that lady and he.

## AULD MAITLAND.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 306.

"This ballad, notwithstanding its present appearance, has a claim to very high antiquity. It has been preserved by tradition; and is, perhaps, the most authentic instance of a long and very old poem exclusively thus preserved. It is only known to a few old people upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick; and is published as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr. James Hogg,\* who sings, or rather chants it, with great animation. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety, and is said to have been possessed of much traditional knowledge. Although the language of this poem is much modernized, yet many words, which the reciters have retained without understanding them, still preserve traces of its antiquity. Such are the words *springals* (corruptedly pronounced *springwalls*), *sowies*, *portcullize*, and many other appropriate terms of war and chivalry, which could never have been introduced by a modern ballad-maker. The incidents are striking and well managed; and they are in strict conformity with the manners of the age in which they are placed.

"The date of the ballad cannot be ascertained with any degree of accuracy. Sir Richard Maitland, the hero of the poem, seems to have been in possession of his estate about 1250; so that, as he survived the commencement of the wars betwixt England and Scotland, in 1296, his prowess against the English, in defence of his castle of Lauder or Thirlestane, must have been exerted during his extreme old age. He seems to have been distinguished for devotion as well as valour; for, A. D. 1249, Dominus Ricardus de Mautlant gave to the Abbey of Dryburgh, 'Terras suas de Haubentside, in territorio suo de Thirlestane, pro salute animæ suæ, et sponsæ suæ, antecessorum suorum et successorum suorum, in perpetuum.'† He also gave to the same convent, 'Omnes terras, quas Walteras de Gilling tenuit in feodo suo de Thirlestane et pastura incommuni de Thirlestane, ad quadraginta oves, sexaginta vaccas, et ad viginti equos.'—*Cartulary of Dryburgh Abbey, in the Advocates' Library.*

"From the following ballad, and from the family traditions referred to in the Maitland MSS., Auld Maitland appears to have had three sons; but we learn from the latter authority, that only one

\* This old woman is still alive, and at present resides at Craig of Douglas, in Selkirkshire (1805).—The mother of the "Ettrick Shepherd" is now deceased (1820).

† There exists also an indenture, or bond, entered into by Patrick, Abbot of Kelsau, and his convent, referring to an engagement betwixt them and Sir Richard Maitland, and Sir William, his eldest son, concerning the lands of Hedderwicke and the pasturages of Thirlestane and Blythe. This Patrick was Abbot of Kelso betwixt 1258 and 1260.

survived him, who was thence surnamed Burd-alane, which signifies either unequalled, or solitary. A 'Consolation,' addressed to Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, a poet and scholar who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, and who gives name to the Maitland MSS., draws the following parallel betwixt his domestic misfortunes and those of the first Sir Richard, his great ancestor:—

' Sic destanie and derfe devoring deid  
 Oft his own hous in hazard put of auld;  
 Bot your forbeiris, froward fortunes steid  
 And bitter blastes ay buir with breistis bauld;  
 Luit wanweirdis work and walter as they wald,  
 Thair hardie hairtis, hawtie and heroik,  
 For fortunoun feid or force wald never fauld,  
 But stormis withstand with stomak stout and stoik.

' Renowned Richert of your race record,  
 Quhai prais and prowis cannot be exprest;  
 Mair lustie lynyage nevir haid ane lord,  
 For he begat the bauldest bairnis and best,  
 Maist manful men, and madinis most modest,  
 That ever wes syn Pyramus son of Troy,  
 But piteouslie thal peirles herles a pest  
 Bereft him all bot Buird-allane, a boy.

' Himselwe was aiget, his hous hang be a har,  
 Duill and distres almaist to deid him draife;  
 Yet Burd-allane, his only son and air,  
 As wretched, vyiss, and valient, as the laive,  
 His hous uphail'd, quhilk ye with honor haive.  
 So nature that the lyk invyand name,  
 In kindlie cair dois kindly courage craif,\*  
 To follow him in fortune and in fame.

' Richerd he wes, Richerd ye are also,  
 And Maitland als, and magnanime ar ye;  
 In als great age, als wrappit are in wo,  
 Sewin sons† ye haid might contravaill his thrie,  
 Bot Burd-allane ye haive behind as he:  
 The lord his linage so inlarge in lyne,  
 And mony hundreith nepotis grie and grie ‡  
 Sen Richert wes as hundreth yeiris are hyne.'

—*An Consolator Ballad, to the Richt Honorabill Sir Richert Maitland of Lethingtoun.*—Maitland MSS. in Library of Edinburgh University.

"Sir William Mautlant, or Maitland, the eldest and sole surviving son of Sir Richard, ratified and confirmed, to the monks of Dryburgh, 'Omnes terras quas Dominus Ricardus de Mautlant pater suus fecit dictis monachis in territorio suo de Thirlestane.' Sir William is supposed to have died about 1315.—Crawford's *Peerage*.

"Such were the heroes of the ballad. The castle of Thirlestane is

\* *I. e.*, Similar family distress demands the same family courage.

† "Sewin sons"—this must include sons-in-law; for the last Sir Richard, like his predecessor, had only three sons, namely,—I. William, the famous secretary of Queen Mary; II. Sir John, who alone survived him, and is the Burd-allane of the Consolation; III. Thomas, a youth of great hopes, who died in Italy. But he had four daughters married to gentlemen of fortune.—Pinkerton's *List of Scottish Poets*, p. 114.

‡ "Grie and grie:" in regular descent; from gre, French.



situated upon the Leader, near the town of Lauder. Whether the present building, which was erected by Chancellor Maitland, and improved by the Duke of Lauderdale, occupies the site of the ancient castle, I do not know; but it still merits the epithet of a 'darksome house.' I find no notice of the siege in history; but there is nothing improbable in supposing that the castle, during the stormy period of the Baliol wars, may have held out against the English. The creation of a nephew of Edward I., for the pleasure of slaying him by the hand of young Maitland, is a poetical license,\* and may induce us to place the date of the composition about the reign of David II., or of his successor, when the real exploits of Maitland, and his sons, were in some degree obscured, as well as magnified, by the lapse of time. The inveterate hatred against the English, founded upon the usurpation of Edward I., glows in every line of the ballad.

"Auld Maitland is placed by Gawain Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, among the popular heroes of romance, in his allegorical 'Palice of Honour:'—

'I saw Raf Collyear with his thravin brow,  
Crabit John the Reif, and auld Cowkilbeis Sow:  
And how the wran cam out of Ailesay,  
And Piers Plowman, that meid his workmen few:  
Great Gowmacmorne, and Fin Mac Cowl, and how  
They suld be goddis in Ireland, as they say.  
Their saw I Maitland upon auld beird gray,  
Robin Hude, and Gilbert with the quhite hand,  
How Hay of Naughton flew in Madin land.'

In this curious verse, the most noted romances, or popular histories of the poet's day, seem to be noticed. The preceding stanza describes the sports of the field; and that which follows refers to the tricks of jugailrie; so that the three verses comprehend the whole pastimes of the middle ages, which are aptly represented as the furniture of Dame Venus's chamber. The verse, referring to Maitland, is obviously corrupted; the true reading was probably, 'with his auld beird gray.' Indeed, the whole verse is full of errors and corruptions; which is the greater pity, as it conveys information to be found nowhere else.

"The descendant of Auld Maitland, Sir Richard of Lethington, seems to have been frequently complimented on the popular renown of his great ancestor. We have already seen one instance; and in an elegant copy of verses in the Maitland MSS., in praise of Sir Richard's seat of Lethington, which he had built, or greatly improved, this obvious topic of flattery does not escape the poet. From the terms of his panegyric we learn, that the exploits of auld Sir Richard with the gray beard, and of his three sons, were 'sung in many a far countrie, albeit in rural rhyme;' from which we may infer, that they were narrated rather in the shape of a popular ballad, than in a romance of price. If this be the case, the song now published may have undergone little variation since the date of the Maitland MSS.; for, divesting the poem, in praise of Lethington, of its antique spelling,

\* Such liberties with the genealogy of monarchs were common to romancers. Henry the Minstrel makes Wallace slay more than one of King Edward's nephews; and Johnie Armstrong claims the merit of slaying a sister's son of Henry VIII.

it would run as smoothly, and appear as modern, as any verse in the following ballad. The lines alluded to are addressed to the castle of Lethington:—

'And happie art thou sic a place,  
That few thy maik are sene!  
But yit mair happie far that race  
To quhome thou dois pertene.  
Quha dois not know the Maitland bluid,  
The best in all this land?  
In quhilk sumtyme the honour stuid  
And worship of Scotland.

'Of auld Sir Richard, of that name,  
We have hard sing and say;  
Of his triumphant nobill fame,  
And of his auld baird gray,  
And of his nobill sonniss three.  
Quhilk that time had no maik;  
Quhilk maid Scotland renounit be,  
And all England to quaik.

'Quhais luifing praysis, made trewlie  
Efter that simple tyme,  
Ar sung in monie far countrie,  
Albeit in rural rhyme.  
And, gif I dar the treuth declair,  
And nane me fleitschour call,  
I can to him find na compair,  
And till his barnis all.'

"It is a curious circumstance, that this interesting tale, so often referred to by ancient authors, should be now recovered in so perfect a state; and many readers may be pleased to see the following sensible observations, made by a person born in Ettrick Forest, in the humble situation of a shepherd:—"I am surprised to hear that this song is suspected by some to be a modern forgery; the contrary will be best proved, by most of the old people, hereabouts, having a great part of it by heart. Many, indeed, are not aware of the manners of this country; till this present age, the poor illiterate people, in these glens, knew of no other entertainment, in the long winter nights, than repeating, and listening to, the feats of their ancestors, recorded in songs, which I believe to be handed down, from father to son, for many generations, although, no doubt, had a copy been taken, at the end of every fifty years, there must have been some difference, occasioned by the gradual change of language. I believe it is thus that very many ancient songs have been gradually modernized to the common ear; while, to the connoisseur, they present marks of their genuine antiquity."—*Letter to the Editor, from MR. JAMES HOGG.* To the observations of my ingenious correspondent I have nothing to add, but that, in this, and a thousand other instances, they accurately coincide with my personal knowledge."

The notes to the introduction and ballad are Sir Walter Scott's.

- 1 THERE lived a king in southern land,  
King Edward hight his name;  
Unwordily he wore the crown,  
Till fifty years were gane.

- 2 He had a sister's son o's ain,  
Was large of blood and bane;  
And afterward, when he came up,  
Young Edward hight his name.\*
- 3 One day he came before the king,  
And kneel'd low on his knee:  
"A boon, a boon, my good uncle,  
I crave to ask of thee!
- 4 "At our lang wars, in fair Scotland,  
I fain ha'e wish'd to be;  
If fifteen hundred waled† wight men  
You'll grant to ride with me."
- 5 "Thou shall ha'e thae, thou shall ha'e mae;  
I say it sickerlie;  
And I myself, an auld gray man,  
Array'd your host shall see."
- 6 King Edward rade, King Edward ran—  
I wish him dool and pyne!‡  
Till he had fifteen hundred men  
Assembled on the Tyne.
- 7 And thrice as many at Berwicke§  
Were all for battle bound,  
[Who, marching forth with false Dunbar,  
A ready welcome found.]||
- 8 They lighted on the banks of Tweed,  
And blew their coals sae het,  
And fired the Merse and Teviotdale,  
All in an evening late.
- 9 As they fared up o'er Lammermoor,  
They burn'd baith up and down,  
Until they came to a darksome house,  
Some call it Leader-Town.

\* Were it possible to find an authority for calling this personage Edmund, we should be a step nearer history; for a brother, though not a nephew of Edward I., so named, died in Gascony, during an unsuccessful campaign against the French.—*Knighton*, lib. iii., cap. 8.

† "Waled:" chosen.

‡ Thus Spencer, in "Mother Huberd's Tale:"—

"Thus is the ape become a shepherd swain,  
And the false fox his dog, God give them pain!"

§ North Berwick, according to some reciters.

|| These two lines have been inserted by Mr. Hogg to complete the verse. Dunbar, the fortress of St. Patrick, Earl of March, was too often opened to the English, by the treachery of that baron, during the reign of Edward I.

- 10 "Wha hauds this house?" young Edward cried,  
 "Or wha gi'est o'er to me?"  
 A gray-hair'd knight set up his head,  
 And crackit right crouselly:
- 11 "Of Scotland's king I haud my house;  
 He pays me meat and fee;  
 And I will keep my gude auld house,  
 While my house will keep me."
- 12 They laid their sowies to the wall,  
 With mony a heavy peal;  
 But he threw o'er to them agen  
 Baith pitch and tar barrel.
- 13 With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,  
 Among them fast he threw;  
 Till mony of the Englishmen  
 About the wall he slew.
- 14 Full fifteen days that braid host lay,  
 Sieging Auld Maitland keen;  
 Syne they ha'e left him, hail and feir,  
 Within his strength of stane.
- 15 Then fifteen barks, all gaily good,  
 Met them upon a day,  
 Which they did lade with as much spoil  
 As they cou'd bear away.
- 16 "England's our ain by heritage;  
 And what can us withstand,  
 Now we ha'e conquer'd fair Scotland,  
 With buckler, bow, and brand?"
- 17 Then they are on to the land of France,  
 Where auld king Edward lay,  
 Burning baith castle, tower, and town,  
 That he met in his way.
- 18 Until he came unto that town,  
 Which some call Billop-Grace: \*  
 There were Auld Maitland's sons, all three,  
 Learning at school, alas!

\* If this be a Flemish or Scottish corruption for Ville de Grace, in Normandy, that town was never besieged by Edward I., whose wars in France were confined to the province of Gascony. The rapid change of scene, from Scotland to France, excites a suspicion, that some verses may have been lost in this place.

- 19 The eldest to the youngest said,  
"Oh, see ye what I see?  
If all be true yon standard says,\*  
We're fatherless all three.
- 20 "For Scotland's conquer'd up and down;  
Landmen we'll never be!  
Now, will you go, my brethren two,  
And try some jeopardy?"
- 21 Then they ha'e saddled twa black horse,  
Twa black horse and a gray;  
And they are on to king Edward's host,  
Before the dawn of day.
- 22 When they arrived before the host,  
They hover'd on the lay:  
"Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,  
To bear a little way?"
- 23 "Where wast thou bred? where wast thou born?  
Where, or in what countrie?"  
"In north of England I was born;"  
(It needed him to lee.)
- 24 "A knight me gat, a ladye bore,  
I am a squire of high renown;  
I well may bear't to any king  
That ever yet wore crown."
- 25 "He ne'er came of an Englishman,  
Had sic an e'e or bree;  
But thou art the likest Auld Maitland,  
That ever I did see.
- 26 "But sic a gloom on ae browhead,  
Grant I ne'er see again!  
For mony of our men he slew,  
And mony put to pain."
- 27 When Maitland heard his father's name,  
An angry man was he;  
Then, lifting up a gilt dagger,  
Hung low down by his knee,
- 28 He stabb'd the knight the standard bore,  
He stabb'd him cruellie;

\* Edward had quartered the arms of Scotland with his own.



- Then caught the standard by the neuk,  
And fast away rode he.\*
- 29 "Now, is't na time, brothers," he cried,  
"Now, is't na time to flee?"  
"Ay, by my sooth!" they baith replied,  
"We'll bear you companye."
- 30 The youngest turn'd him in a path,  
And drew a burnish'd brand,  
And fifteen of the foremost slew,  
Till back the lave did stand.
- 31 He spurr'd the gray into the path,  
Till baith his sides they bled:  
"Gray! thou maun carry me away,  
Or my life lies in wad!"
- 32 The captain lookit o'er the wall,  
About the break of day;  
There he beheld the three Scots lads  
Pursued along the way.
- 33 "Pull up portcullize! down draw-brig!  
My nephew's are at hand;  
And they shall lodge with me to-night,  
In spite of all England."
- 34 Whene'er they came within the yate,  
They thrust their horse them frae,†  
And took three lang spears in their hands,  
Saying—"Here shall come nae mae!"
- 35 And they shot out, and they shot in,  
Till it was fairly day;  
When mony of the Englishmen  
About the draw-brig lay.
- 36 Then they ha'e yoked the carts and wains,  
To ca' their dead away,  
And shot auld dykes abune the lave,  
In gutters where they lay.

\* Thus, Sir Walter Mauny, retreating into the fortress of Hanyboute, after a successful sally, was pursued by the besiegers, who "ranne after them lyke madde men; than sir Gualtier saide, Let me never be beloved wyth my lady, wythout i have a course wyth one of these followers!" and turning, with his lance in the rest, he overthrew several of his pursuers, before he condescended to continue his retreat.—*Froissart*.

† "The lord of Hangest (pursued by the English) came so to the barrayrs (of Vandoune) that were open, as his happe was, and so entred in thereat, and then toke his speare, and turned him to defence, right valiantly."—*Froissart*, vol. i., chap. 367.

- 37 The king, at his pavilion door,  
Was heard aloud to say:  
"Last night, three of the lads of France  
My standard stole away.
- 38 "With a fause tale, disguised they came,  
And with a fauser trayne;  
And to regain my gaye standard,  
These men were all down slayne."
- 39 "It ill befits," the youngest said,  
"A crownèd king to lee;  
But, or that I taste meat and drink,  
Reprovèd shall he be."
- 40 He went before king Edward straight,  
And kneel'd low on his knee:  
"I wou'd ha'e leave, my lord," he said,  
"To speak a word with thee."
- 41 The king he turn'd him round about,  
And wistna what to say:  
Quo' he, "Man, thou 's ha'e leave to speak,  
Though thou should speak all day."
- 42 "Ye said that three young lads of France  
Your standard stole away,  
With a fause tale and fauser trayne,  
And mony men did slay;
- 43 "But we are nane the lads of France,  
Nor e'er pretend to be:  
We are three lads of fair Scotland,—  
Auld Maitland's sons are we.
- 44 "Nor is there men in all your host  
Daur fight us three to three."  
"Now, by my sooth," young Edward said,  
"Weel fitted ye shall be!
- 45 "Piercy shall with the eldest fight,  
And Ethert Lunn with thee;  
William of Lancaster the third,  
And bring your fourth to me!
- 46 "Remember, Piercy, aft the Scot  
Has cower'd beneath thy hand;\*  
For every drap of Maitland blood,  
I'll gi'e a rig of land."

\* Modern, to supply an imperfect stanza.

- 47 He clanked Piercy o'er the head  
A deep wound and a sair,  
Till the best blood of his body  
Came running down his hair.
- 48 "Now, I've slayne ane; slay ye the twa;  
And that's gude companye;  
And if the twa shou'd slay ye baith,  
Ye'se get nae help frae me."\*
- 49 But Ethert Lunn, a baited bear,  
Had many battles seen;  
He set the youngest wonder sair,  
Till the eldest he grew keen.
- 50 "I am nae king, nor nae sic thing: †  
My word it shanna stand!  
For Ethert shall a buffet bide,  
Come he beneath my brand."
- 51 He clankit Ethert o'er the head  
A deep wound and a sair,  
Till the best blood in his body  
Came running o'er his hair.
- 52 "Now, I've slayne twa; slay ye the ane;  
Isna that gude companye?  
And though the ane shou'd slay ye baith,  
Ye'se get nae help of me."
- 53 The twa-some they ha'e slayne the ane,  
They mau'd him cruellie; ‡  
Then hung him over the draw-brig,  
That all the host might see.
- 54 They rade their horse, they ran their horse,  
Then hover'd on the lee:  
"We be three lads of fair Scotland,  
That fain wou'd fighting see."

\* According to the laws of chivalry, laws which were also for a long time observed in duels, when two or more persons were engaged on each side, he, who first conquered his immediate antagonist, was at liberty, if he pleased, to come to the assistance of his companions.

† Maitland's apology for retracting his promise to stand neuter is as curious as his doing so is natural. The unfortunate John of France was wont to say, that if truth and faith were banished from all the rest of the universe, they should still reside in the breast and the mouth of kings.

‡ This has a vulgar sound, but is actually a phrase of romance. Tant frappant et maillet lez deux vassaux l'un sur l'autre, que leurs heaumes, et leurs hauberts, sont tous cassez et rompuz.—*La Fleur des Batailles*.

- 55 This boasting when young Edward heard,  
An angry man was he:  
"I'll take yon lad, I'll bind yon lad,  
And bring him bound to thee!"
- 56 "Now, God forbid," king Edward said,  
"That ever thou shou'd try!  
Three worthy leaders we ha'e lost,  
And thou the fourth wou'd lie.
- 57 "If thou shou'dst hang on yon draw-brig,  
Blythe wou'd I never be."  
But, with the poll-axe in his hand,  
Upon the brig sprang he.\*
- 58 The first stroke that young Edward ga'e,  
He struck with might and main;  
He clove the Maitland's helmet stout,  
And bit right nigh the brain.
- 59 When Maitland saw his ain blood fall,  
An angry man was he;†  
He let his weapon frae him fall,  
And at his throat did flee.

\* The sieges, during the Middle Ages, frequently afforded opportunity for single combat, of which the scene was usually the drawbridge, or barriers, of the town. The former, as the more desperate place of battle, was frequently chosen by knights, who chose to break a lance for honour and their ladies' love. In 1387, Sir William Douglas, Lord of Nithsdale, upon the drawbridge of the town of Carlisle, consisting of two beams, hardly two feet in breadth, encountered and slew, first, a single champion of England, and afterwards two, who attacked him together.—*Fordun's Scotchchronicon*, lib. xiv., chap. 51.

"He brynt the suburbs of Carlele,  
And at the bareris he faucht sa wel,  
That on thare bryg he slew a man,  
The wychtast that in the town wes than;  
Quhare, on a plank of twa feet brade  
He stude, and swa gude payment made,  
That he feld twa stout fechteris,  
And but skath went till his feres."

—*Wyntown's Cronykil*, book ix., chap. 8.

These combats at the barriers, or palisades, which formed the outer fortification of a town, were so frequent, that the mode of attack and defence was early taught to the future knight, and continued long to be practised in the games of chivalry. The custom, therefore, of defying the inhabitants of a besieged town to this sort of contest, was highly fashionable in the Middle Ages; and an army could hardly appear before a place, without giving rise to a variety of combats at the barriers, which were, in general, conducted without any unfair advantage being taken on either part.

† There is a saying, that a Scotchman fights best after seeing his own blood. Camerarius has contrived to hitch this foolish proverb into a national compliment, for he quotes it as an instance of the persevering gallantry of his countrymen. "Si in pugna proprium effundi sanguinem vidissent, non statim prostrato animo condecabant, sed irato potius in hostes velut furentes omnibus viribus incurrebant."

- 60 And thrice about he did him swing,  
Till on the ground he light,  
Where he has halden young Edward,  
Tho' he was great in might.
- 61 "Now let him up," king Edward cried,  
"And let him come to me;  
And for the deed that thou hast done,  
Thou shalt ha'e earldomes three!"
- 62 "It's ne'er be said in France, nor e'er  
In Scotland, when I'm hame,  
That Edward once lay under me,\*  
And e'er gat up again!"
- 63 He piercèd him through and through the heart,  
He maul'd him cruellie;  
Then hung him o'er the draw-brig,  
Beside the other three.
- 64 "Now take frae me that feather-bed,  
Make me a bed of strae!  
I wish I hadna lived this day,  
To make my heart sae wae.
- 65 "If I were ance at London Tow'r,  
Where I was wont to be,  
I never mair shou'd gang frae hame,  
Till borne on a bier-tree.

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### SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

The unfortunate accident which deprived Alexander III. of life, on the 16th of March, 1285-6, opened the floodgates of civil broil in Scotland. These were temporarily closed, but only to burst again with greater violence, on the death of Margaret, the Maiden of Norway, the last lineal descendant of the ancient Scottish kings, A. D. 1290.

Well, therefore, might the early poet sing the doleful ditty,—

"Quhen Alysandyr, oure kyng, wes dede,  
That Scotland led in luwe and le,  
Away wes sons of ale and brede,  
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle.

\* Some reciters repeat it thus,—

"That Englishman lay under me,"

which is in the true spirit of Blind Harry, who makes Wallace say,—

"I better like to see the Southeron die,  
Than gold or land, that they can gi'e to me."

In slaying Edward, Maitland acts pitilessly, but not contrary to the laws of arms, which did not enjoin a knight to show mercy to his antagonist, until he yielded him, "rescue or no rescue."



"Oure gold wes changyd into lede.—  
 Cryst, borne in-to virgynyte,  
 Succour Scotland, and remede,  
 That stad is in perplexyte."\*

Well might the Scottish nation stand aghast as it beheld the mustering hosts marshal themselves in fierce array under the banner of one or other of the numerous aspirants after the vacant throne, and as it witnessed the wily and unprincipled policy of the able but unscrupulous English king, as such was by him steadily and ruthlessly developed.

It was after this policy had culminated in the defeat, disgrace, and imprisonment of Baliol, the vassal king—when the fortune of Scotland was at the lowest ebb, and her position as an independent nation seemed gone for ever—it was then that Wallace, one of the greatest and noblest patriots the world has ever seen, was raised up, like one of the deliverers and judges of the Hebrew people of old; and it was this fondly-revered champion of his country's liberty who, by the might of his strong right arm, and the force of his valiant and indomitable example, rolled back the tide of Southern invasion, leaving Scotsmen as God created them to be—freemen.

Modern critics may sneer and cavil at the apparently superhuman exploits of the Scottish champion, as sung by the Scottish Homer; but the fact remains, that Wallace, with his small but trusty band of kindred-souled compatriots, baffled the skill and might of one of the ablest monarchs at the head of one of the bravest and most powerful nations in the world; and this in spite of the jealousy, treason, and mendacity of the Scottish nobles, who thwarted him to the utmost of their power, and by one of whom he was ultimately betrayed into the hands of his own and his country's *enemy*. The name of the "false Menteith," who basely thus, for English gold, did Judas-like betray "his country's saviour," is, and ever shall be, execrated and made a byeword of reproach as long as a Scotsman lives and breathes. It forms no part of our plan to follow the patriot-martyr through the chequered events of his career, until its fatal termination on an English scaffold, 23d August, 1305, after which his head was placed on a pole on London bridge, and the quarters of his dismembered body sent respectively to Newcastle, Berwick, Perth, and Aberdeen.

The crowned murderer, no doubt, exulted in the thought that Scottish independence had perished with his victim; but it was not so, for—

"Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,  
 Tho' baffled off, is ever won."

And thus—

"From Wallace' blood, like precious seed-drops shed,  
 Sprang up fresh patriots in his steps to tread."

Nay, the avenger was even then within the gates of the English king, in the person of Robert Bruce, who, on the 27th of March, 1306, was

\* Winton's *Cronykil*, vol. i., p. 401. The elegiac song thus preserved is supposed to be the earliest specimen of the Scottish, as distinguished from the Gaelic language. But if Sir Walter Scott be correct in ascribing the authorship of *Sir Tristrem* to "Thomas the Rhymer," that romance would of course take precedence.

crowned at Scone as King of Scotland, and who, after many severe and trying struggles and vicissitudes, fixed the liberty and independence of his country on a firm and permanent basis by the great and crowning victory of Bannockburn.

“The industry of Henry the Minstrel has,” says Motherwell, “done justice to the history of the Patriot [Wallace]; and it is believed that in his heroick poem \* will be found incorporated all the detached songs, founded on real or fabulous incident, which were living on the breath of tradition, regarding the hero at the time Henry lived. The disappearance of these detached songs can be ascribed to no other cause than the extreme popularity which the work of Henry has acquired. I have heard it as a byeword, in some parts of Stirlingshire, that a collier’s library consists but of four books: the Confession of Faith, the Bible, a bunch of ballads, and ‘Sir William Wallace:’ the first for the gude-wife, the second for the gude-man, the third for their daughter, and the last for the son—a selection indicative of no mean taste in these grim moldwarps of humanity.

“No ballads relative to the Bruce and his chivalry exist, the celebrity of Barbour’s historick poem † having, in the course of time, wholly swept their memory away. That one, who, in his own person and fortunes, realized the most perfect picture we have of a ‘Knight adventurous,’ and who seems himself to have had a very lively relish for the compositions of the minstrel muse, ‡ should fail being commemorated in song, is inconsistent with probability. We know that a herald, in a solemn feast, being desired by Edward of Carnarvon to say, what three knights then living were most approved in arms, unhesitatingly named Bruce as one of the number. The minstrel and the herald were at that period, oftentimes, one and the same profession. When Barbour wrote, ballads relative to this period appear to have been common; for the poet, speaking of certain ‘The worthi poyntis of wer,’ omits the particulars of the ‘Thrid, which fell into Esdail,’ being a victory gained by ‘Schyr Johne the Soullis’ over ‘Schyr Andrew Hardclay,’ for this reason:—

‘I will nocht rehers the maner,  
For wha sa likes thai may her,  
Young women quhen thai will play,  
Sing it amang thaim ilk day.’

“‘The monkishe rymes, truffes, and roundes,’ made alternately by the Scottish or English, as either side prevailed, and of which some specimens are preserved in the chronicles of the latter, do not properly belong to the class of narrative ballads. § These rhymes, it

\* Wallace, Dr. Jamieson’s edition, reprint, Glasgow, 1869.

† *The Bruce*, Dr. Jamieson’s edition, reprint, Glasgow, 1869.

‡ “Barbour gives an interesting account of him, in one instance comforting his followers by reading to them portions of the *Romance of Ferumbrace*, and on another occasion, of being accustomed to tell them

‘Auld storyis of men that wer  
Set in tyll assayis ser.’—Motherwell.

§ The Scottish portion of the satirical songs or pasquils here referred to, may be found quoted in the companion volume, *Songs of Scotland, Chronologically Arranged*, Introduction, pp. iii. and iv.

may be stated, are written in what is called the 'ryme cowee,' and which appears to have borne a marked resemblance to that description of metrical abuse styled 'Flyting' by our Scottish Makers, of which we have some notable examples in the poetical encounters of Dunbar and Kennedy,\* and Montgomery and Hume."—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, pp. xlvi.-viii.

Now that "these cruel wars are over," and Scotland united with England and Ireland, on free and equal terms, as portions of one great nation, let us trust that every Englishman, Irishman, ay, and every American—yea, every lover of fair play and liberty all the world over—will respond to the poetic prayer of the Scottish bard, Robert Burns:—

"O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;  
Who dared, so nobly, stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
Oh, never, never Scotia's realm desert:  
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard." †

The two ballads which follow appear to be derived respectively from Blind Harry's *Wallace*, books iv. and v.

Of that first given, there are two versions, namely:—

- I. "Sir William Wallace," in the *Thistle of Scotland*, p. 100.
- II. "Wallace and his Leman," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, &c., vol. ii., p. 226.

The text is taken from version I., with the exception of stanza 15, which is given from version II., as are also other stanzas noted under the text as variations.

Both conclude with portions of the ballad which comes next in order, and of which fuller versions appeared as under:—

- I. In Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. v., p. 49S. As communicated by Burns.
- II. In the *Illustrations or Notes to Johnson's Museum*, p. 458\*, as given by Mr. D. Laing, from a copy which "appeared in a common *chap form*, along with some Jacobite ballads, printed about the year 1750."
- III. Under the title of "Willie Wallace," in Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 114, as "taken down from an itinerant tinker and gypsye."

The same ballad is also given by Jamieson and by Finlay, in their respective collections, and by Allan Cunningham, with editorial additions and embellishments, in *The Songs of Scotland*.

Mr. Buchan's version (III.) is the one here printed under the title of "Gude Wallace;" but it has received a few emendations.

\* See Dunbar's *Poems*, edited by Mr. David Laing.

† See Watson's *Collection of Scots Poems*, reprint, Glasgow, 1869.

‡ "The Cotter's Saturday Night," last stanza.

- 1 Wou'd ye hear of William Wallace,  
And seek him as he goes,  
Into the land of Lanark,  
Amang his mortal foes?
- 2 There were fifteen English sogers  
Unto his ladye came,  
Said—"Gi'e us William Wallace,  
That we may have him slain.
- 3 "Wou'd ye gi'e William Wallace,  
That we may have him slain?  
And ye'se be wedded to a lord,  
The best in Christendeem."
- 4 "This very night, at seven,  
Brave Wallace will come in,  
And he'll come to my chamber door,  
Without or dread or din."
- 5 The fifteen English sogers  
Around the house did wait;  
And four brave Southron foragers  
Stood hie upon the gait.
- 6 That very night, at seven,  
Brave Wallace he came in,  
And he came to his ladye's bow'r  
Withouten dread or din.\*
- 7 When she beheld brave Wallace,  
And stared him in the face—  
"Ohon, alas!" said that ladye,  
"This is a woeful case,
- 8 "For I this night have sold you,  
This night you must be ta'en;  
And I'm to be wedded to a lord,  
The best in Christendeem."
- 9 "Do you repent," said Wallace,  
"The ill you've done to me?"  
"Ay, that I do," said that ladye,  
"And will do till I dee.

\* Mr. Buchan's version begins—

"Wallace wight, upon a night,  
Came riding o'er the linn;  
And he is to his leman's bow'r,  
And tirl'd at the pin."



- 10 "Ay, that I do," said that ladye,  
 "And will do ever still;  
 And for the ill I've done to you,  
 Let me burn upon a hill."
- 11 "Now, God forfend," says brave Wallace,  
 "I should be so unkind;  
 Whatever I am to Scotland's faes,  
 I'm aye a woman's friend.
- 12 "Will ye gi'e me your gown, your gown,  
 Your gown but and your kirtle,  
 Your petticoat of bonnie brown,  
 And belt about my middle?
- 13 "I'll take a pitcher in ilka hand,  
 And do me to the well;  
 They'll think I'm one of your maidens,  
 Or think it is yoursel'."
- 14 She has gi'en him her gown, her gown,  
 Her petticoat and kirtle;  
 Her broadest belt with silver clasps,  
 To bind about his middle.
- 15 [Then he ga'e her a loving kiss,  
 The tear dropp'd frae his e'e;  
 Says— "Fare ye well for evermair,  
 Your face I'll nae mair see.']\*
- 16 He's ta'en a pitcher in ilka hand,  
 And done him to the well;  
 They thought him one of her maidens,  
 They kenn'd 'twas not hersel'.†
- 17 Said one of the Southron foragers,—  
 "See ye yon lusty dame?  
 I wou'd nae gi'e meikle to thee, neebor,  
 To bring her back again."
- 18 Then all the Southrons follow'd him,  
 They follow'd him all four;  
 But he has drawn his trusty brand,  
 And slain them pair by pair.

\* Inserted from Mr. Buchan's version.

† "She dress'd him in her ain clathing,  
 And frae her house he came,  
 Which made the Englishmen admire  
 To see this stalwart dame."—Buchan's version.



## GUDE WALLACE.

- 1 WALLACE was in the high Highlands,  
Neither meat nor drink got he;  
Said—"Fa'\* me life, or fa' me death,  
Now to some town I maun be."
- 2 He has put on his short cleiding,  
And on his short cleiding put he;  
Says—"Fa' me life, or fa' me death,  
Now to Saint Johnstoun's † I maun be."
- 3 Then he cross'd o'er the river Tay,  
On to the North Inch steppit he;  
And he was 'ware of a weel-faur'd May,  
Was washing there aneath a tree.
- 4 "What news, what news, ye weel-faur'd May,  
What news ha'e ye this day to me?  
What news, what news, ye weel-faur'd May,  
What news ha'e ye in the South countrie?"
- 5 "Nae news, nae news, ye gentle knight,  
Nae news ha'e I this day to thee;  
But fifteen lords in yon hostler-house,  
Waiting Gude Wallace for to see."
- 6 "If I had but in my pocket  
The worth of one single pennie,  
I wou'd go to the hostler-house,  
These fifteen Englishmen to see."
- 7 She put her hand in her pocket,  
And she has pull'd out half-a-crown;  
Says—"Take ye that, ye belted knight,  
And with it pay your lawin' down."
- 8 As he went frae the weel-faur'd May,  
A beggar bauld I wot met he,  
Was cover'd with a clouted ‡ cloak,  
And in his hand a trusty tree.
- 9 "What news, what news, ye silly auld man,  
What news ha'e ye this day to gi'e?  
What news, what news, ye silly auld man,  
What news ha'e ye in the South countrie?"

\* "Fa'": befall.

† Perth.

‡ "Clouted": patched.

- 10 "Ill news, ill news, ye belted knight,  
 Ill news ha'e I to tell to thee;  
 For there 's fifteen lords in yon hostler-house,  
 Waiting Gude Wallace for to see."
- 11 "Ye'll lend to me your clouted cloak,  
 That covers you frae head to knee,  
 And I'll gang to the hostler-house,  
 To ask of them for some supplie."
- 12 Now he 's gane to the West-muir wood,  
 And there he pull'd a trusty tree,  
 And then he 's on to the hostler-house,  
 Asking them there for charitie.
- 13 Down the stair the captain comes,  
 Aye the puir man for to see;  
 "If ye be a captain as gude as ye look,  
 Ye'll gi'e a puir man some supplie."
- 14 "Where were ye born, ye crookèd carle?  
 Where were ye born? in what countrie?"  
 "In fair Scotland here I was born,  
 Crookèd carle, as ye call me."
- 15 "Oh, I wou'd gi'e ye fifty pounds  
 Of gold and of the white monie;  
 Oh, I wou'd gi'e ye fifty pounds,  
 If the traitor Wallace ye'd let me see."
- 16 "Tell down your monie," said Gude Wallace,  
 "Tell down your monie, if it be gude;  
 For I'm sure I ha'e it in my pow'r,  
 And I never had a better bode.\*"
- 17 "Tell down your monie, if it be gude,  
 And let me see if it be fine;  
 I'm sure I ha'e it in my pow'r  
 To bring the traitor, Wallace, in."
- 18 The monie was told down on the table,  
 Silver and gold of pounds fiftie;  
 "Now, here I stand," said Gude Wallace,  
 "And what ha'e ye to say to me?"
- 19 He fell'd the captain where he stood,  
 With a downright stroke upon the floor;  
 He slew the rest around the room,  
 And ask'd if there were any more.

\* "Bode:" offer.

- 20 "Come, cover the table," said Gude Wallace,  
 "Come, cover the table, now make haste;  
 For it will soon be three lang days  
 Since I a bit of meat did taste."
- 21 The table it was scarcely cover'd,  
 Nor yet had he sat down to dine,  
 Till fifteen more of the English lords  
 Surrounded the house where he was in.
- 22 "Come out, come out, thou traitor, Wallace,  
 This is the day that ye maun dee!"  
 "I lippen\* nae sae little to God," he says,  
 "Altho' I be but little wordie."†
- 23 The gudewife she ran but ‡ the floor,  
 And aye the gudeman he ran ben;  
 From eight o'clock till four at noon,  
 Wallace has kill'd full thirty men.
- 24 He put his faes in sic a swither,§  
 That five of them he stickit dead;  
 Five of them he drown'd in the river,  
 And five he hung in the West-muir wood.
- 25 Then he is on to the North Inch gane,  
 Where the May was washing tenderly:  
 "Now, by my sooth," said Gude Wallace,  
 "It's been a sair day's wark to me!"
- 26 He's put his hand into his pocket,  
 And he has pull'd out twenty pound;  
 Says—"Take ye that, ye weel-faured May,  
 For the gude luck of your half-crown!"

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### THE BATTLE OF ROSLINE.

Copied from a Glasgow chap-book, "printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803." It is prefaced thus:—

"The famous battle of Rosline, fought on the plains of Rosline, Anno Dom. 1303,|| about five miles south of Edinburgh, where 10,000

\* "Lippen:" trust.

† This stanza is taken from Jamieson's version.

‡ "But," the outer, and "ben," the inner apartment of a house or cottage.

§ "Swither:" perplexity.

|| "Langtoft is open and candid as to the entire defeat of the English." For "the curious and minute account given by" him, see his work, vol. ii., p. 319.

Scots, led by Sir John Cummin and Sir Simon Fraser, defeated in three battles, in one day, 30,000 of their [English] enemies."

Mr. Maidment, in his *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, p. 148, prints the same ballad from one "dated Edinburgh, 1785." They agree minutely; but the Glasgow edition has three lines more than the other; which three lines are necessary, in order to preserve the uniformity of the stanzas.

Some of the early English historians state that Wallace led the Scottish army which achieved this triad of victories; but others, as also the Scottish historians, make no mention of him in connection therewith.

The English armies seem to have been commanded respectively by John de Segrave; by Ralph de Manton, called, from his office, Ralph the Cofferer; and by Sir Robert Neville—all of whom appear to have fallen. Some of the Scottish nobles then in France, on hearing of this exploit, "addressed a letter to the governor and nobility of Scotland, in which they exhorted them to be of good courage, and to persevere in vindicating the liberties of their country. 'You would greatly rejoice,' they say in this letter, 'if you were aware what a weight of honour this last conflict with the English has conferred upon you throughout the world.'"\*

Sir Simon Fraser, the hero of this achievement, and compatriot of Wallace, was ultimately taken prisoner near Stirling, A. D. 1306. "He was carried to London, heavily ironed, with his legs tied under his horse's belly, and, as he passed through the city, a garland of periwinkles was in mockery placed upon his head. . . . Fraser was tried and condemned, after which he suffered the death of a traitor, with all its circumstances of refined cruelty. He was hanged, cut down when still living, and beheaded; his bowels were then torn out and burned, and his head fixed beside that of Wallace, upon London Bridge."†

"A long ballad against the Scotch, written upon the execution of Sir Simon Fraser, 1306, from a manuscript of that time, Harl. Lib. 2253, f. v. 59," appears in *Ancient Scottish Poems* (printed by Pinkerton, from the Matland MSS.), vol. ii., Appendix, article iv., p. 488.

- 1 LEAVE off your tittle tattle,  
And I'll tell you of a battle,  
Where claymore and targe did rattle,  
At Rosline on the Lee:  
Ten thousand Scottish laddies,  
Drest in their tartan plaidies,  
With blue bonnets and cockadies—  
A pleasant sight to see.

\* "Rymer, *Fœd.*, vol. i., new edit., p. 955, June 8, 1303," as quoted by Tytler, *History of Scotland*, vol. i. (new edit., 1866), p. 172.

† Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 217, edit. 1866; as given on the authority of Matthew Westminster.

- 2 Led\* by Sir Simon Fraser,  
 Who was as bold as Cæsar,  
 Great Alexander never  
     Could exceed that Hero bold.†  
 And by brave Sir John Cummin.  
 When he saw the foes a-coming,  
 Set the bagpipes all a-bumming,  
     “Stand firm, my hearts of gold!”
- 3 Ten thousand English advancing,  
 See how their arms are glancing;  
 We'll set them all a-dancing  
     At Rosline on the Lee.  
 Like furies our brave Highland men  
 Most boldly they engaged them,  
 On field they durst no longer stand,  
     They soon began to flee.
- 4 They rush'd into the battle,  
 Made sword and targe to rattle,  
 Which made their foes to startle—  
     They fell dead on the ground.  
 Our army gave a loud huzza,  
 Our Highland lads have won the day,  
 On field they ‡ durst no longer stay;  
     See how the cowards run!
- 5 This battle was no sooner over,  
 Than ten thousand of the other  
 Came marching in good order,  
     Most boldly for to fight.  
 Their colours were displaying,  
 Their horse foaming and braying,  
 Their generals are saying,  
     “ We'll soon put them to flight.”
- 6 But our bowmen gave a volley,  
 Made them repent their folly;  
 They soon turn'd melancholy,  
     And stagger'd to and fro.

\* The chap copies read “commanded.”

† The late Mr. MacGregor Simpson, Scottish vocalist, dressed “in the garb of old Gaul,” used to sing this piece with bagpipe prelude or accompaniment.

If the writer remembers rightly, it was sung with *variations*, the third and fourth lines of stanza 2 being changed to—

“Or as old Nebuchadnezzar,  
 Those heroes stout and bold.”

Or something very similar.

‡ The enemy.



- Our spearmen then engagèd,  
 Their rage they soon assuagèd,\*  
 Like lions our heroes ragèd,  
 Death dealt at every blow.
- 7 For one hour and a quarter  
 There was a bloody slaughter,  
 Till the enemies cry'd quarter,†  
 And in confusion flee.  
 Our general says—"Don't pursue;  
 Ten thousand more are come in view;  
 Take courage, lads, our hearts are true,  
 And beat your enemy!"
- 8 Then thinking for to cross us,  
 They rallying all their forces,  
 Both of foot and horses,  
 To make the last attempt.  
 The Scots cry'd out with bravery,  
 "We disdain their English knavery, ‡  
 We'll ne'er be brought to slavery,  
 Till our last blood is spent."
- 9 With fresh courage they did engage,  
 And manfully made for the charge,  
 With their broadsword and their targe,  
 Most boldly then they stood.  
 The third battle it was very sore,  
 Thousands lay reeking in their gore,  
 The like was never seen before,  
 The fields did swim with blood.
- 10 The English could no longer stay,  
 In great confusion fled away,  
 And sore they do lament the day  
 That they came there to fight.  
 Cummin cry'd—"Chase them, do not spare,  
 Quick as the hound doth chase the hare;"  
 And many were § ta'en prisoners [there],  
 That day upon the flight.
- 11 The Douglas, Campbell, and the Hay,  
 The Gordons from the water Spey,  
 So boldly as they fought that day  
 With the brave Montgomery.

\* This and the preceding line do not appear in Mr. Maidment's copy.

† This, it appears, they did not receive, the Scots being too numerically weak to hold prisoners and fight the new army.

‡ This line does not appear in Mr. Maidment's copy.

§ The chap copies read "one" in place of "were."

The Kers and Murrays of renown,  
 The Keiths, Boyds, and Hamiltons,  
 They brought their foes down to the ground,  
 And fought with bravery.

- 12 Sound, sound the music, sound it,  
 Let hills and dales rebound it,  
 Fill up the glass, and round wi't,  
 In praise of our heroes bold.  
 If Scotsmen were always true,  
 We'd make our enemies to rue;  
 But, alas! we're not all true blue,  
 As we were in days of old.

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#### BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

“The Scottish edition,” from Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 354.

“The following ballad of the battle of Otterbourne, being essentially different from that which is published in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i., and being obviously of Scottish composition, claims a place in the present collection. The particulars of that noted action are related by Froissart, with the highest encomiums upon the valour of the combatants on each side. James, Earl of Douglas, with his brother, the Earl of Murray, in 1387, invaded Northumberland, at the head of 3,000 men, while the Earls of Fife and Strathern, sons to the king of Scotland, ravaged the western borders of England, with a still more numerous army. Douglas penetrated as far as Newcastle, where the renowned Hotspur lay in garrison. In a skirmish before the walls, Percy's lance, with the pennon, or guidon, attached to it, was taken by Douglas—as most authors affirm, in a personal encounter betwixt the two heroes. The earl shook the pennon aloft, and swore he would carry it as his spoil into Scotland, and plant it upon his castle at Dalkeith. ‘That,’ answered Percy, ‘shalt thou never!’ Accordingly, having collected the forces of the marches, to a number equal, or (according to the Scottish historians) much superior, to the army of Douglas, Hotspur made a night attack upon the Scottish camp at Otterbourne, about thirty-two miles from Newcastle. An action took place, fought by moonlight, with uncommon gallantry and desperation. At length, Douglas, armed with an iron mace, which few but he could wield, rushed into the thickest of the English battalions, followed only by his chaplain, and two squires of his body.\* Before his followers could come up, their brave leader was stretched on the ground, with three mortal wounds; his squires lay dead by his side; the priest alone, armed with a lance, was pro-

\* Their names were Robert Hart and Simon Glendinning. The chaplain was Richard Lundie, afterwards archdeacon of Aberdeen.—*Godscroft*. Hart, according to Wintoun, was a knight. That historian says, no one knew how Douglas fell.

tecting his master from further injury. 'I die like my forefathers,' said the expiring hero, 'in a field of battle, and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard,\* and avenge my fall! it is an old prophecy, that a dead man shall gain a field, † and I hope it will be accomplished this night.'—*Godscroft*. With these words he expired; and the fight was renewed with double obstinacy around his body. When morning appeared, however, victory began to incline to the Scottish side. Ralph Percy, brother to Hotspur, was made prisoner by the Earl Mareschal, and shortly after, Harry Percy ‡ himself was taken by Lord Montgomery. The number of captives, according to Wintoun, nearly equalled that of the victors. Upon this the English retired, and left the Scots masters of the dear-bought honours of the field. But the Bishop of Durham approaching at the head of a body of fresh forces, not only checked the pursuit of the victors, but made prisoners of some of the stragglers, who had urged the chase too far. The battle was not, however, renewed, as the Bishop of Durham did not venture to attempt the rescue of Percy. The field was fought 15th August, 1388.—*Fordun, Froissart, Holinshed, Godscroft*.

"The ground on which this memorable engagement took place still retains the name of Battle-Cross. A cross, erroneously termed Percy's Cross, has been erected upon the spot where the gallant Earl of Douglas is supposed to have fallen. The Castle of Otterbourne, which was besieged by Douglas, with its demesne lands, . . . [and] a neighbouring eminence called Fawdoun Hill, on which may yet be discerned the vestiges of the Scottish camp, agreeing with the description of the ballad, 'They lighted high on Otterbourn.' Earl's Meadows, containing a fine spring, called Percy's Well, are a part of the same grounds, and probably derive their name from the battle. The camp on Fawdoun Hill is a mile distant from Battle-Cross; but it must be remembered that the various changes of position and of fortune, during so long and fierce an engagement between two considerable armies, must have extended the conflict over all the vicinity.

"The ballad published in the *Reliques*, is avowedly an English production, and the author, with a natural partiality, leans to the side of his countrymen; yet that ballad, or some one similar, modified probably by national prejudice, must have been current in Scotland during the reign of James VI.; for Godscroft, in treating of this battle, mentions its having been the subject of popular song, and proceeds thus: 'But that which is commonly sung of the "Hunting of Cheviot," seemeth indeed poetical, and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either in the

\* The banner of Douglas, upon this memorable occasion, was borne by his natural son, Archibald Douglas, ancestor of the family of Cavers, hereditary Sheriffs of Teviotdale, amongst whose archives this glorious relic is still preserved. The earl, at his onset, is said to have charged his son to defend it to the last drop of his blood.

† This prophecy occurs in the ballad as an ominous dream.

‡ Hotspur, for his ransom, built the Castle of Penoon, in Ayrshire, belonging to the family of Montgomery, now Earls of Eglintoun.

Scottish or English chronicle.\* Neither are the songs that are made of them both one; for the Scots song made of Otterbourne telleth the time, about Lammas; and also the occasion, to take preys out of England; also the dividing armies betwixt the Earls of Fife and Douglas, and their several journeys, almost as in the authentic history. It beginneth thus:—

“It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When yeomen win their hay,  
The docht Douglas 'gan to ride,  
In England to take a prey.”

*Godscroft*, ed. Edin., 1743, vol. i., p. 195.

“I cannot venture to assert, that the stanzas, here published, belong to the ballad alluded to by Godscroft; but they come much nearer to his description than the copy published in the first edition,† which represented Douglas as falling by the poniard of a faithless page. Yet we learn from the same author, that the story of the assassination was not without foundation in tradition.—‘There are that say, that he [Douglas] was not slain by the enemy, but by one of his own men, a groom of his chamber, whom he had struck the day before with a truncheon, in ordering of the battle, because he saw him make somewhat slowly to. And they name this man John Bickerton of Luffness, who left a part of his armour behind unfastened, and when he was in the greatest conflict, this servant of his came behind his back, and slew him thereat.’—*Godscroft*, ut supra.—‘But this narration,’ adds the historian, ‘is not so probable.’‡ Indeed, it seems to have no

\* [“The Hunting of Cheviot,” or “Chevy Chase,” of which, properly speaking, only English versions now exist, probably refers to the battle of Pepperden, fought between the Scots under the Earl of Angus, and the English under the Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1436. The Scots were the victors, as at Otterbourne.]

† “Out then spoke a bonny boy,  
That serv'd ane o' Earl Douglas' kin—  
‘Methinks I see an English host  
A-coming branking us upon.’

“If this be true, thou little foot page,  
If this be true thou tells to me,  
The bravest bower in Otterbourne  
Shall be thy morning's fee.

“But if it be false, thou little boy!  
But and a lie thou tells to me,  
On the highest tree in Otterbourne,  
Wi' my ain hands, I'll hang thee hie!”

“The boy has ta'en out his little penknife  
That hung right low down by his gair.  
And he gave Lord Douglas a deadly wound,  
I wot a deep wound and a sare.

“Earl Douglas to the Montgomery said,  
‘Take thou the vanguard of the three;  
And bury me by the braken bush,  
That grows upon yon lilye lee.’”

*Minstrelsy*, 1st edit., vol. i., p. 32.

[And substantially the same in *Herd*.]

‡ Wintoun assigns another cause for Douglas being carelessly armed:—

“The Erle Jamys was sa besy,  
For till ordane his company,  
And on his fays for to pas,  
That reckles he of his armyng was:  
The Erle of Mwirrawys bassenet,  
Thai sayd, at thot tyme was ferryhete.”—Book viii., chap. 7.

The circumstance of Douglas' omitting to put on his helmet occurs in the ballad.



foundation, but the common desire of assigning some remote and extraordinary cause for the death of a great man. The following ballad is also inaccurate in many other particulars, and is much shorter and more indistinct, than that printed in the *Reliques*, although many verses are almost the same. Hotspur, for instance, is called Earl Percy, a title he never enjoyed. Neither was Douglas buried on the field of battle, but in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still shown.

“This song was first published from Mr. Herd’s *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*, Edinburgh, 1776, 2 vols. octavo; but fortunately two copies have since been obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out, and completed in a manner much more correspondent to the true history.

“I cannot dismiss the subject of the battle of Otterbourne without stating (with all the deference due to the father of this species of literature) some doubts which have occurred to an ingenious correspondent, and an excellent antiquary, concerning the remarks on the names subjoined to the ballads of ‘Chevy Chase’ and ‘Otterbourne,’ in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i., p. 34, 4th edition.

“‘John de Lovele, sheriff of Northumberland, 34th Hen. VII.,’ is evidently a mistake, as Henry VII. did not reign quite twenty-four years; but the person meant was probably John de Lavale, knight, of Delavale Castle, who was sheriff, 34th Henry VIII. There seems little doubt that this was the person called in the ballad ‘the gentil Lovel.’ Sir Raff the rich Rugbe, was probably Sir Ralph Neville of Raby Castle, son of the first Earl of Westmoreland, and cousin-german to Hotspur. In the more modern edition of the ballad, he is expressly called Sir Ralph Raby, *i. e.*, of Raby.

“With respect to the march of Douglas, as described in the ballad, it appears that he entered Northumberland from the westward. Redesdale, Rothely-crags, and Green Leighton, are a few miles eastward of Otterbourne. Otterscope Hill lies south-west from Green Leighton.

“The celebrated Hotspur, son of the first Earl of Northumberland, was, in 1385, Governor of Berwick and Warden of the East Marches; in which last capacity it was his duty to repel the invasion of Douglas.

“Sir Henry Fitzhugh, mentioned in the ballad, was one of the Earl of Northumberland’s commanders at the battle of Homeldown.

“As to the local situation of Otterbourne, it is thirty statute miles from Newcastle, though Buchanan has diminished the distance to eight miles only.

“The account given of Sir John of Agurstone seems also liable to some doubt. This personage is supposed by Bishop Percy to have been one of the Hagerstons of Hagerston, a Northumbrian family, who, according to the fate of war, were sometimes subjects of Scotland. I cannot, however, think, that at this period, while the English were in possession both of Berwick and Roxburgh, with the intermediate fortresses of Wark, Cornhill, and Norham, the Scots possessed any part of Northumberland, much less a manor which



lay within that strong chain of castles. I should presume the person alluded to rather to have been one of the Rutherfords, Barons of Edgerstane, or Edgerston, a warlike family, which has long flourished on the Scottish Borders, and who were, at this very period, retainers of the house of Douglas. The same notes contain an account of the other Scottish warriors of distinction who were present at the battle. These were, the Earls of Monteith, Buchan, and Huntly; the Barons of Maxwell and Johnston; Swinton of that ilk, an ancient family, which about that period produced several distinguished warriors; Sir David (or rather, as the learned bishop well remarks, Sir Walter) Scott of Buccleuch, Stewart of Garlies, and Murray of Cockpool.

“*Regibus et legibus, Scotici constantes,  
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro patriis pugnantes,  
Vestra est victoria, vestri est et gloria,  
In cantu et historia, perpes est memoria!*”

- 1 It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When the muir-men win their hay,  
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride  
Into England, to drive a prey.
- 2 He chose the Gordons<sup>a</sup> and the Græmes,<sup>b</sup>  
With them the Lindsays, light and gay,<sup>c</sup>  
But the Jardines wou'd not with him ride,  
And they rue it to this day.\*
- 3 And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,  
And part of Bambrough shire;  
And three good tow'rs on Reidswire fells,  
He left them all on fire.
- 4 And he march'd up to Newcastle,  
And rode it round about:  
“Oh, wha's the lord of this castle,  
Or wha's the ladye o't?”
- 5 But up spake proud Lord Percy then,  
And oh, but he spake hie!  
“I am the lord of this castle;  
My wife's the ladye gay.”
- 6 “If thou'rt the lord of this castle,  
Sae weel it pleases me!  
For, ere I cross the Border fells,  
The ane of us shall dee.”

<sup>a b c</sup> [Scott gives notes on these respective clans or families, and their chiefs, who were present at Otterbourne; but they are too lengthy for insertion here.]

\* The Jardines were a clan of hardy West-Border men. Their chief was Jardine of Applegirth. Their refusal to ride with Douglas was, probably, the result of one of those perpetual feuds, which usually rent to pieces a Scottish army.

- 7 He took a lang spear in his hand,  
Shod with the metal free;  
And for to meet the Douglas there,  
He rode right furiouslie.
- 8 But oh, how pale his ladye look'd,  
Frae aff the castle wall,  
When down before the Scottish spear  
She saw proud Percy fall!
- 9 "Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to see,  
I wou'd ha'e had you, flesh and fell;\*  
But your sword shall gae with me."
- 10 "But gae ye up to Otterbourne,  
And wait there dayis three;  
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,  
A fause knight call ye me."
- 11 "The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;  
'Tis pleasant there to be;  
But there is nought at Otterbourne  
To feed my men and me.
- 12 "The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;  
But there is neither bread nor kale,  
To fend † my men and me.
- 13 "Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
Where you shall welcome be;  
And, if you come not at three dayis end,  
A fause lord I'll call thee."
- 14 "Thither will I come," proud Percy said,  
"By the might of Our Ladye!"  
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,  
"My troth I plight to thee."
- 15 They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
Upon the bent sae brown;  
They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
And threw their pallions down.

\* "Fell:" hide. Douglas insinuates that Percy was rescued by his soldiers.

† "Fend:" support.

- 16 And he that had a bonnie boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.\*
- 17 But up then spake a little page,  
Before the peep of dawn:  
"Oh, waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Percy's hard at hand."
- 18 "Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
Sae loud I hear ye lie;  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.
- 19 "But I have dream'd a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Skye:  
I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I."
- 20 He belted on his gude braid sword,  
And to the field he ran;  
But he forgot the helmet good  
That shou'd have kept his brain.
- 21 When Percy with the Douglas met,  
I wat he was full fain!  
They swakk'd their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.†

\* Froissart describes a Scottish host, of the same period, as consisting of "III. M. men of armes, knightis, and squires, mounted on good horses; and other X. M. men of warre, armed, after their gyse, right hardy and frise, mounted on lytle hackneys, the whiche were never tied, nor kept at hard meat, but leite go to pasture in the fieldis, and bushes."—*Chronykle of Froissart*, translated by Lord Berners, chap. xvii.

[The following stanzas, recovered by Mr. Finlay from recitation, come in after stanza 3 of Herd's version, and the above stanza in Scott's text:—

"Then out and spak a little wee boy,  
And he was near o' Percy's kin,—  
'Methinks I see the English host  
A-coming branking us upon;

"'Wi' nine waggons scaling wide,  
And seven banners bearing high;  
It wad do any living gude  
To see their bonnie colours fly.'"

—*Scottish Ballads*, vol 1., p. xviii.]

