





MAGOUN









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2011 with funding from  
University of Toronto











THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH  
POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY  
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

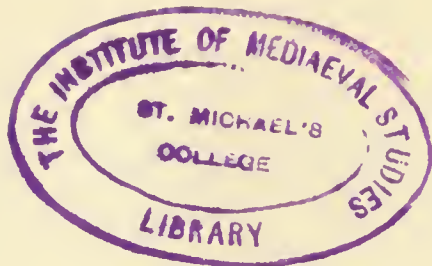
PART IX



BOSTON  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK: 11 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET  
*The Riverside Press, Cambridge*  
LONDON: HENRY STEVENS & SON, 39 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W. C.

One Thousand Copies Printed.

No. 233



SEP 24 1917

13899

Copyright, 1894, by F. J. CHILD.

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*  
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.



## CONTENTS

---

266. JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK . . . . .	1
267. THE HEIR OF LINNE . . . . .	11
268. THE TWA KNIGHTS . . . . .	21
269. LADY DIAMOND . . . . .	29
270. THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	38
271. THE LORD OF LORN AND THE FALSE STEWARD . . . . .	42
272. THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE . . . . .	58
273. KING EDWARD THE FOURTH AND A TANNER OF TAMWORTH . . . . .	67
274. OUR GOODMAN . . . . .	88
275. GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR . . . . .	96
276. THE FRIAR IN THE WELL . . . . .	100
277. THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN . . . . .	104
278. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE . . . . .	107
279. THE JOLLY BEGGAR . . . . .	109
280. THE BEGGAR-LADDIE . . . . .	116
281. THE KEACH I THE CREEL . . . . .	121
282. JOCK THE LEG AND THE MERRY MERCHANT . . . . .	126
283. THE CRAFTY FARMER . . . . .	128
284. JOHN DORY . . . . .	131
285. THE GEORGE ALOE AND THE SWEEPSTAKE . . . . .	133
286. THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY) . . . . .	135
287. CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW . . . . .	143
288. THE YOUNG EARL OF ESSEX'S VICTORY OVER THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY . . . . .	145
289. THE MERMAID . . . . .	148
290. THE WYLIE WIFE OF THE HIE TOUN HIE . . . . .	153
291. CHILD OWLET . . . . .	156
292. THE WEST-COUNTRY DAMOSEL'S COMPLAINT . . . . .	157
293. JOHN OF HAZELGREEN . . . . .	159
294. DUGALL QUIN . . . . .	165
295. THE BROWN GIRL . . . . .	166
296. WALTER LESLY . . . . .	168
297. EARL ROTHES . . . . .	170
298. YOUNG PEGGY . . . . .	171
299. TROOPER AND MAID . . . . .	172
300. BLANCHEFLOUR AND JELLYFLORICE . . . . .	175
301. THE QUEEN OF SCOTLAND . . . . .	176
302. YOUNG BEARWELL . . . . .	178
303. THE HOLY NUNNERY . . . . .	179
304. YOUNG RONALD . . . . .	181
305. THE OUTLAW MURRAY . . . . .	185
FRAGMENTS . . . . .	201
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS . . . . .	205





## ADVERTISEMENT

---

THE delay of the publication of this Ninth Part of the English and Scottish Ballads has been occasioned partly by disturbances of health, but principally by the necessity of waiting for texts. It was notorious that there was a considerable number of ballads among the papers of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and it was an important object to get possession of these, the only one of the older collections (with a slight exception) which I had not had in my hands. An unexpected opportunity occurred upon the sale of Sharpe's manuscripts last year. All the ballads, including, besides loose sheets, several sets of pieces, were secured by Mr Macmath, and turned over to me (mostly in transcripts made by his own hand) with that entire devotion to the interests of this undertaking which I have had so frequent occasion to signalize. A particularly valuable acquisition was the "old lady's complete set of ballads," mentioned by Scott in his correspondence with Sharpe, which was the original of most of the pieces in the Skene MS.

This Ninth Part completes the collection of English and Scottish ballads to the extent of my knowledge of sources, saving that William Tytler's Brown-MS. has not been recovered. Copies, from Mrs Brown's recitation, of all the pieces in this MS. are, however, elsewhere to be found, excepting in a single instance, and that of a ballad which is probably a variety of one or another here given in several forms (No 99 or No 158).

I have to thank Mr MACMATH once more for his energetic and untiring co-operation; the Rev. WILLIAM FINDLAY, of Sabine, for permission to make use of his ballad-gatherings; the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, Mr P. Z. ROUND, Mr WILLIAM WALKER, and Mr R. BRINLEY JOHNSON, for texts; Professor WOLLNER, of Leipzig, for the most liberal assistance in Slavic matters; Mr KAARLE KROHN, of the University of Helsingfors, for a minute and comprehensive study of the Esthonian and Finnish forms of No 95; Dr AXEL OLRIK for Scandinavian texts and information relating thereto; Professor KITTREDGE for notes; and Mr R. B. ARMSTRONG, of Edinburgh, Dr ÅKE W:SON MUNTHE, of Upsala, Miss M. H. MASON, of London, Mr ALFRED ROGERS, of the Library of the University of Cambridge, Mr H. L. KOOPMAN, late of Harvard College, and Mrs MARIA ELLERY MACKAYE, for kind help of various descriptions.

It is intended that Part X (completing the work) shall contain a list of sources, a full and careful glossary, an index of titles and matters and other indexes, and a general preface.

F. J. CHILD.

APRIL, 1894.

PR  
1181  
.C5



## JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK

A. 'John Thomson and the Turk,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 159; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. ix. 'John Tamson,' Motherwell's MS., p. 615.

B. Leyden's *Glossary to The Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 371, four stanzas.

LEYDEN (1801) says that he had "heard the whole song when very young." \* Motherwell's copy was probably given him by Buchan.

John Thomson has been fighting against the Turks for more than three years, when he is surprised by receiving a visit from his wife, who walks up to him in a rich dress, as if Scotland were just round the corner. The lady stays several days, and then gives her husband to understand that she is going home. He recommends her to take a road across the lea, for by doing this she will escape wild Hind Soldan and base Violentrie. It is not so much an object with the lady to avoid these Turks as John Thomson supposes. The Soldan, it turns out, has been slain; but she goes straight to Violentrie. After a twelvemonth John Thomson sends a letter to Scotland, "to see about his gay lady." An answer is returned that her friends have not laid eyes on her in all that time. John Thomson disguises himself as a palmer and hies to Violentrie's castle, where he finds his lady established. Learning that the palmer has come from the Scots' army in Greece, she asks whether one of the chieftains has seen his wife lately, and is told that it is long since the knight in question parted with his wife, and that he has some

fear lest the lady should have been captured by his foes. The lady declares that she is where she is by her own will, and means to stay. The palmer throws off his disguise, begs to be hidden from Violentrie, and is put down in a dark cellar. Violentrie soon arrives and calls for his dinner, casually remarking that he would give ten thousand sequins for a sight of the Scot who has so often put him to flight. The lady takes him at his word, and calls up John Thomson. The Turk demands what he would do if their positions were exchanged. "Hang you up," the Scot replies, with spirit, "and make you wale your tree." Violentrie takes his captive to the wood. John Thomson climbs tree after tree, ties a ribbon to every branch, and puts up a flag as a sign to his men: all which the Turk thinks no harm. Then John Thomson blows his horn. Three thousand men come tripping over the hill and demand their chief. The Turk begs for mercy, and gets such as he would have given: they burn him in his castle, and hang the lady.

This ridiculous ballad is a seedling from an ancient and very notable story, which has an extensive literature, and has of late been subjected to learned and acute investigation. † It may be assumed with confidence that the

\* He has introduced the main points of the story (in fact B 2, 3) into his ballad of 'Lord Soulis,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1833, IV, 244.

† Especially by A. Vesselofsky, *Slavic Tales concerning Solomon and Kitovras*, etc., St Petersburg, 1872 (in Russian); *Neue Beiträge zur Geschichte der Salomonssage*,

*Archiv für Slavische Philologie*, VI, 393 ff., 548 ff., 1882; V. Jagić, *Archiv*, etc., I, 103 ff., 1876; F. Vogt, *Salman und Morolf*, 1880, *Zur Salman-Morolfsage*, Paul und Braune's *Beiträge*, VIII, 313 ff., 1882. See these for tales containing portions of the same matter in various combinations, and for a discussion of an Oriental derivation.



story was originally one of King Solomon and his queen, of whom it is related in Russian, Servian, and German. In the course of transmission, as ever has been the wont, names were changed, and also some subordinate circumstances; in Portuguese, Solomon is replaced by Ramiro II, king of Leon; in a French romance by the Bastard of Bouillon. It is, however, certain that the Solomon story was well known to the French, and as early as the twelfth century.\* Something of the same story, again, is found in König Rother and in the Cligès of Crestien de Troies, both works of the twelfth century, and in various other poems and tales.

The tale of the rape of Solomon's wife and of the revenge taken by Solomon is extant in Russian in three *byliny* (or, we may say, ballads), taken down from recitation in this century, and in three prose versions preserved in MSS of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The *byliny*† relate that Tsar Vasily of Constantinople (or Novgorod), while feasting with his nobles, demands of them to find him a wife who shall be his fair match in stature, beauty, wit, and birth. One of the company undertakes to get for his master Salamaniya (Salomonida), the beautiful wife of Salomon, Tsar of Jerusalem (or of Constantinople), and effects the business by enticing her on board of a ship to see fine things, an artifice of frequent occurrence in ballads. Salomon sets out to retrieve his wife, attended by a large army (which he conceals in a grove), presents himself at Vasily's palace as a pilgrim (or other humble personage), is recognized by his wife, and shut up in a box. When Vasily comes back from hunting, Salamaniya tells him what has chanced, and advises the instant execution of Salomon, which is resolved on. Salomon is to be beheaded, but he begs that he may be hanged, and that three nooses, of rope, bast, and silk, may be provided. Under the gallows Salomon asks to be allowed to sound his horn. Salamaniya objects, but is overruled. He blows thrice;

his army comes at the third sounding. Vasily is hanged in the silken noose, Salamaniya in the rope, and the man that carried her off in the bast.

One of the prose tales narrates these transactions as follows. The wife of Solomon, king of Jerusalem, is stolen from him by his brother Kitovras, through the agency of a magician, who, in the character of a merchant, excites Solomon's admiration for a magnificent purple robe. Solomon buys the robe, and invites the seeming merchant to his table. During the repast the magician envelops the king and his people in darkness, brings a heavy slumber upon the queen and her people, and carries her off in his arms to his ship. Solomon, learning that his wife is in the possession of Kitovras, proceeds against him with an army, which he orders to come to his help when they shall hear his horn sound the third time. Clad as an old pilgrim or beggar, he enters Kitovras's garden, where he comes upon a girl with a gold cup, who is about to draw water. He asks to drink from the king's cup. The girl objects, for, if reported to the king, such a thing would be the death of both of them; but the gift of a gold ring induces her to consent. The queen sees the ring on the girl's hand, and asks who gave it to her. An old pilgrim, she replies. No pilgrim, says the queen, but my husband, Solomon. Solomon is brought before the queen, and asked what he has come for. To take off your head, he answers. To your own death, rejoins the queen; you shall be hanged. Kitovras is sent for, and pronounces this doom. Solomon reminds Kitovras that they are brothers, and asks that he may die in regal style; that Kitovras and the queen shall attend the execution, with all the people of the city; and that there shall be ample provision of food and drink: all which is granted. At the gallows he finds a noose of bast; he begs that two other nooses may be provided, one of red silk, one of yellow, so that he may have a choice, and this whim is complied with. Al-

\*G. Paris, in *Romania*, VII, 462, IX, 436; Cligès, ed. Foerster, p. xix.

† Rybnikof, II, Nos 52, 53, III, No 56. See Jagić, as

above, pp. 103-6; Miss I. F. Hapgood, *Epic Songs of Russia*, p. 282, who combines the three texts.



ways urging their brotherhood, Solomon, at three successive stages, asks the privilege of blowing his horn. The army is at hand upon the third blast, and is ordered to kill everybody. Kitovras and the queen are hanged in the silken nooses, the magician in the bast.\*

The variations of the other versions are mostly not material to our purpose. In one, King Por takes the place of Kitovras; in the third, the king of Cyprus. In the latter, Solomon asks to be hanged upon a tree, a great oak. The king of Cyprus begs for a gentle death, and his veins are opened. The queen is dismembered by horses.

A Servian popular tale runs thus. Solomon's wife fell in love with another king, and not being able to escape to him on account of the strict watch which was kept over her, made an arrangement with him that he should send her a drink which should make her seem to be dead. Solomon, to test the reality of her death, cut off her little finger, and seeing no sign of feeling, had her buried. The other king sent his people to dig her up, restored animation, and took her to wife. When Solomon found out what had been done, he set out for the king's palace with a body of armed men, whom he left in a wood, under orders to hasten to his relief when they heard the blast of a trumpet, each man with a green bough in his hand. The king was out a-hunting, the queen at home. She wiled Solomon into a chamber and locked him up, and when the king came back from the chase told him to go into the room and cut Solomon down, but to enter into no talk, since in that case he would certainly be outwitted. Solomon laughed at the king and his sword: that was not the way for a king to dispose of a king. He should take him to a field outside the city, and let a trumpet sound thrice, so that everybody that wished might witness the spectacle; then he would find that the very greenwood would come to see one king put another to death. The king was curious to know whether the wood would come, and adopted Solomon's suggestion. At the first sound of the trum-

pet, Solomon's men set forward; at the second they were near at hand, but could not be distinguished because of the green boughs which they bore.† The king, convinced that the wood was coming, ordered a third blast. Solomon was rescued; the king and his court were put to the sword.‡

A Little Russian story of Solomon and his wife is given by Dragomanof, *Popular Traditions and Tales*, 1876, p. 103, translated in *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, II, 518, by E. Hins. Solomon takes a wife from the family of a heathen tsar. She hates him, and conceals an elopement with a heathen tsarevitch. She pretends to be dead. Solomon burns her hands through and through with a red-hot iron. She utters no sound, is buried in the evening, and immediately disinterred and carried off by her paramour. Solomon goes to the tsarevitch's house, attended by three armies, a black, a white, and a red (which are, of course, kept out of sight), and furnished with three pipes. The tsarevitch has a gallows set up, and Solomon is taken out to be hanged. He obtains liberty first to play on his pipes. The sound of the first brings the white army, that of the second the red, that of the third the black. The tsarevitch is hanged, the tsaritsa dragged at a horse's tail.

A like story is narrated in German in a passage of about two hundred and fifty verses, which is appended to the *Wit-Combat*, or *Dialogue*, of Solomon and Morolf; and again, with much interpolation and repetition, in a later strophic poem of more than four thousand lines. Both pieces are extant in manuscripts and print of the fifteenth century, but their original is considerably earlier.

In the briefer and earlier of the two German versions, Solomon's wife has bestowed her love on a nameless heathen king, and wishes to escape to him, but cannot bring this about. She feigns to be sick, and the heathen (with whom she has been in correspondence) sends two minstrels to her, who pretend to be able to cure sick folk with their music. They obtain admission to the queen,

\* Jagić, *Archiv*, I, 107 f.; Vesselofsky, the same, VI, 406.

† Cf. B 34. Methinks I see a coming tree.

‡ Karadschitsch, *Volksmärchen der Serben*, 1854, No 42, p. 233.

give her an herb which throws her into a death-like sleep, and carry her off to their master. Morolf, at King Solomon's entreaty, sets forth to find the queen, and, after traversing many strange lands, succeeds. Solomon, under his guidance and advice, and properly supported by an armed force, goes to the castle where the queen is living; leaves his men in an adjoining wood, under command to come to him when they hear his horn blow; and, disguised as a pilgrim, begs food at the castle. His wife knows him the moment she lays eyes on him, and tells the heathen that it is Solomon. The heathen, overjoyed, says to Solomon, If I were in your hands, what should be my death? Would God it were so! answers the king. I would take you to the biggest wood, let you choose your tree, and hang you. So shall it be, says the heathen, calls his people, takes Solomon to the wood, and bids him choose his tree. I shall not be long about that, says Solomon; but, seeing that I am of kingly strain, grant me, as a boon, to blow my horn three times. The queen objects; the heathen says, Blow away. At the third blast Morolf arrives with Solomon's men. The heathen and all his people are slain; the queen is taken back to Jewry, and put to death by opening her veins in a bath.\*

The longer poem has several additional incidents which recur in our ballad, and others which link it with other forms of the story. Salme, Solomon's wife, is daughter of an Indian king (Cyprian, cf. the third Russian prose tale), and has been stolen from her father by Solomon. Fore, a heathen king, in turn steals Salme from the king of Jerusalem. Morolf is not the sharp-witted boor of the other piece, but Solomon's brother. When Solomon goes to Fore's castle, he is kindly received by that king's sister, and she remains his fast friend throughout. He tells her that

he is a sinful man, upon whom has been imposed a penance of perpetual pilgrimage. Brought before the queen, Solomon tries to make Salme come back to him. She lets him know that she loves Fore three times as well as him, and to Fore will she stick. Solomon is put into some side room. Fore comes home and sits down to table with Salme, and she informs him that Solomon is in his power. The army consists of three divisions, a black, a white, and a wan (bleich), nearly as in the Little Russian tale. The reason which Solomon alleges for wishing to blow his horn is to give notice to St Michael and the angels to come and take his soul in charge. Fore is hanged. Salme is disposed of as before, but not until after she has eloped with another king. Solomon marries Fore's sister after Salme's death.†

The adventure of Solomon will be recognized in what is recounted in Portuguese genealogies of the fourteenth century concerning King Ramiro Second of Leon († 950).‡ King Ramiro, smitten with passion for a beautiful Moorish lady, got himself invited to the castle of her brother Alboazar, at Gaya, and plumply asked for her. He would make her a Christian and marry her. Alboazar replied that Ramiro had a wife and children already. Ramiro could not deny this, but his queen was, it seems, conveniently near of kin to him, and Holy Church would allow a separation. The Moor swore that he never would give his sister to Ramiro. Ramiro, under cover of a darkness produced by an astrologer in his service, carried her off to Leon and had her baptized with the name Artiga. Alboazar, in revenge, availed himself of a favorable opportunity to lay hands on Aldora, Ramiro's queen, and took her to his castle of Gaya. Ramiro, with five galleys crowded with his vassals, ran in at San João de Foz, near Gaya. He had taken the precaution to cover his gal-

\* Von der Hagen u. Büsching, *Deutsche Gedichte des Mittelalters*, 1808, I, 62, vv. 1605-1848.

† Vogt, *Salman und Marolf*.

‡ Os livros de Linhagens, in *Portugalix Monumenta Historica, Scriptores*, 1856, I, 180 f., 274-7. The latter account was printed by Southey in the preface to his ballad 'King

Ramiro' (1802), *Poetical Works*, 1853, VI, 122, and a passage from the other.

Kemble, *Salomon & Saturnus*, p. 19, 1848, remarks on the resemblance of the story of Ramiro to that of Solomon. For historical names and facts in the Portuguese *sage*, see Baist in *Zs. f. romanische Philologie*, V, 173



leys with green cloth, and he laid them under the boughs of trees with which the place was covered, so that they were not to be seen. Having landed his men, he left them under the command of his son, D. Ordonho, with directions that they should keep well hidden and not stir from the spot till they should hear his horn, but then come with all speed, and himself putting on mean clothes (*panos de tacanho, de veieto*) over sword, mail, and horn, went and lay down at a spring near the castle. One of the queen's women came out to fetch water for her mistress. Ramiro, feigning to be unable to rise, asked her for a drink, which she offered him. He put into his mouth the half of a ring which he had divided with his queen, and dropped it into the vessel. The queen saw the half-ring and knew it, and elicited from her maid that she had met a sick beggar, who had asked for a drink. The man was sent for. 'What brings you here, King Ramiro?' demanded the queen. 'Love for you,' said he. 'No love for me; you care more for Artiga,' she retorted. Ramiro was put into a back room, and the door was locked. Presently Alboazar came into the queen's chamber. The queen said to him, What would you do to Ramiro if you had him here? Put him to death cruelly (What he would do to me, kill him), responded the Moor. He is locked up in that room, said the queen, and you can proceed at your will.

Ramiro heard all this, and saw that he had never had more need to use his wits. He called in a loud voice to Alboazar: I wronged you by carrying off your sister. I confessed my sin to my priest, and he required of me as penance to go to you in this vile garb, and put myself in your power; and if you wished to take my life, I was to submit to death in a shameful place, and the fact and cause of my death were to be proclaimed by a

horn to all your people. Now I have to ask that you would collect your sons, your daughters, your kinsfolk, and the people of this town, in a cattle-yard (*curral*), put me up high, and let me blow this horn that I wear, until breath and life fail. So you will have your revenge, and I shall save my soul. Alboazar began to feel compassion for Ramiro. Aldora exclaimed at his weakness and folly. Ramiro, she said, was revengeful and cunning, and sparing him was rushing into destruction; whereby the Moor was brought to say, You know that if you had me in your hands, I should not escape. I will do what you ask, for the salvation of your soul. So Alboazar took Ramiro to the yard, which had high walls and but one gate, and the queen, her dames and damsels, the Moor's sons and kinsfolk, and the town's people, were there. Ramiro was put on a pillar, and told to blow till life left his body; and he blew with all his might. D. Ordonho came with the king's vassals and beset the gate. Ramiro drew his sword and split Alboazar's head. The queen and her ladies were spared, but every other creature in the yard was slain, including four sons and three daughters of Alboazar, and no stone was left standing in Gaya. Ramiro put the queen and her women aboard the galleys. Aldora was found weeping. Ramiro asked the cause. Because you have killed the Moor, a better man than yourself, was her answer. This was thought too much to be borne. The queen was tied to a millstone and thrown into the sea. Ramiro married Artiga.\*

There is a poem on this theme by João Vaz (Lisbon, 1630, reprinted by Braga, 1868), which points to a different source than the genealogies. Ramiro takes the sister of King Almanzor captive in war, and becomes enamored of her, in consequence of which Gaya, Ramiro's wife, elopes with Almanzor. Gaya receives Ramiro with feigned kindness when

\* There is nothing about the fair Moor in the first and briefer account, or of the penance given Ramiro. Ortiga is there the name of the servant who comes to fetch water. Ramiro is brought before the Moor and told that he is to die. But I should like to ask you, says the Moor, what manner of death mine should be if you had me in your hands. The

king was very hungry, and he answered, I would give you a stewed capon and a loaf, and make you eat them, and then wine and make you drink, and then open the gates of my cattle-yard and have all my people called to see you die, and make you mount on a pillar and blow your horn till your breath was gone.

he comes to the castle, then betrays him (as in the French romance).\*

Almeida-Garrett composed a little romance out of the story as here given, with the name Zahara for Alboazar's sister, and Gaia for Ramiro's wife, and making Ramiro cut off Gaia's head before he throws her into the water: 'Miragaia,' *Romanceiro*, I, 181, ed. 1863. He informs us that he has interwoven in his poem some verses from popular tradition. A ballad of Ramiro, or at least some remnant of one, appears still to be in existence. Madame de Vasconcellos (1880) had heard two lines of it.

Li Bastars de Buillon, a romance of the fourteenth century, repeats the chief incidents of the foregoing accounts, agreeing in details sometimes with one, sometimes with another.† Ludie, daughter of the emir of Orbrie, is to marry Corsabrin, king of Mont Oseur. The Bastard of Bouillon, who has heard of the beauty of the Saracen princess, conceives a sudden fancy for her. He besieges and takes the city of Orbrie, kills the emir, and compels Ludie to submit to baptism and to marriage with himself. She takes advantage of an absence of the Bastard to escape to Corsabrin, who makes her his queen. The Bastard, bent on vengeance, sails to Mont Oseur, and in the adjacent woods lights on a charcoal-man who is going to the castle in the way of his business. He kills the charcoal-man and puts on his clothes, and in this habit, with a well-blackened face, has no difficulty in obtaining entrance to the residence of Corsabrin. His men he has left in the wood under command of his counsellor and lieutenant, Hugh. Corsabrin is hawking, but the Bastard falls in with Ludie, who affects to be glad of his coming, and offers to go off with him if he will forgive her and do her no harm. A bath would seem to be in order. Ludie has one prepared for the Bastard, and while he is engaged in taking it, sends for Corsabrin, who comes in upon the young Frank with sixty men. Ludie enjoins her rightful husband to show no mercy. The Saracen will not do so

infamous a thing as to put his enemy to death in a bath, but assures his wife that the Bastard shall die *à guise de martyr*. A rich dress is furnished the Bastard, and Corsabrin then says, On your oath, now, what death should I die, were I in your power? Sire, says the Bastard, why should I dissemble? I promise you, I would take you to a wood, and I would hang you to the highest tree I could find. By Mahound! says the king, so will I do with you. The Bastard is taken to a wood, with a rope round his neck. Corsabrin's people look out the highest tree. The Bastard is made to go up, higher and higher, the hangman drawing the rope all too tight the while, till the king says, Now. At the last moment the Bastard calls out to Corsabrin that he is a knight of high birth, and ought not to die like a rogue, but as a man of mark dies among the Franks. And how is that? asks the Saracen. They give him a horn, and he blows four or five times to summon the angels to come for his soul. Then he says a prayer. Then they strangle him or behead him. A horn is sent up to the Bastard, and he blows lustily. Hugh hears, and rides in hot haste to the call. The Bastard makes the most of his grace; his prayer is very long. He sees that a fight is going on below, and knocks the hangman dead from the tree with his fist, then comes down from the tree and joins in the fray. Hugh runs Corsabrin through with a lance, Ludie is taken captive, and every other living being in the castle is slain. Hugh begs as a reward for his services that he may have the disposal of Ludie. The Bastard accords the boon, with a recommendation to mercy: 'arse fu li royne c'on appella Ludie.'

The escaping to a lover by taking a drug which causes apparent death, and the test of molten lead or gold, in the German poems, and in *Cligès*, 6000 ff., are found in 'The Gay Goshawk,' No 96, II, 355 ff. The test is also employed in one form of the Russian prose narratives: Vesselofsky, in the *Slavic Archiv*, VI, 409.

\* Madame Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, in Paul u. Braune's *Beiträge*, VIII, 315 f.

† Ed. Scheler, Bruxelles, 1877; vv. 4503-6253.



A portion of the story is preserved in Scandinavian ballads, with very distinct marks of Russian origin.

Swedish. 'Jungfru Solfager,' Arwidsson, I, 177, No 25: A from a MS. of the sixteenth century, B from recitation.

A. Solfager is a handsome woman, so handsome as to endanger her husband Sir David's life. Fearing that she may be carried off, David in some way marks or stamps her hand with a gold cross, that she may be known thereby. As Solfager is standing at the castle gate, Novgorod's (Nougård's) king comes riding up. He asks if her husband is at home; Sir David went away the day before, and will not come back for a year. The king tells her that if she will plight herself to him she shall always wear gold shoes; Solfager answers that she loves David dearly. The king gives her a drink, two drinks; she swoons, and falls to the ground; she is laid on a bier, taken to the kirk-yard, and buried. The king (David in the text, absurdly) has kept his eye on their doings; he digs her up, and carries her out of the land. David, disguised as a pilgrim, goes to the king of Novgorod's palace, and asks to be housed as a poor pilgrim. The king invites him in. David takes his place with other pilgrims; Solfager breaks bread for them. [Her hand is gloved.] David asks why she does not break bread with a bare hand; she calls him an old fool, and bids him eat or go. The king, from his bed, inquires what the pilgrim is saying. 'Lie down, my lord,' answers Solfager; 'what a fool says is no matter.' They all fall asleep in their places; Solfager follows Sir David home.

B. Solfot looks at her face in the water. 'God help me for my beauty!' she exclaims, 'surely I shall come to a strange land.' Her husband, the Danish king, tells her that he shall write a cross in her right hand, by which he shall find her again. While Solfot is combing her hair out of doors, the Ormeking asks her if she has a golden crown to put on it; she has four and five, all the gift of the king of the Danes. Ormeking gives her a drink which turns her black and blue; Solfot is laid in the ground; Ormeking knows well where,

takes her up, carries her off to his own place, and gives her seven drinks; she stands up as good as ever. Daneking dons pilgrim's clothes and goes to Ormeking's. Solfot, as northern ladies wont, is combing her hair out of doors. Daneking asks for a pilgrim's house; there is one on the premises, where poor pilgrims use (like King Claudius) to take their rouse. The pilgrims stand in a ring; Solfot is to dispense mead to them in turn. Daneking dashes his gloves on the board: 'Is it not the way here that ladies deal mead with bare hands?' Ormeking dashes his gloves on the board: 'That was a bold word for a pilgrim!' 'If that was a bold word for a pilgrim,' says Daneking, 'it was bolder yet to dig Solfot out of the ground.' Then he puts Solfot on his horse and rides away.

There are also two unprinted nineteenth-century copies in Professor G. Stephens's collection.

Norwegian. 'Sólfager og Ormekongin,' Landstad, p. 503, No 56, from a woman's singing. They stamp a gold cross on (or into? the process is not clear) Sólfager's hand, that she may be recognized in a strange country. The Ormeking (or King Orm) comes riding while Sólfager is sunning her hair. 'Trick King David,' he says, 'and bind yourself to me.' 'Never shall it be,' she replies, 'that I give myself to two brothers.' He administers to her three potions, she swoons; word comes to King David that she is dead; they bury her. Ormeking does not fail to carry off the body. King David goes to Ormeking's land in pilgrim's garb, with pilgrim's staff; as he enters the court Sólfager is undoing her hair. [Then there is a gap, which may be easily filled up from the Swedish story.] 'Is it the custom here to cut bread with gloved hand?' She takes off his pilgrim's hat, and takes his yellow locks in her hand. 'When you say you are a pilgrim, you must be lying to me.' 'Even so,' he answers, 'but I am your dear husband, as you easily may see. Will you go home with me?' 'Gladly,' she says, 'but I am afraid of Ormeking.' King David takes Ormeking's horse and rides home with his wife. When Ormeking comes back, Sólfager



is away. (A final stanza does not belong to the story.)

There are other unprinted copies which will appear in a contemplated edition of Norwegian ballads by Sophus Bugge and Moltke Moe.

Danish. Eight unprinted MS. copies of the seventeenth century and a flying sheet of the date 1719. The ballad will be No 472 of *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*.<sup>\*</sup> A fragment of five stanzas (of dialogue relative to the gloved hand) is given by Kristensen, *Jyske Folke-minder*, X, 331, No 82.

It will be observed that the ravisher is king of Novgorod in Swedish A, as in one of the Russian epics, and that he is the brother of King David in the Norwegian ballad as he is of King Solomon in the Russian prose tale. The sleeping-draught, burial, and digging up are in the Servian tale, and something of them in the Little Russian tale, as also in the earlier German poem.

For the boon of blowing the horn see No 123, 'Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar,' and No 140, 'Robin Hood rescuing Three Squires,' III, 122, 177, ff.; also *Heiðreks Saga*, *Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur*, I, 458-61 (14), 529 f. (9); *Vesselofsky*, in the *Slavic Archiv*, VI, 404 f.; and *Wollner's* note, *Abschiedblasen*, *Brugman's Litauische Märchen*, p. 552.

August 1, 1586, there was allowed to Yarrat James as one of six ballads 'A merrie jest of John Tomson and Jakaman his wife,' *Arber, Stationers' Registers*, II, 450. This ballad is preserved in the Roxburghe collection, I, 254, 255, *Ballad Society's* edition, II, 136, and, so far as I have observed, there only. It is subscribed M. L., initials which Mr Chappell was unable to identify, and it

was imprinted at London for Edward Wright. The Roxburghe copy was reprinted by R. H. Evans, *Old Ballads*, 1810, I, 187. The title is

'A merry Iest of Iohn Tomson and Jakaman his wife,  
Whose jealousie was justly the cause of all their strife.'

It is dated in the Museum catalogue 1635?. This is an extremely vapid piece, and has no manner of connection with 'John Thomson and the Turk.' In Halliwell's *Notices of Popular English Histories*, p. 91, *Percy Society*, vol. xxiii, there is one, No 108, of 'John Thompson's Man, or a short survey of the difficulties and disturbances that may attend a married life,' etc., 24 pp., 12°. There is a copy in the Abbotsford Library.

'To be John Thomson's man' † is a Scottish proverb signifying to be submissive to a wife, or, more generally, to be complaisant. "John Thomson's men" are "still ruled by their wives:" *Colville's Whig's Supplication*, or, *The Scotch Hudibras*, cited by Motherwell. "Samson was the greatest fool that ever was born, for he revealed his secrets to a daft hussie. Samson, you may well call him Fool Thompson, for of all the John Thomson's men that ever was he was the foollest:" *The Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, etc., London, 1692 (cited by Motherwell, from the edition of 1768, in a MS. note, Appendix, p. x, in a copy of the *Minstrely* which belonged to Mr R. A. Ramsay.) Some begging verses of Dunbar to the King have the refrain, 'God gif ye war Johne Thomsoneis man.' (Other quotations in Leyden, p. 370, Motherwell, Appendix, p. ix.) ‡

\* I am indebted to Dr Axel Olrik for information concerning the Solfager ballads, and for transcripts of Danish and Swedish versions not received in time for notice here. See p. 280.

† Originally, no doubt, as Motherwell suggests, Joan Thomson's man, or husband.

‡ "One John Thomson is mentioned as an officer in the army of Edward Bruce in Ireland. After Bruce's death,

he led back to Scotland the remnant of his army. In 1333, he held for David Bruce the castle of Lochdoun in Carrick. Sir W. Scott thus characterizes him: 'John Thomson, a man of obscure birth and dauntless valor, the same apparently who led back from Ireland the shattered remainder of Edward Bruce's army, held out for his rightful sovereign.' *History of Scotland*, I, 181." Note by Motherwell in Mr Ramsay's copy of the *Minstrely*, Appendix, p. ix.

## A

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 159;  
Motherwell's MS., p. 615; Motherwell's Minstrolsy, Appen-  
dix, p. ix.

- 1 JOHN THOMSON fought against the Turks  
Three years into a far country,  
And all that time, and something more,  
Was absent from his gay lady.
- 2 But it fell ance upon a time,  
As this young chieftain sat alane,  
He spied his lady in rich array,  
As she walkd oer a rural plain.
- 3 'What brought you here, my lady gay,  
So far awa from your own country?  
I've thought lang, and very lang,  
And all for your fair face to see.'
- 4 For some days she did with him stay,  
Till it fell ance upon a day,  
'Farewell for a time,' she said,  
'For now I must bound home away.'
- 5 He's gien to her a jewel fine,  
Was set with pearl and precious stone;  
Says, My love, beware of these savages bold,  
That's on your way as ye go home.
- 6 Ye'll take the road, my lady fair,  
That leads you fair across the lee;  
That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,  
And likewise from base Violentrie.
- 7 With heavy heart these two did part,  
And minted as she would go home;  
Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,  
But to base Violentrie she's gone.
- 8 When a twelvemonth had expired,  
John Thomson he thought wondrous lang,  
And he has written a broad letter,  
And seald it well with his own hand.
- 9 He sent it along with a small vessel  
That there was quickly going to sea,  
And sent it on to fair Scotland,  
To see about his gay ladie.
- 10 But the answer he received again,  
The lines did grieve his heart right sair;

None of her friends there had her seen  
For a twelvemonth and something mair.

- 11 Then he put on a palmer's weed,  
And took a pikestaff in his hand;  
To Violentrie's castle he hied,  
But slowly, slowly he did gang.
- 12 When within the hall he came,  
He joukd and couchd out-oor his tree:  
'If ye be lady of this hall,  
Some of your good bountieth give me.'
- 13 'What news, what news, palmer?' she said,  
'And from what countrie came ye?'  
'I'm lately come from Grecian plains,  
Where lys some of the Scots army.'
- 14 'If ye be come from Grecian plains,  
Some more news I will ask of thee;  
Of one of the chieftains that lies there,  
If he have lately seen his gay ladie.'
- 15 'It is twelve months and something more  
Since we did part in yonder plain;  
And now this knight has begun to fear  
One of his foes he has her taen.'
- 16 'He has not taen me by force nor might,  
It was all by my own free will;  
He may tarry in the fight,  
For here I mean to tarry still.
- 17 'And if John Thomson ye do see,  
Tell him I wish him silent sleep;  
His head was not so cozelie  
Nor yet so well as lies at my feet.'
- 18 With that he threw [aff] his strange disguise,  
Laid by the mask that he had on;  
Said, Hide me now, my ladie fair,  
For Violentrie will soon be home.
- 19 'For the love I bare thee once,  
I'll strive to hide you if I can;  
Then put him down to a dark cellar,  
Where there lay mony a new slain man.
- 20 But he hadna in the cellar been  
Not an hour but barely three,  
Till hideous was the sound he heard;  
Then in at the gates came Violentrie.



- 21 Says, I wish yon well, my lady fair,  
It's time for us to sit and dine;  
Come, serve me with the good white bread,  
And likewise with the claret wine.
- 22 'That Scots chieftain, our mortal foe,  
So oft from field has made us flee,  
Ten thousand sequins this day I'd give  
That I his face could only see.'
- 23 'Of that same gift would ye give me,  
If I could bring him unto thee?  
I fairly hold you at your word;  
Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord.'
- 24 Then from the vault John Thomson came,  
Wringing his hands most piteouslie;  
'What would ye do,' the Turk he cried,  
'If ye had me, as I have thee?'
- 25 'If I had you, as ye have me,  
I'll tell you what I'd do to thee;  
I'd hang you up in good greenwood,  
And cause your own hand wile the tree.
- 26 'I meant to stick you with my knife,  
For kissing my beloved wife;  
'But that same weed ye've shaped for me,  
It quickly shall be sewed for thee.'
- 27 Then to the wood they both are gone,  
John Thomson clamb from tree to tree;  
And aye he sighd, and said, Ohon!  
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 foe ken  
He meant them any injurie.
- 29 He set his horn to his mouth,  
And he has blawn baith loud and shrill;  
And then three thousand armed men  
Came tripping all out-oer the hill.
- 30 'Deliver us our chief!' they all did cry,  
'It's by our hand that ye must die!'  
'Here is your chief,' the Turk replied,  
With that fell on his bended knee.
- 31 'O merey, merey, good fellows all,  
Merey I pray you'll grant to me!'  
'Such merey as ye meant to give,  
Such merey we shall give to thee.'
- 32 This Turk they in his castle burnt,  
That stood upon yon hill so lie;  
John Thomson's gay lady they took,  
And hangd her on yon greenwood tree.

## B

Leyden's Glossary to The Complaynt of Scotland, p. 371.

- 1 O CAM ye in by the House o Rodes,  
Or cam ye there away?  
Or have [ye] seen Johne Tamson?  
They say his wife has run away.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 2 'O what wad ye do, Johne Tamson,  
Gin ye had me as I hae thee?'

'I wad tak ye to the gude green-wood,  
And gar your ain hand weil the tree.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 3 Johne Tamson peeped and poorly spake  
Untill he did his ain men see;  
'O by my sooth,' quo Johne Tamson,  
'Methinks I see a coming tree.'  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 4 And they hae hangd that grim Soudan,  
For a' his mirth and meikle pride,  
And sae hae they that ill woman,  
Upon a serogg-bush him beside.

15<sup>1</sup>. two months in all the copies; cf. 8<sup>1</sup>.  
19<sup>4</sup>. lye.

*Motherwell's MS. has a few variations, but these may be attributed to Motherwell. All excepting one, which is an error of the pen, appear in the Minstrelsy.*

5<sup>4</sup>. in your. 14<sup>4</sup>. has. 15<sup>2</sup>. part on.  
16<sup>3</sup>. into the. 19<sup>4</sup>. lay. 20<sup>3</sup>. Then.  
(20<sup>4</sup>. *Minstrelsy*, When.) 20<sup>4</sup>. gate.  
21<sup>2</sup>. sit to. 22<sup>3</sup>. I'll.  
25<sup>1</sup>. have, error of the pen. 25<sup>4</sup>. wale.  
26<sup>2</sup>. ladie for wife, to avoid couplets. 28<sup>3</sup>. foes.

## 267

## THE HEIR OF LINNE

A. 'The Heir of Lin,' Percy MS., p. 71; Hales and Furnivall, I, 174.

B. a. 'The Heir of Linne,' Buchan's MSS, I, 40; Motherwell's MS., p. 630; Dixon, Scottish Traditional

Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 30, Percy Society, vol. xvii. b. 'The Weary Heir of Linne,' Buchan's MSS, II, 114. c. 'The Laird o Linne,' Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 112.

THE three stanzas cited by Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxxviii, note 15 (wrongly as to 2<sup>d</sup>), and repeated from Motherwell by Chambers, p. 310, *Whitelaw*, p. 81, *Aytoun*, II, 342, are from B a.

A. The heir of Linne, a Scots lord, took to cards, dice, and wine, sold his lands to John o the Scales, and went on in dissolute ways for three fourths of a year longer; then he was forced to go to Edinburgh and beg his bread. Some gave him, some refused him, some bade him go to the devil. Brooding over his destitution, he remembered that his father had left him a paper which he was not to look into till he should be in extreme need. This paper told him of a castle wall in which stood three chests of money. Filling three bags with gold, he went to John o Scales's house. John's wife wished herself a curse if she trusted him a penny. One good fellow in the company offered to lend him forty pence, and forty more, if wanted. John o Scales tendered him his lands back for twenty pounds less than they had been sold for. The heir of Linne called the lords present to witness, threw John a penny to bind the bargain, and counted out the money from his bags. Then he gave the good fellow forty pounds, and made him keeper of his forest, and beshrewed himself if ever he put his lands in jeopardy again.

B. The heir of Linne stands at his father's gates, and nobody asks him in. He is hungry, wet, and cold. As he goes down the town, gentlemen are drinking. Some say, Give him a glass; some say, Give him none. As he goes up the town, fishermen are sitting. Some say, Give him a fish; some say, Give him a fin. He takes the road to Linne,\* and on the way begs of his nurse a slice of bread and a bottle of wine, promising to pay them back when he is laird of Linne; which he will never be, she says. A score of nobles are dining at Linne. Some say, Give him beef, some say, Give him the bone; some say, Give him nothing at all. The new laird will let him have a sip, and then he may go his gate. At his wits' end, he now recalls a little key given him by his mother before she died, which he was to keep till he was in his greatest need. This key fits a little door somewhere in the castle. He gets gold enough to free his lands. He returns to the company of nobles. The new laird offers him Linne back for a third of what had been paid for it. He takes the guests to witness, and tells the money down on a table. He pays the nurse for her bread and wine. His hose had been down at his ankles; now he has fifteen lords to escort him.†

Percy, *Reliques*, 1765, II, 309, 1794, II, 128 (with some readings of his manuscript

\* Cane in hand, 10<sup>3</sup>, 22<sup>3</sup>. This is bad enough, but not quite so bad as the woman with cane in hand, 'Tam Lin,' III, 505, O 16<sup>2</sup>, and 'The Kitchie-Boy,' No 252, E 6<sup>2</sup>. The

mantle and cane are a commonplace. See also E 14 of No 252, No 76, G 3, and No 97, B 20<sup>2</sup>.

† The Gallowgate port of B a 35 belongs to Aberdeen.



restored in the later edition), as he puts it, revised and completed *A* by "the insertion of supplemental stanzas," "suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject." In fact, Percy made a new ballad,\* and a very good one, which, since his day, has passed for 'The Heir of Linne.' (Herd, 1769, p. 227, but afterwards dropped; Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, II, 129; Ritson, *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, 1829, II, 81, with a protest; even Chambers, p. 310, *Aytoun*, II, 342; for the Scottish version had not been printed when these collections appeared.)

The modern ballad on a similar subject used by Percy was 'The Drunkard's Legacy,'† an inexpressibly pitiable ditty, from which Percy did not and could not take a line, but only, as he says, a suggestion for the improvement of the story. In this, a gentleman has a thriftless son given over to gaming and drunkenness. The father, foreseeing his ruin, builds a cottage on a waste plat of land, with one door, fastened by a spring-lock. On his death-bed he sends for his son, tells him of the cottage, and directs him, after he has lost all his friends and pawned his lands, to break open the door, for he shall find something within to end his troubles. After the father's death the son spent all his ready money, and then pawned his lands to the keeper of a tavern which he had frequented, who, in the end, kicked him out of doors. Recalling now his father's injunction, the son broke open the cottage, hoping to find money. He saw only 'a gibbet and a rope,' and a stool under the rope. He mounted the stool, put the rope round his neck, and jumped off. The 'gibbet' broke, and a thousand pound in gold came tumbling about his ears. The young man, with a blessing on his father, vowed to give up drinking. He went to the vintner's, and getting a rough reception, complained of his so treating a man who had pawned to him for three hundred pounds lands bringing in eight score pounds' rent, and besides had spent the money in that shop. The vintner told him to bring a hundred pounds the next

day and take the lands back. The young man asked a note to this effect, which was unsuspectingly given. He then went and fetched the money, bringing with him a comrade, 'who had made him drink when moneyless.' The vintner declared that he had spoken in jest, but 'this young man's friend' urged that the written agreement would 'cast' him in law; so the vintner had to take the hundred pounds and give up the deeds, and he cut his throat for mortification. From that time the prodigal lived a sober, charitable life.

Percy's introduction of the lonesome lodge, the hanging, the bursting ceiling, and the father's double admonition, is an improvement too striking to require or bear much comment. It is very far from certain that a young reprobate, who has spent everything in riotous living, will be turned into better courses by simply coming upon more money, as in the traditional ballad; whereas there is a very fair chance that the moral shock received in the other might be efficacious.

There are several Oriental stories which closely resemble that of 'The Drunkard's Legacy,' or of Percy's 'Heir of Linne.'

(1.) Sinadab was left by his father's will free to dispose of a large property, with the exception of a diminutive garden, at the end of which was a small house. This he was on no account to part with. He indulged in reckless profusion, and in about two years everything was spent. The friends of his affluent days abandoned him,—all but one, who gave him ten sequins. With only this in hand he set out on a voyage which led to adventures which may be passed over. They ended in his coming again to extreme poverty. He then remembered the little garden which he had been forbidden to sell. He found a small box in the house, and eagerly broke it open. There was nothing in it but a rope, with a writing in his father's hand, rebuking him for his dissipation, and suggesting that, if he had sufficient resolution, he might put an end to his troubles by use of the rope.

\* Of the 212 lines of Percy's ballad, some 80, or the substance of them, occur in the MS. copy, and half a dozen more of the 216 lines of the 4th edition.

† Reprinted by Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, etc.*, p. 151, Percy Society, vol. xvii, from a chap-book.



Sinadab accordingly got up on a stool, fastened the rope to the ceiling, adjusted a noose about his neck, and pushed back the stool. The ceiling gave way, and he was covered with a shower of gold pieces, which proved to be only a trifling part of riches concealed above. His career after this was serious and prudent. Gueulette, 'Les mille et un quart d'heure,' Contes Tartares, Cabinet des Fées, XXI, 66-70, 89-93.

(2.) Turkish. A merchant took his son to a certain house, and said, If you waste the wealth I leave, do not beg, but get a rope and hang yourself from this ring. The son squandered his inheritance with sycophants, who reviled him after he was stripped. He got a rope, went to the house, mounted a stool, fastened one end of the rope to the ring, the other about his neck, and threw himself from the stool. A board in which the ring was fastened gave way, the young man fell to the ground, and gold and jewels came pouring upon him. He repented of his profligacy, and reformed his ways. 'The Forty Vezirs,' Gibb, p. 244; Behnauer, p. 253.

(3.) Arabic. A man charged his son not to beg if he should come to want, for he had hidden a treasure in his house, which, however, he was not to resort to until compelled by dire necessity. After his father's death, the son, without delay, broke into the place where the treasure had been said to be concealed, but found only an empty room, with a rope hanging from the ceiling. Under the rope was a pile of bricks, and a paper recommending him to get up on the bricks and hang himself. The young man went off, and with the assistance of parasites, was soon rid of all his wealth. After a taste of the sharpness of poverty and of the baseness of summer friends, he went to the room where he had expected to find the treasure, stepped on the pile of bricks, tied the rope round his neck, and kicked away the bricks. The rope parted, and a quantity of precious things tumbled from overhead. His false friends promptly returned with prosperity, but were put to shame. Tausend und eine Nacht, Deutsch von Habicht, v. d. Hagen u. Schall, 1840, XIV, 65-68.

(4.) The same story, with some of the details of both 2 and 3, in Pauli's Schimpf und Ernst, Oesterley, p. 400, from the edition of 1533. In Pauli's tale, the young man, after a year of exemplary life in the world, gives all his goods to the poor and turns hermit.

(5.) Persian. Atalmule's extravagances cause his father great anxiety. The father, when near his end, charges his son, if he should be so unhappy as to dissipate the fortune he will receive, to hang himself to a branch of a tree in the middle of the garden. The bough breaks, and the trunk is found to be full of precious stones. Petis de la Croix, Les Mille et un Jour, Cabinet des Fées, XIV, 457.

There is another and seemingly an independent story, summarized in two distichs in the Greek Anthology (IX, 44, 45, translated by Ausonius, Epigrammata, 22, 23), how a man, who was about to hang himself, found some money, and left his rope behind, and how the owner of the money, coming for it and not finding it, hanged himself with the rope.\* La Fontaine's fable, 'Le Trésor et les deux Hommes,' IX, 16, is this story, with a wall falling, not by precontrivance, but from its ruinous condition.

The eighth tale in the ninth decade of Giraldi Cinthio's Hecatommithi, 1565, II, 563, is a modification of what may be called the Greek story. "Chera hid a treasure. Elisa, going about to hang herself, and tying the halter about a beam, found that treasure, and in place thereof left the halter. Philene, the daughter of Chera, going for that treasure, and busily searching for the same, found the halter, wherewithal, in despair, she would have hanged herself, but," etc. (Painter's argument to his translation of Cinthio's tale in the Palace of Pleasure, 2d Tome (1567), 11th novel, ed. Jacobs, II, 264.)

The Greek Syntipas has another variety. A man, reduced to want, takes a sword and goes to a lonely place to end his misery. He finds in a deep hole or fosse a quantity of gold which has been hidden there by a cy-

\* 44. Χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὐρὼν ἔλιπε βρόχον· αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν  
ὄν λίπεν οὐχ εὐρὼν ᾗψεν ὃν εἶρε βρόχον.

clops, takes it, and goes back to his house very happy. The cyclops, coming to the spot and not finding his gold, but seeing the sword lying about, slays himself. Matthæi, *Syntipæ Fabulæ*, 1781, p. 38,  $\mu\eta$ ; Coray, *Æsop*, p. 246, No 384.\*

A tale in *Anvâr-i Suhailî* has been cited in connection with the foregoing, which has only a general and remote resemblance to 'The Heir of Linne.' A wise king, perceiving that his two unpromising sons would misuse his treasures, buries them in a hermitage. After his death, his sons quarrel about the succession. The younger is worsted, and brought so low that he abandons the world, and selects this

hermitage for his retirement. Here he learns wisdom that is better than riches, and also discovers the buried treasure. Both the elder brother and a king with whom he is at variance are killed in a fight, and the younger is offered a double kingdom. (Chapter I, story II, Eastwick, p. 74; also, *Contes et Fables Indiennes de Bidpai et de Lokman* (Galland), *Cabinet des Fées*, XVII, 122; *The Fables of Pilpay*, London, 1818, p. 51.)

Percy's ballad is translated by Bodmer, II, 117, and by Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 78.

### A

Percy MS., p. 71; Hales and Furnivall, I, 174.

1 OFF all the lords in faire Scotland  
A song I will begin;  
Amongst them all there dweld a lord  
Which was the vnthrifty lord of Linne.

2 His father and mother were dead him froe,  
And soe was the head of all his kinne;  
To the cards and dice *that* he did run  
He did neither cease nor bl[i]nne.

3 To drinke the wine that was soe cleere,  
With euery man he wold make merry;  
And then bespake him Iohn of the Scales,  
Vnto the heire of Linne sayd hee.

4 Sayes, How dost thou, Lord of Linne?  
Doest either want gold or fee?  
Wilt thou not sell thy lands soe brode  
To such a good fellow as me?

5 'Ffor . . I . . ' he said,  
'My land, take it vnto thee;'  
'I draw you to record, my lord[ë]s all;'  
With *that* he cast him a god's peny.

6 He told him the gold vpon the bord,  
It wanted neuer a bare penny:  
'*That* gold is thine, the land is mine,  
The heire of Linne I wilbee.'

7 'Heere's gold inoughe,' saithe the heire of  
Linne,  
'Both for me and my company: '  
He drunke the wine *that* was soe cleere,  
And with euery man he made merry.

8 With-in three quarters of a yeere  
His gold and fee it waxed thinne,  
His merry men were from him gone,  
And left him himselfe all alone.

9 He had neuer a penny left in his pursse,  
Neuer a penny [left] but three,  
And one was brasse, and another was lead,  
And another was white mony.

10 'Now well-aday!' said the heire of Linne,  
'Now welladay, and woe is mee!  
For when I was the lord of Linne,  
I neither wanted gold nor fee.

11 'For I haue sold my lands soe broad,  
And haue not left me one penny;

\* All the above tales, except Pauli's, have been cited, in one connection or another, by Dunlop, *History of Fiction*, (II, 201, of Wilson's late edition); by Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, I, 97 f.; or by Liebrecht, *Göttingische Gelehrte Anzeigen*, 1868, p. 1891. Oesterley, in his note to Pauli, 16, p. 552

f., refers to three sixteenth-century story-books which I have not seen. Robert, *Fables Inédites*, etc., II, 232, in his note to *La Fontaine*, IX, 16, refers to other fabulists. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, 55, gives from some old magazine a story after the pattern of the Greek distich.



- I must goe now and take some read  
Vnto Edenborrow, and begg my bread.'
- 12 He had not beene in Edenborrow  
Not three quarters of a yeere,  
But some did giue him, and some said nay,  
And some bid 'to the deele gang yee!
- 13 'For if we shold hang any landles feer,  
The first we wold begin with thee.'  
'Now welladay!' said the heire of Linne,  
'No[w] welladay, and woe is mee!
- 14 'For now I have sold my lands soe broad,  
*That* mery man is irke with mee;  
But when *that* I was the lord of Linne,  
Then on my land I liued merrily.
- 15 'And now I have sold my land soe broade  
*That* I haue not left me one penny!  
God be with my father,' he said,  
'On his land he liued merrily.'
- 16 Still in a study there as he stood,  
He vnbethought him of [a] bill;  
He vnbethought him of [a] bill  
*Which* his father had left with him.
- 17 Bade him he shold neuer on it looke  
Till he was in extreame neede,  
'And by my faith,' said the heire of Linne,  
'Then now I had neuer more neede.'
- 18 He tooke the bill, and looked it on,  
Good comfort *that* he found there;  
Itt told him of a castle wall  
Where there stood three chests in feare.
- 19 Two were full of the beaten gold,  
The third was full of white mony;  
He turned then downe his baggs of bread,  
And filled them full of gold soe red.
- 20 Then he did neuer cease nor blinne  
Till Iohn of the Scales house he did winne.  
When *that* he came to Iohn of the Scales,  
Vpp at the speere he looked then.
- 21 There sate three lords vpon a rowe,  
And Iohn o the Scales sate at the bord's  
head,  
And Iohn o the Scales sate at the bord's head,  
Because he was the lord of Linne.
- 22 And then bespake the heire of Linne,  
To Iohn o the Scales' wiffe thus sayd hee:  
Sayd, Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shott  
*That* I may sitt downe in this company?
- 23 'Now, Christ's curse on my head,' shee said,  
'If I doe trust thee one penny;'  
Then bespake a good fellowe,  
*Which* sate by Iohn o the Scales his knee.
- 24 Said, Haue thou here, thou heire of Linne,  
Forty pence I will lend thee;  
Some time a good fellow thou hast beene;  
And other forty if neede bee.
- 25 Thé dru[n]ken wine *that* was soe cleere,  
And euery man thé made merry;  
And then bespake him Iohn o the Scales,  
Vnto the lord of Linne said hee.
- 26 Said, How doest thou, heire of Linne,  
Since I did buy thy lands of thee?  
I will sell it to thee twenty pound better cheepe  
Nor euer I did buy it of thee.
- 27 'I draw you to recorde, lord[ë]s all,'  
With that he cast him [a] god's penny;  
Then he tooke to his baggs of bread,  
And they were full of the gold soe redd.
- 28 He told him the gold then over the borde,  
It wanted neuer a broad penny:  
'*That* gold is thine, the land is mine,  
And the heire of Linne againe I wilbee.'
- 29 'Now welladay!' said Iohn o the Scales' wiffe,  
'Welladay, and woe is me!  
Yesterday I was the lady of Linne,  
And now I am but Iohn o the Scales' wiffe!'
- 30 Saies, Haue thou heere, thou good fellow,  
Forty pence thou did lend me,  
Forty pence thou did lend me,  
And forty pound I will giue thee.
- 31 'Ile make thee keeper of my forrest  
Both of the wild deere and the tame,'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 32 But then bespake the heire of Linne,  
These were the words, and thus said hee,  
Christs curse light vpon my crowne  
If ere my land stand in any ieopardye!

## B

a. Buchan's MSS, I, 40. b. Buchan's MSS, II,  
114. c. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 112.

- 1 'THE bonny heir, and the well-faird heir,  
And the weary heir o Linne,  
Yonder he stands at his father's yetts,  
And naebody bids him come in.
- 2 'O see for he gangs, an see for he stands,  
The weary heir o Linne!  
O see for he stands on the cauld casey,  
And nae an bids him come in!
- 3 'But if he had been his father's heir,  
Or yet the heir o Linne,  
He wadna stand on the cauld casey,  
Some an woud taen him in.'
- 4 'Sing ower again that sang, nourice,  
The sang ye sung just now ;'  
'I never sung a sang in my life  
But I woud sing ower to you.
- 5 'O see for he gangs, an see for he stands,  
The weary heir o Linne!  
O see for he stands on the cauld casey,  
An nae an bids him come in!
- 6 'But if he had been his father's heir,  
Or yet the heir o Linne,  
He woudna stand on the cauld casey,  
Some an woud taen him in.
- 7 'When his father's lands a selling were,  
His claise lay well in fauld,  
But now he wanders on the shore,  
Baith hungry, weet, and cauld.'
- 8 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
The gentlemen were drinking ;  
Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,  
And some bade him gie nane,  
Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,  
The weary heir o Linne.
- 9 As Willie he came up the town,  
The fishers were a' sitting ;  
Some bade gie Willie a fish, a fish,  
Some bade gie him a fin,  
Some bade gie him a fish, a fish,  
And lat the palmer gang.
- 10 He turned him right and round about,  
As will as a woman's son,  
And taen his cane into his hand,  
And on his way to Linne.
- 11 His nourice at her window lookd,  
Beholding dale and down,  
And she beheld this distressd young man  
Come walking to the town.
- 12 'Come here, come here, Willie,' she said,  
'And rest yoursel wi me ;  
I hae seen you in better days,  
And in jovial companie.'
- 13 'Gie me a sheave o your bread, nourice,  
And a bottle o your wine,  
And I'll pay you it a' ower again,  
When I'm the laird o Linne.'
- 14 'Ye 'se get a sheave o my bread, Willie,  
And a bottle o my wine,  
But ye'll pay me when the seas gang dry,  
For ye'll neer be heir o Linne.'
- 15 Then he turnd him right and round about,  
As will as woman's son,  
And aff he set, and bent his way,  
And straightway came to Linne.
- 16 But when he came to that castle,  
They were set down to dine ;  
A score o nobles there he saw,  
Sat drinking at the wine.
- 17 Then some bade gie him beef, the beef,  
And some bade gie him the bane ;  
And some bade gie him naething at a',  
But lat the palmer gang.
- 18 Then out it speaks the new-come laird.  
A saucy word spake hee ;  
'Put round the cup, gie my rival a sup,  
Let him fare on his way.'
- 19 Then out it speaks Sir Ned Magnew,  
Ane o young Willie's kin ;  
'This youth was ance a sprightly boy  
As ever lived in Linne.'
- 20 He turned him right and round about,  
As will as woman's son,  
Then minded him on a little wee key,  
That his mother left to him.

- 21 His mother left [him] this little wee key  
A little before she died;  
And bade him keep this little wee key  
Till he was in maist need.
- 22 Then forth he went, these nobles left,  
All drinkin' in the room,  
Wi walking rod intill his hand,  
He walked the castle roun.
- 23 There he found out a little door,  
For there the key slipped in,  
And there [he] got as muckle red gowd  
As freed the lands o Linne.
- 24 Back through the nobles then he went,  
A saucy man was then:  
'I'll take the cup frae this new-come laird,  
For he neer bade me sit down.'
- 25 Then out it speaks the new-come laird,  
He spake wi mock an jeer;  
'I'd gie a seat to the laird o Linne,  
Sae be that he were here.
- 26 'When the lands o Linne a selling were,  
A' men said they were free;  
This lad shall hae them frae me this day,  
If he'll gie the third pennie.'
- 27 'I take ye witness, nobles a',  
Guide witnesses ye'll be;  
I'm promisd the lands o Linne this day,  
If I gie the third pennie.'
- 28 'Ye've taen us witness, Willie,' they said,  
'Guide witnesses we'll be;'
- 'Buy the lands o Linne who likes,  
They'll neer be bought by thee.'
- 29 He's done him to a gaming-table,  
For it stood fair and clean;  
There he tauld down as much rich gowd  
As freed the lands o Linne.
- 30 Thus having done, he turnd about,  
A saucy man was he;  
'Take up your monie, my lad,' he says,  
'Take up your third pennie.'
- 31 'Aft hae I gane wi barefeet could,  
Likewise wi legs full bare,  
An mony days walkd at these yetts  
Wi muckle dool and care.
- 32 '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.'
- 33 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
There he crawd wonderous crouse;  
He calld the may afore them a',  
The nourice o the house,
- 34 'Come here, come here, my nurse,' 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.'
- 35 As he gaed up the Gallowgate port,  
His hose abeen his sheen;  
But lang ere he came down again  
Was convoyed by lords fifeteen.