† "The Percy and the Douglas mette,  
That ether of other was fayne:  
They schapped together whyll that they sweette,  
With swords of fine Collayne,\*  
Tyll the bloode from their bassonets ran,  
As the brooke doth in the rayne."—English ballad.

\* "Collayne;" Cologne steel

- 22 But Percy, with his good broad sword,  
That cou'd so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.\*
- 23 Then he call'd on his little foot-page,  
And said—"Run speedily,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's so  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.
- 24 "My nephew good," the Douglas said,  
"What recks the death of ane!  
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain.
- 25 "My wound is deep; I fain wou'd sleep;  
Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
And hide me by the braken † bush,  
That grows on yonder lily lee.
- 26 "Oh, bury me by the braken bush,  
Beneath the blooming brier;  
Let never living mortal ken  
That a kindly Scot lies here."
- 27 He lifted up that noble lord,  
With the saut tears in his e'e;  
He hid him in the braken bush,  
That his merry-men might not see.
- 28 The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew;  
But mony a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.
- 29 The Gordons good, in English blood  
They steep'd their hose and shoon;  
The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
Till all the fray was done.
- 30 The Percy and Montgomery met,  
That either of other were fain;  
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,  
And aye the blood ran down between.

\* [This stanza seems to be derived from the English version. No Scottish minstrel would ever have dreamt of inventing such a termination to the combat between these two redoubted heroes; and, as shown by Sir Walter Scott in the introduction, the tragic incident is as much at variance with history as it is repulsive to national feeling.]

† "Braken:" fern.

- 31 "Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,  
 "Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"  
 "To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,  
 "Now that I see it must be so?"
- 32 "Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
 But yield ye to the braken bush  
 That grows upon yon lily lee!"
- 33 "I will not yield to a braken bush,  
 Nor yet will I yield to 'a brier;  
 But I wou'd yield to Earl Douglas,  
 Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he were here."
- 34 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
 He struck his sword's point in the ground;  
 The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
 And quickly took him by the hand.
- 35 This deed was done at Otterbourne,  
 About the breaking of the day;  
 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,  
 And the Percy led captive away.

\* \* \* \* \*

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### JOHNNIE SCOT.

"In preparing this ballad for the press," says Motherwell, "three recited copies, all obtained from people considerably advanced in years, have been used. The ballad itself is popular in the shires of Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Stirling; and though the editor has obtained no copy of it from the south of Scotland, yet he has been assured that it is also well known there—a fact of which there can be no doubt, as the Border names of Scot and Percy\* sufficiently identify it with that part of the country.

"As is to be expected, in all poetry which depends on oral tradition for its transmission to our own times, the copies of this ballad which the editor has recovered do not exactly correspond with each other. Numerous, though on the whole but trivial, verbal discrepancies exist among them; and in adjusting the text, he had therefore to rely on his own judgment in selecting, what he conceived, the best reading from each of his copies. In justice, however, to himself, and for the satisfaction of the rigid antiquary, he begs leave explicitly to state, that not a single word or expression has been admitted into the present text but what was duly authorized by one or other of these copies. . . .

\* Motherwell's version makes the heroine a daughter of Earl Percy. But in all the other versions she is represented as "the King of England's fair daughter."



“With regard to the proper names in the ballad, considerable difficulty was experienced. In the few notes subjoined, the principal variations which occur in this particular between the different copies, in so far as relates to the minor personages of the drama, are pointed out; but as to the hero himself, it is right to mention in this place, that two of the copies agree in styling him ‘Johnnie Scot,’ while the third names him ‘Johnnie M’Naughton.’ In all other material points, none of the copies essentially differ, except in this, that in the copy which gave ‘M’Naughton’ as the hero, the champion with whom he measures blades does not enact that marvellous feat of agility which forms so remarkable a feature in the combat scene between ‘Johnnie Scot’ and the ‘Tailliant,’—

‘Who like a Swallow swift,  
Owre Johnnie’s head did flee.’ . . .

“Whether the glory of the high achievement recorded in the ballad should of right belong to the name of Scot, or to that of M’Naughton, is a question very hard of solution. Scot of Satchels, in that strangest of all literary curiosities, his metrical *History of the Right Honourable Name of Scot*, is dumb on the subject; and Buchanan, in his account of *Scottish Surnames*, is as profoundly silent regarding any one belonging to the ancient family of M’Naughton, to whom the honour of this notable duel can with any degree of likelihood be attributed. For his own part, the editor has been somewhat gravelled to make up his mind on this momentous point; but at length he has been inclined to concede the adventure perilous, even to Johnnie Scot, whoever he was, not only on the account that two copies of the ballad, and these by far the most perfect in their narrative, are quite unanimous on this head, but that these likewise retain the word ‘Tailliant,’ which, in the corresponding part of the third copy, is changed into ‘Champion.’ This word Tailliant he has never before met with in any ballad; but it is an evident derivative from the French verb *Taillader*.\*

“Mr. Ritson, in his *Historical Dissertation on Scottish Song*, gives in a foot-note a list of certain unedited ballads, contained in a MS. collection which belonged to the late Lord Woodhouselee. In this list occurs one, entitled ‘Jack the Little Scot;’ and from the same critic mentioning that many lines and indeed stanzas of ‘Gil Morris’ would be found in said ballad, † the editor, both from the similarity of the titles and from their agreeing in the circumstance of having stanzas in common with ‘Gil Morris,’ conjectured that it . . . and the present ballad were one and the same. He accordingly endeavoured to procure a copy of the ballad alluded to, for the purpose of collation, but without success, as the MSS. of Lord Woodhouselee were, after his death, dispersed among his relatives.

“Perhaps, after all, it is but of little importance to ascertain this fact; and even though the ballads were the same, it is questionable whether it would suggest any improvement upon the present text.

\* ‘*Taillader*’: “to cut or slash.” Aytoun, in his *Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., in reprinting Dalzell’s copy of “Grange’s Ballad,” changes the word “*tailzeoir*,” “or tailor,” to “*tailliant*”—i. e., “holder or defender.”

† See stanzas 8, 11, and 21 of this ballad, compared with 11, 20, and 29 of “Gil Morice,” *ante*, p. 313.

“As it is, ‘Johnnie Scot’ is altogether a very spirited and interesting composition, highly national in its character, and full of bustle, action, and incident. It is just such a one as we would always be glad to see transferred to more imperishable records, than the decaying memories of Ancient Women, and Time-crazed Men.”—Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 204.

Different versions of the same ballad subsequently appeared, as under:—

I. “Lord John,” in Buchan’s *Gleanings*, p. 122.

In this version the questions asked, as to the name and rank of the hero, are,—

“Is this the Duke of Marlborough?  
Or James, the Scottish king?  
Or is it else some Scottish lord,  
Come here a-visiting?”

II. “Johnie Buneftan,” in Kinloch’s *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 77.

In this version the hero is designated “Jack, that little Scot;” and the questions asked regarding him, are,—

“Is this the Duke of Winesberrie?  
Or James, the Scottish king?  
Or is it a young gentleman,  
That wants for to be in?”

In both of the last-named versions the “Tailliant” is metamorphosed into an “Italian.” Referring to Mr. Motherwell’s statement, that he had “never met with the word ‘Tailliant’ before,” Mr. Kinloch remarks:—“It would have been singular if he had, as ‘Tailliant’ is, in fact, nothing else but a corruption of ‘Italian,’ in the recitation of the old people from whom he procured his versions.”

III. “Lang Johnny Moir,” in Buchan’s *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 248; which marvellous production will be found in the Appendix to this work.

We are disposed to think that the “Johnnie Scot” or “M’Naughton” of the following ballad is one of “the popular heroes of romance” referred to by Gawain Douglas, in the lines already quoted from his *Palice of Honour*, ante, p. 403. The line specially naming him reads—

“How Hay of Naughton flew in Madin land;”

and it is thus explained in a note by Sir Walter Scott:—“Hay of Nachton I take to be the knight, mentioned by Wyntown, whose feats of war and travel may have become the subject of a romance or ballad. He fought in Flanders, under Alexander, Earl of Mar, in 1408, and is thus described:—

‘Lord of the Nachtane, Schire William,  
Ane hanest knycht, and of gud fame,  
A travalit knycht lang before than.’

And again, before an engagement,—

‘The Lord of Nachtane, Schire William,  
The Hay, a knycht than of gud fame,  
Mad Schire Gilbert, the Hay, knycht.’

I apprehend we should read, 'How Hay of Nachton slew in Madin Land.' Perhaps Madin is a corruption for Maylin Land, or Milan.\*

With the exception of the first six stanzas, Motherwell's version of "Johnnie Scot" is the one chiefly followed.

In a note to his *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. c., Mr. Motherwell inserts "the following passage, illustrative of the famous feat of arms accomplished by Johnnie Scot," which, says he, "was kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Sharpe:—James Macgill of Lindores, having killed Sir Robert Balfour, of Denmiln, in a duel, immediately went up to London, in order to procure his pardon, which, it seems, the king (Charles II.) offered to grant him, upon condition of his fighting an Italian gladiator, or bravo, or, as he was called, a bully, which, it is said, none could be found to do. Accordingly, a large stage was erected for the exhibition before the king and court. Sir James, it is said, stood on the defensive till the bully had spent himself a little; being a taller man than Sir James, in his mighty gasconading and bravadoing, he actually leaped over the knight as if he would swallow him alive; but, in attempting to do this a second time, Sir James ran his sword up through him, and then called out, 'I have spitted him, let them roast him who will.' This not only procured his pardon, but he was also knighted on the spot.—Small's *Account of Roman Antiquities, recently discovered in Fife*, p. 217."

Three different versions of a ballad, evidently belonging to the same circle, appear under the respective titles of "Lord Thomas of Winesberry," in Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 127; "Lord Thomas of Winesberrie," in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Poems*, p. 89; and "Lord Thomas of Winesberry and the King's Daughter," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 212.

Mr. Kinloch supposes it to refer to "the secret expedition of James V. to France, in 1536, in search of a wife," and quotes the account thereof from Pitscottie's *Chronicles of Scotland*, 8vo, vol. ii., p. 363, *et seq.* Mr. Buchan, however, combats this theory. A collated and slightly emendated copy of "Lord Thomas of Winesberry" follows "Johnnie Scot" next in order.

- 1 JOHNIE has on to London gone,  
To London gone has he;  
Johnnie has on to London gone,  
King's bannerman to be.
- 2 He had not been in London town,  
It's but a little while,  
Till the King of England's fair daughter,  
On him did fondly smile.

\* But if the present ballad relates to "Hay of Naughton," the positions of the combatants seem simply reversed by the text of Gawain Douglas as it reads; while Sir Walter Scott's suggested emendation would, by this identification and reversal, prove not only unnecessary, but erroneous.

- 3 But Johnnie 's back to Scotland gone,  
To hunt in the greenwood free;  
And left his true love all alone,  
And a sorry ladye was she.
- 4 For Johnnie 's on to Scotland gone,  
I wot he 's on with speed;  
Oh, Johnnie 's on to Scotland gone,  
And as great was his need.
- 5 Then word unto the king has gone,  
His daughter mourn'd so;  
And word has also to him gone,  
Of what did cause her woe.
- 6 But when the king heard word of it,  
An angry man was he;  
And he cast her into prison strong,  
To pine there till she'd dee.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 7 Then Johnnie thought upon his love  
He dare not go to see;  
And he call'd on his waiting-man,  
His name was Germanie :\*  
"It 's thou must to fair England go,  
Bring me that gay ladye.
- 8 "And here it is, a silken sark,  
Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
Bid her come to the merry greenwood,  
At her friends ask no leave."
- 9 He rode till he came to the castle gate,  
And he tirl'd at the pin;  
"Oh, wha is there?" said the proud porter;  
"But I darena let thee in."
- 10 It 's he rode up, and he rode down,  
He rode the castle about,  
Until he spied a fair ladye,  
At the window looking out.

\*"Germanie: 'all the copies which mention Johnnie's waiting-man concur in giving this name, which is probably descriptive of his country. In one copy, he, in place of Johnnie's uncle, is the person who heroically offers wager of battle. But in another copy the whole words and actions ascribed to Johnnie's uncle, who 'spake so bitterlie,' are transferred to 'Gude King James.'"—Motherwell.



- 11 "Here is a silken sark," he said,  
 "Thine ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
 And ye must go to the merry greenwood,  
 At your friends ask no leave."
- 12 "The castle it is high, young man,  
 And well wall'd round about;  
 My feet they are in fetters strong,  
 And how can I get out?"
- 13 "My garters are the black iron,  
 And oh, but they be cold!  
 My girdle 's\* of the sturdy steel,  
 Instead of beaten gold."
- 14 "But had I paper, pen, and ink,  
 With candle at my command,  
 It 's I would write a long letter  
 To Johnnie, in fair Scotland."
- 15 Then she has written a braid letter,  
 And seal'd it with her hand;  
 And sent it to the merry greenwood,  
 With her ain boy at command."
- 16 The first line of it Johnnie read,  
 A loud, loud laugh laugh'd he;  
 But he had not read a line but two,  
 Till the tears did blind his e'e."
- 17 "Oh, I must up to England go,  
 Whatever me betide,  
 For to relieve my fair ladye,  
 And claim her for my bride."
- 18 Then up spake Johnnie's auld mither,  
 A well-spoken woman was she:  
 "If you do go to England, Johnnie,  
 I may take fareweel of thee."
- 19 And out and spake his father then,  
 A noble lord was he:  
 "If thou unto fair England go,  
 You'll ne'er come hame to me."
- 20 But out and spake his uncle then,  
 And he spake bitterlie:  
 "Five hundred of my good life-guards  
 Shall bear him companie."

\* "My breastplate's," &amp;c.—Motherwell.



- 21 When they were all on saddle set,  
They were comely to behold;  
The hair that hung o'er Johnnie's neck  
Shone like the links of gold.
- 22 When they went riding all\* away,  
Most pleasant for to see,  
There was not so much as a married man  
In Johnnie's companie.
- 23 Johnnie himsel' was the foremost man  
In the company did ride;  
His uncle was the second man,  
With his rapier by his side.
- 24 The first gude town that Johnnie came to,  
He made the bells be rung;  
And when he rode the town all o'er,  
He made the mass† be sung.
- 25 The next gude town that Johnnie came to,  
He made the drums beat round;  
And the third gude town that he came to,  
He made the trumpets sound.‡
- 26 And when they came to King Henry's tow'rs,  
They rode them round about;  
And who saw he but his own true love,  
At a window looking out!
- 27 "Oh! the doors are bolted with iron and steel,  
So are the windows about;  
And my feet they are in fetters strong,  
And how can I win out?"
- 28 But when they came to the castle yett,  
They scarce tirl'd at the pin,  
For the porter was ready waiting there,  
To open and let them in.

\* "Went riding all."—Motherwell's text reads, "Were all marching," which, looking to the context, is an evident absurdity. Antiquarian precision is all very well when it is really regulated by "judgment;" but if not so regulated, it degenerates into the worst kind of pedantry.

† "Mass."—Buchan. "Psalms."—Motherwell.

‡ Motherwell's version adds—

"Till King Henry and all his merry men  
A-marvell'd at the sound."

- 29 "Art thou the King of Aulsberry?\*"
   
Or art thou King of Spain?
   
Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,
   
M'Nachtton to thy name?"
- 30 "I'm not the King of Aulsberry,
   
Nor yet the King of Spain;
   
But I am one of our gay Scots lords,
   
Johnnie Scot I am call'd by name."
- 31 When Johnnie came before the king,
   
He fell low down on his knee:
   
"If Johnnie Scot be thy name," he said,
   
"As I trow well it be;
   
Then to-morrow morn, by eight o'clock,
   
It's high hang'd thou shalt be."

\* "It may puzzle the historian to give any account of this king's reign, or to fix the limits of his dominions; being associated, however, with the King of Spain, this circumstance may afford some cue for obtaining information on these important points. One copy of the ballad has, 'Art thou the Duke of Mulberry?' another, 'Art thou the Duke of York?' but, for the sake of heraldic justice, the present reading was preferred. This stanza, and that which precedes it, we give now as they occur in the three different copies of the ballad recovered by the editor, so that the reader may have it in his power to choose the reading which hits his fancy.

"JOHNNIE SCOT.

- "'Are you the Duke of York?' he said,  
'Or James, our Scottish King?  
Or are you one of our Scottish lords,  
From hunting new come home?'"
- "'I'm not the Duke of York,' he said,  
'Nor James, your Scottish King;  
But I'm one of the Scottish lords, ..  
Earl Hector is my name.'"

"JOHNNIE SCOT.

- "'Art thou the King of Aulsberry?  
Or art thou the King of Spain?  
Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,  
M'Nachtton to thy name?'"
- "'I'm not the King of Aulsberry,  
Nor yet the King of Spain;  
But I am one of our gay Scots lords,  
Johnnie Scot I am call'd by name.'"

"JOHNNIE M'NACHTON.

- "'Are you the Duke of Mulberry?  
Or James, our Scottish King?  
Are you the Duke of Mulberry,  
From Scotland new come home?'"
- "'I'm not the Duke of Mulberry,  
Nor James, our Scottish King;  
But I am a true Scottishman,  
M'Nachtton is my name.'"—Motherwell.

- 32 Out and spoke Johnnie's uncle then,  
And he spake bitterlie:  
"Before that we see fair Johnnie hang'd,  
We'll all fight till we die."
- 33 "But is there a Tailliant about your court  
Will fight a duel with me?  
For ere I'd be hang'd," brave Johnnie said,  
"On his sword I will die."
- 34 "Say on, say on," then said the king,  
"It is well spoken of thee;  
For there is a Tailliant in my court  
Shall fight you manfullie."
- 35 Oh, some are to the good greenwood,  
And some are to the plain;  
The Queen with all her ladyes fair,  
The King with his merry men,  
Either to see fair Johnnie flee,  
Or else to see him slain.
- 36 They fought on, and Johnnie fought on,  
With swords of temper'd steel,  
Until the draps of red, red blood  
Ran trinkling down the field.\*
- 37 And they began at eight of the morn,  
And they fought on till three;  
When the Tailliant, like the swallow swift,  
O'er Johnnie's head did flee.
- 38 But Johnnie, being a clever young boy,  
He wheel'd him round about;  
And on the point of Johnnie's broadsword  
The Tailliant he slew out.
- 39 "A priest, a priest," fair Johnnie cried,  
"To wed my love and me!"  
"A clerk, a clerk," her father cried,  
"To sum her tocher free."
- 40 "I'll none of your gold," fair Johnnie cried,  
"Nor none of your other gear;  
But I will have my own fair bride,  
For this day I've won her dear."

\* The following stanza occurs here in Motherwell's version:—

"They fought on, and Johnie fought on,  
They fought right manfullie,  
Till they left not alive in a' the king's court  
A man but only three"

- 41 He's ta'en his true love by the hand,  
 He led her up the plain:  
 "Have you any more of your English dogs,  
 That you want to have slain?"
- 42 He put a little horn to his mouth,  
 He blew't baith loud and shrill;  
 And Honour is into Scotland gone,  
 In spite of England's skill.
- 43 He put his little horn to his mouth,  
 He blew it o'er again;  
 And aye the sound the good horn made,  
 Was—"Johnnie and his men!"

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 LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY.

See introduction to preceding ballad.

- 1 It fell upon a time, that the proud King of France  
 Went a-hunting for five months and more,  
 And his daughter fell in love with Lord Winesberry,  
 Who from Scotland was newly come o'er.
- 2 When her father came home from hunting the deer,  
 And his daughter before him came,  
 Oh, she look'd sick, and very, very sick,  
 For her fair colour it was wan.
- 3 "What ails thee, what ails thee, my daughter Jean?  
 What makes thee to look sae wan?  
 You've either been sick, and very, very sick,  
 Or ye are in love with a man."
- 4 "You're welcome, you're welcome, my dear father,  
 You're welcome hame to ye're ain;  
 For I ha'e been sick, and very, very sick,  
 Thinking long for your coming again.
- 5 "Yet pardon, yet pardon, my dear father,  
 Your pardon I pray grant to me;  
 [For I am also in love with a man,  
 Whom I wish my dear husband to be.]"
- 6 "Oh, is your love laid on a man of might?  
 Or is it on one that is mean?  
 Or is it to one of the rank robbers  
 That I took prisoner in Spain?"

- 7 "Oh, my love is not laid on a man of might,  
Nor on a prisoner from Spain;  
But on Lord Thomas of Winesberry,  
Who serves me as chamberlain."\*
- 8 The king call'd on his merry men all,  
Whom he paid meat and fee:  
"Go seize Lord Thomas of Winesberry,  
And bring him here to me.
- 9 "Go seize Lord Thomas of Winesberry,  
And bring him here to me;  
For to-morrow, ere I eat or drink,  
It's high hang'd he shall be."
- 10 His daughter turn'd her round about,  
While the tear did blind her e'e:  
"If ye do any ill to Lord Thomas,  
Ye will never get gude of me."†
- 11 When Lord Thomas was brought before the king,  
His clothing was of the silk;  
His fine yellow hair like threads of gold,  
And his skin white as the milk.‡
- 12 And when he came in before the king,  
He kneel'd low down on his knee;  
Saying—"What is your will with me, my liege?  
Oh, what is your will with me?"
- 13 "No wonder, no wonder, Lord Thomas,  
That my daughter so loves thee;  
For were you a woman, as you are a man,  
My own love you wou'd be.§

\* "And for him I must suffer pain."—Buchan's *Gleanings*.

† The following stanzas come in at this place in the *Gleanings* version:—

"Get up, get up, Lord Thomas,' they said,  
'Get up and bound your way,  
For the king has sworn, by his honour'd crown,  
That to-morrow is thy dying day.'

"Oh, what have I robb'd? or what have I stolen?  
Or what have I kill'd or slain?  
That I should be afraid to speak to your king,  
For I have done him no wrong.'

‡ "His hair was like the threads o' gowd,  
His eyes like crystal clear."—Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*. See "Gil Morice," stanza 29.

§ Compare with stanza 34 of "Gil Morice," *ante*, p. 320.



- 14 "But if you will marry my daughter Jean,  
With the truth of your right hand,  
You'll get part both of my gold and my gear,  
And the third part of my land."
- 15 "Yes, I will marry your daughter Jean,  
With the truth of my right hand;  
But take none of your gold nor none of your gear,  
I've enough in fair Scotland."
- 16 "Yes, I will marry your daughter Jean,  
Tho' I care not for your land;  
For she will be queen, and I will be king,  
When we come to fair Scotland."

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### THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

From Ramsay's *Evergreen*, vol. i., p. 78.\*

"Antiquaries have differed in opinion regarding the age of this composition; but the best informed have agreed in looking upon it as of coeval production, or nearly so, with the historical event on which it is founded; and in this opinion the present writer entirely coincides.† No edition prior to Ramsay's time has been preserved, though it was printed in 1668, as we are informed by Mr. Laing, in his *Early Metrical Tales*, p. 14; an edition of that date having been in the curious library of old Robert Mylne.

"In the *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549, this ballad is mentioned. In the *Polemo Middinia* its tune is referred to:—

'Interea ante alios dux piperlarius heros,  
Præcedens magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,  
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare Batellum.'

And in a MS. collection of tunes, written in the hand of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, which I have seen, occurs 'the battle of harlaw.'‡ From the extreme popularity of the song, it is not to

\* *The Evergreen*; being a collection of Scots poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600." 2 vols. 12mo, Edinburgh, 1724.

† In referring to the "sueit melodius sangis" mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, Ritson, who was usually sceptical regarding Scottish traditions, thus expresses himself regarding "The Battel of Hayrlaw:" "This is presumed to be the fine poem printed in *The Evergreen*, which, with submission to the opinion of the late Lord Hailes, may, for anything that appears either in or out of it to the contrary, be as old as the 15th century."—Ritson's *Scottish Song*, vol. i., Historical Essay, p. xliii.

‡ In the notes and illustrations to Johnson's *Musical Museum*, Mr. Stenhouse inserts (p. 447) the "Battle of Harlaw: a Pibroch," as taken from "a folio manuscript of Scots tunes, of considerable antiquity," in his possession. And Mr. Maidment mentions that, "in that exceeding rare *Collection of Ancient Scots Music*, by Daniel Dow, dated about 1776, there occurs, p. 28, 'The Battle of Hara Law.'"—*Scottish Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 200.

be wondered at though every early imprint of it has now disappeared. Ramsay probably gave his copy from a stall edition of his own day; which copy has successively been edited by Mr. Sibbald, Mr. Finlay, and Mr. Laing, and has appeared in other collections. A copy, apparently taken from recitation, is given in *The Thistle of Scotland*, Aberdeen, 1823. The editor of which, among a good deal of stuff which is not very comprehensible, points out various localities, and gives three stanzas of a burlesque song on the same subject, popular in the North."—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxii, note 2.

The ballad gives a minute and accurate account of the circumstances which gave rise to, as well as of the progress and issue of, the Battle of Harlaw, fought, under the regency of the Duke of Albany, in the district of Garioch, Aberdeenshire, near the village of Harlaw, and close to the highway between the town of Inverness and the city of Aberdeen, on the 24th of July, 1411, between Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the Earl of Mar.\* The result of this bloody and obstinate contest between the Highlanders of the north-west and the Lowlanders of the east of Scotland, was to secure the permanent and undoubted supremacy of the Lowlanders. In the summer of the following year, the forces of the Regent attacked the Lord of the Isles in his own domains, compelled him to relinquish his assumed independence, give up all claim to the earldom of Ross, consent to become a vassal of the Scottish crown, and to deliver hostages for his future good behaviour—in terms of a treaty concluded at Polgillbe, or Polgillip, now Lochgilp, in the district of Knapdale, Argyshire. (See Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. iii., edit. 1864, under the years 1411-12, and note, p. 334.) The text which follows is modernized in the orthography, and it is followed by the traditionary version of the ballad as taken down from recitation.

- 1 FRAE Dunidier as I came through,  
Down by the hill of Banachie,  
Alangst the lands of Garioch,  
Great pitie was to hear and see  
The noise and dulesome harmonie,  
(That ever that dreary day did daw!)  
Cryin' the coronach<sup>a</sup> on hie,  
Alas, alas, for the Harlaw!
- 2 I marvell'd what the matter meant;  
All folks were in a fiery farie:<sup>b</sup>  
I wist nocht wha was fae or friend,  
Yet quietly I did me carrie.

\* Alexander Stewart, natural son of Alexander, Earl of Buchan and Ross. The latter, who is best known by his sobriquet of the Wolf of Badenoch, was a brother of the Regent Albany. The leader of the royal forces was therefore nephew to the Regent, cousin to James I. King of Scots, then a captive in England, and to the assumed hero of "Young Waters," which follows. He is also the Earl of Mar referred to in note (\*) to "Johnnie Scot," *ante*, p. 432.

<sup>a</sup> "Coronach:" dirge or lament for the dead.

<sup>b</sup> "Fiery farie:" confusion and consternation.

But since the days of auld King Harrie  
 Sic slauchter was not heard nor seen;  
 And there I had nae time to tarrie,  
 For business in Aberdeen.

- 3 Thus as I walkit on the way,  
 To Inverury as I went,  
 I met a man, and bade him stay,  
 Requesting him to make me 'quaint  
 Of the beginning and the event  
 That happen'd there at the Harlaw;  
 Then he beseech'd me to take tent,<sup>a</sup>  
 And he the truth shou'd to me schaw.
- 4 "Great Donald of the Isles did claim  
 Unto the lands of Ross some richt,  
 And to the Governour he came,  
 Them for to have, gif that he micht,  
 Wha saw his interest was but slicht;  
 And therefore answer'd with disdain.  
 He hasted hame baith day and nicht,  
 And sent nae bodword<sup>b</sup> back again.
- 5 "But Donald, richt impatient  
 Of that answer Duke Robert gave,  
 He vow'd to God omnipotent,  
 All the hale<sup>c</sup> lands of Ross to have,  
 Or else be graithit in his grave.<sup>d</sup>  
 He wou'd not quat his richt for nocht,  
 Nor be abused like a slave;  
 That bargain shou'd be dearly bocht.
- 6 "Then hastilie he did command  
 That all his weir-men shou'd convene;  
 Ilk ane weel harnessèd frae hand,  
 To meet and hear what he did mean.  
 He waxed wrath and vowed tein;<sup>e</sup>  
 Swearin' he wou'd surprise the North,  
 Subdue the burgh of Aberdeen,  
 Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.
- 7 "Thus with the weir-men of the Isles,  
 Wha were aye at his bidding boun';  
 With mony mae, with force and wiles,  
 Richt far and near, baith up and doun;

<sup>a</sup> "Tent:" heed.

<sup>b</sup> "Bodword:" message.

<sup>c</sup> "Hale:" whole.

<sup>d</sup> "Graithit," &c.: buried clad in his armour.

<sup>e</sup> "Tein:" revenge.

Through mount and muir, frae toun to toun,  
 Alangst the lands of Ross he roars,  
 And all obey'd at his bandoun,<sup>a</sup>  
 Even frae the north to southern shores.

- 8 "Then all the countrie-men did yield,  
 For nae resistance durst they mak',  
 Nor offer battle in the field,  
 By force of arms to bear him back.  
 But they resolved all, and spak',  
 That best it was for their behove,  
 They shou'd him for their chieftain tak',  
 Believing weel he did them love.
- 9 "Then he a proclamation made,  
 All men to meet at Inverness,  
 Through Murray-land to make a raid,  
 Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness;  
 And furthermair he sent express  
 To show his colours and ensenzie,<sup>b</sup>  
 To all and sundry, mair and less,  
 Throughout the bounds of Boyne and Enzie.
- 10 "And then through fair Strathbogie land,  
 His purpose was for to pursue;  
 And whasoever durst gainstand,  
 That race they shou'd full sairly rue;  
 Then he bade all his men be true,  
 And him defend by force and slicht;  
 And promised them rewards enow,<sup>c</sup>  
 And make them men of meikle micht.
- 11 "Without resistance, as he said,  
 Through all these parts he stoutly pass'd,  
 Where some were wae, and some were glad;  
 But Garioch was all aghast.  
 Through all these fields he sped him fast,  
 For sic a sight was never seen;  
 And then, forsooth, he langed, at last,  
 To see the burgh of Aberdeen.
- 12 "To hinder this proud enterprise,  
 The stout and mighty Earl of Mar,  
 With all his men in arms did rise,  
 Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar;

<sup>a</sup> "Bandoun:" command.

<sup>b</sup> "Ensenzie:" ensigns.

<sup>c</sup> "Enow:" enough.

- And down the side of Don right far,  
 Angus and Mearns did all convene,  
 To fight, or Donald came sae nar  
 The royal burgh of Aberdeen.
- 13 “ And thus the martial Earl of Mar  
 March’d with his men in right array;  
 Before his enemy was aware,  
 His banner bauldly did display;  
 For weel enough they kenn’d the way,  
 And all their semblance weel they saw;  
 Withoutin danger or delay,  
 Come hastily to the Harlaw.
- 14 “ With him the brave Lord Ogilvy,  
 Of Angus sheriff principal;  
 The Constable of gude Dundee,  
 The vanguard led before them all;  
 Suppose in number they were small,  
 They first right bauldly did pursue,  
 And made their faes before them fall,  
 Wha then that race did sairly rue.
- 15 “ And then the worthy Lord Saltoun,  
 The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,  
 The stalwart Laird of Lawriestoun,  
 With ilk their forces all and some;  
 Panmuir, with all his men, did come;  
 The Provost of brave Aberdeen,  
 With trumpets and with tuck of drum,  
 Came shortly in their armour scheen.
- 16 “ These with the Earl of Mar came on,  
 In the rear-ward right orderlie,  
 Their enemies to set upon;  
 In awful manner, hardilie,  
 Together vow’d to live and dee,  
 Since they had marched mony miles,  
 For to suppress the tyrannie  
 Of doubted<sup>a</sup> Donald of the Isles.
- 17 “ But he, in number ten to ane,  
 Right subtilly alang did ride,  
 With Malcomtosh, and fell Maclean,  
 With all their power at their side;  
 Presuming on their strength and pride,  
 Without all fear or any awe,  
 Right bauldly battle till abide,  
 Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

<sup>a</sup> “Doubted:” redoubted.



- 18 "The armies met, the trumpet sounds,  
The dandring drums aloud did tuck:  
Baith armies byding on the bounds,  
Till ane of them the fields shou'd bruik;<sup>a</sup>  
Nae help was therefore, nane wou'd jouk;<sup>b</sup>  
Fierce was the fight on ilka side,  
And on the ground lay many a bouk,<sup>c</sup>  
Of them that there did battle bide.
- 19 "With doubtsome victory they dealt;  
The bluidy battle lastit lang;  
Each man his neighbour's force there felt,  
The weakest aft-times gat the wrang;  
There was nae mowis<sup>d</sup> there them amang,  
Naething was heard but heavy knocks;  
That echo made a duleful sang  
Thereto resounding frae the rocks.
- 20 "But Donald's men at last gave back,  
For they were all out of array;  
The Earl of Mar's men through them brak',  
Pursuing sharply in their way,  
Their enemies to take or slay,  
By dint of force to gar them yield;  
Wha were right blythe to win away,  
And sae for feardness<sup>e</sup> tint<sup>f</sup> the field.
- 21 "Then Donald fled, and that full fast,  
To mountains hich, for all his micht,  
For he and his were all aghast,  
And ran till they were out of sight:  
And sae of Ross he lost his richt,  
Though mony men with him he brocht;  
Towards the Isles fled day and nicht,  
And all he won was dearlie bocht.
- 22 "This is (quod he) the richt report  
Of all that I did hear and knaw;  
Though my discourse be something short,  
Take this to be a richt sooth saw.<sup>g</sup>  
Contrarie God and the king's law,  
There was spilt meikle Christian bluid,  
Into the battle of Harlaw;  
This is the sum, sae I conclude.

<sup>a</sup> "Bruik:" retain possession of.<sup>e</sup> "Feardness:" fright or cowardice.<sup>b</sup> "Jouk:" bend to avoid a blow.<sup>f</sup> "Tint:" lost.<sup>c</sup> "Bouk:" body.<sup>g</sup> "Sooth saw:" true narrative.<sup>d</sup> "Mowis:" jesting.

- 23 " But yet a bonnie while abide,  
 And I shall make thee clearly ken,  
 What slauchter was on ilka side,  
 Of Lawland and of Highland men,  
 Wha for their awin have ever been;  
 These lazy loons might weel be spared,  
 Chased like deers into their dens,  
 And gat their wages for reward.
- 24 " Malcomtosh, of the clan head-chief,  
 Maclean with his great haughty head,  
 With all their succour and relief,  
 Were dulefully dung to the deid;  
 And now we are free'd of their feid,<sup>a</sup>  
 They will not lang to come again;  
 Thousands with them, without remead,  
 On Donald's side, that day were slain.
- 25 " And on the other side were lost,  
 Into the field that dismal day,  
 Chief men of worth (of meikle cost),  
 To be lamented sair for aye:  
 The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,  
 A man of micht and meikle main;  
 Great dolour was for his decay,  
 That sae unhappily was slain.
- 26 " Of the best men amang them was  
 The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,  
 The sheriff-principal of Angus,  
 Renown'd for truth and equitie,  
 For faith and magnanimitie;  
 He had few fallows<sup>b</sup> in the field,  
 Yet fell by fatal destinie,  
 For he naeways wou'd grant to yield.
- 27 " Sir James Scrimgeour of Duddop, knight,  
 Great Constable of fair Dundee,  
 Unto the duleful death was dicht;  
 The king's chief bannerman was he,  
 A valiant man of chivalrie,  
 Whose predecessors wan that place  
 At Spey, with gude King William frie<sup>c</sup>  
 'Gainst Murray, and Macduncan's race.

<sup>a</sup> "Feid:" feud.

<sup>b</sup> "Fallows:" equals.

<sup>c</sup> "Frie:" nobly.

- 28 "Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,  
The much renowned laird of Drum,  
Nane in his days was better seen;  
When they were 'sembled all and some;  
To praise him we shou'd not be dumb,  
For valour, wit, and worthiness;  
To end his days he there did come,  
Whose ransom is remediless.
- 29 "And there the Knicht of Lawriestoun  
Was slain into his armour scheen;  
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,  
Wha Provost was of Aberdeen;  
The Knicht of Panmure as was seen,  
A mortal man in armour bricht;  
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and keen,  
Left to the warld their last gude nicht.
- 30 "There was not, since King Kenneth's days,  
Sic strange intestine cruel strife  
In Scotland seen, as ilk man says,  
Where mony likelie lost their life;  
Which made divorce 'tween man and wife,  
And mony children fatherless,  
Which in this realm has been full rife;  
Lord! help these lands, our wrangs redress!
- 31 "In July, on Saint James his even,  
That four-and-twenty dismal day,  
Twelve hundred, ten score, and eleven,  
Of years since Christ, the sooth to say;  
Men will remember as they may,  
When thus the veritie they knaw;  
And mony a ane may mourn for aye  
The grim battle of the Harlaw."

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### BATTLE OF HARLAW.

#### TRADITIONARY VERSION.

A set of this, as communicated by Lady Jane Scott to Professor Aytoun, appeared in *Ballads of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 75. And another set, almost identical, but with three additional stanzas, was communicated by a Mr. A. Ferguson to *Notes and Queries*, third series, vol. vii., May 20, 1865.

This last is the one here followed, with the exception of some little change in the orthography, and one or two verbal corrections. The additional stanzas are those here numbered 15, 16, and 18.

- 1 As I came in by Dunidier,  
And down by Wetherha',  
There were fifty thousand Hielan'men,  
All marching to Harlaw.

(*Chorus.*)—In a dree, dree, drady drumtie dree.

- 2 As I came on, and farther on,  
And down and by Balquhain,  
Oh, there I met Sir James the Rose,  
With him Sir John the Græme.
- 3 "Oh, came ye frae the Hielan's, man?  
And came ye all the wye?  
Saw ye MacDonell and his men,  
Come marching frae the Skye?"
- 4 "Yes, she came frae the Hielan's, man,  
And she came all the wye;  
And she saw MacDonell and his men,  
Come marching frae the Skye."
- 5 "Oh, were ye near, and near enough?  
Did ye their numbers see?  
Come, tell to me, John Hielan'man,  
What might their numbers be?"
- 6 "Yes, she was near, and near enough,  
And she their numbers saw;  
There were fifty thousand Hielan'men  
All marching for Harlaw."
- 7 "If that be true," quo' James the Rose,  
"We'll no come meikle speed;  
We'll cry upon our merry men,  
And turn our horses' heads."
- 8 "Oh no, oh no!" quo' John the Græme,  
"That thing maun never be;  
The gallant Græmes were never beat,—  
We'll try what we can dee."

[*N.B.*—The battle has now commenced and is raging.]

- 9 As I came on, and farther on,  
And down and by Harlaw,  
They fell full close on ilka side,  
Sic fun\* ye never saw.
- 10 They fell full close on ilka side,  
Sic fun ye never saw;  
For Hielan' swords gaed clash for clash,  
At the battle of Harlaw!
- 11 The Hielan'men with their lang swords,  
They laid on us full sair;  
And they drave back our merry men,  
Three acres, breadth and mair.
- 12 Brave Forbes did to his brother say,—  
“Now, brother, dinna ye see,  
They beat us back on ilka side,  
And we'll be forced to flee!”
- 13 “Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
That thing maun never be;  
Take ye your gude sword in your hand,  
And come your ways with me.”
- 14 “Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
The clans they are ower strang;  
And they drive back our merry men  
With swords baith sharp and lang.”
- 15 Brave Forbes unto his men did say,—  
“Now take your rest awhile,  
Until I send to Drumminnor,  
To fetch my coat of mail.”
- 16 Brave Forbes' henchman then did ride,  
And his horse did not fail;  
For in twa hours and a quarter  
He brought the coat of mail.
- 17 Then back to back the brithers twa  
Gaed in amang the thrang;  
And they swept down the Hielan'men,  
With swords baith sharp and lang.

\* Rather grim sport. Professor Aytoun's copy, in place of “fun,” reads “stralks,” or strokes. The preceding version says truly (stanza 19), that “There was nae mowis”—i. e., no joke.



- 18 MacDonell he was young and stout,  
Had on his coat of mail,  
And he has gane out thro' them all,  
To try his hand himsel'.
- 19 The first ae stroke that Forbes struck,  
Made the great MacDonell reel ;  
The second stroke that Forbes struck,  
The brave MacDonell fell.\*
- 20 And siccan a pilleurichie,†  
The like ye never saw,  
As was amang the Hielan'men,  
When they saw MacDonell fa'.
- 21 And when they saw that he was dead,  
They turn'd and ran awa ;  
And they buried him in Legget's Den,  
A large mile frae Harlaw.‡
- 22 They rode, they ran, and some did gang,—  
They were of small record ;  
For Forbes and his merry men  
Slew maist all by the road.
- 23 On Munonday at morning,  
The battle it began ;  
On Saturday at gloamin',  
Ye'd scarce tell wha had wan.
- 24 And sic a weary burying,  
The like ye never saw,  
As there was the Sunday after that,  
On the muirs down by Harlaw.
- 25 And if Hielan' lasses speer at ye  
For them that gaed awa,  
Ye may tell them plain, and plain enough,  
They're sleeping at Harlaw !

\* MacDonell did not fall. See preceding version, stanza 21.

† Professor Aytoun's copy reads "Pitlarichie." Either or both seem Aberdeenshire words, meaning the same as Hullabuloo in ordinary Scots, or Hubbub in English.

‡ "Some twa three miles awa."—*Notes and Queries* version.

Neither are accurate. Legget's Den is a farm steading, or house, situated about half a mile to the west of the battlefield.

Mr. Tytler suggests, that the tomb pointed out as that of Donald, Lord of the Isles, may either be that "of the chief of Maclean, or of Macintosh, both of whom fell in the battle."—*History of Scotland*, vol. iii., note, p. 334 (edit. 1866).

## YOUNG WATERS.

Two versions of this ballad have appeared. For the publication of the first, which was printed "at Glasgow, in one single sheet,\* the world is indebted . . . to the Lady Jean Hume (or Home), sister to the Earl of Hume (or Home), who died at Gibraltar," 1761.

The ballad appeared shortly thereafter in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii.; and it is there suggested that it "covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shown for the bonnie Earl of Murray;" which tragic incident forms the theme of another ballad, further on in this work.

A second, much longer and more circumstantial, version appears in Mr. Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 15. In a note, p. 291, Mr. Buchan refers to the previous version as "a mutilated edition of this beautiful old ballad." He also states it as his opinion "that the 'Young Waters' was David Graham of Fintry, who was found guilty, and beheaded the 16th February, 1592, for being concerned in a Popish plot;—the particulars of which are to be found recorded in Spotsiswood's *History*, p. 391."

Dr. Robert Chambers, who printed an edition, collated from the two preceding, in his *Scottish Ballads* (p. 29), has there suggested, "That it alludes to the fate of some one of the Scottish nobles executed by James I., after his return from his captivity in England. It is very probable," he adds, "that Walter Stewart, second son of the Duke of Albany, is the individual referred to. Many circumstances in the ballad go to prove this:—the name, which may be a corruption of Walter; the mention of the Heading (beheading) Hill of Stirling, which is known to have been the very scene of Walter Stewart's execution; the relationship which 'Young Waters' claims with the king; and the sympathy expressed by the people, in the last verse, for the fate of the young knight, which exactly tallies with what is told us by the Scottish historians, regarding the popular feeling expressed in favour of the numerous nobles and princes of his own blood, whom the king saw [or thought] it necessary to sacrifice. There is in the ballad just that precise degree of vagueness, inapplicability, and exaggeration, which the people always give to such an historical fact when they are left to relate it in their own way." (Note, p. 34.)

The opinion so ably indicated in the last extract has been abandoned by its writer, without much show of reason or argument for the change.†

But until Dr. Chambers, or some one else, refutes his early confession of faith in a satisfactory manner, we shall continue to regard the above expression of it as an extremely likely solution of the matter; and can only wonder at, and lament the sceptical and

\* The title is as follows:—"Young Waters: an Ancient Scottish Poem, never before printed. Glasgow: Printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. Small 4to, pp. 8."

† See *Romantic Scottish Ballads: their Epoch and Authorship*. . . . By Robert Chambers, F.R.S.E., &c., &c. 1859.

heretical notions which have induced him to deny the faith of his earlier years.

That the assumed fact of Lady Wardlaw being the author of "Hardyknute" should lead a writer of Dr. Chambers's eminence, knowledge, and experience, to jump to the conclusion that she also wrote "Young Waters," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Gil Morice," "Fause Foodrage," and others of our most popular ballads, to the number of twenty-five, and to assert that she was the "literary foster-mother" of Sir Walter Scott, is certainly one of the greatest *Curiosities of Literature* in modern times.\*

Stanzas 1 to 9, inclusive, are from Lady Home's version; 10 to 13, inclusive, from Mr. Buchan's; 14 to 16 are nearly the same in both; while the rest are from Mr. Buchan's version, with the exceptions noted under the text.

1 ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cool,  
And the round table began,  
Oh, there is come to our king's court  
Mony a well-favour'd man.†

\* In extenuation of Dr. Chambers, it may be mentioned that the first hint as to Lady Wardlaw's supposed authorship of "Sir Patrick Spens," was thrown out by Mr. David Laing, in his notes to Johnson's *Museum*, on "Hardyknute," p. 320\*, and "Sir Patrick Spens," p. 457. Dr. Chambers has either improved upon this hint with a vengeance, or his *Lady Wardlaw Heresy* has been broached as a satirical way of demolishing it. In the latter, his paper ought to rank in future with such *brochures* as Archbishop Whately's *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon*.

It may be mentioned that, after an interval of ten years, Dr. Chambers issued another deliverance on the subject, in the form of a "Note for the Fourth Edition, 1869," of his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*. In this note he states:—"I am now sensible of having pressed the claims of Lady Wardlaw too exclusively; it is more probable that several persons were engaged in this task throughout the eighteenth century, though it is difficult to make sure of the particular group attributable to each person."

Dr. Chambers next rather disingenuously lugs in Ritson and Scott as witnesses on the side of scepticism. He notes Scott's suspicion as to the authenticity of the ballads furnished to him and Mr. Jamieson, but fails to note also that Scott, after investigating the matter, expressed his most unhesitating faith in their authenticity. See *ante*, p. 128. Dr. Chambers uncharitably and ungallantly winds up by accusing Mrs. Brown of falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition, in the words which we shall now quote:—

"That Scott was not incapable of being imposed upon, has already been fully established by the notable case of Mr. Surtees of Durham, who obtained his friendship by sending him two ballads of his own, vamped up as gatherings from tradition.

"I am afraid that my venerated friend was not less the victim of this Mrs. Brown, wife of the minister of Falkland, who herself was a scribbler of poetry, but too respectable to be capable of imposture."

This additional Somerset of Dr. Chambers leaves us still more puzzled than ever as to whether he is in jest or earnest. Some of our Southern friends, who believe *themselves* much smarter at seeing either the point of a jest, or through a mud fence, than any dull-headed Scotsman can pretend to be, may, however, kindly enlighten us on the subject.

† "It fell about the gude Yule time,  
When cups and stoups gaed roun',  
Down it came him Young Waters,  
To welcome James, our king.

"The great, the great together rade,  
The sma' came a' behin';  
But wi' Young Waters, that brave knight,  
There came a gay gatherin'."—Buchan's version.

- 
- 2 The Queen look'd o'er the castle wall,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And there she saw [the] Young Waters,  
Come riding to the town.
- 3 His footmen they did rin before,  
His horsemen rode behind ;  
And his mantle, of the burning gowd,  
Did keep him from the wind.
- 4 Gowden graith'd his horse before,  
And siller shod behind ;  
The horse Young Waters rade upon  
Was fleeter than the wind.
- 5 Out then spake a wylie lord,  
And to the Queen said he ;  
" Oh, tell me, wha's the fairest face  
Rides in the company?"
- 6 " I've seen lords, and I've seen lairds,  
And knights of high degree ;  
But a fairer face than Young Waters'  
Mine een did never see."
- 7 Out then spake the jealous king,  
(And an angry man was he):  
" Oh, if he had been twice as fair,  
You might ha'e excepted me."
- 8 " Y ou're neither laird nor lord," she says,  
" But the king that wears the crown ;  
There's not a knight in fair Scotland,  
But to thee maun bow down."
- 9 But all that she cou'd do or say,  
Appeased he won'dna be ;  
And for the words which she had said,  
Young Waters he maun die.
- 10 Young Waters came before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee :  
" Win up, win up [now,] Young Waters,  
What's this I hear of thee?"
- 11 " What ails the king at me," he said,  
" What ails the king at me?"  
" Oh, it is tauld me the day, Sir Knight,  
Ye've done me treasonic."



- 12 "Liars will lee on fell gude men,  
Sae will they do on me;  
I wou'dna wish to be the man  
That liars on wou'dna lee."
- 13 "Yet, nevertheless," the king did say,  
"To prison strang gang ye;  
And nevertheless," the king did say,  
"Young Waters, ye shall dee."
- 14 Syne they ha'e ta'en him Young Waters,  
Put fetters to his feet;  
Syne they ha'e ta'en him Young Waters,  
Thrown him in dungeon deep.
- 15 "Aft ha'e I ridden thro' Stirling town,  
Thro' heavy wind and weet;  
But ne'er rade I thro' Stirling town  
With fetters on my feet.
- 16 "Aft ha'e I ridden thro' Stirling town,  
Thro' heavy wind and rain;  
Yet ne'er rade I thro' Stirling town,  
But I thought to ride again."\*
- 17 They brought him to the Heading hill  
His horse bot and his saddle;  
And they brought to the Heading hill  
His young son in his cradle.
- 18 And they brought to the Heading hill  
His hounds intil a leish;  
And they brought to the Heading hill  
His gos-hawk in a jess.
- 19 King James he then rade up the hill  
And mony a man him wi';  
And he call'd on his trusty page,  
To come right speedilie.
- 20 "Ye'll do ye to the Earl of Mar,  
Where he sits on yon hill;  
Bid him loose the brand frae his body,  
Young Waters for to kill."

\* Lady Jean Home's version reads,—

"Ne'er to return again."

And it terminates with the stanza which follows:—

"They ha'e ta'en him to the Headin' hill  
That knight sae fair to see;  
And for the words the Queen had spak,  
Young Waters he did dee."



- 21 "Oh, God forbid," the earl he said,  
 "The like shou'd e'er fa' me;  
 My bodie e'er shou'd bear the brand  
 That gars Young Waters dee."
- 22 Then he has loosed his trusty brand,  
 And cast it in the sea;  
 Says—"Never let them get a brand,  
 Till it come back to me."
- 23 The scaffold it preparèd was,  
 And he did mount it hie;  
 And all spectators that were there,  
 The tears did blind ilk e'e.
- 24 "Oh, haud your tongues, my brethren dear,  
 And mourn nae mair for me;  
 Ye're seeking grace frae a graceless face,\*  
 For there is nane to gi'e.
- 25 "Ye'll take a bit of canvas claith,  
 And put it o'er ilk e'e;  
 And, Jack, my man, ye'll be at hand  
 The hour that I shou'd dee.
- 26 "Syne aff ye'll take mybluidy sark,  
 Gi'e it fair Margaret Grahame;  
 For she may curse the dowie day  
 That brought King James here hame.
- 27 "Ye'll bid her make her bed narrow,  
 And make it naeways wide;  
 For a brawer man than Young Waters  
 Will ne'er streak by her side.
- 28 "Bid her do weel to my young son,  
 And gi'e him nurses three;  
 But if he live to be a man,  
 King James will gar him dee."
- 29 He call'd upon the headsman then,  
 A purse of gowd him ga'e;  
 Says—"Do your office, headsman, now,  
 And make nae mair delay."
- 30 "Oh, head me soon! oh, head me clean,  
 And put me out of pine!  
 For it is by the king's command;  
 Sae head me till his min'.

\* This line occurs in the subsequent ballad of "Johnnie Armstrong."

- 31 "Tho' by him I'm condemn'd to dee,  
I'm lieve to his ain kin;  
[His father and my father, they  
Were ilk ae father's son.]\*
- 32 Then he laid by his napkin fine,  
Was saft as ony silk;  
And on the block he laid his neck,  
Was whiter than the milk.
- 33 Says—"Strike the blow, ye headsman, now,  
Strike with your axe sae keen;  
Oh, strike the blow, ye headsman, now,  
And strike baith hard and clean." †
- 34 The head was ta'en frae Young Waters,  
And mony tears were shed;  
But mair did mourn for fair Margaret,  
As she lay raving mad.

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THE SANG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 369.

"This ballad appears to have been composed about the reign of James V. It commemorates a transaction, supposed to have taken place betwixt a Scottish monarch, and an ancestor of the ancient family of Murray of Philiphaugh, in Selkirkshire. The editor is unable to ascertain the historical foundation of the tale; nor is it probable that any light can be thrown upon the subject, without an accurate examination of the family charter chest. It is certain, that, during the civil wars betwixt Bruce and Baliol, the family of Philiphaugh existed and was powerful; for their ancestor, Archibald de Moravia, subscribes the oath of fealty to Edward I., A.D. 1296. It is, therefore, not unlikely, that, residing in a wild and frontier country, they may

\* "And for the truth, I'll plainly tell,  
I am his sister's son."

"Gin ye're my sister's son,' he said,  
'It is unkenn'd to me;'  
'Oh, mindna ye on your sister Bess,  
That lives in the French countrie?'

"Gin Bess then be your mither dear,  
As I trust well she be;  
Gae hame, gae hame, Young Waters,  
Ye'se ne'er be slain by me."—Buchan's version.

† As this stanza has been altered from Mr. Buchan's text, the original is here noted as under:—

"Says—'Strike the blow, ye headsman boy,  
And that right speedilie;  
It's never be said, Here goes a knight  
Was ance condemn'd to die.'"

have, at one period or other, during these commotions, refused allegiance to the feeble monarch of the day, and thus extorted from him some grant of territory or jurisdiction. It is also certain, that, by a charter from James IV., dated Nov. 30, 1509, John Murray of Philiphaugh is vested with the dignity of heritable sheriff of Ettrick Forest, an office held by his descendants till the final abolition of such jurisdictions by 28th George II., cap. 23. But it seems difficult to believe, that the circumstances, mentioned in the ballad, could occur under the reign of so vigorous a monarch as James IV. It is true, that the *Dramatis Personæ* introduced seem to refer to the end of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth, century; but from this it can only be argued, that the author himself lived soon after that period. It may, therefore, be supposed (unless further evidence can be procured, tending to invalidate the conclusion), that the bard, willing to pay his court to the family, has connected the grant of the sheriffship by James IV., with some former dispute betwixt the Murrays of Philiphaugh and their sovereign, occurring, either while they were engaged upon the side of Baliol, or in the subsequent reigns of David II. and Robert II. and III., when the English possessed great part of the Scottish frontier, and the rest was in so lawless a state as hardly to acknowledge any superior. At the same time, this reasoning is not absolutely conclusive. James IV. had particular reasons for desiring that Ettrick Forest, which actually formed part of the jointure lands of Margaret, his queen, should be kept in a state of tranquillity.—*Rymer*, vol. xiii., p. 66. In order to accomplish this object, it was natural for him, according to the policy of his predecessors, to invest one great family with the power of keeping order among the rest. It is even probable, that the Philiphaugh family may have had claims upon part of the lordship of Ettrick Forest, which lay intermingled with their own extensive possessions; and, in the course of arranging, not indeed the feudal superiority, but the property, of these lands, a dispute may have arisen, of sufficient importance to be the groundwork of a ballad. It is further probable, that the Murrays, like other Border clans, were in a very lawless state, and held their lands merely by occupancy, without any feudal right. Indeed, the lands of the various proprietors in Ettrick Forest (being a royal demesne) were held by the possessors, not in property, but as the kindly tenants, or rentallers, of the crown; and it is only about one hundred and fifty years since they obtained charters, striking the feu-duty of each proprietor, at the rate of the quit-rent, which he formerly paid. This state of possession naturally led to a confusion of rights and claims. The kings of Scotland were often reduced to the humiliating necessity of compromising such matters with their rebellious subjects, and James himself even entered into a sort of league with Johnnie Faa, the king of the gypsies. Perhaps, therefore, the tradition handed down in this song, may have had more foundation than it would at present be proper positively to assert.

“The merit of this beautiful old tale, it is thought, will be fully acknowledged. It has been, for ages, a popular song in Selkirkshire. The scene is, by the common people, supposed to have been the castle of Newark, upon Yarrow. This is highly improbable, because Newark

was always a royal fortress. Indeed, the late excellent antiquarian, Mr. Plummer, sheriff depute of Selkirkshire, has assured the editor that he remembered the *insignia* of the unicorns, &c., so often mentioned in the ballad, in existence upon the old tower of Hangingshaw, the seat of the Philiphaugh family, although, upon first perusing a copy of the ballad, he was inclined to subscribe to the popular opinion. The tower of Hangingshaw has been demolished for many years. It stood in a romantic and solitary situation, on the classical banks of the Yarrow. When the mountains around Hangingshaw were covered with the wild copse which constituted a Scottish forest, a more secure stronghold for an outlawed baron can hardly be imagined.

"The tradition of Ettrick Forest bears, that the Outlaw was a man of prodigious strength, possessing a baton or club, with which he laid lee (*i. e.*, waste) the country for many miles round; and that he was, at length, slain by Buccleuch, or some of his clan, at a little mount, covered with fir-trees, adjoining to Newark castle, and said to have been a part of the garden. A varying tradition bears the place of his death to have been near to the house of the Duke of Buccleuch's game-keeper, beneath the castle; and, that the fatal arrow was shot by Scott of Haining, from the ruins of a cottage on the opposite side of the Yarrow. There was extant, within these twenty years, some verses of a song on his death. The feud betwixt the Outlaw and the Scotts may serve to explain the asperity, with which the chieftain of that clan is handled in the ballad.

"In publishing the following ballad, the copy principally resorted to is one, apparently of considerable antiquity, which was found among the papers of the late Mrs. Cockburn, of Edinburgh, a lady whose memory will be long honoured by all who knew her.\* Another copy, much more imperfect, is to be found in Glenriddel's MS. The names are in this last miserably mangled, as is always the case when ballads are taken down from the recitation of persons, living at a distance from the scenes in which they are laid. Mr. Plummer also gave the editor a few additional verses, not contained in either copy, which are thrown into what seemed their proper place. There is yet another copy, in Mr. Herd's MSS., which has been occasionally made use of. Two verses are restored in the present edition from the recitation of Mr. Mungo Park, whose toils, during his patient and intrepid travels in Africa, have not eradicated from his recollection the legendary lore of his native country.

"The arms of the Philiphaugh family are said by tradition to allude to their outlawed state. They are indeed those of a huntsman, and are blazoned thus: Argent, a hunting horn sable, stringed and garnished gules, on a chief azure, three stars of the first. Crest, a Demi Forrester, winding his horn, proper. Motto, 'Hinc usque superna venabor.'"—Sir Walter Scott.

[Another copy, as given "from an old manuscript in the Philiphaugh charter-chest," and supposed to have "been written" or copied "between the years 1689 and 1702," appears in Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 129. The copy above referred to as "in Mr.

\* [Authoress of the "Flowers of the Forest,"—

"I've seen the smiling," &c.]



Herd's MSS.," has since passed into the hands of Mr. Maidment, by whom it has been inserted in his *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii., p. 66.

The differences between these three copies are immaterial, but the *Minstrelsy* copy is the most complete, and therefore the preferable version.]

- 1 ETRICK Forest is a fair forest,  
In it grows many a seemly tree;  
There's hart and hind, and dae and rac,  
And of all wild beasts great plentie.
- 2 There's a fair castle, bigg'd with lime and stane;  
Oh, gin it stands not pleasantlie!  
In the forefront of that castle fair,  
Twa unicorns are braw to see.
- 3 There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,  
And the green hollin abune their brie;  
There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men,  
He keeps a royal companie!
- 4 His merry men are all in ae livery clad,  
Of the Lincoln green sae gay to see;  
He and his ladye, in purple clad,  
Oh, gin they lived not royallie!
- 5 Word is gane to our noble king,  
In Edinburgh, where that he lay,  
That there was an Outlaw in Ettrick Forest,  
Counted him nought, nor all his courtrie gay.
- 6 "I make a vow," then the gude king said,  
"Unto the man that dear bought me,  
I'se either be king of Ettrick Forest,  
Or king of Scotland that Outlaw shall be!"
- 7 Then spake the lord, hight Hamilton,\*  
And to the noble king said he,—  
"My sovereign prince, some counsel take,  
First at your nobles, syne at me.
- 8 "I redd ye, send yon braw Outlaw till,  
And see gif your man come will he:  
Desire him come and be your man,  
And hold of you yon Forest free.