A. 2. *The third and fourth lines are fourth and third.*

3. *There is probably a gap after the second line.*

5<sup>1</sup>. *Ffor wanting: supplied from the bottom of the preceding page.*

5<sup>4</sup>. a good-se. 7<sup>1</sup>. Lime.

8<sup>1</sup>, 9<sup>2</sup>, 12<sup>2</sup>, 18<sup>4</sup>, 19<sup>2</sup>, 21<sup>1</sup>. 3. 13<sup>1</sup>. Land selfeer.

16<sup>2</sup> *has bis prefixed to it.* 19<sup>1</sup>. 2. 20<sup>1</sup>. blime.

20<sup>3</sup>. Scalels: *misprint?* 21<sup>2</sup> *has bis prefixed.*

20, 21, *are written together.*

VOL. V.

3

24<sup>2,4</sup>, 30<sup>2,3</sup>. 40. 26<sup>3</sup>. 20<sup>1</sup>. 28<sup>4</sup>, 32<sup>1</sup>. Lime.  
30<sup>2</sup> *marked bis.* 30<sup>4</sup>. 40<sup>1</sup>.

B. a. 9<sup>2</sup>. a; b, all. 14<sup>2</sup>. o your.

14<sup>4</sup>. But ye'll: *cf.* b.

23<sup>2</sup>. For there; *perhaps simply* For (= Where).

b. 1 *wanting.* 2<sup>3</sup>. on that. 2<sup>3</sup>, 3<sup>3</sup>, 5<sup>3</sup>, 6<sup>3</sup>, causey.

4<sup>1</sup>. that sang again.

6<sup>1</sup>. if ye, *wrongly.* 13, 14 *follow* 6.

7 *wanting.* 9<sup>2</sup>. were all.

9<sup>5</sup>. And some: gie'm. 10-12 *wanting.*



13<sup>1</sup>. twa sheaves. 13<sup>2</sup>. And ae glass.  
 13<sup>3</sup>. And I will pay you them back again.  
 13<sup>4</sup>. The day I'm heir of. 14<sup>1</sup>. get three sheaves.  
 14<sup>2</sup>. And twa glass.  
 14<sup>3</sup>. But I'll be paid : sea gangs. 14<sup>4</sup>. For ye'll.  
 15-19 *wanting*.

20<sup>1,2</sup>. As Willie was sitting one day alane,  
 And nae body him wi.  
 20<sup>3</sup>. He minded on.  
 20<sup>4</sup>. That's mither to him did gie.  
 20<sup>5,6</sup>. Bade him never open a lock wi it  
 Ere the greatest strait he could see.

21, 22 *wanting*.

23. Then he did spy a little wee lock,  
 And the key gied linking in,  
 And he got goud and money therein  
 To pay the lands o Linne.

24-32 *wanting*.

33, 33, 34, *for* 33-35.

33<sup>1,2</sup>. When Willie he came to the ha,  
 There he cried out wonderous crouse.

34<sup>1</sup>. Come down, come down, nourice, he said.

34<sup>2</sup>. Ere I pay you your.

34<sup>3</sup>. For ye will be paid ere the seas gang dry.

34<sup>4</sup>. For this day I'm heir.

35<sup>1</sup>. As Willie he gied down the town.

35<sup>3</sup>. But when that he came up again.

*Both Motherwell in copying the ballad (which he in all likelihood received from Buchan), and Dixon in printing it, made a few changes : as (Motherwell) the northern for in 21<sup>3</sup>, to whare, but not in 29<sup>2</sup>, where for also=where.*

C. "The editor can trace the air and ballad here given as far back as 1775, through an aged relative who died in 1842 in her eightieth year, and who had it from her mother." *Christie neither professed nor practised a rigid fidelity to texts, and this copy, at best not a valuable one, is given for the little it may be worth.*

1 O YONDER he stands, and there he gangs,  
 The weary heir o Linne,  
 Yonder he stands on the cauld causey,  
 And nane bids him come in.

2 But it fell ance upon a day  
 The sheets were laid in fauld,  
 And poor Willie found he had nae friends,  
 And it was wondrous cauld.

3 'Oh, one sheave o your bread, nourice,  
 And one glass o your wine,

And I will pay you oer again  
 When I am laird o Linne.'

4 'Oh, one sheave o my bread, Willie,  
 And one glass o my wine,  
 But the seas will be dry ere ye pay me again,  
 For ye'll never be laird o Linne.'

5 But he mind't him up, and he mind't him down,  
 And he mind't him oer again,  
 And he mind't him on a little wee key  
 That his mother gae to him.

6 He did him to the house o Linne,  
 He sought it up and down,  
 And there he found a little wee door,  
 And the key gaed slippin in.

7 And he got gowd, and he got gear,  
 He got gowd stord within,  
 And he got gowd, and he got gear,  
 Thrice worth the lands o Linne.

8 He did him to the tavern straight,  
 Where nobles were drinking therein ;  
 The greatest noble among them a'  
 Was near to Willie o kin.

9 And some of them bade him fish to eat,  
 And some of them bade him a fin,  
 And some of them bade him nothing at a',  
 For he'd never be father's son.

10 But out it spake an aged knight,  
 And vow but he spake slie !  
 'I'll sell you your father's land back again  
 All for the third pennie.'

11 'I take witness upon you here,' he says,  
 'I take witness upon thee,  
 That you will sell me my father's land again  
 All for the third pennie.'

12 Then he took out a little wee coffer,  
 And he set it on his knee,  
 And he told the goud down on the table roun,  
 Says, Tak up your third pennie.

13 'Come ben, come ben, my good nourice,  
 I'll pay you when you come ben ;  
 For the seas are not dry, and I'll pay you back  
 again,  
 For I'm again the laird o Linne.'

14 Poor Willie that night at eight o'clock  
 Had his stockings abeen his sheen,  
 But ere the morrow at twelve o'clock  
 He was convoyd by lords sixteen.

## APPENDIX



(From a Broadside among Percy's Papers.)

## THE DRUNKARD'S LEGACY

## IN THREE PARTS

## PART I

- 1 YOUNG people all I pray draw near,  
And listen to my ditty here,  
Which subject shews that drunkenness  
Brings many mortals to distress.
- 2 As for example now I can  
Tell you of one, a gentleman,  
Who had a very good estate ;  
His earthly travels they were great.
- 3 We understand he had a son  
Who a lewd wicked race did run ;  
He daily spent his father's store,  
When moneyless he came for more.
- 4 The father oftentimes with tears  
Would sound this alarm in his ears :  
' Son, thou dost all thy comforts blast,  
And thou wilt come to want at last.'
- 5 The son these words did little mind ;  
To cards and dice he was inclin'd,  
Feeding his drunken appetite  
In taverns, which was his delight
- 6 The father, ere it was too late,  
He had a project in his pate,  
Before his aged days were gone  
To make provision for his son.
- 7 Near to his house, we understand,  
He had a waste plat of land,  
Which did but little profit yield,  
On which he had a cottage built.
- 8 ' The Wise-Man's Project ' was its name ;  
There was few windows in the same ;  
Only one door, substanti[a]l thing,  
Shut by a lock went by a spring.
- 9 Soon after he had playd this trick,  
It was his lot for to fall sick ;  
As on his bed he did lament,  
Then for his drunken son he sent.
- 10 Who, sent for, came to his bed-side ;  
Seeing his son, he then reply'd,  
' I sent for you to make my will,  
Which do you faithfully fulfil.

- 11 ' To such one cottage is one door ;  
Neer open it, do thou be sure,  
Until thou art so poor that all  
Do then despise you, great and small.
- 12 ' For to my grief I do perceive  
When I am dead this life you live  
Will soon melt all thou hast away :  
Do not forget these words, I pray.
- 13 ' When thou hast made thy friends thy foes,  
Pawnd all thy lands, and sold thy cloaths,  
Break ope the door, and there depend  
To find something thy grief to end.'
- 14 Thus being spoke, the son did say,  
Your dying words I will obey ;  
Soon after this his father dear  
Did die and buried was, we hear.

## PART II

- 15 Now pray observe the second part,  
And you shall hear his sottish heart :  
He did in taverns so frequent  
Till he three hundred pounds had spent.
- 16 This being done, we understand  
He pawnd the deeds of all his land  
Unto a tavern-keeper, who  
When poor did him no favour shew.
- 17 For to fulfil his father's will  
He did command this cottage still ;  
At length great sorrow was his share,  
Quite moneyless, with garments bare.
- 18 Being not able for to work,  
He in the tavern there did lurk,  
From box to box, among rich men,  
Who often times revil'd him then.
- 19 To see him sneak so up and down,  
The vintner on him he did frown,  
And one night kickd him out of door,  
Charging him to come there no more.
- 20 He in a stall did lie all night,  
In this most sad and w[r]etched plight ;  
Then thought it was high time for he  
His father's legacy to see.
- 21 Next morning, then, opprest with woe,  
This young man got an iron crow,  
And, as in tears he did lament,  
Unto this little cottage went.
- 22 When he this door had open got,  
This poor distress'd drunken sot,  
Who did for store of money hope,  
He saw a gibbet and a rope.



- 23 Under this rope was plac'd a stool,  
Which made him look much like a fool,  
Crying, Alas, what shall I do !  
Destruction now appears in view.
- 24 ' As my father foresaw this thing,  
What sottishness to me would bring,  
As moneyless and free of grace,  
This legacy I will embrace.'
- 25 So then, opprest with discontent,  
Upon the stool he sighing went,  
And then, his precious life to check,  
Did place this rope about his neck.
- 26 Crying, Thou God, who sittst on high,  
Who on my sorrows hast an eye,  
But thou knowst I have not done well,  
Preserve my preeious soul from hell.
- 27 ' 'T is true the slighting of thy grace  
Brought me to this most wretched case,  
And as thro folly I 'm undone,  
I 'll now eclipse my morning sun.'
- 28 When he with sigh had these words spoke,  
Jumpt off, and down the gibbet broke ;  
In falling, as it plain appears,  
Droppd down about this young man's ears,
- 29 In shining gold, a thousand pound,  
Which made the blood his ears surround :  
Tho in amaze, he cry'd, I 'm sure  
This golden salve will heal the sore.
- 30 ' Blest be my father,' then he cry'd,  
' Who did this portion for me hide,  
And while I do alive remain  
I never will be drunk again.'

## PART III

- 31 Now by [the] third part you will hear  
This young man, as it does appear,  
With care he then secur'd his chink,  
And to this vintner went to drink.
- 32 When the proud vintner did him see,  
He frownd on him immediately,  
And said, Begone, or else with speed  
I 'll kick thee out of doors indeed.
- 33 With smiles the young man he did say,  
Thou cruel knave, tell me, I pray,  
As I have here consum'd my store,  
What makes thee kick me out of door ?
- 34 To me thou hast been too severe ;  
The deeds of eight-score pounds a year  
I pawnd them for three hundred pound ;  
Which I spent here ; what makes thee frown ?
- 35 The vintner said unto him, Sirrah,  
Bring me one hundred pounds tomorrow  
By nine o'clock, take them again :  
So get you out of doors till then.
- 36 He answerd, If this chink I bring,  
I fear thou wilt do no such thing ;  
He said, I 'll give under mine hand  
A note that I to this will stand.
- 37 Having the note, away he goes,  
And straightway went to one of those  
Who made him drink when moneyless,  
And did the truth to him confess.
- 38 They both went to this heap of gold,  
Wherre in a bag he fairly told  
A thousand pounds in yellow boys,  
And to this tavern went their ways.
- 39 This bag they on the table set,  
Which made the vintner for to fret,  
And said, Young man, this will not do,  
For I was but in jest with you.
- 40 So then bespoke this young man's friend,  
And [said], Vintner, thou mayst depend  
In law this note it will you cast,  
And he must have his land at last.
- 41 This made the vintner to eomply,  
Who fetchd the deeds immediately ;  
He had one hundred pounds, and then  
The young man got his deeds again.
- 42 At length, the vintner, for to think  
How he was foold out of his chink,  
Said, When 't is found how I came off  
My neighbours will me game and scoff.
- 43 So, to prevent their game and laughter,  
The vintner, in a few days after,  
Being void of grace, as will appear,  
He cut his throat from ear to ear.
- 44 Thus he untimely left the world,  
Who to this young man prov'd a churl ;  
Now he who followd drunkenness  
Lives sober and [does] his lands possess.
- 45 Instead of wasting all his store,  
As formerly, resolves no more  
To act the same, but does inde[e]d  
Poor fatherless and mother- feed.
- 46 ' And let all young men, for my sake,  
Take care how you such havock make,  
For drunkenness, you plain may see,  
Was near my ruin for to be.'

Printed and sold in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

## 268

## THE TWA KNIGHTS

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 271.

A KNIGHT and a squire, sworn brothers, have a talk about fair women. 'There's nae gude women but nine,' says the squire. 'My luck is the better,' replies the knight, 'that one of them is mine.' The squire undertakes to win the knight's wife within six months, if the husband will go over seas for that time; the knight is willing to give him nine months. The knight's lands are wagered (21) against the squire's life (23). As soon as the knight is at sea, the squire comes to the lady with an offer of money. If you were not my lord's brother, says the lady, I would hang you on a pin before my door. The squire betakes himself to his foster-mother, sets forth his case, and offers her a heavy bribe for her aid. The false carline goes to the lady and opens her business; the lady will never wrong her lord. The carline (who is the wife's foster-mother as well) now pretends concern about the lady's health, which is in danger for want of sleep. She turns all the people out of the castle, lulls the dame to sleep, and introduces the squire. He wakes the lady, and tells her that she is in his power. The lady has presence of mind; it would, she says, be a sin to defile her husband's bed, but she will come to the squire's bed at night. She then offers her niece five hundred pounds to go to the squire in her place. The young woman was never so much disposed to say nay, but goes, notwithstanding. When the squire has had his will, he cuts off 'her ring but and her ring-finger.' The maids come from the hay, the young men from the corn, and the lady tells them all that has passed. She will tie her finger in the dark, and hopes to loose it in the light. The knight returns, and is greeted

by the squire as a landless lord. The ring and ring-finger are exhibited in proof. Thereupon the knight gives a dinner, to which he asks the squire and his wife's parents. He throws his charters across the table and bids his wife farewell forever. It is now time for the lady to loose in the light the finger which she had tied in the dark. Come here, my lord, she says. No smith can join a finger. My niece 'beguiled the squire for me.' They lay before the niece a sword and a ring, and she is to have her choice, to stick the squire with the sword, or to wed him with the ring. Thrice she puts out her hand as if to take the sword, but she ends with taking up the ring.

This ballad can have had no currency in Scotland, and perhaps was known only through print. A similar one is strictly traditional in Greece, and widely dispersed, both on the mainland and among the islands.

Romaic. A. *Νεοελληνικά' Ανάλεκτα*, I, 80, No 16, 75 vv., Melos. B. 'Τὸ στοίχημα τοῦ βασιλιᾶ καὶ τοῦ Μαυριανοῦ,' Jeannaraki, p. 231, No 294, 76 vv., Crete. C. 'Ὁ Μαυριανὸς καὶ ὁ βασιλεὺς,' Zampelios, p. 719, No 6, 61 vv., Corcyra (?); repeated in Passow, p. 355, No 474, Kind's Anthologie, p. 56. D. 'Τοῦ Μαυριανοπούλου,' Manousos, II, 56, 51 vv., Corcyra (?). E. 'Ὁ Μαυριανὸς κ' ὁ βασιλεὺς,' Pappadopoulos in *Πανδώρα*, XV, 417, 23 vv., Cargese, Corsica; repeated in Legrand, p. 302, No 136. F. *Δελτίον τῆς ἱστορικῆς καὶ ἐθνολογικῆς ἐταιρίας τῆς Ἑλλάδος*, I, 551, No 5, 35 vv., Peloponnesus. G. 'Ὁ Σταυριανὸς καὶ ὁ βασιλιᾶς,' Melandrakes, in the same, III, 345, 54 vv., Patmos. H. 'Τὸ Στοίχημα,' Kanellakes, *Χιακὰ ἀνάλεκτα*, p. 8, No 5, 50 vv., Chios. I a. Bartholdy, *Bruchstücke zur nähern Kenntniss des heutigen*



Griechenlands, 1805, p. 434, 78 vv., translation without text. b. 'Maurogène,' Lemerrier, I, 167, translation without text, neighborhood of Arta. J. 'Στοιχῆμα Διονῦ καὶ Χαντσαρλῆ,' Chasiotes, p. 142, No 14, 26 vv., Epirus.

The personages are *Μαυριανός*, B-E, *Μαυγιανός*, A, *Μαυρογενί*, I, *Στανριανός*, G, *Γιάννος*, F, *Κωσταντῆς*, H; his sister, A-I, *Ἀρετῆ*, D, *Μάρω*, F, *Λιερῆ*, G, and in I b (unless the name is supplied by the editor), *Cymodore*; a king, anonymous except in J, *Διονύς*, in which also the other two parties are husband (ὁ *χαντσιαρλῆς*, the chancellor) and wife.

At the king's table there is talk of women fair or foul. Maurianos extols his sister (the chancellor his wife, I), whom gifts cannot seduce. What shall be your forfeit, asks the king, if I seduce her? Maurianos stakes his head, A-I, and the girl is to be the king's slave, H; the king, his kingdom and crown, A, B, his property, C, F. There is a mutual wager of nine towers of silver, J. The young man is to be a prisoner till the morning, I. The king begins, in A, B, by engaging the services of witches eighteen, witches fifteen, or bawds eighteen, witches fifteen. They ply their magic early and late: forty days to get up her stair, other four-and-forty to get sight of the girl, A. They address her with flatteries, but are rebuffed, A, B. The king sends rich presents, A, C-I; beasts laden with silver and money, nine, twelve, twenty and again ten. The girl receives them with professions of pleasure; her brother will return the compliment to the giver. It is explained that no return is looked for; the presents are from the king, who desires to pass the night with her. (In J the king goes straight to the wife, and says that he has her husband's permission.) The lady affects to put herself at the king's disposition. She appeals to her maid-servants, A, B; first her "nurses," then her maids, C; one servant, and then another, H. Which of them will enable her to keep her word, change clothes with her, and pass the night with the king? Only Maria, the youngest of all (of forty, B), is willing to stead her mistress in this strait, A-C. In D-G, I, J, there is but one nurse or servant, and she as-

sents, or follows her mistress's directions as a matter of course. The servant is to have the king's present in D. The substitute is elaborately combed and dressed, with a gold band round her hair, and a beautiful ring on her finger. At midnight, or before dawn, the king cuts off the finger that has the ring, A, I, her finger, B, F, G, H (fingers, B, v. 43), little finger, D, E; takes the ring from her finger, C, all the rings from her fingers, J. He also cuts off her hair (braid), with its golden band, B (braids, v. 43), C, I, her hair (braid), with the golden flowers, A, with the pearl, H, right braid, D, braid, F, G, I, extremity of her braid, E. These are to serve as tokens; he puts them in his handkerchief, A, D. He takes his trophies to the assembly. Maurianos has lost his wager, and is to be hanged. Where is Maurianos, the braggart, and where his precious sister, whom no gifts could seduce? Word comes to the sister. She dresses herself beautifully, and makes her way into the assembly; she would fain know why they are to hang Maurianos. 'I have seduced his sister,' says the king, 'and I will hang Maurianos.' The girl demands tokens. 'I cut off her finger, with the golden sapphire; I cut off her hair, with the golden flowers (band).' She extends her hand; the earth is filled with sapphires. 'See, lords! are fingers of mine wanting?' She flings out her hair; the earth is filled with flowers. 'See, lords! is a braid of mine wanting?' (A, B, and the rest to the same effect.) Then she turns to the king. 'It fits you no more to play the king,' A, B. 'You have slept with my slave, and my slave you shall be,' C-I. 'Take my mule and go fetch wood.' In A, B, the king has to marry Maria. In F, John becomes king (as a consequence of winning the wager). In I, the people depose the king and make Maurianos's sister queen.

There are numerous tales in which a man wagers heavily upon a woman's (generally his wife's) constancy, and, upon plausible evidence, which in the end proves to be nugatory, is adjudged to have lost.\* We are con-

\* The cutting off the hair from a woman substituted occurs in the fabliau 'Des Tresces,' Barbazan et Méon, IV, 393,

cerned only with a small section of these stories, characterized by the circumstances that the woman whose virtue is questioned puts another woman in her place in the encounter with the assailant, and that the proofs of success offered are a finger, finger-ring, and head, or braid, of hair \* (one of these, or more).

A rhymed tale of the thirteenth century, 'Von zwein Kaufmannen,' by Ruprecht von Würzburg,† has the following story, evidently French by origin. Bertram, a merchant of Verdun, who has been happily married for ten years, is required in the course of business to go to a fair at Provins. While he is sitting at table in an inn with other merchants, Hogier, the host, sets his guests to talking of their wives, and three of them give a very bad account of their domestic experiences. Bertram, when urged to take his turn, professes himself the most fortunate of men, for his wife (Irmengard) is, for beauty, sense, modesty, manners, the flower of womankind. The host declares that the man is mad, and offers to stake all his goods against Bertram's that he will seduce this peerless wife within six months. The wager is accepted, and Bertram, to afford an opportunity, sends his wife word that he shall be gone from home longer than he had intended. Hogier goes to Verdun and takes a lodging opposite to Bertram's house. He begins with presents and messages to Irmengard; she treats these with con-

tempt, and threatens to make a complaint to her friends. He gives bounties to the servants, who sing his praises to their mistress till they are told that they will be thrashed if they continue. He then gives a pound to Irmengard's favorite maid, Amelin, and commissions her to offer a hundred mark if he may have his will; and the wife proving to be both firm and indignant, he raises his offer to two hundred mark, and finally to a thousand for one night. Not only the maid, but Irmengard's own father and her husband's father, to whom she successively appeals, urge her to take this large sum, and assure her that she will incur her husband's resentment if she does not. A way out of her difficulties now occurs to her (which the author of the poem represents as an express suggestion from God). She asks the maid if she will give Hogier a night for the consideration of a hundred mark; Amelin is ready so to do for half the money. Hogier is told to pay in his thousand, and an appointment is made. Irmengard receives him in Amelin's garb, and Amelin in Irmengard's. In the morning Hogier asks for some jewel as a keepsake, and the maid having nothing to give him, he cuts off one of her fingers. He now calls upon Bertram to pay his forfeit. Bertram has some doubt whether he has not been tricked. It is mutually agreed that the matter shall be settled at a banquet which Bertram is to give at Verdun. Ber-

Montaiglon et Raynaud, IV, 67, and Méon, Nouveau Recueil, I, 343, Montaiglon et Raynaud, V, 132 (a different version); Boccaccio, Decameron, VII, 8; 'Der verkérte Wirt,' von der Hagen's Gesamtabenteuer, II, 337, No 43: all varieties of one story. See also 'Der Reiger,' p. 157 of the same volume of von der Hagen, No 31, and the literary history of No 43, at p. XLII. — Bédier, Les Fabliaux, p. 149 ff., refers to several other examples.

\* The more important of the stories which lack the distinctive traits of the Scottish and Romaic ballads are: Roman de la Violette, thirteenth century (ed. Michel, 1834); Roman du Comte de Poitiers, thirteenth century (ed. Michel, 1831); Li Contes du Roi Flore et de la bielle Jehane, thirteenth century, Moland et d'Héricault, 1856, p. 85, and Monmerqué et Michel, Théâtre Français au Moyen Age, 1842, p. 417; Miracle de Nostre Dame, Conment Ostes, roy d'Espaigne, perdi sa terre par gagier contre Berengier, etc., Monmerqué et Michel, as before, p. 431, and Miracles de Nostre Dame, G. Paris et U. Robert, IV, 319; an episode in Perceforest, vol. iv, cc. 16, 17, retold by Bandello, Part I, Nov. 21 (R. Köhler, in Jahrbuch für Rom. u. Eng. Lit., VIII, 51 ff.);

the story of Bernabò da Genova da Ambrunoginelo ingannato, Boccaccio, Decameron, II, 9, repeated in Shakspeare's Cymbeline and many other pieces. Popular tales with the wager are: Campbell, West Highlands, II, 1, No 18; J. W. Wolf's Deutsche Hausmärchen, p. 355; Sinrock, Deutsche Märchen, p. 235 (ed. 1864), No 51; Pröhle, Kinder- und Volksmärchen, No 61, p. 179 (see also p. XLII); Das Ausland, 1856, p. 1053, Roumanian; Miklosich, Märchen u. Lieder der Zigeuner der Bukowina, p. 49, No 14; Bernoni, Fiabe veneziane, p. 1, No 1; Gonzenbach, I, 38, No 7; Pitre, Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti siciliani, II, 142, 165, Nos 73, 75; Imbriani, Novellaja fiorentina, p. 483. (Some of these have been cited by Köhler, some by Landau.) See, in general, the Grimms, Altdeutsche Wälder, I, 35 ff., II, 181 f.; von der Hagen's Gesamtabenteuer, introduction to No LXVIII, especially III, xc1-c1x; R. Köhler, as above, and in Orient u. Occident, II, 315; Landau, Quellen des Dekameron, 1884, p. 135 ff.; R. Ohle, Shakespeares Cymbeline und seine romanischen Vorläufer, Berlin, 1890.

† Altdeutsche Wälder, I, 35; von der Hagen, Gesamtabenteuer, III, 357.



tram, upon his return home, cannot conceal a deep depression. His wife asks him the cause, and he opens his mind to her; she bids him be of good cheer, for all Hogier's goods are theirs. At the banquet Hogier states his case, and produces the finger in confirmation of his claim. Irmengard, asked what answer she has to make, humorously replies that she is sorry for her misbehavior, but all her friends, there present, had advised her to commit it. She then shows her hands, both unmarred. Amelin comes in and complains of the treatment she has received. Hogier owns that he has lost, and desires to become Bertram's 'poor man.' Amelin is given him as wife, with her hundred mark for a dowry. Here we have wager, substitution, finger cut off, as in the Scottish ballad and most of the Romaic versions, and the loser marries the maid, as in the Scottish ballad and Romaic A, B.

The Mabinogi of Taliesin, "in its present form not older than the thirteenth century," has the incidents of the substitution of the maid-servant, the finger and finger-ring, with the modification that the wife's general high character, and not simply her continence, is impugned and vindicated.

At a Christmas feast in the palace of King Maelgwn, the company were discoursing of the unequalled felicity of the king, upon whom heaven had bestowed, with every other good gift, a queen whose virtues exceeded those of all the noble ladies in the kingdom. Elphin, Maelgwn's nephew, said, None but a king may vie with a king; otherwise he would say that his own wife was as virtuous as any lady in the kingdom. Maelgwn was not there to hear this boast, but it was duly reported to him, and he ordered Elphin to be thrown into prison, pending a test of Elphin's wife which he deputed his graceless son, Rhun, to make. Taliesin, Elphin's bard, warned the lady that Rhun would try to put some disgrace upon her, and advised that one of the servants should personate her mistress when Rhun came to the house. Accordingly, a kitchen-maid was dressed up in her mistress's clothes, and was seated at the supper-table, her hands loaded with rings. Rhun made his appear-

ance and was welcomed by the disguised menial. He fell to jesting with her, put a powder into her drink, which cast her into a sound sleep, and cut off her little finger, on which was Elphin's signet-ring. The king assembled his councillors, had Elphin brought in from prison, and showed him the finger, which (so Rhun had averred) had been cut from his wife's hand the preceding night, while she was sunk in a drunken sleep. Elphin could not deny that the ring was his, but he gave three incontrovertible reasons why the finger could not be his wife's, one of these being that the ring was too large to stay on his wife's thumb, yet too small to go over the joint of the little finger of the hand from which it had been cut; and the fact was put beyond question by Taliesin's afterwards bringing in Elphin's wife at a state-dinner, and displaying her unmutilated hand.\*

A lively play of Jakob Ayrrer's (about 1600) has the wager, the substitution, the ring offered in evidence (as in Romaic C, G), the marriage with the maid.

Claudius, master of the hunt to the Prince of Calabria, on the eve of his departure on a voyage, is heard by two courtiers, Leipolt and Seübolt, soliloquizing on the excellences of his wife, Frigia, her housekeeping, virtue, and love for him. They wager all their goods against his that they will bring the woman to do their will. One undertakes to present her wedding-ring, the other her necklace, in proof of the achievement. Leipolt and Seübolt, always acting severally, attempt to buy the services of Jahn Türeck, a quick-witted and loyal servant of Claudius. He tells everything to his mistress, and by his advice she dresses two of her maids in her clothes and lets them meet the men, warning them to keep within bounds. Leipolt and Seübolt, each finding the supposed lady coy, are content to secure the means of winning their wager, and, by Frigia's connivance (who, it seems, had come to knowledge of the wager through Jahn), one of them receives her ring,

\* Lady Charlotte Guest's Mabinogion, Part VII, pp. 364-83, or p. 477 ff. of the edition of 1877; an abstract in E. Jones's Bardic Museum, p. 19.



the other her necklace, as pretended love-tokens. Claudius comes home. Leipolt informs the prince of the wager, and asks Claudius whether he knows the ring and will pay; Seübolt brings out the necklace. Claudius gives all for lost. The prince sends for Frigia. She challenges the courtiers to say that she has misbehaved with them. They own that they have never laid eyes on her, but they recognize the maids when they are brought in, still in their mistress's clothes. Frigia explains in detail. The prince addresses his councillors (for such they are) in terms of exemplary severity, and adjudges them to marry the maids, making over one third of their property to these and another to Claudius, or to lose their heads. (Compare the Scottish ballad at the end.) They prefer to keep their heads.\*

A Danish ballad, very popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has the wager (only on the part of the assailant), but the story takes a different turn from the foregoing, for the irresistible knight has simply a conversation with the lady, in which he meets with a definitive repulse.

'Væddemaalæt,' 'Herr Lave og Herr Iver Blaa,' Grundtvig, IV, 302, No 224, A-L, Kristensen, I, 319, No 118, X, 137, No 36;

Prior, III, 28, No 104. Lange (Lave) and Peder (Iver) sit at the board talking of wives and fair maids. Peder asserts that the maid lives not in the world whom he cannot cajole with a word. Lange knows the maid so virtuous that neither words nor gold can beguile. Peder wagers life (gold, goods, house, land) and neck (halsbane) that she shall be his by the morrow. He rides straightway to Ingelil, Thorlof's daughter, and makes love to her in honorable phrase. Ingelil reminds him of two ladies who have received the same professions from him and been betrayed. If she will be his dear, every finger shall wear the red gold: her father has nine gold rings, and would give them all to her if she wished. If she will be his, she shall have a train of servants, out and in: she is not halt or blind, and can go out and in by herself. If he cannot have his will with her, it will cost him his white halsbane: much better so than that he should cheat her, or any honorable maid. Peder rides away sorrowful, for lost is gold and his white halsbane besides.† We have already had the Scottish counterpart of this ballad, with variations for better or worse, in 'Redesdale and Wise William,' IV, 383, No 246, A-C.

- 
- 1 THERE were twa knights in fair Scotland,  
And they were brothers sworn;  
They made a vow to be as true  
As if they'd been brothers born.
- 2 The one he was a wealthy knight,  
Had lands and buildings free;  
The other was a young hynde squire,  
In rank of lower degree.
- 3 But it fell ance upon a day  
These squires they walkd alone,

And to each other they did talk  
About the fair women.

- 4 'O wed a may,' the knight did say,  
'For your credit and fame;  
Lay never your love on lemanry,  
Bring nae gude woman to shame.'
- 5 'There's nae gude women,' the squire did say,  
'Into this place but nine;  
'O well falls me,' the knight replied,  
'For ane o them is mine.'

\* Ayrers Dramen, herausgegeben von A. von Keller, IV, 2279, No 30; Comedia von zweyen fürstlichen rätthen die alle beede umb eines gewetts willen umb ein weib bulten, u. s. w.

† There is another Danish ballad in which two knights

wager on a maid's fidelity, but it is of entirely different tenor, the maid being lured by a magical horn: 'Ridderens Runeslag,' Grundtvig, II, 285, No 73, A-B, 'Ridder Oles Lud,' Kristensen, II, 108, 353, No 34, A-C; Prior, III, 34, No 105.

- 6 'Ye say your lady's a gude woman,  
But I say she is nane;  
I think that I could gain her love  
Ere six months they are gane.
- 7 'If ye will gang six months away,  
And sail upon the faem,  
Then I will gain your lady's love  
Before that ye come hame.'
- 8 'O I'll gang till a far countrie,  
And far beyond the faem,  
And ye winna gain my lady's love  
Whan nine lang months are gane.'
- 9 When the evening sun did set,  
And day came to an end,  
In then came the lady's gude lord,  
Just in at yon town's end.
- 10 'O comely are ye, my lady gay,  
Sae fair and rare to see;  
I wish whan I am gane away  
Ye keep your mind to me.'
- 11 She gae 'm a bason to wash in,  
It shin'd thro' a' the ha;  
But aye as she gaed but and ben  
She loot the saut tears fa.
- 12 'I wonder what ails my gude lord  
He has sic jealousy;  
Never when we parted before,  
He spak sic words to me.'
- 13 When cocks did crow, and day did daw,  
This knight was fair at sea;  
Then in it came the young hynde squire,  
To work him villanie.
- 14 'I hae a coffer o' gude red gowd,  
Another o' white monie;  
I woud gie you 't a', my gay lady,  
To lye this night wi me.'
- 15 'If ye warnna my lord's brother,  
And him sae far frae hame,  
Even before my ain bower-door  
I'd gar hang you on a pin.'
- 16 He's gane frae the lady's bower,  
Wi the saut tear in his ee,  
And he is to his foster-mother  
As fast as gang coud he.
- 17 'There is a fancy in my head  
That I'll reveal to thee,  
And your assistance I will crave  
If ye will grant it me.
- 18 'I've fifty guineas in my pocket,  
I've fifty o' them and three,  
And if ye'll grant what I request  
Ye'se hae them for your fee.'
- 19 'Speak on, speak on, ye gude hynde squire,  
What may your asking be?  
I kenna wha woud be sae base  
As nae serve for sic a fee.'
- 20 'O I hae wagerd wi my brother,  
When he went to the faem,  
That I woud gain his lady's love  
Ere six months they were gane.
- 21 'To me he laid his lands at stake  
Tho he were on the faem,  
I wudna gain his lady's love  
Whan nine lang months were gane.
- 22 'Now I hae tried to gain her love,  
But finds it winna do;  
And here I'm come, as ye her know,  
To seek some help frae you.
- 23 'For I did lay my life at stake,  
Whan my brother went frae hame,  
That I woud gain his lady's love  
Whan he was on the faem.'
- 24 But when the evening sun was set,  
And day came to an end,  
In it came that fause earline,  
Just in at yon town's end.
- 25 'O comely are ye, my gay lady,  
Your lord is on the faem;  
Yon unco squire will gain your love,  
Before that he come hame.'
- 26 'Forbid it,' said the lady fair,  
'That eer the like shoud be,  
That I woud wrang my ain gude lord,  
And him sae far at sea.'

- 27 'O comely are ye, my gay lady,  
Stately is your fair bodie ;  
Your lovely visage is far chang'd,  
That is best known to me.
- 28 'You 're sair dune out for want o sleep  
Sin your lord went to sea ;  
Unless that ye do cease your grief,  
It will your ruin be.
- 29 'You 'll send your maids unto the hay,  
Your young men unto the corn ;  
I 'll gar ye sleep as soun a sleep  
As the night that ye were born.'
- 30 She sent her maids to ted the hay,  
Her men to shear the corn,  
And she gard her sleep as soun a sleep  
As the night that she was born.
- 31 She rowd that lady in the silk,  
Laid her on holland sheets ;  
Wi fine enchanting melodie,  
She lulld her fast asleep.
- 32 She lockd the yetts o that castle  
Wi thirty locks and three,  
Then went to meet the young hynde squire  
To him the keys gae she.
- 33 He 's opend the locks o that castle,  
Were thirty and were three,  
And he 's gane where that lady lay,  
And thus to her said he.
- 34 'O wake, O wake, ye gay lady,  
O wake and speak to me ;  
I hae it fully in my power  
To come to bed to thee.'
- 35 'For to defile my husband's bed,  
I woud think that a sin ;  
As soon as this lang day is gane,  
Then I shall come to thine.'
- 36 Then she has calld her niece Maisry,  
Says, An asking ye 'll grant me,  
For to gang to yon unco squire  
And sleep this night for me.
- 37 'The gude red gowd shall be your hire,  
And siller 's be your fee ;  
Five hundred pounds o pennies round,  
Your tocher it shall be.'
- 38 She turnd her right and round about,  
And thus to her did say ;  
O there was never a time on earth  
So fain's I woud say nay.
- 39 But when the evening sun was set,  
And day drawn to an end,  
Then Lady Maisry she is gane,  
Fair out at yon town-end.
- 40 Then she is to yon hynde squire's yates,  
And tirl'd at the pin ;  
Wha was sae busy as the hynde squire  
To lat that lady in !
- 41 He 's taen her in his arms twa,  
He was a joyfu man ;  
He neither bade her meat nor drink,  
But to the bed he ran.
- 42 When he had got his will o her,  
His will as he lang sought,  
Her ring but and her ring-finger  
Away frae her he brought.
- 43 With discontent straight home she went,  
And thus lamented she ;  
Says, Wae be to yon young hynde squire !  
Sae ill as he 's used me.
- 44 When the maids came frae the hay,  
The young men frae the corn,  
Ben it came that lady gay,  
Who thought lang for their return.
- 45 'Where hae ye been, my maidens a',  
Sae far awa frae me ?  
My foster-mother and lord's brother  
Thought to hae beguiled me.
- 46 'Had not she been my foster-mother,  
I suckd at her breast-bane,  
Even before my ain bower-door,  
She in a gleed shoud burn.
- 47 'The squire he thought to gain my love,  
He 's got but Lady Maisry ;  
He 's cutted her ring and her ring-finger,  
A love-token for to be.



- 48 'I'll tie my finger in the dark,  
Where nae ane shall me see;  
I hope to loose it in the light,  
Amang gude companie.'
- 49 When night was gane, and birds did sing,  
And day began to peep,  
The hynde squire walkd alang the shore,  
His brother for to meet.
- 50 'Ye are welcome, welcome, landless lord,  
To my ha's and my bowers;  
Ye are welcome hame, ye landless lord,  
To my lady white like flowers.'
- 51 'Ye say I am a landless lord,  
But I think I am nane,  
Without ye show some love-token  
Awa frae her ye've tane.'
- 52 He drew the strings then o his purse,  
And they were a' bludie;  
The ring but and the ring-finger  
Sae soon as he lat him see.
- 53 'O wae be to you, fause hynde squire,  
Ane ill death mat ye dee!  
It was too sair a love-token  
To take frae my ladie.
- 54 'But ae asking of you, hynde squire,  
In your won bowers to dine;  
'With a' my heart, my brother dear,  
Tho ye had asked nine.'
- 55 Then he is to his lady's father,  
And a sorrow man was he:  
'O judge, O judge, my father dear,  
This judgment pass for me.
- 56 'What is the thing that shoud be done  
Unto that gay lady  
Who woud gar her lord gae landless,  
And children bastards to be?'
- 57 'She shoud be brunt upon a hill,  
Or hangd upon a tree,  
That woud gar her lord gang landless,  
And children bastards be.'
- 58 'Your judgment is too rash, father;  
Your ain daughter is she  
That this day has made me landless;  
Your squire gaird it frae me.
- 59 'Yet nevertheless, my parents dear,  
Ae favour ye'll grant me,  
And gang alang to my lost ha's,  
And take your dine wi me.'
- 60 He threw the charters ower the table,  
And kissd the yates o tree;  
Says, Fare ye well, my lady gay,  
Your face I'll never see.
- 61 Then his lady calld out to him,  
Come here, my lord, and dine;  
There's nae a smith in a' the land  
That can ae finger join.
- 62 'I tied my finger in the dark,  
Whan nae ane did me see;  
But now I'll loose it in the light,  
Amang gude companie.
- 63 'Even my niece, Lady Maisry,  
The same woman was she;  
The gude red gowd shall be her hire,  
And likeways white monie.
- 64 'Five hundred pounds o pennies round  
Her tocher then shall be,  
Because she did my wills obey,  
Beguuld the squire for me.'
- 65 Then they did call this young hynde squire  
To come right speedilie,  
Likeways they calld young Lady Maisry,  
To pay her down her fee.
- 66 Then they laid down to Lady Maisry  
The brand but and the ring;  
It was to stick him wi the brand,  
Or wed him wi the ring.
- 67 Thrice she minted to the brand,  
But she took up the ring;  
And a' the ladies who heard o it  
Said she was a wise woman.

## 269

## LADY DIAMOND

A. 'Lady Daisy,' Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, II, 173, 1859.

B. 'Lady Dayisie,' from an old lady's collection formerly in possession of Sir Walter Scott,\* now belonging to Mr Macmath, Edinburgh.

C. Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 12, 1823.

D. 'Lady Diamond,' Buchan's MSS, II, 164; 'Lady Diamond, the King's Daughter,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 206; 'Ladye Diamond,' Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 71, Percy Society, vol. xvii.

E. 'Robin, the Kitchie-Boy,' Joseph Robertson, "Adversaria," p. 66.

DIAMOND (Daisy, Dysmal, Dysie), only daughter of a great king, is with child by a very bonny kitchen-boy. The base-born paramour is put to death, and, by the king's order, his heart is taken to the princess in a cup of gold. She washes it with the tears which run into the cup, A, B, C, and dies of her grief. Her father has a sharp remorse, A, C; his daughter's shame looks pardonable, when he considers the beauty of the man he has slain, A.

B is blended with 'Willie o Winsbury,' No 100; cf. B 4-9, and No 100, A 2-7, B 1-5, etc. In 'Willie o Winsbury,' B, the princess's name is Dysmill. A 12, B 11 of 'Lady Diamond' also recall 'Willie o Winsbury.'

In C, D, the kitchen-boy is smothered between two feather-beds.

Isbel was the princess's name in a copy obtained by Motherwell, but not preserved. Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 7; C. K. Sharpe's Correspondence, II, 328.

The ballad is one of a large number of repetitions of Boccaccio's tale of Guiscardo and Ghismonda, Decamerone, IV, 1. This tale was translated in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566 (ed. Jacobs, I, 180), and became the foundation of various English poems and plays.† Very probably it was circulated in a

chap-book edition in Great Britain, as it was in Germany (Simrock, Volksbücher, VI, 153).

Prince Tancredi has an only daughter (cf. A, B, C, 1), whose name is Ghismonda (Diamond, C, Dysmal, B, Dysie, D, Daisy, A). She has a secret amour with a young man of inferior condition (valetto, di nazione assai unile; giovane di vilissima condizione, says Tancredi), sunk in the ballad to the rank of kitchen-boy. This young man, Guiscardo, is, however, distinguished for manners and fine qualities; indeed, superior in these to all the nobles of the court. In the ballad he is a very bonny boy (preferred to dukes and earls, B, C). Guiscardo is strangled (or suffocated); the bonny boy is smothered between two feather-beds in B 8, C 7. The bonny boy's heart is cut out and sent to the king's daughter in a cup of gold, in the ballad; she washes it with the tears that run from her eyes into the cup. Ghismonda, receiving Guiscardo's heart in a gold cup, sheds a torrent of tears over it, pours a decoction of poisonous herbs into the cup (ove il cuore era da molte delle sue lagrime lavato), and drinks all off, then lies down on her bed and awaits her death. Tancredi, repenting too late of his cruelty, has the pair buried with honors in one tomb.‡

Italian. A. 'Il padre crudele,' Widter und

\* See a letter from Scott to C. K. Sharpe, in Mr Alardyce's edition of Sharpe's letters, II, 264.

† See Dunlop's History of Fiction, ed. Wilson, II, 91; von der Hagen's Gesamtabenteuer, I, cxxii f.; Clarence Sher-

wood, Die neu-englischen Bearbeitungen der Erzählung Boccacios von Ghismonda und Guiscardo, Berlin, 1892; Varnhagen in Literaturblatt, December, 1892, p. 412 ff.

‡ The too late repentance and the burial of the two lovers



Wolf, *Volkslieder aus Venetien*, p. 72, No 93. A king has an only daughter, Germonia. She has twelve servants to wait upon her, and other twelve to take her to school, and she falls in love with the handsomest, Rizzardo. They talk together, and this is reported to the king by Rizzardo's fellow-servants. The king shuts Rizzardo up in a room, bandages his eyes, cuts his heart out, puts it in a gold basin, and carries it to his daughter. 'Take this basin,' he says; 'take this fine mess, Rizzardo's heart is in it.' Germonia reproaches him for his cruelty; he tells her, if he has done her an offence, to take a knife and do him another. She does not care to do this; however, if he were abed, she would. In a variant, she goes out to a meadow, and 'poisons herself with her own hands.'

B. 'Flavia,' Sabatini, *Saggio di Canti popolari romani*, in *Rivista di Letteratura popolare*, Rome, 1877, p. 17 f., and separately, 1878, p. 8 f. Flavia has thirteen servants, and becomes enamored of one of these, Ggismónno. His fellows find out that the pair have been communing, and inform the king. 'Ságra coróna' orders them to take Ggismónno to prison, and put him to death. They seat him in a chair of gold, and dig out his heart, lay the heart in a basin of gold, and carry it to Flavia, sitting at table, saying, Here is a mess for you. She retires to her chamber, lies down on her bed, and drinks a cup of poison.

C. 'Risguardo belo e Rismonda bela,' Bernoni, *Tradizioni pop. veneziane*, p. 39. A count has an only daughter, Rismonda. She has twelve servants, and falls in love with the handsomest, who waits at table, — the handsome Risguardo. She asks him to be her lover; he cannot, for if her father should come to know of such a thing he would put him to death in prison. The knowledge comes to the father, and Risguardo is put into prison. One of his fellows looks him up after a fortnight, and after a month cuts out his heart, and takes it to Rismonda; 'here is a fine dish, the heart of Risguardo.' Rismonda, who is

sitting at table, goes to her chamber; her father comes to console her; she bids him leave her. If I have done you wrong, he says, take this sword and run it through me. She is not disposed to do this; she will write three letters and die.

All these come from the *Decameron*, iv, 1. The lover is sunk to a serving-man, as in the Scottish ballad. The names are fairly well preserved in A, C; in B the lover gets his name from the princess, and she is provided with one from the general stock.

Swedish. 'Hertig Fröjdenborg och Fröken Adelin,' broadside, 48 stanzas, Stockholm, 1757; Afzelius, I, 95, No 19, ed. Bergström och Höijer, I, 81, No 18, 47 sts; Lagus, *Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 30, No 8 a, 47 sts; Djurklou, *Ur Nerikes Folkspråk*, p. 96, 22 sts; Dybeck, *Runa*, 1869, p. 34, 37 sts, of which only 8 are given; Lagus, as above, b, 2 sts, c, 1 st.; Aminson, *Bidrag*, I, 1st heft, p. 31, No 6, 2d heft, p. 16, 1 st. each; unprinted fragments, noted by Olrik, *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, V, II, 216 f. The broadside is certainly the source or basis of all the printed copies, and probably of an unpublished fragment of twenty-eight stanzas obtained by Eva Wigström in 1882 (Olrik); some trifling variations are attributable to editing or to tradition.

Adelin is in the garden, making a rose chaplet for Fröjdenborg, who, seeing her from his window, goes to her and expresses the wish that she were his love. Adelin begs him not to talk so; she fears that her father may overhear. False maid-servants tell the king that Fröjdenborg is decoying his daughter; the king orders him to be put in chains and shut up in the dark tower. There he stays fifteen years. Adelin goes to the garden to make Fröjdenborg a garland again. The king sees from his window what she is about, orders her into his presence (he has not cared to see her for fifteen years), and angrily demands what she has been doing in the garden. She says that she has been making a rose garland for Fröjdenborg. 'Not forgotten him yet?' 'No; nor should I, if I lived a hundred years.' 'Then I will put a stop to this love.'

in one grave occur, also, in *Decameron*, iv, 9, presently to be spoken of.



Fröjdenborg is taken out of the tower; his hair and beard are gray, but he declares that the fifteen years have seemed to him only a few days. They bind Fröjdenborg to a tree, and kill him as boors slaughter cattle. They lay him on a board, and gut (slit) him as boors gut (slit) a fish. The false maids take his heart and dress the lady a dainty dish. She has a misgiving, and asks what she has eaten. They tell her it is her lover's heart; then, she says, it shall be my last meal. She asks for drink: she will drink to Fröjdenborg, she will drink herself dead. Her heart breaks; word is carried to her father; God a mercy! he cries, I have betrayed my only child. The two are buried in one grave, from which springs a linden; the linden grows over the church ridge; one leaf enfolds the other.

Danish. 'Hertug Frydenborg,' in about forty copies from recent tradition and a broadside of the eighteenth century, but not found in old manuscripts: Olrik, *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, V, II, 216, No 305, H-A, and Kristensen, XI, 117, No 46. Of these, E i, obtained in 1809, had been printed by Nyerup og Rasmussen, *Udvalg af danske Viser*, II, 238, No 71. Others are in Kristensen's *Skattegraveren*, I, 33, No 113, III, 148, Nos 835-38, and in Kristensen's *Jyske Folkeminder*, II, 207, No 61 A-D ('*Ridderens Hjærte*'), and X, 213, 385, 360, No 52 A-E, No 94 B.

One half of these texts, as Olrik remarks, are of Swedish origin, and even derived from the Swedish broadside; others have marks of their own, and one in particular, which indicates the ultimate source of the story in both the Swedish and the Danish ballad. This source appears to be the *Decameron*, iv, 1, as in the Scottish and Italian ballads. The points of resemblance are: A princess, an only daughter, has a lover; her father disapproves, and throws the lover into prison (where he remains fifteen years in the ballad, only a day or two in the tale). The lover is taken from

prison and put to death, and his heart is cut out. (The heart is not sent to the princess in a golden vessel, as in the *Decameron*, iv, 1, and the Scottish and Italian ballads, but is cooked, and given her to eat, and is eaten; and she says, when informed that she has eaten her lover's heart, that it shall be her last food.) In most of the Scandinavian ballads the princess calls for wine (mead), and 'drinks herself to death.' But in C it is expressly said that she drinks poisoned wine, in E a, c, k, poisonous wine, in D that she puts a grain of poison in the cruse. (In E l they mix the lover's blood in wine; she takes two draughts, and her heart bursts.)

A husband giving his wife her lover's heart to eat is a feature in an extensive series of poems and tales, sufficiently represented for present purposes by the ninth tale in the fourth day of the *Decameron*, and no further explanation is required of the admixture in the Scandinavian ballad.\*

In Danish A a, b, h, o, B b, two lilies spring from the common grave of the lovers, and embrace or grow together. In E k, l, F b, e, f, and Kristensen, XI, No 46, the lovers are buried apart (she south, he north, of kirk, etc.), a lily springs from each, and the two grow together.

Low and High German, Dutch. A. 'Brennenberg,' 12 stanzas, Uhland, I, 158, No 75 A, *Niederdeutsches Liederbuch*, No 44, conjectured to be of the beginning of the seventeenth century. 'Der Bremberger,' Böhme, p. 87, No 23 B (omitting sts 3, 4); Simrock, *Die deutschen Volkslieder*, p. 14, No 5, *Die geschichtlichen deutschen Sagen*, p. 325, No 105 (omitting sts 1-4, and turned into High German). B. 'Ein schöner Bremberger,' 8 stanzas, flying-sheet, 8°, Nürnberg, Valentin Newber, about 1550-70, Böhme, No 23 A; Wunderhorn, ed. Erk, 1857, IV, 41, modernized. C. 'Van Brandenborch,' 6 stanzas, *Antwerpener Liederbuch*, 1544, ed.

\* There is a mixture of *Decameron*, iv, 1 and 9 (with arbitrary variations), in *Palmerin of England* (ch. 87, II, 328, of Southey's edition of the English translation). Artibel visited the Princess Brandisia in a tower, ascending by a rope. One night he was taken. He was shut up till the princess was

delivered of a child (cf. the Scottish ballad). Then the father took Artibel's heart and sent it to Brandisia in a cup. She filled the cup with her tears, and sent the cup of tears to her father, reserving the heart, dressed herself in her bravest apparel, and cast herself headlong from the tower.

Hoffmann, p. 120, No 81; Hoffmann's *Niederländische Volkslieder*, 1856, p. 34, No 7 (omitting st. 6); Uhland, No 75 B. D a. *Grasliedlin*, 1535, one st., Bohme, No 23 a; Uhland, No 75 C. b. The same, heard on the Lower Rhine, 1850, Bohme, No 23 b.

'Brunenborch,' Willems, No 53, p. 135, 21 stanzas, purports to be a critical text, constructed partly from copies communicated to the editor ("for the piece is to this day sung in Flanders"), and partly from C, A, D a, and Hoffmann, No 6.\* It is not entitled to confidence.

All the versions are meagre, and A seems to be corrupted and defective at the beginning.†

A youth, B 2, has watched a winter-long night, brought thereto by a fair maid, A 1, 3, B 1, to whom he has devoted his heart and thoughts, and with whom he wishes to make off, A, B. Ill news comes to the maid, B 2, that her lover is a prisoner, and has been thrown into a tower. There Brennenberg (A, der Bremberger, B, Brandenborch, C, der Brandenburger, D a) lay seven years or more, till his head was white and his beard was gray. They laid him on a table and slit him like a fish,‡ cut out his heart, dressed it with pepper, and gave it to the fairest, A, the dame, B, the dearest, C, to eat. 'What have I eaten that tasted so good?' 'Brennenberg's heart,' A. 'If it is his heart, pour wine for me, and give me to drink.' She set the beaker to her mouth, and drank it to the bottom, B. The first drop she drank, her heart broke into a dozen bits, A, C. (Their love was pure, such as no one could forbid, A 11; the same implied in A 12, C 5.)

\* This is a Dutch ballad of Brennenberg without the extraction of the heart, MS. of the end of the fifteenth century. (Sts 1, 2 resemble, A 3, 4.) A fair lady offers Brunenburch a rose garland; a knight observes this, goes to his master, and tells him, Brunenburch has been sleeping with your wife. Brunenburch is imprisoned in a tower, and after a time sent to the gallows. The lady rides to the gallows. She has seven bold brothers, who will avenge his death. Brunenburch affirms and reaffirms his innocence. The lady vows never to braid her hair, etc. (Cf. II, 156 f.) Frydenborg is hanged in Danish A d, n, E b, and his heart then taken out.

† In A 3, 4, which (as also A 1 and B 1) are in the first person, a fair maid offers the singer a rose garland. This

The German-Dutch ballad, though printed two hundred years before any known copy of the Swedish-Danish, is much less explicit. The lady is certainly a maid in B, and she is a maid in A if the first stanza is accepted as belonging to the ballad. Then it should be her father who proceeds so cruelly against her. The wine-drinking, followed by speedy death, may come, as it almost certainly does in some of the Scandinavian ballads, from the story of Ghismonda; and therefore the German-Dutch ballads, as they stand, may perhaps be treated as a blending of the first and the ninth tale of Boccaccio's fourth day. But there is a German *meisterlied*, printed, like B, C, D a, in the sixteenth century, which has close relation with these ballads, and much more of Boccaccio's ninth tale in it: 'Von dem Brembergers end und tod,' von der Hagen's *Minnesinger*, IV, 281, Wunderhorn, 1808, II, 229, epitomized in the Grimms' *Deutsche Sagen*, II, 211, No 500. The knight Bremberger has loved another man's wife. The husband cuts off his head, and gives his heart to the lady to eat. He asks her if she can tell what she has eaten. She would be glad to know, it tasted so good. She is told that it is Bremberger's heart. She says she will take a drink upon it, and never eat or drink more. The lady hastens from table to her chamber, grieves over Bremberger's fate, protesting that they had never been too intimate, starves herself, and dies the eleventh day. The husband suffers great pangs for having 'betrayed'§ her and her deserving servant, and sticks a knife into his heart.||

The incident of a husband giving his wife

warrants no inference of community with the Scandinavian ballad. The passage probably does not belong in the ballad. Compare the beginning of Hoffmann, No 6, and a song of John I of Brabant, Willems, p. 13, No 5.

‡ 'Recht so einem wildenschwin,' A 8, brings to mind 'quel cuor di cinghiare,' in *Decameron*, iv, 9, but, considering the 'recht wo einen visch' of A 7, may be judged an accidental correspondence.

§ It is to be noted that the father reproaches himself for 'betraying' his only child in the Swedish ballad, and in Danish A 1, F a, c, d.

|| A *meisterlied*, of about 1500 (Böhme), noted by Goedeke, *Grundriss*, § 139, No 7 c, has not been reprinted.



her lover's heart to eat occurs in a considerable number of tales and poems in literature, and in all is obviously of the same source.

Ysolt, in the romance of *Tristan*, twelfth century, sings a lai how Guirun was slain for love of a lady, and his heart given by the count to his wife to eat. (Michel, III, 39, vv. 781-90.)

Ramon de Castel Rossillon (Raimons de Rosillon) cut off the head of Guillem de Cabestaing, lover of his wife, Seremonda (Margarita), took the heart from the body, 'fetz lo raustir e far pebrada,' and gave it to his wife to eat. He then told her what she had been eating (showing her Cabestaing's head), and asked her if it was good. So good, she said, that she would never eat or drink more; hearing which, her husband rushed at her with his sword, and she fled to a balcony, let herself fall (threw herself from a window), and was killed. (Chabaneau, *Les Biographies des Troubadours en langue provençale*, pp. 99-103, MSS of the thirteenth and the fourteenth century.) Nearly the same story, 'secondo che raccontano i provenzali,' in the *Decameron*, IV, 9, of Messer Guiglielmo Rosiglione and Messer Guiglielmo Guardastagno. The lady says that she liked very much the dish which she had eaten, and the husband, No wonder that you should like when it was dead the thing which you liked best of all when it was living: what you have eaten was Guardastagno's heart. God forbid, replies the lady, that I should swallow anything else after so noble a repast; then lets herself drop from a high window.

In Konrad von Würzburg, 'Das Herz,' 'Das Herzmäre,' 1260-70, five or six hundred verses, a knight and a lady are inflamed with a mutual passion (tugendhafter mann, reines weib). The lady's husband conceives that he may break this up by taking her to the Holy Land. In that case, the knight proposes to follow; but the lady prevails upon him to go before her husband shall take this step, with the object of lulling his jealousy and stopping the world's talk. The knight goes, and dies of the separation. As his end was approaching, he had ordered his attendant

to take out his heart, embalm it, enclose it in a gold box, and carry it to the lady. The husband lights upon the emissary, takes away the box, directs his cook to make a choice dish of the heart, and has this set before his wife for her exclusive enjoyment. He asks her how she finds it, and she declares that she has never eaten anything so delicious. She is then told that she has eaten the knight's heart, sent her by him as a token. God defend, she exclaims, that any ordinary food should pass my mouth after so precious victual, and thereupon dies (von der Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, I, 225). The same story is introduced as an "example" in a sermon-book: 'Quidam miles tulpiter adamavit uxorem alterius militis.'\* The lady kills herself.

Again, in a romance of eight thousand verses, of the *Châtelain de Couci* and la Dame de Faiel (of the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century), with the difference that the châtelain takes the cross, is wounded with a poisoned arrow, and dies on his way to France. (Jakemon Sakesep, *Roman du Châtelain de Couci*, etc., ed. Crapelet, 1829.) From this romance was derived *The Knight of Curtesy* and the *Fair Lady of Faguell* (in which the lady is chaste to her lord as is the turtle upon the tree), five hundred verses, Ritson's *Metrical Romanceës*, III, 193, from an edition by William Copland, "before 1568;" also a chap-book, curiously adapted to its time, 'The Constant but Unhappy Lovers,' London, 1707 (cited by Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, 191).

Descending to tradition of the present time, we find in the adventures of Rájá Rasálu, as told in verse and prose in the north of India, surprising agreements with Boccaccio's tale: a. Temple's *Legends of the Panjâb*, I, 64 f., 1883. b. The same, III, 240 f., 1886. c. Swynnerton in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, I, 143 ff., 1883, and in *The Adventures of Rájá Rasálu*, 1884, pp. 130-35. d. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, 192, from a book

\* Sermones Parati, No 124, ninth Sunday after Trinity: cited by M. Gaston Paris, *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, XXVIII, 382 f.



privately printed, 1851. Rájá Rasálu kills his wife's lover, tears out his heart, a, heart and liver, d, takes of his flesh, b, c, roasts and gives to his wife to eat. She finds the meat is very good, a, no venison was ever so dainty, c. The king retorts, You enjoyed him when he was living; why should you not relish his flesh now that he is dead? and shows her the body of his rival. She leaps from the palace wall and is killed (c only). (Rájá Rasálu is assigned to our second century.)

A Danish ballad in Syv's collection, 1695, has one half of the story. A king has a man for whom his wife has a fancy chopped up and cooked and served to the queen. She does not eat. ('Livsvandet,' Grundtvig, II, 504, No 94 A, Prior, I, 391.)

Very like the Indian and the Provençal *sage*, but with change of the parts of husband and wife, is what Mme d'Aulnoy relates as having been enacted in the Astorga family, in Spain, in the seventeenth century. The Marchioness of Astorga kills a beautiful girl of whom her husband is enamored, tears out her heart, and gives it to her husband in a stew. She asks him if the dish was to his taste, and he says, Yes. No wonder, says the wife, for it was the heart of the mistress whom you loved so much; and then produces the gory head. (*Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*, La Haye, 1691, I, 108.)