\* This is, in most copies, the *Earl* hight Hamilton, which must be a mistake of the reciters, as the family did not enjoy that title till 1503.



- 9 "Gif he refuses to do that,  
We'll conqess baith his lands and he!  
Or else, we'll throw his castle down,  
And make a widow of his gay ladye."
- 10 The king then call'd a gentleman,  
James Boyd (the Earl of Arran his brother was he);\*  
When James he came before the king,  
He knelt before him on his knee.
- 11 "Welcome, James Boyd!" said our noble king,  
"A message ye maun gang for me;  
Ye maun hie to Ettrick Forest,  
To yon Outlaw, where bideth he.
- 12 "Ask him of whom he holds his lands,  
Or man, wha may his master be;  
And desire him come and be my man,  
And hold of me yon Forest free.
- 13 "To Edinburgh to come and gang,  
His safe warrant I shall gi'e;  
And gif he refuses to do that,  
We'll conqess baith his lands and he.
- 14 "Thou may'st vow I'll cast his castle down,  
And make a widow of his gay ladye;  
I'll hang his merry men, pair by pair,  
In ony frith where I may them see."
- 15 James Boyd took his leave of the noble king;  
To Ettrick Forest fair came he;  
Down Birkendale Brae when that he came, †  
He saw the fair Forest with his e'e.
- 16 Baith dae and rae, and hart and hind,  
And of all wild beasts great plentie;  
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,  
And arrows whidderan' him near by.

\* Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran, was forfeited, with his father and uncle, in 1460, for an attempt on the person of James III. He had a son James, who was restored, and in favour with James IV., about 1482. If this be the person here meant, we should read, "The Earl of Arran his son was he." Glenriddel's copy reads, "A Highland laird I'm sure was he." Reciters sometimes call the messenger, the Laird of Skene.

† Birkendale Brae, now commonly called Birkendaily, is a steep descent on the south side of Minch-Moor, which separates Tweeddale from Ettrick Forest, and from the top of which you have the first view of the woods of Hangingshaw, the Castle of Newark, and the romantic dale of Yarrow.

- 17 Of that fair castle he got a sight;  
The like he ne'er saw with his e'e!  
On the fore front of that castle fair  
Twa unicorns were gay to see.
- 18 The picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,  
And the green hollin abune their brie;  
Thereat he spy'd five hundred men,  
Shooting their bows on Newark Lee.
- 19 They were all in ae liv'ry clad,  
Of the Lincoln green sae gay to see;  
His men were all clad in the green,  
The knight was armed capapie,
- 20 With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed,  
And I wot they rank'd right bonnilie;  
Thereby Boyd kenn'd he was master man,  
And serv'd him in his ain degree:
- 21 "God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray!  
Thy ladye, and all thy chivalrie!"  
"Marry, thou 's welcome, gentleman,  
Some king's messenger thou seems to be."
- 22 "The king of Scotland sent me here,  
And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee;  
I wou'd wot of whom ye hold your lands,  
Or man, wha may thy master be?"
- 23 "Thir\* lands are MINE!" the Outlaw said;  
"I ken nae king in Christentie;  
Frae Southron I this Forest wan,  
When the king nor his knights were not to see."
- 24 "He desires you'll come to Edinburgh,  
And hold of him this Forest free;  
And, gif [that] ye refuse to do this,  
He'll conqess baith thy lands and thee;  
He hath vow'd to cast thy castle down,  
And make a widow of thy gay ladye.
- 25 "He'll hang thy merry men, pair by pair,  
In ony frith where he may them find."  
"Aye, by my troth!" the Outlaw said,  
"Then wou'd I think me far behind.

\* "Thir:" these.

- 26 "E'er the king my fair countrie get,  
This land that's nativest to me,  
Mony of his nobles shall be cauld,  
Their ladyes shall be right wearie."
- 27 Then spake his ladye, fair of face,  
She said—"Without consent of me  
That an Outlaw should come before a King;  
I am right rad\* of treasonrie:  
Bid him be gude to his lords at hame,  
For Edinburgh my lord shall never see."
- 28 James Boyd took his leave of the Outlaw keen,  
To Edinburgh boun' is he;  
And when he came before the king,  
He knelt lowly on his knee.
- 29 "Welcome, James Boyd!" said our noble king;  
"What Forest is Ettrick Forest free?"  
"Ettrick Forest is the fairest Forest  
That ever man saw with his e'e."
- 30 "There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynd,  
And of all wild beasts great plentie;  
There's a pretty castle of lime and stane;  
Oh, gif it stands not pleasantlie!
- 31 "There's in the forefront of that castle  
Twa unicorns, sae braw to see;  
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,  
With the green hollin abune their bree.
- 32 "There the Outlaw keeps five hundred men;  
He keeps a royal companie!  
His merry men in ae liv'ry clad,  
Of the Lincoln green sae gay to see;  
He and his ladye, in purple clad,  
Oh, gin they live not royallie!
- 33 "He says, yon Forest is his own;  
He wan it frae the Southronie;  
Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,  
Contrair all kings in Christentie."
- 34 "Gar warn me Perthshire, and Angus baith:  
"Fife up and down, and the Lothians three,  
And graith my horse!" said the noble king,  
"For to Ettrick Forest hie will I me."

\* "Rad:" in dread.

- 35 Then word is gane the Outlaw till,  
In Ettrick Forest, where dwelleth he,  
That the king was coming to his countrie,  
To conquest baith his lands and he.
- 36 "I make a vow," the Outlaw said,  
"I make a vow, and that trulie,  
Were there but three men to take my part,  
Yon king's coming full dear shou'd be!"
- 37 Then messengers he called forth,  
And bade them hie them speedily:  
"Ane of ye gae to Halliday,  
The laird of the Corehead is he.
- 38 "He certain is my sister's son;  
Bid him come quick and succour me!  
The king comes on for Ettrick Forest,  
And landless men we all will be."
- 39 "What news? what news?" said Halliday,  
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"  
"Not as we wou'd; seeking your aid;  
The king's his mortal enemy."
- 40 "Aye, by my troth!" said Halliday,  
"Even for that it repenteth me;  
For gif he lose fair Ettrick Forest,  
He'll take fair Moffatdale frae me.\*
- 41 I'll meet him with five hundred men,  
And surely mair, if mae may be;  
And before he gets the Forest fair,  
We all will die on Newark Lee!"
- 42 The Outlaw call'd a messenger,  
And bid him hie him speedilie,  
To Andrew Murray of Cockpool: †  
"That man's a dear cousin to me;  
Desire him come, and make me aid,  
With all the power that he may be."
- 43 "It stands me hard," Andrew Murray said,  
"Judge gif it stands na hard with me;

\* This is a place at the head of Moffat-water, possessed of old by the family of Halliday.

† This family were ancestors of the Murrays, Earls of Annandale; but the name of the representative in the time of James IV. was William, not Andrew. Glenriddel's MS. reads, "the country-keeper."

To enter against a king with crown,  
 And set my lands in jeopardie!  
 Yet, if I come not on the day,  
 Surely at night he shall me see."

- 44 To Sir James Murray of Traquair,\*  
 A message came right speedilie:  
 "What news? what news?" James Murray said,  
 "Man, frae thy master unto me?"
- 45 "What needs I tell? for weel ye ken  
 The king's his mortal enemy;  
 And now he is coming to Ettrick Forest,  
 And landless men ye all will be."
- 46 "And, by my troth," James Murray said,  
 "With that Outlaw will I live and die;  
 The king has gifted my lands lang syne—  
 It cannot be nae worse with me."
- 47 The king was coming thro' Caddon Ford,†  
 And full five thousand men was he;  
 They saw the dark Forest them before;  
 They thought it awesome for to see.
- 48 Then spake the lord, hight Hamilton,  
 And to the noble king said he,—  
 "My sovereign liege, some counsel take,  
 First at your nobles, syne at me.
- 49 "Desire him meet thee at Penmanscore,  
 And bring four in his companie;  
 Five earls shall gang yourself before,  
 Gude cause that you shou'd honour'd be.
- 50 "And, gif he refuses to do that,  
 We'll conquess baith his lands and he;  
 There shall never a Murray, after him,  
 Hold land in Ettrick Forest free."

\* Before the Barony of Traquair became the property of the Stewarts, it belonged to a family of Murrays, afterwards Murrays of Black-barony, and ancestors of Lord Elibank. The old castle was situated on the Tweed. The lands of Traquair were forfeited by Willielmus de Moravia, previous to 1464; for, in that year, a charter, proceeding upon his forfeiture, was granted by the crown "Willielmo Douglas de Cluny." Sir James was, perhaps, the heir of William Murray. It would further seem, that the grant in 1464 was not made effectual by Douglas, for another charter from the crown, dated the 3d February, 1473, conveys the estate of Traquair to James Stewart, Earl of Buchan, son to the Black Knight of Lorne, and maternal uncle to James III., from whom is descended the present Earl of Traquair. The first royal grant not being followed by possession, it is very possible that the Murrays may have continued to occupy Traquair long after the date of that charter. Hence, Sir James might have reason to say, as in the ballad—"The king has gifted my lands lang syne."

† A ford on the Tweed, at the mouth of the Caddon Burn, near Yair.



- 51 Then spake the keen laird of Buccleuch,  
A stalworth man and stern was he:  
"For a king to gang an Outlaw till,  
Is beneath his state and his dignitie.
- 52 "The man that wons yon Forest intil,  
He lives by reif and felonie!  
Wherefore, braid on, my sovereign liege!  
With fire and sword we'll follow thee;  
Or, gif your courtrie lords fall back,  
Our borderers shall the onset gi'e."
- 53 Then out and spake the noble king,  
And round him cast a wilie e'e:  
"Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,  
Nor speak of reif nor felonie;  
For had every honest man his own kye,  
A right puir clan thy name wou'd be!"
- 54 The king then call'd a gentleman,  
Royal banner-bearer there was he;  
James Hop Pringle of Torsonse, by name;\*  
He came and knelt upon his knee.
- 55 "Welcome, James Pringle of Torsonse!  
A message ye maun gang for me;  
Ye maun gae to yon Outlaw Murray,  
Surely where bauldly bideth he.
- 56 "Bid him meet me at Penmanscore,  
And bring four in his companie;  
Five earls shall come with mysel',  
Gude reason I shou'd honour'd be.
- 57 "And, gif he refuses to do that,  
Bid him look for nae gude of me!  
There shall never a Murray, after him,  
Have land in Ettrick Forest free."
- 58 James came before the Outlaw keen,  
And serv'd him in his ain degree:  
"Welcome, James Pringle of Torsonse,  
What message frae the king to me?"

\* The honourable name of Pringle, or Hoppringle, is of great antiquity in Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire. The old tower of Torsonse is situated upon the banks of the Gala. There are three other ancient and distinguished families of this name—those of Whitebank, Clifton, and Torwoodlee.

- 59 "He bids ye meet him at Penmanscore,\*  
And bring four in your companie;  
Five earls shall gang himsel' before,  
Nae mair in number will he be.
- 60 "And, gif you refuse to do that,  
(I freely here upgive with thee,  
He'll cast yon bonnie castle down,  
And make a widow of that gay ladye.
- 61 "He'll loose yon bluidhound borderers,  
With fire and sword to follow thee;  
There will never a Murray, after thysel',  
Have land in Ettrick Forest free."
- 62 "It stands me hard," the Outlaw said;  
"Judge gif it stands na hard with me!  
Wha reck not losing of mysel',  
But all my offspring after me.
- 63 "My merry men's lives, my widow's tears—  
There lies the pang that pinches me!  
When I am straught in bluidie eard,  
Yon castle will be right drearie.
- 64 "Auld Halliday, young Halliday,  
Ye shall be twa to gang with me;  
Andrew Murray, and Sir James Murray,  
We'll be nae nae in companie."
- 65 When that they came before the king,  
They fell before him on their knee:  
"Grant mercie, mercie, noble king!  
E'en for his sake that died on tree."

\* Commonly called Permanscore, is a hollow on the top of a high ridge of hills, dividing the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, a little to the eastward of Minch-Moor. It is the outermost point of the lands of Broadmeadows. The Glenriddel MS., which, in this instance, is extremely inaccurate as to names, calls the place of rendezvous "The Poor Man's House," and hints that the Outlaw was surprised by the treachery of the king:—

"Then he was aware of the King's coming,  
With hundreds three in company.  
I wot the muckle deel . . . .  
He learned kings to lie!  
For to fetch me here frae among my men,  
Here, like a dog, for to die."

I believe the reader will think, with me, that the catastrophe is better, as now printed from Mrs. Cockburn's copy. The deceit, supposed to be practised on the Outlaw, is unworthy of the military monarch, as he is painted in the ballad; especially if we admit him to be King James IV.

- 66 " Siccen like mercie shall ye have:  
 On gallows ye shall hangit be!"  
 " Over God forbode," quoth the Outlaw then,  
 " I hope your grace will better be!  
 Else ere ye come to Edinburgh port,  
 I trow thin guarded shall ye be.
- 67 " Thir lands of Ettrick Forest fair,  
 I wan them from the enemie;  
 Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,  
 Contrair all kings in Christentie."
- 68 All the nobles the king about,  
 Said—" Pitie it were to see him dee;"  
 " Yet grant me mercie, sovereign Prince!  
 Extend your favour unto me!
- 69 " I'll give thee the keys of my castle,  
 With the blessings of my gay ladye,  
 Gin thou'lt make me sheriff of this Forest,  
 And all my offspring after me."
- 70 " Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castle,  
 With the blessing of thy gay ladye?  
 I'se make thee sheriff of Ettrick Forest,  
 Surely while upwards grows the tree:  
 If you be not traitor to the king,  
 Forfaulted shalt thou never be."
- 71 " But, Prince, what shall come of my men?  
 When I gae back, traitor they'll call me.  
 I had rather lose my life and land,  
 Ere my merry men rebuked me."
- 72 " Will your merry men amend their lives?  
 And all their pardons I grant thee.  
 Now, name thy lands where'er they lie,  
 And here I RENDER them to thee."
- 73 " Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,\*  
 And Lewinshope still mine shall be;  
 Newark, Foulshiells, and Tinnies baith,  
 My bow and arrow purchas'd me.

\* In this and the following verse, the ceremony of feudal investiture is supposed to be gone through, by the Outlaw resigning his possessions into the hands of the king, and receiving them back, to be held of him as superior. The lands of Philiphaugh are still possessed by the Outlaw's representative. Hangingshaw and Lewinshope were sold of late years. Newark, Foulshiells, and Tinnies, have long belonged to the family of Buccleuch.

- 74 " And I have native steads to me,  
The Newark Lee and Hangingshaw:  
I have mony steads in the Forest shaw,  
But them by name I dinna knaw."
- 75 The keys of the castle he gave the king,  
With the blessing of his fair ladye;  
He was made sheriff of Etrick Forest,  
Surely while upwards grows the tree,  
And if he was na traitor to the king,  
Forfaulted he shou'd never be.
- 76 Wha ever heard, in ony times,  
Siccen an Outlaw in his degree,  
Sic favour get before a king,  
As did the OUTLAW MURRAY of the Forest free?

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JOHNNIE OF BREADISLEE.

"History is silent with regard to this young Nimrod. 'He appears,' says the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, 'to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer,—probably one of the broken men residing upon the border. It is sometimes said that this outlaw possessed the old Castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous.' Another tradition assigns Braid, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to have been the scene of his 'woeful hunting.'"—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 17.

Versions of the ballad have appeared as under:—

- I. "Johnie of Breadislee," in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 114, collated from "several different copies, in one of which the principal personage is called 'Johnie of Cockielaw.' The stanzas of greatest merit have been selected from each copy."—Scott.
- II. "Johny Cock," consisting of fragments of two versions, as given in Fry's *Pieces of Ancient Poetry*, Bristol, 1814, p. 55.\*
- III. "Johnie of Braidisbank," in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 17.
- IV. "Johnie of Cocklesmuir," in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 36.

\* These fragments are copied from a 4to MS. purchased in Glasgow, "in the year 1810," which MS. appears to have been "the text-book of some illiterate drummer." The editor, Mr. Fry, supposes, with great probability, that this is the ballad of "Johny Cox," mentioned by Ritson in these terms:—"The Rev. Mr. Boyd, the ingenious translator of Dante, has a faint recollection of a ballad on some Armstrong (not the well-known ballad of 'Johny Armstrong,' in Ramsay's *Evergreen*): another, called 'Johny Cox;' and another, 'of a Scotch Minstrel who stole a horse from some of the Henries of England.' The first of these ballads is possibly the famous old border song of 'Dick o' the Cow,' quoted by Mr. Pennant (*Tour*, 1772, part ii., p. 276), and printed at length in the *Poetical Museum*, Hawick, 1784."—Ritson's *Scottish Song*, Historical Essay, p. xxxvi., note.

- V. "Johnnie of Cocklesmuir," in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads* (Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 77). This last closely resembles Kinloch's version; both terminate happily for "Johnnie," and both repeat the last line of each stanza, as a kind of refrain.

Mr. Kinloch's (IV.) concludes thus:—

"He has killed six o' the proud foresters,  
And wounded the seventh sair;  
He laid his leg out ower his steed,  
Says—'I will kill nae mair, mair.'"

And Mr. Buchan's (V.):—

"His mither's parrot i' the window sat,  
She whistled and she sang;  
An' aye the overturn o' the note,—  
'Young Johnnie's biding lang, lang.'

"When this reachit the king's ain ears,  
It griev'd him wond'rous sair;  
Says—'I'd rather they'd hurt my subjects a',  
Than Johnnie o' Cocklesmuir, muir."

"'But where are a' my wa'-wight men,  
That I pay meat and fee?  
We'll gang the morn to Johnnie's castle,  
See how the cause may be, be.'

"Then he's ca'd Johnnie up to court,  
Treated him handsomelie;  
An' noo, to hunt i' the Bride's Braidmuir,  
For life he's licence free, free."

Dr. Chambers has also given a collated version, with some additional stanzas, "taken from the recitation of a lady resident at Peebles, and from a manuscript copy submitted to" him "by Mr. Kinloch."—*Scottish Ballads*, p. 183.

Scott's version is the one here followed; one stanza, however, has been deleted, and stanzas 2 and 6, from Kinloch, 18 from Motherwell, and 22 from Finlay, added. Some variations are also noted under the text.

- 1 JOHNNIE rose up in a May morning,  
Call'd for water to wash his hands:  
"Gae loose to me the gude gray dogs,  
That are bound with iron bands.
- 2 "Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,  
Ye'll busk and make them boun',  
For I am going to Durisdeer,  
To ding the dun deer down."
- 3 When Johnnie's mither gat word of that,  
Her hands for dule she wrang:  
"Oh, Johnnie, for my venison,  
To the greenwood dinna gang.



- 4 "Enough ye ha'e of gude wheat bread,  
And enough of the bluid-red wine;  
And therefore, for nae venison, Johnnie,  
I pray ye stir frae hame."\*
- 5 But Johnnie busk'd up his gude bend bow,  
His arrows ane by ane;  
And he has gane to Durisdeer,  
To hunt the dun deer down.
- 6 Johnnie look'd east, and Johnnie look'd west,  
And a little below the sun;  
And there he spied a dun deer sleeping  
Aneath a bush of broom.
- 7 Johnnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,  
And he wounded her on the side;  
And atween the water and the wood,  
His hounds they laid her pride.
- 8 And Johnnie has brittled the deer sae weel,  
He's had out her liver and lungs;  
And on these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,  
As if they had been earls' sons.
- 9 They ate sae much of the venison,  
And drank sae much of the bluid,  
That Johnnie and all his bluidy hounds,  
Fell asleep, as they had been dead.
- 10 And by there came a silly auld carle—  
An ill death mote he dee!  
For he's awa to Hislinton,†  
To tell what he did see.
- 11 "What news, what news, ye silly auld carle,  
What news ha'e ye to me?"  
"Nae news, nae news," quo' the silly auld carle,  
"Save what my een did see.

\* "Your meat shall be of the very, very best,  
And your drink of the finest wine;  
And ye will win your mither's benison,  
Gin ye wad stay at hame."

† "His mither's counsel he wadna tak,  
Nor wad he stay at hame."—Kinloch's version.

† "And he's aff to the proud forester's," &c.—Kinloch.

- 12 "As I came doun by Merrimass,  
And doun amang the scroggs,\*  
The bonniest youth that e'er I saw,  
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.
- 13 "The shirt that was upon his back  
Was of the Holland fine;  
And the doublet which was over that  
Was of the Lincoln twine.
- 14 "The buttons that were on his sleeves  
Were of the gowd sae gude;  
The gude greyhounds he lay amang,  
Their mouths were dyed in bluid."
- 15 Then out and spake the first forester,  
The head man ower them a':  
"If this be Johnnie o' Braidislee,  
Nae nearer him we'll draw."
- 16 Then out and spake the next forester,  
(His sister's son was he):  
"If this be Johnnie o' Braidislee,  
We soon shall gar him dee!"
- 17 The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,  
They wounded him on the knee;  
And out and spake the seventh forester,—  
"The next will gar him dee."
- 18 They waken'd Johnnie out of his sleep,  
And he's drawn to him his coat:  
"My fingers five, save me alive,  
And a stout heart fail me not." †
- 19 Johnnie set his back against an aik,  
His foot against a stane;  
And he has slain the seven foresters,  
He has slain them all but ane.
- 20 He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,  
But and his collar-bane;  
He's laid him twa-fold ower his steed,  
Bade him carry the tidings hame. ‡

\* "Scroggs:" stunted trees.

† "But fingers five, come here [come here],  
And faint heart fail me nought!  
And silver strings, value me sma' things,  
Till I get all this vengeance rought!"—Johnny Cook.

‡ "Then Johnnie kill'd six foresters,  
And wounded the seventh sair;  
Then drew a stroke at the silly auld man,  
That word he ne'er spak mair."—Buchan's version.

- 21 "Oh, is there no a bonnie bird,  
Can sing as I can say?  
Can flee awa to my mither's bow'r,  
And tell to fetch Johnnie away?"
- 22 "[Is] there no a bird in all this Forest  
Will do as meikle for me,  
As dip its wing in the wan water,  
And straik it on my e'e-bree?"\*
- 23 'The starling flew to his mither's window,  
It whistled and it sang;  
And aye the owerword of the tune  
Was—"John tarries lang!"
- 24 They made a rod of the hazel bush,  
Another of the slae-thorn tree;  
And mony, mony were the men  
At fetching our Johnnie.
- 25 Then out and spake his auld mither,  
And fast her tears did fa':  
"Ye wou'dna be warned, my son Johnnie,  
Frae the hunting to bide awa.
- 26 "Aft ha'e I brocht to Braidislee  
The less gear and the mair;  
But I ne'er brocht to Braidislee  
What grieved my heart sae sair.
- 27 "But wae betide that silly auld carle,  
An ill death shall he dee;  
For the highest tree in Merrimass  
Shall be his morning fee."
- 28 Now Johnnie's gude bend-bow is broke,  
And his gude gray dogs are slain;  
And his body lies dead in Durisdeer,  
And his hunting' it is done.

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THE LAIRD OF MUIRHEAD.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 341.

"This ballad is a fragment from Mr. Herd's MS., communicated to him by J. Grossett Muirhead, Esq. of Breadesholm, near Glasgow;

\* This stanza, which describes expressively the languor of approaching death, is derived from Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, vol. i., p. xxxi.

who stated that he extracted it, as relating to his own family, from the complete Song, in which the names of twenty or thirty gentlemen were mentioned, contained in a large collection, belonging to Mr. Alexander Monro, merchant of Lisbon, but supposed now to be lost.

“It appears, from the Appendix to Nisbet’s *Heraldry*, p. 264, that Muirhead of Lachop and Bullis, the person here called the Laird of Muirhead, was a man of rank, being rentaller, or perhaps feuar, of many crown-lands in Galloway; and was, in truth, slain in ‘Campo Belli de Northumberland sub vexillo Regis,’ *i. e.*, in the Field of Flodden.”—Scott.

- 1 AFORE the king in order stude  
The stout laird of Muirhead,  
Wi’ that same twa-hand muckle sword  
That Bartram fell’d stark dead.
- 2 He sware he wadna lose his right  
To fight in ilka field;  
Nor budge him from his liege’s sight,  
Till his last gasp should yield.
- 3 Twa hunder mair of his ain name,  
Frae Torwood and the Clyde,  
Sware they would never gang to hame,  
But a’ die by his syde.
- 4 And wond’rous weel they kept their troth;  
This sturdy royal band  
Rush’d down the brae, wi’ sic a pith,  
That nane could them withstand.
- 5 Mony a bloody blow they dealt,  
The like was never seen;  
And hadna that braw leader fall’n,  
They ne’er had slain the king.

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### LAMENT FOR FLODDEN.

The following Lament relates to the death of a lover on the fatal field of Flodden, where the gallant but quixotic James IV. fell, with the flower of the Scottish nobility, A.D. 1513.

Two beautiful songs, under the title of “The Flowers of the Forest,” the one written by Miss Elliot, and the other by Mrs. Cockburn, *née* Rutherford, appear in the companion volume of *Scottish Songs*. They are both usually supposed to have the battle of Flodden for the theme of their lamentation; but the one by Mrs. Cockburn, beginning—

“I’ve seen the smiling  
Of Fortune beguiling,”

is stated not to have been written on that event. It, however, chimes in with it so naturally, that it is no marvel it should be supposed to relate thereto.

Both of these songs may be found together in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 45, where they are conjoined under the title of "Flodden Field," along with a doggrel prelude, beginning—

"From Spey to the border, was peace and good order,  
The sway of our monarch was mild as the May;  
Peace he adored, whilk Soudrons abhorred,  
Our marches they plunder, our wardens they slay."

Among the "sueit melodius sangis of natural music of the antiquite," mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, as sung by the "scheiphirdis and their vyuis," there occurs, "My Luf is laid apon ane Knycht," which very nearly coincides with the first line of the following Lament. It might very appropriately be begun and ended with the four beautiful lines of Leyden's "Ode on visiting Flodden," which Scott adopted for the motto to "Marmion: a Tale of Flodden Field:"—

"Alas! that Scottish maid should sing  
The combat where her lover fell!  
That Scottish bard should wake the string,  
The triumph of our foes to tell."

—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 345.

- 1 My love was laid upon a knight,  
A noble knight of high degree;  
Upon a knight of valour bright,  
Who also laid his love on me.
- 2 I loved him for his manly form,  
Majestic port and noble mien;  
His glittering sword, in war's wild storm,  
Was ever first in battle keen.
- 3 For country, king, or ladye bright,  
His blade he ever boldly drew;  
Yet, tho' he was a warlike knight,  
His heart was gentle, kind, and true.
- 4 But, ah! on Flodden's fatal plain,  
Where Scotland's best and bravest fell,  
My own true knight lay 'mid the slain,  
The gallant knight I loved so well.
- 5 The memory of that fatal day  
Deep graven on my heart shall be,  
Till death shall summon me away,  
To join again my love and me.



## SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

“This old North Country ballad, which appears to be founded on fact, is well known in almost every corner of Scotland. Pinkerton printed it in his *Tragic Ballads*, 1781 (p. 61), ‘from,’ as he says, ‘a modern edition, in one sheet 12mo, after the old copy.’ Notwithstanding this reference to authority, the ballad certainly received a few conjectural emendations from his own pen; at least, the version which is given,” by Mr. Motherwell, “as it occurs in early stall prints, and as it is to be obtained from the recitations of elderly people, does not exactly correspond with his.

“Two modern ballads have sprung out of this old one—viz., ‘Sir James the Ross,’ and ‘Elfrida and Sir James of Perth.’ The first of these is said to have been written by Michael Bruce; the latter is an anonymous production,” which seems to have first appeared in *Caw’s Museum*, 1784, and to have subsequently “found its way into Evan’s *Collection*, *vide* vol. iv., edit. 1810. It might be curious to ascertain which of these mournful ditties is the senior, were it for nothing else than perfectly to enjoy the cool impudence with which the graceless youngster has appropriated to itself, without thanks or acknowledgment, all the best things which occur in the other.”\*—Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 321.

Motherwell’s version does not differ materially from Pinkerton’s.

In the “Battle of Harlaw: Traditionary Version,” *ante*, p. 450, a “James the Rose,” and a “John the Graeme,” both figure as combatants on the side of the royal forces; but we can scarcely suppose the cowardly “James the Rose,” or the heroic “John the Graeme,” of that ballad, to be the parties here celebrated. The ballad is placed here because stanza 43 of the modern version refers to the principal actors as having fought at Flodden. This, in the absence of better data, must therefore serve as our guide as to the period when the tragedy occurred.

In a note to “Sir James the Rose,” Mr. Pinkerton states that “a renovation of this ballad, composed of new and improbable circumstances, decked out with scraps of tragedies, may be found in the *Annual Register* for 1774, and other collections.

“Rose is an ancient and honourable name in Scotland. *Johannes de Rose* is a witness to the famous Charter of Robert II. testifying his marriage with *Elizabeth More*, as appears in the rare edition of it printed at Paris, 1695, 4to, p. 15.”—*Scottish Tragic Ballads*, p. 114.

The modernized ballad of “The Buchanshire Tragedy; or, Sir James the Ross,” as referred to by Motherwell and Pinkerton, was written by Michael Bruce, and appears “in the *Weekly Magazine, or Edinburgh Amusement*, vol. ix., Sept. 20, 1770, p. 371.

\* The version by Michael Bruce is apparently the earliest, and it is certainly by far the most popular.

“Prefixed was the following short note:—

‘To the Publisher of the *Weekly Magazine*.

‘SIR,—Some days ago I met with an old Scottish ballad, of which the following is a copy; which, I dare say, you will be willing to preserve from oblivion by giving it a place in your entertaining *Amusement*. There are few of your readers, I am persuaded, but will be pleased to see at once such a specimen of ancient Scottish poetry and valour.’\* \*

The ballad was probably communicated, and the note written, by Logan, who, in this same year, issued a volume of *Poems on several Occasions*, by *Michael Bruce*, which volume contained the ballad referred to, with several additions, deletions, and other alterations, doubtless by Logan himself.

The ancient ballad, as collated from Pinkerton’s and Motherwell’s versions, is here first given; the orthography of the latter being generally adopted. It is followed by the modern version, as written by Michael Bruce; while an additional stanza and some variations from Logan’s edition of 1770 are noted under the text.

The version by Bruce seems to have superseded the ancient one as a chap book; and it may be mentioned that one of these, bearing the imprint, “Glasgow, printed by J. and M. Robertson, (No. 20) Salt-market, 1809,” is professedly “printed from the original manuscript;” and that it agrees very closely with Bruce’s text as here given.

- 1 OH, heard ye of Sir James the Rose,  
The young heir of Baleighan?  
For he has kill’d a gallant squire,  
Whose friends are out to take him.
- 2 Now he has gone to the house of Mar,  
Where none might seek to find him;  
To seek his dear he did repair,  
Thinking she wou’d befriend him.
- 3 “Where are ye going, Sir James?” she said,  
“Or where now are you riding?”  
“Oh, I am bound to a foreign land,  
For now I’m under hiding.
- 4 “Where shall I go, where shall I run,  
Where shall I go to lay me?  
For I ha’e kill’d a gallant squire,  
And his friends seek to slay me.”
- 5 “Oh, go ye down to yon ale-house,  
And I’ll pay there your lawing;  
And as I am your leman true,  
I’ll meet ye at the dawing.”

\* *The Works of Michael Bruce*, edited, with Memoir and Notes, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. Edinburgh, 1865.

The infamous conduct of Logan, who afterwards claimed many of the best pieces as his own, is fully discussed and ably exposed by Mr. Grosart.

- 6 "I'll no gae down to yon ale-house,  
For you to pay my lawing,  
But I'll lie down upon the bent,  
And bide there till the dawing."
- 7 He's turn'd him right and round about,  
And row'd him in his brechan,\*  
And he has gone to take a sleep  
In the lawlands of Baleighan.
- 8 He wasna well gone out of sight,  
Nor was he past Millstrethen,  
When four-and-twenty belted knights  
Came riding o'er the Lethan.
- 9 "Oh, ha'e ye seen Sir James the Rose,  
The young heir of Baleighan?  
For he has kill'd a gallant squire,  
And we are sent to take him."
- 10 "Yea, I ha'e seen Sir James," she said,  
"He pass'd by here on Monday;  
If the steed be swift that he rides on,  
He's past the heights of Lundie."
- 11 But as with speed they rode away,  
She loudly cried behind them,  
"If ye'll give me a worthy meid, †  
I'll tell ye where to find him."
- 12 "Oh, tell, fair maid, and, by our faith,  
Ye'se get his purse and brechan."  
"Seek ye the bank aboon the mill,  
In the lawlands of Baleighan."
- 13 They sought the bank aboon the mill,  
In the lawlands of Baleighan,  
And there they found Sir James the Rose,  
Was lying in his brechan.
- 14 Then up and spake Sir John the Graeme,  
Who had the charge in keeping:  
"It shall ne'er be said, brave gentlemen,  
We kill'd him when a-sleeping."
- 15 They seized his broadsword and his targe,  
And closely him surrounded;  
And when he waked out of his sleep,  
His senses were confounded.

\* "Brechan:" plaid.

† "Meid:" reward.

- 16 "Rise up, rise up, Sir James," he said,  
 "Rise up, since now we've found ye;  
 We've ta'en the broadsword frae your side,  
 And angry men are round ye."
- 17 "Oh, pardon, pardon, gentlemen,  
 Ha'e mercy now upon me!"  
 "Such as you ga'e, such shall you ha'e,  
 And so we fall upon thee."
- 18 Syne they've ta'en out his bleeding heart,  
 And stuck it on a spear;  
 Then took it to the house of Mar,  
 And show'd it to his dear.
- 19 "We cou'dna give Sir James's purse,  
 We cou'dna give his brechan;  
 But ye shall ha'e his bleeding heart,  
 But and his bleeding tartan."
- 20 "Sir James the Rose, oh, for thy sake  
 My heart is now a-breaking!  
 Curs'd be the day I wrought thy wae,  
 Thou brave heir of Baleighan!"
- 21 Then up she raise, and forth she gaes,  
 And, in that hour of tein,  
 She wandered to the dowie glen,  
 And never mair was seen.

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THE BUCHANSHIRE TRAGEDY; OR, SIR JAMES  
 THE ROSS.

BY MICHAEL BRUCE, BORN, 1746; DIED, 1767.

- 1 Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,  
 Of high and warlike name,  
 The bravest was Sir James the Ross,  
 A knight of meikle fame.
- 2 His growth was as the tufted fir,  
 That crowns the mountain's brow;\*

\* Bruce's poem, "The Complaint of Nature," has a similar line,—  
 "Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow."

And in the eighth of the "Scriptural Translations and Paraphrases," as used in the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, which "paraphrase" is based on Bruce's "Complaint," &c., there occurs the same line in stanza 6.

We note these coincidences, as they are somewhat curious, and form "a threefold cord" of connection with Bruce.

- And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,  
His locks of yellow flew.\*
- 3 The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,  
A firm undaunted band;  
Five hundred warriors drew their swords,  
Beneath his high command.
- 4 In bloody fight thrice had he stood,  
Against the English keen,  
Ere two-and-twenty opening springs  
This blooming youth had seen.
- 5 The fair Matilda dear he loved,  
A maid of beauty rare;  
Ev'n Margaret, on the Scottish throne,  
Was never half so fair.
- 6 Lang had he wooed, lang she refused,  
With seeming scorn and pride;  
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love  
Her fearful words denied.
- 7 At last she bless'd his well-tried faith,  
Allow'd his tender claim;  
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,  
And own'd an equal flame.
- 8 Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,  
Their passion disapproved;  
And bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,  
And leave the youth she loved.
- 9 Ae night they met, as they were wont,  
Deep in a shady wood,  
Where, on a bank beside a burn,  
A blooming saugh † tree stood.
- 10 Conceal'd among the underwood,  
The crafty Donald lay,  
The brother of Sir John the Graeme,  
To hear what they would say.

\* This stanza follows in Bruce's *Poems*, Logan's edition of 1770:—

“Wide were his fields, his herds were large,  
And large his flocks of sheep;  
And numerous were his goats and deer  
Upon the mountain's steep.”

† “Saugh:” a willow.



- 11 When thus the maid began,—“ My sire  
Your passion disapproves,  
And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme;  
So here must end our loves.
- 12 “ My father’s will must be obey’d;  
Naught boots me to withstand;  
Some fairer maid, in beauty’s bloom,  
Must bless thee with her hand.
- 13 “ Matilda soon shall be forgot,  
And from thy mind effaced:  
But may that happiness be thine,  
Which I can never taste.”
- 14 “ What do I hear? is this thy vow?”  
Sir James the Ross replied:  
“ And will Matilda wed the Graeme,  
Though sworn to be my bride?”
- 15 “ His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,  
Than reive me of thy charms;”  
Then clasp’d her to his beating breast,  
Fast lock’d into his arms.
- 16 “ I spake to try thy love,” she said;  
“ I’ll ne’er wed man but thee:  
My grave shall be my bridal bed,  
Ere Graeme my husband be.
- 17 “ Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,  
In witness of my troth;  
And every plague become my lot,  
That day I break my oath!”
- 18 They parted thus; the sun was set;  
Up hasty Donald flies;  
And—“ Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!”  
He loud insulting cries.
- 19 Soon turn’d about the fearless chief,  
And soon his sword he drew;  
For Donald’s blade, before his breast,  
Had pierced his tartans through.
- 20 “ This for my brother’s slighted love;  
His wrongs sit on my arm:”  
Three paces back the youth retired,  
And saved himself frae harm,

- 21 Returning swift, his hand he rear'd,  
Fierce Donald's head above,  
And through the brain and crashing bones  
His sharp-edged weapon drove.
- 22 He staggering reel'd, then tumbled down,  
A lump of breathless clay :  
" So fall my foes ! " quoth valiant Ross,  
And stately strode away.
- 23 Through the green wood he quickly hied,  
Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;  
And at Matilda's window stood,  
And thus began to call :
- 24 " Art thou asleep, Matilda, dear ?  
Awake, my love, awake !  
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,  
A long farewell to take.
- 25 " For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme ;  
His blood is on my sword :  
And distant are my faithful men,  
Nor can assist their lord.
- 26 " To Skye I'll now direct my way,  
Where my two brothers bide,  
And raise the valiant of the Isles,  
To combat on my side."
- 27 " Oh, do not so," the maid replied ;  
" With me till morning stay ;  
For dark and dreary is the night,  
And dangerous the way.
- 28 " All night I'll watch you in the park ;  
My faithful page I'll send,  
To run and raise the brave clan Ross,  
Their master to defend."
- 29 Beneath a bush he laid him down,  
And wrapp'd him in his plaid ;  
While, trembling for her lover's fate,  
At distance stood the maid.
- 30 Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,  
Till, in a lonely glen,  
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,  
With twenty of his men.

- 31 "Where go'st thou, little page?" he said;  
 "So late, who did thee send?"  
 "I go to raise the brave clan Ross,  
 Their master to defend.
- 32 "For he hath slain fierce Donald Graeme,  
 Whose blood now dims his sword:  
 And far, far distant are his men,  
 That should assist their lord."
- 33 "And has he slain my brother dear?"  
 The furious Graeme replies:  
 "Dishonour blast my name, but he  
 By me, ere morning, dies!"
- 34 "Tell me, where is Sir James the Ross?  
 I will thee well reward;"  
 "He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;  
 Matilda is his guard."
- 35 They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,  
 Then scour'd along the lee;\*  
 And reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs,  
 By dawning of the day.
- 36 Matilda stood without the gate,  
 To whom the Graeme did say,†—  
 "Saw ye Sir James the Ross last night?  
 Or did he pass this way?"
- 37 "Last day, at noon," Matilda said,  
 "Sir James the Ross pass'd by:  
 He furious prick'd his sweaty steed,  
 And onward fast did he.
- 38 "By this he is at Edinburgh,  
 If horse and man hold good."  
 "Your page, then, lied, who said he was  
 Now sleeping in the wood."

\* "They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,  
 Like lightning, o'er the lea."—Bruce's *Poems*, Logan's edition

† "Matilda stood without the gate,  
 Upon a rising ground,  
 And watch'd each object in the dawn,  
 All ear to every sound.

"Where sleeps the Ross?" began the Graeme,  
 'Or has the felon fled?  
 This hand shall lay the wretch on earth,  
 By whom my brother bled.'"—*Ibid.*

Stanzas 37, 38, 39, and also stanza 43, are omitted by Logan,

- 39 She wrung her hands, and tore her hair :  
 " Brave Ross, thou art betrayed ;  
 And ruin'd by those very means,  
 From whence I hoped thine aid ! "
- 40 By this the valiant knight awoke,  
 The virgin's shrieks he heard ;  
 And up he rose and drew his sword,  
 When the fierce band appeared.
- 41 " Your sword last night my brother slew ;  
 His blood yet dims its shine ;  
 And, ere the setting of the sun,  
 Your blood shall reek on mine. "
- 42 " You word it well, " the chief replied ;  
 " But deeds approve the man :  
 Set by your band, and, hand to hand,  
 We'll try what valour can.
- 43 " Oft boasting hides a coward's heart ;  
 My weighty sword you fear,  
 Which shone in front of Flodden-field,  
 When you kept in the rear. "
- 44 With dauntless step he forward strode,  
 And dared him to the fight ;  
 But Graeme gave back, and fear'd his arm ;  
 For well he knew its might.
- 45 Four of his men, the bravest four,  
 Sunk down beneath his sword ;  
 But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,  
 And sought their haughty lord.
- 46 Behind him basely came the Graeme,  
 And pierced him in the side ;  
 Out spouting came the purple tide,  
 And all his tartans dyed.
- 47 But yet his sword quat not the grip,  
 Nor dropp'd he to the ground,\*  
 Till thro' his enemy's heart his steel  
 Had forced a mortal wound.
- 48 Graeme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,  
 Fell breathless on the clay ;  
 And down beside him sank the Ross,  
 And faint and dying lay.

\* " But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,  
 Nor sunk he to the ground. "—Bruce's *Poems*, Logan's edition.

- 49 The sad Matilda saw him fall :  
 "Oh, spare his life !" she cried ;  
 "Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,  
 Let her not be deny'd."
- 50 Her well-known voice the hero heard ;  
 He rais'd his death-closed eyes,  
 And fix'd them on the weeping maid,  
 And weakly thus replies :
- 51 "In vain Matilda begs the life,  
 By death's arrest deny'd :  
 My race is run—adieu, my love !"—  
 Then clos'd his eyes and died.
- 52 The sword, yet warm, from his left side  
 With frantic hand she drew :  
 "I come, Sir James the Ross," she cried ;  
 "I come to follow you !"
- 53 She lean'd the hilt against the ground,  
 And bared her snowy breast ;  
 Then fell upon her lover's face,  
 And sunk to endless rest.

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 JOHNNIE ARMSTRANG.

From Ramsay's *Evergreen*, vol. ii., p. 190.

"Ramsay mentions that this is the true old ballad of the famous John Armstrong of Gilnock-hall, in Liddisdale, and which he copied from a gentleman's mouth of the name of Armstrong, who was the sixth generation from this John, and who told him that it was ever esteemed the genuine ballad, the common one false.

"The common ballad, alluded to by Ramsay, is the one, however, which is in the mouths of the people. His set I never heard sung or recited ; but the other frequently. The common set is printed in *Wit Restored*, London, 1658 [p. 123], under the title of 'A Northern Ballet,' and in the *London Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723 [vol. i., p. 170], as 'Johne Armstrong's Last Good-night.' That *Collection* has another ballad on the subject of Armstrong, entitled 'Armstrong and Musgrave's Contention.'

"In J. Stevenson's Catalogue, Edinburgh, 1827, is a copy on a broadside, with this title, 'John Armstrong's Last Farewell,' declaring how he and eight-score men fought a bloody battle at Edinburgh ; to the tune of 'Fare thou well, bonny Gilt Knock Hall,'—an edition still adhered to in the stall copies of the ballad. The version of the ballad, as given in the *Evergreen*, is followed by the editor of the



*Border Minstrelsy*, in whose valuable compilation it finds a place, with suitable illustrations."—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxii., note 3.

From the "illustrations" referred to by Mr. Motherwell, the following account of this celebrated outlaw is extracted:—

"Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, the hero of the following ballad, is a noted personage, both in history and tradition. He was, it would seem from the ballad, a brother of the Laird of Mangertoun, chief of the name. His place of residence (now a roofless tower) was at the Hollows, a few miles from Langholm, where its ruins still serve to adorn a scene which, in natural beauty, has few equals in Scotland. At the head of a desperate band of freebooters, this Armstrong is said to have spread the terror of his name almost as far as Newcastle, and to have levied black-mail, or protection and forbearance money, for many miles round. James V., of whom it was long remembered by his grateful people that he made the 'rush-bush keep the cow,' about 1529, undertook an expedition through the Border counties, to suppress the turbulent spirit of the Marchmen. But before setting out upon his journey, he took the precaution of imprisoning the different Border chieftains, who were the chief protectors of the marauders. The Earl of Bothwell was forfeited, and confined in Edinburgh castle. The lords of Home and Maxwell, the lairds of Buccleuch, Fairniherst, and Johnston, with many others, were also committed to ward. Cockburn of Henderland, and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, were publicly executed.—*Lesley*, p. 430. The king then marched rapidly forward, at the head of a flying army of ten thousand men, through Ettrick Forest and Ewsdale. The evil genius of our Johnnie Armstrong, or, as others say, the private advice of some courtiers, prompted him to present himself before James, at the head of thirty-six horse, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. Pitscottie uses nearly the words of the ballad, in describing the splendour of his equipment, and his high expectations of favour from the king. 'But James, looking upon him sternly, said to his attendants, "What wants that knave that a king should have?" and ordered him and his followers to instant execution.'—'But John Armstrong,' continues this minute historian, 'made great offers to the king. That he should sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman: secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majestie, either quick or dead.\* At length, he,

\* The Borderers, from their habits of life, were capable of most extraordinary exploits of this nature. In the year 1511, Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches of Scotland, was murdered at a Border meeting, by the Bastard Heron, Starhead, and Lilburn. The English monarch delivered up Lilburn to justice in Scotland, but Heron and Starhead escaped. The latter chose his residence in the very centre of England, to baffle the vengeance of Ker's clan and followers. Two dependants of the deceased, called Tait, were deputed by Andrew Ker of Cessford to revenge his father's murder. They travelled through England in various disguises, till they discovered the place of Starhead's retreat, murdered him in his bed, and brought his head in triumph to Edinburgh, where Ker caused it to be exposed at the Cross. The Bastard Heron would have shared the same fate, had he not spread abroad a report of his having died of the plague, and caused his funeral obsequies to be performed.—*Ridpath's History*, p. 481. See also *Metrical Account of the Battle of Flodden*, published by the Rev. Mr. Lambe.

seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, "It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face ; but," said he, "had I known this, I should have lived upon the Borders in despite of King Harry and you both ; for I know King Harry would downweigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day."—Pitcottie's *History*, p. 145. Johnnie and all his retinue were accordingly hanged upon growing trees, at a place called Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. The country people believe, that, to manifest the injustice of the execution, the trees withered away. Armstrong and his followers were buried in a deserted churchyard, where their graves are still shown.

"As this Border hero was a person of great note in his way, he is frequently alluded to by the writers of the time. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in the curious play published by Mr. Pinkerton, from the Bannatyne MS., introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in relics, who produces, among his holy rarities—

—'The cordis, baith grit and lang,  
 Quhilk hangit Johnie Armstrang,  
 Of gude hempt, soft and sound.  
 Gude haly pepil, I stand ford,  
 Wha'evir beis hangid in this cord,  
 Neidits never to be drowned!'

—Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, vol. ii., p. 69.

"In *The Complaynt of Scotland*, John Armistrangis' Dance, mentioned as a popular tune, has probably some reference to our hero.

"The common people of the high parts of Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the country adjacent, hold the memory of Johnnie Armstrong in very high respect. They affirm, also, that one of his attendants broke through the king's guard, and carried to Gilnockie tower the news of the bloody catastrophe.

"It is fortunate for the admirers of the old ballad that it did not fall into Ramsay's hands when he was equipping with new sets of words the old Scottish tunes in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Since his time it has been often reprinted."\*—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 392.

[The ballad which follows, resembles, in many respects, "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray," *ante*, p. 459. The conduct of the respective kings towards, and the fate of, the two Outlaws, are, however, very different.]

- 1 SOME speak of lords, some speak of lairds,  
 And sic like men of high degree ;  
 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,  
 Some time call'd Laird of Gilnockie.
- 2 The king he writes a loving letter,  
 With his ain hand sae tenderlie,  
 And he hath sent it to Johnnie Armstrang,  
 To come and speak with him speedilie.

\* [This remark will probably recall to the mind of its reader the well-known adage about the pot calling the kettle black.]

- 3 The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene,  
They were a gallant companie :  
"We'll ride and meet our lawful king,  
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
- 4 "Make kinnen \* and capon ready, then,  
And venison in great plentie;  
We'll welcome here our royal king;  
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!"
- 5 They ran their horse on the Langholm howm,  
And brake their spears with meikle main ;  
The ladies lookit frae their loft windows—  
"God bring our men weel hame again!"
- 6 When Johnnie came before the king,  
With all his men sae brave to see,  
The king he moved his bonnet to him ;  
He ween'd he was a king as well as he.
- 7 "May I find grace, my sovereign liege,  
Grace for my loyal men and me?  
For my name it is Johnnie Armstrang,  
And a subject of yours, my liege," said he.
- 8 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee."
- 9 "Grant me my life, my liege, my king !  
And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee ;  
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,  
Were all foal'd in ae year to me.
- 10 "I'll gi'e thee all these milk-white steeds,  
That prance and nicher † at a spear;  
And as meikle gude English gilt,‡  
As four of their braid backs dow § bear."
- 11 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee."

\* "Kinnen:" rabbits.

† "Gilt:" gold.

‡ "Nicher:" neigh.

§ "Dow:" are able to.

- 12 "Grant me my life, my liege, my king!  
And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee:  
Gude four-and-twenty ganging \* milks,  
That gang thro' all the year to me.
- 13 "These four-and-twenty mills complete,  
Shall gang for thee thro' all the year;  
And as meikle of gude red wheat,  
As all their happens dow to bear."
- 14 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee."
- 15 "Grant me my life, my liege, my king!  
And a great great gift I'll gi'e to thee:  
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters' sons  
Shall for thee fecht, tho' all shou'd flee."
- 16 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee."
- 17 "Grant me my life, my liege, my king!  
And a brave gift I'll gi'e to thee:  
All between here and Newcastle town  
Shall pay their yearly rent to thee."
- 18 "Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee."
- 19 "Ye lied, ye lied, now, king," he says,  
"Altho' a king and prince ye be!  
For I've loved naething in my life,  
I weel dare say it, but honestie.
- 20 "Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,  
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deer;  
But England shou'd have found me meal and mault,  
Gif I had lived this hundred year.
- 21 "She shou'd have found me meal and mault,  
And beef and mutton in all plentie;  
But never a Scots wife cou'd have said,  
That e'er I skaith'd her a puir flee.

\* "Ganging:" going.



- 22 "To seek het water beneath cauld ice,  
Surely it is a great follie:  
I have ask'd grace at a graceless face,\*  
But there is nane for my men and me.
- 23 "But had I kenn'd, ere I came frae hame,  
How unkind thou wou'dst been to me,  
I wou'd ha'e keepit the Border side,  
In spite of all thy force and thee.
- 24 "Wist England's king that I was ta'en,  
Oh, gin a blythe man he wou'd be!  
For ance I slew his sister's son,  
And on his breast-bane brak a tree."
- 25 John wore a girdle about his middle,  
Embroider'd o'er with burning gold,  
Bespangled with the same metal,  
Maist beautiful was to behold.
- 26 There hang nine targats † at Johnnie's hat,  
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound:  
"What wants that knave that a king shou'd have,  
But the sword of honour and the crown?"
- 27 "Oh, where got thee these targats, Johnnie,  
'That blink sae brawly ‡ aboon thy brie?"  
"I gat them in the field fechting, §  
Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.
- 28 "Had I my horse and harness gude,  
And riding as I wont to be,  
It shou'd have been tauld this hundred year,  
The meeting of my king and me!
- 29 "God be with thee, Kirsty, || my brother,  
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!  
Lang may'st thou live on the Border side,  
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!
- 30 "And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,  
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!  
But an thou live this hundred year,  
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

\* See "Young Waters," stanza 23, and note, *ante*, p. 458.

† "Targats:" tassels.

‡ "Blink sae brawly:" glance so bravely.

§ "Fechting:" fighting.

|| "Kirsty:" Christopher.



- 31 "Farewell, my bonnie Gilnock hall,  
Where on Esk side thou standest stout!  
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,  
I wou'd ha'e gilt thee round about."
- 32 John murder'd was at Carlinrigg,  
And all his gallant companie;  
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,  
To see sae mony brave men die;
- 33 Because they saved their country dear  
Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld;  
While Johnnie lived on the Border side,  
Nane of them durst come near his hauld.

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### THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 94.

"This fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition, in 1529, which was fatal to Johnnie Armstrang, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. The vestiges of the castle of Henderland are still to be traced upon the farm of that name, belonging to Mr. Murray of Henderland. They are situated near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the lake of St. Mary, in Selkirkshire. The adjacent country, which now hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Lesley, as, in his time, affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm, named the Dowglen, and passes near the site of the tower. To the recesses of this glen, the wife of Cockburne is said to have retreated, during the execution of her husband; and a place, called the Lady's Seat, is still shown, where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence. In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburne and his lady are still shown. It is a large stone, broken in three parts; but some armorial bearings may yet be traced, and the following inscription is still legible, though defaced:—

HERE LYES PERYS OF COKBURNE AND HIS  
WYFE MARJORY.

"Tradition says that Cockburne was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner. After the execution, James marched rapidly forward to surprise Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the

mountains, which separates the Vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the King's Road, and seems to have been the route which he followed. The remains of the tower of Tushielaw are yet visible, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick; and are an object of terror to the benighted peasant, from an idea of their being haunted by spectres. From these heights, and through the adjacent county of Peebles, passes a wild path, called still the Thief's Road, from having been used chiefly by the marauders of the Border."—Scott.

Mr. Motherwell says:—"I am passing loath to deprive Scotland of the least remnant of her song; but this appears to me to be nothing else than a fragment of the English ballad, entitled, 'The Famous Flower of Serving-men; or, The Lady turn'd Serving-man.'"—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxxi., note 80.

A slightly varied version occurs in Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 174.

There is also a Highland lament, entitled, "Oh ono Chrìo," which appears in Johnson's *Museum*, vol. i., p. 90, wherein three or four lines of this ballad occur; and Burns mentions that "Dr. Blacklock informed" him "that this [latter] song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe."\*

- 1 My love he built me a bonnie bow'r,  
And clad it all with lillie flow'r;  
A brawer bow'r ye ne'er did see,  
Than my true love he built for me.
- 2 There came a man, by middle day,  
He spy'd his sport and went away;  
And brought the king that very night,  
Who brake my bow'r and slew my knight.
- 3 He slew my knight, to me sae dear;  
He slew my knight, and poin'd † his gear;  
My servants all for life did flee,  
And left me in extremitie.
- 4 I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;  
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;  
I watch'd his body night and day;  
No living creature came that way.
- 5 I took his body on my back,  
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat;  
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,  
And happ'd ‡ him with the sod sae green.

\* Cromeck's *Reliques*.

† "Poin'd:" pointed—attached by legal distress.

‡ "Happ'd:" covered.

- 6 But think na ye my heart was sair,  
 When I laid the mou' on his yellow hair?  
 Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,  
 When I turn'd about away to gae?
- 7 Nae living man I'll love again,  
 Since that my lovely knight is slain;  
 With ae lock of his yellow hair  
 I'll chain my heart for evermair.

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### HUGHIE THE GRÆME.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 107.

"The Græmes were a powerful and numerous clan, who chiefly inhabited the Debateable Land. They were said to be of Scottish extraction; and their chief claimed his descent from Malice, Earl of Stratherne. In military service they were more attached to England than to Scotland; but in their depredations on both countries, they appear to have been very impartial; for in the year 1600, the gentlemen of Cumberland alleged to Lord Scroope, 'that the Græmes, and their clans, with their children, tenants, and servants, were the chiefest actors in the spoil and decay of the country.' Accordingly, they were, at that time, obliged to give a bond of surety for each other's peaceable demeanour; from which bond their numbers appear to have exceeded four hundred men.—See Introduction to Nicolson's *History of Cumberland*, p. cviii.

"Richard Græme, of the family of Netherby, was one of the attendants upon Charles I. when Prince of Wales, and accompanied him upon his romantic journey through France and Spain. The following little anecdote, which then occurred, will show that the memory of the Græmes' Border exploits was at that time still preserved:—

"They were now entered into the deep time of Lent, and could get no flesh in their inus. Whereupon fell out a pleasant passage, if I may insert it, by the way, among more serious. There was, near Bayonne, a herd of goats, with their young ones; upon the sight whereof, Sir Richard Graham tells the Marquis (of Buckingham), that he would snap one of the kids, and make some shift to carry him snug to their lodging. Which the prince overhearing, "Why, Richard," says he, "do you think you may practise here your old tricks upon the Borders?" Upon which words, they, in the first place, gave the goat-herd good contentment: and then, while the Marquis and Richard, being both on foot, were chasing the kid about the stack, the prince, from horseback, killed him in the head with a Scottish pistol. Which circumstance, though trifling, may yet serve to show how his Royal Highness, even in such slight and sportful damage, had a noble sense of just dealing.—Sir H. Wotton's *Life of the Duke of Buckingham*.

“I find no traces of this particular Hughie Græme of the ballad; but, from the mention of the bishop, I suspect he may have been one of about four hundred Borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, lord bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils by them committed.—Nicolson’s *History*, Introduction, lxxxi. There appear a number of Græmes in the specimen which we have of that list of delinquents. There occur, in particular,

Ritchie Græme of Bailie,  
 Will’s Jock Græme,  
 Fargue’s Willie Græme,  
 Muckle Willie Græme,  
 Will Græme of Rosetrees,  
 Ritchie Græme, younger of Netherby,  
 Wat Græme, called Flaughtail,  
 Will Græme, Nimble Willie,  
 Will Græme, Mickle Willie,

with many others.

“In Mr. Ritson’s curious and valuable collection of legendary poetry, entitled, *Ancient Songs*, he has published this Border ditty, from a collection of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe, and another in the hands of John Bayne, Esq. The learned editor mentions another copy, beginning, ‘Good Lord John is a-hunting gone.’ The present edition was procured for me by my friend Mr. William Laidlaw, in Blackhouse, and has been long current in Selkirkshire; but Mr. Ritson’s copy has occasionally been resorted to for better readings.”—Scott.

The version referred to above, as appearing in Ritson’s *Ancient Songs* (edit. 1790), p. 192, is entitled, “The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.” It first appeared in Durfey’s *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. iv., p. 289.

The first Scottish version was communicated to Johnson’s *Museum* (p. 312), by Burns, who states that he obtained it from oral tradition in Ayrshire. Mr. Cromek alleges that stanzas 3 and 8 were entirely composed, and that 9 and 10 were retouched, by Burns.