Going back to the twelfth century, we come, even at that early date, upon one of those ex-

travagances, not to say travesties, which are apt to follow successful strokes of invention. Ignaure loves and is loved by twelve dames. The husbands serve his heart to their twelve wives, who, when they are apprised of what has passed, duly vow that they will never eat again after the precious mess which they have enjoyed. (Lai d'Ignaurès, ed. Monmerqué et Michel.) There are relics of a similar story in Provençal and in German, and a burlesque tale to the same effect was popular in Italy: *Le Cento Novelle Antiche*, of about 1300, Biagi, *Le Novelle Antiche*, 1880, p. 38, No 29.\*

A kitchen-boy plays a part of some consequence in several other ballads. A kitchen-boy is the hero of No 252, IV, 400, a very poor ballad, to be sure. There is a bad tell-tale of a kitchen-boy in 'Lady Maisry,' A, No 65, II, 114, and there is a high-minded kitchen-boy in 'The Lady Isabella's Tragedy.'† 'A ballett, The Kitchen-boyes Songe' (whatever this may be), is entered as licensed to John Alde in the Stationers' Registers, 1570-71, Arber, I, 438. In about half of the versions of 'Der grausame Bruder' (see II, 101 f.), the king of England presents himself as a *küchenjung* to the brother of a lady whom he asks in marriage after a clandestine intimacy.

A is translated by Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, p. 22, No 9.

\* The older literature is noted, with his usual fulness, by von der Hagen, *Gesammtabenteuer*, I, cxvi-xxi. See, also, Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, ed. Wilson, II, 95 f. M. Gaston Paris has critically reviewed the whole matter, with an account of modern French imitations of the romance of the *Châtelain de Conci*, in *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, XXVIII, 352-90. See, also, his article in *Romania*, XII, 359 ff.

† See Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, III, 154, and Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 650. It is in many of the collections of black-letter broadsides besides the *Roxburghe*, as Pepys, Wood, Crawford, etc. Though perhaps absolutely the silliest ballad that ever was made, and very far from

silly sooth, the broadside was traditionally propagated in Scotland without so much change as is usual in such cases: 'There livd a knight in Jesuitmont.' *Scotch Ballads*, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No 22 e, Abbotsford, in the handwriting of William Laidlaw, derived from Jean Scott; 'The Knight in Jesuite,' Campbell MSS, II, 63; 'There was a knight in Jessamay,' Motherwell's MS., p. 399, from Agnes Laird, of Kilbarchan. Percy's ballad is translated by Bodmer, I, 167, and by Döring, p. 91. The tragedy is said to be localized at Radcliffe, Lancashire: Harland, *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, ed. 1879, p. 46, Roby's *Traditions of Lancashire*, 1879, I, 107, both citing Dr Whitaker's *History of Whalley*.

## A

Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, II, 173, 1859, from the recollection of a lady residing at Kirkaldy.

- 1 THERE was a king, and a very great king,  
And a king of meikle fame ;  
He had not a child in the world but ane,  
Lady Daisy was her name.
- 2 He had a very bonnie kitchen-boy,  
And William was his name ;  
He never lay out o Lady Daisy's bower,  
Till he brought her body to shame.
- 3 When een-birds sung, and een-bells rung,  
And a' men were boune to rest,  
The king went on to Lady Daisy's bower,  
Just like a wandering ghaist.
- 4 He has drawn the curtains round and round,  
And there he has sat him down ;  
'To whom is this, Lady Daisy,' he says,  
'That now you gae so round ?
- 5 'Is it to a laird ? or is it to a lord ?  
Or a baron of high degree ?  
Or is it William, my bonnie kitchen-boy ?  
Tell now the truth to me.'
- 6 'It's no to a laird, and it's no to a lord,  
Nor a baron of high degree ;  
But it's to William, your bonnie kitchen-boy :  
What cause hae I to lee ?'

## B

From "The Old Lady's Collection," formerly in the possession of Sir Walter Scott, No 41.

- 1 THER was a king, an a worthy king,  
[An a king] of birth an fame ;  
He had an only dear daughter,  
An Dayesie was her name.
- 2 Ther was a boy about the house,  
Bold Roben was his name ;  
He would not stay out of Dayese's bour,  
Till he brought her body [to] shame.
- 3 When bells was rung, . . . .  
An a' man bon to rest,

- 7 'O where is all my merry, merry men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
That they will not take out this kitchen-boy,  
And kill him presentlie ?'
- 8 They hae taen out this bonnie kitchen-boy,  
And killd him on the plain ;  
His hair was like the threads o gold,  
His een like crystal stane ;  
His hair was like the threads o gold,  
His teeth like ivory bane.
- 9 They hae taen out this bonnie boy's heart,  
Put it in a cup o gold ;  
'Take that to Lady Daisy,' he said,  
'For she's impudent and bold ;'  
And she washd it with the tears that ran from  
her eye  
Into the cup of gold.
- 10 'Now fare ye weel, my father the king !  
You hae taen my earthly joy ;  
Since he's died for me, I'll die for him,  
My bonnie kitchen-boy.'
- 11 'O where is all my merry, merry men,  
That I pay meat and wage,  
That they could not withhold my cruel hand,  
When I was mad with rage ?
- 12 'I think nae wonder, Lady Daisy,' he said,  
'That he brought your body to shame ;  
For there never was man of woman born  
Sae fair as him that is slain.'

The king went up to Lady Dayese's bour,  
He was an unwelcom gast.

- 4 'O Lady Dayesë, dear, d[ea]r Dayisie,  
What gars ye gae sae round ?  
We yer tua sides high an yer bellie bige,  
Fra yer face the couller is gane.'
- 5 'O have ye loved ? or have ye lang-sought ?  
Or die ye goo we barn ?'  
'It's all for you, fair father,  
That ye stayed so long in Spain.'
- 6 'It's aff ye take yer berry-broun goon,  
An ye lay it on a ston,



- An I will tell you in a very short time  
If ye loued any man or no[n].'
- 7 It's aff she has tane her berry-broun goon,  
An laid it on a ston;  
We her tua sides high, her belley turned bigg,  
Fra her face the couller was gane.
- 8 'O is it to lord? or is to lard?  
Or till a man of mean?  
Or is it to Bold Roben, the kittchen-boy?  
Nou, Dayisie, dinne lea[n].'
- 9 'It's no to leard, nor [to] lord,  
Nor to a man of mean,  
But it's to Bold Robien, our kittchen-boy;  
Fatt neads me for to lea[n].'
- 10 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
It's the morn befor I eat or drink  
His heart-blude I sall see.'
- 11 He's tean Bold Robien by the hand  
Lead him across the green;
- His hear was leak the very threeds of gould,  
His face shone leak the moon.
- 12 He's tane out this bonny boy's hear[t]  
Into a cupe of gold,  
Had it to Lady Dayese's bour,  
Says, No[u], Dayesë, behold!
- 13 'O welcom to me my heart's delight!  
Nou welcom to me my joy!  
Ye have dayed for me, an I'll day for ye,  
Tho ye be but the kittchen-boy.'
- 14 She has taen out the coup of gold,  
Lead it belou her head,  
An she wish it we the tears ran don fra her  
eays,  
An or midnight she was dead.
- 15 She has tean out the coup of gold,  
Laid it belou her hear,  
An she wish it we the tears ran don fra her  
eays,  
An alas! spak never mare.

## C

Sharpe's Ballad Book, No 4, p. 12, as sung by Mary Johnston, dairy maid at Hoddam Castle.

- 1 THERE was a king, and a glorious king,  
And a king of mickle fame,  
And he had daughters only one,  
Lady Dysmal was her name.
- 2 He had a boy, and a kitchen-boy,  
A boy of mickle scorn,  
And she lov'd him lang, and she loved him aye,  
Till the grass oergrew the corn.
- 3 When twenty weeks were gone and past,  
O she began to greet!  
Her petticoat grew short before,  
And her stays they wadna meet.
- 4 It fell upon a winter's night  
The king could get nae rest;  
He cam unto his daughter dear,  
Just like a wandring ghaist.
- 5 He cam into her bed-chalmer,  
And drew the curtains round:  
'What aileth thee, my daughter dear?  
I fear you've gotten wrong.'
- 6 'O if I have, despise me not,  
For he is all my joy;  
I will forsake baith dukes and earls,  
And marry your kitchen-boy.'
- 7 'Go call to me my merry men all,  
By thirty and by three;  
Go call to me my kitchen-boy,  
We'll murder him secretlie.'
- 8 There was nae din that could be heard,  
And neer a word was said,  
Till they got him baith fast and sure  
Between twa feather-beds.
- 9 'Go cut the heart out of his breast,  
And put it in a cup of gold,  
And present it to his Dysmal dear,  
For she is baith stout and bold.'



10 They 've cut the heart out of his breast,  
And put it in a cup of gold,  
And presented it to his Dysmal dear,  
Who was baith stout and bold.

11 'O come to me, my hinney, my heart,  
O come to me, my joy!  
O come to me, my hinney, my heart  
My father's kitchen-boy!'

12 She's taen the cup out of their hands,  
And set it at her bed-head;

She washd it wi the tears that fell from her  
eyes,  
And next morning she was dead.

13 'O where were ye, my merry men all,  
Whom I paid meat and wage,  
Ye didna hold my cruel hand  
When I was in my rage?

14 'For gone is a' my heart's delight,  
And gone is a' my joy;  
For my dear Dysmal she is dead,  
And so is my kitchen-boy.'

## D

Buchan's MSS, II, 164.

1 THERE was a king, and a curious king,  
And a king of royal fame,  
He had ae daughter, he had never mair,  
Lady Diamond was her name.

2 She's fa'en into shame, and lost her good name,  
And wrought her parents 'noy;  
And a' for her layen her love so low,  
On her father's kitchen-boy.

3 One night as she lay on her bed,  
Just thinking to get rest,  
Up it came her old father,  
Just like a wandering ghaist.

4 'Rise up, rise up, Lady Diamond,' he says,  
'Rise up, put on your gown;  
Rise up, rise up, Lady Diamond,' he says,  
'For I fear ye go too roun.'

5 'Too roun I go, ye blame me no,  
Ye cause me not to shame;  
For better love I that bonny boy  
Than all your well-bred men.'

6 The king's calld up his wall-wight men,  
That he paid meat and fee:  
'Bring here to me that bonny boy,  
And we'll smore him right quietlie.'

7 Up hae they taken that bonny boy,  
Put him between twa feather-beds;  
Naething was dane, naething was said,  
Till that bonny boy was dead.

8 The king's taen out a broad, broad sword,  
And streakd it on a strow,  
And thro and thro that bonny boy's heart  
He's gart cauld iron go.

9 Out he has taen his poor bloody heart,  
Set it on a tasse of gold,  
And set it before Lady Diamond's face,  
Said, Fair lady, behold!

10 Up she has taen this poor bloody heart,  
And holden it in her hand:  
'Better loved I that bonny, bonny boy  
Than all my father's land.'

11 Up she has taen his poor bloody heart  
And laid it at her head;  
The tears away frae her eyes did fly,  
And ere midnight she was dead.

## E

Joseph Robertson, "Adversaria," p. 66; noted down from  
a female servant, July 15, 1829.

1 It was a king, and a verra greit king,  
An a king o muckle fame,

An he had a luvelie dauchter fair,  
An Dysie was her name.

2 She fell in love wi the kitchie-boy,  
An a verra bonnie boy was he,

An word has gane till her father dear,  
An an angry man was he.

3 'Is it the laird? or is it the lord?  
Or a man o high degree?  
Or is it to Robin, the kitchie-boy?  
O Dysie mak nae lee.'

4 'It's nae the laird, nor is it the lord,  
Nor a man o high degree,  
But it's to Robin, the kitchie-boy;  
What occasion hae I to lee?'

5 'If it be to Robin, the kitchie-boy,  
As I trust weel it be,  
The morn, afore ye eat meal or drink,  
Ye'll see him hanged hie.'

6 They have taen Robin out,  
His hair was like threads o gold;  
That verra day afore it was night,  
Death made young Dysie cold.

B. *Written without division into stanzas or verses.*

3<sup>2</sup>. to bed.

8<sup>4</sup>. didde lea.

C. "Mary Johnston, our dairymaid at Hoddam  
Castle, used to sing this. It had a very  
pretty air, and some more verses which I

have now forgot." Sharpe's *Ballad-Book*,  
1880, p. 128.

D. *A little scotticized by Buchan in printing, and  
still more by Dixon.*

9<sup>2</sup>. tasse is tarse in my transcript; probably  
*miscopied*.

## 270

### THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER

'The Earl of Mar's Daughter,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 49; Motherwell's MS. p. 565.

THE Earl of Mar's daughter spies a dove on a tower, and promises him a golden cage if he will come to her. The dove lights on her head, and she takes him into her bower. When night comes, she sees a youth standing by her side. The youth explains that his mother, a queen versed in magic, had transformed him into a dove that he might charm maids. He is a dove by day, a man at night, and will live and die with her. In the course of seven years seven sons are born, all of whom are successively committed to the care of the queen their grandmother. After the twenty-third year a lord comes to court the lady. She refuses him: she will live alone with her bird. Her father swears that he will kill this bird, and Cow-me-doo prudently takes refuge with his mother, who welcomes home

her 'young son Florentine,' and calls for dancers and minstrels. Cow-me-doo Florentine will have none of that; the situation is too serious. The morrow the mother of his seven sons is to be wedded; instead of merry-making, he desires to have twenty stout men turned into storks, his seven sons into swans, and himself into a goshawk. This feat is beyond his mother's (quite limited) magic, but it is done by an old woman who has more skill. The birds fly to Earl Mar's castle, where the wedding is going on. The storks seize some of the noble guests, the swans bind the bride's best man to a tree, and in a twinkling the bride and her maidens are carried off by the birds. The Earl of Mar reconciles himself with his daughter.

There is a Scandinavian ballad which



Grundtvig has treated as identical with this, but the two have little in common beyond the assumption of the bird-shape by the lover. They are, perhaps, on a par for barrenness and folly, but the former may claim some age and vogue, the Scottish ballad neither.

Danish. 'Ridderen i Fugleham,' Grundtvig, II, 226, No 68, A-C (C is translated by Prior, III, 206); 'Herr Jon som Fugl,' Kristensen, I, 161, No 59, X, 23, No 11, A, B. In Grundtvig's A (MS. of the sixteenth century), the son of the king of England wooes a maid, sending her rich presents. Her mother says he shall never have her daughter, and this message his envoys take back to him. He is angry, and has a bird's coat forged for him out of nine gold rings (but his behavior thereafter is altogether birdlike). He sits on the ridgepole of the maid's bower and sings. The maid exclaims, Christ grant thou wert mine! thou shouldst drink naught but wine, and sleep in my arms. I would send thee to England, as a gift to my love. She sits down on the ground; the bird flies into her bosom. She takes the bird into her bower; he throws off his bird-coat, and is recognized. The maid begs him to do her no shame. 'Not if you will go to England with me,' he answers, takes her up, and wings his way thither. There he marries her, and gives her a crown and a queen's name.

In Grundtvig B, the bird is a falcon. The maid will have no man that cannot fly. Master Hillebrand, son of the king of England, learns this fact, and has a bird's coat made for him, enters the room where man had never been before, sleeps under white linen, and in the morning is a knight so braw. (Here the story ends.)

In C, the maid will have no man that cannot fly, and Master Hillebrand orders a bird's coat to be made for him (what could be more mechanical!), flies into the maid's bower, and passes the night on the pole on which she hangs her clothes. In the morning he begins to sing, flies to the bed, and plays with the maid's hair. If you could shed your feathers, says the maid, I would have no other man. Keep your word, says the bird; give me your

hand, and take my claw. She passes her word; he throws off his feathers, and stands before her a handsome man. By day, says the maid, he is to fly with the birds, by night to sleep in her bed. He perches so long on the clothes-pole that Ingerlille has a girl and a boy. When her father asks who is their father, she tells him the positive truth; she found them in a wood. When the bird comes back at night, she says that he must speak to her father; further concealment is impossible. Master Hillebrand asks the father to give him his daughter. The father is surprised that he should want a maid that has been beguiled; but if he will marry her she shall have a large dowry. The knight wants nothing but her.

Kristensen's copies do not differ materially. 11 A in his tenth volume (a very brief ballad) drops or lacks the manufacture of the bird-coat. Grundtvig's D-G drop the bird quite.

The ballad occurs in Swedish, but in the form of a mere abstract; in Arwidsson, II, 188, No 112, MS. of the sixteenth century. A maid will have no man but one that can fly. A swain has wings made from five gold rings; he flies over the rose-wood, over the sea, sits on a lily-spray and sings, flies till he sleeps in the maid's bosom.

A Färöe copy is noted by Grundtvig as in the possession of Hammershaimb, resembling his B, but about twice as long.

The lover in bird-shape is a very familiar trait in fiction, particularly in popular tales.

In Marie de France's *Lai d'Yonec*, a lover comes in at his mistress's window in the form of a hawk; in 'Der Jungherr und der treue Heinrich,' von der Hagen, *Gesammtabenteuer*, No 64, III, 197, MS. of 1444, as a bird (by virtue of a stone of which he has possessed himself).\* In Hahn, No 102, II, 130 (Albanian), a dove flies in at a princess's window, and is changed to man's shape by dipping in a dish of milk; Hahn, No 7, I, 97 = Pio, No 5, dove (through a hole in the ceiling, dips in a basin of water); Δελτίον τῆς ἱστορικῆς καὶ ἐθνολογικῆς ἐταιρείας τῆς Ἑλλάδος, I, 337, golden eagle

\* The 'Vogelritter' mentioned by Prior, III, 207, is this same story. See Mone, *Uebersicht der niederländischen Volksliteratur*, p. 90, No 59.



(through a window, in rose water); Schneller, No 21, p. 49, dove (dips in a basin of water); Coelho, Contos pop. portuguezes, No 27, p. 65, bird (dips in a basin of water); Braga, Contos tradicionaes, No 31, I, 68, bird (dips in a basin of water); Pitre, Fiabe, etc., No 18, I, 163, green bird (pan of milk, then pan of water); Bernoni, Fiabe, No 17, p. 87 (milk and water, milk, rose-water); Visentini, No 17, p. 95, dove; Gonzenbach, No 27, I, 167, green bird (through a hole in the wall); Nicolovius, p. 34, Asbjørnsen, Norske Folke-

eventyr, Ny Samling, 1871, No 10, p. 35 = Juletræet, 1851, p. 52, falcon; Grundtvig, Danske Folkeeventyr, No 14, p. 167, Madsen, Folkeminder, p. 19 ('The Green Knight'), bird; Berntsen, Folke-Eventyr, No 13, II, 86, bird; Comtesse d'Aulnoy, 'L'Oiseau bleu,' Cabinet des Fées, II, 67, king turned into bird for seven years.\*

Translated by Gerhard, p. 44; Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands, p. 207, No 62.

- 1 It was intill 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 hersell,  
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 hae a cage o guid red gowd  
Instead o simple tree:
- 4 'I'll put gowd hingers roun your cage,  
And siller roun your wa;  
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird  
As ony o them a'.
- 5 But she hadnae 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 bowers and ha,  
And made him shine as fair a bird  
As ony o them a'.
- 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 hae ye come here?'
- 9 'O had your tongue, ye lady fair,  
Lat a' your folly be;  
Mind ye not on your turtle-doo  
Last day ye brought wi thee?'
- 10 'O tell me mair, young man,' she said,  
'This does surprise me now;  
What country hae ye come frae?  
What pedigree are you?'
- 11 'My mither lives on foreign isles,  
She has nae mair but me;  
She is a queen o wealth and state,  
And birth and high degree.
- 12 'Likewise well skilld in magic spells,  
As ye may plainly see,  
And she transformd 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 verra day  
That I came ower the sea;  
Your lovely face did me enchant;  
I'll live and dee wi thee.'
- 15 'O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,  
Nae mair frae me ye 'se gae;'

\* Most of the above are cited by R. Köhler, notes in Warnke's ed. of Marie's Lais, p. LXXXVIII f. For the dipping in water, etc., see Tam Lin, I, 338.

- ‘That’s never my intent, my luv,  
As ye said, it shall be sae.’
- 16 ‘O Cow-me-doo, my luv sae true,  
It’s time to gae to bed ;’  
‘Wi a’ my heart, my dear marrow,  
It’s be as ye hae said.’
- 17 Then he has staid in bower wi her  
For sax lang years and ane,  
Till sax young sons to him she bare,  
And the seventh she’s brought hame.
- 18 But aye as ever a child was born  
He carried them away,  
And brought them to his mither’s care,  
As fast as he coud fly.
- 19 Thus he has staid in bower wi her  
For twenty years and three ;  
There came a lord o high renown  
To court this fair ladie.
- 20 But still his proffer she refused,  
And a’ his presents too ;  
Says, I’m content to live alane  
Wi my bird, Cow-me-doo.
- 21 Her father sware a solemn oath  
Amang the nobles all,  
‘The morn, or ere I eat or drink,  
This bird I will gar kill.’
- 22 The bird was sitting in his cage,  
And heard what they did say ;  
And when he found they were dismiss,  
Says, Wae’s me for this day !
- 23 ‘Before that I do langer stay,  
And thus to be forlorn,  
I’ll gang unto my mither’s bower,  
Where I was bred and born.’
- 24 Then Cow-me-doo took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea,  
And lighted near his mither’s castle,  
On a tower o gowd sae hie.
- 25 As his mither was wauking out,  
To see what she coud see,  
And there she saw her little son,  
Set on the tower sae hie.
- 26 ‘Get dancers here to dance,’ she said,  
‘And minstrells for to play ;  
For here’s my young son, Florentine,  
Come here wi me to stay.’
- 27 ‘Get nae dancers to dance, mither,  
Nor minstrells for to play,  
For the mither o my seven sons,  
The morn’s her wedding-day.’
- 28 ‘O tell me, tell me, Florentine,  
Tell me, and tell me true,  
Tell me this day without a flaw,  
What I will do for you.’
- 29 ‘Instead of dancers to dance, mither,  
Or minstrells for to play,  
Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
Like storks in feathers gray ;
- 30 ‘My seven sons in seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to flee ;  
And I mysell a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird o high degree.’
- 31 Then sichin said the queen hersell,  
‘That thing’s too high for me ;’  
But she applied to an auld woman,  
Who had mair skill than she.
- 32 Instead o dancers to dance a dance,  
Or minstrells for to play,  
Four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
Turnd birds o feathers gray ;
- 33 Her seven sons in seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to flee ;  
And he himsell a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird o high degree.
- 34 This flock o birds took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea,  
And landed near the Earl Mar’s castle,  
Took shelter in every tree.
- 35 They were a flock o pretty birds,  
Right comely to be seen ;  
The people viewd them wi surprise,  
As they dancd on the green.
- 36 These birds ascended frae the tree  
And lighted on the ha,

And at the last wi force did flee  
Amang the nobles a'.

But sie a curious wedding-day  
They never saw before.

37 The storks there seized some o the men,  
They coud neither fight nor flee ;  
The swans they bound the bride's best man  
Below a green aik tree.

40 For naething coud the companie do,  
Nor naething coud they say  
But they saw a flock o pretty birds  
That took their bride away.

38 They lighted next on maidens fair,  
Then on the bride's own head,  
And wi the twinkling o an ee  
The bride and them were fled.

41 When that Earl Mar he came to know  
Where his dochter did stay,  
He signd a bond o unity,  
And visits now they pay.

39 There's ancient men at weddings been  
For sixty years or more,

---

## 271

### THE LORD OF LORN AND THE FALSE STEWARD

A. 'Lord of Learne,' Percy MS., p. 73; Hales and Furnivall, I, 180.

Steward.' a. Wood, 401, fol. 95 b. b. Roxburghe, I, 222; Roxburghe Ballads, ed. Chappell, II, 55. c. Pepys, I, 494, No 254.

B. 'A pretty ballad of the Lord of Lorn and the Fals

ALSO in the Roxburghe collection, III, 534, without printer's name; Ewing, Nos 264, 265; Crawford, No 716. All the broadsides are of the second half of the seventeenth century.

'The Lord of Lorne and the false Steward' was entered, with two other ballads, to Master Walley, 6 October, 1580; 'Lord of Lorne' to Master Pavier and others (among 128 pieces), 14 December, 1624. Arber, II, 379; IV, 131.\*

A. The young Lord of Lorn, when put to school, learns more in one day than his mates learn in three. He returns home earlier than was expected, and delights his father with

the information that he can read any book in Scotland. His father says he must now go to France to learn the tongues. His mother is anxious that he should have a proper guardian if he goes, and the 'child' proposes the steward, who has impressed him as a man of fidelity. The Lady of Lorn makes the steward a handsome present, and conjures him to be true to her son. If I am not, he answers, may Christ not be true to me. The young lord sails for France, very richly appointed. Once beyond the water, the steward will give the child neither penny to spend nor meat and drink. The child is forced to lie down at some piece of water to quench his thirst; the

\* Edward Guilpin, in his *Skialethia*, or *A Shadow of Truth*, 1598, has this couplet:

Yet like th' olde ballad of the Lord of Lorne,  
Whose last line in King Harrie's days was borne.  
Chappell, *Popular Music*, p. 228.

It is possible that Guilpin meant that the last line (stanza ?)

showed the ballad to be of Henry VIII's time; but he may have meant exactly what he says, that the last line was of Henry VIII's time. We do not know what the last line of the copy intended by Guilpin was, and all we learn from the couplet is that 'The Lord of Lorn' was called an old ballad before the end of the sixteenth century.



steward pushes him in, meaning to drown him. The child offers everything for his life; the steward pulls him out, makes him put off all his fine clothes and don a suit of leather, and sends him to shift for himself, under the name of Poor Disaware. A shepherd takes him in, and he tends sheep on a lonely lea.

The steward sells the child's clothes, buys himself a suit fit for a lord, and goes a-wooing to the Duke of France's daughter, calling himself the Lord of Lorn; the duke favors the suit, and the lady is content. The day after their betrothal, the lady, while riding out, sees the child tending his sheep, and hears him mourning. She sends a maid to bring him to her, and asks him questions, which he answers, not without tears. He was born in Scotland, his name is Poor Disaware; he knows the Lord of Lorn, a worthy lord in his own country. The lady invites him to leave his sheep, and take service with her as chamberlain; the child is willing, but her father objects that the lord who has come a-wooing may not like that arrangement. The steward comes upon the scene, and is angry to find the child in such company. When the child gives his name as Poor Disaware, the steward denounces him as a thief who had robbed his own father; but the duke speaks kindly to the boy, and makes him his stable-groom. One day, when he is watering a gelding, the horse flings up his head and hits the child above the eye. The child breaks out, Woe worth thee, gelding! thou hast stricken the Lord of Lorn. I was born a lord and shall be an earl; my father sent me over the sea, and the false steward has beguiled me. The lady happens to be walking in her garden, and hears something of this; she bids the child go on with his song; this he may not do, for he has been sworn to silence. Then sing to thy gelding, and not to me, she says. The child repeats his story, and adds that the steward has been deceiving both her and him for a twelvemonth. The lady declares that she will marry no man but him

that stands before her, sends in haste to her father to have her wedding put off, and writes an account of the steward's treachery to the old lord in Scotland. The old lord collects five hundred friends of high degree, and goes over to France in search of his son. They find him acting as porter at the duke's palace. The men of worship bow, the serving-men kneel, the old lord lights from his horse and kisses his son. The steward is just then in a castle-top with the duke, and sees what is going on below. Why are those fools showing such courtesy to the porter? The duke fears that this means death for one of them. The castle is beset; the steward is captured, is tried by a quest of lords and brought in guilty, is hanged, quartered, boiled, and burned. The young Lord of Lorne is married to the duke's daughter.

B. B is an abridgment of an older copy. The story is the same as in A in all material particulars. The admiration of the school-master and the self-complacency of his pupil in A 2, 3, B 3, are better justified in B by a stanza which has perhaps dropped out of A:

There 's nere a doctor in all this realm,  
For all he goes in rich array,  
[But] I can write him a lesson soon  
To learn in seven years day.

The last six stanzas are not represented in A, and the last two are glaringly modern; but there is a foundation for 62-64 in a romance from which the story is partly taken, the *History of Roswall and Lillian*.\*

'Roswall and Lillian.' Roswall was son to the king of Naples. Happening one day to be near a prison, he heard three lords, who had been in durance many years for treason, putting up their prayers for deliverance. He was greatly moved, and resolved to help them out. The prison-keys were always hidden for the night under the king's pillow. Roswall possessed himself of them while his father was sleeping, set the lords free, and replaced the keys. The escape of the prisoners was

\* 'A Pleasant History of Roswall and Lillian,' etc., Edinburgh, 1663, reprint by David Laing, Edinburgh, 1822. Edited, with collation of the later texts and valuable con-

tributions to the traditional history of the tale, by O. Lengert, *Englische Studien*, XVI, 321 ff., XVII, 341 ff.

reported the next morning, and the king made a vow that whoever had been instrumental to it should be hanged; if he came within the king's sight, the king would even slay him with his own hands. It soon came to light that the guilty party was none other than the prince. The queen interceded for her son, but the king could not altogether disregard his vow: the prince must be kept out of his sight, and the king promptly decided that Roswall should be sent to reside with the king of Bealm, under charge of the steward, a stalwart knight, to whom the queen promised everything for good service. As the pair rode on their way, they came to a river. The prince was sore athirst, and dismounted to take a drink. The steward seized him by the feet as he bent over the water, and vowed to throw him in unless he would swear an oath to surrender his money and credentials, and become servant where he had been master. To these hard terms Roswall was forced to consign. When they were near the king of Bealm's palace, the steward dropped Roswall's company, leaving him without a penny to buy his dinner; then rode to the king, presented letters, and was well received. Roswall went to a little house hard by, and begged for harbor and victuals for a day. The mistress made him welcome. She saw he was from a far country, and asked his name. Dissawar was his name; a poor name, said the old wife, but Dissawar you shall not be, for I will help you. The next day Roswall was sent to school with the dame's son. He gave his name as Dissawar again to the master; the master said he should want neither meat nor teaching. Roswall had been a remarkable scholar at home. Without doubt he astonished the master, but this is not said, for the story has been abridged here and elsewhere. In about a month, the steward of the king of Bealm, who had observed his beauty, courtesy, and good parts, carried him to the court of Bealm, where Roswall made himself a general favorite. The princess Lillian, only child of the king of Bealm, chose him to be her chamberlain, fell in love with him, and frankly offered him her heart, an offer which

Roswall, professing always to be of low degree, gratefully accepted.

At this juncture the king of Bealm sent messengers to Naples proposing marriage between his daughter Lillian and the young prince who had been commended to him. The king of Naples assented to the alliance, and deputed lords and knights to represent him at the solemnity. The king of Bealm proclaimed a joust for the three days immediately preceding the wedding. Lillian's heart was cold, for she loved none but Dissawar. She told Dissawar that he must joust for his lady; but he said that he had not been bred to such things, and would rather go a-hunting. A-hunting he went, but before he got to work there came a knight in white weed on a white steed, who enjoined him to take horse and armor and go to the jousting, promising that he should find plenty of venison when he came back. Roswall toomed many a saddle, turned the steward's heels upward, made his way back to the wood, in spite of the king's order that he should be stopped, resumed his hunting-gear, took the venison, which, according to promise, was waiting for him, and presented himself and it to his lady. The order is much the same on the two succeeding days. A red knight equips Roswall for the joust on the second day, a knight in gold on the third. The steward is, on each occasion, put to shame, and in the last encounter two of his ribs are broken.

When Roswall came back to the wood after the third jousting, the three knights appeared together and informed him that they were the men whom he had delivered from prison, and who had promised to help him if help he ever needed. They bade him have no fear of the steward. Lillian had suspected from the second day that the victor was Roswall, and when he returned to her from his third triumph she intimated that if he would but tell the whole truth to her father their mutual wish would be accomplished. But Roswall kept his counsel—very whimsically, unless it was out of respect to his oath—and Lillian was constrained to speak for herself, for the marriage was to be celebrated on the fourth



day. She asked her father in plain terms to give her Dissawar for her husband. The king replied, not unkindly, that she could not marry below her rank, and therefore must take the prince who had been selected for her; and to the steward she was married, however sorely against her will. In the course of the wedding-dinner, the three Neapolitan lords entered the hall, and saluted the king, the queen, and Lillian, but not the bridegroom. The king asked why they did no homage to their prince; they replied that they did not see their prince, went in search of Roswall, and brought him in. The force of the oath, or the consciousness of an obligation, must have been by this time quite extinct, for Roswall divulged the steward's treacherous behavior, and announced himself as the victor at the jousts. The steward was hanged that same day; then they passed to the kirk and married Roswall and Lillian. There was dancing till supper and after supper, the minstrels played with good will, and the bridal was kept up for twenty days.

Roswall and Lillian belongs with a group of popular tales of which the original seems to have been characterized by all or many of the following marks: (1) the son of a king liberates a man whom his father has imprisoned; (2) the penalty for so doing is death, and to save his life the prince is sent out of the country, attended by a servant; (3) the servant forces the prince to change places and clothes with him; (4) presents himself at a king's court as prince, and in his assumed quality is in a fair way to secure the hand of the king's daughter; (5) the true prince, figuring the while as a menial (stable-groom, scullion, gardener's lad), is successful, by the help of the man whom he has liberated, in a thrice-repeated contention (battle, tourney, race), or task, after which he is in a position to make known his rank and history; (6) the impostor is put to death, and the prince (who has, perhaps, in his humbler capacity,

already attracted her notice and regard) marries the princess.\*

Two Slavic tales, a Bosnian and a Russian, come as near as any to the story of our romance.

A king who has caught a wild man shuts him up, and denounces death to any one that shall let him out. The king's son's bedroom is just over the place in which the wild man is confined. The prince cannot bear to hear the continual wailings which come up, and he sets the prisoner free. The prince confesses what he has done; the king is persuaded by his advisers to banish his son rather than to enforce the penalty which he had decreed; the prince is sent off to a distant kingdom, attended by a servant. One day the prince was seized with thirst while travelling, and wished to get a drink from a well; but there was nothing to draw water with, and he ordered his servant to let him down to the surface of the water, holding him the while by the legs. This was done; but when the prince had drunk to his satisfaction, the servant refused to draw him up until he had consented to change places and clothes, and had sworn besides to keep the matter secret. When they arrived at the court of the king designated by the father, the sham prince was received with royal honors, and the true prince had to consort with servants. . . . After a time, the king, wishing to marry off his daughter, proclaimed a three days' race, open to all comers, the prize to be a golden apple, and any competitor who should win the apple each of the three days to have the princess. Our prince had fallen in love with the young lady, and was most desirous to contend. The wild man had already helped him in emergencies here passed over, and did not fail him now. He provided his deliverer with fine clothes and a fine horse. The prince carried off the apple at each of the races, but disappeared as soon as he had the prize in hand. All the efforts of the king to find out the victor were

\* The Grimms have indicated some of the tales belonging to this group, in their notes to No 136 and No 89. Others have been added by Lengert in *Englische Studien*. A second group, which has several of the marks of the first, is treated

by Köhler, with his usual amplitude, in *Archiv für Literaturgeschichte*, XII, 142-44. Abstracts of many tales of both groups, including all that I have cited, are given by Lengert. — See further in *Additions*, p. 280 f.



to no purpose, but one day the princess met the prince in his serving-man's dress, and saw the apples shining from his breast. She told her father. The prince did not feel himself bound to further secrecy; he told everything; the king gave him the princess, and the servant was properly disposed of.\*

Ivan, the tsar's son, releases from confinement Bulat, a robber, whom the tsar has kept in prison three and thirty years. Bulat tells Ivan to call him by name in case of future need, and he will not fail to appear. Ivan travels in foreign countries with his servant, and feeling thirsty of a warm day tells his servant to get him water from a deep well to which they have come; Ivan will hold him by a rope tied firmly about him, so that he can go down into the well without danger. The servant represents that he is the heavier of the two, too heavy for his master to hold, and that for this reason it would be better for Ivan himself to go for the water. Ivan is let down into the well, and having drunk his fill calls to his servant to draw him up. The servant refuses to draw him up unless Ivan will swear to give him a certificate in writing that he is master, and Ivan servant. The paper is given; they change clothes, and proceed on their journey, and come to Tsar Pantui's kingdom. Here the servant is received as a tsar's son, and when he tells Tsar Pantui that the object of his coming is to woo his daughter, the tsar complies with much pleasure. Ivan, at the servant's suggestion, is put to low work in the kitchen. Before long the kingdom is invaded, and the tsar calls upon his prospective son-in-law to drive off the enemy, for which service he shall receive the princess, but without it, not. The false Ivan begs the true Ivan to take the invaders in hand, and he assents without a word. Ivan calls for Bulat: one attacks the hostile army on the right, the other on the left, and in an hour they lay a

hundred thousand low. Ivan returns to his kitchen. A second invasion, and a third, on a larger and larger scale, ensue, and Ivan and Bulat repulse the enemy with greater and greater loss. Ivan each time goes back to his kitchen; his servant has all the glory, and after the third and decisive victory marries the princess. Ivan gets permission from the cook to be a spectator at the wedding-banquet. The tsar's daughter, it must now be observed, had overheard the conference between the pseudo-prince and Ivan, and even that between Ivan and Bulat, and had hitherto, for inscrutable reasons, let things take their course. But when she saw Ivan looking at the feast from behind other people, she knew him at once, sprang from the table, brought him forward, and said, This is my real bridegroom and the savior of the kingdom; after which she entered into a full explanation, with the result that the servant was shot, and Ivan married to the tsar's daughter.†

Other tales of the same derivation, but deficient in some points, are: (A.) Radloff, *Proben der Volkslitteratur der türkischen Stämme Süd-Sibiriens*, IV, 385, 'Der Peri.' (B.) Straparola, *Piacevoli Notti*, v, 1 ('Guerino, son of the king of Sicily'). (C.) Grimms, *K- und Hausmärchen*, No 136, II, 242, ed. 1857, 'Der Eisenhans.' (D.) Sommer, *Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Sachsen und Thüringen*, p. 86, No 2, 'Der eiserne Mann.' (E.) Milenowsky, *Volksmärchen aus Böhmen*, p. 147, 'Vom wilden Manne.' ‡

(1) The son of a king liberates a prisoner (peri, wild or iron man), A-E. (The keys are under his mother's pillow, B, C.) (2) The prince goes to another kingdom, A-D with attendance, E without. (3) His attendant forces the prince to change places and clothes, only A. (Advantage is taken of the helplessness of the hero when let down into the well to force exchange of parts, in the Servian

\* 'Kraljev sin,' 'The King's Son,' *Bosanske narodne pripovjedke*, 1870, No 4, p. 11, Serbian Folk-Lore, Madam Csedomille Mijatovics, 'One good turn deserves another,' p. 189.

† Dietrich, *Russische Volksmärchen*, No 10, p. 131; Vogl, *Die ältesten Volksmärchen der Russen*, p. 55. 'Slugobyl,' Glin'ski, *Bajarz polski*, I, 166, ed. 1862, Chodzko, *Contes*

*des paysans et des patres slaves*, p. 193, is an abridged form of the same story, with a traditional variation at the beginning, and in the conclusion a quite too ingenious turn as to the certificate.

‡ Also, Waldau, *Böhmisches Märchenbuch*, p. 50, after Franz Rubeš.

Tales of Dj. K. Stefanović, 1871, p. 39, No 7, Jagić, *Archiv*, I, 271; Meyer, *Albanian Tales*, No 13, in *Archiv für Litteraturgeschichte*, XII, 137; Franzisci, *Cultur-Studien in Kärnten*, p. 99, and, nearly the same, Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No 12, p. 83.) (5) The hero, serving as kitchen-boy or gardener's lad, C, D, E, defeats an invading army, C, D, E, wins a prize three successive days, C, E, is successful in three tasks, A, B; and all these feats are performed by the help of the prisoner whom he set free. The variation of the color of armor and horses occurs in C, E, an extremely frequent trait in tales and romances; see Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, etc., 734 f., Lengert, XVII, 361. (Very striking in the matter of the tournaments is the resemblance of the romance of Ipomedon to Roswall and Lillian. Ipomedon, like Roswall, professes not to have been accustomed to such things, and pretends to go a-hunting, is victorious three successive days in a white, red, black suit, on a white, bay, black steed, vanishes after the contest, and presently reappears as huntsman, with venison which a friend had been engaged in securing for him.) (6) The treacherous attendant is put to death, A. The hero of course marries the princess in all the tales.

The points in the romance which are repeated in the ballad are principally these: The young hero is sent into a foreign country under the care of his father's steward. The steward, by threatening to drown him while he is drinking at a water-side, forces him to consent to an exchange of positions, and strips him of his money; then passes himself off as his master's son with a noble personage, who eventually fixes upon the impostor as a match for his only daughter. The young lord, henceforth known as Dissawar,\* is in his extremity kindly received into an humble house, from which he soon passes into the service of the lady whose hand the steward aspires to gain.

The lady bestows her love upon Dissawar, and he returns her attachment. In the upshot they marry, the false steward having been unmasked and put to death.

What is supplied in the ballad to make up for such passages in the romance as are omitted is, however, no less strictly traditional than that which is retained. Indeed, were it not for the name Dissawar, the romance might have been plausibly treated, not as the source of the ballad, but simply as a kindred story; for the exquisite tale of 'The Goose Girl' presents every important feature of 'The Lord of Lorn,' the only notable difference being that the young lord in the ballad exchanges parts with the princess in the tale, an occurrence of which instances have been, from time to time, already indicated.

In 'Die Gänsemagd,' Grimms, No 89, II, 13, ed. 1857, a princess is sent by her mother to be wedded to a bridegroom in a distant kingdom, with no escort but a maid. Distressed with thirst, the princess orders her maid to get down from her horse and fetch her a cup of water from a stream which they are passing. The maid refuses; she will no longer be servant, and the princess has to lie down and drink from the stream. So a second and a third time: and then the servant forces her mistress, under threat of death, to change horses and clothes, and to swear to keep the matter secret at the court to which they are bound. There the maid is received as princess, while the princess is put to tending geese with a boy. The counterfeit princess, fearing that her mistress's horse, Falada, may tell what he has observed, induces the young prince to cut off Falada's head. The princess has the head nailed up on a gate through which she passes when she takes out the geese, and every morning she addresses Falada with a sad greeting, and receives a sad return. The goose-boy tells the old king of this, and the next day the king hides behind the gate and hears what

\* I can make no guess that I am willing to mention as to the derivation and meaning of Dissawar. The old woman in the romance, v. 249 ff., says, 'Dissawar is a poor name, yet Dissawar you shall not be, for good help you shall have;' and the schoolmaster, v. 283 ff., says, 'Dissawar, thou shalt

want neither meat nor laire.' It would seem that they understood the word to mean, "in want." Some predecessor of the romance may by and by be recovered which shall put the meaning beyond doubt.



passes between the goose-girl and Falada. The king asks an explanation of the goose-girl when she comes back in the evening, but the only answer he elicits is that she has taken an oath to say nothing. Then the king says, If you will not tell me your troubles, tell them to the stove; and the princess creeps into the oven and pours out all her grief: how she, a king's daughter, has been made to change places with her servant, and the servant is to marry the bridegroom, and she reduced to tend geese. All this the king hears from outside of the room through the stovepipe, and he loses no time in repeating it to his son. The false maid is dragged through the streets in a barrel stuck full with nails, and the princess married to the prince to whom she had been contracted.

The passage in the ballad in which the Lord of Lorn relates to the gelding, within

hearing of the duke's daughter, the injuries which he had sworn to conceal has, perhaps, suffered some corruption, though quibbling as to oaths is not unknown in ballads. The lady should be believed to be out of earshot, as the king is thought to be by the goose-girl. Unbosoming one's self to an oven or stove is a decidedly popular trait; "the unhappy and the persecuted betake themselves to the stove, and to it bewail their sufferings, or confide a secret which they may not disclose to the world."\* An entirely similar passage (but without an oath to secrecy) occurs in Basile's *Pentamerone*, II, 8, where a girl who has been shamefully maltreated by her uncle's wife tells her very miserable story to a doll, and is accidentally overheard by the uncle. The conclusion of the tale is quite analogous to that of the goose-girl.

### A

Percy MS., p. 73, Hales and Furnivall, I, 180.

- 1 It was the worthy Lord of Learen,  
He was a lord of a lie degree;  
He had noe more children but one sonne,  
He sett him to schoole to learne curtesie.
- 2 Lear[n]ing did soe proceed with that child,  
I tell you all in veretie,  
He learned more vpon one day  
Then other children did on three,
- 3 And then bespake the schoole-master,  
Vnto the Lord of Learne said hee,  
I thinke thou be some stranger borne,  
For the holy gost remaines with thee.
- 4 He said, I am noe stranger borne,  
Forsooth, master, I tell it to thee;  
It is a gift of Almighty God  
Which he hath giuen vnto mee.
- 5 The schoole-master turnd him round about,  
His angry mind he thought to asswage,

For the child cold answer him soe quicklie,  
And was of soe tender yeere of age.

- 6 The child he caused a steed to be brought,  
A golden bridle done him vpon;  
He tooke his leaue of his schoolfellows,  
And home the child that he is gone.
- 7 And when he came before his father,  
He ffell low downe vpon his knee:  
'My blessing, father, I wold aske,  
If Christ wold grant you wold gine it me.'
- 8 'Now God thee blesse, my sonne and my heire,  
His servant in heauen *that* thou may bee!  
What tydings hast thou brought me, child,  
Thou art comen home so soone to mee?'
- 9 'Good tydings, father, I haue you brought,  
Goo[d tydings] I hope it is to thee;  
The booke is not in all S[c]ottlande  
But I can reade it before *your* eye.'
- 10 A ioyed man his father was,  
Euen the worthy Lord of Learne:

\* Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 1875, I, 523 and note. "In 1585, a man that had been robbed, and had sworn silence, told his story to a stove in a tavern." A boy who has come

to knowledge of a plot, and has been sworn to secrecy on pain of death, unburdens his mind to a stove. Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen*, No 513, II, 231.

- ‘Thou shalt goe into Ffrance, my child,  
The speeches of all strange lands to learne.’
- 11 But then bespake the child his mother,  
The Lady of Learne and then was shee;  
Saies, Who must be his well good guide,  
When he goes into that strange country?
- 12 And then bespake that bonnie child,  
Vntill his father tenderlie;  
Saies, Father, I’le haue the hend steward,  
For he hath beene true to you and mee.
- 13 The lady to concell the steward did take,  
And counted downe a hundred pound there;  
Saies, Steward, be true to my sonne and my  
heire,  
And I will giue thee mickle mere.
- 14 ‘If I be not true to my *master*,’ he said,  
‘Christ himselfe be not trew to mee!  
If I be not true to my lord and *master*,  
An ill death *that* I may die!’
- 15 The Lord of Learne did apparell his child  
With bruche, and ringe, and many a thinge;  
The apparrell he had his body vppon,  
Thé say was worth a squier’s liuinge.
- 16 The parting of the younge Lord of Learne  
With his ffather, his mother, his ffellows  
deere,  
Wold haue made a manis hart for to change,  
If a Iew borne that he were.
- 17 The wind did serue, and thé did sayle  
Over the sea into Ffrance land;  
He vsed the child soe hardlie,  
He wold let him haue neuer a penny to spend.
- 18 And meate he wold let the child haue none,  
Nor mony to buy none, trulie;  
The boy was hungry and thirsty both;  
Alas! it was the more pittie.
- 19 He laid him downe to drinke the water  
*That* was soe low beneath the brime;  
He [that] was wont to haue drunke both ale  
and wine  
Then was faine of the water soe thinne.
- 20 And as he was drinking of the water  
*That* ran soe low beneath the brime,
- Soe ready was the false steward  
To drowne the bonny boy therin.
- 21 ‘Haue mercy on me, worthy steward!  
My life,’ he said, ‘lend it to mee,  
And all *that* I am heire vpon,’  
Saies, ‘I will giue vnto thee.’
- 22 Mercy to him the steward did take,  
And pulld the child out of the brime;  
Euer alacke, the more pittye!  
He tooke his clothes euen from him.
- 23 Saies, Doe thou me of that veluett gowne,  
The crimson hose beneath thy<sup>\*</sup>knee,  
And doe me of thy cordiuant shoone,  
Are buckled with the gold soe free.
- 24 ‘Doe thou me off thy sattin doublett,  
Thy shirtband wrought with glistering gold,  
And doe mee off thy golden chaine,  
About thy necke soe many a fold.
- 25 ‘Doe thou me off thy veluett hat,  
With fether in *that* is<sup>u</sup>soe ffine;  
All vnto thy silken shirt,  
*That*’s wrought with many a golden seam.’
- 26 The child before him naked stood,  
With skin as white as lilly flower;  
For [t]his worthy lords bewtie  
He might haue beene a ladye’s paramoure.
- 27 He put vpon him a lether cote,  
And breeches of the same beneath the knee,  
And sent that bony child him froe,  
Service for to craue,<sup>r</sup>truly.
- 28 He pulld then forth a naked sword  
*That* hange full low then by his side;  
‘Turne thy name, thou villaine,’ he said,  
‘Or else this sword shall be thy guide.’
- 29 ‘What must be my name, worthy steward?  
I pray thee now tell it me:’  
‘Thy name shalbe Pore Disaware,  
To tend sheepe on a lonelye lee.’
- 30 The bonny child he went him froe,  
And looked to himselfe, truly;  
Saw his apparrell soe simple vppon;  
O Lord! he weeped tenderlye.



- 31 Vnto a shepard's house *that* childe did goe,  
And said, Sir, God you saue and see!  
Doe you not want a servant-boy,  
To tend *your* sheepe on a lonelie lee?
- 32 'Where was thou borne?' the shepard said,  
'Where, my boy, or in what country?'  
'Sir,' he said, 'I was borne in fayre Scotland,  
*That* is soe farr beyond the sea.'
- 33 'I haue noe child,' the shepard sayd;  
'My boy, thoust tarry and dwell with mee;  
My liuinge,' he sayd, 'and all my goods,  
I 'le make thee heire [of] after mee.'
- 34 And then bespake the shepard's wife,  
To the *Lord* of Learne thus did she say;  
'Goe thy way to our sheepe,' she said,  
'And tend them well both night and day.'
- 35 It was a sore office, O *Lord*, for him  
*That* was a lord borne of a great degree!  
As he was tending his sheepe alone,  
Neither sport nor play cold hee.
- 36 Let vs leaue talking of the *Lord* of Learne,  
And let all such talking goe;  
Let vs talke more of the false steward,  
That caused the child all this woe.
- 37 He sold this *Lord* of Learne's his clothes  
For fife hundred pound to his pay [there],  
And bought himselfe a suite of apparrell  
Might well beseeeme a *lord* to weare.
- 38 When he *that* gorgeous apparrell bought,  
That did soe finelie his body vppon,  
He laughed the bony child to scorne  
*That* was the bonny *Lord* of Learne.
- 39 He laughed *that* bonny boy to scorne;  
*Lord*! pittie it was to heare;  
I haue herd them say, and soe haue you too,  
*That* a man may buy gold to deere.
- 40 When *that* he had all *that* gorgeous apparrell,  
*That* did soe finelie his body vpon,  
He went a woing to the Duke's daughter of  
Francee,  
And called himselfe the *Lord* of Learne.
- 41 The Duke of Ffrancee heard tell of this,  
To his place *that* worthy *lord* was come,  
truly;
- He entertaing him with a quart of red Renish  
wi[ne],  
Saies, *Lord* of Learne, thou art welcome  
to me.
- 42 Then to supper that they were sett,  
Lords and ladyes in their degree;  
The steward was sett next the Duke of France;  
An vnseemly sight it was to see.
- 43 Then bespake the Duke of Ffrancee,  
Vnto the *Lord* of Learne said hee there,  
Sayes, *Lord* of Learne, if thou 'le marry my  
daught[er],  
I 'le mend thy liuing fife hundred pound a  
yeere.
- 44 Then bespake *that* lady fayre,  
Answered her ffather soe alone,  
That shee would be his marryed wiffe  
If he wold make her lady of Learne.
- 45 Then hand in hand the steward her he tooke,  
And plight *that* lady his troth alone,  
*That* she shold be his marryed wiffe,  
And he wold make her the ladie of Learne.
- 46 Thus *that* night it was gone,  
The other day was come, truly;  
The lady wold see the robucke run,  
Vp hills and dales and forrest free.
- 47 Then shee was ware of the younge *Lord* of  
Learne  
Tending sheepe vnder a bryar, trulye.  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 48 And thus shee called vnto her maids,  
And held her hands vp thus an hie;  
Sayes, Feitch me yond shepard's boy,  
I 'le know why he doth mourne, trulye.
- 49 When he came before *that* lady fayer,  
He fell downe vpon his knee;  
He had beene so well brought vpp  
He needed not to learne curtesie.
- 50 'Where wast thou borne, thou bonny boy?  
Where or in what countrie?'  
'Madam, I was borne in faire Scotland,  
*That* is soe farr beyond the sea.'

- 51 'What is thy name, thou bonny boy?  
I pray thee tell it vnto mee;'  
'My name,' he sayes, 'is Poore Disaware,  
That tends sheepe on a lonely lee.'
- 52 'One thing thou must tell mee, bonny boy,  
Which I must needs aske of thee,  
Dost not thou know the young Lord of  
Learne?  
He is comen a woing into France to me.'
- 53 'Yes, *that* I doe, madam,' he said,  
And then he wept most tenderlie;  
'The Lord of Learne is a worthy lord,  
If he were at home in his oune country.'
- 54 'What ayles thee to weepe, my bonny boy?  
Tell me or ere I part thee froe: '  
'Nothing but for a freind, madam,  
*That's* dead from me many a yeere agoe.'
- 55 A loud laughter the ladie lought,  
O Lord! shee smiled wonderous hie:  
'I haue dwelled in France since I was borne;  
Such a shepard's boy I did neuer see.
- 56 'Wilt thou not leaue thy sheepe, my child,  
And come vnto service vnto mee?  
And I will giue thee meate and fee,  
And my chamberlaine thou shalt bee.'
- 57 'Then I will leaue my sheepe, madam,' he  
sayd,  
'And come into service vnto thee,  
If you will giue me meate and fee,  
Your chamberlaine *that* I may bee.'
- 58 When the lady came before her father,  
Shee fell low downe vpon her knee;  
'Grant me, father,' the lady said,  
'This boy my chamberlaine to be.'
- 59 'But O nay, nay,' the duke did say,  
'Soe my daughter it may not bee;  
The lord *that* is come a woing to you  
Will be offended with you and mee.'
- 60 Then came downe the false steward,  
Which called himselfe the Lord of Learne,  
trulie;  
When he looked that bonny boy vpon,  
An angry man i-wis was hee.
- 61 'Where was thou borne, thou vagabond?  
Where?' he sayd, 'and in what country?'  
Says, I was borne in fayre Scotland,  
*That* is soe far beyond the sea.
- 62 'What is thy name, thou vagabond?  
Haue done qu[i]cklie, and tell it to me; '  
'My name,' he sayes, 'is Poore Disaware,  
I tend sheep on the lonelie lee.'
- 63 'Thou art a theefe,' the steward said,  
'And soe in the end I will prooue thee; '  
. . . . .
- 64 Then be-spake the ladie fayre,  
'Peace, Lord of Learne! I doe pray thee;  
Ffor if noe loue you show this child,  
Noe favor can you haue of mee.'
- 65 'Will you belecue me, lady faire,  
When the truth I doe tell yee?  
Att Aberdonie, beyond the sea,  
His father he robbed a hundred three.'
- 66 But then bespake the Duke of France  
Vnto the boy soe tenderlie;  
Saies, Boy, if thou loue harsses well,  
My stable-groome I will make thee.
- 67 And thus *that that* did passe vppon  
Till the twelve monthes did draw to an  
ende;  
The boy applyed his office soe well  
Euery man became his freind.
- 68 He went forth earlye one morning  
To water a gelding at the water soe free;  
The gelding vp, and with his head  
He hitt the child aboue his eye.
- 69 'Woe be to thee, thou gelding,' he sayd,  
'And to the mare *that* foled thee!  
Thou hast striken the Lord of Learne  
A litle tinye aboue the eye.
- 70 'First night after I was borne, a lord I was,  
An earle after my father doth die;  
My father is the worthy Lord of Learne,  
And child he hath noe more but mee;  
He sent me over the sea with the false stew-  
ard,  
And thus that he hath beguiled mee.'



- 71 The lady [wa]s in her garden greene,  
Walking with her mayds, trulye,  
And heard the boy this mourning make,  
And went to weeping, trulie.
- 72 'Sing on thy song, thou stable groome,  
I pray thee doe not let for mee,  
And as I am a true ladie  
I wilbe trew vnto thee.'
- 73 'But nay, now nay, madam!' he sayd,  
'Soe *that* it may not bee;  
I am tane sworne vpon a booke,  
And forsworne I will not bee.'
- 74 'Sing on thy song to thy gelding,  
And thou doest not sing to mee;  
And as I am a true ladie  
I will euer be true vnto thee.'
- 75 He sayd, Woe be to thee, gelding,  
And to the mare *that* foled thee!  
For thou hast stricken the Lord of Learne  
A litle about mine eye.
- 76 First night I was borne, a lord I was,  
An earle after my father doth dye;  
My father is the good Lord of Learne,  
And child he hath noe other but mee;  
My father sent me over [the sea] with the  
false steward,  
And thus *that* he hath beguiled mee.
- 77 'Woe be to the steward, lady,' he sayd,  
'Woe be to him verrily!  
He hath beene about this twelve months day  
For to deceiue both thee and mee.
- 78 'If you doe not my counsell keepe,  
*That* I haue told you with good intent,  
And if you doe it not well keepe,  
Ffarwell! my life is at an ende.'
- 79 'I wilbe true to thee, Lord of Learne,  
Or else Christ be not soe vnto me;  
And as I am a trew ladye,  
I 'le neuer marry none but thee.'
- 80 Shee sent in for her father, the Duke,  
In all the speed *that* ere might bee;  
'Put of my wedding, father,' shee said,  
'For the loue of God, this monthes three.
- 81 'Sicke I am,' the ladye said,  
'O sicke, and verry like to die!  
Put of my wedding, father Duke,  
Ffor the loue of God, this monthes three.'
- 82 The Duke of France put of this wedding  
Of the steward and the lady monthes three,  
For the ladie sicke shee was,  
Sicke, sicke, and like to die.
- 83 Shee wrote a letter with her owne hand,  
In all the speede *that* euer might bee;  
Shee sent [it] over into Scotland,  
*That* is soe ffarr beyond the sea.
- 84 When the messenger came beffore the old  
Lord of Learne,  
He kneeled low downe on his knee,  
And he deliuered the letter vnto him,  
In all the speed *that* euer might bee.
- 85 [The] first looke he looked the letter vpon,  
Lo! he wept full bitterly;  
The second looke he looked it vpon,  
Said, False steward, woe be to thee!
- 86 When the Ladye of Learne these tydings  
heard,  
O Lord! shee wept soe biterlye:  
'I told you of this, now good my lord,  
When I sent my child into that wild  
country.'
- 87 'Peace, Lady of Learne,' the lord did say,  
'For Christ his loue I doe pray thee;  
And as I am a christian man,  
Wroken vpon him *that* I wilbe.'
- 88 He wrote a letter with his owne hand,  
In all the speede *that* ere might bee;  
He sent it into the lords in Scotland,  
*That* were borne of a great degree.
- 89 He sent for lords, he sent for *knights*,  
*The* best that were in the countrye,  
To go with him into the land of France,  
To seeke his sonne in *that* strange country.
- 90 The wind was good, and they did sayle,  
Fiue hundred men into France land,  
There to seeke *that* bonny boy  
*That* was the worthy Lord of Learne.

- 91 They sought the country through and through,  
Soe farr to the Duke's place of Ffrance  
land;  
There they were ware of *that* bonny boy,  
Standing with a porter's staffe in his hand.
- 92 Then the worshippfull, thé did bowe,  
The serving-men fell on their knee,  
They cast their hatts vp into the ayre  
For ioy *that* boy *that* they had seene.
- 93 The Lord of Learne then he light downe,  
And kist his child both cheeke and chinne,  
And said, God blesse thee, my sonne and my  
heire!  
The blisse of heauen *that* thou may winne!
- 94 The false steward and the Duke of France  
Were in a castle-topp, trulie;  
'What fooles are yond,' says the false steward,  
'To the porter makes soe lowe curtesie?'
- 95 Then bespake the Duke of Ffrance,  
Calling my Lord of Learne, trulie;  
He sayd, I doubt the day be come  
*That* either you or I must die.
- 96 Thé sett the castle round about,  
A swallow cold not haue flone away;  
And there thé tooke the false steward  
That the Lord of Learne did betray.
- 97 And when they had taken the false steward,  
He fell lowe downe vpon his knee,  
And craued mercy of the Lord of Learne  
For the villanous dedd he had done, trulye.
- 98 'Thou shalt haue mercy,' said the Lord of  
Learne,  
'Thou vile traitor, I tell to thee,  
As the lawes of the realme they will thee  
beare,  
Wether it bee for thee to liue or dye.'
- 99 A quest of lords *that* there was chosen,  
To goe vppon his death, trulie;  
There thé iudged the false steward,  
Whether he was guiltie, and for to dye.
- 100 The forman of the iury he came in,  
He spake his words full lowd and hie;
- Said, Make thee ready, thou false steward,  
For now thy death it drawes full nie.
- 101 Sayd he, If my death it doth draw nie,  
God forgiue me all I haue done amisse!  
Where is *that* lady I haue loued soe longe?  
Before my death to giue me a kisse.
- 102 'Away, thou traitor!' the lady said,  
'Auoyd out of my company!  
For thy vild treason thou hast wrought,  
Thou had need to cry to God for mercye.'
- 103 First they tooke him and h[a]ngd him halfe,  
And let him downe before he was dead,  
And quartered him in quarters many,  
And sodde him in a boyling lead.
- 104 And then they tooke him out againe,  
And cutten all his ioynts in sunder,  
And burnte him eke vpon a hyll;  
I-wis thé did him curstlye cumber.
- 105 A loud laughter the lady laught,  
O Lord! she smiled merrylie;  
She sayd, I may praise my heauenly king  
That euer I seene this vile traytor die.
- 106 Then bespake the Duke of France,  
Vnto the right Lord of Learne sayd he  
there;  
Says, Lord of Learne, if thou wilt marry my  
daught[er]  
I 'le mend thy liuing fiae hundred a yeere.
- 107 But then bespake *that* bonie boy,  
And answered the Duke quicklie,  
I had rather marry your daughter with a ring  
of go[ld]  
Then all the gold *that* ere I blinket on with  
mine eye.
- 108 But then bespake the old Lord of Learne,  
To the Duke of France thus he did say,  
Seeing our children doe soe well agree,  
They shalbe marryed ere wee goe away.
- 109 The Lady of Learne shee was sent for  
Throughout Scotland soe speedilie,  
To see these two children sett vpp  
In their seats of gold full royallye.