The *Museum* version was followed by Scott’s; while a still subsequent Scottish version may be found in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii., p. 73, under the title of “Sir Hugh the Græme.” A note to this version (p. 106) truly states, “that it differs materially from all others, . . . and particularly in one respect, viz., that it has not a tragical ending, the hero making his escape,” after his extraordinary leap. There seems to be no good ground for the allegations against the bishop and the wife of Hughie Græme. It is, however, quaintly and sarcastically stated by Anthony à Wood, that “there were many changes in his time, both in Church and State, but the worthy prelate retained his offices and preferments during them all.” So that he seems to have been a worthy exemplar of the notorious “Vicar of Bray.”



According to the last-named version, the captor and judge of Sir Hugh is Lord Home. The concluding stanzas are as under:—

- “ ‘Ye'll gi'e my brother John the sworde  
That's pointed wi' the metal clear,  
An' bid him come at eight o'clock,  
An' see me pay the bishop's meare.
- “ ‘An', brother James, tak' here the sworde  
That's pointed wi' the metal broun,  
Come up the morn at eight o'clock,  
An' see your brother putten down.
- “ ‘An', brother Allan, tak' this sworde  
That's pointed wi' the metal fine,  
Come up the morn at eight o'clock,  
An' see the death o' Hugh the Græme.\*
- “ ‘Ye'll tell this news to Maggy, my wife,  
Neist time ye gang to Strievlng toun;  
She is the cause I lose my life,  
She wi' the bishop play'd the loon.'
- “ Again he ower his shoulder look'd,  
It was to see what he could see,  
And there he saw his little son,  
Was screamin' by his nourice knee.
- “ Then out it spak' the little son:  
'Sin' 'tis the morn that he maun dee,  
If that I live to be a man,  
My father's death reveng'd shall be.'
- “ ‘If I must dee,' Sir Hugh replied,  
'My friends o' me they will think lack;'  
He leapt a wa' eighteen feet high,  
Wi' his han's boun' behin' his back.
- “ Lord Home then raised ten armed men,  
An' after him they did pursue;  
But he has trudg'd out over the plain,  
As fast as any bird that flew.
- “ He leuk'd ower his left shoulder,  
It was to see what he could see;  
His brother John was at his back,  
An' a' the rest o' his brothers three.
- “ Some they woundit and some they slew,  
They fought sae fierce and valiantlie;  
They made his enemies for to yield,  
Au' sent Sir Hugh out over the sea.”

The text which follows is derived from Scott's *Minstrelsy*, as above indicated. Stanza 13 is inserted in the text from Burns's version; the other principal variations being noted under.

The nationality of the ballad is apparently as “debateable” as that of the “land” occupied in those days by this predatory tribe. Scott's version is, on the whole, decidedly the best.

- 1 GUDE Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,  
He has ridden o'er moss and muir; †  
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,  
For stealing of the bishop's mare.

\* The two first of these quoted stanzas are nearly the same as two in Burns's version, while the third resembles the last stanza of the text.

† “A-hunting o' the fallow deer.”—Burns's version.



- 2 "Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!  
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;  
And if that thou canst conquer me,  
The matter it may soon be try'd."
- 3 "I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;  
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,  
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,  
If God but grant me life and time."
- 4 "Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,  
And deal your blows as hard as you can!  
It shall be tried within an hour,  
Which of us two is the better man."
- 5 But as they were dealing their blows sae free,  
And both sac bloody at the time,  
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,  
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.
- 6 Then they ha'e grippit Hughie the Græme,  
And brought him up through Carlisle town:  
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,  
Crying—"Hughie the Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down!"\*
- 7 Then they ha'e chosen a jury of men,  
The best that were in Carlisle town;  
And twelve of them cried out at once,—  
"Hughie the Græme, thou must gae down!"
- 8 Then up bespake him gude Lord Hume, †  
As he sat by the judge's ‡ knee:  
"Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,  
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."§
- 9 "Oh no, oh no, my gude Lord Hume!  
For sooth and sae it maunna be;  
For were there but three Græmes of the name, ||  
They shou'd be hangèd all for me."

\* "And they ha'e tied him hand and foot,  
And led him up thro' Stirling town;  
The lads and lasses met him there,  
Cried—Hughie Graham, thou art a loun!"

† "Oh, lowse my right hand free," he says,  
‡ And put my braid sword in the same,  
§ He's no in Stirling town this day  
|| Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham."—Burns's version.

Cromek states that the last of these two stanzas is Burns's own composition.

† "Then up bespake the brave Whitefoord."—*Ibid.*

‡ "Judge's: " "bishop's."—*Ibid.*

§ "If ye'll let Hughie Græme gae free."—*Ibid.*

|| "For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat."—*Ibid.*

- 10 'Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,\*  
 As she sat by the judge's knee :  
 "A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,  
 If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."
- 11 "Oh no, oh no, my gude Lady Hume!  
 For sooth and so it must na be;  
 Were he but the one Græme of the name,  
 He shou'd be hangèd high for me."
- 12 "If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,  
 "Of me my friends shall have small talk ;"  
 And he has loup'd fifteen feet and three,  
 Tho' his hands were tied behind his back.
- 13 They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe ;  
 He look'd [up] at the gallows tree,  
 Yet never colour left his cheek,  
 Nor ever did he blin' his e'e. †
- 14 [But] he look'd over his left shoulder,  
 And for to see what he might see ;  
 There was he aware of his auld father,  
 Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.
- 15 "Oh, hald your tongue, my father," he says,  
 "And see that ye dinna weep for me!  
 For they may ravish me of my life,  
 But they cannot banish me frae Heaven hie. ‡
- 16 "Fair ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!  
 The last time we came ower the muir,  
 'Twas thou bereft me of my life,  
 And with the Bishop thou play'd the whore.
- 17 "Here, Johnnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,  
 That is made of the metal sae fine ;  
 And when thou comest to the English side,  
 Remember the death of Hughie the Græme."

\* "Up then bespoke the fair Whitefoord."—Burns's version.

† Cromek states that this stanza is Burns's own composition.

‡ "Oh, hand your tongue, my father dear,  
 And with your weeping let me be :  
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,  
 Than a' that they can do to me."—*Ibid.*

Cromek states that this stanza was re-touched by Burns.

## THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

“The Castle of Lochmaben was formerly a noble building, situated upon a peninsula, projecting into one of the four lakes which are in the neighbourhood of the royal burgh, and is said to have been the residence of Robert Bruce, while Lord of Annandale. Accordingly it was always held to be a royal fortress, the keeping of which, according to the custom of the times, was granted to some powerful lord, with an allotment of lands and fishings, for the defence and maintenance of the place. There is extant a grant, dated 16th March, 1511, to Robert Lauder of the Bass, of the office of Captain and Keeper of Lochmaben Castle, for seven years, with many perquisites. Among others, the ‘lands stolen frae the King’ are bestowed on the Captain, as his proper lands. What shall we say of a country, where the very ground was a subject of theft?”—Scott.

The following ballad is first referred to in a note to Ritson’s *Scottish Song*, vol. i., quoted *ante*, p. 471, note (\*).

It was first published by Scott in his *Minstrelsy* (edit. 1802, as stated in the last edition, vol. i., p. 422).

Another version had been, however, previously communicated by Burns to Johnson, and appears in his *Musical Museum*, vol. vi., p. 598 (1803).

A third version, under the title of “The Jolly Harper,” appeared subsequently in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads* (Percy Society), p. 37. In this last, the purloining of the “wanton brown” is represented to be the result of a wager; and on its being duly won by the Harper, the “wanton brown” is returned to its rightful owner.

As to the age of the ballad, or the period to which it refers, it is not only impossible to say which of the Henrys is the one referred to, but even whether it occurred under the reign of one of the English kings of that name at all.

The return of the “wanton brown” at any period prior to the union of the crowns is utterly improbable, wager or no wager.

Sir Walter Scott, in a note, remarks, “that it is the most modern (ballad) in which the harp, as a Border instrument of music, is found to occur;” but he does not state on what data he founds any opinion as to its age.

His and Burns’s versions differ very slightly; but the former has two stanzas (19 and 23) not in the latter; while it has four stanzas (3, 4, 5, and 18) not in the other.

In the former, also, the scene of the theft is laid at Carlisle, while the Lord Warden takes the place of King Henry.

Burns’s text is the one chiefly followed; but a few emendations have been adopted, and the two stanzas above referred to added from Scott’s.

The reader may contrast the luck of the “Harper” with the fate of “Hughie Græme,” in the preceding ballad.

- 1 Oh, heard ye of a silly Harper,  
[Wha] lang lived in Lochmaben town,  
How he did gang to fair England.  
To steal King Henry's wanton brown?
- 2 But first he gaed to his gudewife,  
With all the haste that he cou'd thole; \*  
"This wark," quo' he, "will ne'er gae weel,  
Without a mare that has a foal."
- 3 Quo' she—"Thou has a gude gray mare,  
That'll rin o'er hills baith low and hie;  
Gae set thee on the gray mare's back,  
And leave the foal at hame with me.
- 4 "And take a halter in thy hose,  
And of thy purpose dinna fail;  
But wap it o'er the wanton's nose,  
And tie him to the gray mare's tail.
- 5 "Syne ca' † her out at the back yett,  
O'er moss, and muir, and ilka dale;  
For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite,  
Till she come back to her ain foal."
- 6 So he is up to England gane,  
Even as fast as he can hie,  
Till he came to King Henry's yett;  
Oh, wha was there but King Henriel
- 7 "Come in," quo' he, "thou silly Harper,  
And of thy harping let me hear."  
"Oh, by my sooth," quo' the silly Harper,  
"I'd rather ha'e stabling for my mare."
- 8 The king looks o'er his left shoulder,  
And says unto his stable groom,  
"Gae take the silly blind Harper's mare,  
And tie her beside my wanton brown."
- 9 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
Till all the Lordlings footed the floor;  
And oh, the music was sae sweet,  
That they forgat the stable door!
- 10 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
Till all the nobles were fast asleep;  
Then quickly he took aff his shoon,  
And saftly down the stair did creep.

\* "Thole:" suffer.

† "Ca:" drive or turn.

- 11 Syne to the stable door he hied,  
With tread as light as light cou'd be;  
And when he open'd and gaed in,  
There he fand thirty steeds and three.
- 12 He took a cowl halter \* frae his hose,  
And of his purpose he didna fail;  
He slipp'd it o'er the wanton's nose,  
And tied it to his gray mare's tail.
- 13 He ca'd her out at the back yett, †  
O'er moss, and muir, and ilka dale;  
And she ne'er let the wanton bite,  
But held him trotting at her tail.
- 14 The gray mare was richt swift of foot,  
And didna fail to find the way;  
For she was at Lochmaben yett  
Full lang three hours ere it was day.
- 15 When she came to the Harper's door,  
There she ga'e mony a nicher and sneer; ‡  
"Rise," quo' the wife, "thou lazy lass,  
Let in thy master and his mare."
- 16 Then up she rose, put on her clothes,  
And lookit through at the lock-hole:  
"Oh, by my sooth," then quoth the lass,  
"Our mare has gotten a brow brown foal!"
- 17 "Come, haud thy tongue, thou foolish lass,  
The moon's but glancing in your e'e;"  
"I'll wad my hail fee § against a groat,  
It's bigger than e'er our foal will be."
- 18 The neighbours too, that heard the noise,  
Cried to the wife to put her in.  
"By my sooth," then quoth the wife,  
"He's better than ever he rade on."
- 19 Now all this while, in merry Carlisle,  
The Harper harpit to hie and law;  
And nought cou'd they do but listen him to,  
Until that the day began to daw.

\* "Cowl halter:" colt's halter.

† *Variation*:—"He turn'd them loose at the castle gate."—Scott's version.

‡ "Nicher and sneer:" neigh and snort.

§ "Wad my hail fee:" bet my whole wages.



- 20 But on the morn, at fair daylight,  
When they had ended all their cheer,  
Behold the wanton brown was gane,  
And eke the poor blind Harper's mare!
- 21 "Alace, alace!" quo' the cunning auld Harper,  
"And ever alace, that I came here!  
In Scotland I lost a braw cowt foal;  
In England they've stolen my gude gray mare!"
- 22 "Come, cease thy alacing, thou silly Harper,  
And again of thy harping let us hear;  
And weel paid shall thy cowt foal be,  
And thou shall get a better mare."
- 23 Then aye he harpit, and aye he carpit;  
Sae sweet were the harping he let them hear;  
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,  
And three times o'er for the gude gray mare.

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### THE BATTLE OF CORICHIE.

The battle, or skirmish, which the following ballad commemorates, was fought on the 28th of October, 1562. It seems to have been brought about by the ambitious designs of George, fourth Earl of Huntly, who intrigued to obtain the hand of the beautiful but unfortunate Queen Mary for his third son, Sir John Gordon of Findlater; and, at the same time, to obtain for himself the reins of power, to the discomfiture and overthrow of his hated rival, the "Lord James," half-brother to the Queen, who, by her, had been recently created Earl of Moray, or Murray, a title previously bestowed on, but afterwards withdrawn by, her mother, the Queen Regent, from this same Earl of Huntly. At the commencement of the action, Murray's vanguard, which consisted of Forbeses, Leslies, and other northern men favourable to Huntly, retreated in confusion; but the main body, consisting chiefly of cavalry, led by the Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with levelled spears, bore back both dubious friends and open foes.

Huntly himself, with his third son, Sir John, already named, and his sixth son, Sir Adam of Auchindoun, were taken prisoners; but the Earl, being corpulent, was smothered in the crowd, as stated by Buchanan; the partizans of the Gordons, however, allege that he was murdered by the express orders of Murray. But why Murray should sanction the private murder of a man whose life was forfeited by treason, they do not explain. "Sir John was publicly beheaded five days after at Aberdeen, when his winning aspect and valorous deportment on the scaffold drew tears from the spectators." Sir Adam, who was spared on account of his youth, gives name to the

subsequent ballad, entitled, "Adam," or, as it is usually spelled, "Edom o' Gordon." The scene of the encounter is about fourteen miles west of the town of Aberdeen.

The earliest known copy appeared in the *Scots Weekly Magazine* for July, 1772, with this intimation:—"We have been favoured with the following copy of an old Scots ballad, by a gentleman of taste and literature, which we do not remember ever to have seen in print, and therefore have given it a place, for the sake of preservation. It is said to have been wrote by one Forbes, schoolmaster at Maryculter, upon Deeside."

The Forbes here referred to is named John by Professor Aytoun; but this is probably an error. Mr. Maidment supposes that "Robert, and not John, was the author or preserver of this ballad;" but in his next sentence he confounds this Robert, author of "Ajax' Speech to the Grecian Knabbs," and other poems in "Broad Buchans," with William Forbes, some time schoolmaster at Peterculter, author of "The Dominie Deposed," who is said to have enlisted, or to have left Scotland for Ireland, about 1732. The last-named may, probably, have been "the author or preserver of this ballad;" but this cannot be definitely affirmed.

It is here printed in all its native simplicity, as a specimen of the language which seems to have prevailed from time immemorial in the districts of Buchan on the north-east, and of Galloway in the south-west, of Scotland. See note, *ante*, p. 218.

- 1 MURN, ye heighlands, and murn, ye leighlands!\*  
I trow ye ha'e meikle need;  
For the bonnie burn o' Corichie  
His run this day wi' bleid.
- 2 Thi hopefu' Laird o' Finlitter,  
Erle Huntley's gallant sou,  
For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine,†  
His gar't fair Scotland mone.
- 3 Hi has broken his ward in Aberdene,  
Throu' dreid o' thi fause Murry,  
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan,  
An' his father, auld Huntly.
- 4 Fain wid he tak' our bonnie, guide quine,  
An' beare hir awa' wi' him;  
But Murry's slee wyles spoilt a' thi sport,  
And reft him o' lyfe and lim.
- 5 Murry gar't rayse the tardy Merns men,  
An' Angis, an' mony ane mair;  
Erle Morton, and the Byres Lord Linsay,  
And campit at thi Hill o' Fare.

\* Highlands and Lowlands.

† "Quine:" queen.

- 6 Erle Huntley cam' wi' Haddo Gordone,  
 An' countit ane thusan' men;  
 But Murry had abien twal hunder,  
 Wi' sax score horsemen and ten.
- 7 They soundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,  
 An' marchit on in brave array;  
 Till the spiers and the axis forgatherit,  
 An' than did begin thi fray.
- 8 Thi Gordones sae fercelie did fecht it,  
 Withouten terror or dreid;  
 That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin',  
 And dyit thi grund wi' their bleid.
- 9 Then fause Murry feignit to flee them,  
 An' they pursuit at his backe,  
 When thi haf o' thi Gordones desertit,  
 An' turnit wi' Murry in a crack.
- 10 Wi' hether in thir bonnits they turnit,  
 The traiter Haddo o' thir heid,  
 An' slaid their britheris an' their fatheris,  
 An' spoilit, and left them for deid.
- 11 Then Murry cried to tak' thi auld Gordone,  
 An' mony ane ran wi' speid;  
 But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,  
 An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's \* bleid.
- 12 Then they teuke his twa sones, quick an' hale,  
 An' bare them awa' to Aberdene;  
 But sair did our gude quine lament  
 Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.
- 13 Erle Murry lost mony a gallant stout man,  
 Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune;  
 Pittera's sons, and Eglis' far-fearit laird,  
 An' mair to me unkend, fell doune.
- 14 Erle Huntley mist ten score o' his bra' men,  
 Sum o' heigh, and sum o' leigh degree:  
 Skeenis youngest son, thi pryde o' a' the clan,  
 Was ther fun † deid, he widna flee.
- 15 This bluidy fecht wis fercely faucht,  
 Octobri's aught-and-twenty day,  
 Christ's fyfteen hunder, thriscore year,  
 An' twa, will merk the deidlie fray.

\* Lurdane: " a heavy stupid fellow.

† "Fun:" found.

- 16 But now thi day maist waefu' cam',  
That day the quine did greit her fill;  
For Huntly's gallant, stalwart son,  
Wis headit on thi heidin hill.
- 17 Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,  
Upon thi samen fatal playne;  
Cruel Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,  
And see her lover and liges slayne.\*
- 18 I wis our quine had better frinds,  
I wis our countrie better peice;  
I wis our lords wid na discord,  
I wis our weirs at hame may ceise!

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### GLENLOGIE

“ ‘The *Scottish Minstrel* a Selection from the Vocal Melodies of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, arranged for the Pianoforte, by R. A. Smith,’ in six volumes, the last of which was published in 1824—a work valuable for the many original pieces of music contributed by the distinguished composer who superintended its progress through the press—contains in its fourth volume, published in 1822, the first printed version of the following ballad.

“ Another version is given in Mr. Sharpe’s *Ballad Book*, Edinburgh, 1824, and two years afterwards it appeared in *The Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, with this announcement:—‘ We subjoin a ballad *never before* published, in which they are styled gay (the writer is speaking of the Gordons), and in which a fine trait of their personal manners is preserved.’ P. 200.

“ It is said, the one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it would seem, from the above quotation, that one-half of the literary population either forgets, or is in happy ignorance of what its other half has written. Of the two versions, that in the *Scottish Minstrel* is the more poetical.”—Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. xcii., and note 128.

A still ampler and more circumstantial version appears in Buchan’s *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 188, under the title of “Jean o’ Bethelnie’s Love for Sir George Gordon.”

The version which follows is based on a MS. version communicated to Mr. Buchan in a letter from Mr. Alexander Laing, dated Brechin, April 9th, 1829, and there given by him as taken down from “the recitation of the amiable daughter of” a clergyman in the North.

A few emendations and corrections have, however, been adopted from the previously printed versions. Stanza 10, as compounded out of the *Scottish Minstrel* and Buchan’s versions, has also been added within brackets.

\* There is no reliable testimony in support of this last statement.



The date of the ballad, and the circumstances which furnished its theme, are thus stated by Mr. Buchan:—"When the intestine troubles and broils of the North disturbed the public peace so much, in 1562, the Queen's presence was thought necessary to put a stop to some of them; and for that purpose she appeared in the North among her friends and foes.

"Jean, daughter of Baron Meldrum and Laird of Bethelnie, in Aberdeenshire, was one of Queen Mary's favourites, with whom she occasionally dined at the House of Fetternear, where the Queen resided for a few days; and, having chanced to espy Sir George Gordon of Glenlogie, as he rode through the village of Banchory, fell desperately in love with him; and, that he might know her case, she despatched a letter to him for that purpose; but he, for a while, made light of the same, which came to the lady's ears, and threw her into a violent fever. Her father's chaplain, no doubt bred at the court of Cupid, undertook the correspondence, and was more successful. She was afterwards married to Sir George, the object of her wishes, in her fifteenth year."—*Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 310.

Mr. Buchan's version opens as follows:—

"There were four-and-twenty ladies,  
Dined i' the Queen's ha';  
And Jean o' Bethelnie  
Was the flower o' them a'.

"Four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Rode thro' Banchory fair;  
But bonnie Glenlogie  
Was the flower that was there.

"Young Jean at a window,  
She chanced to sit nigh;  
And upon Glenlogie  
She fixed an eye."

- 1 THERE was monie a braw noble  
Came to our Queen's ha';  
But the bonnie Glenlogie  
Was the flower of them a'.  
And the young Ladye Jeanie,  
Sae gude and sae fair,  
She fancied Glenlogie  
Aboon a' that were there.
- 2 She speired at his footman,  
That ran by his side,  
His name, and his sirname,  
And where he did bide.  
"He bides at Glenlogie,  
When he is at hame;  
He's of the gay Gordons,  
And George is his name."



- 3 She wrote to Glenlogie,  
 To tell him her mind :  
 “ My love is laid on you,  
 Oh, will you prove kind ? ”  
 He turn'd about lightly,  
 As the Gordons do a' :  
 “ I thank you, fair ladye,  
 But I'm promis'd awa.”
- 4 She call'd on her maidens  
 Her jewels to take,  
 And to lay her in bed,  
 For her heart it did break.  
 “ Glenlogie ! Glenlogie !  
 Glenlogie ! ” said she ;  
 “ If I getna Glenlogie,  
 I'm sure I will dee.”
- 5 “ Oh, hold your tongue, daughter,  
 And weep na sae sair ;  
 For you'll get Drumfindlay,  
 His father's young heir.”  
 “ Oh, hold your tongue, father,  
 And let me alane ;  
 If I getna Glenlogie,  
 I'll never wed ane.”\*
- 6 Then her father's old chaplain—  
 A man of great skill—  
 He wrote to Glenlogie,  
 The cause of this ill ;  
 And her father, he sent off  
 This letter with speed,  
 By a trusty retainer,  
 Who rode his best steed.
- 7 The first line that he read,  
 A light laugh gave he ;  
 The next line that he read,  
 The tear fill'd each e'e :  
 “ Oh, what a man am I,  
 That a leal heart should break ?  
 Or that sic a fair maid  
 Should die for my sake ?

\* “ ‘ Oh, haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he ;  
 ‘ Oh, say nae sae, mither, for that canna be ;  
 Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,  
 Yet if I maun tak' him, I'll certainly dee.’ ”—*Scottish Minstrel version.*

- 8 "Go, saddle my horse,  
Go, saddle him soon,  
Go, saddle the swiftest  
E'er rode frae the town."  
But ere it was saddled,  
And brought to the door,  
Glenlogie was on the road  
Three miles or more.
- 9 When he came to her father's,  
Great grief there was there;  
There was weeping, and wailing,  
And sabbin' full sair.  
Oh, pale and wan was she  
When Glenlogie gaed in;  
But she grew red and rosy  
When Glenlogie gaed ben.
- 10 [Then out spake her father,  
With tears in each e'e:  
"You're welcome, Glenlogie,  
You're welcome to me."  
And out spake her mother:  
"You're welcome," said she;  
"You're welcome, Glenlogie,  
Your Jeanie to see."]
- 11 "Oh, turn, Ladye Jeanie,  
Turn round to this side,  
And I'll be the bridegroom,  
And you'll be the bride."  
Oh, it was a blythe wedding,  
As ever was seen;  
And bonnie Jeanie Melville  
Was scarcely sixteen.

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THE QUEEN'S MARIE.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 294.

"In the very time of the General Assembly, there comes to public knowledge a haynous murther, committed in the court; yea, not far from the Queen's lap; for a French woman, that served in the Queen's chamber, had played the whore with the Queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a childe, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murdered; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe hearde, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and the

woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was haynous. But yet was not the court purged of whores and whoredoms, which was the fountaine of such enormities; for it was well known that shame hasted marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the Dancer, and Mary Levingston,\* surnamed the Lusty. What bruit the Maries, and the rest of the dancers of the court had, the ballads of that age doe witness, which we for modestie's sake omit; but this was the common complaint of all godly and wise men, that if they thought such a court could long continue, and if they looked for no better life to come, they would have wished their sonnes and daughters rather to have been brought up with fiddlers and dancers, and to have been exercised with flinging upon a floore, and in the rest that thereof followes, than to have been exercised in the company of the godly, and exercised in virtue, which in that court was hated, and filthensse not only maintained, but also rewarded; witness the Abbey of Abercorne, the Barony of Auchtermuchtie, and divers others, pertaining to the patrimony of the crown, given in heritage to skippers and dancers, and dalliers with dames. This was the beginning of the regiment of Mary, Queen of Scots, and these were the fruits that she brought forth of France.—Lord! look on our miseries! and deliver us from the wickedness of this corrupt court!—Knox's *History of the Reformation*, pp. 373-4.

“Such seems to be the subject of the following ballad, as narrated by the stern apostle of Presbytery. It will readily strike the reader, that the tale has suffered great alterations, as handed down by tradition; the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton,† and the Queen's apothecary into Henry Darnley. Yet this is

\* “John Semple, son of Robert, Lord Semple (by Elizabeth Carlisle, a daughter of the Lord Torthorald), was ancestor of the Semples of Beltrees. He was married to Mary, sister to William Livingston, and one of the maids of honour to Queen Mary; by whom he had Sir James Semple of Beltrees, his son and heir,” &c.; afterwards ambassador to England, for King James VI., in 1599.—Crawford's *History of Renfrew*, p. 101.

† A very odd coincidence in name, crime, and catastrophe, occurred at the court of Czar Peter the Great. It is thus detailed by the obliging correspondent who recommended it to my notice:—

“Miss Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine, had an amour, which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded sickness; but Peter, being suspicious, ordered his physician to attend her, who soon made the discovery. It also appeared that a sense of shame had triumphed over her humanity, and that the children had been put to death as soon as born. Peter inquired if the father of them was privy to the murder; the lady insisted that he was innocent; for she had always deceived him, by pretending that they were sent to nurse. Justice now called upon the emperor to punish the offence. The lady was much beloved by the empress, who pleaded for her; the amour was pardonable, but not the murder. Peter sent her to the castle, and went himself to visit her; and the fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears; telling her, that his duty as a prince, and God's vicegerent, called on him for that justice which her crime had rendered indispensably necessary; and that she must therefore prepare for death. He attended her also on the scaffold, where he embraced her with the utmost tenderness, mixed with sorrow; and some say, when the head was struck off, he took it up by the ear, whilst the lips were still trembling, and kissed them; a circumstance of an extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible, considering the peculiarities of his character.”

[The obliging correspondent was probably C. K. Sharpe, Esq., as he recapitulates the story in the introduction to his own version of the ballad, and adds:—“I cannot help thinking that the two stories have been confused in the ballad; for, if Marie

less surprising, when we recollect, that one of the heaviest of the Queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband, was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants. I have been enabled to publish the following complete edition of the ballad, by copies from various quarters; that principally used was communicated to me, in the most polite manner, by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Hoddom, to whom I am indebted for many similar favours."—Scott.

[Scott's version of this popular ballad was the one first published, and, in its latest form, it is on the whole the best.

The versions which have since appeared are as under :—

- II. "Marie Hamilton," in *A Ballad Book* (p. 18), edited by C. K. Sharpe.
- III. "Mary Hamilton," in *A North Countrie Garland* (p. 19), edited by Mr. Maidment.
- IV. "Mary Hamilton," in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 401. This version "shows the state in which it is frequently to be met with, as preserved by tradition, in the West of Scotland." Mr. Motherwell has also appended sundry fragments of other versions, as gleaned from recitation.
- V. "Mary Hamilton," in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 252, and is there stated to be a "North Country version." Two stanzas of a different version are also appended by him to his introductory note.
- VI. "Warenston and the Duke of York's Daughter," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 190.

As the paternity of the murdered bairn is, by Professor Aytoun and others, fathered upon Darnley, it may be noted that the incident quoted by Scott from Knox occurred in 1563, and that Darnley did not arrive in Scotland until 1564.

Scott's text, with his introduction and notes, are here given, with the addition of stanza 19, from Kinloch's version. Various readings from the different versions are also noted under the text.

The matter inserted in addition to Scott's is placed within brackets.]

- 1 MARIE HAMILTON 's to the kirk gane,  
With ribbons in her hair;  
The King thought mair of Marie Hamilton,  
Than ony that were there.

Hamilton was executed in Scotland, it is not likely that her relations resided beyond seas; and we have no proof that Hamilton was really the name of the woman who made a slip with the Queen's apothecary."

C. K. Sharpe surely overlooked the fact of the supposed delinquent being "a French woman," as stated in the quotation from Knox. It is quite likely, however, that the old ballad was re-christened after the Miss Hambleton, or Hamilton, of Russian notoriety; and it may have been also altered and corrupted, to adapt it better to the circumstances of the latter case.]



- 2 Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,  
With ribbons on her breast;  
The King thought mair of Marie Hamilton,  
Than he listen'd to the priest.
- 3 Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,  
With gloves upon her hands;  
The King thought mair of Marie Hamilton,  
Than the Queen and all her lands.
- 4 She hadna been about the King's court  
A month but barely one,  
Till she was beloved by all the King's court,  
And the King the only man.\*
- 5 She hadna been about the King's court  
A month but barely three,  
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,  
Marie Hamilton durstna be.
- 6 The King is to the Abbey gane,  
To pull the Abbey tree, †  
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart!  
But the thing it wou'dna be.
- 7 Oh, she has row'd it in her apron,  
And set it on the sea:  
"Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonnie babc,  
Ye'se get nae mair of me."
- 8 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha',  
And word is to the noble room,  
Among the ladyes a',  
That Marie Hamilton 's brought to bed,  
And the bonnie babe 's miss'd and awa.
- 9 Scarcely had she lain down again,  
And scarcely fa'en asleep,  
When up then started our good Queen,  
Just at her bed-feet;

\* [Stanza 4 is somewhat obscure. It should probably read:—  
"She hadna been about the King's court  
A month but barely twa,  
Till she was beloved by all the King's court,  
And by the King maist of a'."]

† ["Abbey tree." Motherwell's version reads "Savin tree."]



- Saying—" Marie Hamilton, where 's your babe?  
For I'm sure I heard it greet."\*
- 10 " Oh no, oh no, my noble Queen!  
Think no such thing to be;  
'Twas but a stitch into my side,  
And sair it troubles me."†
- 11 " Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton:  
Get up and follow me;  
For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding to see."‡
- 12 Oh, slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on;  
And slowly rode she out the way,  
With mony a weary groan.
- 13 The Queen was clad in scarlet,  
Her merry maids all in green;  
And every town that they came to,  
They took Marie for the Queen.
- 14 " Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now with me!  
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd  
Rade in your companie."
- 15 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rade on the brown,  
That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,  
And all to be put down.
- 16 " Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,  
Why look ye so on me?  
Oh, I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding to see."
- 17 When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs,  
The corks frae her heels did flee;  
And lang or e'er she came down again,  
She was condemn'd to dee.

\* [" Queen Mary came tripping down the stairs,  
Wi' the gold rings in her hair:  
'Oh, where is the little babe,' she says,  
' That I heard greet sae sair?'"—Motherwell's version.]

† [" ' There is nae babe within my bower,  
And I hope there ne'er will be;  
But it's me wi' a sair and sick colic,  
And I'm just like to dee.'"—Kinloch's version.]

‡ [" ' For I will on to Edinburgh,  
And try the veritie.'"—Buchan's version.]

- 18 When she came to the Netherbow Port,\*  
 She laugh'd loud laughters three;  
 But when she came to the gallows foot,  
 The tears blinded her e'e.
- 19 ["Oh, happy, happy is the maid  
 That 's born of beauty free!  
 It was my dimpling rosie cheeks  
 That 's been the dule of me.]
- 20 "Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
 The night she'll ha'e but three;  
 There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,  
 And Marie Carmichael, and me.†
- 21 "Oh, often have I dress'd my Queen,  
 And put gold upon her hair;  
 But now I've gotten, for my reward,  
 The gallows to be my share.
- 22 "Oh, often have I dress'd my Queen,  
 And often made her bed;  
 But now I've gotten, for my reward,  
 The gallows tree to tread.
- 23 "I charge ye 'all, ye mariners,  
 When ye sail o'er the faem,  
 Let neither my father nor mother get wit,  
 But that I'm coming hame.

\* The Netherbow Port was the gate which divided the City of Edinburgh from the suburb called the Canongate. It had towers and a spire, which formed a fine termination to the view from the Cross. The gate was pulled down in one of those fits of rage for indiscriminate destruction, with which the magistrates of a corporation are sometimes visited.

† The Queen's Maries were four young ladies of the highest families in Scotland, who were sent to France in her train, and returned with her to Scotland. They are mentioned by Knox, in the quotation introductory to this ballad. Keith gives us their names, p. 55. "The young Queen, Mary, embarked at Dumbarton for France, . . . and with her went . . . and four young virgins, all of the name of Mary, viz., Livingston, Fleming, Seatoun, and Beatoun." The Queen's Maries are mentioned again by the same author, pp. 288 and 291, in the note. Neither Mary Livingston, nor Mary Fleming, are mentioned in the ballad; nor are the Mary Hamilton, and Mary Carmichael, of the ballad, mentioned by Keith. But if this corps continued to consist of young virgins, as when originally raised, it could hardly have subsisted without occasional recruits; especially if we trust our old bard, and John Knox.

The Queen's Maries are mentioned in many ballads, and the name seems to have passed into a general denomination for female attendants:—

"Now bear a hand, my Maries a',  
 And busk me brave, and make me fine."—*Old Ballad.*

[Mr. Maidment states that "Marie Carmichael was a daughter of John Carmichael of that ilk, and sister of Sir John Carmichael, warden of the Middle Marches," who figures in the subsequent ballad, "The Raid of Reidswire."]

- 24 "I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,  
This dog's death I'm to dee.
- 25 "For if my father and mother got wit,  
And my bold brethren three,  
Oh, meikle wou'd be the gude red bluid  
This day wou'd be spilt for me!
- 26 "Oh, little did my mother ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in,  
Or the death I was to dee!" \*

## EDOM O' GORDON.

"An ancient Scottish poem;" was first "printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulles, MDCCLV., small 4to, 12 pages."

"We are," says Percy, "indebted for its publication to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady that is now dead."

The ballad was next inserted by Percy in the *Reliques*, vol. i., "improved, and enlarged † with several fine stanzas, recovered from a

\* [This stanza occurs, almost *verbatim*, in the following passage of a letter written by Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, bearing date 25th January, 1795:—

"Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad, which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart,—

'Little did my mother think,  
That day she cradled me,  
What land I was to travel in,  
Or what death I should dee.'

"Old Scotch songs are, you know, a favourite study and pursuit of mine; and now I am on that subject, allow me to give you two stanzas of another old simple ballad, which, I am sure, will please you. The catastrophe of the piece is a poor ruined female, lamenting her fate. She concludes with the pathetic wish,—

'O that my father had ne'er on me smil'd;  
O that my mother had ne'er to me sung;  
O that my cradle had never been rock'd;  
But that I had died when I was young!

'O that the grave it were my bed,  
My blankets were my winding-sheet;  
The clocks and the worms my bed-fellows a',  
And, O, sae sound as I should sleep!'

"I do not remember, in all my reading, to have met with anything more truly the language of misery, than the exclamation in the last line. Misery is like love; to speak its language truly, the author must have felt it."]

† Ritson says—"Interpolated, and corrupted,"

fragment of the same ballad, in the editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is entitled *Captain Adam Carre*, and is in the English idiom."

Another version, closely resembling the *Percy MS.* copy, was next given by Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, London, 1790, p. 137. This was printed from a copy "preserved in a miscellaneous collection in the Cotton Library, marked *Vespasian, A, xxv.*"

Another version of the story, entitled *Loudoun Castle*, was given in the *Statistical Account of the Parish of Loudoun*,—where it is stated that the old Castle of Loudoun is supposed to have been destroyed by fire, about three hundred and fifty years ago. "The current tradition," says its writer, "ascribes that event to the clan Kennedy."

Ritson, in his *Scottish Song*, vol. ii., p. 17, gives the version printed by Robert and Andrew Foulles (with the exception of a few unimportant verbal and orthographical changes).

Archbishop Spottiswoode gives the following historical account of the matter:—

"Anno 1571. In the north parts of Scotland, Adam Gordon (who was deputy for his brother, the Earl of Huntly) did keep a great stir; and, under colour of the Queen's authority, committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbes's, . . . having killed Arthur Forbes, brother to the Lord Forbes. . . . Not long after, he sent to summon the house of Tavoy, pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The lady refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire into it, and burnt her therein, with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all.

"This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise he was held very active and fortunate in his enterprises."—*History of the Church of Scotland*, p. 259.

From Crawford's *Memoirs* we learn that the party "sent" was "one *Captain Ker*, with a party of foot. . . . Nor was he ever so much as cashiered for this inhuman action, which made Gordon share both in the scandal and the guilt."—*An.* 1571, p. 240, edit. 1706.

"From the somewhat confused genealogy of the family of Forbes (Inverness, 1819, 8vo, p. 44), by Mr. Mathew Lumsden of Tullikerne, written in 1580, we gather that the Lady of Towie, who was burnt, with her children, in 'the Castell of Cargaiffe,' was named Margaret Campbell, a daughter of Sir John Campbell of Calder, Knight. Her husband's name was John; and after the destruction of his wife and family, he married a daughter of Forbes of Reires, and by her had a son named Arthur."—Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., pp. 226-7.

It will be seen, from this last extract, that the alleged *felo-de-se* of the bereaved husband, so pathetically described in the last stanza, is purely apocryphal.

The version, first printed at Glasgow, is here mainly followed; but Percy's additional stanzas, most of which are derived from his own



or the Cotton MSS., are retained within brackets. These last have, however, been revised, and many of the original readings restored, from Ritson's text of the one, and the recently-printed copy of the other, issued by the Early English Text Society.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,—  
“ We maun draw to a hald.\*
- 2 “ And whatna hald shall we draw to,  
My merry men and me?  
We will gae straight to Towie house,†  
To see that fair ladye.”
- 3 [The ladye stood on her castle wall,  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
There she was 'ware of a host of men  
Came riding towards the town.‡
- 4 “ Oh, see ye not, my merry men all,  
Oh, see ye not what I see?  
Methinks I see a host of men;  
I marvel who they be.”
- 5 She thought it had been her own wed lord,  
As he came riding hame;  
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,  
Wha reck'd nae sin nor shame.]
- 6 She had nae sooner buskit hersel',  
And putten on her gown,  
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were round about the town.
- 7 They had nae sooner supper set,  
Nae sooner said the grace,  
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were round about the place.

\* “ Hald:” hold.

† Lord Halles' copy reads,—

“ We will gae to the house o' the Rhodes.”

Thus erroneously shifting the scene from its true location in Aberdeenshire, to Berwickshire, the original seat in Scotland of the northern Gordons.

The line here substituted is taken from an emendation of Pinkerton's on the *Reliques* text.—*Scottish Tragic Ballads*, p. 43.

‡ This word in Scotland signifies not only a city or town, but a farm-steading, or residence.



- 8 The ladye ran to her tower head,  
As fast as she cou'd hie,  
To see if, by her fair speeches,  
She cou'd with him agree.
- 9 As soon as he saw this ladye fair,  
And her yetts all lockit fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his heart was all aghast.
- 10 "Come down to me, ye ladye gay,  
Come down, come down to me;  
This night ye shall lye within my arms,  
The morn my bride shall be."
- 11 "I winna come down, ye false Gordon,  
I winna come down to thee;  
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me."
- 12 Gi'e up your house, ye ladye fair,  
Gi'e up your house to me;  
Or I shall burn yoursel' therein,  
Bot and your babies three."
- 13 "I winna gi'e up, ye false Gordon,  
To nae sic traitor as thee;  
Tho' you shou'd burn mysel' therein,  
Bot and my babies three.
- 14 ["But fetch to me my pistolette,  
And charge to me my gun;  
For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,  
My babes we will be undone."
- 15 She stiffly stood on her castle wall,  
And let the bullets flee;  
She miss'd that bluidy butcher's heart,  
Tho' she slew other three.]
- 16 "Set fire to the house!" quo' the false Gordon,  
"Since better may nae be;  
And I will burn hersel' therein,  
Bot and her babies three."
- 17 "Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man,  
I paid ye weel your fee;  
Why pull ye out the grund-wa'-stane,  
Lets in the reek\* to me?"

\* "Reek:" smoke.

- 18 "And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man,  
I paid ye weel your hire;  
Why pull ye out my grund-wa'-stane,  
To me lets in the fire?"
- 19 "Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,  
Ye paid me weel my fee;  
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,  
Maun either do or dee."
- 20 Oh, then out spake her youngest son,  
Sat on the nurse's knee:  
Says—"Mither dear, gi'e o'er this house,  
For the reek it smothers me."
- 21 ["I wou'd gi'e all my gold, my bairn,  
Sae wou'd I all my fee,  
For ae blast of the westlin' wind,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.]
- 22 "But I winna gi'e up my house, my dear,  
To nae sic traitor as he;  
Come weal, come woe, my jewels fair,  
Ye maun take share with me."
- 23 Oh, then out spake her daughter dear,  
She was baith jimp and small:  
"Oh, row me in a pair of sheets,  
And tow me o'er the wall."
- 24 They row'd her in a pair of sheets,  
And tow'd her o'er the wall;  
But on the point of Gordon's spear  
She got a deadly fall.
- 25 Oh, bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,  
And cherry were her cheeks;  
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,  
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.
- 26 Then with his spear he turn'd her o'er,  
Oh, gin her face was wan!  
He said—"You are the first that e'er  
I wish'd alive again."
- 27 He turn'd her o'er and o'er again,  
Oh, gin her skin was white!  
"I might ha'e spared that bonnie face  
To ha'e been some man's delight."

- 28 "Busk and boun, my merry men all,  
For ill dooms I do guess;  
I canna look on that bonnie face,  
As it lyes on the grass!"
- 29 "Wha looks to freits,\* my master dear,  
Their freits will follow them;  
Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon  
Was daunted with a dame."
- 30 [But when the ladye saw the fire  
Come flaming o'er her head,  
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain;  
Said—"Bairns, we been but dead."
- 31 The Gordon then his bugle blew,  
And said—"Away, away!  
The house of Towie is all in a flame,  
I hald it time to gae." †]
- 32 Oh, then he spied her ain dear lord,  
As he came o'er the lea;  
He saw his castle all in a flame,  
As far as he could see.
- 33 Then sair, oh sair his mind misgave,  
And oh, his heart was wae!  
"Put on, put on, my wighty ‡ men,  
As fast as ye can gae.
- 34 "Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
As fast as ye can drie;  
For he that is hindmost of the thrang  
Shall ne'er get gude of me!"
- 35 Then some they rade, and some they ran,  
Full fast out o'er the bent;  
But ere the foremost could win up,  
Baith ladye and babes were brent.§
- 36 [He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,  
And wept in tearful mood;  
"Ah, traitors! for this cruel deed,  
Ye shall weep tears of bluid."

\* "Freits:" omens.

† This stanza seems to be Percy's own. The *Reliques* text, however, reads "Rodes," in place of "Towie." The Percy MS. copy has the following:—

"Then Capitaine Carre he rode away,  
he staid noe longer at that tide,  
he thought that place it was to warme,  
soe neere for to abide."

‡ "Wighty:" valiant.

Brent:" burnt.

- 37 And after the Gordon he has gane,  
 Sae fast as he might drie;  
 And soon in the Gordon's foul heart's bluid  
 He's wroken \* his dear ladye. †]
- 38 And mony were the mudie ‡ men  
 Lay gasping on the green;  
 And mony were the fair ladyes  
 Lay lemanless at hame.
- 39 And mony were the mudie men  
 Lay gasping on the green;  
 For of fifty men the Gordon brocht,  
 There were but five gaed hame.
- 40 And round, and round the walls he went,  
 Their ashes for to view;  
 At last into the flames he flew,  
 And bade the world adieu.

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THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 15.

"This poem is published from a copy in the Bannatyne MS., in the handwriting of the Hon. Mr. Carmichael, advocate. It first appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, but some liberties have been taken by him in transcribing it; and, what is altogether unpardonable, the MS., which is itself rather inaccurate, has been interpolated to favour his readings; of which there remain obvious marks.

"The skirmish of the Reidswire happened upon the 7th of June, 1575, at one of the meetings held by the Wardens of the Marches, for arrangements necessary upon the Border. Sir John Carmichael, ancestor of the present Earl of Hyndford, § was the Scottish Warden, and Sir John Forster held that office on the English Middle March. In the course of the day, which was employed as usual in redressing wrongs, a bill, or indictment, at the instance of a Scottish complainer, was fouled (*i. e.*, found a true bill) against one Farnstein, a notorious English freebooter. Forster alleged that he had fled from justice: Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him 'play fair!' to which the haughty English Warden retorted, by some injurious expressions respecting Carmichael's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. His retinue, chiefly men of Redesdale and Tynedale, the most ferocious of the English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, discharged a

\* "Wroken:" revenged.

† The two highly-coloured stanzas numbered 36 and 37 appear to be Percy's own as no trace of them can be found elsewhere.

‡ "Mudie:" bold.

§ The title of Hyndford is now extinct (1830).

flight of arrows among the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which, Carmichael being beat down and made prisoner, success seemed at first to incline to the English side, till the Tynedale men, throwing themselves too greedily upon the plunder, fell into disorder; and a body of Jedburgh citizens arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Scots, who took prisoners, the English Warden, James Ogle, Cuthbert Collingwood, Francis Russell, son to the Earl of Bedford, and son-in-law to Forster, some of the Fenwicks, and several other Border chiefs. They were sent to the Earl of Morton, then Regent, who detained them at Dalkeith for some days, till the heat of their resentment was abated; which prudent precaution prevented a war betwixt the two kingdoms. He then dismissed them with great expressions of regard; and, to satisfy Queen Elizabeth,\* sent Carmichael to York, whence he was soon after honourably dismissed. The field of battle, called the Reidswire, is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh.—See, for these particulars, Godseroft, Spottiswoode, and Johnstone's *History*.

“The editor has adopted the modern spelling of the word Reidswire, to prevent the mistake in pronunciation which might be occasioned by the use of the Scottish ‘qu’ for ‘w.’ The MS. reads ‘Reidsquair.’ ‘Swair,’ or ‘swire,’ signifies the descent of a hill; and the epithet ‘Red’ is derived from the colour of the heath, or, perhaps, from the Reid Water, which rises at no great distance.”—Scott.

[The notes, which are also from the pen of Scott, are, in one or two instances, abridged.]

- 1 THE seventh of July, the suith to say,  
At the Reidswire the tryst was set;  
Our wardens they affixed the day,  
And, as they promised, so they met.  
Alas! that day I'll ne'er forgett!  
Was sure sae feard, and then sae faine—  
They came theare justice for to gett,  
Will never green † to come again.
- 2 Carmichael ‡ was our warden then,  
He caused the country to convey;

\* Her ambassador at Edinburgh refused to lie in a bed of state, which had been provided for him, till this “ouidious fact” had been inquired into.—Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. ii., p. 282.

† “Green:” long.

‡ Sir John Carmichael was a favourite of the Regent Morton, by whom he was appointed Warden of the Middle Marches, in preference to the Border Chieftains. [He] was murdered, 16th June, 1600, by a party of Borderers, at a place called Raesknows, near Lochmaben, whither he was going to hold a court of justice. Two of the ringleaders in the slaughter, Thomas Armstrong, called Ringan's Tam, and Adam Scott, called the Pecket, were tried at Edinburgh, at the instance of Carmichael of Edrom. They were condemned to have their right hand struck off, thereafter to be hanged, and their bodies gibbeted on the Borough Moor; which sentence was executed, 14th November, 1601. “This Pecket,” saith Birrel, in his *Diary*, “was one of the most notralie thieves that ever raid.” He calls his name Steill, which appears, from the record, to be a mistake. Four years afterwards, an Armstrong, called Sandy of Rowanburn, and several others of that tribe, were executed for this and other excesses.—*Books of Adjournal of these dates*.



And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,<sup>a</sup>  
 Brought in that sirname weel beseen :<sup>b</sup>  
 The Armestranges, that aye ha'e been  
 A hardy house, but not a hail,<sup>c</sup>  
 The Elliots' honours to maintaine,  
 Brought down the lave<sup>d</sup> of Liddesdale.

- 3 Then Tividale came to with speid ;  
 The Sheriffe brought the Douglas down,<sup>e</sup>  
 With Cranstane, Gladstain, good as need,<sup>f</sup>  
 Baith Rewle Water, and Hawick town.  
 Beanjeddart bauldy made him boun',  
 With all the Trumbills, stronge and stout ;  
 The Rutherfoords, with grit renown,  
 Convoy'd the town of Jedburgh out.<sup>g</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The Chief who led out the sirname of Scott upon this occasion was (saith Satchells) Walter Scott of Ancrum, a natural son of Walter of Buccleuch. The laird of Buccleuch was then a minor. The ballad seems to have been popular in Satchell's days, for he quotes it literally. He must, however, have been mistaken, in this particular; for the family of Scott of Ancrum, in all our books of genealogy, deduce their descent from the Scotts of Balwearie, in Fife, whom they represent. The first of this family, settled in Roxburghshire, is stated in Douglas' *Baronage* to have been Patrick Scott, who purchased the lands of Ancrum in the reign of James VI. He therefore could not be the Laird's Wat of the ballad; indeed, from the list of Border families in 1597, Kerr appears to have been proprietor of Ancrum at the date of the ballad. It is plainly written in the MS. the *Laird's Wat*, i. e., the laird's son Wat: notwithstanding which, it has always hitherto been printed the *Laird Wat*. If Douglas be accurate in his genealogy, the person meant must be the young laird of Buccleuch, afterwards distinguished for the surprise of Carlisle Castle.—See *Kinnmont Willie*. I am the more confirmed in this opinion, because Kerr of Ancrum was at this time a fugitive, for slaying one of the Rutherfords, and the tower of Ancrum given in keeping to the Turnbills, his hereditary enemies. His mother, however, a daughter of Home of Wedderburn, contrived to turn out the Turnbills, and possess herself of the place by surprise.—*Godscroft*, vol. ii., p. 250.

<sup>b</sup> "Weel beseen:" well appointed. The word occurs in *Morte d'Arthur*:—"And when Sir Percival saw this, he hied him thither, and found the ship covered with silke, more blacker than any beare; and therein was a gentlewoman, of great beutie, and she was richly *beseene*, that none might be better."

<sup>c</sup> This clan are here mentioned as not being hail, or whole, because they were outlawed or broken men. Indeed, many of them had become Englishmen, as the phrase then went. Accordingly we find, from Patten, that forty of them, under the Laird of Mangertoun, joined Somerset, upon his expedition into Scotland.—Patten, in *Dalyell's Fragments*, p. 1. There was an old alliance betwixt the Elliots and Armstrongs, here alluded to. For the enterprize of the Armstrongs, against their native country, when under English assurance, see Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. i., p. 43. From which it appears, that, by command of Sir Ralph Evers, this clan ravaged almost the whole West Border of Scotland.

<sup>d</sup> "Lave:" remainder.

<sup>e</sup> Douglas of Cavers, hereditary Sheriff of Teviotdale, descended from Black Archibald, who carried the standard of his father, the Earl of Douglas, at the battle of Otterbourne.—See the ballad of that name. [*Ante*, p. 424.]

<sup>f</sup> Cranstoun of that ilk, ancestor to Lord Cranstoun; and Gladstain of Gladstains.

<sup>g</sup> These were ancient and powerful clans, residing chiefly upon the river Jed. Hence, they naturally conveyed the town of Jedburgh out. Although notorious freebooters, they were specially patronized by Morton, who, by their means, endeavoured to counterpoise the power of Buccleuch and Fernihurst, during the civil wars attached to the Queen's faction. The following fragment of an old ballad is quoted in a letter from an aged gentleman of this name, residing in New York, to a friend in Scotland:—

"Bauld Rutherford, he was fou stout,  
 Wi' a' his nine sons him round about;  
 He led the town o' Jedburgh out,  
 All bravely fought that day."

- 4 Of other clans I cannot tell,  
 Because our warning was not wide—  
 Be this our folks ha'e ta'en the fell,  
 And planted down palliones,<sup>a</sup> there to bide,  
 We looked down the other side,  
 And saw come breasting o'er the brae,  
 With Sir John Forster for their guyde,<sup>b</sup>  
 Full fifteen hundred men and mae.
- 5 It grieved him sair that day, I trow,  
 With Sir George Hearoune of Schipsydehouse;<sup>c</sup>  
 Because we were not men enow,  
 They counted us not worth a louse.  
 Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,  
 But *he* was hail and het as fire;  
 And yet, for all his cracking crouse,<sup>d</sup>  
 He rew'd the raid of the Reidswire.
- 6 To deal with proud men is but pain;  
 For either must ye fight or flee,  
 Or else no answer make again,  
 But play the beast, and let them be.  
 It was nae wonder he was hie,  
 Had Tindaill, Reedsdail,<sup>e</sup> at his hand,  
 With Cukdail, Gladsdail on the lee,  
 And Hebsrime,<sup>f</sup> and Northumberland.
- 7 Yett was our meeting meek eneugh,  
 Begun with merriment and mowes,  
 And at the brae, aboon the heugh,  
 The clark sat down to call the rowes.<sup>g</sup>

<sup>a</sup> "Palliones:" tents.

<sup>b</sup> Sir John Forster, or, more properly, Forrester, of Balmbrough Abbey, Warden of the Middle Marches in 1561, was deputy-governor of Berwick, and governor of Balm-borough Castle. He made a great figure on the Borders, and is said, on his monument at Balmborough Church, to have possessed the office of Warden of the Mid Marches for thirty-seven years; indeed, if we can trust his successor, Carey, he retained the situation until he became rather unfit for its active duties. His family ended in the unfortunate Thomas Forster, one of the generals of the Northumbrian insurgents in 1715; and the estate, being forfeited, was purchased by his uncle, Lord Crewe, and devised for the support of his magnificent charity.

<sup>c</sup> George Heron Miles of Chipchase Castle, probably the same who was slain at the Reidswire, was Sheriff of Northumberland, 13th Elizabeth.

<sup>d</sup> "Cracking crouse:" talking big.

<sup>e</sup> These are districts, or dales, on the English Border.

<sup>f</sup> Mr. Ellis suggests, with great probability, that this is a mistake, not for Heburne, as the editor stated in an earlier edition, but for Hexham, which, with its territory, formed a county independent of Northumberland, with which it is here ranked.

<sup>g</sup> "Rowes:" rolls.

And some for kyne, and some for ewes,  
 Call'd in of Dandrie,<sup>a</sup> Hob, and Jock—  
 We saw come marching o'er the knowes,  
 Five hundred Fennicks<sup>b</sup> in a flock,—

- 8 With jack and spear, and bows all bent,  
 And warlike weapons at their will :  
 Although we were na weel content,  
 Yet, by my troth, we fear'd no ill.  
 Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,  
 And some to cards and dice them sped ;  
 Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,  
 And he was fugitive and fled.
- 9 Carmichaell bade them speik out plainlie,  
 And cloke no cause for ill nor good ;  
 The other, answering him as vainlie,  
 Began to reckon kin and blood :  
 He raise, and raxed<sup>c</sup> him where he stood,  
 And bade him match him with his marrows ;<sup>d</sup>  
 Then Tindaill heard them reasun rude,  
 And they loot off a flight of arrows.
- 10 Then was there nought but bow and spear,  
 And every man pull'd out a brand ;  
 " A Schafton and a Fennick " there :  
 Gude Symington was slain frae hand.  
 The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,  
 Frae time they saw John Robson slain—  
 What should they cry ? the King's command  
 Could cause no cowards turn again.
- 11 Up rose the laird to red the cumber,<sup>e</sup>  
 Which would not be for all his boast ;—  
 What could we doe with sic a number—  
 Fyve thousand men into a host ?  
 Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,<sup>f</sup>  
 And very narrowlie had mischief'd him,  
 And there we had our warden lost,  
 Wer't not the grit God he relieved him.

<sup>a</sup> ["Dandrie:" Andrew.]

<sup>b</sup> The Fenwicks; a powerful and numerous Northumberland clan. The original seat of this ancient family was at Fenwick tower, long since ruinous; but, from the time of Henry IV., their principal mansion was Wallington. Sir John Fenwick, attainted and executed for treason in the reign of William III., represented the chieftain of this clan.

<sup>c</sup> "Raise, and raxed him:" rose, and stretched himself up.

<sup>d</sup> "Marrows:" equals.

<sup>e</sup> "Red the cumber:" quell the tumult.

<sup>f</sup> "Cost:" signifies loss or risk.

- 12 Another throw the breiks him bair,  
 Whill flatlies to the ground he fell:  
 Than thought I weel we had lost him there,  
 Into my stomach it struck a knell!  
 Yet up he raise, the treuth to tell ye,  
 And laid about him dints full dour;  
 His horsemen they raid sturdilie,  
 And stude about him in the stoure.
- 13 Then raise the slogan with ane shout—  
 “Fy, Tindail, to it! Jedburgh’s here!”<sup>a</sup>  
 I trow he was not half sae stout,  
 But anis his stomach was asteir.<sup>b</sup>  
 With gun and genzie,<sup>c</sup> bow and spear,  
 Men might see mony a cracked crown!  
 But up amang the merchant geir,  
 They were as busy as we were down.
- 14 The swallow tail frae tackles flew,<sup>d</sup>  
 Five hundredth flain into a flight.  
 But we had pestelets enew,  
 And shot among them as we might,  
 With help of God the game gaed right,  
 Frae time the foremost of them fell;  
 Then o’er the knowe, without goodnight,  
 They ran with mony a shout and yell.
- 15 But after they had turned backs, :  
 Yet Tindail men they turn’d again,  
 And had not been the merchant packs,<sup>f</sup>  
 There had been mae of Scotlahd slain.

<sup>a</sup> The gathering-word peculiar to a certain name, or set of people, was termed “slogan,” or “slughorn,” and was always repeated at an onset, as well as on many other occasions. The custom of crying the slogan or ensenzie, is often alluded to in all our ancient histories and poems. It was usually the name of the clan, or place of rendezvous, or leader. In 1335, the English, led by Thomas of Roslyne, and William Moubray, assaulted Aberdeen. The former was mortally wounded in the onset; and, as his followers were pressing forward, shouting “Rosslyne! Rosslyne!” “Cry Moubray,” said the expiring chieftain: “Rosslyne is gone!” The Highland clans had also their appropriate slogans. The Macdonalds cried Frich (heather); the Macphersons, Craig-Ubh; the Grants, Craig-Elachie; and the Macfarlanes, Loch-Sloy.

<sup>b</sup> “But,” &c.: till once his anger was set up.

<sup>c</sup> “Genzie:” engine of war.

<sup>d</sup> The Scots, on this occasion, seem to have had chiefly firearms; the English retaining still their partiality for their ancient weapon, the longbow. It also appears, by a letter from the Duke of Norfolk to Cecil, that the English Borderers were unskilful in firearms; or, as he says, “our countrymen be not so commyng with shots as I woolde wishe.”—See Murdin’s *State Papers*, vol. i., p. 319.

<sup>e</sup> “Flain:” arrows; hitherto absurdly printed slain.

<sup>f</sup> The ballad-maker here ascribes the victory to the real cause; for the English Borderers, dispersing to plunder the merchandise, gave the opposite party time to recover from their surprise. It seems to have been usual for travelling merchants to attend Border meetings, although one would have thought the kind of company usually assembled there might have deterred them.



But, Jesu! if the folks were fain  
To put the bussing on their thies;  
And so they fled, with all their main,  
Down o'er the brae, like clogged bees.