## B

a. Wood, 401, fol. 95 b. b. Roxburghe, I, 222, III, 534 ;  
Roxburghe Ballads, ed. Chappell, II, 55. c. Pepys, I, 494,  
No 254 (from a transcript in Percy's papers).

- 1 It was a worthy Lord of Lorn,  
He was a lord of high degree,  
He sent [his son] unto the schoole,  
To learn some civility.
- 2 He learned more learning in one day  
Then other children did in three ;  
And then bespake the schoolmaster  
Unto him tenderly.
- 3 'In faith thou art the honestest boy  
That ere I blinkt on with mine eye ;  
I hope thou art some easterling born,  
The Holy Ghost is with thee.'
- 4 He said he was no easterling born,  
The child thus answered courteously ;  
My father is the Lord of Lorn,  
And I his son, perdy.
- 5 The schoolmaster turned round about,  
His angry mood he could not swage ;  
He marvelled the child could speak so wise,  
He being of so tender age.
- 6 He girt the saddle to the steed,  
The bridle of the best gold shone ;  
He took his leave of his fellows all,  
And quickly he was gone.
- 7 And when he came to his father dear  
He kneeled down upon his knee ;  
'I am come to you, fathe[r],' he said,  
'God's blessing give you me.'
- 8 'Thou art welcome, son,' he said,  
'God's blessing I give thee ;  
What tidings hast thou brought, my son,  
Being come so hastily ?'
- 9 'I have brought tidings, father,' he said,  
'And so likēd it may be,  
There's never a book in all Scotland  
But I can read it, truly.
- 10 'There's nere a doctor in all this realm,  
For all he goes in rich array,  
I can write him a lesson soon  
To learn in seven years day.'
- 11 'That is good tidings,' said the lord,  
'All in the place where I do stand ;  
My son, thou shalt into France go,  
To learn the speeches of each land.'
- 12 'Who shall go with him ?' said the lady ;  
'Husband, we have no more but he ;'  
'Madam,' he saith, 'my head steward,  
He hath bin true to me.'
- 13 She cal'd the steward to an account,  
A thousand pound she gave him anon ;  
Sayes, Good Sir Steward, be as good to my  
child,  
When he is far from home.
- 14 'If I be fals unto my young lord,  
Then God be [the] like to me indeed !'  
And now to France they both are gone,  
And God be their good speed.
- 15 They had not been in France land  
Not three weeks unto an end,  
But meat and drink the child got none,  
Nor mony in purse to spend.
- 16 The child ran to the river's side ;  
He was fain to drink water then ;  
And after followed the fals steward,  
To put the child therein.
- 17 'But nay, marry !' said the child,  
He asked mercy pittifully,  
'Good steward, let me have my life,  
What ere betide my body.'
- 18 'Now put off thy fair cloathing  
And give it me anon ;  
So put thee of thy s'lken shirt,  
With many a golden seam.'
- 19 But when the child was stript naked,  
His body white as the lilly-flower,  
He might have bin seen for his body  
A prince's paramour.
- 20 He put him in an old kelter coat  
And hose of the same above the knee,  
He bid him go to the shepherd's house,  
To keep sheep on a lonely lee.
- 21 The child did say, What shall be my name ?  
Good steward, tell to me ;

- ‘Thy name shall be Poor Disawear,  
That thy name shall be.’
- 22 The child came to the shepherd’s house  
And asked mercy pittifully;  
Sayes, Good sir shepherd, take me in,  
To keep sheep on a lonely lee.
- 23 But when the shepherd saw the child,  
He was so pleasant in his eye,  
‘I have no child, I ’le make thee my heir,  
Thou shalt have my goods, perdie.’
- 24 And then bespake the shepherd’s wife,  
Unto the child so tenderly;  
‘Thou must take the sheep and go to the field,  
And keep them on a lonely lee.’
- 25 Now let us leave talk of the child,  
That is keeping sheep on a lonely lee,  
And we ’l talk more of the fals steward,  
And of his fals treachery.
- 26 He bought himself three suits of apparrell,  
That any lord might a seem[d] to worn,  
He went a wooing to the Duke’s daughter,  
And cal’d himself the Lord of Lorn.
- 27 The duke he welcomed the yong lord  
With three baked stags anon;  
If he had wist him the fals steward,  
To the devill he would have gone.
- 28 But when they were at supper set,  
With dainty delicates that was there,  
The d[uke] said, If thou wilt wed my daughter,  
I ’le give thee a thousand pound a year.
- 29 The lady would see the red buck run,  
And also for to hunt the doe,  
And with a hundred lusty men  
The lady did a hunting go.
- 30 The lady is a hunting gon,  
Over le and fell that is so high;  
There was she ware of a shepherd’s boy,  
With sheep on a lonely lee.
- 31 And ever he sighed and made moan,  
And cried out pittifully,  
‘My father is the Lord of Lorn,  
And knows not wha[t]’s become of me.’
- 32 And then bespake the lady gay,  
And to her maid she spake anon,  
‘Go fetch me hither the shepherd’s boy;  
Why maketh he all this moan?’
- 33 But when he came before the lady  
. . . . .  
He was not to learn his courtesie:
- 34 ‘Where was thou born, thou bonny child?  
For whose sake makst thou all this mone?’  
‘My dearest friend, lady,’ he said,  
‘Is dead many years agon.’
- 35 ‘Tell thou to me, thou bonny child,  
Tell me the truth and do not lye,  
Knost thou not the yong lord of Lorn,  
Is come a wooing unto me?’
- 36 ‘Yes, forsooth,’ then said the child,  
‘I know the lord then, verily;  
The young lord is a valliant lord  
At home in his own country.’
- 37 ‘Wilt leave thy sheep, thou bonny child,  
And come in service unto me?’  
‘Yes, forsooth,’ then said the child,  
‘At your bidding will I be.’
- 38 When the steward lookt upon the child,  
He bewraild him villainously:  
‘Where wast thou born, thou vagabone?  
Or where is thy country?’
- 39 ‘Ha don! ha don!’ said the lady gay,  
She cal’d the steward then presently;  
‘Without you bear him more good will,  
You get no love of me.’
- 40 Then bespake the false steward  
Unto the lady hastily:  
‘At Aberdine, beyond the seas,  
His father robbèd thousands three.’
- 41 But then bespake the lady gay  
Unto her father courtcously,  
Saying, I have found a bonny child  
My chamberlain to be.
- 42 ‘Not so, not so,’ then said the duke,  
‘For so it may not be,



- For that young L[ord] of Lorn that comes  
a wooing  
Will think something of thee and me.'
- 43 When the duke had lookt upon the child,  
He seemd so pleasant to the eye,  
'Child, because thou lovst horses well,  
My groom of stables thou shalt be.'
- 44 The child plied the horses well  
A twelve month to an end;  
He was so courteous and so true  
Every man became his fri[e]nd.
- 45 He led a fair gelding to the water,  
Where he might drink, verily;  
The great gelding up with his head  
And hit the child above the eye.
- 46 'Wo worth thee, horse!' then said the child,  
'That ere mare foalèd thee!  
Thou little knowst what thou hast done;  
Thou hast stricken a lord of high degree.'
- 47 The d[uke's] daughter was in her garden  
green,  
She heard the child make great moan;  
She ran to the child all weeping,  
And left her maidens all alone.
- 48 'Sing on thy song, thou bonny child,  
I will release thee of thy pain;'  
'I have made an oath, lady,' he said,  
'I dare not tell my tale again.'
- 49 'Tell the horse thy tale, thou bonny child,  
And so thy oath shall savèd be;'  
But when he told the horse his tale  
The lady wept full tenderly.
- 50 'I'le do for thee, my bonny child,  
In faith I will do more for thee;  
For I will send thy father word,  
And he shall come and speak with me.
- 51 'I will do more, my bonny child,  
In faith I will do more for thee,  
And for thy sake, my bonny child,  
I'le put my wedding off months three.'
- 52 The lady she did write a letter,  
Full pittifully with her own hand,
- She sent it to the Lord of Lorn  
Whereas he dwelt in fair Scotland.
- 53 But when the lord had read the letter  
His lady wept most tenderly:  
'I knew what would become of my child  
In such a far country.'
- 54 The old lord cal'd up his merry men,  
And all that he gave cloth and fee,  
With seven lords by his side,  
And into France rides he.
- 55 The wind servd, and they did saile  
So far into France land;  
They were ware of the Lord of Lorn,  
With a porter's staff in his hand.
- 56 The lords they moved hat and hand,  
The servingmen fell on their knee;  
'What folks be yonder,' said the steward,  
'That makes the porter courtesie?'
- 57 'Thou art a false thief,' said the L[ord] of  
Lorn,  
'No longer might I bear with thee;  
By the law of France thou shalt be ju[d]gd,  
Whether it be to live or die.'
- 58 A quest of lords there chosen was,  
To bench they came hastily,  
But when the quest was ended  
The fals steward must dye.
- 59 First they did him half hang,  
And then they took him down anon,  
And then put him in boyling lead,  
And then was sodden, brest and bone.
- 60 And then bespake the Lord of Lorn,  
With many other lords mo;  
'Sir Duke, if you be as willing as we,  
We 'l have a marriage before we go.'
- 61 These children both they did rejoyce  
To hear the lord his tale so ended;  
They had rather to day then to morrow,  
So he would not be offended.
- 62 But when the wedding ended was  
There was delicious dainty cheer;  
I'le tell you how long the wedding did last,  
Full three quarters of a year.

63 Such a banquet there was wrought,  
The like was never seen ;  
The king of France brought with him then  
A hundred tun of good red wine.

64 Five set of musitians were to be seen,  
That never rested night nor day,  
Also Italians there did sing,  
Full pleasantly with great joy.

65 Thus have you heard what troubles great  
Unto successive joyes did turn,  
And happy news among the rest  
Unto the worthy Lord of Lorn.

66 Let rebels therefore warnēd be  
How mischief once they do pretend ;  
For God may suffer for a time,  
But will disclose it in the end.



A. 2<sup>4</sup>. on 3. 5<sup>4</sup>. agee. 9<sup>2</sup>. to mee.  
10<sup>4</sup>. to learne the speeches of all strange lands.  
13<sup>2</sup>. 100<sup>1</sup>. 16<sup>3</sup>. ? mams in *MS.* Furnivall.  
19<sup>2</sup>. brimn. 19<sup>4</sup>. thime. 22<sup>3</sup>. euen alacke.  
24<sup>8</sup>. *a long s in the MS. between me and*  
*off. F.*  
25<sup>2</sup>. thats. 25<sup>4</sup>. golden swaine. B. seam.  
35<sup>3</sup>. tenting. 36<sup>3</sup>. falst.  
37<sup>2</sup>. 500<sup>1</sup>. : pay [there]. Cf. 43<sup>2</sup>, 105<sup>2</sup>.  
43<sup>4</sup>. 500<sup>1</sup>. 46<sup>3</sup>. rum.  
47<sup>1,2</sup>, 48<sup>1,2</sup>, *make a stanza in the MS., and*  
*52<sup>3,4</sup>, 53, are written together. 47–53 have*  
*been arranged upon the supposition that*  
*two verses (about the boy's mourning) have*  
*dropped out after 47<sup>1,2</sup>.*  
48<sup>1,2</sup>. *A tag after d in maids, hands may not*  
*mean s. F.*  
53<sup>4</sup>. *One stroke too many for oune in MS. F.*  
54<sup>1</sup>. *One stroke too many for bony, or too few*  
*for bonny, in the MS. F.*  
60<sup>4</sup>. I-wis. 61<sup>1</sup>. thou was.  
63<sup>1,2</sup>, 64, *are written together in the MS.*  
64<sup>1</sup>. he spake. 65<sup>4</sup>. 100 : 3. 67<sup>2</sup>. 12.  
69<sup>4</sup>. the knee. Cf. 68<sup>4</sup>, 75<sup>4</sup>.  
70<sup>4</sup>. his child. Cf. 76<sup>4</sup>.  
74<sup>4</sup>. euer. *Either ieuer in MS. or the letter*  
*before e crossed out. F.*  
75<sup>1,2</sup> *are written with 74, 75<sup>3,4</sup> with 76<sup>1,2</sup>, in*  
*the MS.*  
75<sup>1</sup>. to thy. 76<sup>5</sup>. Cf. 70<sup>5</sup>. 77<sup>1</sup>. to thee.  
77<sup>8</sup>. beene aboue : 12.  
79<sup>2</sup>. soe *may be true : half the line is pared*  
*away. F.*  
80<sup>4</sup>, 81<sup>4</sup>, 82<sup>2</sup>. 3. 90<sup>2</sup>. 500. 92<sup>2</sup>. knees.  
92<sup>4</sup>. *Perhaps* did see. 93<sup>2</sup>. chime.  
93<sup>4</sup>. wiine. 95<sup>3</sup>. daubt.  
98<sup>3</sup>. they. *The y is in a modern hand. F.*  
100<sup>2</sup>. hiye. 106<sup>4</sup>. 500.  
107<sup>4</sup>. mine. *One stroke too few in the MS. F.*

109<sup>1</sup>. They : for sent.  
109<sup>3</sup>. 2. And *for & always.*  
B. The tune is Green Sleeves.  
a. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.  
b. Printed by and for A. M[ilbourne], and sold  
by the booksellers of London.  
c. Printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and  
T. Passinger.  
a, b, c. 1<sup>3</sup>. b, c. sent his son.  
2<sup>1</sup>. b, c. learning *wanting.*  
2<sup>3</sup>. b, c. And thus. 2<sup>4</sup>. c. To him.  
3<sup>2</sup>. b, c. with my. 4<sup>3</sup>. a. Lord of Lord.  
5<sup>2</sup>. b. he thought to assuage.  
5<sup>4</sup>. b. so tender of.  
6<sup>2</sup>. a. of his (?) gold. b, c. of the best gold.  
7<sup>2</sup>. c. on his. 7<sup>4</sup>. b. give to.  
8<sup>1</sup>. b, c. my son. 8<sup>2</sup>. c. I the give.  
9<sup>2</sup>. b. if that well liked. 9<sup>3,4</sup>. b, c. *Wanting.*  
10<sup>1</sup>. b, c. all the. 11<sup>3</sup>. b. to France.  
12<sup>2</sup>. b, c. have none. 12<sup>3</sup>. b. said he.  
13<sup>3</sup>. b, c. as *wanting.* 13<sup>4</sup>. b, c. while he.  
14<sup>1</sup>. b. false to.  
14<sup>2</sup>. b. may God justly punish me indeed.  
c. the like.  
15<sup>2</sup>. b, c. to an. 16<sup>1</sup>. b, c. run. b. river.  
16<sup>2</sup>. b. the water. 17<sup>4</sup>. b. eer else.  
19<sup>2</sup>. b, c. as white. 19<sup>4</sup>. b. princess's.  
20<sup>1</sup>. b, c. him on. 20<sup>2</sup>. a. thee.  
20<sup>4</sup>. a. love lodely : b. keep them on a love  
lovely : c. love lovely.  
21<sup>1</sup>. b, c. child said.  
21<sup>3</sup>. a, b, c. poor dost thou wear. A. dis-  
aware.  
22<sup>3</sup>. b, c. sir *wanting.*  
22<sup>4</sup>, 24<sup>4</sup>, 25<sup>2</sup>, 30<sup>4</sup>. a, b, c. love lovely. A.  
lonelye lee. *Perhaps*, lone, lone, lee.  
23<sup>2</sup>. b, c. in the.  
24<sup>1</sup>. a. wise. b, c. bespoke.



- 24<sup>2</sup>. c. thee sheep. b. to field.  
 24<sup>4</sup>. a, c. And get. b. keep.  
 25<sup>1</sup>. b, c. talking. 25<sup>3</sup>. c. we will.  
 26<sup>2</sup>. b. a lord. b, c. have seemd.  
 27<sup>3</sup>. c. himself. 27<sup>4</sup>. b, c. he should.  
 28<sup>2</sup>. b, c. were. 28<sup>3</sup>. b. you will.  
 28<sup>4</sup>. b, c. pounds. 29<sup>3</sup>. b, c. an.  
 30<sup>2</sup>. a, c. Feansell. b. feanser.  
 30<sup>3</sup>. b, c. aware.  
 31<sup>1</sup>. b. And often: made great moan.  
 31<sup>4</sup>. c. what is.  
 32<sup>2</sup>. b, c. unto her maid anon.  
 33<sup>1,4</sup>. a, b, c. *Two lines wanting*.  
 34<sup>1</sup>. b. wast born. c. wast thou born.  
 35<sup>1</sup>. b. to *wanting*. 35<sup>2</sup>. c. the *wanting*.  
 35<sup>4</sup>. b, c. he is.  
 36<sup>1</sup>. a. foorsooth. c. forsooth saith the.  
 37<sup>3</sup>. c. the *wanting*.  
 38<sup>2</sup>. b, c. bewailed. c. villaniously.  
 38<sup>3</sup>. b, c. vagabond.  
 39<sup>1</sup>. a, b, c. Ha down. b, c. gay *wanting*.  
 40<sup>1</sup>. a. stewardly. 41<sup>1</sup>. c. than.  
 42<sup>3</sup>. b. the Lord. c. young D.  
 42<sup>4</sup>. b, c. think no good. b. of me nor thee.  
 43<sup>1</sup>. b. had *wanting*. 43<sup>2</sup>. b. in the.  
 43<sup>4</sup>. b, c. stable.  
 44<sup>4</sup>. a, c. become. b. became.  
 45<sup>2</sup>. a. may. b, c. might.  
 45<sup>3</sup>. b, c. great *wanting*. b. his heel.  
 46<sup>1</sup>. a. thou horse. b. thee. c. the.  
 46<sup>2</sup>. b, c. ever. 47<sup>1</sup>. a, c. D. daughter.  
 49<sup>1</sup>. a. Mell: lonny. 49<sup>4</sup>. b, c. wept most.  
 50<sup>3,4</sup>, 51<sup>1,2</sup>. b, c. *Wanting*.  
 52<sup>1</sup>. b, c. she *wanting*: letter then.  
 52<sup>4</sup>. a. dwells. b, c. dwelt.  
 54<sup>4</sup>. b. unto.  
 55<sup>3</sup>. b. aware. 56<sup>4</sup>. c. maketh.  
 57<sup>1</sup>. b, c. quoth the. 59<sup>2</sup>. b. they *wanting*.  
 60<sup>2</sup>. a. more. b, c. mo. 61<sup>3</sup>. b, c. than.  
 62<sup>2</sup>. b, c. delicate, dilicate.  
 63. a. *Before* 63: Such a banquet there was  
 wrought, the like was seen I say.  
 64<sup>1</sup>. a. fet. b, c. set.  
 65<sup>1</sup>. b, c. how troubles. 65<sup>3</sup>. b, c. amongst.

## 272

## THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE

‘The Suffolk Miracle.’ a. Wood, E. 25, fol. 83. b. Roxburghe, II, 240; Moore’s Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry, p. 463.

ALSO Pepys, III, 332, No 328; Crawford, No 1363; Old Ballads, 1723, I, 266.

A young man loved a farmer’s daughter, and his love was returned. The girl’s father sent her to his brother’s, forty miles off, to stay till she should change her mind. The man died. A month after, he appeared at the uncle’s at midnight, and, as he came on her father’s horse and brought with him her mother’s travelling gear, he was allowed to take the girl away with him. As they rode, he complained of headache, and the girl bound her handkerchief about his head; he was cold as clay. In two hours they were at her father’s door. The man went to put up the

horse, as he said, but no more was seen of him. The girl knocked, and her father came down, much astonished to see her, and still more astonished when she asked if her lover, known by the father to be dead, had not been sent to bring her. The father went to the stable, where the girl said the man would be; there was nobody there, but the horse was found to be ‘all on a sweat.’ After conferences, the grave was opened, and the kerchief was found about the head of the mouldering body. This was told to the girl, and she died shortly after.

This piece could not be admitted here on its own merits. At the first look, it would be classed with the vulgar prodigies printed for

hawkers to sell and for Mopsa and Dorcas to buy. It is not even a good specimen of its kind. Ghosts should have a fair reason for walking, and a quite particular reason for riding. In popular fictions, the motive for their leaving the grave is to ask back plighted troth, to be relieved from the inconveniences caused by the excessive grief of the living, to put a stop to the abuse of children by stepmothers, to repair an injustice done in the flesh, to fulfil a promise; at the least, to announce the visitant's death. One would not be captious with the restlessness of defeated love, but what object is there in this young man's rising from the grave to take his love from her uncle's to her father's house? And what sense is there in his headache?

I have printed this ballad because, in a blurred, enfeebled, and disfigured shape, it is the representative in England of one of the most remarkable tales and one of the most impressive and beautiful ballads of the European continent. The relationship is put beyond doubt by the existence of a story in Cornwall which comes much nearer to the Continental tale.\*

Long, long ago, Frank, a farmer's son, was in love with Nancy, a very attractive girl, who lived in the condition of a superior servant in his mother's house. Frank's parents opposed their matching, and sent the girl home to her mother; but the young pair continued to meet, and they bound themselves to each other for life or for death. To part them effectually, Frank was shipped for an India voyage. He could not write, and nothing was heard of him for nearly three years. On All-hallows-Eve Nancy went out with two companions to sow hemp-seed. Nancy began the rite, saying:

Hemp-seed, I sow thee,  
Hemp-seed, grow thee!  
And he who will my true-love be  
Come after me  
And shaw thee.

\* Mr W. E. A. Axon, in his *Lancashire Gleanings*, p. 261, speaks of the story of the Spectre Bridegroom as having been current in the neighborhood of Liverpool in the last century, both in an oral and a printed form. But it is plain that what was current, either way, was simply 'The Suffolk Miracle.' Of this I have a copy learned in the north of Ire-

This she said three times, and then, looking back over her left shoulder, she saw Frank indeed, but he looked so angry that she shrieked, and so broke the spell. One night in November a ship was wrecked on the coast, and Frank was cast ashore, with just enough life in him to ask that he might be married to Nancy before he died, a wish which was not to be fulfilled. On the night of his funeral, as Nancy was about to lock the house-door, a horseman rode up. His face was deadly pale, but Nancy knew him to be her lover. He told her that he had just arrived home, and had come to fetch her and make her his bride. Nancy was easily induced to spring on the horse behind him. When she clasped Frank's waist, her arm became stiff as ice. The horse went at a furious pace; the moon came out in full splendor. Nancy saw that the rider was in grave-clothes. She had lost the power of speech, but, passing a blacksmith's shop, where the smith was still at work, she recovered voice and cried, Save me! with all her might. The smith ran out with a hot iron in his hand, and, as the horse was rushing by, caught the girl's dress and pulled her to the ground. But the rider held on to the gown, and both Nancy and the smith were dragged on till they came near the churchyard. There the horse stopped for a moment, and the smith seized his chance to burn away the gown with his iron and free the girl. The horseman passed over the wall of the churchyard, and vanished at the grave in which the young man had been laid a few hours before. A piece of Nancy's dress was found on the grave. Nancy died before morning. It was said that one or two of the sailors who survived the wreck testified that Frank, on All-halloween, was like one mad, and, after great excitement, lay for hours as if dead, and that when he came to himself he declared that if he ever married the woman who had cast the spell, he would make her suffer for drawing his soul out of his body.†

land in 1850 (and very much changed as to form), in which the scene is laid "between Armagh and County Clare."

† Popular Romances of the West of England, collected and edited by Robert Hunt, First Series, pp. 265-72, dating from about 1830.



A tale of a dead man coming on horseback to his inconsolable love, and carrying her to his grave, is widely spread among the Slavic people (with whom it seems to have originated) and the Austrian Germans, was well known a century ago among the northern Germans, and has lately been recovered in the Netherlands, Denmark, Iceland, and Britany. Besides the tale in its integrity, certain verses which occur in it, and which are of a kind sure to impress the memory, are very frequent, and these give evidence of a very extensive distribution. The verses are to this effect:

The moon shines bright in the lift,  
The dead, they ride so swift,  
Love, art thou not afraid?

to which the lovelorn maid answers,

How fear, when I am with thee?\*

There are also ballads with the same story, one in German, several in Slavic, but these have not so original a stamp as the tale, and have perhaps sprung from it.

The following will serve as specimens of the tale in question; many more may certainly be recovered:

**Great Russian.** 1-5, Sozonovič, Appendix, Nos 1, 2, 7, 8, 9.† **Little Russian.** 6-8, Trudy, II, 411, 413, 414, Nos 119-21; 9, Dragomanof, p. 392; 10-15, Sozonovič, Appendix, Nos 4-6, 10-12; 16, Bugiel, in the Slavic Archiv, XIV, 146. **White Russian.** 17, 18, Sozonovič, Appendix, No 3; Dobrovol'skij, Ethnographical Collection from Smolensk, p. 126, No 58. **Servian.** 19, Krauss, in Wisła, IV, 667. **Croat.** 20, 21, Strohal,

pp. 114, 115, Nos 20, 21. **Croat-Slovenian.** 22-24, Valjavec, Narodne Pripovjedke, p. 239; Plohl-Herdvigov, I, 127, 129. **Slovenian.** 25, 26, Krek, in the Slavic Archiv, X, 357, 358. **Polish.** 27, Zamarski, p. 121; 28, Grudziński, p. 15; 29, Lach-Szyrma, Pamiętnik Naukowy, 1819, I, 358; 30, Kolberg, Lud, XIV, 181; 31, Treichel, in Zeitschrift für Volkskunde, II, 144; 32, Chelchowski, II, 40-42, No 59; 33, Siarkowski, in Zbiór wiadomości do antropologii krajowej, III, III (21). **Bohemian.** 34, Sumlork, I, 608; 35, Erben, Kytice z básní, p. 23 (ballad founded on tale). **Slovak.** 36, Dobšínsky, pp. 23-30 (three versions). **Wendish.** 37, Schulenburg, Wendische Volkssagen, p. 137 (fragment). **Lithuanian.** 38, Leskien u. Brugman, p. 160, No 2, p. 497, No 43. **Magyar.** 39, Pap, Palóc Népköltemények, p. 94, also Arany and Gyulai, I, 207, No 52, and 569, Aigner, in Gegenwart, 1875, No 12. **Gypsy.** 40, Wliskoeki, Volksdichtungen der siebenbürgischen u. südungarischen Zigeuner, p. 283, No 43. **German, High and Low.** 41, Sztodola, in Herrmann, Ethnologische Mittheilungen aus Ungarn. col. 341 f. (Ofen); 42-45, Vernaleken, Mythen u. Bräuche des Volkes in Oesterreich, pp. 76 f., 79 f., Nos 6-9 (Lower Austria); 46-48, A. Baumgarten, Aus der volksmässigen Ueberlieferung der Heimat (Geburt, Heirat, Tod), pp. 135, 136, 136 f. (Upper Austria); 49, Boeckel, in Germania, XXXI, 117 (Baden); 50, 51, Jahn, Volksagen aus Pommern u. Rügen, pp. 404, 406, No 515, I, II; 52, J. F. Cordes, in The Monthly Magazine, 1799, VIII, 602 f. (Glandorf, Lower Saxony); 53, Müllenhof, Sagen, etc., p. 164, No 224 (Ditmarsch). **Nether-**

\* A portion (or portions) of a Low German tale of this class, the verses and a little more, was the basis of Bürger's 'Lenore,' composed in 1773. (As to the particulars of the traditional basis, Erich Schmidt seems to me undoubtedly right: Charakteristiken, p. 219 f.) At the end of the last century, when 'Lenore' became well known in England through half a dozen translations, it was maintained that Bürger had taken the idea of his ballad from 'The Suffolk Miracle,' with which he was supposed to have become acquainted through the copy in Old Ballads, 1723. See The Monthly Magazine, 1796, II, 603. But it is nearly certain that Bürger had not seen, and never saw, the "Old Ballads" of 1723. In 1777 Boie made him acquainted with a book of that title, but this was in all probability Evans's first col-

lection, which appeared in that year. See Strodtmann, Briefe von und an G. A. Bürger, II, 85, 87. Bürger knew 'Sweet William's Ghost' from Percy's Reliques, and took a hint or two from that, besides the lover's name.

† I. Sozonovič, Bürger's 'Lenore,' and the related matter in European and Russian popular poetry, Warsaw, 1893 (in Russian). Professor Wollner has furnished me translations of some twenty-five pieces in Sozonovič. See, for German versions of many of the Slavic tales and ballads, Wollner, in Archiv für slavische Philologie, VI, 243-59; Krek, in the same, X, 357-59, and in Magazin für die Litteratur des In- u. Auslandes, 1887, CXII, 629-32, 650-54; Grudziński, Lenore in Polen, 1890, p. 13 ff.; Treichel, in Zeitschrift für Volkskunde, II, 144.

landish. 54-56, Pol de Mont, in *Volkskunde*, II, 129-31. Danish. 57, Grundtvig, *Danmarks g. Folkeviser*, III, 873. Icelandic. 58, Árnason, *Íslenzkar þjóðsögur*, I, 280 ff.; Maurer, *Isländische Volkssagen*, p. 73 f.

A lover, who has long been unheard of, but whose death has not been ascertained, roused from his last sleep by the grief of his mistress (which in some cases drives her to seek or accept the aid of a spell), comes to her by night on horseback and induces her to mount behind him. As they ride, he says several times to her, *The moon shines bright, the dead ride swift, art not afraid?* Believing him to be living, the maid protests that she feels no fear, but at last becomes alarmed. He takes her to his burial-place, and tries to drag her into his grave; she escapes, and takes refuge in a dead-house (or house where a dead man is lying). The lover pursues, and calls upon the dead man within the house to give her up, which in most cases, for fellowship, he prepares to do. At the critical moment a cock crows, and the maid is saved.

Some of the tales are brief and defective, some mixed with foreign matter. The predominant traits, with a few details and variations, may be briefly exhibited by a synoptical analysis.