16 Sir Francis Russell <sup>a</sup> ta'en was there,  
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;  
Proud Wallinton <sup>b</sup> was wounded sair,  
Albeit he be a Fennick fierce.  
But if you wald a souldier search,  
Among them all were ta'en that night,  
Was nane sae wordie to put in verse,  
As Collingwood, <sup>c</sup> that courteous knight.

17 Young Henry Schafton, <sup>d</sup> he is hurt;  
A souldier shot him wi' a bow;  
Scotland has cause to mak' great sturt,  
For laiming of the Laird of Mowe. <sup>e</sup>  
The Laird's Wat did weel indeed;  
His friends stood stoutlie by hinsell,  
With little Gladstain, gude in need,  
For Gretein <sup>f</sup> kend na gude be ill.

18 The Sheriffe wanted not gude will,  
Howbeit he might not fight so fast;  
Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill, <sup>g</sup>  
Three, on they laid weel at the last.

<sup>a</sup> Son to the Earl of Bedford, and Warden of the East Marches. He was, at this time, chamberlain of Berwick. He was afterwards killed in a fray of a similar nature, at a Border meeting between the same Sir John Forster (father-in-law to Russell) and Thomas Ker of Fairniehurst, A. D. 1585.

<sup>b</sup> Fenwick of Wallington, a powerful Northumbrian chief.

<sup>c</sup> Sir Cuthbert Collingwood of Esslington, Sheriff of Northumberland, the 10th and 20th of Elizabeth. Besides these gentlemen, James Ogle, and many other Northumbrians of note, were made prisoners. Sir George Heron, of Chipchase and Ford, was slain, to the great regret of both parties, being a man highly esteemed by the Scots as well as the English. When the prisoners were brought to Morton, at Dalkeith, and, among other presents, received from him some Scottish falcons, one of his train observed, that the English were nobly treated, since they got live *hawks* for dead *herons*.—*Godscroft*.

<sup>d</sup> The Shaftoes are an ancient family, settled at Bavington, in Northumberland, since the time of Edward I.; of which Sir Cuthbert Shaftoe, Sheriff of Northumberland in 1795, is the present representative.

<sup>e</sup> An ancient family on the Borders. The lands of Mowe are situated upon the river Bowmont, in Roxburghshire. The family is now represented by William Molle, Esq., of Mains, who has restored the ancient spelling of the name. The Laird of Mowe, here mentioned, was the only gentleman of note killed in the skirmish on the Scottish side.

<sup>f</sup> Graden, a family of Kers.

<sup>g</sup> Douglas of Beanjeddart, an ancient branch of the House of Cavers, possessing property near the junction of the Jed and Teviot. Hundlie: Rutherford of Hundlie or Hundalee, situated on the Jed above Jedburgh. Hunthill: the old tower of Hunthill was situated about a mile above Jedburgh. It was the patrimony of an ancient family of Rutherfords. I suppose the person here meant to be the same who is renowned in tradition by the name of the Cock of Hunthill. His sons were executed for March-treason, or Border-theft, along with the lairds of Corbet, Greenhead, and Overton, A. D. 1588.—*Johnstone's History*, p. 129.



Except the horsemen of the guard,  
 If I could put men to availe,  
 None stoutlier stood out for their laird,  
 Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

- 19 But little harness had we there;  
 But auld Badreule <sup>a</sup> had on a jack,  
 And did right weel, I you declare,  
 With all his Trumbills at his back.  
 Gude Edderstane <sup>b</sup> was not to lack,  
 Nor Kirktoun, Newton, noble men! <sup>c</sup>  
 Thir's <sup>d</sup> all the specials I of speake,  
 By <sup>e</sup> others that I cou'd not ken.
- 20 Who did invent that day of play,  
 We need not fear to find him soon;  
 For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,  
 Made us this noisome afternoon.  
 Not that I speak preceislie out,  
 That he supposed it would be perril;  
 But pride, and breaking out of feud,  
 Gar'd Tindail lads begin the quarrel. <sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Sir Andrew Turnbull, of Bedrule, upon Rule Water. This old laird was so notorious a thief, that the principal gentlemen of the clans of Hume and Kerr refused to sign a bond of alliance, to which he, with the Turnbills and Rutherfords, was a party; alleging that their proposed allies had stolen Hume of Wedderburn's cattle. The authority of Morton, however, compelled them to digest the affront. The debate (and a curious one it is) may be seen at length in *Godscroft*, vol. i., p. 221. The Rutherfords became more lawless after having been deprived of the countenance of the court, for slaying the nephew of Forman, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who had attempted to carry off the heiress of Rutherford. This lady was afterwards married to James Stewart of Traquair, son to James, Earl of Buchan, according to a Papal bull, dated 9th November, 1504. By this lady a great estate in Teviotdale fell to the family of Traquair, which was sold by James, Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties to which he was reduced by his loyal exertions in favour of Charles I.

<sup>b</sup> An ancient family of Rutherfords; I believe, indeed, the most ancient now extant.

<sup>c</sup> "Kirktoun:" the parish of Kirktoun belonged, I believe, about this time, to a branch of the Cavers family; but Kirkton of Stewartfield is mentioned in the list of Border clans in 1597. "Newton:" this is probably Grinslaw of Little Newton, mentioned in the said roll of Border clans.

<sup>d</sup> "Thir's:" these are. "By:" besides.

<sup>e</sup> In addition to what has been said of the ferocity of the Reedisdale and Tynedale men, may be noticed a by-law of the incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle, in 1564, which, alleging evil repute of these districts for thefts and felonies, enacts, that no apprentices shall be taken "proceeding from such leude and wicked progenitors." This law, though in desuetude, subsisted until 1771.

## BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 44.

"Is probably a Lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlivet, stricken on Thursday, the 3d day of October, 1594 years.\* Of this ballad Mr. Finlay had only recovered [eight lines], which he has given in the preface to his *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, p. xxxiii., introduced by the following remarks:—'There is another fragment still remaining, which appears to have belonged to a ballad of adventure, perhaps of real history. I am acquainted with no poem of which the lines, as they stand, can be supposed to have formed a part.'"  
—Motherwell.

A slightly different version appears in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. v., p. 42.

Mr. Maidment, however, reasons with great plausibility, that this Lament commemorates the assassination of John Campbell of Calder, in 1591. He was either father or brother to the lady who perished in the Castle of Towie, *ante*, p. 520.—See Maidment's *Scottish Ballads*, &c., vol. i., p. 240.

- 1 HIE upon Highlands,  
And low upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell  
Rade out on a day.  
Saddled and bridled  
And bootied rade he;  
Hame came his gude horse,  
But never came he!
- 2 Out came his auld mither  
Greetin' full sair,  
And out came his bonnie bride  
Rivin' her hair.  
Saddled and bridled  
And bootied rade he;  
Toom hame came the saddle,  
But never came he!
- 3 "My meadow lies green,  
And my corn is unshorn;  
My barn is to bigg,  
And my babie's unborn."  
Saddled and bridled  
And bootied rade he;  
Toom hame came the saddle,  
But never came he!

\* Gordon's *Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland*.

## THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.

From Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. ii., p. 188.

“ ‘The 7 of Februarij this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntly, at his house in Duni-brissell, in Fyffeshyre, and with him Dumbar, Shriffe of Murray ; it [was] given out, and publickly talked that the Earle of Huntly was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the Kinges jelsie of Murray, quhom the Queine, more rashlie than wyslie, some few dayes before had commedit in the Kinges heiringe, with too many epithetts of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmisses procedit from proclamations of the Kinges the 18 of Marche following, inhibitting the younge Earle of Murray to persew the Earle of Huntly for his father's slaughter, in respecte he, being wardit in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abyde his tryell ; averring that he had done nothing, bot by the King's ma<sup>tes</sup> commissione : and so was neither airt nor pairt of the murther.’—*Annales of Scotland by Sir James Balfour*, vol. i., Edin. 1824. For other accounts of this transaction, see Spottiswood, Moyse's *Memoires*, Calderwood's *History of the Church*, and Gordon's *Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland*.”—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 78.

If Dr. Chambers's theory relative to “ Young Waters ” (*ante*, p. 454) be correct, the jealousy characteristic of James I. of Scotland seems to have coursed with full vigour in the blood of his descendant James the 6th of Scotland and 1st of England, and led to a tragic incident so analogous in its alleged motive, that the former ballad has been by some supposed to refer to this latter event.

- 1 YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,  
Oh, where ha'e ye been ?  
They ha'e slain the Earl of Murray,  
And ha'e lain him on the green.
- 2 Now wae be to thee, Huntly !  
And wherefore did you say ?  
I bade you bring him with you,  
But forbade you him to slay.
- 3 He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring ;  
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,  
Oh ! he might ha'e, been a king.
- 4 He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the ba' ;  
And the bonnie Earl of Murray  
Was the flower among them a'.

- 5 He was a braw gallant,  
 And he play'd at the gluve;  
 And the bonnie Earl of Murray,  
 Oh! he was the Queene's luvè.
- 6 Oh! lang will his ladye  
 Look o'er the castle Downe,  
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
 Come sounding thro' the towne.

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THE EARL OF MURRAY.

From Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 21.

"Is a different ballad from the one that precedes it; but, owing to the same peculiarity of measure of both, Mr. Finlay conjectures, which is not at all unlikely, that they may at one period have been united."—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 80.

"It resembles, in its structure of verse, the fragment of 'Bonnie George Campbell.' Several of the phrases employed are all but identical."—Dr. Charles Mackay's *Ballads of Scotland*, p. 161.

- 1 "OPEN the gates,  
 And let him come in;  
 He is my brother Huntly,  
 He'll do him nae harm."
- 2 He's ben and ben,  
 And ben to his bed;  
 And with a sharp rapier  
 He stabbed him dead.
- 3 The ladye came down the stair,  
 Wringing her hands:  
 "He has slain the Earl of Murray,  
 The flower of Scotland."
- 4 But Huntly lap on his horse,  
 Rade to the King:  
 "Ye're welcome hame, Huntly;  
 And where ha'e ye been?"
- 5 "Where ha'e ye been?  
 And how ha'e ye sped?"  
 "I've killed the Earl of Murray,  
 Dead in his bed."

- 6 "Foul fa' you, Huntly;  
And why did ye so?  
You might ha'e ta'en the Earl of Murray,  
And saved his life too."
- 7 "Her bread it's to bake,  
Her yill is to brew;  
My sister's a widow,  
And sair do I rue."
- 8 "Her corn grows ripe,  
Her meadows grow green;  
But in bonnie Dinnibristle  
I darena be seen."

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### THE LAIRD O' LOGIE.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 128.

"An edition of this ballad is current, under the title of 'The Laird of Ochiltree;' but the editor, since the first publication of this work, has been fortunate enough to recover the following more correct and ancient copy, as recited by a gentleman residing near Biggar. It agrees more nearly, both in the name and in the circumstances, with the real fact, than the printed ballad of Ochiltree.

"In the year 1592, Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, was agitating his frantic and ill-concerted attempts against the person of James VI., whom he endeavoured to surprise in the Palace of Falkland. Through the emulation and private rancour of the courtiers, he found adherents even about the king's person; among whom, it seems, was the hero of our ballad, whose history is thus narrated in that curious and valuable chronicle, of which the first part has been published under the title of 'The Historie of king James the Sext: '--

"In this close tyme it fortunit, that a gentleman, callit Weymis of Logye, being also in credence at court, was delatit as a traffekker with Frances erle Bothwell; and he, being examinat before king and counsall, confessit his accusation to be of veritie, that sundry tymes he had spokin with him, expresslie aganis the king's inhibitioun proclamit in the contrare, whilk confession he subscriyvit with his hand; and because the event of this mater had sic a success, it shall also be praysit be my pen, as a worthie turne, proceeding from honest chest love and charitie, whilk suld on na wayis be obscurit from the posteritie, for the gude example; and therefore I have thought gude to insert the same for a perpetual memorie.

"Queen Anne, our noble princess, was servit with dyverss gentilwomen of hir awin cuntrie, and naymelie with ane callit Mrs Margaret Twynstoun,\* to whome this gentilman, Weymes of Logye, bure great honest affection, tending to the godlie band of marriage, the whilk was honestlie requytet be the said gentilwoman, yea even in his greatest mister; † for howsone she understude the said gentilman

\* Twynlace, according to Spottiswoode.

† "Mister:" necessity.



to be in distress, and apperantlie be his confession to be puneist to the death, and she having prevelege to ly in the queynis chalmer that same verie night of his accusation, whare the king was also reposing that same night, she came furth of the dure prevelie, bayth the precnis being then at quyet rest, and past to the chalmer, whare the said gentilman was put in custodie to certayne of the garde, and commandit thayme that immediatelie he sould be broght to the king and queyne, whereunto they, geving sure credence, obeyet. But howsome she was cum bak to the chalmer dur, she desyrit the watches to stay till he sould cum furth agayne, and so she closit the dur, and convoyit the gentilman to a windo', whare she ministrat a long corde unto him to convoy himself doun upon; and sa, be hir gude cheritable help, he happelie escapit be the subteltie of love.'"  
—Scott.

["The keepers, waiting upon his return, stayed there till the morning, and then found themselves deceived. This, with the manner of the escape, ministered great occasion of laughter; and, not many days after, the king being pacified by the queen's means, he was pardoned, and took to wife the gentlewoman who had, in this sort, hazarded her credit for his safety."—Spottiswoode.

Stanza 3 is added from the copy as reprinted by Motherwell. (See note to text.)

The version referred to above, under the title of "The Young Laird of Ochiltrie," follows.

Mr. Motherwell mentions that "there is another set of it to be found in stall prints, which has a chance of being the original ballad, as composed at the time of the Laird's deliverance in 1592."—*Minstrelsy*, p. lxix., note 20.

The same diligent writer, referring to "the writings of the early English Dramatists," and to the "numberless snatches of ancient ditties introduced" by them in their writings, states:—"In 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' Old Merrythought gives this verse, evidently a portion of a Scottish song, both in subject and style; perhaps it may have belonged to some edition of the popular ballad of 'The Laird of Logie:'"—

'She cares not for her mammy, nor  
She cares not for her daddy, for  
She is, she is, she is  
My lord of Lowgave's lassie.'—*Minstrelsy*, p. xl]

- 1 I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,  
If ye will hearken unto me;  
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,  
The wanton laird o' young Logie.
- 2 Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel;  
Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;\*  
And may Margaret's lamenting sair,  
All for the love of young Logie.

\* Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, the hero of the ballad called "The Raid of the Reidswire," was appointed captain of the king's guard in 1583, and usually had the keeping of state criminals of rank.

- 3 [May Margaret sits in the queen's bow'r,  
Kincking her fingers ane be ane,  
Cursing the day that e'er she was born,  
Or that she e'er heard o' Logie's name.\*]
- 4 "Lament, lament na, may Margaret,  
And of your weeping let me be;  
For ye maun to the king himsel',  
To seek the life of young Logie."
- 5 May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,  
And she has curled back her yellow hair;  
"If I canna get young Logie's life,  
Farewell to Scotland for evermair."
- 6 When she came before the king,  
She knelt [down] lowly on her knee;  
"Oh, what's the matter, may Margaret?  
And what needs all this courtesie?"
- 7 "A boon, a boon, my noble liege,  
A boon, a boon, I beg of thee!  
And the first boon that I come to crave,  
Is to grant me the life of young Logie."
- 8 "Oh na, oh na, may Margaret,  
Forsooth, and so it maunna be;  
For all the gowd of fair Scotland  
Shall not save the life of young Logie."
- 9 But she has stown the king's redding-kaim,†  
Likewise the queen her wedding-knife,  
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,  
To cause young Logie get his life.
- 10 She sent him a purse of the red gowd,  
Another of the white monie;  
She sent him a pistol for each hand,  
And bade him shoot when he gat free.
- 11 When he came to the tolbooth stair,  
There he let his volley flee;  
It made the king in his chamber start,  
E'en in the bed where he might be.

\* ["The third stanza in the present copy was obtained from recitation; and, as it describes very naturally the agitated behaviour of a person who, like May Margaret, had high interests at stake, it was considered worthy of being preserved."—Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, p. 56.]

† "Redding-kaim;" comb for the hair.

- 12 "Gae out, gae out, my merry men all,  
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;  
For I'll lay my life the pledge of that,  
That yon 's the shot of young Logie."
- 13 When Carmichael came before the king,  
He fell low down upon his knee;  
The very first word that the king spake,  
Was—"Where 's the laird o' young Logie?"
- 14 Carmichael turn'd him round about,  
(I wot the tear blinded his e'e,)  
"There came a token frae your grace,  
Has ta'en away the laird frae me."
- 15 "Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?  
And hast thou play'd me that?" quoth he;  
"The morn the justice-court 's to stand,  
And Logie's place ye maun supplic."
- 16 Carmichael 's awa to Margaret's bow'r,  
E'en as fast as he may dree:  
"Oh, if young Logie be within,  
Tell him to come and speak with me!"
- 17 May Margaret turn'd her round about,  
(I wot a loud [loud] laugh laugh'd she,)  
"The egg is chipp'd, the bird is flown,  
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie."
- 18 The ane is shipp'd at the pier o' Leith,  
The other at the Queen's Ferrie;  
[And may Margaret has gotten her love,\*]  
The wanton laird of young Logie.

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 THE YOUNG LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE.

From Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 21.

Dr. Chambers, in his *Scottish Ballads*, p. 80, gives a version collated from the following and the preceding; but, notwithstanding some admixture of his own, the result is not very satisfactory, as it makes, in several instances, a somewhat confused jumble.

- 1 OH, listen, gude people, to my tale,  
Listen to what I tell to thee;  
The king has taken a poor prisoner,  
The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

\* [Slightly altered, in the interest of truth and delicacy.]

- 2 When news came to our gudely queen,  
She sigh'd, and said right mournfullie,—  
“Oh, what will come of Ladye Marg'ret,  
Wha bears sic love to Ochiltrie?”
- 3 Ladye Marg'ret tore her yellow hair,  
When as the queen told her the same:  
“I wish that I had ne'er been born,  
Nor e'er had known Ochiltrie's name.”
- 4 “Fie, na!” quoth the queen, “that maunna be;  
Fie, na! [fie, na!] that maunna be;  
I'll find ye out a better way  
To save the life of Ochiltrie.”
- 5 The queen she trippit up the stair,  
And lowly knelt upon her knee:  
“The first boon which I come to crave,  
Is the life of gentle Ochiltrie.”
- 6 “Oh, if you had ask'd me castles or tow'rs,  
I wou'd ha'e gi'en them, twa or three;  
But all the money in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the life of Ochiltrie.”
- 7 The queen she trippit down the stair,  
And down she gaed right mournfullie:  
“It's all the money in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the life of Ochiltrie.”
- 8 Ladye Marg'ret tore her yellow hair,  
When as the queen told her the same:  
“I'll take a knife and end my life,  
And be in the grave as soon as him.”
- 9 “Ah! fie, na! fie, na!” quoth the queen;  
“Fie, na! fie, na! this maunna be;  
I'll set ye on a better way  
To save the life of Ochiltrie.”
- 10 The queen she slippit up the stair,  
And she gaed up right privatlie,  
And she has stolen the prison keys,  
And gane and set free Ochiltrie.
- 11 And she's gi'en him a purse of gowd,  
And another of [the] white money,  
She's gi'en him twa pistols by his side,  
Saying to him—“Shoot when ye win free.”

- 12 And when he came to the queen's window,  
 Whaten a joyful shout ga'e he!  
 "Peace be to our royal queen,  
 And peace be in her companie!"
- 13 "Oh, whaten a voice is that?" quoth the king,  
 "Whaten a voice is that?" quoth he;  
 "Whaten a voice is that?" quoth the king;—  
 "I think it's the voice of Ochiltrie.
- 14 "Go call to me my gaolers all,  
 Call them by thirty and by three;  
 For on the morn, at twelve o'clock,  
 It's hangit shall they ilk ane be."
- 15 "Oh, didna ye send your keys to us?  
 Ye sent them be thirty and be three;  
 And with them sent a straight command,  
 To set at large young Ochiltrie."
- 16 "Ah, na! fie, na!" quoth the queen,  
 "Fie, my dear love, this maunna be;  
 And if ye're gaun to hang them all,  
 Indeed, ye maun begin with me."
- 17 The ane was shippit at the pier of Leith,  
 The other at the Queensferrie;  
 And now the ladye has gotten her love,  
 The winsome laird of Ochiltrie.

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WILLIE MACINTOSH; OR, THE BURNING OF  
 AUCHINDOUN.

Mr. Finlay first published four stanzas of this ballad in his *Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 97.

Other four stanzas were afterwards published by Mr. Laing, in *The Thistle of Scotland*, p. 106.

The same number of stanzas of a third version were copied by Mr. Whitelaw, in 1854, from "an Aberdeen newspaper;" in which, he states, they appeared "about thirty years ago, with the following note prefixed:—'In 1592 the Mackintoshes, or clan Chattan, having offended Gordon of Huntly and Strathbogie, to whom they were vassals, the latter vowed vengeance, which the former fearing, requested their chief to proceed to Auchindoun Castle, the residence of their offended superior, and sue for peace. On his arrival there, Gordon was unfortunately from home: he was, however, introduced to his lady, to whom he told on what errand he had come, and pleaded for her intercession; but she told him that she was sure her



lord would not be satisfied until the head of the chief of the clan Chattan was fixed on the castle gate. The chief despising her threat, and bowing scornfully low before he should depart, she snatched a sword from the wall, and severed his head from his body. His clan, on hearing of the "horrid deed," assembled under his son and successor, and marched to Auchindoun Castle in the dead of night, which they plundered and set on fire. The lady made her escape, but several of the inmates perished in the flames. The ruins of this baronial residence are still to be seen on the banks of the river Fiddich, in Banffshire."—Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads*, p. 248.

Stanza 1 is from Finlay; 2 and 3 are nearly the same in all three; 4 is from Laing, and 5 from Whitelaw. It will be remembered that Auchindoun was the seat of Adam o' Gordon.

- 1 As I came in by Fiddich-side,  
In a May morning,  
I met Willie MacIntosh  
An hour before the dawning.
- 2 "Turn, Willie MacIntosh,  
Turn, turn, I bid ye;  
If ye burn Auchindoun,  
Huntly he will head ye."
- 3 "Head me, or hang me,  
That winna fley me;  
I'll burn Auchindoun,  
Ere the life lea'e me."
- 4 Coming o'er Cairn Croom,  
And looking down, man,  
I saw Willie MacIntosh  
Burn Auchindoun, man.
- 5 Light was the mirk hour  
At the day dawning,  
For Auchindoun was in a flame  
Ere the cock crawing.

---

### THE BATTLE OF BALRINNES.

The Catholic Earls of Huntly and Errol, with their associates and retainers in the North—then, as it seems, in the interest of and subsidized by gold from Spain—were opposed with all the bitterness of religious and party rancour, by the adherents of the Kirk, then dominant at Court, and whose "avowed object was to depose *Anti-christ*," and to spoil the Egyptians, or Catholic lords, in the interest of the Kirk, the English alliance, and, it may be, with some view, on the part of many, to their own special benefit.

“On the 21st of September, 1594, Argyle, having received the royal commission to pursue Huntly and his associates, set out on his expedition at the head of a force of six thousand men.” This force consisted, for the most part, of hastily levied and poorly armed Highlanders. But Argyle, who was only nineteen, ardent, and eager to revenge the murder of his brother-in-law, “the bonnie Earl of Murray,” pressed forward to meet Huntly; “to whom he sent a message, that within three days he meant to sleep at Strathbogie. To this taunting challenge Huntly replied, that Argyle should be welcome: he would himself be his porter, and open all the gates of his palace to his young friend; but he must not take it amiss if he rubbed his cloak against Argyle’s plaid ere they parted.” Argyle’s army—augmented by a rabble of “*rascals and pokebearers*,” as they are designated by Bowes, Queen Elizabeth’s representative—numbered about ten thousand men. On the other hand, the Catholic earls were unable to muster more than fifteen hundred, or at most two thousand men; “but of these the greater part were resolute and gallant gentlemen; all well mounted and fully armed; and among them some officers of veteran experience, who had served in the Low Countries. They had, besides, six pieces of ordnance, which were placed under the charge of Captain Andrew Gray, who afterwards commanded the English and Scottish auxiliaries in Bohemia.”\*

Having thus stated the circumstances which led to the battle, the ballad itself may be left to tell its own tale, as to the incidents of the fight.

The action is variously styled “The Battle of Balrinnis,” of “Glenlivet,” or “Strathaven.” It was fought on the 3d of October, 1594.

Two copies of an edition printed at Edinburgh, in 1681, 12mo, exist one in Pepys’ collection (*ante*, p. 181), and the other in the Advocates’ Library.

A copy, probably printed from the latter, appears in “*Scottish Poems, of the XVI. Century*, Edinburgh, 1801; one of the numerous useful publications, illustrative of Scottish history, edited by Mr. Dalzell, Advocate.”

The first four stanzas appear in Jamieson’s *Popular Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 144.

Another version, obviously printed from a stall copy, occurs in *Scarce Ancient Ballads*, p. 29, Aberdeen, 1822.

Stanza 3, from Jamieson’s, and stanzas 27, 33, 34, 39, and 40, from Laing’s versions, as here inserted within brackets, do not occur in Dalzell’s copy. The orthography has been modernized, and a few obvious errors corrected.

- 1 FRAE Dunnoter to Aberdeen,  
 I rase and took the way,  
 Believing weel that it had been  
 Not half ane hour to day.

\* Tytler’s *History of Scotland*, A. D. 1594.

- The lift was clad with cloudis gray,  
 And ower maskit was the moon,  
 Which me deceived where I lay,  
 And made me rise ower soon.
- 2 On Towie Mount I met a man  
 Well graithed in his gear;  
 Quoth I—"What news?" then he began  
 To tell a fitt of weir  
 Quoth he—"The ministers, I fear,  
 A bloody browst have brewn;  
 For yesterday, withouten mair,  
 On ane hill at Stradown,
- 3 ["I saw three lords in battle fight  
 Right furiously awhile,  
 Huntlie and Errol, as they hight,  
 Were both against Argyle.  
 Turn back with me and ride a milo,  
 And I shall make it kenn'd,  
 How they began the form and style,  
 And of the battle's end."]
- 4 Then I, as any man would be,  
 Desirous 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 rade;  
 Then he began the sooth to show,  
 And on this wise he said:—
- 5 MacCallen More came frae the west,  
 With mony a bow and brand;  
 To waste the Rhinnes he thought best,  
 The Earl of Huntlie's land.  
 He swore that none shou'd him gainstand,  
 Except that he were fey,  
 But all shou'd be at his command,  
 That dwelt be north of Tay.
- 6 Then Huntlie, to prevent that peril,  
 Directit hastilie,  
 Unto the noble Earl of Errol  
 Besought him for supplie.  
 Wha said—"It is my dutie  
 For to give Huntlie support,  
 For if he loses Strathbogie,  
 My Slaines \* will be ill hurt.

\* Slaines Castle, the seat of the Earl of Errol.

- 7 "Therefore I hald the subject vain,  
 Wou'd reave us of our right,  
 First shall one of us be slain,  
 The other tak' the flight.  
 Suppose Argyle be much of might,  
 By force of Hielandmen;  
 We 's be a mote into his sight,  
 Or he pass hame again.
- 8 "Be blithe, my merry men, be blithe,  
 Argyle shall have the worse,  
 Gif he into this country kythe,\*  
 I houp in God his cross!"  
 Then leap'd this lord upon his horse,  
 And with warlike troop frae Turray, †  
 To meet with Huntlie and his force,  
 Rade to Elgin in the Murray.
- 9 The same night that those two lords met,  
 I wot 'twou'd be thought long;  
 To tell you all, (I have forgot,)  
 The mirth was them among.  
 Then pipers play'd, and songsters sang,  
 To glad the merry host;  
 Wha fear'd not the foemen strong,  
 Nor yet Argyle his boast.
- 10 They for two days wou'd not remove,  
 But blithely drank the wine;  
 Some to his lass, some to his love,  
 Some to his ladye fine.  
 And he that thought not for to blyne, ‡  
 His mistress' token tak's,  
 They kiss'd it first, and set it syne  
 Upon their helms and jacks.
- 11 They pass'd their time right wantonlie,  
 Till word came at the last,  
 Argyle, with ane great armie,  
 Approachèd wond'rous fast.  
 Then frae the toun those Barons pass'd,  
 And Huntlie to them said,—  
 "Gude gentlemen, we will us cast  
 To Strathbogie, but beed." §

\* "Kythe:" is found.

† "Turray:" Turriff, in Aberdeenshire.

‡ "Blyne:" stop. Seems to mean here, not to shrink in the battle.

§ "Beed:" without delay.

- 12 When they unto Strathbogie came,  
 To council soon they gaed;  
 There to see how things might frame,\*  
 For they had meikle need.  
 They vowed them unto a deed,  
 As kirkmen cou'd devise,  
 Syne pray'd that they might find good speed  
 Of their gude enterprise.
- 13 Then every man himself did arm,  
 To meet MacCallen More,  
 Unto Strathdoun, who did great harm  
 The Wednesday before.  
 As lions do poor lambs devour,  
 With bluidie teeth and nails,  
 They brent the biggings, took the store,  
 Syne slew the people's sells.
- 14 Beside all this hie crueltye,  
 He said, ere he should cease,  
 The standing-stones of Strathbogie  
 Should be his pallion's place.  
 But Huntlie said—"With God his grace,  
 First we shall fight them ones,  
 Perchance that they may tak' the chase,  
 Ere they come to the stones!"
- 15 Those Lords kept on at afternoon  
 With all their weirmen wight,  
 Then sped up to the Cabrach soon,  
 Where they bade all that night.  
 Upon the morn, when day was light,  
 They raise and made them boune,  
 Intil ane castle that stood on height;  
 They called it Auchindoun.
- 16 Beside that castle, on a croft,  
 They stended pallions there;  
 Then spak' a man that had been oft  
 In jeopardie of weir:  
 "My Lords, your foes they are to fear,  
 Though we were never so stout,  
 Therefore command some men of weir  
 To watch the rest about."
- 17 By this was done, some gentlemen,  
 Of noble kin and bluid,  
 To council with those Lords began,  
 Of matters to conclude:

\* "Frame:" take form.



- For weel enough they understood  
 The matter was of weight,  
 They hadna so manie men of good,  
 In battle for to fight.
- 18 The firstin man in council spak',  
 Good Errol, it was he;  
 Who says—"I will the vanguard tak',  
 And leading upon me.  
 My Lord Huntlie, come succour me,  
 When ye see me opprest;  
 For frae the field I will not flee,  
 So lang as I may last."
- 19 Thereat some Gordons waxed wraith,  
 And said he did them wrong:  
 To let this lord then they were laith,  
 First to the battle gang.  
 The meeting that was them among,  
 Was no men that it heard;  
 But Huntlie, with ane troop full strong,  
 Bade into the rear-guard.
- 20 This was the number of their force,  
 Those Lords to battle led;  
 Ane thousand gentlemen on horse,  
 And some footmen they had;  
 Three hundred that shot arrows braid,  
 Four score that hagbuts bore;  
 This was the number that they had,  
 Of footmen with them sure.
- 21 Thus with their noble chivalry  
 They marched into the field;  
 Argyle, with ane great armie,  
 Upon ane hill ta'en bield;  
 Abiding them with spear and shield,  
 With bullets, darts, and bows;  
 The men could weel their weapons wield,  
 To meet them was nae mows.\*
- 22 When they so near other were come,  
 That ilk man saw his foe,  
 "Go to, essay the game," said some;  
 But Captain Ker † said, "No:

\* See "Battle of Harlaw," stanza 19, line 5, *ante*, p. 448.

† "Captain Ker." This personage is usually supposed to be the perpetrator of the Towie tragedy, but this identification seems doubtful, as the latter is named "Andrew," while the "Captain Ker" here referred to is named, by Tytler, "Thomas."

- First let the guns before us go,  
That they may break the order."  
Quoth baith the Lords—"Let it be so,  
Or ever we gae farder."\*
- 23 Then Andrew Gray, upon ane horse,  
Betwixt the battles rade,  
Making the sign of hally cross,  
"In manus tuas," he said.  
He lighted there the guns to lead,  
Till they came to the rest;  
Then Captain Ker unto him sped,  
And bade him shoot in haste.
- 24 "I will not shoot," quoth Andrew Gray,  
"Till they come o'er yon hill;  
We ha'e an ower gude cause this day,  
Thro' misguidings to spill.  
Go back, and bid our men bide still,  
Till they come to the plain;  
Then shall my shooting do them ill;  
I will not shoot in vain."
- 25 "Shoot up, shoot up!" quoth Captain Ker,  
"Shoot up to our comfort!"  
The firstin shot [it] was too near,  
It lighted all too short.  
The nextin shot their foes [it] hurt,  
It lighted wond'rous weel:  
Quoth Andrew Gray—"I see ane sport,  
When they begin to reel!
- 26 "Go to, good mates, and 'say the game,  
Yon folks are in a fray;  
Let see how we can mell with them,  
Into their disarray;  
Go, go, it is not time to stay,  
All for my benison;  
Save none this day, ye may gar die,  
Till we the field ha'e won!"
- 27 [Then awful Errol he 'gan say:  
"Good fellows, follow me;  
I hope it shall be ours this day,  
Or else therefore to dee.  
Tho' they in number many be,  
Set on withouten words;  
Let ilk brave fellow brake his tree,  
And then pursue with swords."]

\* "Farder:" farther.

- 28 Then Errol hasted to the height  
 Where he did battle bide,  
 With him went Auchindoun and Gight,  
 And Bonnitoun by his side;  
 Where many gentlemen did with him bide,  
 Whose praise should not be smoor'd;\*  
 But Captain Ker, that was their guide,  
 Rade aye before my Lord.
- 29 They were not many men of weir,  
 But they were wondrous true;  
 With hagbuts, pistols, bow, and spear,  
 They did their foes pursue;  
 Where bullets, darts, and arrows flew,  
 As thick as hail or rain,  
 Whilk many hurt; and some they slew,  
 Of horse and gentlemen.
- 30 Huntlie made haste to succour him,  
 And chargèd furiouslie,  
 Where many [ane] man's sight grew dim,  
 The shots so thick did flee;  
 Whilk gar'd right many doughty dee,†  
 Of some on every side;  
 Argyle with his tald ‡ host did flee,  
 But MacLean § did still abide.
- 31 MacLean had on a habergeon,  
 Ilk Lord had on ane jack,  
 Together fiercely are they run,  
 With many a gun's crack.  
 The splinters of their spears they brak'  
 Flew up into the air,  
 And bore doun many on their back,  
 Again raise never mair.
- 32 "Alace, I see ane sorry sight!"  
 Said the Laird of MacLean;  
 "Our feeble folks have ta'en the flight,  
 And left me mine alane.  
 Now maun I flee or else be slain,  
 Since they will not return;"  
 With that he ran out o'er ane den,  
 Alongside ane little burn.

\* "Smoor'd:" smothered; suppressed.

† "Doughty dee:" redoubtable men die.

‡ "Tald" seems to mean here, aforesaid.

§ Sir Lauchlan MacLean, of Duart, second in command. "This chieftain," says Tytler, "was conspicuous from his great stature and strength. He was covered with a shirt of mail, wielded a double-edged Danish battle-axe, and appears to have been a more experienced officer than the rest."

- 33 [Then some men said— "We will be sure  
 And tak' MacLean by course."  
 "Go to! for we are men anew  
 To bear him down by force."  
 But noble Errol had remorse,  
 And said—"It is not best;  
 For the Argyle has got the worst,  
 Let him gang with the rest.
- 34 "What greater honour cou'd ye wish,  
 In deeds of chivalry,  
 Or braver victory than this,  
 Where one has chased thrice three?  
 Therefore, good fellows, let him be;  
 He'll dee before he yield;  
 For he with his small company  
 Bade longest in the field."]
- 35 Then, after great Argyle his host,  
 Some horsemen took the chase;  
 They turn'd their backs, for all their boast,  
 Contrair their foes to face.  
 They cried out, "Oh!" and some, "Alace!"  
 But never for mercy sought;  
 Therefore the Gordons gave no grace,  
 Because they crav'd it not.
- 36 Then some good man pursued sharp,  
 With Errol and Huntlie,  
 And they with ane captain did carp,  
 Whose name was Ogilvie.  
 He says—"Gentlemen, let's see  
 Who maniest slain [hast] slaid;  
 Save nane this day ye may gar, dee,  
 For pleadis nor ransom paid."\*
- 37 Like harts, up howes and hills they ran,  
 Where horsemen might not win;  
 "Retire again," quoth Huntlie then,  
 "Where we did first begin.  
 Here lies many carvèd skins,  
 And many ane bloody beard,  
 For any help, with little din,  
 Shall rot abune the yeard."†

\* For pleadings nor for promised ransom.

† "Yeard:" earth.

- 38 When they came to the hill again,  
 They set down on their knees;  
 Syne thankèd God that they had slain  
 So many enemies.\*  
 They rose before Argyle his eyes,  
 Made Captain Ker ane knight,  
 Syne bade amang the dead bodies  
 Till they were out of sight.
- 39 [Now I have you already told,  
 Huntly and Errol's men  
 Could scarce be thirteen hundred call'd,  
 The truth if ye wou'd ken.  
 And yet Argyle and his thousands ten  
 Were they that took the race;  
 And tho' that they were nine to aye,  
 They caused [them] tak' the chase.]
- 40 So Argyle's boast it was in vain  
 (He thocht sure not to tyne),†  
 That if he durst come to the plain,  
 He would gar every nine  
 Of his lay hold upon ilk man  
 Huntly and Errol had;  
 And yet for all his odds he ran,  
 To tell how ill he sped.]
- 41 This deed sae doughtilie was done,  
 As I heard true men tell,  
 Upon a Thursday afternoon,  
 Sanct Francis' eve befell.  
 Good Auchindoun was slain himsel',  
 With seven mair in battell,  
 So was the laird of Lochenzell,‡  
 Great pitie was to tell. §

\* Such blasphemous exhibitions of barbarous piety are neither rare nor extinct,—witness the recent notorious despatches of a certain aged and pious monarch (*Anno Dom.* 1870). The following lines, ascribed to our national bard, Robert Burns, may be here quoted, as peculiarly applicable:—

“Ye hypocrites, are these your pranks?  
 To murder folks, and then give thanks!  
 Forbear, forbear, proceed no further,  
 For God delights in no such murder.”

† “Tyne:” lose.

‡ Archibald and James Campbell of Lochnell, the nearest heirs of Argyle, were killed in this battle.—Aytoun.

§ The poet appears to have been imbued with a truer idea, and purer spirit of Christianity, than that above commented on.



## THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER.

From Ritson's *Scottish Song*, vol. ii., p. 169.

“George (Gordon), fourth Earl of Huntley, who succeeded his grandfather, Earl Alexander, in 1523, and was killed at the battle of Corichie, in 1563, had actually three daughters: Lady Elizabeth, the eldest, married to John, Earl of Athole; Lady Margaret, the second, to John, Lord Forbes; and Lady Jean, the youngest, to the famous James, Earl of Bothwell, from whom being divorced, anno 1568, she married Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, who died in 1594, and, surviving him, Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne. The dukedom of Gordon was not created till the year 1684; so that, if the ballad be older, instead of ‘the Duke of Gordon,’ the original reading must have been ‘the Earl of Huntley.’ As for Alexander Ogilvie, he appears to have succeeded his father, Sir Walter Ogilvie, in the barony of Boyne, about 1560, and to have died in 1606: this Lady Jean being his first wife, by whom he seems to have had no issue. See Gordon's *History of the Gordons*, and Douglas's *Peerage and Baronage*.”—Ritson.

[The first line should probably read as quoted by Burns in the following note:—“There is a song apparently as ancient as the ‘Ewebughts, Marion,’ which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North. It begins, ‘The Lord o’ Gordon had three daughters.’”—Cromek's *Reliques*.]

- 1 THE Duke of Gordon has three daughters,  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;  
They wou'd not stay in bonnie Castle Gordon,  
But they wou'd go to bonnie Aberdeen.
- 2 They had not been in Aberdeen  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she wou'd gae.
- 3 Word came to the Duke of Gordon,  
In the chamber where he lay,—  
“Lady Jane has fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she wou'd gae.”
- 4 “Go saddle me the black horse,  
And you'll ride on the gray;  
And I will ride to bonnie Aberdeen,  
Where I have been many a day.”
- 5 They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
A mile but only three,  
Till he met with his two daughters walking,  
But away was Lady Jeanie.

- 6 "Where is your sister, maidens?  
Where is your sister, now?  
Where is your sister, maidens,  
That she is not walking with you?"
- 7 "Oh, pardon us, honoured father,  
Oh, pardon us," they did say;  
"Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she will gae."
- 8 When he came to Aberdeen,  
And down upon the green,  
There did he see Captain Ogilvie,  
Training up his men.
- 9 "Oh, woe to you, Captain Ogilvie,  
And an ill death thou shalt die;  
For taking to my daughter,  
Hangèd thou shalt be."
- 10 Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
And sent it to the king,  
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,  
If ever he hanged a man.
- 11 "I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,  
For no lord that I see;  
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery."
- 12 Word came to Captain Ogilvie,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.
- 13 "If this be for bonnie Jeanie Gordon,  
This penance I'll take wi';  
If this be for bonnie Jeanie Gordon,  
All this I will dree."
- 14 Lady Jean had not been married,  
Not a year but three,  
Till she had a babe in every arm,  
Another upon her knee.
- 15 "Oh, but I'm weary of wandering!  
Oh, but my fortune is bad!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
To follow a soldier lad.

- 16 "Oh, but I'm weary of wandering!  
Oh, but I think lang!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
To follow a single man."\*
- 17 When they came to the Highland hills,  
Cold was the frost and snow;  
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,  
No farther cou'd she go.
- 18 "Oh, woe to the hills and the mountains!  
Woe to the wind and the rain!  
My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
No farther am I able to gang.
- 19 "Woe to the hills and the mountains!  
Woe to the frost and the snow!  
My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
No farther am I able for to go.
- 20 "Oh, if I were at the glens of Foudlen,  
Where hunting I have been,  
I wou'd find the way to bonnie Castle Gordon,  
Without either stockings or sheen." †
- 21 When she came to Castle Gordon,  
And down upon the green,  
The porter gave out a loud shout,  
"Oh, yonder comes Lady Jean!"
- 22 "Oh, you are welcome, bonnie Jeanie Gordon,  
You are dear welcome to me;  
You are welcome, dear Jeanie Gordon,  
But away with your Captain Ogilvie."
- 23 Now over seas went the Captain,  
As a soldier under command;  
A message soon followed after,  
To come and heir his brother's land.
- 24 "Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
And heir your brother's land;  
Come home, ye pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
Be Earl of Northumberland."

\* "Single man:" a private.

† "Sheen." Aberdeenshire dialect.

- 
- 25 "Oh, what does this mean?" says the Captain,  
"Where 's my brother's children three?"  
"They are [all] dead and buried,  
And the lands they are ready for thee."
- 26 "Then hoist up your sails, brave Captain,  
Let us be jovial and free;  
I'll to Northumberland, and heir my estate,  
Then my dear Jeanie I'll see."
- 27 He soon came to Castle Gordon,  
And down upon the green;  
The porter gave out with a loud shout,  
"Here comes Captain Ogilvie!"
- 28 "You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
Your fortune's advanced, I hear;  
No stranger can come unto my gates,  
That I do love so dear."
- 29 "Sir, the last time I was at your gates,  
You wou'd not let me in;  
I'm come for my wife and children,  
No friendship else I claim."
- 30 "Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
And drink of the beer and the wine;  
And thou shalt have gold and silver,  
To count till the clock strike nine."
- 31 "I'll have none of your gold and silver,  
Nor none of your white money;  
But I'll have bonnie Jeanie Gordon,  
And she shall go now with me."
- 32 Then she came tripping down the stair,  
With the tear into her e'e;  
One [bonnie] babe was at her foot,  
Another upon her knee.
- 33 "You're welcome, bonnie Jeanie Gordon,  
With my young familie;  
Mount and go to Northumberland,  
There a countess thou shalt be."

## THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 148.

“The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, between the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethenhall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the Galliard, was a noted freebooter. A place, near the head of Teviotdale, retains the name of the Galliard's fauld's (folds), being a valley, where he used to secrete and divide his spoil, with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called ‘The Galliard.’ The word is still used in Scotland, to express an active, gay, dissipated character.\* Willie of the Kirkhill, nephew to the Galliard, and his avenger, was also a noted Border robber. Previous to the battle of Dryffe Sands, so often mentioned, tradition reports, that Maxwell had offered a ten-pound-land to any of his party, who should bring the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone. This being reported to his antagonist, he answered, he had not a ten-pound-land to offer, but would give a five-merk-land to the man who should that day cut off the head or hand of Lord Maxwell. Willie of the Kirkhill, mounted upon a young gray horse, rushed upon the enemy, and earned the reward by striking down their unfortunate chieftain, and cutting off his right hand.

“From a pedigree in the appeal case of Sir James Johnstone of Westeraw, claiming the honours and titles of Annandale, it appears that the Johnstones of Wamphray were descended from James, sixth son of the sixth Baron of Johnstone. The male line became extinct in 1657.”—Scott.

[See subsequent ballad, entitled “Lord Maxwell's Good-night.”]

- 1 'TwiXt Girth-head † and the Langwood-end,  
Lived the Galliard, and the Galliard's men;  
But and the lads of Leverhay,  
That drove the Crichton's gear away.
- 2 It is the lads of Lethenha',  
The greatest rogues among them a':  
But and the lads of Stefenbiggin,  
They broke the house in at the rigging.

\* Cleveland applies the phrase in a very different manner, in treating of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, 1644:—

“And Selden is a Galliard by himself,  
And wel might be; there's more divines in him,  
Than in all this their Jewish Sanhedrim.”

Skelton, in his railing poem against James IV., terms him Sir Skyr Galyard.

† Leverhay, Stefenbiggin, Girth-head, &c., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray.



- 3 The lads of Fingland, and Helbeck-hill,  
They were never for good, but aye for ill;  
'Twixt the Staywood-bush and Langside-hill,  
They steal'd the broked cow and the branded bull.
- 4 It is the lads of the Girth-head,  
The deil's in them for pride and greed;  
For the Galliard and the gay Galliard's men,  
They ne'er saw a horse but they made it their ain.
- 5 The Galliard to Nithsdale is gane,  
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun;  
The Galliard is unto the stable gane,  
But instead of the dun, the blind he has ta'en.
- 6 "Now Simmy, Simmy of the Side,  
Come out and see a Johnsfone ride!  
Here's the bonniest horse in a' Nithside,  
And a gentle Johnstone aboon his hide."
- 7 Simmy Crichton's mounted then,  
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane;  
The Galliard trow'd his horse had been wight,  
But the Crichtons beat him out o' sight.
- 8 As soon as the Galliard the Crichton saw,  
Behind the saugh-bush he did draw;  
And there the Crichtons the Galliard ha'e ta'en,  
And nane with him but Willie alane.
- 9 "Oh, Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,  
And I'll never mair do a Crichton wrang!  
Oh, Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,  
And a peck o' gowd I'll give to thee!"
- 10 "Oh, Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,  
And my wife shall heap it with her hand."  
But the Crichtons wou'dna let the Galliard be,  
But they hang'd him hie upon a tree.
- 11 Oh, think then Willie he was right wae,  
When he saw his uncle guided sae;  
"But if ever I live Wamphray to see,  
My uncle's death avenged shall be!"
- 12 Back to Wamphray he is gane,  
And riders has raised mony a ane;  
Saying—"My lads, if ye'll be true,  
Ye shall all be clad in the noble blue."

- 13 Back to Nithsdale they have gane,  
And awa the Crichtons' nowt<sup>a</sup> ha'e ta'en;  
But when they came to the Wellpath-head,<sup>b</sup>  
The Crichtons bade them 'light and lead.
- 14 And when they came to Biddes-burn,<sup>c</sup>  
The Crichtons bade them stand and turn;  
And when they came to the Biddes-strand,  
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.
- 15 But when they came to the Biddes-law,<sup>d</sup>  
The Johnstones bade them stand and draw;  
"We've done nae ill, we'll thole<sup>e</sup> nae wrang,  
But back to Wamphray we will gang."
- 16 And out spoke Willie of the Kirkhill,—  
"Of fighting, lads, ye'se ha'e your fill."  
And from his horse Willie he lap,  
And a burnish'd brand in his hand he gat.
- 17 Out through the Crichtons, Willie he ran,  
And dang them down baith horse and man;  
Oh, but the Johnstones were wond'rous rude,  
When the Biddes-burn ran three days blood!
- 18 "Now, sirs, we have done a noble deed,  
We have revenged the Galliard's bleid;  
For every finger of the Galliard's hand,  
I vow this day I've kill'd a man."
- 19 As they came in at Evan-head,  
At Ricklaw-holm they spread abroad;<sup>f</sup>  
"Drive on, my lads, it will be late;  
We'll ha'e a pint at Wamphray gate.<sup>g</sup>
- 20 "For where'er I gang, or e'er I ride,  
The lads of Wamphray are on my side;  
And of all the lads that I do ken,  
A Wamphray lad's the king of men."

<sup>a</sup> "Nowt:" cattle.

<sup>b</sup> The Wellpath is a pass by which the Johnstones were retreating to their fastnesses in Annandale.

<sup>c</sup> The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the Johnstones and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithsdale and Annandale [at the summit level of the Caledonian Railway].

<sup>d</sup> "Law:" a conical hill.

<sup>e</sup> "Thole:" endure.

<sup>f</sup> Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan Water, which falls into the Annan, below Moffat.

<sup>g</sup> Wamphray gate was in those days an alehouse.

## KINMONT WILLIE.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 32.

"In the following rude strains," says Scott, "our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the Border."

[The events which the ballad records occurred in the year 1596, while Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, and Lord Scrope, were wardens of the West Marches of Scotland and England respectively; Buccleuch's deputy being Robert Scott of Haining, one of his own clan; while Lord Scrope's deputy was a gentleman of the name of Salkeld. These deputies met on a day of truce, "at the Dayholme of Kershoup, where a burn divides England from Scotland, and Liddesdail from Bewcastle."

In contravention of Border law, William Armstrong of Kinmont, a renowned moss-trooper of great strength and stature, while returning home with but three or four in his company, was suddenly pursued by about two hundred of the English Borderers, who chased him for three or four miles, took him prisoner, brought him back to the deputy, and carried him in triumph to Carlisle Castle.

"Such an outrageous violation of Border law" roused the wrath of the bold Buccleuch, who wrote to Lord Scrope demanding the release of the prisoner; but receiving no satisfactory reply, he "swore that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle, quick or dead, with his own hand. The threat was esteemed a mere bravado; for the castle was strongly garrisoned and well fortified, in the middle of a populous and hostile city, and under the command of Lord Scrope, as brave a soldier as in England. Yet Buccleuch was not intimidated. Choosing a dark tempestuous night (the 13th of April), he assembled two hundred of his bravest men at the tower of Morton, a fortalice on the debateable land, on the Water of Sark, about ten miles from Carlisle. Amongst these, the leader, whom he most relied on, was Watt Scott of Harden; but, along with him were Watt Scott of Branxholm, Watt Scott of Goldielands, Jock Elliot of the Copshaw, Sandie Armstrong, son to Hobbie, the Laird of Mangerton, Kinmont's four sons—Jock, Francie, Sandie, and Geordie Armstrong, Rob of the Langholm, and Willie Bell the Redcloak; all noted and daring men. . . . They passed the river Esk; rode briskly through the Grahames' country; forded the Eden, then swollen over its banks, and came to the brook Caday, close by Carlisle, where Buccleuch made his men dismount, and silently led eighty of them to the foot of the wall of the base or outer court of the castle.

"Everything favoured them: the heavens were as black as pitch, the rain descended in torrents; and as they raised their ladders to fix them on the cope-stone, they could hear the English sentinels challenge as they walked their rounds. To their rage and disappointment, the ladders proved too short; but finding a postern in the wall, they undermined it, and soon made a breach enough for a soldier to squeeze through. In this way a dozen stout fellows passed into the outer court (Buccleuch himself being the fifth man who entered),

disarmed and bound the watch, wrenched open the postern from the inside, and thus admitting their companions, were masters of the place. . . .

“Lord Scrope, believing, as he afterwards wrote to Burghley, that five hundred Scots were in possession of the castle, kept himself close within his chamber. Kinmont Will himself, as he was carried on his friends’ shoulders beneath the warden’s window, roared out a lusty ‘Good-night’ to his lordship; and in a wonderfully brief space, Buccleuch had effected his purpose, joined his men on the Caday, remounted his troopers, forded once more the Esk and the Eden, and, bearing his rescued favourite in the middle of his little band, regained the Scottish Border before sunrise.”—Tytler’s *History of Scotland*, 1596.\*]

“The Queen of England, having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little. [But] this affair of Kinmont Willie was not the only occasion upon which the undaunted keeper of Liddesdale gave offence to the haughty Elizabeth. For even before this business was settled, certain of the English Borderers having invaded Liddesdale, and wasted the country, the Laird of Buccleuch retaliated the injury by a raid into England, in which he not only brought off much spoil, but apprehended thirty-six of the Tynedale thieves, all of whom he put to death.—*Spottiswoode*, p. 450. How highly the Queen of England’s resentment blazed on this occasion, may be judged from the preface to her letter to Bowes, then her ambassador in Scotland. ‘I wonder how base-minded that king thinks me, that, with patience, I can digest this dishonourable . . . . Let him know, therefore, that I will have satisfaction, or else . . . .’ These broken words of ire are inserted betwixt the subscription and the address of the letter.—*Rymer*, vol. xvi., p. 318. Indeed, so deadly was the resentment of the English, on account of the affronts put upon them by this formidable chieftain, that there seems at one time to have been a plan formed (not, as was alleged, without Elizabeth’s privity) to assassinate Buccleuch.—*Rymer*, vol. xvi., p. 107. The matter was at length arranged by the commissioners of both nations in Berwick, by whom it was agreed that delinquents should be delivered up on both sides, and that the chiefs themselves should enter into ward in the opposite countries till these were given up, and pledges granted for the future maintenance of the quiet of the Borders. Buccleuch and Sir Robert Ker of Cessford (ancestor of the Duke of Roxburgh) appear to have struggled hard against complying with this regulation; so much so, that it required all James’s authority to bring to order these two powerful chiefs.—*Rymer*, vol. xvi., p. 322; *Spottiswoode*, p. 448; *Carey’s Memoirs*, p. 131, *et sequen.*

\* [The account of this gallant achievement, contained in Tytler, is here substituted in place of that in Scott’s *Minstrelsy*, where it is given from “a manuscript of the period, the property of Mr. Campbell, of Shawfield, which gives a minute detail of this celebrated exploit. The MS. [which] contains many curious articles relating to the Highlands and Borders, arranged in a miscellaneous order; appear[s] to have been a collection made for the purpose of assisting Archbishop Spottiswoode in compiling his work.” It is headed:—

“Relation of the manner of surprizing of the castell of Cairrell, by the Lord of Buccleugh, in the later end of Q. Elizabeth’s Reigne. (Anno 1596.)”

The subsequent information has been selected from the latter portion of Scott’s introduction to this ballad.]



“According to ancient family tradition, Buccleuch was presented to Elizabeth, who, with her usual rough and peremptory address, demanded of him, ‘How he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous?’—‘What is it,’ answered the undaunted chieftain—‘what is it that a man dares not do?’ Elizabeth, struck with the reply, turned to a lord in waiting; ‘With ten thousand such men,’ said she, ‘our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe.’ Luckily, perhaps, for the murderess of Queen Mary, James’s talents did not lie that way.

“The articles, settled by the commissioners at Berwick, were highly favourable to the peace of the Border. They may be seen at large, in the *Border Laws*, p. 103. By article sixth, all wardens and keepers are discharged from seeking reparation of injuries, in the ancient hostile mode of riding, or causing to ride, in warlike manner against the opposite March, and that under the highest penalty, unless authorized by a warrant under the hand of their sovereign. The mention of the word *keeper*, alludes obviously to the above-mentioned reprisals, made by Buccleuch, in the capacity of keeper of Liddesdale.

“Scott of Satchells, in the extraordinary poetical performance, which he has been pleased to entitle ‘A History of the Name of Scott’ (published 1688), dwells, with great pleasure, upon this gallant achievement, at which, it would seem, his father had been present. He also mentions, that the Laird of Buccleuch employed the services of the younger sons and brothers only of his clan, lest the name should have been weakened by the landed men incurring forfeiture. But he adds, that three gentlemen of estate insisted upon attending their chief, notwithstanding this prohibition. These were, the Lairds of Harden and Commonsides, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of the Stobbs, a relation of the Laird of Buccleuch, and ancestor to the present Sir William Elliot, Bart. In many things Satchells agrees with the ballads current in his time, from which, in all probability, he derived most of his information as to past events, and from which he sometimes pirates whole verses, as noticed in the annotations upon the ‘Raid of the Reidswire.’ In the present instance, he mentions the prisoner’s large spurs (alluding to the fetters), and some other little incidents noticed in the ballad, which were therefore, probably, well known in his days.

“All contemporary historians unite in extolling the deed itself as the most daring and well-conducted achievement of that age. *Audax facinus, cum modica manu, in urbe mœnibus et multitudine oppidanorum munita, et callidæ audaciæ, vix ullo obsisti modo potuit.*—Johnstoni *Historia*, ed. Amstæel., p. 214. Birrel, in his gossiping way, says, the exploit was performed ‘with shouting and crying, and sound of trumpet, puttand the said toun and countrie in sic ane fray, that the like of sic ane wassaladge was never done since the memory of man, no not in Wallace dayis.’—Birrel’s *Diary*, April 6, 1596. This good old citizen of Edinburgh also mentions another incident, which I think proper to insert here, both as relating to the personages mentioned in the following ballad, and as tending to show the light in which the men of the Border were regarded, even at this late period, by their fellow-subjects. The author is talking of the king’s return to Edinburgh, after the disgrace which he had sus-



tained there, during the riot excited by the seditious ministers, on December 17, 1596. Proclamation had been made, that the Earl of Mar should keep the West Port, Lord Seaton the Nether-Bow, and Buccleuch, with sundry others, the High Gate. 'Upon the morn at this time, and befor this day, there was ane grate rumour and word among the tounes-men, that the Kinges M. sould send in *Will Kinmonde, the common thieffe*, and so many southlande men as sould spulye the toun of Edinburgh. Upon the whilk, the hail merchants tuik their hail gear out of their buiths or chops, and transportit the same to the strongest hous that was in the toun, and remained in the said hous, thair, with themselvis, thair servants, and luiking for nothing bot that thaye sould have been all spulyeit. Sic lyke the hail craftsmen and commons convenit themselvis, their best guidis, as it wer ten or twelve householdes in ane, whilk wes the strongest hous, and might be best kept from spulyeing or burning, with hagbut, pistolet, and other sic armour, as might best defend themselvis. Judge, gentil reader, giff this was playing.' The fear of the Borderers being thus before the eyes of the contunacious citizens of Edinburgh, James obtained a quiet hearing for one of his favourite orisons, or harangues, and was finally enabled to prescribe terms to his fanatic metropolis. Good discipline was, however, maintained by the chiefs upon this occasion; although the fears of the inhabitants were but too well grounded, considering what had happened in Stirling ten years before, when the Earl of Angus, attended by Home, Buccleuch, and other Border chieftains, marched thither to remove the Earl of Arran from the king's councils: the town was miserably pillaged by the Borderers, particularly by a party of Armstrongs, under this very Kinmont Willie, who not only made prey of horses and cattle, but even of the very iron grating of the windows.—Johnstoni *Historia*, p. 102, ed. Amstæl.—Moyse's *Memoirs*, p. 100.

"The renown of Kinmont Willie is not surprising, since, in 1587, the apprehending that freebooter, and Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the Lord Maxwell, was the main, but unaccomplished, object of a royal expedition to Dumfries. '*Rex . . . Rombertum Maxwellium . . . et Gulielmum Armstrongum Kinmonthum latrociniis intestinis externisque famosum, conquiri jubet. Missi e ministerio regio qui per aspera loca vitabundos persequuntur, magnoque incommodo afficiunt. At illi latebri; aut silvis se eripiunt.*'—Johnstoni *Historia*, p. 138. About this time, it is possible that Kinmont Willie may have held some connection with the Maxwells, though afterwards a retainer to Buccleuch, the enemy of that tribe. At least, the editor finds, that in a bond of manrent, granted by Simon Elliot of Whytheuch, in Liddesdale, to Lord Maxwell, styled therein Earl of Morton, dated February 28th, 1599, William Armstrong, called Will of Kinmond, appears as a witness.—Syme's *MSS*. According to Satchells, this freebooter was descended of Johne Armstrong of Gilnockie (*ante*, p. 487):—*Est in juvenis, est et in equis, patrum virtus*. In fact, his rapacity made his very name proverbial. Mas James Melvine, in urging reasons against subscribing the Act of Supremacy, in 1584, asks ironically, 'Who shall take order with vice and wickedness? The court and bishops? As well as Martine

Elliot, and Will of Kinmont, with stealing upon the Borders!—*Calderwood*, p. 168.

“This ballad is preserved by tradition on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters, so that some conjectured emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular, the ‘Eden’ has been substituted for the Eske, the latter name being inconsistent with topography.”—Scott.

- 1 OH, have ye na heard of the fause Sakelde? \*  
     Oh, have ye na heard of the keen Lord Scroope?  
 How they ha'e ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie, †  
     On Haribee to hang him up? ‡
- 2 Had Willie had but twenty men,  
     But twenty men as stout as he,  
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,  
     With eight score in his companie.
- 3 They band his legs beneath the steed,  
     They tied his hands behind his back;  
 They guarded him, fivesome on each side,  
     And they brought him o'er the Liddel-rack. §
- 4 They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,  
     And also thro' the Carlisle sands;  
 They brought him to Carlisle castell,  
     To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.
- 5 “My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,  
     And wha will dare this deed avow?  
 Or answer by the Border law?  
     Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?”
- 6 “Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!  
     There's never a Scot shall set thee free;  
 Before ye cross my castle yate,  
     I trow ye shall take farewell of me.”

\* The Salkeldes, or Sakeldes, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing, among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into the possession of the Howards, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw, called Jock Græme of the Peartree, upon Mr. Salkelde, Sheriff of Cumberland, who is probably the person alluded to in the ballad, as the fact is stated to have happened late in Elizabeth's time. The brother of this freebooter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution, when Jock of the Peartree came riding past the gate of Corby Castle. A child of the sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, “Master, will you ride?” The boy willingly consenting, Græme took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and would never part with him, till he had his brother safe from the gallows. There is no historical ground for supposing, either that Salkelde, or any one else, lost his life in the raid of Carlisle.

† In the list of Border clans, 1597, Will of Kinmonth, with Krystie Armestrange, and John Skynbanke, are mentioned as leaders of a band of Armstrongs called Sandies Barnes, inhabiting the Debateable Land.

‡ Haribee is the place of execution at Carlisle.

§ The Liddel-rack is a ford on the Liddel.

- 7 "Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie :  
 "By the faith of my body, Lord Scroope," he said,  
 "I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,<sup>a</sup>  
 But I paid my lawing<sup>b</sup> before I gaed."
- 8 Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,  
 In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,  
 That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,  
 Between the hours of night and day.
- 9 He has ta'en the table with his hand,  
 He gar'd the red wine spring on hie:  
 "Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,  
 "But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!
- 10 "Oh, is my basnet<sup>c</sup> a widow's curch?<sup>d</sup>  
 Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?  
 Or my arm a ladye's lily hand,  
 That an English lord should lightly<sup>e</sup> me?"
- 11 "And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,  
 Against the truce of Border tide?  
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch  
 Is Keeper here on the Scottish side? -
- 12 "And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,  
 Withouten either dread or fear?  
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch  
 Can back a steed, or shake a spear?"
- 13 "Oh, were there war between the lands,  
 As well I wot that there is none,  
 I wou'd slight Carlisle castell high,  
 Though it were builed of marble stone.
- 14 "I wou'd set that castell in a lowe,<sup>f</sup>  
 And sloken it with English blood!  
 There's never a man in Cumberland  
 Shou'd ken where Carlisle castell stood.
- 15 "But since nae war's between the lands,  
 And there is peace, and peace shou'd be,  
 I'll neither harm English lad or lass,  
 And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

<sup>a</sup> "Hostelrie:" inn.<sup>d</sup> "Curch:" coil.<sup>b</sup> "Lawing:" reckoning.<sup>e</sup> "Lightly:" set light by.<sup>c</sup> "Basnet:" helmet.<sup>f</sup> "Lowe:" flame.

- 16 He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,  
I trow they were of his ain name,  
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd  
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.
- 17 He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,  
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;  
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,\*  
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.
- 18 There were five and five before them all,  
With hunting-horns and bugles bright;  
And five and five came with Buccleuch,  
Like warden's men, array'd for fight.
- 19 And five and five, like a mason gang,  
That carried the ladders lang and hie;  
And five and five, like broken men;  
And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.†
- 20 And as we cross'd the 'Bateable land,  
When to the English side we held,  
The first of men that we met with,  
Wha shou'd it be but fause Sakelde!
- 21 "Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"  
"We go to hunt an English stag,  
Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie."
- 22 "Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"  
"We go to catch a rank reiver,  
Has broken faith with the bauld Buccleuch."
- 23 "Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,  
With all your ladders, lang and hie?"  
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,  
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."
- 24 "Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"  
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"  
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,  
And the never a word of lear ‡ had he.

\* "Splent on spauld:" armour on shoulder.

† "Woodhouselee:" a house on the Border, belonging to Buccleuch.

‡ "Lear:" learning.



- 25 "Why trespass ye on the English side?  
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;  
The never a word had Dickie to say,  
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.
- 26 Then on we held for Carlisle toun,  
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;  
The water was great and meikle of spate,\*  
But the never a horse nor man we lost.
- 27 And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind was rising loud and hie;  
And there the laird gar'd leave our steeds,  
For fear that they shou'd stamp and nie.
- 28 And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind began full loud to blaw;  
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,  
When we came beneath the castle wa'.
- 29 We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
Till we placed the ladders against the wa',  
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel'  
To mount the first before us a'.
- 30 He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,  
He flung him down upon the lead.  
"Had there not been peace between our lands,  
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!
- 31 "Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;  
"Let 's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"  
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—  
"*O wha dare meddle wi' me?*" †
- 32 Then speedilie to wark we gaed,  
And raised the slogan ane and a',  
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,  
And so we wan to the castle ha'.
- 33 They thought King James and all his men  
Had won the house with bow and spear;  
It was but twenty Scots and ten,  
That put a thousand in sic a stear! ‡

\* "Spate:" flood.

† The name of a Border tune or slogan.

‡ "Stear:" stir.



- 34 With coulters, and with forehammers,  
We gar'd the bars bang merrilie,  
Until we came to the inner prison,  
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.
- 35 And when we came to the lower prison,  
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie:  
"Oh, sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,  
Upon the morn that thou 's to die?"
- 36 "Oh, I sleep saft,<sup>a</sup> and I wake aft;  
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd<sup>b</sup> frae me!  
Gi'e my service back to my wife and bairns,  
And all gude fellows that speir<sup>c</sup> for me."
- 37 Then Red Rowan has hente him up,  
The starkest man in Teviotdale:  
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,  
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.
- 38 "Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!  
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried;  
"I'll pay you for my lodging maill,<sup>d</sup>  
When first we meet on the Border side."
- 39 Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,  
We bore him down the ladder lang;  
At every stride Red Rowan made,  
I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang!
- 40 "Oh, mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,  
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wud;  
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,  
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.
- 41 'And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,  
"I've prick'd a horse out o'er the furs;<sup>e</sup>  
But since the day I back'd a steed,  
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"<sup>f</sup>

<sup>a</sup> "Saft:" light.<sup>d</sup> "Maill:" rent.<sup>b</sup> "Fley'd:" frightened.<sup>e</sup> "Furs:" furrows.<sup>c</sup> "Speir:" inquire.

<sup>f</sup> [In many of the recitals, is a mixture of rough humour, which like the characterizing touches of Hogarth's pencil, gives an animation often attempted in vain by more polished writers. Of this, the ballad of "Kinmont Willie" affords many examples, especially where he is borne out of prison in irons on the shoulders of Red Rowan, the starkest man in Teviotdale.—*Edin. Review*, Jan., 1803.]

- 42 We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,  
When all the Carlisle bells were rung,  
And a thousand men, on horse and foot,  
Came with the keen Lord Scroope along.
- 43 Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,  
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,  
And he has plunged in with all his band,  
And safely swam them through the stream.
- 44 He turn'd him on the other side,  
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:  
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,  
In fair Scotland come visit me!"
- 45 All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,  
He stood as still as rock of stane;  
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,  
When through the water they had gane.
- 46 "He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,  
Or else his mother a witch maun be;  
I wou'dna have ridden that wan water  
For all the gowd in Christentie."

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### JAMIE TELFER OF THE FAIR DODHEAD.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 3.

"There is another ballad, under the same title as the following, in which nearly the same incidents are narrated, with little difference, except that the honour of rescuing the cattle is attributed to the Liddesdale Elliots, headed by a Chief, there called Martin Elliot of the Preakin Tower, whose son, Simon, is said to have fallen in the action. It is very possible that both the Teviotdale Scotts, and the Elliots, were engaged in the affair, and that each claimed the honour of the victory.

"The editor presumes, that the Willie Scott, here mentioned, must have been a natural son of the Laird of Buccleuch."—Scott.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas tyde,  
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,  
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,  
And he's o'er to Tividale to drive a prey.
- 2 The first ae guide that they met with,  
It was high up in Hardhaughswire;\*  
The second guide that they met with,  
It was laigh down in Borthwick Water. †

\* Hardhaughswire is the pass from Liddesdale to the head of Teviotdale.

† Borthwick Water is a stream which falls into the Teviot three miles above Hawick.

- 3 "What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?"  
 "Nae tidings, nae tidings I ha'e to thee;  
 But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,<sup>a</sup>  
 Mony a cow's calf I'll let thee see."
- 4 And when they came to the fair Dodhead,  
 Right hastily they clamb the peel;  
 They loosed the kye out, ane and all,  
 And ranshacked<sup>b</sup> the house right weel.
- 5 Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,<sup>c</sup>  
 The tear aye rowing in his e'e;  
 He pled with the Captain to ha'e his gear,  
 Or else revenged he wou'd be.
- 6 The Captain turned him round and leugh;  
 Said—"Man, there's naething in thy house,  
 But ae auld sword without a sheath,  
 That hardly now would fell a mouse."
- 7 The sun wasna up, but the moon was down,  
 It was the gryming<sup>d</sup> of a new-fa'n snaw;  
 Jamie Telfer has run ten miles a-foot,  
 Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'.<sup>e</sup>
- 8 And when he came to the fair tower yate,  
 He shouted loud, and cried weel "Hie!"  
 Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot,—  
 "Wha's this that brings the fraye to me?"
- 9 "It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,  
 And a harried man I think I be!  
 There's naething left at the fair Dodhead,  
 But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."
- 10 "Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',<sup>f</sup>  
 For succour ye'se get nane frae me!  
 Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,  
 For, man, ye ne'er paid money to me."
- 11 Jamie has turned him round about,  
 I wat the tear blinded his e'e:  
 "I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,  
 And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!"

<sup>a</sup> The Dodhead, in Selkirkshire, near Singler, where there are still the vestiges of an old tower.

<sup>b</sup> "Ranshacked:" ransacked.

<sup>c</sup> There is still a family of Telfers, residing near Langholm, who pretend to derive their descent from the Telfers of the Dodhead.

<sup>d</sup> "Gryming:" sprinkling.

<sup>e</sup> Stobs Hall, upon Slitterick. Jamie Telfer made his first application here, because he seems to have paid the proprietor of the castle black-mail, or protection-money.

<sup>f</sup> The ancient family-seat of the Lords of Buccleuch, near Hawick.

- 12 " My hounds may all rin masterless,  
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,  
My lord may grip my vassal lands,  
For there again maun I never be!"
- 13 He has turn'd him to the Tiviot side,  
E'en as fast as he cou'd drie,  
Till he came to the Coultart Cleugh,\*  
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.
- 14 Then up bespak' him auld Jock Grieve,—  
" Wha's this that brings the fraye to me!"  
" It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,  
A harried man I trow I be.
- 15 " There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,  
But a greeting wife and bairnies three;  
And sax poor calfs stand in the stall,  
All routing loud for their minnie." †
- 16 " Alack a wae!" quo' auld Jock Grieve,  
" Alack! my heart is sair for thee!  
For I was married on the elder sister,  
And you on the youngest of all the three."
- 17 Then he has ta'en out a bonnie black,  
Was right weel fed with corn and hay,  
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,  
To the Catslockhill to tak' the fraye.
- 18 And when he came to the Catslockhill,  
He shouted loud, and cried weel " Hie!"  
Till out and spak' him William's Wat,—  
" Oh, wha's this brings the fraye to me?"
- 19 " It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,  
A harried man I think I be!  
The Captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear;  
For God's sake rise, and succour me!"
- 20 " Alas for wae!" quoth William's Wat,  
" Alack, for thee my heart is sair!  
I never came by the fair Dodhead,  
That ever I fand thy basket bare."
- 21 He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,  
Himsel' upon a freckled gray,  
And they are on with Jamie Telfer,  
To Branksome Ha' to tak' the fraye.

\* The Coultart Cleugh is nearly opposite to Carlinrig, on the road between Hawick and Moss-paul.

† "Minnie:" mother.

- 22 And when they came to Branksome Ha',  
They shouted all baith loud and hie,  
Till up and spak' him auld Buccleuch,  
Said—"Wha's this brings the fraye to me?"
- 23 "It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,  
And a harried man I think I be!  
There's naught left in the fair Dodhead,  
But a greeting wife and bairnies three."
- 24 "Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,  
"And ever my heart is wae for thee!  
But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,  
And see that he come to me speedilie!
- 25 "Gar warn the water,\* braid and wide,  
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!  
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,  
Let them never look in the face of me!
- 26 "Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,†  
With them will Borthwick Water ride;  
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,  
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie.
- 27 "Ride by the gate of Priestthaughswire,‡  
And warn the Currors o' the Lea;  
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,  
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry."
- 28 The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,  
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!  
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang  
Was—"Rise for Branksome readilie!"
- 29 The gear was driven the Frostylee up,§  
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,  
When Willie has look'd his men before,  
And saw the kye right fast drivan'.

\* The water, in the mountainous districts of Scotland, is often used to express the banks of the river, which are the only inhabitable parts of the country. To raise the water, therefore, was to alarm those who lived along its side.

† The estates, mentioned in this verse, belonged to families of the name of Scott, residing upon the waters of Borthwick and Teviot, near the castle of their chief.

‡ The pursuers seem to have taken the road through the hills of Liddesdale, in order to collect forces, and intercept the forayers at the passage of the Liddel, on their return to Bewcastle. The Ritterford and Kershope ford, after-mentioned, are noted fords on the river Liddel.

§ The Frostylee is a brook which joins the Teviot near Moss-paul.



- 30 "Wha drives thir kye?" 'gan Willie say,  
 "To make an outspeckle\* of me?"  
 "It's I, the Captain o' Bewcastle, Willie,  
 I winna layne my name for thee."
- 31 "Oh, will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?  
 Or will ye do aught for regard of me?  
 Or by the faith of my body," quo' Willie Scott,  
 "I'se ware my dame's calf-skin on thee!"
- 32 "I winna let the kye gae back,  
 Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;  
 But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,  
 In spite of every Scott that's here."
- 33 "Set on them, lads!" quo' Willie then;  
 "Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!  
 For ere they win to the Ritterford,  
 Mony a toom † saddle there shall be!"
- 34 Then til't they gaed, with heart and hand,  
 The blows fell fast as bickering hail;  
 And mony a horse ran masterless,  
 And mony a comely cheek was pale.
- 35 But Willie was stricken o'er the head,  
 And thro' the knapcap ‡ the sword has gane;  
 And Harden grat for very rage, §  
 When Willie on the grund lay slain.

\* "Outspeckle:" laughing-stock.

† "Toom:" empty.

‡ "Knapcap:" headpiece.

§ Of this Border laird, commonly called Auld Wat of Harden, tradition has preserved many anecdotes. He was married to Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the Flower of Yarrow. By their marriage-contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse meat, and man's meat, at his Tower of Dryhope, for a year and a day; but five barons pledge themselves that, at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove, without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary-public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. The original is still in the charter-room of the present Mr. Scott of Harden. By the Flower of Yarrow the Laird of Harden had six sons; five of whom survived him, and founded the families of Harden (now extinct), Highchesters (now representing Harden), Reaburn, Wool, and Synton. The sixth son was slain at a fray, in a hunting-match, by the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers flew to arms; but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower, hurried to Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained a gift of the lands of the offenders from the Crown. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and showed them the charter. "To horse, lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession! The lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son." The property thus obtained, continued in the family till the beginning of last century, when it was sold, by John Scott of Harden, to Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch. A beautiful ballad, founded on this tradition, occurs in the *Mountain Bard*, a collection of legendary poetry by Mr. James Hogg.

- 36 But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,  
And thrice he's waved it in the air;  
The Dinlay\* snaw was ne'er mair white  
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.
- 37 "Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat 'gan cry;  
"Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!  
We'll ne'er see Teviotside again,  
Or Willie's death reveng'd shall be." †
- 38 Oh, mony a horse ran masterless,  
The splinter'd lances flew on hie;  
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,  
The Scotts had gotten the victory.
- 39 John o' Brigham there was slain, ‡  
And John of Barlow, as I heard say;  
And thirty mae of the Captain's men  
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.
- 40 The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,  
And broken was his right leg bane;  
If he had lived this hundred years,  
He had never been loved by woman again.
- 41 "Ha'e back the kye!" the Captain said;  
"Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!  
For if I shou'd live a hundred years,  
There will ne'er fair ladye smile on me."
- 42 Then word is gone to the Captain's bride,  
Even in the bow'r where that she lay,  
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,  
Since into Tividale he had led the way.
- 43 "I wad lourd § have had a winding-sheet,  
And help'd to put it o'er his head,  
Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scott,  
When he o'er Liddel his men did lead!"—

\* The Dinlay is a mountain in Liddesdale.

† ["Nothing can be more striking than the picture of old Harden, in the fight for Jamie Telfer's cattle."—*Edinburgh Review*.]

‡ Perhaps one of the ancient family of Brougham, in Cumberland. The editor has used some freedom with the original in the subsequent verse. The account of the Captain's disaster (*teste læva vulnerata*) is rather too naïve for literal publication.

§ "Lourd:" liefer; rather.

- 44 There was a wild gallant amang us all,  
His name was Watty with the Wudspurs,\*  
Cried—"On for his house in Stanegirthside,†  
If ony man will ride with us!"
- 45 When they came to the Stanegirthside,  
They dang with trees, and burst the door;  
They loosed out all the Captain's kye,  
And set them forth our lads before.
- 46 There was an auld wife ayont the fire,  
A wee bit of the Captain's kin:  
"Wha dare loose out the Captain's kye,  
Or answer to him and his men?"
- 47 "It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,  
I winna layne my name frae thee!  
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,  
In scorn of all his men and he."
- 48 When they came to the fair Dodhead,  
They were a welcome sight to see!  
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,  
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.
- 49 And he has paid the rescue shot,  
Baith with gowd and white monie;  
And at the burial of Willie Scott,  
I wat was mony a weeping e'e.‡

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### DICK O' THE COW.

"This ballad, and the two which immediately follow it in the collection, were first published, 1784, in the *Hawick Museum*, a provincial miscellany, to which they were communicated by John Elliot, Esq. of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of the Western Border, and to whose friendly assistance the editor is indebted for many valuable communications.

\* "Wudspurs:" hotspur, or madspur.

† A house belonging to the Foresters, situated on the English side of the Liddel.

‡ An article in the list of attempts upon England, fouled by the Commissioners at Berwick, in the year 1587, may relate to the subject of the foregoing ballad.

October, 1582.

|  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| Thomas Musgrave, deputy<br>of Bewcastle, and the ten-<br>ants, against | } Walter Scott, Laird of<br>Buckluth, and his com-<br>plices; for | } 230 kine and oxen, 300<br>gait and sheep. |
|--|---|---|

—Introduction to the *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, p. 41.

“These ballads are connected with each other, and appear to have been composed by the same author. The actors seem to have flourished while Thomas Lord Scroope, of Bolton, was Warden of the West Marches of England, and Governor of Carlisle Castle; which offices he acquired upon the death of his father, about 1590, and retained till the union of the crowns.

“Dick of the Cow, from the privileged insolence which he assumes, seems to have been Lord Scroope's jester. The Border custom of assuming *nommes de guerre* is exemplified in the following ballad, where one Armstrong is called the Laird's Jock (*i. e.*, the Laird's son Jock), another fair Johnnie, a third Billie Willie (brother Willie), &c. The Laird's Jock, son to the Laird of Manger-toun, appears, as one of the men of name in Liddesdale, in the list of the Border clans, 1597.

“Dick of the Cow is erroneously supposed to have been the same with one Ricardus Coldall, de Plumpton, a knight and celebrated warrior, who died in 1462, as appears from his epitaph in the church of Penrith.—Nicholson's *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. ii., p. 408.

“This ballad is very popular in Liddesdale, and the reciter always adds, at the conclusion, that poor Dickie's cautious removal to Burgh under Stanemore, did not save him from the clutches of the Armstrongs: for that, having fallen into their power several years after this exploit, he was put to an inhuman death. The ballad was well known in England so early as 1596. An allusion to it occurs in Parrot's *Laquei Ridiculosi*, or *Springes for Woodcocks*. London, 1613.

‘Owenus wondreth since he came to Wales,  
What the description of this isle should be,  
That nere had seen but mountains, hills and dales,  
Yet would he boast, and stand on pedigree,  
From Rice ap Richard, sprung from Dick a Cow,  
Be eod, was right gud gentleman, look ye now!’—*Epigr.* 76.’

—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 61.

[Elsewhere, Scott writes:—“In the sixteenth century, these Northern tales appear to have been popular even in London; for the learned Mr. Ritson has obligingly pointed out to me the following passages, respecting the noted ballad of ‘Dick o' the Cow:’—‘Dick o' the Cow, that mad demi-lance Northern Borderer, who plaid his prizes with the Lord Jockey so bravely.’—Nashe's *Have with you to Saffren Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, 4to. Epistle Dedicatorie, sig. A.2.6. And in a list of books, printed for, and sold by, P. Brocksby (1668), occurs ‘Dick-a-the-Cow, containing North Country Songs.’ Could this collection have been found, it would probably have thrown much light on the present publication.”—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, vol. i., p. 222.]

- 1 Now Liddesdale has layen lang in,  
There is na ryding there at all;  
The horses are all grown sae lither fat,  
They downa stir out of the stall.



- 2 Fair Johnnie Armstrong to Willie did say,—  
 “Billie, a-riding we will gae;  
 England and us have been lang at feid;  
 Aiblins we’ll light on some bootie.”
- 3 Then they are come on to Hutton Ha’;  
 They rade that proper place about;  
 But the laird he was the wiser man,  
 For he had left nae gear without.
- 4 For he had left nae gear to steal,  
 Except sax sheep upon a lea:  
 Quo’ Johnnie—“I’d rather in England dee,  
 Ere thir sax sheep gae to Liddesdale with me.
- 5 “But how call they the man we last met,  
 Billie, as we came o’er the knowe?”  
 “That same he is an innocent fule,  
 And men they call him Dick o’ the Cow.”
- 6 “That fule has three as good kye of his ain  
 As there are in all Cumberland, Billie,” quo’ he:  
 “Betide me life, betide me death,  
 These kye shall go to Liddesdale with me.”
- 7 Then they have come to the puir fule’s house,  
 And they ha’e broken his walls sae wide;  
 They have loosed out Dick o’ the Cow’s three kye  
 And ta’en three coverlets frae his wife’s bed.
- 8 Then on the morn, when the day was light,  
 The shouts and cries raise loud and hie:  
 “Oh, haud thy tongue, my wife,” he says,  
 “And of thy crying let me be!
- 9 “Oh, haud thy tongue, my wife,” he says,  
 “And of thy crying let me be;  
 And aye, where thou hast lost ae cow,  
 In gude sooth I shall bring thee three.”
- 10 Now Dickie’s gane to the gude Lord Scroope,  
 And I wat a drearie fule was he:  
 “Now haud thy tongue, my fule,” he says,  
 “For I may not stand to jest with thee.”
- 11 “Shame fall your jesting, my lord!” quo’ Dickie,  
 “For nae sic jesting ’grees with me;  
 Liddesdale’s been in my house last night,  
 And they ha’e awa my three kye frae me.



- 12 "But I may nae longer in Cumberland dwell,  
To be your puir fule and your leal,  
Unless you gi'e me leave, my lord,  
To gae to Liddesdale and steal."
- 13 "I gi'e thee leave, my fule!" he says;  
"Thou speakest against my honour and me,  
Unless thou gi'e me thy trowth and thy hand,  
Thou'lt steal frae nane but wha stole frae thee."
- 14 "There is my trowth, and my right hand!  
My head shall hang on Hairibee,  
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,  
If I steal frae a man but wha stole frae me."
- 15 Dickie's ta'en leave of lord and master;  
I wat a merry fule was he!  
He's bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,  
And pack'd them up in his breck thie.\*
- 16 Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house,†  
E'en as fast as he might dree;‡  
Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn,  
Where there were thirty Armstrangs and three.
- 17 "Oh, what's this come of me now?" quo' Dickie;  
"What meikle wae is this?" quo' he;  
"For here is but ae innocent fule,  
And there are thirty Armstrangs and three."
- 18 Yet he has come up to the fair hall board;  
Sae well he's become his courtesie!  
"Well may ye be, my gude laird's Jock,  
But the deil bless all your companie."
- 19 "I'm come to 'plain of your man, fair Johnnie Armstrang,  
And syne of his billie Willie," quo' he;  
"How they've been in my house last night,  
And they ha'e ta'en my three kye frae me."
- 20 "Ha!" quo' fair Johnnie Armstrang, "we will him hang."  
"Na," quo' Willie, "we will him slay."  
Then up and spake another young Armstrang,  
"We'll gi'e him his batts, and let him gae."§

\* "Breck thie:" the side pocket of his breeches.

† This was a house of strength held by the Armstrongs. The ruins at present form a sheepfold on the farm of Reidsmoss, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch.

‡ "Dree:" i. e., endure.

§ "Gi'e him his batts, and let him gae:" dismiss him with a beating.

- 21 But up and spake the gude laird's Jock,  
The best falla in all the companie:  
"Sit down thy ways a little while, Dickie,  
And a piece of thy ain cow's hough I'll gi'e ye."
- 22 But Dickie's heart it grew sae grit,  
That the ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat;  
Then he was aware of an auld peat-house,  
Where all the night he thought for to sleep.
- 23 Then Dickie was aware of an auld peat-house,  
Where all the night he thought for to lye;  
And all the prayers the pur fule prayed,  
Were—"I wish I had amends for my gude three kye!"
- 24 It was then the use of Pudding-burn house,  
And the house of Mangerton,\* all hail,  
Them that came na at the first call,  
Gat nae mair meat till the neist meal.
- 25 The lads, that hungry and weary were,  
Abune the door-head they threw the key;  
Dickie he took gude notice of that;  
Says—"There will be a bootie for me."
- 26 Then Dickie has into the stable gane,  
Where there stood thirty horses and three;  
He has tied them all with St. Mary's knot,  
All these horses but barely three.†
- 27 He has tied them all with St. Mary's knot,  
All these horses but barely three;  
He's loup'en on ane, ta'en another in hand,  
And away as fast as he can hie.
- 28 But on the morn, when the day grew light,  
The shouts and cries rose loud and hie;  
"Ah! wha has done this?" quo' the gude laird's Jock,  
Tell me the truth and the veritie!
- 29 "Wha has done this deed?" quo' the gude laird's Jock;  
"See that to me ye dinna lie!"  
'Dickie has been in the stable last night,  
And has ta'en my brother's horse and mine frae me."

\* The Laird of Mangerton was chief of the clan Armstrong.

† Hamstringing a horse is termed, in the Border dialect, tying him with St. Mary's knot. Dickie used this cruel expedient to prevent a pursuit. It appears from the narration, that the horses left unhurt belonged to fair Johnnie Armstrong, his brother Willie, and the laird's Jock; of which Dickie carried off two, and left that of the laird's Jock, probably out of gratitude for the protection he had afforded him on his arrival.

- 30 "Ye wou'd ne'er be tauld," quo' the gude laird's Jock;  
 "Ha'e ye not found my tales fu' leal?  
 Ye ne'er wou'd out of England bide,  
 Till crooked, and blind, and all wou'd steal."
- 31 "But lend me thy bay," fair Johnnie 'gan say;  
 "There 's nae horse loose in the stable save he;  
 And I'll either fetch Dick o' the Cow again,  
 Or the day is come that he shall dee."
- 32 "To lend thee my bay!" the laird's Jock 'gan say;  
 "He 's baith worth gowd and gude monie:  
 Dick o' the Cow has awa twa horse,  
 I wish na thou may make him three."
- 33 He has ta'en the laird's jack on his back,  
 A twa-handed sword to hang by his thie;  
 He has ta'en a steel cap on his head,  
 And galloped on to follow Dickie.
- 34 Dickie was na a mile frae aff the town,  
 I wat a mile but barely three,  
 When he was o'erta'en by fair Johnnie Armstrang,  
 Hand for hand, on Cannobie lee.\*
- 35 "Abide, abide, thou traitor thief!  
 The day is come that thou maun dee."  
 Then Dickie look't o'er his left shouter,  
 Said—"Johnnie, hast thou nae mae in companie?"
- 36 "There is a preacher in our chapell,  
 And all the live-lang day teaches he:  
 When day is gane, and night is come,  
 There 's ne'er a word I mark but three.
- 37 "The first and second is—Faith and Conscience;  
 The third—Ne'er let a traitor free;  
 But, Johnnie, what faith and conscience was thine,  
 When thou took awa my three kye frae me?"
- 38 "And when thou had ta'en awa my three kye,  
 Thou thought in thy heart thou wast not weel sped,  
 Till thou sent thy billie Willie o'er the knowe,  
 To take three coverlets off my wife's bed!"
- 39 Then Johnnie let a spear fall laigh by his thie,  
 Thought weel to ha'e slain the innocent, I trow;  
 But the powers above were mair than he,  
 For he ran but the puir fule's jerkin through.

\* A rising ground on Cannobie, on the Borders of Liddesdale.

- 40 Together they ran, or ever they blan: \*  
 This was Dickie the fule and he!  
 Dickie cou'd na win at him with the blade of the sword,  
 But fell'd him with the plummet under the e'c.
- 41 Thus Dickie has fell'd fair Johnnie Armstrang,  
 The prettiest man in the south country:  
 "Gramercy!" then 'gan Dickie say,  
 "I had but twa horse, thou hast made me three!"
- 42 He 's ta'en the steel jack aff Johnnie's back,  
 The twa-handed sword that hung low by his thie;  
 He 's ta'en the steel cap aff his head,—  
 "Johnnie, I'll tell my master I met with thee."
- 43 When Johnnie wakened out of his dream,  
 I wat a drearie man was he:  
 "And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, then  
 The shame and dule is left with me.
- 44 "And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, then  
 The deil gae in thy companie!  
 For if I shou'd live these hundred years,  
 I ne'er shall fight with a fule after thee."
- 45 Then Dickie 's come hame to the gude Lord Scroope,  
 E'en as fast as he might hie:  
 "Now, Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,  
 Till hie hangèd thou shalt be."
- 46 "The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;  
 "This was na the promise ye made to me!  
 For I'd ne'er gang to Liddesdale to steal,  
 Had I not got my leave frae thee."
- 47 "But what gar'd thee steal the laird's Jock's horse?  
 And, limmer, what gar'd ye steal him?" quo' he;  
 "For lang thou mightst in Cumberland dwelt,  
 Ere the laird's Jock had stolen frae thee." †

\* "Blan:" blew, breathed.

† The commendation of the laird's Jock's honesty seems but indifferently founded; for, in July, 1586, a bill was fouled against him, Dick of Dryup, and others, by the deputy of Bewcastle, at a warden meeting, for 400 head of cattle taken in open foray from the Drysike, in Bewcastle; and in September, 1587, another complaint appears at the instance of one Andrew Rutlege of the Nook, against the laird's Jock and his accomplices, for fifty kine and oxen, besides furniture to the amount of 100 merks sterling. See Bell's MSS., as quoted in the *History of Cumberland and Westmoreland*. In Sir Richard Maitland's poem against the thieves of Liddesdale, he thus commemorates the laird's Jock:—

"They spullye puir men of their pakis,  
 They leif them nocht on bed nor bakis;  
 Baith hen and cok,  
 With reil and rok,  
 The lairdis Jock,  
 All with him takis."

- 48 "Indeed, I wat ye lied, my lord!  
And e'en sae loud as I hear ye lie!  
I wan the horse frae fair Johnnie Armstrang,  
Hand to hand, on Cannobie lee.
- 49 "There is the jack was on his back;  
This twa-handed sword hung laigh by his thie;  
And there's the steel cap was on his head;  
I brought all these tokens to let thee see."
- 50 "If that be true thou to me tells  
(And I think thou dares na tell a lie),  
I'll gi'e thee fifteen pund for the horse,  
Weel tauld on thy cloak lap shall be.
- 51 "I'll gi'e thee ane of my best milk kye,  
To maintain thy wife and children three;  
And that may be as gude, I think,  
As on twa of thine wou'd be."
- 52 "The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;  
"Trow ye aye to make a fule of me?  
I'll either ha'e twenty pund for the gude horse,  
Or he's gae to Morton fair with me."
- 53 He's gi'en him twenty pund for the gude horse,  
All in gowd and gude monie;  
He's gi'en him ane of his best milk kye,  
To maintain his wife and children three.
- 54 Then Dickie's come down thro' Carlisle toun,  
E'en as fast as he cou'd drie;  
The first of men that he met with  
Was my lord's brother, Bailiff Glozenburrie.
- 55 "Weel be ye met, my gude Ralph Scroope!"  
"Welcome, my brother's fule!" quo' he:  
"Where didst thou get fair Johnnie Armstrang's horse?"  
"Where did I get him, but steal him," quo' he.

Those who plundered Dick had been bred up under an expert teacher. Tradition reports that the laird's Jock survived to extreme old age, when he died in the following extraordinary manner. A challenge had been given by an Englishman, named Forster, to any Scottish Borderer, to fight him at a place called Kershopefoot, exactly upon the Borders. The laird's Jock's only son accepted the defiance, and was armed by his father with his own two-handed sword. The old champion himself, though bedridden, insisted upon being present at the battle. He was borne to the place appointed, wrapped, it is said, in blankets, and placed upon a very high stone to witness the conflict. In the duel his son fell, treacherously slain, as the Scottish tradition affirms. The old man gave a loud yell of terror and despair when he saw him slain, and his noble weapon won by an Englishman, and died as they bore him home. A venerable Border poet (though of these latter days) has composed a poem on this romantic incident. The stone on which the laird's Jock sat to behold the duel was in existence till wantonly destroyed a year or two since. It was always called **THE LAIRD'S JOCK'S STONE**, 1802.



- 56 "But wilt thou sell me the bonnie horse?  
And, billie, wilt thou sell him to me?" quo' he:  
"Ay; if thou'lt tell me the monie on my cloak lap;  
For there's never ae penny I'll trust thee."
- 57 "I'll gi'e thee ten pund for the gude horse,  
Weel tauld on thy cloak lap they shall be;  
And I'll gi'e thee ane of the best milk kye,  
To maintain thy wife and children three."
- 58 "The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;  
"Trow ye aye to make a fule of me!  
I'll either ha'e twenty pund for the gude horse,  
Or he's gae to Morton fair with me."
- 59 He's gi'en him twenty pund for the gude horse,  
Baith in gowd and gude monie;  
He's gi'en him ane of his milk kye,  
To maintain his wife and children three.
- 60 Then Dickie lap a loup full hie,  
And I wat a loud laugh laughed he:  
"I wish the neck of the third horse was broken,  
If ony of the twa were better than he!"
- 61 Then Dickie's come hame to his wife again;  
Judge ye how the pair fule had sped!  
He has gi'en her twa score English pund,  
For the three auld coverlets ta'en aff her bed.
- 62 "And take thee these twa as gude kye,  
I trow, as all thy three might be;  
And yet here is a white-footed nagie,  
I trow he'll carry baith thee and me.
- 63 "But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide;  
The Armstrangs they wou'd hang me hie."  
So Dickie's ta'en leave of lord and master,  
And at Burgh-under-Stanmuir there dwells he.

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### JOCK O' THE SIDE.

"The subject of this ballad being a common event in those troublesome and disorderly times, became a favourite theme of the ballad-makers. There are in this collection no fewer than three

poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other; though the poetical description is so different, that the editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any of them, as borrowed from the others. As, however, there are several verses, which, in recitation, are common to all these three songs, the editor, to prevent unnecessary and disagreeable repetition, has used the freedom of appropriating them to that in which they seem to have the best poetic effect.

“The reality of this story rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the Side seems to have been nephew to the laird of Mangertoun, cousin to the laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Christie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of Border clans, 1597. Like the laird's Jock, he also is commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland :—

‘He is weil kend, Johne of the Syde,  
A greater thief did never ryde;  
He nevir tyris,  
For to brek byris,  
Our muir and myris  
Ouir gude ane guid,’ &c.

“Jock o' the Side appears to have assisted the Earl of Westmoreland in his escape after his unfortunate insurrection with the Earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth. ‘The two rebellious rebels went into Liddesdale in Scotland, yesternight, where Martin Ellwood [Elliot] and others, that have given pledges to the Regent of Scotland, did raise their forces against them; being conducted by Black Ormeston, an outlaw of Scotland, that was a principal murderer of the King of Scots, where the fight was offered, and both parties alighted from their horses; and, in the end, Ellwood said to Ormeston, he would be sorry to enter deadly feud with him by bloodshed; but he would charge him and the rest before the regent for keeping of the rebels; and if he did not put them out of the country, the next day, he would doe his worst again them; whereupon the two earls were driven to leave Liddesdale, and to fly to one of the Armstrongs, a Scott upon the batable [debateable] land on the Borders between Liddesdale and England. The same day the Liddesdale men stole the horses of the Countess of Northumberland, and of her two women, and ten others of their company; so as, the earls being gone, the lady of Northumberland was left there on foot, at John o' the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog-kennel in England. At their departing from her, they went not above fifty horse, and the Earl of Westmoreland, to be the more unknown, changed his coat of plate and sword with John o' the Side, and departed like a Scottish Borderer.’—*Advertisements from Hexham*, 22d December, 1569, in the *Cabala*, p. 160.”—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 76.

- 1 Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,  
But I wat they had better ha'e staid at hame;  
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,  
And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

- 2 For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,  
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;  
And down the water with speed she rins,  
While tears in spates fall fast frae her e'e.
- 3 Then up and spoke her gude auld lord,—  
“What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?”  
“Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;  
Michael is killed, and they ha'e ta'en my son Johnnie.”
- 4 “Ne'er fear, sister Downie,” quo' Mangerton;  
“I have yokes of owsen, eighty and three;  
My barns, my byres, and my faulds, all well fill'd,  
I'll part with them all ere Johnnie shall die.
- 5 “Three men I'll send to set him free,  
All harneist with the best of steel;  
The English louns may hear, and drie  
The weight of their braidswords to feel.
- 6 “The laird's Jock ane, the laird's Wat twa,  
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!  
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,  
Since England banished thee, to me.”
- 7 Now, Hobbie was an English man,  
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banished him ne'er to return.
- 8 Lord Mangerton then orders gave,—  
“Your horses they wrang way maun be shod;  
Like gentlemen ye maunna seem,  
But look like corn-cadgers \* ga'en the road.
- 9 “Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
Nor yet appear like men of weir;  
As country lads be all array'd,  
With branks and brecham † on each mare.”
- 10 Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,  
And Hobbie has mounted his gray sae fine,  
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,  
And on they rode for the water of Tyne.
- 11 At the Cholerford ‡ they all light down,  
And there, with the help of the light of the moon,  
A tree they cut, with fifteen nogs on each side,  
To climb up the wall of Newcastle toun.

\* “Cadgers:” carriers.

† “Branks and brecham:” halter and cart-collar.

‡ Cholerford is a ford on the Tyne, above Hexham.

- 12 But when they came to Newcastle toun,  
 And were alighted at the wall,  
 They fand their tree three ells o'er laigh,  
 They fand their stick baith short and small.
- 13 Then up spake the laird's ain Jock,—  
 "There's naething for't; the gates we maun force."  
 But when they came the gate until,  
 A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.
- 14 His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang;  
 With foot or hand he ne'er play'd pa!  
 His life and his keys at ance they ha'e ta'en,  
 And cast his body ahint the wa'.
- 15 Now sune they reached Newcastle jail,  
 And to the prisoner thus they call:  
 "Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,  
 Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"
- 16 Jock answers thus, with doleful tone:  
 "Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep;  
 But wha's this kens my name sae weel,  
 And thus to mese \* my waes does seek?"
- 17 Then out and spake the gude laird's Jock:  
 "Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he;  
 "For here are the laird's Jock, the laird's Wat,  
 And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."
- 18 "Now haud thy tongue, my gude laird's Jock,  
 For ever, alas! this canna be;  
 For if all Liddesdale were here the night,  
 The morn's the day that I maun die.
- 19 "Full fifteen stane of Spanish iron,  
 They ha'e laid all right sair on me;  
 With locks and keys I am fast bound  
 Into this dungeon, dark and drearie."
- 20 "Fear ye na that," quo' the laird's Jock;  
 "A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladye;  
 Work thou within, we'll work without,  
 And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."
- 21 The first strong door that they came at,  
 They loosed it without a key;  
 The next chain'd door that they came at,  
 They gar'd it all to flinders flee.

\* "Mese:" soothe.

- 22 The prisoner now upon his back  
The laird's Jock has gotten up full hie;  
And down the stairs, him, airns and all,  
With nae small speed and joy brings he.
- 23 "Now, Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,  
"Some of his weight ye may lay on me."  
"I wat weel no," quo' the laird's ain Jock,  
"I count him lighter than a flec."
- 24 Sae out at the gates they all are gane,  
The prisoner's set on horseback hie;  
And now with speed they've ta'en the gate,  
While ilk ane jokes full wantonlie.
- 25 "O Jock! sae winsomely ye ride,  
With baith your feet upon ae side;  
Sae weel ye're harneist, and sae trig,  
In troth ye sit like ony bride!"
- 26 The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,  
But hied them on full merrilie,  
Until they came to Cholerford brae,  
Where the water ran like mountains hie.
- 27 But when they came to Cholerford,  
There they met with an auld man;  
Says—"Honest man, will the water ride?  
Tell us in haste, if that ye can."
- 28 "I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man;  
"I ha'e lived here thretty years and three,  
And I ne'er saw the Tyne sae big,  
Nor running ance sae like the sea."
- 29 Then out and spake the laird's saft Wat,  
The greatest coward in the companie,—  
"Now halt, now halt! we needna try't,  
The day is come we all maun die!"
- 30 "Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the laird's ain Jock,  
"There'll nae man die but him that's fey;  
I'll guide ye all right safely thro';  
Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."
- 31 With that the water they ha'e ta'en,  
By ane's and twa's they all swam thro';  
"Here are we all safe," quo' the laird's Jock;  
"And, puir faint Wat, what think ye now?"



- 32 They scarce the other brae had won,  
When twenty men they saw pursue;  
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,  
All English lads baith stout and true.
- 33 But when the land-sergeant\* the water saw,  
"It winna ride, my lads," says he;  
Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,  
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."
- 34 "I wat weel no," quo' the laird's ain Jock,  
"I'll keep them all; shoon to my mare they'll be,—  
My gude bay mare; for I am sure,  
She has bought them all right dear frae thee."
- 35 Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,  
E'en as fast as they cou'd them hie;  
The prisoner is brought to 's ain fireside,  
And there o's airns they make him free.
- 36 "Now, Jock, my billie," quo' all the three,  
"The day is comed thou was to dee;  
But thou 's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,  
Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."

---

 HOBBIE NOBLE.

"We have seen the hero of this ballad act a distinguished part in the deliverance of Jock o' the Side, and are now to learn the ungrateful return which the Armstrongs made him for his faithful services.† Halbert, or Hobbie Noble, appears to have been one of

\* The land-sergeant (mentioned also in "Hobbie Noble") was an officer under the warden, to whom was committed the apprehending of delinquents, and the care of the public peace.

† The original editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* has noticed the perfidy of this clan in another instance; the delivery of the banished Earl of Northumberland into the hands of the Scottish Regent, by Hector of Harelaw, an Armstrong, with whom he had taken refuge.—*Percy*, vol. i., p. 283. This Hector of Harelaw seems to have been an Englishman, or under English assurance, for he is one of those against whom bills were exhibited by the Scottish commissioners, to the Lord Bishop of Carlisle.—Introduction to the *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, p. 81. In the list of Borderers, 1597, Hector of Harelaw, with the Griefs and Cuts of Harelaw, also figures as an inhabitant of the Debateable Land. It would appear, from a spirited invective, in the Maitland MS., against the Regent, and those who delivered up the unfortunate earl to Elizabeth, that Hector had been guilty of this treachery, to redeem the pledge which had been exacted from him for his peaceable demeanour. The poet says, that the perfidy of Morton and Lochlevin was worse than even that of—

—"The traitour Eckie of Harelaw,  
That says he sould him to redeem his pledge;  
Your deed is war, as all the world does know—  
You nothing can but covatrice allege."

—Pinkerton's *Maitland Poems*, vol. i., p. 290.

Eckie is the contraction of Hector among the vulgar.  
These little memoranda may serve still farther to illustrate the beautiful ballads, upon that subject, published in the *Reliques*.

those numerous English outlaws, who, being forced to fly their own country, had established themselves on the Scottish Borders. As Hobbie continued his depredations upon the English, they bribed some of his hosts, the Armstrongs, to decoy him into England under pretence of a predatory expedition. He was there delivered, by his treacherous companions, into the hands of the officers of justice, by whom he was conducted to Carlisle, and executed next morning. The Laird of Mangertoun, with whom Hobbie was in high favour, is said to have taken a severe revenge upon the traitors who betrayed him. The principal contriver of the scheme, called here Sim o' the Maynes, fled into England from the resentment of his chief; but experienced there the common fate of a traitor, being himself executed at Carlisle, about two months after Hobbie's death. Such is, at least, the tradition of Liddesdale. Sim o' the Maynes appears among the Armstrongs of Whitauch, in Liddesdale, in the list of Clans so often alluded to."—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 90.

- 1 FOUL fa' the breast first Treason bred in!  
That Liddesdale may safely say;  
For in it there was baith meat and drink,  
And corn unto our geldings gay.
- 2 And we were all stout-hearted men,  
As England she might often say;  
But now we may turn our backs and flee,  
Since brave Noble is sold away.
- 3 Now Hobbie was an English man,  
And born in Bewcastle dale;  
But his misdeeds they were so great,  
They banish'd him to Liddesdale.
- 4 At Kershope-foot the tryste was set,  
Kershope of the lily lee; \*  
And there was traitour Sim o' the Mains, †  
And with him a private companie.
- 5 Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair,  
Baith with the iron and with the steel;  
And he has ta'en out his fringed gray,  
And there, brave Hobbie, he rade him weel.
- 6 Then Hobbie is down the water gane,  
E'en as fast as he cou'd hie;  
Tho' all shou'd ha'e bursten and broken their hearts,  
Frae that riding-tryst he wou'd na be.

\* Kershope-burn, where Hobbie met his treacherous companions, falls into the Liddel, from the English side, at a place called Turnersholm, where, according to tradition, tournaments and games of chivalry were often solemnized.

† The Mains was anciently a Border keep, near Castletown, on the north side of the Liddel, but is now totally demolished.

- 7 "Well be ye met, my feres \* five!  
And now, what is your will with me?"  
Then they cried all, with ae consent,  
"Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me."
- 8 "Wilt thou with us into England ride,  
And thy safe warrand we will be?  
If we get a horse worth a hundred pound,  
Upon his back thou sune shall be."
- 9 "I dare not by day into England ride;  
The land-sergeant has me at feid:  
And I know not what evil may betide,  
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead."
- 10 "And Anton Shiel he loves not me,  
For I gat twa drifts of his sheep;  
The great Earl of Whitfield † loves me not,  
For nae gear frae me he e'er cou'd keep."
- 11 "But will ye stay till the day gae down,  
Until the night come o'er the ground,  
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa  
That may in Liddesdale be found?"
- 12 "Though the night be black as pick and tar,  
I'll guide thee o'er yon hill sae hie;  
And bring ye all in safety back,  
If ye'll be true and follow me."
- 13 He has guided them o'er moss and muir,  
O'er hill and hope, and mony a down,  
Until they came to the Foulbogshiel,  
And there, brave Noble, he lighted down."
- 14 But word is gane to the land-sergeant,  
In Askerton ‡ where that he lay:  
"The deer, that ye ha'e hunted sae lang,  
Is seen into the Waste this day."

\* "Feres:" companions.

† Whitfield is explained by Mr. Ellis of Otterbourne to be a large and rather wild manorial district in the extreme south-west part of Northumberland; the proprietor of which might be naturally called the lord, though not Earl of Whitfield. Sir Matthew Whitfield of Whitfield was Sheriff of Northumberland in 1433, and the estate continued in the family from the reign of Richard II., till about fifty years since.

‡ Askerton is an old castle, now ruinous, situated in the wilds of Cumberland, about seventeen miles north-east of Carlisle, amidst that mountainous and desolate tract of country bordering upon Liddesdale, emphatically termed the Waste of Bewcastle.

- 15 "The Hobbie Noble is that deer!  
I wat he carries the style full hie;  
Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,\*  
And set ourselves at little lee.
- 16 "Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn;  
See they sharp their arrows on the wall!  
Warn Willeva and Speir Edom, †  
And see the morn they meet me all.
- 17 "Gar meet me on the Roderic-haugh, ‡  
And see it be by break of day;  
And we will on to Conscouthart-green,  
For there, I think, we'll get our prey."
- 18 Then Hobbie Noble has dreamit a dream,  
In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;  
He dreamit his horse was aneath him shot,  
And he himself got hard away.
- 19 The cocks 'goud § craw, the day 'goud daw,  
And I wot sae even fell down the rain;  
Had Hobbie na wakened at that time,  
In the Foulbogshiel he had been ta'en or slain.
- 20 "Awake, awake, my feres five!  
I trow here makes a full ill day;  
Yet the worst cloak of this company,  
I hope, shall cross the Waste this day."

\* "The russet bloodhound, wont, near Annand's stream,  
To trace the sly thief with avenging foot,  
Close as an evil conscience still at hand."

Our ancient statutes inform us, that the bloodhound or sluiith-hound (so called from its quality of tracing the slot, or track, of men and animals) was early used in the pursuit and detection of marauders. *Nullus perturbet aut impediatur canem trassantem, aut homines trassantes cum ipso, ad sequendum latrones.*—*Regiam Majestatem*, lib. 4tus, cap. 32. And, so late as 1616, there was an order from the king's commissioners of the northern counties, that a certain number of slough-hounds should be maintained in every district of Cumberland, bordering upon Scotland. They were of great value, being sometimes sold for a hundred crowns.—*Exposition of Bleau's Atlas, voce Nithsdale*. The breed of this sagacious animal, which could trace the human footstep with the most unerring accuracy, is now nearly extinct.

† Willeva and Speir Edom are small districts in Bewcastledale, through which also the Hartlie-burn takes its course.

‡ Conscouthart-green, and Rodric-haugh, and the Foulbogshiel, are the names of places in the same wilds, through which the Scottish plunderers generally made their raids upon England, as appears from the following passage in a letter from William, Lord Dacre, to Cardinal Wolsey, 18th July, 1528; Appendix to Pinkerton's *Scotland*, v. 12, No. XIX. "Like it also your grace, seeing the disordour within Scotland, that all the mysgyuded men, Borderers of the same, inhabiting within Eskdale, Ewsdale, Walghopedale, Liddesdale and a part of Tividale, foranempt Bewcastledale, and a part of the Middle Marches of this the King's Bordours, entres not this West and Middle Marches, to do any attemptate to the King our said Sovereaine's subjects: but thaye come thorow Bewcastledale, and retorne, for the most parte, the same waye agayne."

§ "Goud:" *i. e.*, begond; began.

- 21 Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear;  
But, ever alas! it was na sae;  
They were beset by cruel men and keen,  
That away brave Hobbie might na gae.
- 22 "Yet follow me, my feres five,  
And see ye keep of me gude ray;  
And the worst cloak of this companie,  
Even yet may cross the Waste this day."
- 23 But the land-sergeant's men came Hobbie before,  
The traitor Sim came Hobbie behin';  
So had Noble been wight as Wallace was,  
Away, alas! he might na win.
- 24 Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword;  
But he did mair than a laddie's deed;  
For that sword had clear'd Conscouthart-green,  
Had it not broke o'er Jerswitham's head.
- 25 Then they ha'e ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,  
Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae;  
But his gentle heart was ne'er sae sair,  
As when his ain five bound him on the brae.
- 26 They ha'e ta'en him on for West Carlisle;  
They ask'd him if he kenn'd the way?  
Though much he thought, yet little he said;  
He knew the gate as weel as they.
- 27 They ha'e ta'en him up the Ricker-gate;\*  
The wives they cast their windows wide;  
And every wife to another can say,  
"That 's the man loosed Jock o' the Side!"
- 28 "Fy on ye, women! why call ye me man?  
For it's nae man that I'm used like;  
I am but like a forfoughen † hound,  
Has been fighting in a dirty syke."
- 29 They ha'e had him up through Carlisle town,  
And set him by the chimney fire;  
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,  
And that wasl ittle his desire.
- 30 They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,  
And after that a can of beer;  
And they all cried, with one consent,  
"Eat, brave Noble, and make good cheer.

\* 'Ricker-gate': a street in Carlisle.

† 'Forfoughen': quite fatigued.



- 31 "Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,  
 "And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's na dee."  
 "How can I confess them," Hobbie says,  
 "When I ne'er saw them with my e'e?"
- 32 Then Hobbie has sworn a full great aith,  
 By the day that he was gotten and born,  
 He never had onything of my lord's  
 That either eat him grass or corn.
- 33 'Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton! \*  
 For I think again I'll ne'er thee see;  
 I wou'd ha'e betray'd nae lad alive,  
 For all the gowd of Christentie.
- 34 "And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale!  
 Baith the hie land and the law;  
 Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains!  
 For gowd and gear he'll sell thee a'.
- 35 "Yet wou'd I rather be Hobbie Noble,  
 In Carlisle wha suffers for his fau't,  
 Than I wou'd be the traitor Mains,  
 That eats and drinks of the meal and mant."

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### ARCHIE OF CA'FIELD.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 116.

"It may perhaps be thought, that, from the near resemblance which this ballad bears to 'Kinmont Willie' and 'Jock o' the Side,' the editor might have dispensed with inserting it in this Collection. But although the incidents in these three ballads are almost the same, yet there is considerable variety in the language; and each contains minute particulars, highly characteristic of Border manners, which it is the object of this publication to illustrate. Ca'field, or Calfield, is a place in Wauchopdale, belonging of old to the Armstrongs. In the account betwixt the English and Scottish Marches, Jock and Geordie of Ca'field, there called Calf-hill, are repeatedly marked as delinquents.—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. i., Introduction, p. 33.

\* Of the Castle of Mangerton, so often mentioned in these ballads, there are very few vestiges. It was situated on the banks of the Liddell, below Castletoun. In the wall of a neighbouring mill, which has been entirely built from the ruins of the tower, there is a remarkable stone, bearing the arms of the Laids of Mangertoun, and a long broadsword, with the figures 1583, probably the date of building or repairing the castle. On each side of the shield are the letters S. A. and E. E., standing probably for Symon Armstrong and Elizabeth Elliott. Such is the only memorial of the Laids of Mangertoun, except those rude ballads, which the editor now offers to the public.

"The editor has been enabled to add several stanzas to this ballad, since publication of the first edition. They were obtained from recitation; and, as they contrast the brutal indifference of the elder brother with the zeal and spirit of his associates, they add considerably to the dramatic effect of the whole."

[A North Country version, under the title of "Billie Archie," as communicated by Mr. Buchan, appears in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 335; and a still different version, under the title of "The Three Brothers," is given by Mr. Buchan in his *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 111.]

- 1 As I was a-walking mine alane,  
It was by the dawning of the day,  
I heard twa brithers mak' their mane,  
And I listen'd weel to what they did say.
- 2 The youngest to the eldest said,—  
"Blythe and merrie how can we be?  
There were three brithren of us born,  
And ane of us is condemn'd to dee."
- 3 "An ye wou'd be merrie, an ye wou'd be sad,  
What the better wou'd billy \* Archie be?  
Unless I had thirty men to mysel',  
And all to ride in my companie.
- 4 "Ten to hald the horses' heads,  
And other ten the watch to be,  
And ten to break up the strong prison,  
Where billy Archie he does lie."
- 5 Then up and spak' him mettled John Hall †  
(The luve of Teviotdale aye was he),—  
"An I had eleven men to mysel',  
It's aye the twalt man I wou'd be."
- 6 Then up bespak' him coarse Ca'field  
(I wot and little gude worth was he),—  
"Thirty men is few anew,  
And all to ride in our companie."
- 7 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching on the lee,  
Until they came to Murraywhate,  
And they lighted there right speedilie.

\* "Billy:" brother.

† Mettled John Hall, from the Laigh Teviotdale, is perhaps John Hall of Newbigging, mentioned in the list of Border clans, as one of the chief men of name residing on the Middle Marches in 1597.

- 8 "A smith! a smith!" Dickie he cries,  
 "A smith, a smith, right speedilie,  
 To turn back the caukers of our horses' shoon!  
 For it's unkensoome \* we wou'd be."
- 9 "There lives a smith on the water-side,  
 Will shoe my little black mare for me  
 And I've a crown in my pocket,  
 And every groat of it I wou'd gi'e."
- 10 "The night is mirk, and it's very mirk,  
 And by candle-light I canna weel see;  
 The night is mirk, and it's very pit mirk,  
 And there will never a nail ca' right for me."
- 11 "Shame fall you and your trade baith,  
 Canna beet † a good fellow by your mystery; ‡  
 But leeze me on thee, my little black mare,  
 Thou's worth thy weight in gold to me."
- 12 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
 And there was marching upon the lee,  
 Until they cam' to Dumfries port,  
 And they lighted there right speedilie.
- 13 "There's five of us will hold the horse,  
 And other five will watchmen be;  
 But wha's the man among you all,  
 Will gae to the Tolbooth door with me?"
- 14 Oh, up then spak' him mettled John Hall  
 (Frae the laigh Teviotdale was he),—  
 "If it shou'd cost my life this very night,  
 I'll gae to the Tolbooth door with thee."
- 15 "Be of gude cheer, now, Archie, lad!  
 Be of gude cheer, now, dear billie!  
 Work thou within, and we without,  
 And the morn thou's dine at Ca'field with me."
- 16 Oh, Jockie Hall stepp'd to the door,  
 And he bended low back his knee,  
 And he made the bolts the door hang on  
 Loup frae the wall right wantonlie.

\* "Unkensoome:" unknown.

† "Beet:" abet, aid.

‡ "Mystery:" trade. (See *Shakespeare*.)

- 17 He took the prisoner on his back,  
And down the Tolbooth stair cam' he :  
The black mare stood ready at the door,—  
I wot a foot ne'er stirred she.
- 18 They laid the links out o'er her neck,  
And that was her gold twist to be ; \*  
And they cam' down thro' Dumfries toun,  
And wow, but they cam' speedilie !
- 19 The live-lang night these twelve men rade,  
And aye till they were right wearie,  
Until they cam' to the Murraywhate,  
And they lighted there right speedilie.
- 20 "A smith ! a smith !" then Dickie he cries,  
"A smith, a smith, right speedilie,  
To file the irons frae my dear brither !  
For forward, forward we wou'd be."
- 21 They hadna filed a shackle of iron,  
A shackle of iron but barely three,  
When out and spak' young Simon brave,—  
"Oh, dinna you see what I do see ?
- 22 "Lo ! yonder comes Lieutenant Gordon,  
With a hundred men in his companie ;  
This night will be our lyke-wake night,  
The morn the day we all maun die."
- 23 Oh, there was mounting, mounting in haste,  
And there was marching upon the lee,  
Until they cam' to Annan water,  
And it was flowing like the sea.
- 24 "My mare is young and very skeigh, †  
And in o' the weil ‡ she will drown me ;  
But ye'll tak' mine, and I'll tak' thine,  
And sune through the water we shall be."
- 25 Then up and spake him coarse Ca'field  
(I wot and little gude worth was he),—  
"We had better lose ane than lose all the lave ;  
We'll lose the prisoner, we'll gae free."

\* The Gold Twist means the small gilded chains drawn across the chest of a war horse, as a part of his caparison.

† "Skeigh:" shy.

‡ "Weil:" eddy.

- 26 "Shame fa' you and your lands baith!  
Wou'd ye e'en \* your lands to your born billy?  
But hey! bear up, my bonnie black mare,  
And yet through the water we shall be."
- 27 Now they did swim that wan water,  
And wow, but they swam bonnilie!  
Until they cam' to the other side,  
And they wrang their clothes right drunkily.
- 28 "Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon!  
Come thro' and drink some wine with me!  
For there is an ale-house here hard by,  
And it shall not cost thee ae penny."
- 29 "Throw me my irons," quo' Lieutenant Gordon;  
"I wot they cost me dear enough."  
"The shame a ma," quo' mettled John Ha',  
"They'll be gude shackles to my pleugh."
- 30 "Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon!  
Come thro' and drink some wine with me!  
Yestreen I was your prisoner,  
But now this morning I am free."

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### ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT.

"The following verses are said to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches, 1600. (See Notes on 'The Raid of the Reidswire,' *ante*, p. 522.) The tune is popular in Scotland; but whether these are the original words, will admit of a doubt."—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 123.

They appear in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii., p. 225, with only a slight difference in the opening line, which reads—

"Oh, this is my departing time."

The words and music next appear in Johnson's *Museum*, p. 620.

Three maudlin stanzas, under the title of "The Last Gude-night," are given in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 127.

1 THIS night is my departing night,  
For here nae langer must I stay;  
There 's neither friend nor foe of mine  
But wishes me away.

2 What I have done thro' lack of wit,  
I never, never can recall;  
I hope ye're all my friends as yet;  
Goodnight, and joy be with you all!

\* "E'en:" even; put into comparison.



## LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.\*

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 133.

"This beautiful ballad is published from a copy in Glenriddel's MSS., with some slight variations from tradition. It alludes to one of the most remarkable feuds upon the West Marches.

"A. D. 1585, John Lord Maxwell, or, as he styled himself, Earl of Morton, having quarrelled with the Earl of Arran, reigning favourite of James VI., and fallen, of course, under the displeasure of the court, was denounced rebel. A commission was also given to the Laird of Johnstone, then Warden of the West Marches, to pursue and apprehend the ancient rival and enemy of his house. Two bands of mercenaries, commanded by Captains Cranstoun and Lammie, who were sent from Edinburgh to support Johnstone, were attacked and cut to pieces at Crawford-muir, by Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the chieftain; † who, following up his advantage, burned Johnstone's Castle of Lochwood, observing, with savage glee, that he would give Lady Johnstone light enough by which 'to set her hood.' In a subsequent conflict, Johnstone himself was defeated and made prisoner, and is said to have died of grief at the disgrace which he sustained. See Spottiswoode and Johnstone's *Histories*, and Moyses's *Memoirs*, ad annum 1585.

"By one of the revolutions common in those days, Maxwell was soon after restored to the King's favour in his turn, and obtained the Wardenry of the West Marches. A bond of alliance was subscribed by him and by Sir James Johnstone, and for some time the two clans lived in harmony. In the year 1593, however, the hereditary feud was revived, on the following occasion:—A band of marauders, of the clan Johnstone, drove a prey of cattle from the lands belonging to the Lairds of Crichton, Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig; and defeated, with slaughter, the pursuers, who attempted to rescue their property. (See 'The Lads of Wamphray,' *ante*, p. 552.) The injured parties, being apprehensive that Maxwell would not cordially embrace their cause, on account of his late reconciliation with the Johnstones, endeavoured to overcome his reluctance, by offering to enter into bonds of manrent, and so to become his followers and liegemen; he, on the other hand, granting to them a bond of maintenance or protection, by which he bound himself, in usual form, to maintain their quarrel against all mortals, saving his loyalty. Thus, the most powerful and respectable families in Dumfriesshire became, for a time, the vassals of Lord Maxwell. This secret alliance was discovered to Sir James Johnstone by the Laird of Cummertrees, one of his own clan, though a retainer to Maxwell.

\* [Lord Byron refers to this ballad, as having suggested the "Goodnight" in the first canto of "Childe Harold." See *Life and Works of Byron*, vol. viii.—Lockhart.]

† It is devoutly to be wished that this Lammie (who was killed in the skirmish) may have been the same miscreant who, in the day of Queen Mary's distress, "hes ensign being of quhyt taffitae, had painted one it ye cruell murder of King Henry, and layed down before her majestie, at quhat time she presented herself as prisoner to ye lordis."—Birrel's *Diary*, June 15, 1567. It would be some satisfaction to know that the gray hairs of this worthy personage did not go down to the grave in peace.

Cummertrees even contrived to possess himself of the bonds of manrent, which he delivered to his chief. The petty warfare betwixt the rival barons was instantly renewed. Buccleuch, a near relation of Johnstone, came to his assistance with his clan, 'the most renowned freebooters, the fiercest and bravest warriors among the Border Tribes.\*' With Buccleuch also came the Elliots, Armstrongs, and Græmes. Thus reinforced, Johnstone surprised and cut to pieces a party of the Maxwells, stationed at Lochmaben. On the other hand, Lord Maxwell, armed with the royal authority, and numbering among his followers all the barons of Nithsdale, displayed his banner as the king's lieutenant, and invaded Annandale at the head of 2,000 men. In those days, however, the royal auspices seem to have carried as little good-fortune as effective strength with them. A desperate conflict, still renowned in tradition, took place at the Dryffe Sands, not far from Lockerby, in which Johnstone, although inferior in numbers, partly by his own conduct, partly by the valour of his allies, gained a decisive victory. Lord Maxwell, a tall man, and heavily armed, was struck from his horse in the flight, and cruelly slain, after the hand which he stretched out for quarter had been severed from his body. Many of his followers were slain in the battle, and many cruelly wounded, especially by slashes in the face, which wound was thence termed a 'Lockerby lick.' The Barons of Lag, Closeburn, and Drumlanrig escaped by the fleetness of their horses; a circumstance alluded to in the following ballad.

"This fatal battle was followed by a long feud, attended with all the circumstances of horror proper to a barbarous age. Johnstone, in his diffuse manner, describes it thus: '*Ab eo die ultro citroque in Annandia et Nithia magnis utriusque regionis jacturis certatum. Cædes, incendia, rapinæ, et nefanda facinora; liberi in maternis gremiis trucidati, mariti in conspectu conjugum suarum; incense villæ; lamentabiles ubique querimonia, et horribiles armorum fremitus.*'—Johnstoni *Historia*, ed. Amstæl., p. 182.

"John, Lord Maxwell, with whose 'Goodnight' the reader is here presented, was son to him who fell at the battle of Dryffe Sands, and is said to have early avowed the deepest revenge for his father's death. Such, indeed, was the fiery and untameable spirit of the man, that neither the threats nor entreaties of the King himself could make him lay aside his vindictive purpose; although Johnstone, the object of his resentment, had not only reconciled himself to the court, but even obtained the wardenry of the Middle Marches, in room of Sir John Carmichael, murdered by the Armstrongs. Lord Maxwell was therefore prohibited to approach the Border Counties; and having, in contempt of that mandate, excited new disturbances, he was confined in the castle of Edinburgh. From this fortress, however, he contrived to make his escape; and having repaired to Dumfriesshire, he sought an amicable interview with Johnstone, under a pretence of a wish to accommodate their differences. Sir Robert Maxwell, of Orchardstane (mentioned in the ballad, verse 1), who was married to a sister of Sir James Johnstone, persuaded his brother-in-law to accede to Maxwell's proposal. The following relation of

\* "*Inter accolæ latrocinii famosos, Scotos Buccleuchi clientes—fortissimos tribulium et ferocissimos.*"—Johnstoni *Historia*, ed. Amstæl., p. 182.

what followed is taken from an article in Shawfield's MS., mentioned in the introduction to the ballad called 'Kinmont Willie':--

“The simple truth and cause of the treasonable murder of umquhile Sir James Johnstoun of Dunskele, knight, was as efter followes. To wit, John Lord Maxwell having dealt and useit his best means with some nobilemen and baronnes within the cuntrey, and likeways with sundry of the name of Maxwell, being refused of them all to be partakers of so foull ane deed; till at last he unhappily persuaded one Charles Maxwell, one of the brether of Kirkhouse, to be with him, and having made him assured to be pairtner in that treasonable plot; therefore, taking advantage of the weakness and unabilitie of umquhill Sir Robert Maxwell, of Orchyardtoun, knight, presuming that he had power of the said Sir James, being brother-in-law to him, to bring him to anye part he pleased; Maxwell, pretending he had special busines to do with Sir James, hearing he was going from the Court of England, so gave out by reasoun he was the king's rebell for the time, for breaking weird out of the Castle of Edinburgh, that he had no other houpes to obtaine the king's favour but be his meanes. So upon this pretence, the said Sir James was moved to meet him at Auchnamhill, near by Arthorstane, without the house of Bent, upon the 6th Aprile, 1608, with one man onlie with him as was with the uther, themselves two onlie and the forsaid Sir Robert Maxwell with them, and their servantes being a little off. The forsaid Charles falls out with opprobrious and malicious speeches to Sir James his servant, William Johnstoune of Gunmenlie, and before he was aware shott him with ane pistoll. Sir James hearing the shott and his man's words, turning about to see what was past, immediatelie Maxwell shott him behind his back with ane pistoll chairgit with two poysonit bullets, at which shott the said Sir James fell from his horse. Maxwell, not being content therewith, raid about him ane lang tyme, and persued him farder, vowing to use him more cruelly and treacherously than he had done, for which it is known sufficiently what followed.' 'A fact,' saith Spottiswoode, 'detested by all honest men, and the gentleman's misfortune severely lamented, for he was a man full of wisdom and courage.'—*Spottiswoode*, edit. 1677, pp. 467, 504. *Johnstoni Historia*, ed. Amstæl., pp. 254, 283, 449.

“Lord Maxwell, the murderer, made his escape to France; but having ventured to return to Scotland, he was apprehended lurking in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. The royal authority was now much strengthened by the union of the crowns, and James employed it in stanching the feuds of the nobility, with a firmness which was no attribute of his general character. But in the best actions of that monarch, there seems to have been an unfortunate tincture of that meanness, so visible on the present occasion. Lord Maxwell was indicted for the murder of Johnstone; but this was combined with a charge of fire-raising, which, according to the ancient Scottish law, if perpetrated by a landed man, constituted a species of treason, and inferred forfeiture. Thus the noble purpose of public justice was sullied by being united with that of enriching some needy favourite. John, Lord Maxwell, was condemned, and beheaded, 21st May, 1613. Sir Gideon Murray, Treasurer-depute, had a great share of his forfeiture; but the attainder was

afterwards reversed, and the honours and estate were conferred upon the brother of the deceased.—Laing's *History of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 62. *Johnstoni Historia*, p. 493.

“The lady mentioned in the ballad was sister to the Marquis of Hamilton, and according to Johnstone the historian, had little reason to regret being separated from her husband, whose harsh treatment finally occasioned her death. But Johnstone appears not to be altogether untinctured with the prejudices of his clan, and is probably, in this instance, guilty of exaggeration; as the active share taken by the Marquis of Hamilton in favour of Maxwell, is a circumstance inconsistent with such a report.

“Thus was finally ended, by a salutary example of severity, the ‘foul debate’ between the Maxwell’s and Johnstones, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains,—one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner.

“It seems reasonable to believe, that the following ballad must have been written before the death of Lord Maxwell, in 1613; otherwise there would have been some allusion to that event. It must therefore have been composed betwixt 1608 and that period.”

- 1 “ADIEU, madame, my mother dear,  
But and my sisters three!  
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!  
My heart is wae for thee.  
Adieu, the lily and the rose,  
The primrose, fair to see;  
Adieu, my ladye, and only joy!  
For I may not stay with thee.
- 2 “Though I ha’e slain the Lord Johnstone,  
What care I for their feid?  
My noble mind their wrath disdains—  
He was my father’s deid.  
Both night and day I labour’d oft  
Of him avenged to be;  
But now I’ve got what lang I sought,  
And I may not stay with thee.
- 3 “Adieu! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,  
And Closeburn in a band! \*  
The Laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,  
When the Johnstone struck aff his hand.

\* The reader will perceive, from the Introduction, what connection the bond, subscribed by Douglas of Drumlanrig, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Grierson of Lagg, had with the death of Lord Maxwell’s father. For the satisfaction of those who may be curious as to the form of these bonds, I have transcribed a letter of manrent, † from a MS. collection of upwards of twenty deeds of that nature, copied from

† “Manrent:” the proper spelling is manred. Thus, in the romance of “Florice and Blanche-floure:”—

“He will falle to thil fot,  
And bicom the man gif he mot;  
His manred thou schalt afonge,  
And the trewthie of his honde.”



They were three brethren in a band—  
 Joy may they never see!  
 Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,  
 Has twined my love and me.

4 " Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,  
 But and Carlaverock fair!  
 Adieu! my castle of the Thrieve,\*

the originals by the late John Syme, Esq., Writer to the Signet; for the use of which, with many other favours of a similar nature, I am indebted to Dr. Robert Anderson of Edinburgh. The bond is granted by Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, to Robert Lord Maxwell, father of him who was slain at the battle of the Dryffe Sands.

## BOND OF MANRENT.

"Be it kend till all men be thir present lettres, me, Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, to be bundin and oblist, and be the tenor heirof, bindis and oblistis me, be the faith and treuth of my body, in manrent and service to ane nobil and mychty lord, Robert lord Maxwell, induring all the days of my lyfe; and byndis and oblistis me, as said is, to be leil and trew mau and servant to the said Robert lord Maxwell, my master, and sall nowthir heir nor se his skaith, but sall lat the samyn at my utir power, and warn him therof. And I sall conceill it that the said lord schawis to me, and sall gif him agane the best leill and true counsall that I can, quhen he only askis at me; and that I sall ryde with my kyn, freyndis, servandis, and allies, that wil do for me, or to gang with the said lords; and to do him sfauld, trew, and thankful service, and take sfauld plane part with the said lord, my maister, in all and sindry his actionis, causis, quarrellis, leful and honest, movit, or to be movit, be him, or aganis him, baith in peace and weir, contrair or aganis all thae that leiffes or de may (my allegiance to owr soveran ladye the queenis grace, her tutor and governor, allanerly except). And thir my lettres of manrent, for all the dayis of my life foresaid to indure, all dissimulations, fraud, or gyle, secludit and away put. In witness," &c. The deed is signed at Edinburgh, 3d of February, 1542.

In the collection, from which this extract is made, there are bonds of a similar nature granted to Lord Maxwell, by Douglas of Drumlanrig, ancestor to the Dukes of Queensberry; by Crichton Lord Sanquhar, ancestor of the Earls of Dumfries, and many of his kindred; by Stuart of Castlemilk; by Stuart of Garlies, ancestor of the Earls of Galloway; by Murray of Cockpool, ancestor of the Murrays, Lords Annandale; by Grierson of Lagg, Gordon of Lochmaben, and many other of the most ancient and respectable barons in the south-west of Scotland, binding themselves, in the most submissive terms, to become the liegemen and the vassals of the House of Maxwell; a circumstance which must highly excite our idea of the power of that family. Nay, even the rival chieftain, Johnstone of Johnstone, seems at one time to have come under a similar obligation to Maxwell, by a bond, dated 11th of February, 1528, in which reference is made to the counter-obligation of the patron, in these words:—"Forasmeikle as the said lord has oblist him to supple, maintene, and defend me, in the peiabiill brouking and joycing of all my landis, rentis, &c., and to take my sfauld, leill, and trew part, in all my good actionis, causis, and our soveraigne lord the king allanerly excepted, as at mair length is contained in his letters of maintenance maid to me thereupon; therefore," &c., he proceeds to bind himself as liegeman to the Maxwell.

I cannot dismiss the subject without observing, that in the dangerous times of Queen Mary, when most of these bonds are dated, many barons, for the sake of maintaining unanimity and good order, may have chosen to enrol themselves among the clients of Lord Maxwell, then Warden of the Border, from which, at a less turbulent period, personal considerations would have deterred them.

\* This fortress is situated in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, upon an island several acres in extent, formed by the river Dea. The walls are very thick and strong, and bear the marks of great antiquity. It was a royal castle; but the keeping of it, agreeable to the feudal practice, was granted by charter, or sometimes by a more temporary and precarious right, to different powerful families, together with lands for their good service in maintaining and defending the place. This office of heritable keeper remained with the Nithsdale family (chief of the Maxwells) till their forfeiture, 1715. The garrison seems to have been victualled upon feudal principles; for each parish in the stewartry was burdened with the yearly payment of a *lardner mari cow*, i. e., a cow fit for being killed and salted at Martinmas for winter provisions. The right of levying these cattle was retained by the Nithsdale family, when they sold the castle and estate in 1704, and they did not cease to exercise it till their attainder.—*Fountainhall's Decisions*, vol. 1., p. 688.



With all my buildings there :  
 Adieu ! Lochmaben's gate sae fair,  
 The Langholm-holm, where birks there be ;  
 Adieu ! my ladye, and only joy,  
 For, trust me, I may not stay with thee.

- 5 " Adieu ! fair Eskdale, up and down,  
 Where my puir friends do dwell ;  
 The bangisters\* will ding them down,  
 And will them sair compel.  
 But I'll avenge their feid mysel'  
 When I come o'er the sea !  
 Adieu ! my ladye, and only joy,  
 For I may not stay with thee."
- 6 " Lord of the land !" that ladye said,  
 " Oh, wou'd ye go with me,  
 Unto my brother's stately tow'r,  
 Where safest ye may be ?  
 There Hamiltons, and Douglas baith,  
 Shall rise to succour thee."  
 " Thanks for thy kindness, my fair dame,  
 But I may not stay with thee."
- 7 Then he took aff a gay gold ring,  
 Thereat hang signets three ;  
 " Ha'e, take thee that, mine ain dear thing,  
 And still ha'e mind of me :  
 But if thou take another lord,  
 Ere I come o'er the sea,  
 His life is but a three days' lease,  
 Though I may not stay with thee."
- 8 The wind was fair, the ship was clear,  
 That good lord went away ;  
 And most part of his friends were there, †  
 To give him a fair convey.  
 They drank the wine, they didna spare,  
 Even in that gude lord's sight ;  
 Sae now he 's o'er the floods sae gray, ‡  
 And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his Good-night.

\* " Bangisters : " the prevailing party.

† The ancestor of the present Mr. Maxwell of Broomholm is particularly mentioned in Glenriddel's MS. as having attended his chieftain in his distress, and as having received a grant of lands, in reward of this manifestation of attachment.

‡ This seems to have been a favourite epithet in old romances. Thus, in " Hornchilde, and Maiden Rimuild,"—

" Thai sayled ower the *flood* so gray,  
 In Ingland arrived were thay,  
 Ther him levest ware,"

## THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

“This ballad, which is a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, is universally believed to be founded in fact. I found it easy to collect a variety of copies; but very difficult indeed to select from them such a collated edition as might, in any degree, suit the taste of ‘these more light and giddy-paced times.’

“Tradition places the event, recorded in the song, very early; and it is probable that the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been gradually modernized, in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition. The bard does not relate particulars, but barely the striking outlines of a fact, apparently so well known when he wrote, as to render minute detail as unnecessary as it is always tedious and unpoetical.

“The hero of the ballad was a knight of great bravery, called Scott, who is said to have resided at Kirkhope, or Oakwood Castle, and is, in tradition, termed the Baron of Oakwood. The estate of Kirkhope belonged anciently to the Scotts of Harden: Oakwood is still their property, and has been so from time immemorial. The editor was therefore led to suppose, that the hero of the ballad might have been identified with John Scott, sixth son of the Laird of Harden, murdered in Ettrick Forest by his kinsmen, the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. (See notes to ‘Jamie Telfer,’ *ante*, p. 568.) This appeared the more probable, as the common people always affirm that this young man was treacherously slain, and that, in evidence thereof, his body remained uncorrupted for many years; so that even the roses on his shoes seemed as fresh as when he was first laid in the family vault at Hassendean. But from a passage in Nisbet’s *Heraldry*, he now believes the ballad refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan’s Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain.

“In ploughing Annan’s Treat, a huge monumental stone, with an inscription, was discovered; but being rather scratched than engraved, and the lines being run through each other, it is only possible to read one or two Latin words. It probably records the event of the combat. The person slain was the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier.

“Tradition affirms, that the hero of the song (be he who he may) was murdered by the brother, either of his wife or betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady’s father having proposed to endow her with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of combat is still called Annan’s Treat. It is a low muir, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow Kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected, about eighty yards distant from each other; and the least child that can herd a cow will tell the passenger, that there lie ‘the two lords, who were slain in single combat.’

"It will be, with many readers, the greatest recommendation of these verses, that they are supposed to have suggested to Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, the modern ballad, beginning—

'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride.'

A fragment, apparently regarding the story of the following ballad, but in a different measure, occurs in Mr. Herd's MS., and runs thus;—

'When I look east, my heart is sair,  
But when I look west, it's mair and mair;  
For then I see the braes o' Yarrow,  
And there, for aye, I lost my marrow.'

—Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 143.

A fragment of four stanzas, "to the tune of Leaderhaughs and Yarrow," appears in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, vol. i., p. 145. Three of them correspond to the stanzas here numbered 15, 16, and 17; and one, which was reproduced in Scott's version of this ballad, seems, as pointed out by Professor Aytoun, to belong to the next ballad, to which it has therefore been transferred.

Scott's version, which next appeared, forms the basis of the present collated version. The stanzas not bracketed are thence derived; but a few emendations, chiefly on the last lines of some of the stanzas, have been introduced, and consist for the most part in the substitution of "dens" for "banks" or "houms," and of "dowie dens" for "bonnie banks."

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (p. 252) contains a version "taken from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarchan." Stanzas 1 to 4 inclusive are from this source; but stanza 1 has been slightly emended from Scott's.

Buchan's *Ancient Ballads* (vol. ii., p. 203) contains a still different version, under the title of "The Braes o' Yarrow." It is repeated in vol. xvii. of the *Percy Society Publications*. Stanzas 15 and 22 are taken from this version.

Stanza 20 is derived from "Rare Willie's drown'd in Yarrow," in which it appears to be out of place. (See next ballad.)

"'The Dowy Den,' in Evan's *Collection*, vol. iii., p. 342, is," says Professor Child, "the *caput mortuum* of this spirited ballad."

Wordsworth's sympathy with, and appreciation of our Scottish ballad and song lore, is shown in several of his poems. "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited," are instances in point.

1 [LATE at evening, drinking the wine,  
On the dowie\* dens of Yarrow,

\*["Dowie:" melancholy:—

"Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy."—*Yarrow Visited*]

- They set a combat them between,  
To fight it on the morrow.\*
- 2 "You took our sister to be your wife,  
And ne'er thought her your marrow;  
You stole her frae her father's hame,  
When she was the Rose of Yarrow."
- 3 "Yes, I took your sister to be my wife,  
And I made her my marrow;  
I took her frae her father's hame,  
And she's still the Rose of Yarrow."
- 4 He is hame to his ladye gane,  
As he had done before, O;  
Says—"Madam, I must go and fight  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow."]
- 5 "Oh, stay at hame, my noble lord,  
Oh, stay at hame, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow."
- 6 "Oh, fare ye weel, my ladye dear!  
Fareweel, my winsome marrow! †  
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,  
Frae the dowie dens of Yarrow."
- 7 She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,  
As oft she had done before, O;  
She belted him with his noble brand,  
And he's away to Yarrow.
- 8 As he gaed up the Tennies bank,  
I wot he gaed with sorrow,  
Till he espied nine armèd men,  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.
- 9 "Oh, come ye here to part your land,  
The bonnie Forest thorough?  
Or come ye here to wield your brand,  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow?"

\* [Stanza 1, as it appears in Scott's version, reads:—

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine,  
And ere they paid the lawing,  
They set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawing."]

† [Scott's text, in place of "marrow," reads "Sarah," a name which, as Professor Aytoun justly remarks, "was better known in the Land of Canaan than in Ettrick Forest."]



- 10 " I come not here to part my land,  
And neither to beg nor borrow;  
I come to wield my noble brand,  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.
- 11 " If I see all, ye're nine to ane;  
And that's unequal marrow:  
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow."
- 12 Four has he hurt, and five has slain,  
On the bloody braes of Yarrow;  
Till a coward knight came him behind,  
And ran his body thorough.
- 13 " Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother \* John,  
And tell my winsome marrow  
To come and lift her leafu' lord,—  
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."
- 14 [As he gaed o'er yon high, high hill,  
As he had done before, O,  
It's there he met his sister dear,  
Fast running on to Yarrow.]
- 15 " Yestreen I dream'd a doleful dream;  
I fear there will be sorrow!  
I dream'd I pull'd the birk sae green,  
With my true love, on Yarrow."
- 16 [" I'll read your dream, my sister dear,  
Your dream of dule and sorrow;  
Ye pull'd the birk for your true love,—  
He's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.]
- 17 " For in yon glen strave armed men;  
They've wrought thee dule and sorrow;  
They've slain, they've slain your noble lord;  
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."
- 18 As she sped down yon high, high hill,  
She gaed with dule and sorrow,  
And in the den spied ten slain men,  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.
- 19 " She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,  
She search'd his wounds all thorough;  
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.

\* "Good-brother:" beau-frère; brother-in-law.



- 20 ["Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
This night I'll make it narrow;  
For all the live-lang winter night,  
I'll lie twin'd of my marrow."]
- 21 "Now, haud your tongue, my daughter dear!  
For all this breeds but sorrow;  
I'll wed ye to a better lord  
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."
- 22 "Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear!  
Ye mind me but of sorrow:  
A fairer rose did never bloom  
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow."
- 23 [She kiss'd his lips, she kaim'd his hair,  
As aft she had done before, O;  
Syne, with a crack, her heart it brak',  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.]

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#### RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW.

Four stanzas under the above title appear in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. ii., p. 141. Three of them are given in the following collated ballad, and are numbered 2, 10, and 11. The other forms stanza 19 of the preceding ballad, to which it seems properly to belong, as it evidently speaks the language of a matron, while that here numbered stanza 2 is as evidently the language of a maid. (See also stanza 3.)

Stanza 9 is taken from "Willie's Drowned in Gamery;" a similar ballad of the North, given in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 245, and of which a fragment, differing slightly from the complete copy, appears in the Percy Society, vol. xvii., already several times referred to. It was at first intended to insert the ballad just named in this collection; but it is so similar in some of its stanzas to the following, and in others to "The Drowned Lovers," *ante*, p. 9, and so much inferior to both, that this intention has been abandoned.

The remaining stanzas are from "The Haughs of Yarrow,"—"another of Yarrow's inspired songs," given by Mr. Buchan in his *Ancient Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 211. Scott's, or, more correctly speaking, Herd's version of stanza 4 has, however, been substituted for the corresponding stanza in Mr. Buchan's version, which is noted under the text.

"Rare Willie's Drowned in Yarrow" suggested Logan's admirable modern ballad, "The Braes of Yarrow," beginning—

"Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream."

- 1 DOWN in yon garden, sweet and gay,  
Where bonnie grows the lilie,  
I heard a fair maid singing, say,  
"My wish be with sweet Willie."

- 2 " [Oh,] Willie's rare and Willie's fair,  
And Willie's wond'rous bonnie,  
And Willie's hecht to marry me,  
If e'er he married ony.
- 3 " [But] Willie's gane, whom I thought on,  
And does not hear me weeping;  
Nor see the tears frae true love's e'e,\*  
When other maids are sleeping.
- 4 " Oh, gentle wind, that bloweth south,  
From where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth. †
- 5 " Oh, tell sweet Willie to come down,  
And bid him not be cruel;  
Oh, tell him not to break the heart  
Of his love and only jewel.
- 6 " Oh, tell sweet Willie to come down,  
To hear the mavis singing;  
To see the birds on ilka bush,  
And leaves around them hinging.
- 7 " The lav'rock there with her white breast,  
And gentle throat sae narrow;  
There's sport enough for gentlemen  
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.
- 8 " Oh, Leader Haughs are wide and braid,  
And Yarrow Haughs are bonnie;  
There Willie hecht to marry me,  
If e'er he married ony. ‡

\* Altered. The original reads:—

"Draws mony a tear frae's true love's e'e."

† "Ye south, south winds, blaw to the north,  
To the place where he's remaining;  
Convey these kisses to his mouth,  
And tell him how I'm faring."

‡ Buchan's version.—"The Haughs o' Yarrow" ends thus:—

"But if he plays the prodigal,  
I freely could forget him;  
And if he choose another bride,  
I ever mair will hate him."

"But now sweet Willie he's come down,  
And eas'd her of her sorrow;  
And he's made her his lawful bride,  
Upon the braes o' Yarrow."

- 9 " [Oh,] Willie's fair and Willie's rare,  
And Willie's wond'rous bonnie;  
There's nane with him that can compare,  
I love him best of ony.
- 10 " Oh, came you by yon water-side?  
Pull'd ye the rose or lilie?  
Or came ye by yon meadow-green?  
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?"
- 11 She sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him braid and narrow;  
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,  
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.\*

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ANNAN WATER.

From Scott's *Minstrelsy*, vol. iii., p. 282.

"The following verses are the original words of the tune of 'Allan Water,' by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The ballad is given from tradition; and it is said that a bridge over the Annan was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. Two verses are added in this edition, from another copy of the ballad, in which the conclusion proves fortunate. By the Gatehope-slack, is perhaps meant the Gate-slack, a pass in Annandale. The Annan and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, while in the course of preparing these volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instructed. After stating that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of Burns proceeds thus:—"I once in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning; not in the Annan itself, but in the Frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was

\* "She sought it up, she sought it down,  
Till she was wet and wearie;  
And in the middle part of it,  
There she got her dearie."

Penultimate stanza of "Willie's Drowned in Gamery." The "it" means the river.

exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind.”—Scott.

[The following bears some resemblance to the preceding ballad, and to “The Drowned Lovers,” *ante*, p. 9.]

- 1 “ANNAN water’s wading deep,  
And my love Annie’s wond’rous bonnie;  
And I am laith she shou’d weet her feet,  
Because I love her best of ony.
- 2 “Gar saddle me the bonnie black,  
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready;  
For I will down the Gatehope-slack,  
And all to see my bonnie ladye.”
- 3 He has loupén on the bonnie black,  
He stirr’d him with the spur right sairly;  
But, or he wan the Gatehope-slack,  
I think the steed was wae and weary.
- 4 He has loupén on the bonnie gray,  
He rade the right gate and the ready;  
I trow he wou’d neither stint nor stay,  
For he was seeking his bonnie ladye.
- 5 Oh, he has ridden o’er field and fell,  
Thro’ muir and moss, and mony a mire:  
His spurs of steel were sair to bide,  
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.
- 6 “Now, bonnie gray, now play your part,  
If ye be the steed that wins my deary,  
With corn and hay ye’sè be fed for aye,  
And never spur shall make you weary.”
- 7 The gray was a mare, and a right good mare:  
But when she wan the Annan water,  
She cou’dna ha’e ridden a furlong mair,  
Had a thousand merks been wadded\* at her.
- 8 “Oh, boatman, boatman, put off your boat!  
Put off your boat for gowden money!  
I cross the drumly stream the night,  
Or never mair I see my honey.”

\* “Wadded:” wagered.

- 9 "Oh, I was sworn sae late yestreen,  
And not by ae aith, but by many;  
And for all the gowd in fair Scotland,  
I dare not take ye through to Annie."
10. The side was stey, and the bottom deep,  
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;  
And the bonnie gray mare did sweat for fear,  
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.
- 11 Oh, he has pull'd aff his dapperpy \* coat,  
The silver buttons glanced bonnie;  
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,  
He was sae full of melancholy.
- 12 He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;  
I wot he swam both strong and steady;  
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,  
And he never saw his bonnie ladye!
- 13 "Oh, wae betide the frush † saugh wand!  
And wae betide the bush of brier!  
It brake into my true love's hand,  
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.
- 14 "And wae betide ye, Annan water,  
This night that ye are a drumlie river!  
For over thee I'll build a bridge, ‡  
That ye never more true love may sever."

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### THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN

From the *Records of Justiciary*, § it appears that "Jean Livingstone, guidwife of Waristoun, having sustained ane deadly rancour, hatred, and malice against" her husband, "John Kincaid, of Waristoun, for the alleged biting of her in the arm, and striking her divers times, the said Jean, in the month of June, 1600 years, directed Janet Murdo, her *nureis*, to 'Robert Weir, sometime servant to the Laird of Dunipace,' desiring him to come down to Waristoun and speak with her anent the cruel and unnatural taking away of her husband's life. And the said Robert, having come down twice or thrice to the said umwhile Jean, to the said place of Waristoun, he could get no speech of her. At last, the said umwhile Jean, upon the first day of July.

\* Query—cap-à-pie. [Variegated woollen cloth or Tweed.]

† "Frush:" brittle; without cohesion of parts.

‡ See Introduction to ballad, p. 605.

§ The spelling is here modernized.



1600 years, directed the said Janet Murdo her *nureiss* to him, desiring him of new again to come down to her; whereto the said Robert granted. . . . And for performance" of the said murder "Robert Weir was secretly convoyed to *ane laich* celler within the said place, wherein he abade until midnight;" when "he, accompanied with the said Jean Livingstone, came forth of the said *laich* celler, up to the hall of the said place, and therefrom came to the chamber where the said umwhile John was lying in his bed, taking the night's rest, and having entered within the said chamber, perceiving the said John to be wakened out of his sleep by their din, and to press under his bed-stock, the said Robert came then running to him, and most cruelly, with the folded *neives*, gave him a deadly and cruel stroke on the *vaine-organ* [flank-vein], wherewith he *dang* the said umwhile John to the ground out over his bed, and thereafter cruelly struck him on the belly with his feet, whereupon he gave a great cry; and the said Robert, fearing the cry should have been heard, he therefore most tyrannously, barbarously, with his hand *grippet* him by the throat or *waisen*, till he wearied him; during the which time the said John Kincaid lay struggling and *fechting* in the pains of death under him."

The lady and her nurse were quickly apprehended, and met with swift punishment; as the lady "was ta'en to the Girth cross,\* upon the fifth day of July [three days after the murder], and her head struck *frae* her body, at the Canongate foot, who died very patiently,† [and] her nurse was burnt at the same time, at 4 hours in the morning."—Birrel's *Diary*, p. 49.

Weir, the actual perpetrator of the murder, escaped at the time, but was apprehended three or four years thereafter, and "the Jury having found him guilty, he was sentenced to be broken alive on the Row, or Wheel, and be exposed thereon for twenty-four hours; and thereafter the said Row, with the body on it, to be placed between Leith and Waristoun, till orders be given to bury the body."—*Records of Justiciary*, as given by Mr. Buchan.

Three different versions of this ballad have appeared as under:—

- I. "The Laird of Waristoun," *Popular Ballads*, vol. i., p. 109, as communicated to Jamieson by Scott, and "given as it was taken down by the" latter "from the recitation of his mother."
- II. "The Laird of Waristoun," Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 49.
- III. "The Death of Lord Warriston," Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 56.

The two first are fragmentary, and the third seems rather apocryphal in some portions.

\* "Girth Cross, so called from having once stood at the foot of the Canongate, near the *Girth* or Sanctuary of Holyrood House."—Kinloch.

† It appears from the narrative of a contemporary Edinburgh clergyman, edited by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., and printed at Edinburgh, 1827, that the wretched woman, who was then only twenty-one years of age, improved what was almost literally her day of grace, and died as if she were a martyr, rather than a murderess, and grudging "every moment which she spent in this world as so much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next."

The present version has been collated from all three, and retains some of the emendations introduced by Dr. Chambers in his collated version; given in *The Scottish Ballads Collected and Illustrated*, &c., p. 129.

Stanzas 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 20, and 21, are mainly from Jamieson's version; stanzas 3, 7, 8, 19, and 24, from Kinloch's version; and the remainder from Buchan's version.

- 1 DOWN by yon bonnie garden green,  
Sae merrily as she gaes!  
She has, I trow, twa weel-made feet,  
And she trips upon her taes.
- 2 She has twa weel-made feet, I trow;  
Far better is her hand;  
She is as jimp in the middle small  
As ony willow wand.
- 3 It was at dinner as they sat,  
And when they drank the wine,  
How happy were the laird and lady  
Of bonnie Waristoun!
- 4 But Waristoun spake a word in jest;  
Her answer was not good;  
And he has thrown a plate at her,  
Made her mouth gush with bluid.
- 5 She wasna frae her chamber door  
A step, but barely three,  
When straightway up at her richt hand  
There stood Man's Enemy!
- 6 "Gif ye will do my bidding, lady,  
At my bidding for to be,  
I'll learn you a richt skeely wile,  
Avenged for to be.
- 7 "At evening, when ye sit and sup,  
And when ye drink the wine,  
See that ye fill the glass weel up  
To the Laird of Waristoun."\*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* There is less of the terrible about the following, but it is more in accordance with fact:—

"She's counsell'd wi' her father's steward,  
What way she could revenged be;  
Bad was the counsel then he gave,  
It was to gar her gude lord dee."—Buchan's version.

- 8 So at the table as they sat,  
And when they drank the wine,  
She made the glass aft times gae round  
To the Laird of Waristoun.
- 9 The foul thief knotted the tether;  
She lifted his head on hie,  
And the fause nourice drew the knot  
That gar'd Laird Waristoun dee.\*
- 10 Then word has gane to Leith, to Leith,  
And up to Edinbro' toun,  
That the lady she has kill'd the laird,  
The Laird of Waristoun.†
- 11 And they've ta'en her and the fause nourice,  
And in prison ha'e them boun';  
The nourice she was hard of heart,  
But the lady fell in a swoon.
- 12 Then in it came her brother dear;  
A sorry man was he:  
"I wou'd gi'e all the lands I ha'e,  
Bonnie Jean, to borrow thee."
- 13 "Oh, borrow me, brother! borrow me!  
Borrowed shall I never be;  
For I gar'd kill my ain gude lord,  
And life's nae joy to me."
- 14 Then in it came her mother dear;  
A sorry woman was she:  
"I wou'd gi'e my white money and gowd,  
Bonnie Jean, to borrow thee."
- 15 "Borrow me, mother! borrow me!  
Borrowed shall I never be;  
For I gar'd kill my ain gude lord,  
And life's nae joy to me."

\* "The nourice took the deed in hand;  
I wat she was well paid her fee;  
She kiest the knot, and the loop she ran,  
Which soon did gar this young lord dee."—Buchan's version.

† "Word's gane to her father, the great Dunipace,  
And an angry man was he,  
Cry's fy! gar mak a barrel o' pikes,  
And row her down some brae."—Kinloch's version.

Contrast with stanzas 16 and 17, taken from Buchan's version.

- 16 Then in it came her father dear;  
A sorry man was he:  
"Ochon, alas, my bonnie Jean,  
If I had you at hame with me.
- 17 "Seven daughters I ha'e left at hame,  
As fair as fair can be;  
But I wou'd gi'e them all ane by ane,  
O Jean, to borrow thee."
- 18 "Oh, borrow me, father! borrow me!  
Borrowed shall I never be;  
I that is worthy of the death,  
It's richt that I now shou'd dee.
- 19 "O Waristoun, I was your wife,  
These nine years, running ten;  
And I never lo'ed ye half sae weel  
As when ye there lay slain!
- 20 "And oh, ye maidens young and fair,  
Take warning now by me,  
And see ye never marry ane  
But wha pleases your e'e.
- 21 "For Waristoun married me for love,  
But I wed him for fee;  
And sae broke out the deadly feud,  
That gar'd my dearie dee.
- 22 "A boon, a boon, my liege the king,  
A boon, I ask of thee."  
"Ask on, ask on, my bonnie Jean,  
Your boon shall granted be."
- 23 "Cause take me out at nicht, at nicht;  
Let the sun not on me shine,  
And on yon heading hill strike aff  
This dowie head of mine.
- 24 "But first take aff my gowd brocade;  
Let only my petticoat be;  
And tie my mantle o'er my head,  
For my death I daurna see."
- 25 Sae they've ta'en her to the heading hill,  
At morn, afore the sun;  
And with mournfu' sighs they've ta'en her life,  
For the death of Waristoun,

## LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S BALOW.

In Brome's "Northern Lass," 1632, there are two stanzas of a Lament resembling portions of, but which do not occur *verbatim* in any extant version of the following ballad. They are:—

"Peace, wayward barne! oh, cease thy moan!  
 Thy farre more wayward daddy's gone,  
 And never will recalled be,  
 By cryes of either thee or me:  
 For should we cry until we dye,  
 Wee could not scant his cruelty.  
*Ballow, ballow, &c.*

"He needs might in himselfe foresee,  
 What thou successively might'st be;  
 And could he then (though me forgoe)  
 His infant leave, ere hee did know  
 How like the dad would be the lad,  
 In time to make fond maydens glad?  
*Ballow, ballow. &c.*"

Four or five MS. versions exist, namely,—(I.) Pinkerton's *MS.*, 1625-49, now in the possession of Mr. David Laing, which contains two *Baloves*, named Palmer's and Allan's; (II.) Gamble's, 1649; (III.) Percy's, 1650; and (IV.) Rogers', 1658.

With the exception of the two stanzas quoted above, the earliest existing printed version appeared in Watson's *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems*, part iii., 1711, where it is given under the above title.

It was followed by Ramsay's, in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. Both versions substantially agree; but Professor Child justly regards "the latter as the better version of the two, and equally authentic;" and it has, moreover, been adopted, with but slight alterations, by nearly all subsequent editors of Scottish ballad lore.

Bishop Percy, in his *Reliques*, vol. ii., 1765, printed seven stanzas, professedly from his *Folio MS.*, "corrected" by Ramsay's version.

In the *Reliques* it is styled "A Scottish Song;" and it is stated that "the editor once thought" it "might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell and his desertion of his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with [Mary] Queen of Scots: but . . . he has since been informed that it entirely refers to a private story. A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these lines herself."

An "account of the original personages of the ballad," confirmatory of tradition, of the title given by Watson, and of the circumstances narrated in his and Ramsay's versions, as derived from "a passage in Father Hay's *History of the Holyroodhouse Family*," appeared in Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, 1829, p. 133, and as a note to Johnson's *Museum*, song cxxx., in *Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry of Scotland*,



1853, p. 203.\* The information in the one being derived, and the note in the other, from the pen of C. K. Sharpe, Esq. According to this account, the lady was a daughter (or grand-daughter) to Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney; her faithless lover was her cousin, Alexander, son to the Earl of Mar. She is stated to have been very beautiful, and he extremely handsome.

He served as a colonel in the French army (as apparently referred to in stanza 8), but afterwards returned to Scotland, and engaged in the service of the Covenanters.

He and many other persons of distinction belonging to the same party met their death in the castle of Dunglass, Berwickshire, by the explosion of a powder magazine, said to have "been ignited by a menial boy, out of revenge against his master" (A.D. 1640). It is said to have been "the general sentiment of the time, and long a traditional notion in his family, that he came to this dreadful end on account of his treatment of the unhappy lady who indites the Lament." Stanzas 9 and 10, as well as another not given, appear to refer to his tragic end, and if so, must have been added by some Broadside hack of the period; as the betrayal, and probably the composition of the original Lament, seem to date early in the seventeenth century.

Two or more of the editors of the Percy *Folio MS.* (printed text, vol. iii, p. 515), in a long illiberal, illogical, and grossly inaccurate introduction to the version contained in that MS., cavil at the account furnished by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., which, on the other hand, is vindicated by the writer of a note on "Lady Anne Bothwell's Balowe," prefixed to the *fac-simile* reprint of Watson's *Collection*, Glasgow, 1869.

The text which follows is derived from Ramsay's version, but is slightly emendated from the others. One stanza, four lines of another, and two of a third have been left out, as they are far from poetical, rather vulgar, and apparently interpolated by an inferior hand. Stanza 6, from which the two lines are deleted, has the remaining two of the other stanza transferred to it, so as to render it complete.

The chief variations occurring in the Percy *Folio MS.* version, are here noted under the text.

- 1 BALOW, my boy, lye still and sleep!  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep!  
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.†  
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
Thy father bred me great annoy,  
Balow, my boy, lye still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

\* It will be seen from the introduction to "The Duke of Gordon's Daughter," *ante*, p. 548, that the lady referred to subsequently consoled herself with first one husband, and then another. So that it is pretty evident she did not very grievously lament her loss.

† Lines 3 and 4 do not occur in the Percy *MS.* copy, but similar lines appear in Gamble's and Rogers', and, it may be presumed, Pinkerton's *MSS.*

- 2 Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,  
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile;  
 But smile not as thy father did  
 To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!  
 For in thine eye his look I see,  
 The tempting look that ruin'd me.\*  
 Balow, my boy, &c.
- 3 When he began to court my love,  
 And with his sugar'd words to move,  
 His fainings false and flattering cheer,  
 In time to me did not appear;  
 But now I see that cruel he  
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.
- 4 Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth  
 That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth.  
 I wish all maids be warn'd by me,  
 Never to trust thy courtesie;  
 For if they do, oh! cruel thou  
 Wilt [them] † abuse and care not how!  
 Balow, my boy, &c.
- 5 I was too cred'lous at the first,  
 To yield thee all a maiden durst.  
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;  
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,  
 Thy love no more, thy promise nought.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.
- 6 I wish I were a maid again!  
 From young men's flattery I'd refrain;  
 For now unto my grief I find,  
 They all are perjur'd and unkind.

\* "but yet I fear thou wilt go near  
 thy father's hart and face to beare,"  
 —Percy MS., stanza 3, two last lines

"But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,  
 to faynings false thy hart incline.  
 be loyall to thy lover true,  
 and neuer change her ffor a new.  
 if good or faire of her haue care,  
 for women's baninge's wonderous sair."—Percy MS., stanza 5.

"Bearne, by thy face I will be ware;  
 like Sirens words Ile not come neere;  
 my babe and I together will lue;  
 heele comfort me when cares do greene  
 my babe & I right soft will lye  
 & neere respect man's crueltye."—Percy MS., stanza 6.

† "Them" is here substituted for "her."

Balow, my child, thy mother mild,  
 Shall wail, as from all bliss exiled.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

7 Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee.  
 Nor pity her deserved smart,  
 Who can blame none but her fond heart;  
 For too soon trusting latest finds,  
 With fairest tongues\* are falsest minds.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

8 Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
 When he the thriftless son had play'd;  
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he  
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.  
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine  
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

9 But curse not him; perhaps now he,  
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:  
 Perhaps at death; for who can tell  
 Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,  
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,  
 And laid the dear deceiver low?  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

10 I wish I were into the bounds,  
 Where he lyes smother'd in his wounds,  
 Repeating, as he pants for air,  
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair;  
 No woman's yet so fiercely set  
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.†  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* "Tongues" is stupidly changed to "hearts" in Professor Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*. In this, his echo, Mr. J. S. Roberts, faithfully follows him, as a matter of course; but in order to show a little independence, the last-named editor has disarranged the stanzas, and thrust into his text Bishop Percy's rendering of the three stanzas noted under stanzas 2 and 10 of the text here given. And with such palpable poverty of judgment has he done this, that he perpetrates the absurdity of making stanza 5 of the Bishop's copy precede stanza 5 of the present text.

† "I cannot chuse, but euer will,  
 be louing to thy father still:  
 where-ere he goes, where-ere he ryds,  
 my loue with him doth still abyde;  
 In weale or woe, where-ere he goe,  
 my hart can neere depart him froe."—Percy *MS.*, stanza 4.

Stanza 4 of John Gamble's *MS. Book* is similar.

- 11 Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;  
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:  
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,  
 God grant thee patience when they come;  
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,  
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.  
 Balow, my boy, &c.

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### JOHNNIE FAA.

Great variety and contrariety of opinion exists regarding the period of the following ballad. Mr. Paterson, in his *Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, states that he is "inclined to date back the circumstance" to the time of James V., which monarch furnished "Johnnie Faw, Lord and Erle of Little Egypt," with a letter, under the Privy Seal, dated February 15th, 1540, "establishing his authority over the tribe, and calling upon all Sheriffs and persons in authority in Scotland to 'assist him in executione of justice vpon his company and folkis.'"

Another account brings it down to about one hundred years later, by assuming the heroine to be Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, who was married to "the grave and solemn" John, sixth Earl of Cassilis. One version of the story accords with the ballad, in alleging that the Countess eloped with a real gypsy; but other accounts state that the bold Lothario was a Sir John Fall, of Dunbar, a former and favoured lover of the lady. Those who are disposed to favour a later date are, however, at variance as to the precise time; some connecting it with the execution of Johnnie Faa, and seven of his tribe, who were tried and condemned at Edinburgh in January, 1624; while Dr. Robert Chambers states that "the gallant young knight"\* seized "an opportunity when the Earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster" (1643), that he came "disguised as a gypsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts," or, as others say, by a party so disguised.

With reference to the earlier date, it can scarcely be supposed that the lady, who was born in 1607, had formed such an ardent attachment, abandoned, or been forced to abandon it, married, and given birth to two or three children, by or before she was seventeen years of age; while the latter date is disposed of by the fact that she died towards the close of 1642, as is shown by letters to and from the Earl, wherein his "great losse and heavy visitation" in the death of his "beloved yoke-fellow," as he pathetically styles her in one letter, or his "deir bed-fellow," as he touchingly designates her in another, is mutually and feelingly deplored. But these letters not only demolish the "Westminster Assembly of Divines" period theory, but also the allegation of Lady Jean Hamilton being "the frail fair one" at all.

\* He is also styled "Her youthful lover." But as the Countess, if she had lived, would then have been in her thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year, the youth of her assumed lover does not appear very probable, although not impossible.



They also show that the usually accurate Professor Child is in error, in stating that "letters are in existence, written by the Earl of Cassilis to the Lady Jean after the date of these events, which prove the subsistence of a high degree of mutual affection and confidence,"—the reference probably being to the letters anent her death.

Another ballad editor, Mr. J. S. Roberts, in his *Legendary Ballads*, p. 510, referring to the letter "issued under the Privy Seal by James the Fifth" in favour of "Johnnie Faa," pathetically and judiciously, though neither accurately nor judiciously, adds that this did not save him from meeting a bad end; as we find that, in 1624, Captain Johnnie Faa, and seven of his tribe, were tried as "vagaboundis, sorneris, common theives, callit, knawin, repute, and halden Egiptianes," and hanged, as they no doubt deserved to be.

Whether any Lady or Countess of Cassilis eloped in the manner described, was captured at "the Gypsies' Steps,"\* brought back, doomed to witness the execution of her lover and his companions "upon the Dule Tree," divorced *a mensa et thoro*, imprisoned for life in the Castle of Maybole, employed her leisure hours in working the story of her flight in tapestry, or in gazing on the stone representation of the Gypsies' heads, carved at the instance of her outraged lord, are facts or fancies which it seems impossible to expiscate and demonstrate, so as to establish the accuracy of the one, or dispel the phantasy of the other.

The music of "Lady Cassilis' Lilt" occurs in the *Skene MS.* (see Dauneys' *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, p. 228 and p. 268). The air is the same as that to which the ballad is sung; but whether the air is *anterior* or *posterior* to the ballad, cannot be determined. Mr. Dauneys, who considers the *Skene MS.*, or *MSS.*, to have been penned 1615-20,† contends for the former, both in this case and in that of "Ladye Rothemayis Lilt," referred to in the introduction to the ballad of "The Burning of Fren draught," which follows, and necessarily so in the latter case, as the tragedy which that ballad commemorates was enacted, without doubt, in the year 1630.

Different versions of this ballad have appeared in—

- I. Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. ii., p. 282.
- II. Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii., p. 39.
- III. The *Scots Magazine* for November, 1817, (contributed by C. K. Sharpe, Esq.)
- IV. Chambers's *Scottish Gypsies*.

\* Dr. Chambers writes: "Most unfortunately(!), ere they had proceeded very far, the Earl came home, and, learning the fact [of the elopement] immediately set out in pursuit." He also refers to the "Gypsies' Steps," as distant "a few miles from the Castle," and the "capture" as occurring there, both of which Mr. Paterson corrects, stating "that they are not half a mile. Besides, tradition does not say that they were taken there."—*Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, part i., p. 16.

† Mr. Chappell, who seems disposed to date the *MS.*, or *MSS.*, a century later, appears to have the best of the argument in this case.—See *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, pp. 613-16.



- V. MacTaggart's *Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia*, p. 284.\*  
 VI. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. iii., p. 90.  
 VII. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy* (under the title of "Gypsy Davie"), p. 360.  
 VIII. Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*, p. 329.  
 IX. *The Songs of England and Scotland*, edited by Peter Cunningham, vol. ii., p. 346.

Ramsay's version is the one chiefly followed; but three stanzas have been deleted and three added, namely 3 and 4 from Finlay's, and 7 from C. K. Sharpe's versions. The first and last of the added stanzas are similar, but superior to those deleted.

- 1 THE gypsies came to our good lord's yett,  
 And oh, but they sang sweetly;  
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,  
 That down came our fair ladye.
- 2 And she came tripping down the stair,  
 And all her maids before her;  
 As soon as they saw her well-fared face,  
 They coost the glamour o'er her.†
- 3 "Oh, come with me," says Johnnie Faa,  
 "Oh, come with me, my dearie;  
 For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

\* This "strangest of all human editors," as Motherwell designates him, in introducing what appears to be a *burlesque* written by himself, writes:—

"Many editions of the song of the 'Gypsy Laddie' have now been given to the world; but was ever this one of mine given? Never—and I believe it to be as genuine as any that ever appeared." The following specimen may suffice:—

"On they mounted and af they rade,  
 Ilk gypsie had a cuddy,  
 And when through the *Stincher* they did prance,  
 They made the water muddy.

"(Quo' she), 'Aft time this water I ha'e rade.  
 Wi' mony a lord and lady;  
 But now I maun sleep in an auld reeky kiln,  
 Alang wi' a gypsey laddie.'"

† "Glamour, according to Scottish interpretation, is that supernatural power of imposing on the eyesight, by which the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality.

"Mr. [afterwards Sir Walter] Scott, describing the wonderful volume of Michael of Balwearie, says,—

'It had much of *glamour* might,  
 Could make a lady seem a knight;  
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall  
 Seem tapestry in a lordly hall;  
 A nutshell seem a gilded barge,  
 A sheeling seem a palace large,  
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—  
 All was delusion, nought was truth.'"

—C. K. Sharpe, in the *Scots Magazine*.

- 4 Then she gied them the red red wine,  
And they gied her the ginger;  
But she gied them a far better thing,—  
The gowd ring aff her finger.
- 5 “Gae take frae me this gay mantle,  
And bring to me a plaidie;  
For if kith, and kin, and all had sworn,  
I’ll follow the gypsie laddie.
- 6 “Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
With my good lord beside me;  
This night I’ll lie in a tenant’s barn,  
Whatever shall betide me!”
- 7 “Oh, hold your tongue, my hiunny and my heart,  
Oh, hold your tongue, my dearie;  
For I vow and swear, by the moon and the stars,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.”
- 8 But when our lord came hame at e’en,  
And speir’d for his fair ladye,  
The ane she cried, and the other replied,  
“She’s away with the gypsie laddie!”
- 9 “Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,  
Gae saddle and make him ready;  
Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I’ll gae seek my fair ladye.”
- 10 Oh, they were fifteen well-made men,  
Altho’ they were nae bonnie;  
And they were all put down for ane,  
A fair young wanton ladye.\*

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### THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT.

From Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 161.

Considerable obscurity rests on the fatal catastrophe which the following ballad commemorates.

The circumstances which immediately preceded and accompanied it are fully narrated by “Spalding, who lived not far from the place, and had the account from eye-witnesses.” †

\* “They” is here substituted in place of “we,” in lines 1, 2, and 3 of this stanza. “But” is also sometimes used in place of “for,” line 3, and necessarily, if the stanza is made to read as if it were written by one of the gypsies. Such a reading, as also the tradition which supports it, are, however, both equally at variance with the previous tenor of the ballad, as the most superficial reader may see at a glance.

† Gordon’s *History of the Illustrious Family of Gordon*.

From this account we learn that a skirmish took place in Banffshire, in January, 1630, between Sir James Crichton, Laird of Frendraught, with some of his friends, on the one part, and William Gordon of Rothiemay, with some of his friends, on the other part. Rothiemay was slain in the action, and Frendraught was ordered by the Marquis of Huntly, feudal superior of both, "to pay fifty thousand merks *Scots*, in compensation of the slaughter, which, as is said, was truly paid."

Upon the 27th of September following, an altercation took place between Frendraught and James Lesly, son to the Laird of Pitcaple, when the latter was shot in the arm by Robert Crichton, one of Frendraught's party. The Marquis of Huntly endeavoured to make up this quarrel also; but the Laird of Pitcaple would not listen to terms until he knew whether his son would recover.

The marquis kept Frendraught in his house for a day or two, and then sent him home under escort of his son, John Gordon, Viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, and others, John Gordon of Rothiemay, son to him lately slain, being one of the party. By Frendraught and his Lady, they were entertained bountifully, and prevailed upon to stay, when, having "supped merrily," they "went to bed joyfully."

They were lodged in three several storeys of the old tower, when "all being at rest, about midnight, that dolorous tower took fire, in so sudden and furious a manner that the noble Viscount, the Laird of Rothiemay, English Will, Colonel Ivat, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt and tormented to the death, without help or relief.

"Robert Gordon, called Sutherland Robert, being in the Viscount's chamber, escaped this fire with the life. George Chalmers and Captain Rollick, being in the third room, escaped also this fire; and as was said, Aboyne (the Viscount) might have saved himself also if he would have gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up stairs to Rothiemay's chamber and wakened him to rise; and as he is wakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried many times, Help, help! for God's cause! The Laird and the Lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woeful crying, made no help nor manner of helping, which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins, syne clasped in others' arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom. No man can express the dolour of the noble Marquis and his Lady, nor yet the grief of the Viscount's own dear Lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of man in her lifetime, following the love of the turtle-dove."\*

"The rumour of this unhappy accident did speedily spread itself throughout the whole kingdom, every man bewailing it, and con-  
struing it diversely, as their affections led them; some laying an aspersion upon Frendraught, as if he had wilfully destroyed his guests, who had come thither to defend him against his enemies, which carried no appearance of truth; for, besides the improbability of

\* Spalding's *History of the Troubles in Scotland*.

the matter, he did lose therein a great quantity of silver, both coined and uncoined, and likewise all his writs and evidents were therein burnt; others ascribed it to an accidental fire; but most part even presently, suspected it to come from the Leslies and their adherents, who were then so enraged against Frenndraught, that they gave out openly they would burn the place of Frenndraught, and had dealt to this effect with the rebel, James Grant, who was Pitcaple, his cousin-german. This was proved, in presence of the Lords of the Council, against John Meldrum and Alexander Leslie, the Laird of Pitcaple his [brother-in-law and] brother, by two of James Grant's men, who were apprehended at Inverness, and sent to the Lords of the Council by Sir Robert Gordon (tutor of Sutherland), sheriff of that shire."—*Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland*.

Meldrum was, on circumstantial evidence, "convicted and condemned to be hanged to the death at the cross of Edinburgh; his head to be stricken frae his shoulders, and his body demaimed and quartered, and set up on exemplary places of the town, in example of others to do the like. He was executed upon the — day of August; and died without any certain and real confession, as was said, anent this doleful fire."—Spalding.

"This tragical event forms the subject of two poems, written by Arthur Johnston, the one of which is entitled 'Querela Sophiæ Hayæ, Dominae de Melgeine, de morti mariti;' and the other, 'De Ioanne Gordonio, Vicecomite de Melgein, and Ioanne Gordonio de Rothimay in arce Frenndriaca combustis.'"—*Vide Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, Amst., 1637, tom. i., pp. 585, &c.

"Ladye Rothemayis Lilt" is contained in one of the Skene MSS. which Mr. Dauneay assigns to A.D. 1615-20. If so, it is *anterior* to, and therefore could not possibly be composed for the ballad. Mr. Dauneay supposes the *Lilt* to have been composed in celebration of the marriage of the unfortunate Laird of Rothiemay with the lady whose love and constancy are so touchingly referred to by Spalding, as above quoted. But why it should have been called forth by *their* marriage he showeth not. See *ante*, p. 617.

"The modern ballad of 'Frennet Hall' first appeared, we believe, in Herd's *Collection*, and was belike written by the ingenious hands to whom we are indebted for the ballads of 'Duncan' and 'Kenneth,' occurring in the same work; and which, by the way, we may be pardoned for saying, are but indifferent imitations of the ancient ballad style. 'Frennet Hall' was subsequently published by Ritson and Finlay in their respective *Collections*, both of whom give a few stanzas of the ancient ballad, differing, however, some little from the corresponding verses in the present copy, but not more so than may be looked for in all cases where poetry is indebted for its preservation to tradition alone.\*

"For the recovery of this interesting ballad, hitherto supposed to have been lost, the public is indebted to the industrious research of

\* The stanzas referred to are five in number, and were communicated to Ritson by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, the translator of Dante. (See *ante*, p. 471.) Two of them are inserted as notes under the text; one is absurdly inaccurate, but resembles stanza 11; while the remaining two are almost identical with stanzas 14 and 17 of the text.



Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Edinburgh." It first appeared in "*A North Countrie Garland*," but with this disadvantage of containing a very considerable number of slight verbal and literal inaccuracies, which in the present copy are carefully corrected by collation with Mr. Sharpe's MS."—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 161.

"Frennet Hall" appears in Johnson's *Museum*, song celxxxvi.; and in a *Note* thereon, Mr. Stenhouse *raves* against Frenndraught and his lady, styling the former an "ungrateful villain, and inhuman murderer," and the latter, "a fit companion for such a wretch as Lady Macbeth," with other epithets unfit for ears polite.

Dr. Robert Chambers, in the pamphlet referred to in the Introduction, and in the body of the work, *ante*, p. 454, &c., puts his *imprimatur* to this ballad as a "contemporaneous metrical chronicle."

This, however, is much more doubtful than in the case of most of those ballads the authenticity of which he professes to doubt.

- 1 THE eighteenth of October,  
A dismal tale to hear,  
How good Lord John and Rothiemay  
Were both burnt in the fire.
- 2 When steeds were saddled and well bridled,  
And ready for to ride,  
Then out it came her false Frenndraught,  
Inviting them to bide.
- 3 Said—"Stay this night until we sup,  
The morn until we dine;  
'Twill be a token of good 'greement  
'Twixt your good lord and mine."
- 4 "We'll turn again," said good Lord John—  
"But no," said Rothiemay—  
"My steed's trapann'd, my bridle's broke,  
I fear the day I'm fey."
- 5 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
And all men bound for bed,  
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay  
In one chamber were laid.
- 6 They had not long cast off their clothes,  
And were but new asleep,  
When the weary smoke began to rise,  
Likewise the scorching heat.\*

\* "The reek it rose, and the flame it flew,  
And oh, the fire augmented high,  
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,  
And to the bed where Lord John [did lie] lay."—Ritson.



- 7 "Oh, waken, waken, Rothiemay,  
Oh, waken, brother dear;  
And turn you to our Saviour,  
There is strong treason here."
- 8 When they were dress'd in their clothes,  
And ready for to boun,  
The doors and windows were all secur'd,  
The roof-tree burning down.
- 9 He did him to the wire-window,  
As fast as he cou'd gang;  
Says—"Wae to the hands put in the stancheons,  
For out we'll never win."
- 10 When he stood at the wire-window,  
Most doleful to be seen,  
He did espy her, Lady Frendraught,  
Who stood upon the green.
- 11 Cried—"Mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught,  
Will ye not sink with sin?  
For first your husband kill'd my father,  
And now you burn his son."
- 12 Oh, then out spoke her, Lady Frendraught,  
And loudly did she cry—  
"It were great pity for good Lord John,  
But none for Rothiemay.  
But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well.  
Ye cannot get away."\*
- 13 While he stood in this dreadful plight,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
There called out his servant, Gordon,  
As he had frantic been.†
- 14 "Oh, loup, oh, loup, my dear master,  
Oh, loup and come to me;  
I'll catch you in my arms two,  
One foot I will not flee.

\* Mr. Finlay, who searched for this ballad in vain, gives, in the words of a correspondent, some particulars regarding it, which are here subjoined as illustrative of the lines above cited:—"A lady, a near relation of mine, lived near the spot in her youth for some time, and remembers having heard the old song mentioned by Ritson, but cannot repeat it. She says there was a verse which stated that the lord and lady locked the door of the tower, and flung the keys into the draw-well; and that, many years ago, when the well was cleared out, this tradition was corroborated by their finding the keys,—at least such was the report of the country."—Preface to *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, p. xxi.

† "He looked east, he looked west,  
To see if any help was nigh;  
At length his little page he saw,  
Who to his lord aloud did cry."—Ritson.

- 15 "Oh, loup, oh, loup, my dear master,  
Oh, loup, and come away,  
I'll catch you in my arms two,  
But Rothiemay may lie."
- 16 "The fish shall never swim in the flood,  
Nor corn grow through the clay,  
Nor the fiercest fire that was ever kindled  
Twine me and Rothiemay.
- 17 "But I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot win to thee;  
My head's fast in the wire-window,  
My feet burning from me.
- 18 "My eyes are seething in my head,  
My flesh roasting also;  
My bowels are boiling with my blood;  
Is not that a woful woe?
- 19 "Take here the rings from my white fingers,  
That are so long and small,  
And give them to my Ladye fair,  
Where she sits in her hall.
- 20 "So I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot loup to thee—  
My earthly part is all consumed,  
My spirit but speaks to thee."
- 21 Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,  
His Ladye she was seen,  
And thus addressed his servant, Gordon,  
Where he stood on the green:
- 22 "Oh, wae be to you, George Gordon,  
An ill death may you die;  
So safe and sound as you stand there,  
And my Lord bereaved from me."
- 23 "I bade him loup, I bade him come,  
I bade him loup to me,  
I'd catch him in my arms two,  
A foot I shou'd not flee.
- 24 "He threw me the rings from his white fingers,  
Which were so long and small,  
To give to you his Ladye fair,  
Where you sat in your hall."

- 25 Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
 Oh, bonnie Sophia was her name—  
 Her waiting maids put on her clothes,  
 But I wat she tore them off again.
- 26 And aft she cried, "Ohon! alas!  
 A sair heart's ill to win;  
 I wan a sair heart when I married him,  
 And the day it's well returned again."

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 ANDREW LAMMIE.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 239.

"The ill-starred loves of 'Tiftie's Bonnie Annie,' and the 'Trumpeter of Fyvie,' have already been made familiar to the readers of ballad poetry by Mr. Jamieson, who has published in his collection two different sets of this simple, but not unpathetic ditty. [See *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. i., p. 129; and vol. ii., p. 382.] Neither of these sets, however, is so complete as the present version, which is a reprint from a stall copy, published in Glasgow several years ago, collated with a recited copy, which has furnished one or two verbal improvements.\*

"It has [also] been remarked by Mr. Jamieson, that 'this ballad is almost entirely without rhymes; as cadence in the measure is all that seems aimed at, and the few instances of rhyme that occur appear to be rather casual than intentional.' Though the present set is not so faulty in this respect as in the copies which came under Mr. Jamieson's observation, it, as well as the others, has another peculiarity deserving attention,—namely, the studied recurrence of rhyme in the middle of the first and third lines of a great many of the stanzas.

"It may be stated, that the present set of the ballad agrees with any recited copy which the editor has hitherto met with in the West Country."—Motherwell.

[From Mr. P. Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 197, we learn that this tragic story formed the plot of a drama acted in the North Country, in the year 1674. And the same editor states, that, "The unfortunate maiden's name was Annie, or Agnes (which are synonymous in some parts of Scotland) Smith, who died of a broken heart, on the 9th January, 1631,—as is to be found on a roughly-cut stone, broken in many pieces, in the green church-yard of Fyvie."

"The beauty, gallantry, and amiable qualities of 'Bonnie Andrew Lammie' seem," says Mr. Jamieson, "to have been proverbial wherever he went; and the good old 'cummer' in Allan Ramsay, as the

\* [The writer possesses a volume containing fifty-eight ballad and song chap-books, "printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket," Glasgow, 1806-9. In one of them, dated 1808, "Andrew Lammie" is given with only a few slight verbal differences between it and the copy here printed.]

best evidence of the power of her own youthful charms, and the best apology for her having 'cast a leggen girth hersel,' says—

'Tse warrant ye have a' heard tell  
Of bonnie 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 'Christis Kirk on the Green,' and copied only the manners and traditions of his own times.

"What afterwards became of 'Bonnie Andrew Lammie,' we have not," adds Mr. Jamieson, "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 'Tyfty's Nanny' [or Annie], 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,*"\* which remarkable instance of the strength of his affection, "will," says Mr. Jamieson, "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 'Bonnie 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."

The copy printed by Mr. Jamieson in his first volume, is entitled, "The Trumpeter of Fyvie," and was, as he states, "taken down by Dr. Leyden from the recitation of a young lady (Miss Robson), of Edinburgh, who learned it in Teviotdale. . . The music by which it is usually accompanied is of that class which, in Teviotdale, they term a *Northern Drawl*; and a Perthshire *set* of it, but two notes lower than it is commonly sung, is to be found in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, to the song—

'How lang and drearie is the night,' &c."

The other version, which appears in his Appendix, No. IV., vol. ii., is entitled "Tifty's Nanny," and is stated to be "from a stall copy, procured from Scotland."]

- 1 At Mill o' Tifty lived a man,  
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;  
He had a lovely daughter fair,  
Was called bonnie Annie.
- 2 Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That salutes the rosy morning;  
With innocence, and graceful mien,  
Her beauteous form adorning.

\* See *ante*, p. 607, stanza 11.

- 3 Lord Fyvie had a Trumpeter,  
Whose name was Andrew Lammie;  
He had the art to gain the heart  
Of Mill o' Tifty's Annie.
- 4 Proper he was, both young and gay,  
His like was not in Fyvie;  
No one was there that cou'd compare  
With this same Andrew Lammie.
- 5 Lord Fyvie he rode by the door  
Where lived Tifty's Annie;  
His Trumpeter rode him before,  
Even this same Andrew Lammie.
- 6 Her mother call'd her to the door,—  
"Come here to me, my Annie;  
Did you ever see a prettier man  
Than the Trumpeter of Fyvie?"
- 7 She sigh'd sore, but said no more;  
Alas for bonnie Annie!  
She durst not own her heart was won  
By the Trumpeter of Fyvie.
- 8 At night, when they went to their beds,  
All slept full sound but Annie;  
Love so opprest her tender breast,  
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.
- 9 "Love comes in at my bed-side,  
And love lies down beyond me;  
Love has possess'd my tender breast,  
And love will waste my body.
- 10 "The first time I and my love met,  
Was in the woods of Fyvie;  
His lovely form and speech so sweet  
Soon gain'd the heart of Annie.
- 11 "He call'd me mistress; I said No,—  
I'm Tifty's bonnie Annie;  
With apples sweet he did me treat,  
And kisses soft and many.
- 12 "It's up and down in Tifty's den,  
Where the burn runs clear and bonnie,  
I've often gone to meet my love,  
"My bonnie Andrew Lammie,"



- 13 But now, alas! her father heard,  
That the Trumpeter of Fyvie  
Had had the art to gain the heart  
Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.
- 14 Her father soon a letter wrote,  
And sent it on to Fyvie,  
To tell his daughter was bewitch'd  
By his servant, Andrew Lammie.
- 15 When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,  
Oh dear! but he was sorry;  
"The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land  
Is bewitch'd by Andrew Lammie."
- 16 Then up the stair his Trumpeter  
He called soon and shortly:  
"Pray, tell me soon, what's this you've done  
To Tifty's bonnie Annie?"
- 17 "In wicked art I had no part,  
Nor therein am I cannie;  
True love alone the heart has won  
Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.
- 18 "[But] woe betide Mill o' Tifty's pride,  
For it has ruin'd many;  
He'll no ha'e't said that she shou'd wed  
The Trumpeter of Fyvie.
- 19 "Where will I find a boy so kind,  
That'll carry a letter cannie;  
Who will run on to Tifty's town,  
Give it to my love Annie?"
- 20 "Here you shall find a boy so kind,  
Who'll carry a letter cannie;  
Who will run on to Tifty's town,  
And gi'e't to thy love Annie."
- 21 "It's Tifty he has daughters three,  
Who all are wond'rous bonnie;  
But ye'll ken her o'er all the lave,—  
Gi'e that to bonnie Annie."
- 22 "It's up and down in Tifty's den,  
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie,  
There wilt thou come and meet thy love,  
Thy bonnie Andrew Lammie.

- 23 "When wilt thou come, and I'll attend,  
My love, I long to [greet] thee?"  
"Thou may'st come to the Bridge of Sleugh,  
And there I'll come and meet thee."
- 24 "My love, I go to Edinbro',  
And for a while must leave thee."  
She sighèd sore, and said no more,—  
"But I wish that I were with thee."
- 25 "I'll buy to thee a bridal gown,  
My love, I'll buy it bonnie."  
"But I'll be dead ere ye come back  
To see your bonnie Annie."
- 26 "If you'll be true, and constant too,  
As my name 's Andrew Lammie,  
I shall thee wed when I come back  
To see the lands of Fyvie."
- 27 "I will be true, and constant too,  
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;  
But my bridal-bed will ere then be made  
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."
- 28 "Our time is gone and now comes on,  
My dear, that I must leave thee;  
If longer here I shou'd appear,  
Mill o' Tifty he wou'd see me.
- 29 "I now for ever bid adieu  
To thee, my Andrew Lammie  
Ere ye come back, I will be laid  
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."
- 30 He hied him to the head of the house,  
To the house-top of Fyvie;  
He blew his trumpet loud and schill,  
'Twas heard at Mill o' Tifty.
- 31 Her father lock'd the door at night,  
Laid by the keys fu' cannie;  
And when he heard the trumpet sound,  
Said—"Your cow is lowing, Annie."
- 32 "My father dear, I pray forbear,  
And reproach no more your Annie;  
For I'd rather hear that cow to low,  
Than ha'e all the kine in Fyvie,

- 33 "I wou'd not for my braw new gown,  
And all your gifts sae many,  
That it were told in Fyvie's land,  
How cruel you are to Annie.
- 34 "But if ye strike me, I will cry,  
And gentlemen will hear me;  
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,  
And he'll come in and see me."
- 35 At the same time, the Lord came in;  
He said—"What ails thee, Annie?"  
"Tis all for love now I must die,  
For bonnie Andrew Lammie."
- 36 "Pray, Mill of Tifty, gi'e consent,  
And let your daughter marry."  
"It will be with some higher match  
Than the Trumpeter of Fyvie."
- 37 "If she were come of as high a kind  
As she's adorn'd with beauty,  
I wou'd take her unto myself,  
And make her mine own Ladye."
- 38 "It's Fyvie's lands are fair and wide,  
And they are rich and bonnie;  
I wou'd not leave my own true love  
For all the lands of Fyvie."
- 39 Her father struck her wond'rous sore,  
As also did her mother;  
Her sisters always did her scorn,—  
But woe be to her brother!
- 40 Her brother struck her wond'rous sore,  
With cruel strokes and many;  
He brake her back in the hall door,  
For liking Andrew Lammie.
- 41 "Alas! my father and mother dear,  
Why so cruel to your Annie?  
My heart was broken first by love,—  
My brother has broken my body.
- 42 "Oh, mother dear! make ye my bed,  
And lay my face to Fyvie;  
Thus will I lie, and thus will die,  
For my love, Andrew Lammie!

- 43 “Ye neighbours hear, both far and near,  
Ye pity Tifty’s Annie;  
Who dies for love of one poor lad,  
For bonnie Andrew Lammie.
- 44 “No kind of vice e’er stain’d my life,  
Nor hurt my virgin honour;  
My youthful heart was won by love,  
But death will me exoner.”
- 45 Her mother then she made her bed,  
And laid her face to Fyvie;  
Her tender heart it soon did break,  
'And ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.
- 46 But the word soon went up and down,  
Through all the lands of Fyvie,  
That she was dead and burièd,  
Even Tifty’s bonnie Annie.
- 47 Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands;  
Said—“Alas, for Tifty’s Annie!  
The fairest flow’r’s cut down by love,  
That e’er sprung up in Fyvie.
- 48 “Oh, woe betide Mill o’ Tifty’s pride!  
He might have let them marry;  
I shou’d have gi’en them both to live  
Into the lands of Fyvie.”
- 49 Her father sorely now laments  
The loss of his dear Annie,  
And wishes he had gi’en consent  
To wed with Andrew Lammie.
- 50 Her mother grieves both air and late,  
Her sisters, 'cause they scorn’d her;  
Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve,  
For the cruel usage he’d gi’en her.
- 51 But now, alas! it was too late,  
For they cou’d not recall her;  
Through life unhappy is their fate,  
Because they did control her.
- 52 When Andrew hame from Edinbro’ came,  
With meikle grief and sorrow:  
“My love has died for me to-day,  
I’ll die for her to-morrow.

- 53 "Now I will on to Tifty's den,  
Where the burn runs clear and bonnie;  
With tears I'll view the Bridge of Sleugh,\*  
Where I parted last with Annie.
- 54 "Then will I speed to the churchyard,  
To the green churchyard of Fyvie;  
With tears I'll water my love's grave,  
Till I follow Tifty's Annie."
- 55 Ye parents grave, who children have,  
In crushing them be cannie,  
Lest, when too late, you do repent—  
Remember Tifty's Annie.

### GILDEROY.

"Gilleroy, in Gaelic, signifies the red-haired lad. Patrick MacGregor, or Gilleroy, the subject of this ballad, suffered for his crimes in 1638, and his fate was commemorated in song. 'The above-mentioned ballad,' says the author of *Caledonia*, 'was printed during the moment of Gilleroy's exit. It was certainly reprinted at London, in the *Black Letter*, before 1650.' There is another copy of it, with some variations, in Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, first edition of vol. iii., which was printed in 1702. There is also a copy of it, with variations, in *A Collection [of Old Ballads]*, second edition, London, 1723, vol. ii. (vol. i.), p. 271. These copies, though possessing several stanzas of poetic merit, contained some indelicacies that required suppression. An altered and delicate edition appeared in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*. But before this appeared, the ballad had been altered by Sir Alexander Halket, said Ritson, in his *Scots Songs*, vol. ii., p. 24; † yet, according to a truer account, this operation on the old ballad was performed by Mrs. Elizabeth Halket, the daughter of Pitferan, and the wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pittreive, the real authoress of 'Hardyknute.' See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. i., p. 380. ‡ The ballad of 'Gilderoy,' on that new cast, may be seen in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i., p. 321, with the exception of one stanza; also in Herd's *Scots Songs*, vol. i., p. 73; and in Ritson's *Scots Songs*, vol. ii., p. 24, none of whom give the whole thirteen stanzas; *Caledonia*, vol. iii., p. 36.

"I have seen a broadside, printed at Edinburgh before 1700, which differs from the copies mentioned above. In Lady Wardlaw's amended copy, a good many of the old stanzas are retained; others are omitted, or in part retouched, and several from her

\* It is a received superstition in Scotland, that when friends or lovers part at a bridge, they shall never again meet.—W. M.

† [On the alleged authority of Johnson's *Museum*.]

‡ [The reference is to Stenhouse's note on this song, which is there given as a specimen, twenty-two years before it appeared in his *Illustrations*, &c. No evidence whatever is adduced in support of the claim made on behalf of Lady Wardlaw as the reviser of "Gilderoy."]



own pen are added. It would seem that when Ritson consulted the *Museum* on this occasion, he had gone no farther than the index; for if he had turned to p. 67, he would have found that the piece entitled in the index 'Gilderoy,' was the song written to the tune beginning—

' Ah, Chloris, could I now but sit!'

and not any copy of the ballad itself, which nowhere in any of the six volumes of the *Museum* has a place."\*—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, *Intro.*, p. lxiv., note 10.

The original ballad is said to have been composed by a young woman, of no mean talent, who unfortunately became attached to this notorious freebooter; but all that can be confidently affirmed is, that it is written in that character. This notorious cateran appears to have been quite famous in the southern kingdom, as, in addition to the versions or copies already referred to, there was yet another given in a work entitled "*Westminster Drollery; or, a Choice Collection of the Newest Songs and Poems, both at Court and Theatres, by a Person of Quality.*" With additions. London: Printed for H. Brome, at the Gun, in St. Paul's Churchyard, near the West End. 1671." This elegant effusion, which does much credit to the *taste* of the "Person of Quality," is copied by Mr. Maidment in his *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, Edin., 1859, p. 230. "Gilderoy" is also made the hero of certain apocryphal atrocities, such as the murder of his mother and sister; the burning of their domicile, &c.; and of certain marvellous adventures, such as the picking of Cardinal Richelieu's pocket whilst he was celebrating high mass in the king's presence, at the Church of St. Denis, in Paris; making off with the Duke of Medina-Celi's plate at Madrid; the robbing of Oliver Cromwell near Glasgow, &c. These sensational adventures are duly chronicled in *A Compleat History of the Lives and Robberies of the most notorious Highwaymen, Footpads, Shop-Lifts, and Cheats of both Sexes, in and about London, Westminster, and all parts of Great Britain, for above an Hundred Years past, continued to the present time.* By Captain Alexander Smith. London: 1719, 12mo. All of which is carefully reproduced in a work entitled, *Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen, Pirates, and Robbers*, by Captain Charles Johnson. London: 1734. Folio, 26 plates.

The song which Burns puts in the mouth of the "raucle carlin," who bewails her "Gallant, braw John Highlandman," in "The Jolly Beggars," may have been inspired by this ballad.

- 1 GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,  
Had roses till his shoon;  
His stockings were of silken soy,  
With garters hanging down.  
It was, I ween, a comelie sight  
To see sae trim a boy;  
He was my jo, and heart's delight,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

\*[It is not very clear what the compiler of Johnson's *Museum* index meant by inserting the name of Sir Alexander Halket in this connection. Possibly he did not know very well himself.]

- 2 Oh! sic twa charming een he had,  
Breath sweet as any rose;  
He never wore a Highland plaid,  
But costly silken clothes.  
He gained the luve of ladies gay,  
Nane e'er to him was coy;  
Ah! wae is me, I mourn the day,  
For my dear Gilderoy.
- 3 My Gilderoy and I were born  
Baith in one town together;  
We scant were seven years befor  
We 'gan to luve each other.  
Our daddies and our mammies they  
Were fill'd with meikle joy,  
To think upon the bridal day  
Of me and Gilderoy.
- 4 For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,  
Gude faith, I freely bought  
A wedding sark of Holland fine,  
With dainty ruffles wrought;  
And he gied me a wedding ring,  
Which I receiv'd with joy.  
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing  
Like me and Gilderoy.
- 5 With meikle joy we spent our prime,  
Till we were baith sixteen;  
And aft we pass'd the langsome time  
Amang the leaves sae green.  
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,  
And sweetly kiss and toy;  
While he with garlands deck'd my hair,  
My handsome Gilderoy.
- 6 Oh, that he still had been content  
With me to lead his life!  
But, ah! his manful heart was bent  
To stir in deeds of strife;  
And he in many a vent'rous deed,  
His courage bauld wou'd try;  
And now this gars my heart to bleed  
For my dear Gilderoy.
- 7 And when of me his leave he took,  
The tears they wet mine e'e;  
I gave him sic a parting look,—  
“My benison gang with thee.

God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,  
 For gane is all my joy;  
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,  
 My handsome Gilderoy."

- 8 The Queen of Scots possessèd nought  
 That my love let me want;  
 For cow and sow he to me brought,  
 And e'en when they were scant,  
 All these did honestly possess;  
 He never did annoy  
 Who never fail'd to pay their cess,  
 To my love, Gilderoy.
- 9 My Gilderoy, baith far and near,  
 Was fear'd in every toun;  
 And bauldly bore away the gear  
 Of many a Lowland loun.  
 For man to man durst meet him nane,  
 He was sae brave a boy;  
 At length with numbers he was ta'en,  
 My winsome Gilderoy.
- 10 Wae worth the louns that made the laws,  
 To hang a man for gear;  
 To reave of life for ox, or ass,  
 For sheep, or horse, or mare.  
 Had not their laws been made sae strict,  
 I ne'er had lost my joy;  
 With sorrow ne'er had wet my cheek  
 For my dear Gilderoy.
- 11 Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,  
 He might ha'e banish'd been;  
 Ah! what sair cruelty is this  
 To hang sic handsome men!  
 To hang the flower of Scottish land,  
 Sae sweet and fair a boy!  
 Nae ladye had sae white a hand  
 As thee, my Gilderoy.
- 12 Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,  
 They bound him fast and strong;  
 To Edinbro' they led him there,  
 And on a gallows hung.  
 They hung him high aboon the rest,  
 He was sae trim a boy;  
 There died the youth whom I lu'ed best,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

- 13 Soon as he yielded up his breath,  
 I bore his corpse away;  
 With tears that trickled for his death,  
 I wash'd his comelie clay.  
 And sicker in a grave right deep  
 I laid the dear-luved boy;  
 And now for ever I maun weep  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

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### THE HEIR OF LINNE.

Percy *Folio MS.* version, fol. 71-3, printed copy, vol. i., p. 174. Here emendated and modernized in the orthography.

Prodigal sons are unfortunately plants of every soil; and bonnie Scotland's canny sons have furnished too many specimens. The subject of the following ballad was apparently one of these. Although it is evidently a Scottish ballad, the version here printed first has been preserved to us through the transcription of an English clerk, a circumstance in which it resembles many other Scottish pieces, and it is one for which Scotsmen should be duly thankful.

Bishop Percy, in place of printing the ballad as it stood in his *MS.*, or as is here done, with a few seemingly obvious corrections, noting the genuine readings under, according to his use and wont, preferred diluting the genuine piece by extending the 125 lines of his *Folio MS.* to 216, as given in the *Reliques*.

Many of the "supplemental stanzas," which the Bishop deemed "necessary," were, as he states, "suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject." The ballad last referred to, being apparently the one entitled "The Drunkard's Legacy," as contained in a volume edited for the Percy Society by Mr. James Henry Dixon, and subsequently given in *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, one of the volumes of Bell's Series of the Poets. The last-named volume is, however, an almost *verbatim* reprint of Mr. Dixon's work, of which, as lately announced in *Notes and Queries*, he (Mr. D.) is preparing a new edition.

Mr. Paterson, editor of *Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, has inserted in that work Bishop Percy's ballad, to which he has appended the following note:—

"Linn, in Dalry parish, is supposed to be the scene of this fine ballad. The tower, of which some trace still remains, overlooked a beautiful cascade or *linn*, on the Water of Caaf, near the village of Dalry. The family of *Linne of that Ilk*—now extinct—was of old standing. Walter de Lynne is mentioned in the Ragman Roll, 1296. No regular genealogical account of the family can be made out; but they are traced in various documents, as the proprietors of Linn, down till nearly the middle of the seventeenth century. The last of the lairds of Linne, apparently, was 'Johne Lin of yt Ilk,' mentioned in the statement of Janet Jack, spous to John Crawford, in Robshielheid, Dalry,' December, 1636.\* Soon after this the property

\* *Commissary Records of Glasgow.*



seems to have been acquired by the Kilmarnock family, [as] Lord Kilmarnock was retoured heir to a portion of the lands in 1641.

“Although it is only conjectural that Linn, in Dalry, is the Linn of the ballad, the circumstance of the family being of *that Ilk*, accords with what Bishop Percy remarks, that ‘the heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with the estate.’ Linne was the chief of all who bore the name — the title of *that Ilk* being applicable only to such as are acknowledged to be the head of their race. The next possessor would have been called the Laird of Linn, but not Linn of that Ilk.”—*Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, first series, p. 33.

The name of Magnew, or Agnew, the latter a well-known Galloway name, which occurs in stanza 21 of the traditional version, seems, however, to point to that district as the locality of the ballad, and accordingly it is known that “A family of the name of *Lynn*, or *Lin*, possessed” \* the property of Larg, in Wigtonshire, from A.D. 1634, on till about the middle of the eighteenth century. “They were, in all likelihood, a branch of the Lynes of that Ilk,” † but like the parent stem, they too have become extinct, at least as proprietors. They are still remembered with odium as persecutors of the Covenanters; but they were not all such, as we are informed that one “Alexander Lin was surprised and shot at Craigmodie, in 1685, by Lieutenant-General Drummond, for being a Covenanter. A memorial stone was placed over his remains, which was renewed in 1827.” ‡

- 1 Of all the lords in fair Scotland,  
A song I will begin;  
Amongst them all there dwelt a lord,  
Which was the unthrifty lord of Linne.
- 2 His father and mother were dead him froe,  
And so was the head of all his kin;  
He did neither cease nor bl[i]nne,  
To the cards and dice that he did run.
- 3 To drink the wine that was so clear,  
With every man he would make merry,  
And then bespake him John of the Scales,  
Unto the heir of Linne said he.
- 4 Says—“How dost thou, lord of Linne,  
Doest either want gold or fee?  
Wilt thou not sell thy lands so broad,  
To such a good fellow as me?”

\* *History of the Lands and their Owners in Galloway*. Edinburgh, 1870, vol. i., p. 165.

† *Ibid.*, p. 166.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 167.



- 5 "For [gold] I [will sell my land,]" \* he said,  
 "My land, take it unto thee;"  
 "I draw you to record, my lords all,"  
 With that he cast him a gods-penny.†
- 6 He told him the gold upon the board,  
 It wanted never a bare penny;  
 "That gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 The heir of Linne I will be."
- 7 "Here's gold enough," saith the heir of Linne,  
 "Both for me and my company."  
 He drank the wine that was so clear,  
 And with every man he made merry.
- 8 Within three-quarters of a year,  
 His gold and fee it waxed thin,  
 His merry men were from him gone,  
 [And left alone the heir of Linne.]‡
- 9 He had never a penny left in his purse,  
 Never a penny [left] but three,  
 And one was brass, and another was lead,  
 And another was white money.
- 10 "Now well-a-day!" said the heir of Linne,  
 "Now well-a-day, and woe is me!  
 For when I was the heir of Linne,  
 I neither wanted gold nor fee.
- 11 "[But] § I have sold my land so broad,  
 And have not left me one penny!  
 I must go now and take some read ||  
 Unto Edinburgh and beg my bread."
- 12 He had not been in Edinburgh,  
 Of a year not quarters three, ¶  
 But some did give him, and some said "Nay,"  
 And some bid "To the deil gang ye!
- 13 "For if we wou'd hang any land-seller,  
 The first we wou'd begin with thee;"  
 "Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,  
 "Now well-a-day and woe is me!

\* Line 1, stanza 5, is imperfect in the *MS.*

† "Gods-penny:" earnest-money: Northern.—Halliwell.

‡ "& left him himselfe all alone."—*MS.*

§ "For."—*MS.*

|| "Read," (rede?) counsel, decision; or, road.

¶ "Not three-quarters of a year."—*MS.*

- 14 "For now I have sold my lands so broad,  
That merry man is irk with me;  
But when that I was the lord of Linne,  
Then on my land I lived merrily.
- 15 "And now I have sold my lands so broad,  
That I have not left me one penny!  
God be with my father!" he said,  
"On his land he lived merrily."
- 16 Still in a study there as he stood,  
He umbethought him of [a] bill,  
[He umbethought him of a bill\*  
Which his father had left him till.]
- 17 Bade him he should never on it look,  
Till he was in extreme need,  
"And by my faith," said the heir of Linne,  
["That time hath come indeed."] †
- 18 He took the bill, and look'd it on,  
Good comfort that he found there;  
It told him of a castle wall  
Where there stood three chests in fere.
- 19 Two were full of the beaten gold,  
The third was full of white money;  
He turned then down his bags of bread,  
[And full of red gold them filled he.] ‡
- 20 Then he did never cease nor blinne  
Till John of the Scales' house he did win,  
When that he came to John [of the] Scales,  
Up at the speere § he look'd then.
- 21 There sat three Lords upon a rowe,  
[Drinking merrily at the wine,]  
And John of the Scales sat at the board-head,  
Because he was the Lord of Linne.
- 22 And then bespake the heir of Linne,  
To John of the Scales' wife thus said he;  
Said—"Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shot,  
That I may sit down in this company?"

\* *MS.* reads *his*, "Umbethought: " reflected or remembered,— "a bill  
Which his father had left with him."—*MS.*

† "Till then I had never more need."

‡ "And filled them full of gold so red."—*MS.*

§ "Speere: " a wicket or "hole in the wall of a house, through which the family received and answered the inquiries of strangers."—*Ritson.* "To speer," in Scottish means, "to ask."

- 23 "Now Christ's curse on my head," she said,  
 "If I do trust thee one penny."  
 Then [out] be-spake a good fellow,  
 Which sat by John o' the Scales his knee.
- 24 Said—"Have thou here, thou heir of Linne,  
 Forty pence I will lend thee,  
 Some time a good fellow thou hast been,—  
 And other forty if need be."
- 25 They drunken wine that was so clear,  
 And every man they made merry;  
 And then be-spoke him John o' the Scales,  
 Unto the Lord of Linne said he.
- 26 Said—"How doest thou, heir of Linne,  
 Since I did buy thy lands of thee?  
 I will sell it to thee, twenty pounds better cheap  
 Nor ever I did buy it of thee."
- 27 "I draw you to record, [good] lords all,"  
 With that he cast him gods-penny;  
 Then he took to his bags of bread,  
 [And the gold so red down counted he.]\*
- 28 He told him the gold then over the board,  
 It wanted never a broad penny:  
 "That gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And the heir of Linne again I will be."
- 29 "Now well-a-day!" said John o' Scales' wife,  
 "Well-a-day, and wae is me!  
 Yesterday I was the Lady of Linne,  
 And now but John o' Scales' wife [I be.]"
- 30 "[Now] have thou here, thou good fellow,  
 Forty pence thou did lend me;  
 [Now have thou here, thou good fellow,]  
 And forty pounds I will give thee."
- 31 ["Since forty pence thou did lend me,  
 When begging to the speere I came,]  
 I'll make thee keeper of my forest,  
 Both of the wild deer and the tame."
- 32 [Then solemnly sware] the heir of Linne,  
 These were the words, and thus said he,—  
 "Christ's curse light upon my crown  
 If e'er my land stand in jeopardy!"

\* "And they were full of the gold so red."—*MS.*

## THE HEIR OF LINNE.

## TRADITIONARY VERSION.

From *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii.

The three first stanzas of the following version were first printed by Mr. Motherwell in his *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxviii., note 15, and were probably communicated to him by Mr. Buchan, from whose *MS.* volumes, as formerly mentioned, the ballads contained in the work above referred to were selected.

- 1 "THE bonnie heir, the weel-faur'd heir,  
And the wearie heir o' Linne,  
Yonder he stands at his father's yetts,  
And nobody bids him come in.
- 2 "Oh, see for he gangs, and see for he stands,  
The wearie heir o' Linne;  
Oh, see where he stands on the cauld causey,\*  
And nae ane bids him come in.
- 3 "But if he had been his father's heir,  
Or yet the heir o' Linne,  
He wou'dna stand on the cauld causey,  
Some one wou'd ta'en him in."
- 4 "Sing o'er again that song, nourice,  
The song ye sang just noo."  
"I never sang a song in my life,  
But I wou'd sing o'er to you.
- 5 "Oh, see for he gangs, and see for he stands,  
The wearie heir o' Linne,  
Oh, see where he stands on the cauld causey,  
And nae ane bids him come in.
- 6 "But if he had been his father's heir,  
Or yet the heir o' Linne,  
He wou'dna stand on the cauld causey;  
Some ane wou'd ta'en him in.
- 7 "When his father's lands a-sellin' were,  
His claise † lay weel in fauld;  
But now he wanders on the shore,  
Baith hungry, weet, and cauld."

\* "Causey:" causeway.

† "Claise:" clothes.

- 8 [As Willie he gaed down the town,  
Upon his sad hap thinkin';]  
As Willie he gaed down the town,  
The gentlemen were drinkin'.
- 9 Some bade gi'e Willie a glass, a glass,  
And some bade gi'e him nane;  
Some bade gi'e Willie a glass, a glass,  
The wearie heir o' Linne.
- 10 As Willie he came up the town,  
The fishers were all sittin';  
[The fishers were all sittin' there,  
Busy mending their netting.]
- 11 Some bade gi'e Willie a fish, a fish,  
Some bade gi'e him a pin;  
Some bade gi'e him a fish, a fish,  
The wearie heir o' Linne.
- 12 He turn'd him richt and round about,  
As will \* as a woman's son;  
And ta'en his cane into his hand,  
And on his way to Linne.
- 13 His nourice at her window look'd,  
Beholding dale and down;  
And she beheld this distress'd young man,  
Come walking to the town.
- 14 "Come here, come here, Willie," she said,  
"And set yoursel' with me,  
I ha'e seen you in better days,  
And in jovial companie."
- 15 "Gi'e me a sheave † of your bread, nourice,  
And a bottle of your wine;  
And I'll pay you it all o'er again  
When I am the Laird o' Linne."
- 16 "Ye'se ‡ get a sheave of my bread, Willie,  
And a little of my wine;  
And ye'll pay me when the seas gang dry;  
But ye'll ne'er be heir o' Linne."
- 17 Then he turn'd him richt and round about,  
As will as woman's son;  
And off he set, and bent his way,  
And straightway came to Linne.

\* "Will:" probably means bewildered. See Jamieson's *Dictionary*.

† "Sheave:" slice.

‡ "Ye'se:" ye shall.



- 18 And when he came to that castle,  
They were sat down to dine;  
A score of nobles there he saw,  
Sat drinkin' at the wine.
- 19 Then some bade gi'e him the beef, the beef,  
And some bade gi'e him the bane;  
And some bade gi'e him naething at all,  
But let the palmer gang.
- 20 Then out it speaks the new-come laird—  
A saucy word spake he,—  
“Put round the cup, gi'e my rival a sup,  
Let him fare on his way.”
- 21 Then out it speaks Sir Ned Agnew,\*  
Ane of young Willie's kin:  
“This youth was ance a sprightly boy,  
As ever lived in Linne.”
- 22 He turn'd him richt and round about,  
As will as woman's son;  
Then minded him on a little wee key,  
That his mither left to him.
- 23 His mither left him this little wee key  
A little before she dee'd; †  
And bade him keep this little wee key,  
Till he was in maist need.
- 24 Then forth he went, and these nobles left,  
A-drinkin' in the room;  
With walkin' rod intill his hand  
He walked the castle roun'.
- 25 Till he found out a little door,  
Where the wee key fitted in;  
And there he got as muckle red gowd  
As free'd the lands of Linne.
- 26 Back through the nobles then he went,  
A saucy man was then.  
“I'll take the cup frae this new-come laird,  
For he ne'er bade me sit down.”
- 27 Then out it spake the new-come laird:  
He spake with mock and jeer:  
“I'd gi'e a seat to the Laird of Linne,  
Sae be that he were here.”

\* Agnew is here substituted in place of “Magnew.”

† “Dee'd.” died.

- 28 "When the lands o' Linne a-sellin' were,  
All men said they were free;  
This lad shall ha'e them frae me this day,  
If he'll gi'e the third pennie."
- 29 "I take ye witness, nobles all,  
Gude witnesses ye'll be;  
I'm promised the lands o' Linne this day,  
If I gi'e the third pennie."
- 30 "Ye've ta'en us witnesses, Willie," they said,  
"Gude witnesses we'll be.  
[But] buy the lands o' Linne wha likes,  
They'll ne'er be bought by thee."
- 31 He's done him to a gamin' table,  
Where it stood fair and clean;  
Then he tauld down as much rich gowd  
As freed the lands o' Linne.
- 32 Thus having done, he turned about—  
A saucy man was he—  
"Take up your money, my lad," he says,  
"Take up your third pennie."
- 33 "Aft ha'e I gane with barefeet cauld  
Likewise with legs full bare;  
And mony day walked at these yetts  
With muckle dule and care.
- 34 "But now my sorrow's past and gane,  
And joy's returned to me;  
And here I've gowd enough forbye,  
Ahin \* this third pennie."
- 35 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
There he craw'd wond'rous crouse.  
He call'd the May afore them all,  
The nourice of the house.
- 36 "Come here, come here, my nourice," he says,  
"I'll pay your bread and wine.  
Seas ebb and flow as they wont to do,  
Yet I'm the Laird o' Linne."
- 37 As he gaed up the Gallowgate port,  
His hose aboon his sheen; †  
But lang ere he came down again,  
Was convoy'd by lords fifteen.

\* "Ahin:" behind; over and above.

† "Sheen:" shoon, or shoes. Aberdeenshire dialect.

## APPENDIX.

## WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

BY DAVID MALLET.\*

The following account of this beautiful ballad is given by the author in his works (3 vols., 1759).

“In a comedy of FLETCHER, called ‘The Knight of the Burning Pestle,’ old MERRY-THOUGHT enters, repeating the following verses:—

‘When it was grown to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Margaret’s grimly ghost,  
And stood at William’s feet.’

This was probably the beginning of some ballad, commonly known at the time when that author wrote (1611); and it is all of it, I believe, that is anywhere to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy: and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago.”

“The entire ballad of which the above stanza had so fortunate an effect, may be found in Dr. Percy’s *Reliques*, vol. iii., and the *Select Collection of English Songs*, vol. ii. The ‘unhappy adventure’ here alluded to, was the real history of a young lady, whose hand having been scornfully rejected by her insolent seducer, ‘the news was brought her when in a weak condition, and cast her into a fever; and in a few days after, I,’ says Mr. Mallet, ‘saw her and her child laid in one grave together.’ See the ‘Plain Dealer’ (a periodical paper published by Mr. Aaron Hill and Mr. Bond, in 1724, and afterward reprinted in two vols. 8vo), Nos. 36 and 46.”—Ritson’s *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii., p. 204.

In his Historical Essay prefixed to the same work, p. xxviii., Ritson observes,—“It may be questioned whether any English writer has produced so fine a ballad as ‘William and Margaret.’”

Bishop Percy also refers to it as “One of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any other language.”

On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott states that “The ballad, though the best of Mallet’s writing, is certainly inferior to its original,

\* His real name was Malloch; but, on removing from Scotland to London, he changed it to Mallet, either because Malloch was unpronounceable by Cockney lips, or like so many other cocknified Scots—even of the present day—he might thus desire—as Dr. Johnson insinuated he did—the better to conceal his origin. Scotland may possibly gain, and certainly cannot lose much, by the defection of such small-minded individuals as those indicated.

which I presume to be the very fine and even terrific old Scottish tale, beginning,

‘There came a ghost to Margaret’s door.’—(*Ante*, p. 51.)

The editor of Andrew Marvell’s works, London, 1776 (preface, vol. i., p. xx.), claims the authorship for Marvell; but this “bold assertion” has been refuted by Mr. David Laing. See *Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland*, p. 519.

- 1 'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet,  
In glided Margaret’s grimly ghost,  
And stood at William’s feet.
- 2 Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.
- 3 So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown:  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.
- 4 Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.
- 5 But Love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum’d her early prime:  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
She died before her time.
- 6 “Awake!” she cried, “thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refus’d to save.
- 7 “This is the dumb and dreary hour,  
When injur’d ghosts complain;  
When yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.
- 8 “Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden-vow,  
And give me back my troth.

- 
- 9 "Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?
- 10 "How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?
- 11 "Why did you say my lip was sweet [red?],  
And made the scarlet pale?  
[And] why did I, young witless maid!  
Believe the flattering tale?
- 12 "That face, alas! no more is fair;  
Those lips no longer red:  
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
And every charm is fled.
- 13 "The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding-sheet I wear:  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.
- 14 "But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;  
A long and late adieu;  
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,  
Who died for love of you."
- 15 The lark sang loud; the morning smil'd,  
With beams of rosy red:  
Pale William quak'd in every limb,  
And raving left his bed.
- 16 He hied him to the fatal place  
Where Margaret's body lay;  
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,  
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.
- 17 And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore:  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spoke never more.



## LANG JOHNNIE MOIR.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 248.

“Geoffrey, of Monmouth, in his veracious *History*, informs us that when Brute or Brutus landed, some three thousand years ago, on the shores of Britain, then known as *Albion*, he found the Island ‘inhabited by none but a few Giants. . . . Among the Rest was one detestable Monster, named *Goëmagot*, in Stature twelve Cubits, and of such prodigious Strength, that at one Stroke he pulled up an Oak as if it had been a Hazel Wand.’ This Giant was taken Prisoner and reserved for a Single Combat with Corineus, the companion in arms of Brutus, ‘who took a great Pleasure in such Rencounters. . . .’ At the beginning of the Rencounter, *Corineus*’ had ‘three of his Ribs’ broken, which enraged him so, that he snatched up the Giant on ‘his Shoulders,’ and ‘ran with him as fast as he was able for the Weight, to the next Shore, and there getting upon the Top of a high Rock, hurled down the Savage Monster into the sea; where, falling by the sides of craggy Rocks, he was cruelly tore to Pieces, and coloured the Waves with his Blood. The place where he fell, taking its Name from the Giant’s Fall, is called *Lam-Goëmagot*—that is, *Goëmagot’s Leap*—to this day.”—Aaron Thompson’s translation, London, 1718.

Shortly after this event, Brutus built the city of Troy-Novant,\* now known as London, whose citizens still retain and exhibit so much civic pride in the Guildhall Giants, Gog and Magog, which statues are supposed to represent the living prototypes who were vanquished by the valiant descendants of the Trojans.

Whether the hero of the following ballad, and his relatives, belonged to the same gigantic race, cannot be definitely ascertained at this advanced period of the world’s history.

It is, however, quite as probable as any portion of the narrative quoted; and it may also be noted as a somewhat remarkable coincidence, that the statues of Gog and Magog in Guildhall are exactly the height assigned to “Lang Johnnie Moir,” in stanza 3 of the ballad, namely, “fourteen feet.”

If the origin of the ballad is dated back to the early period referred to, it may take precedence for antiquity over every other ballad in the Island. The names “London,” “English,” “Scot,” &c., would in that case have to be regarded as comparatively modern corruptions, introduced by reciters of a later age,—a mode of adaptation which we know to have been practised in different lands and ages, and of which examples of the highest authority might be adduced.

See, in this collection, the ballads of “King Henrie,” *ante*, p. 217, “Kempy Kaye,” p. 220, and especially “Johnnie Scot,” p. 432, as this

\* This interesting event happened, as we are minutely informed, at the “Time *Eli* the priest governed in *Judea*,” &c. So that *Goëmagot*, and the other *Anakim* of South Britain, appear to have been extirpated one or two generations before David slew the degenerate Goliath of Gath, “whose height” was *only* “six cubits and a span.”

latter appears to have borrowed largely from the assumedly very ancient ballad which follows.\*

- 1 THERE lives a man in Rynie's land,  
Anither in Auchindore;  
The bravest lad amang them all,  
Was lang Johnnie Moir.
- 2 Young Johnnie was an airy blade,  
Full sturdy, stout, and strang;  
The sword that hung by Johnnie's side,  
Was just full ten feet lang.
- 3 Young Johnnie was a clever youth, .  
Full sturdy, stout, and wight,—  
Just full three yards around the waist,  
And fourteen feet in height.
- 4 Young Johnnie has to London gone,  
In the spring-time of the year;  
Young Johnnie has to London gone,  
The king's banner to bear.
- 5 He hadna been in fair London,  
It's months but twa or three,  
Till the king's ain daughter young Johnnie  
Did love right tenderlie.
- 6 Then word has to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the hall;  
And word is to the king himsel',  
Among his nobles all.
- 7 Out then spake the king himsel';  
An angry man was he,—  
"I will put her in prison strong,  
And high hang'd he shall be."
- 8 Oh, the king he was an angry man,  
And a solemn oath swore he,—  
"This weighty Scot shall strait a rope,  
For high hang'd he shall be."
- 9 When Johnnie heard the sentence pass'd,  
A light laugh then ga'e he,—  
"While I ha'e strength to wield my blade,  
There's nane will daur hang me."

\* The compliment is here returned, as severe emendations are introduced into the present text, from one or other of the versions of "Johnnie Scot."

- 10 The English dogs were cunning rogues,  
About him they did creep ;  
And they ga'e him drops of lodomy,  
That laid him fast asleep.
- 11 When Johnnie waken'd frae his sleep,  
A sorry heart had he,  
With his twa hands in iron bands,  
His feet in fetters three.
- 12 " Oh, where will I get a bonnie boy,  
Will work for meat and fee ;  
Wha will rin on to my auld uncle,  
At the foot of Benachie ? "
- 13 " Here am I, a little wee boy,  
Will work for meat and fee ;  
Wha will rin on to your auld uncle,  
At the foot of Benachie. "
- 14 " When ye come where the grass grows green,  
Ye'll slack your shoes and rin ;  
And when ye come where water 's strong,  
Ye'll bend your bow and swim.
- 15 " And when ye come to Benachie,  
Ye'll neither chap nor call ;  
But ye'll gae to auld Johnnie there,  
Three feet abeen them all.
- 16 " Ye'll gi'e to him this braid letter,  
Seal'd with my faith and troth ; (!)  
And bid him bring along with him  
My kinsman, Jock o' Noth. "
- 17 When the wee boy came to Benachie,  
He did neither chap nor call ;  
But went straight to auld Johnnie there,  
Three feet abeen them all.
- 18 " What news, what news, my bonnie boy ?  
Ye ne'er were here before ; "  
" Nae news, nae news, but a letter from  
Your nephew, Johnnie Moir.
- 19 " He sends ye here this braid letter,  
Seal'd with his faith and troth ;  
And he bids ye bring along with ye  
His kinsman, Jock o' Noth. "

- 20 Benachie lyes very low,  
The tap o' Noth lyes high;  
For a' the distance that's between,  
Jock heard auld Johnnie cry.
- 21 Then on the plain these champions met,  
Twa grisly sights to see;  
There were three feet between their brows,  
Their shoulders were yards three.
- 22 They hied o'er hills; they hied o'er dales,  
O'er mountains steep hied they,  
Till they came on to London town,  
By dawn of the third day.
- 23 And when they came to London town,  
The yetts were lock'd with bands,  
And guarded well by armed men,  
With drawn swords in their hands.
- 24 "What is the matter, ye Warders all?  
Oh, what's the matter within,  
That drums do beat, and bells do ring,  
And make sic doleful din?"
- 25 "There's naething the matter," a Warder said.  
"Naething that matters to thee,  
But a weighty Scot to strait the rope,  
And the morn he maun dee."
- 26 "Oh, open the yetts, ye proud Warders,  
And open without delay."  
The trembling Warder, faltering, said,  
"Oh, I ha'e not the key."
- 27 "Come, open the yetts, ye proud Warders,  
Come, open without delay;  
Or here is a body at my back  
Wha sune will clear the way."
- 28 "Ye'll open the yetts," says Jock o' Noth,  
"Ye'll open them at my call;"  
Then with his foot he has drave in  
Three yards braid of the wall.
- 29 As they gaed in by Drury Lane,  
And down by the town's hall,  
It's there they saw young Johnnie Moir,  
Stand on the English wall.

- 30 "Ye're welcome here, my uncle dear,  
Ye're welcome unto me;  
Ye'll loose the knot and slack the rope,  
And free me frae the tree."
- 31 "Is it for murder, or for theft?  
Or is it for felonie?  
If it is for any heinous crime,  
There's nae remeid for thee."
- 32 "It's nae for murder, nor for theft,  
Nor yet for felonie;  
But it's for loving a gay ladye  
They ha'e doom'd me to dee."
- 33 "Oh, where's thy sword," says Jock o' Noth,  
"Ye took frae hame with thee;  
I never saw a Scotsman yet  
But cou'd wield sword or tree."
- 34 "A pox upon their lodomy,  
On me had sic a sway;  
Four of their men, the bravest four,\*  
They bore my blade away."
- 35 "Bring back his blade," says Jock o' Noth,  
"And unto him it gi'e;  
Or I ha'e sworn a black Scots oath,  
I'll gar five million dee."
- 36 "And where's the ladye," says Jock o' Noth,  
"For fain I wou'd her see?"  
"She's lock'd up in her ain chamber;  
The king he keeps the key."
- 37 Then they ha'e gane before the king,  
With courage bauld and free;  
Their armour bright cast sic a light,  
That almost dimm'd his e'e.
- 38 "Oh, where's the ladye," says Jock o' Noth,  
"For fain I wou'd her see?"  
As we are come to her wedding,  
Frae the foot of Benachie."

\* This line occurs all but *verbatim* in "The Buchanshire Tragedy," stanza 45, line 1, *ante*, p. 486. Of course, Michael Bruce, in whose version it is, must have copied it from this ancient ballad.



- 39 "Oh, take the ladye," said the king,  
 "Ye welcome are for me;  
 I never thought to see sic men  
 Frae the foot of Benachie."
- 40 "If I had kenn'd," said Jock o' Noth,  
 "Ye'd wonder'd sae at me,  
 I wou'd ha'e brought ane larger far,  
 By sizes three times three."
- 41 "Likewise, if I had thought I'd been  
 Sic a great fright to thee,  
 I'd brought Sir John o' Erskine park,—  
 He's thretty feet and three."
- 42 "Wae to the boy," then said the king,  
 "Brought tidings unto thee;  
 Let all England say what they will,  
 It's high hang'd he shall be."
- 43 "Oh, if ye hang the bonnie wee boy  
 Brought tidings unto me,  
 We shall attend his burial,  
 And rewarded ye shall be."
- 44 "Oh, take the ladye," said the king,  
 "The boy, too, shall be free."  
 "A priest, a priest," then Johnnie cried,  
 "To join my love and me."
- 45 "A clerk, a clerk," the king replied,  
 "To seal her tocher free."  
 [But] out it speaks auld Johnnie then,  
 These words pronounced he:—
- 46 "I want na lands and rents at hame,  
 I'll take nae gowd frae thee;  
 I am possess'd of riches great,  
 Full fifty ploughs and three;  
 And likewise heir to a great estate  
 At the foot of Benachie."
- 47 "Ha'e ye ony masons in this place,  
 -Or ony at your call;  
 That ye may now send some of them  
 To build your broken wall?"

- 48 "Yes, there are masons in this place,  
And plenty at my call;  
But ye may gang frae whence ye came,  
Nor mind my broken wall."
- 49 They've ta'en the ladye by the hand,  
And set her prison free;  
With drums beating and fifes playing,  
They spent the night with glee.
- 50 Then auld Johnnie Moir, and young Johnnie Moir,  
And Jock o' Noth, all three,  
The English ladye, and little boy,  
Went all to Benachie.

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### GEORDIE.

Different versions of this ballad have appeared, as under:—

- I. "Geordie;" in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, p. 357, as communicated by Burns.
- II. In Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 192. Kinloch supposes it to refer to the disfavour or disgrace which befell George, fourth Earl of Huntly, on account of his failure to punish, and supposed complicity with "John Muderach, chief of the family of the MacRonalds, a notorious robber, who had played many foul and monstrous pranks." The particulars are narrated by Buchanan in his *History of Scotland*.
- III. "Gight's\* Lady," in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 133, is a similar ballad. In this version, the hero crowns his gross and grievous iniquities by ungratefully and barbarously murdering his lady and deliverer: this version says by "stabbing;" but "one set" referred to by Motherwell, and probably communicated to him by Buchan, makes it to be by drowning.

Motherwell also refers to a version, "styled 'Geordie Lucklie,'" while Ritson, in his *Northumberland Garland*, p. 43, gives "a lamentable ditty" on "the death of" one "George Stoolie," &c., "to a delicate Scottish tune," which, says Motherwell, is "evidently imitated from the Scottish song."—*Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxvi., note 46.

Allan Cunningham has reprinted the *Museum* copy, with but little variation, in his *Songs of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 186.

\* Gight was the ancestor of Lord Byron. Mr. Buchan, in his *Ancient Ballads*, vol. i., p. 258, gives another ballad on "the marriage of 'Miss Gordon of Gight' to John Byron, son of Admiral Byron," the poet's parents.

- 1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
 And nobles there wère manie;  
 And they ha'e kill'd Sir Charlie Hay,  
 And they laid the wyte\* on Geordie.
- 2 Oh, he has written a lang letter;  
 He sent it to his ladye:  
 "It's ye maun come up to E'nbrugh town,  
 To see what word's of Geordie."
- 3 When first she look'd the letter on,  
 She was baith red and rosy;  
 But she hadna read a word but twa,  
 Till she wallow't† like a lily.
- 4 "Gar get to me my gude gray steed,  
 My menyie all gae with me;  
 For I shall neither eat nor drink,  
 Till E'nbrugh town shall see me."
- 5 And she has mounted her gude gray steed,  
 Her menyie all gaed with her;  
 And she did neither eat nor drink,  
 Till E'nbrugh town did see her.
- 6 [And soon she came to the water broad,  
 Nor boat nor barge was ready;  
 She turn'd her horse's head to the flood,  
 And swam through at Queensferry.]‡
- 7 And first appear'd the fatal block,  
 And syne the axe to head him;  
 And Geordie comin' down the stair,  
 And bands of airn upon him.
- 8 But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,  
 Of airn and steel sae heavy,  
 There wasna ane in all the court,  
 Sae braw a man as Geordie.
- 9 Oh, she's down on her bended knee,  
 I wat she's pale and wearie;  
 "Oh pardon, pardon, noble King,  
 And gi'e me back my dearie!

\* "Wyte:" blame.

† "Wallow't:" waxed pale.

‡ Inserted by Allan Cunningham from the recitation of Mrs. Cunningham.

- 10 "I ha'e born seven sons to my Geordie dear,  
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;  
Oh pardon, pardon, noble King,  
Pity a waefu' ladye!"
- 11 "Gar bid the heading-man mak' haste!"  
The King replied full lordly;  
"Oh, noble King, tak' a' that's mine,  
But gi'e me back my Geordie!"
- 12 The Gordons cam', and the Gordons ran,  
And they were stark and steady;  
And aye the word amang them all  
Was—"Gordons, keep you ready!"
- 13 An aged lord at the King's right hand  
Says—"Noble King, but hear me;  
Gar her tell down five thousand crowns,  
And gi'e her back her dearie."
- 14 [Then out and spak' the King again,  
And oh, but he spak' bonnie!  
"If ye'll tell down five thousand crowns,  
Ye'll buy the life of Geordie!"]\*
- 15 Some ga'e her merks, some ga'e her crowns,  
Some ga'e her dollars many;  
And she's tell'd down five thousand crowns,  
And she's gotten again her dearie.
- 16 She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face;  
Says—"Dear I've bought thee, Geordie;  
But there wou'd ha'e been bluidy bouks† on the green,  
Or I had tint my lordie!"
- 17 He claspit her by the middle sma',  
And he kiss'd her lips sae rosy;  
"The fairest flower of womankind  
Is my sweet bonnie ladye!"

\* This stanza has been slightly altered from Kinloch's version, "King" being substituted for "Baron." If the reading here given could be authenticated, it would go far to fix the event in the reign of "James the Sapiant and Sext," with the venality of whose administration of *justice* it accurately accords. It may possibly refer to the murder of the "Bonnie Earl of Murray," by George, sixth Earl of Huntly, and his retainers.

† "Bouks:" bodies. See note c, *ante*, p. 448.