A pair of lovers are plighted to belong to each other in life and death, 50, 51, 57; whichever dies first is to visit the other, 48; the man, at parting, promises to come back, alive or dead, 25, 26. The man dies in war, 1, 2, 10, 14, 15, 17, 20-22, 25-29, 31, 32, 36, 39, 42, 45-52; the maid, her lover not returning, grieves incessantly, 4, 6-13, 15-18, 28, 29, 32, 49, 53. (The return of the lover is enforced by a spell, recommended or conducted by an old woman, 22, 28, 36, 39, 41, 45, advised by a priest, 20, 21, worked by the maid, 33; a dead man's head, bones, carcass, boiled in a pot, 15-17, 20, 21, 22, 27, 39, a piece of the man's clothing, 28, a cat burned in a red-hot oven, 33.) The man comes on horseback, mostly at night; she mounts with him, 1-5, 8-12, 14-23, 25-32, 36-44, 46, 48-53, 56-58, taking with her a bundle of clothes, smocks, etc., 1, 6, 7, 9, 16,

17, 21, 23, 24, 26, 32, 35, 36, 38. (There are two horses, 45; they go off in coach or wagon, 6, 7, 13, 24, 33; stag for horse, 47; afoot, 35, 54.) As they go, the man says or sings once or more, *The moon shines bright, the dead ride fast, art thou afraid?* and she answers that with him she has no fear. The verses occur in some form in all copies but 2, 3, 9, 11, 13, 15, 29, 32, 33, 38, 40, 51, and are mostly well preserved. (It is a voice from the churchyard in 38.)

Arrived at a grave in a churchyard, the man bids the maid to go in, 2, 4-6, 8, 10-17, 20, 21, 23, 24, 26, 32, 36, 39; she says, *You first*, 2, 4-6, 8, 11-17, 23, 24, 32, 36, 39; she will first throw him her things, and then come, 14; she throws in her bundle of things, 1, 5, 23, 24, 26, 32, 36; hands them to him one after another, 6, 7, 16, 17; tells him to take her by the hands, and reaches out to him the sleeves of her gown, 2, 12; gives him the end of a piece of linen or of a ball of thread to pull at, 16, 19; asks him to spread her kerchief in the grave to make the frozen ground softer, 27, all this to gain time. He tears her things in the grave, 9, 13, 24; he seizes her apron, clutches her clothes, to drag her in, 4, 8, 21, 22, 25, 43, 44, 47, 48 (in 4 she cuts the apron in two, in 8 tears her gown off, in 25, 43, 44, 48, her apron parts); she runs off, 1-9, 11, 13-17, 20-27, 29, 30, 35, 36, 38, 39, 41, 45, 46, 48, 50; she throws down articles of dress to delay his pursuit, he tears them, 9, 13, 18, 38.

The maid takes refuge in a dead-house (or house in which there is a dead body, or two, or three), 1-4, 6, 8, 11-15, 17, 18, 20-22, 24-27, 29, 30, 32, 34-36, 38, 39, 41, 45, 46 (malt-kiln, 5, house of vampire, 16). She climbs on to the stove, or hides behind it, 6-8, 11, 13-16, 21, 24, 26, 32, 34, 36, 39, 41. The dead lover calls to the dead in the house to open, hand her out, 4, 6, 8, 11, 17, 20-22, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, 35, 36, 38, 39, 41, 45, 46, 48, 50, 57 (to seize the girl, 11; to tear her to pieces, 24); the dead man within is disposed to help his comrade, makes an effort so to do, 11, 29, 34, 41, 45, 46; opens the door, 6, 21, 36, 39; is prevented from helping because the maid has laid her cross,



scapular, on his coffin, 4, 17; (two dead, because she has laid her rosary on the feet of one, her prayer-book on the feet of the other, 32;) the maid throws at him beads from her rosary, which check his movements until the string is exhausted; the maid puts up three effectual prayers, 35; Ave sounds, 48; by the maid's engaging his attention with a long tale, 38; because his wife or a watcher knocks him on the head, and orders him to lie where he is, 20, 30; because his wife has turned him over on his face, 57. In a few cases the dead man within inclines to protect the maid, 1, 22, 25; the two get into a fight, 1, 13-15, 17, 26, 36 (quarrel, 7). The cock crows, and the dead fall powerless, return to their places, turn to pitch, vanish, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 13-15, 17, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, 34-36, 39, 41, 45, 46, and the maid is saved.\*

In some of the tales of this section the maid is not so fortunate: in 6, the two dead take her by the legs and tear her asunder; in 21, the lover tears her, the dead man in the house having surrendered her. In 39, the lover, having been let in, says to the other dead man, Let us tear her to pieces, and is proceeding to do so, but is stopped by the cock. She dies of shock, or after a few days, 8, 11, 13, 16, 17, 29, 31, 32, 36.

The maid's escape assured, in one way or another, the man calls to her, Your good luck: I would have taught you to weep for the dead (he had been tearing her things in the grave, and her shift, which she had dropped to delay his pursuit), 9. Your body would have been rent into as many bits as your smocks (a bit was found on every grave in the churchyard), 22, 35. I would have torn you into a thousand tatters. I was all but saved, and have had to come so far! Then he warned her never again to long for the dead, 42. I would have taught you to disturb the dead, 41. It was her luck, for she would have been torn into a thousand bits, like her apron. Let

this be a warning to you, says Our Lady to the girl, never to mourn so much again for the dead, for he had a hard journey to make, 43. He tore a portion of her gown into a thousand pieces, and laid one on every grave, saying, You were not so much a simpleton to mourn for me as I was not to tear you to pieces, 30. There was on every grave a bit of her gown, from which we may see how it would have fared with her, 31.

Resentment for the disturbance caused by the maid's excessive grief is expressed also in 6, Since you have wept so much for me, creep into my grave; in 12, she has troubled him by her perpetual weeping, he will take her where he dwells; in 20, Another time do not long for my dead body; in 27, You have mourned for me, now sleep with me; in 32, the maid's continual weeping is a burden to her lover in his grave. In 40, the remonstrance is affectionate and like (suspiciously like) that of Helgi and of Sir Aage (II, 235).

In some copies the story closes at the grave, 2, 10, 19, 23, 28, 40, 43, 44, 47, 49, 51, 52, 54, 56, 58; many of these, however, are brief and defective. The man lays himself in the grave, which closes, she flies, 23; he descends into the grave and tries to draw her in by her apron, the apron tears, she faints, and is found lying on the ground the next morning, 43; he descends into the grave and tries to draw her after him, she resists, the grave closes, and she remains without, 47; he disappears, she is left alone, 49, 52. She goes into the grave, remains there, and dies, 10; the grave opens, he pushes or drags her in, 54; both disappear in the grave, 56; the horse rushes three times round in a ring, and they are nowhere, 53; she is killed by the man, her flesh torn off, and her bones broken, 51.

The maid finds herself in a strange land, 44, 47; she is among people of different language, 26, 28, 29, 45; nobody knows of the place which she says she came from, 27; she

\* 30, 31, 32, 50, have curious popular traits. In 30, 32, the dead man (men) within being unable to render aid, the lover calls to yarn spun on Thursday (on Thursday after the evening meal) to open. A watchman tells the yarn to stay where it was hanged; the girl cuts the skein in two with an axe. In 31 there is no corpse in the house; the

lover calls on a ball of thread and a broom, 'ohne Seele' (with no centre-piece, no handle) to open. In 50 the dead man within cannot help the man without because a broom is standing on its handle; so the man without calls on a skein of yarn, a pot-hook, a ball of thread, to open. For various reasons these appeals prove bootless.

is a long time in getting home, and nobody knows her then, 25; she is years in going home (from two to nine), 20, 22, 28, 46.

The man and woman are a married pair in 2, 3, 23, 44, 45; in 44, the woman has married a second time, contrary to a mutual agreement. 10, 12, 16, 18, 19, have a taint of vampirism, and in 2 a stake is driven through the body of the man after he has returned to his grave, as was done with vampires.

In 31, the maid throws herself from the horse, the man, holding to her gown, tears off a large piece of it, and bits of the gown are found on every grave the next day; so in the Cornish tale, when the maid is pulled from the horse, the man retains a portion of her gown, and a piece is found on his grave. In 27, the maid's kerchief is found in the man's grave, and serves to corroborate her story; so in the Suffolk tale, with the handkerchief which the maid had bound round the man's head. 55, a brief and corrupted copy, compares very well with the Suffolk tale for pointlessness. The man comes on his father's horse, takes the girl on, and rides with her all round the village. Towards morning he brings the maid back to her chamber, and the horse to the stable, and goes where he came from.

Ballads. Little Russian. 1, 2, Golovatsky, I, 83, No 40; II, 708, No 12. Slovenian. 3, Valjavec, as before, preface, p. IV. Polish. 4, Grudziński, p. 25, 'Helene,' Galicia; 5, Max Waldau (G. v. Hauenschild) in *Deutsches Museum*, 1851, I, 136, No 5, Kreis Ratibor, Oberschlesien; 6, Mickiewicz, 'Uciezka' (Works, Paris, 1880, I, 74), based on a ballad sung in Polish in Lithuania. Bohemian, Moravian. 7, Erben, 1864, p. 471; 8, Bartoš, 1882, p. 150; 9, 10, Sušil, p. 791, p. 111, No 112. Gypsy. 11, Wlislöcki, as before, p. 104, South Hungary. German. 12, Schröer, *Ein Ausflug nach Gottschee*, Wiener Akademie, Sitzb. d. phil.-hist. Classe, LX, 235.\*

\* For German versions of most of the Slavic pieces, Grudziński, as before, p. 27; Wollner, as before, pp. 250, 255 f., 258; Krek, as before, p. 652. 7 also in A. Waldau's *Böhmische Granaten*, II, 254, No 354.

'Lenore' in Wunderhorn, II, 19, 1808, is to be rejected as spurious, on internal and external evidence. See Pröhle,

As I have already said, the ballads seem less original than the tales; that is, to have been made from tales, as 'The Suffolk Miracle' was. 5, 7, 10, are of the vulgar sort, like the English piece, 7 having perhaps received literary touches. In none of them does the maid fly and the man pursue; the catastrophe is at the grave.

The lovers have sworn mutual faith, 5, 10; the maid wishes that the man may come back, dead or living, 3, 10, 12; even from hell, 6.

The man has fallen in war, 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12.

A spell is employed to bring him back, 1, 2, 6, 9.

He comes on a horse, 3, 4, 6-8, 11, 12; in a wagon, 5, 10; on foot, 1, 2, 9.

The verses found in the tales occur in 3 (three times), 4, 5, 6, 12; in 10, a voice from the clouds cries, What hast thou done, to be going off with a dead man?

She is taken to a graveyard. The grave closes over the man, she is left without, 3, 5, 8, 10, 12; both go into the grave, 4, 6, 7, 11.

She breathes out her soul on the grave, 3; she finds herself in the morning in a strange land, of different speech, is seven years in going home, 12.

1, 2, 9, are varieties of one ballad. The man asks the maid to go out with him to the dark wood, 1; to the cherry-tree (trees), 2, 9. After a time, he tells her to go back, he is no longer her lover, but a devil; she turns to dust, 1; the cock crows, he tells her to go home and not look round, to thank God for the cock, because he should have cut off her head, he is no longer her lover but a devil, 2. In 9, the man says his head aches badly, for, after mouldering six years, she had forced him to rise by her spell. The maid tells her mother that her lover is buried under the cherry-trees, mass is said for him; he returns to give thanks for his redemption from hell.†

Reverting now to the English tales, we perceive that the Cornish is a very fairly well-

G. A. Bürger, *Sein Leben und seine Dichtungen*, 1856, p. 100 f.

† In 11 we have to do with a married pair, as in several of the tales. In tale 44 the woman has been twice married, and her first husband comes for her.



preserved specimen of the extensive cycle which has been epitomized. Possibly the full moonshine is a relic of the weird verses which occur in so many copies. The hemp-seed rite is clearly a displacement and perversion of the spell resorted to in five Slavic and two German copies to compel the return of the dead man. It has no sense otherwise, for the maid did not need to know who was to be her lover; she was already bound to one for life and death. The ballad was made up from an imperfect and confused tradition. In pointlessness and irrationality it easily finds a parallel in the 55th tale, as already remarked. The hood and safeguard brought by the ghost represent the clothes which the girl takes with her in numerous copies. Remembering the 9th ballad, where the *revenant* complains of a headache, caused by the powerful enchantment which had been brought to bear on him, we may quite reasonably suppose that the headache in 'The Suffolk Miracle,' utterly absurd to all appearance, was in fact occasioned by a spell which has dropped away from the Suffolk story, but is retained in the Cornish.

M. Paul Sébillot has recently (in 1879) taken down, in that part of Brittany where French is exclusively spoken, a tale which is almost a repetition of the English ballad, and which for that reason has been kept by itself, 'Les Deux Fiancés,' *Littérature orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, p. 197. A young man and a maid have plighted themselves to marry and to be faithful to one another even after death. The young man, who is a sailor, goes on a voyage, and dies without her learning the fact. One night he leaves his tomb, and comes on a white mare, taken from her father's stable, to get the girl, who is living at a farm at some distance from her own home. The girl mounts behind him: as they go he says, 'The moon is bright, death is riding with you, are you not afraid?' and she answers, 'I am not afraid, since you are with me.' He complains of a headache; she ties her handkerchief round his head. They arrive at the girl's home; she gets down and knocks. To an inquiry, 'Who is there?' she replies, 'Your

daughter, whom you sent for by my husband that is to be. I have come on horseback with him, and lent him my handkerchief on the way, since he had none. He is now in the stable attending to the horse. They go to the stable and find the mare in a sweat, but no man. The girl then understands that her lover is dead, and she dies, too. They open the man's grave to bury the two together, and find the girl's handkerchief on his head. This is the English ballad over again, almost word for word, with the difference that the lover dies at sea, and that the substance of the notable verses is preserved.

In marked and pleasing contrast with most of the versions of the tale with which we have been dealing, in so many copies grotesque and ferocious, with a lover who, from impulses not always clear, from resentment sometimes that his comfort has been disturbed by her unrestrained grief, sometimes that she has been implicated in forcing him by magic to return to the world which he had done with, is bent on tearing his lass to pieces, is a dignified and tender ballad, in which the lovers are replaced by brother and sister. This ballad is found among the Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Albanians, and is very common among the Greeks, both of the mainland and the islands.

**Servian.** Karadžić, II, 38, No 9, 'Yovan and Yelitza;' Talvj, *Volkslieder der Serben*, 1853, I, 295; Dozon, *Chansons p. bulgares*, p. 321; Bowering, *Servian Popular Poetry*, p. 45. Davidović, pp. 10-14, 'Yovo and Mara,' No 7; Krek, in *Magazin f. d. Litt. d. In- u. Auslandes*, p. 652, No 8.

**Bulgarian.** Dozon, *Chansons p. bulgares*, p. 130, No 7, p. 319. Kačanovskij, p. 120, No 48; Krek as above, p. 653 f., No 10, 'Lazar and Yovana.' Miladinof, 1861, 1891, p. 145, No 100, 'Lazar and Petkana;' Krek, p. 653, No 9. Miladinof, p. 317, No 200, 'Elin Doika;' Rosen, *Bulgarische Volksdichtungen*, p. 247, No 103. 'Elin Doina,' Popov, in *Periodičesko Spisanie*, II, 162, lacks the last half; Krek, p. 654, No 11. 'Yana,' Miladinof, p. 339, No 229, Rosen, p. 116, No 32, diverges considerably from the others.

**Romaic.** Twenty copies, including all pre-

viously published, *Polites*, in *Δελτίον τῆς ἱστορ. κ. ἔθνολ. ἑταιρ. τ. Ἑλλάδος*, II, 193-261, 552-57, 1885-87. Kanellakes, *Χιαχὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, p. 37, No 27, p. 58, No 49, 1890. *Ζωγραφεῖος Ἀγών*, I, 308, No 30, 397, No 17, 1891. 'Constantine and Arete' (mostly). C. B. Sheridan, *The Songs of Greece*, p. 207; C. C. Felton, in *English and Scottish Ballads*, Boston, 1860, I, 307; Lucy M. J. Garnett, *Greek Folk-Songs*, etc., 1885, p. 126.

*Albanian.* ('Garentina,' = Arete.) De Rada, *Rapsodie*, etc., p. 29 (I, xvii); Dozon, *Ch. p. bulgares*, p. 327, De Grazia, *C. p. albanesi*, p. 138. Camarda, *Appendice al Saggio*, etc., p. 98 (fragment, last half), p. 102. Dora d' Istria, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, LXIII, 407. La Calabria, II, 55, 1890. — Tale, Metkos, *Ἀλβανικὴ Μέλισσα*, p. 189, No 12, translated in Dozon, *Contes albanais*, p. 251.\*

A mother has nine sons and an only daughter. The daughter is sought in marriage; the mother and eight of her sons wish to match her in their neighborhood, but the youngest son (whom it will be convenient to call Constantine) has his way, and she is given to a suitor from a distant country (often Babylon). The brothers are to visit their sister often (Slavic); Constantine promises to bring her to his mother should there be special occasion. A fatal year comes, and all the brothers die of the plague (in a few cases they are killed in war). The mother chants laments at the graves of the eight, strews flowers, burns candles, gives alms for their souls; at Constantine's grave she tears her hair. She curses Constantine for the distant marriage, and demands of him her daughter. God takes pity (on mother, sister, or son). The stone over his grave (his coffin, a board for the grave, his shroud, a cloud) is turned into a horse; he goes to his sister and informs her that she is wanted by her mother. The sister will put on gold for joy or black for

grief; she is to come as she stands. (He tries to prevent her going, in the Servian copies, where his object is to pay the promised visit.) On the way the sister notes that Constantine is gray with mould, he smells of earth, his skin is black, his eyes are dull, his hair is dusty, his hair or teeth fallen out; why is this? He has been at work in the ground, has been building nine white houses, there has been dust, wind, and rain on the road, he has had long watches, sore sickness. He smells of incense, too; that is because he has been at church lately. Birds call out in human voice as they pass, What wonder is this, the living travelling with the dead! (Thrice in Romaic, 9, 10, and the Albanian tale, twice in Romaic 13.) The sister asks Constantine if he hears what the birds are saying; he hears, they are birds, let them talk. They near their mother's house; a church is hard by. Constantine bids his sister go on; he must say a prayer in the church, or pay a votive candle, find a ring which he lost there, see to his horse; he disappears. The house is locked, the windows shut, there is every sign of desolation and neglect. The daughter knocks; the mother, from within, cries, Avaunt, Death! I have no more children! The daughter cries, It is I.† Who brought you? Constantine. Constantine is dead; (has been dead three days, forty days, five months, twelve years!) The mother opens, they die in a mutual embrace (the mother dies, one dies within, one without).

'Le Frère de Lait,' Villemarqué, Barzaz Breiz, No 22, p. 163, ed. 1867, has no claim to be associated with these ballads, the only feature in which it has similarity not being genuine. Compare 'La Femme aux deux Maris,' Luzel, *Gwerziou Breiz-Izel*, I, 266-71, two versions, and II, 165-69, two more; and see Luzel, *De l'authenticité des chants du Barzaz-Breiz*, p. 39.

\* No filiation is implied in the above arrangement of the ballads.

† The mother demands tokens of her identity, Romaic 11, 12 21, 22, Albanian 4, 5. Cf. II, 215.



- 1 A WONDER stranger ne'r was known  
Then what I now shall treat upon.  
In Suffolk there did lately dwell  
A farmer rich and known full well.
- 2 He had a daughter fair and bright,  
On whom he plac'd his chief delight;  
Her beauty was beyond compare,  
She was both virtuous and fair.
- 3 A young man there was living by,  
Who was so charm'd with her eye  
That he could never be at rest,  
He was with love so much possest.
- 4 He made address to her, and she  
Did grant him love immediately;  
Which when her father came to hear,  
He parted her and her poor dear.
- 5 Forty miles distant was she sent,  
Unto his brother's, with intent  
That she should there so long remain  
Till she had chang'd her mind again.
- 6 Hereat this young man sadly grievd,  
But knew not how to be reliev'd;  
He sigh'd and sob'd continually  
That his true love he could not see.
- 7 She by no means could to him send  
Who was her heart's espous'd friend;  
He sigh'd, she griev'd, but all in vain,  
For she confin'd must still remain.
- 8 He mournd so much that doctor's art  
Could give no ease unto his heart;  
Who was so strang[e]ly terrified,  
That in short time for love he dyed.
- 9 She that from him was sent away  
Knew nothing of his dying-day,  
But constant still she did remain;  
To love the dead was then in vain.
- 10 After he had in grave been laid  
A month or more, unto this maid  
He comes about middle of the night,  
Who joy'd to see her heart's delight.
- 11 Her father's horse, which well she knew,  
Her mother's hood and safeguard too,  
He brought with him to testifie  
Her parents' order he came by.
- 12 Which when her unekle understood,  
He hop't it would be for her good,  
And gave consent to her straightway  
That with him she should come away.
- 13 When she was got her love behind,  
They pass'd as swift as any wind,  
That in two hours, or little more,  
He brought her to her father's door.
- 14 But as they did this great haste make,  
He did complain his head did ake;  
Her handkerchief she then took out,  
And tyed the same his head about.
- 15 And unto him she thus did say:  
'Thou art as cold as any clay;  
When we come home, a fire wee'l have;'   
But little dreamt he went to grave.
- 16 Soon were they at her father's door,  
And after she ne'r see him more;  
'I 'le set the horse up,' then he said,  
And there he left this harmless maid.
- 17 She knockt, and strait a man he cryed,  
'Who 's there?' 'T is I,' she then replyed;  
Who wondred much her voice to hear,  
And was possest with dread and fear.
- 18 Her father he did tell, and then  
He stared like an affrighted man:  
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,  
Cry'd out, My child, how cam'st thou here?
- 19 'Pray, sir, did you not send for me,  
By such a messenger?' said she:  
Which made his hair stare on his head,  
As knowing well that he was dead.
- 20 'Where is he?' then to her he said;  
'He 's in the stable,' quoth the maid.  
'Go in,' said he, 'and go to bed;  
I 'le see the horse well littered.'
- 21 He stared about, and there could hee  
No shape of any mankind see,  
But found his horse all on a sweat;  
Which made him in a deadly fret.
- 22 His daughter he said nothing to,  
Nor no one else, though well they knew  
That he was dead a month before,  
For fear of grieveing her full sore.

- 23 Her father to his father went  
Who was deceas'd, with this intent,  
To tell him what his daughter said;  
So both came back unto this maid.
- 24 They ask'd her, and she still did say  
'T was he that then brought her away;  
Which when they heard they were amaz'd,  
And on each other strang[e]ly gaz'd.
- 25 A handkerchief she said she tyed  
About his head, and that they tryed;  
The sexton they did speak unto,  
That he the grave would then undo.

- 26 Affrighted then they did behold  
His body turning into mould,  
And though he had a month been dead,  
This kercheif was about his head.
- 27 This thing unto her then they told,  
And the whole truth they did unfold;  
She was thereat so terrified  
And griev'd, she quickly after dyed.
- 28 Part not true love, you rich men, then;  
But, if they be right honest men  
Your daughters love, give them their way,  
For force oft breeds their lives' decay.

The Suffolk Miracle, or, A relation of a young man  
who a month after his death appeared to his  
sweetheart and carryed her behind him fourty  
miles in two hours time and was never seen after  
but in the grave.

To the tune of My bleeding heart, etc.

London: Printed for W. Thackery and T. Passenger.  
[1689. *The date added by Wood.*]

Roxburghe and Crawford: Printed by and for A.  
M[ilbourne], and sold by the booksellers of Pye-  
corner and London-bridge.

Pepys: Printed for F. C[oles], T. V[ere], J.  
W[right], J. C[lark], W. T[hackeray], T. P[as-  
singer].

a. 14<sup>3</sup>, 25<sup>1</sup>. handcherchief.

16<sup>4</sup>. he set (O. B. left). 17<sup>2</sup>. whose.

22<sup>1</sup>. too. 24<sup>4</sup>. others. 25<sup>4</sup>. undoe.

b. 3<sup>1</sup>. There was a young man.

4<sup>1</sup>. addresses. 4<sup>3</sup>. But when.

16<sup>4</sup>. he set. 19<sup>1</sup>. did not you.

19<sup>3</sup>. hair stand. 27<sup>2</sup>. did *wanting*.

## 273

### KING EDWARD THE FOURTH AND A TANNER OF TAMWORTH

a. Wood, 401, fol. 44, Bodleian Library.

b. Douce, I, 109, Bodleian Library.

c. Roxburghe, I, 176, 177; Chappell, Roxburghe Bal-  
lads, I, 529.

THE ballad is also in the Pepys collection,  
II, 129, No 113, and there are two copies in  
the Euing collection, Nos 273, 274.

The following entries occur in the Station-  
ers' Registers:

1564, September or October, William Gref-  
feth licenced to print a book intituled 'The  
story of Kynge Henry the IIIJ<sup>th</sup> and the Tan-  
ner of Tamowthe.' Arber, I, 264.

1586, August 1, Edward White, 'A merie



songe of the Kinge and the Tanner.' Arber, II, 451.\*

1600, October 6, William White, by the consent of Widow Danter, 'A merye, pleasant and delectable history betwene Kinge Edward the IIIJ<sup>th</sup> and a Tanner of Tamworthe,' and, by like consent of the Widow Danter, "the bal[l]ad of the same matter that was printed by her husband John Danter." Arber, III, 173.

1615, December 9, John Trundle, for a ballad of 'The King and the Tanner.' Arber, III, 579.

1624, December 14, Master Pavier, John Wright, and others, a ballad, 'King and Tanner.' Arber, IV, 131.

The ballad mentioned in the entry under the year 1600 is unquestionably our ballad, or an earlier form of it. No copy from the first half of the seventeenth century is known to be preserved. The "delectable history" entered under the same date is extant in an edition of 1596, printed by John Danter, and in one of 1613, printed by William White.† The ballad, as we have it, was made by abridging the fifty-six stanzas of the history to thirty-nine, with other changes. The history itself has its predecessor, and, as Ritson remarks, its undoubted original, in 'The King and the Barker,'‡ between which and the history, though the former has come down to us in a sadly mutilated condition, and has been freely treated in the remodelling, there still remain a few verbal correspondences. Sev-

eral good points are added in the history, and one or two dropped.

'King Edward the Fourth and Tanner of Tamworth,' in Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 75, was compounded from Danter's history, 1596, and a copy "in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection." §

King Edward, while out a-hunting, sees a tanner coming along the way, and takes a fancy to accost him. Leaving his lords under a tree, he rides forward and asks the tanner the way to Drayton Basset; the tanner directs him to turn in at the first pair of gallows. The king presses for a civil answer; the tanner bids him be gone; he himself has been riding all day and is fasting. The king promises meat and drink of the best for his company to Drayton Basset; the tanner makes game of the offer, and tries to get away, but in vain. The king now proposes to change his horse for the tanner's mare; the tanner demands a noble to boot, nor shall a cowhide which he is riding on go with the mare. The cowhide thrown on to the king's saddle frightens the horse and the tanner is pitched off; after this he will not keep the horse, but the king in turn exacts a noble to boot. Then the king sounds his horn, and his attendants come riding in; the tanner takes the whole party to be strong thieves, but when he sees the suite fall on their knees he would be glad to be out of the company. 'A collar! a collar!' cries the king (to make the tanner esquire, but this is inadvertently left out in the

\* 1599, August 28, two plays, being the first and second part of [Thomas Heywood's] 'Edward the IIIJ<sup>th</sup> and the Tanner of Tamworth,' etc. Arber, III, 147.

† See an appendix to this ballad. White's edition has verbal variations from the earlier, and supplies three lines and a half-line which have been cut off in the Bodleian copy of Danter. Heber had a copy of 'King Edward 4th and the Tanner,' printed by Edward Alde (1602-23), whether the "history" or the "ballad" does not appear.

‡ Printed by Ritson, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, p. 57. Given in an appendix.

§ "Seemingly," says Mr Chappell, "not one bound up with the collection of ballads."

Selden, in the second edition of his *Titles of Honor* (for so he chooses to spell), 1631, p. 836, remarks: Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible but that wee may thence note also an observable passage wherein the use of making

Esquires by giving collars is expressed. He then quotes two stanzas from the history:

'A collar! a collar!' our king gan cry;  
Quoth the tanner, It will breed sorrow;  
For after a collar commeth a halter,  
I trow I shall be hangd to morrow.

'Be not afraid, tanner,' said our king;  
'I tell thee, so mought I thee,  
Lo, here I make thee the best esquire  
That is in the North Countrie!'

(This passage is not in the first edition, of 1614, as I am informed by Mr Maemath, who has copied it for me.) Percy says that he has "restored" one of his stanzas from the last of these two. The restoration might as well have been made from Danter's history, which he was using. There is a trifling variation from Danter in the fourth verse, as given by Selden and repeated by Percy, which is found in White's edition.

ballad). 'After a collar comes a halter,' exclaims the unhappy tanner. But the king is graciously pleased to pay for the sport which he has had by conferring on the tanner an estate of three hundred pound a year;\* in return for which his grateful liegeman engages to give him clouting-leather for his shoon if ever he comes to Tamworth.

Next to adventures of Robin Hood and his men, the most favorite topic in English popular poetry is the chance-encounter of a king, unrecognized as such, with one of his humbler subjects. Even in the Robin Hood cycle we have one of these meetings (in the seventh and eighth fits of the *Little Gest*), but there the king visits Robin Hood deliberately and in disguise, whereas in the other tales (except the latest) the meeting is accidental.

The most familiar of these tales are 'The King and the Tanner,' and 'The King and the Miller;' the former reaching back beyond the sixteenth century, the latter perhaps not beyond the seventeenth, but modelled upon tales of respectable antiquity, of which there is a specimen from the early years of the thirteenth century.†

In the history or "ballad" of 'The King and the Miller,' or, more specifically, 'King Henry Second and the Miller of Mansfield,' the king, while hunting in Sherwood, loses his nobles and is overtaken by night; he meets a miller, and after some colloquy is granted a lodging; is entertained with bag-puddings and apple-pies, to which is added a course of 'light-foot,' a pasty of the king's deer, two or three of which, the miller tells his guest in confidence, he always keeps in store. The nobles recover

the king at the miller's the next morning; the miller looks to be hanged when he sees them fall on their knees; the king dubs him knight. The king has relished his night with the miller so much that he determines to have more sport out of him, and commands the attendance of the new knight with his lady and his son Dick at court on St. George's day. The three jet down to the king's hall on their mill-horses. In the course of the dinner the king expresses a wish for some of their light-foot; Dick tells him that it is knavery to eat of it and then betray it. Sir John Cockle and Dick dance with the court-ladies, and the buffoonery ends by the king's making the miller overseer of Sherwood, with a stipend of three hundred pound, to which he attaches an injunction to steal no more deer.‡

Of the older poems, 'John the Reeve' (910 vv.) may be noticed first, because it has a nearly complete story, and also resemblance in details with 'The King and the Tanner,' or 'The King and the Miller,' which two others of perhaps earlier date have not. 'John the Reeve' is now extant only in the Percy MS. (p. 357, Hales and Furnivall, II, 550). Since there had been but three kings of the name of Edward (v. 16), it must have been composed, as Mr Hales has remarked, between the death of Edward III and the accession of Edward IV, 1376-1461, and forms of language show that the Percy text must be nearer the end than the beginning of this period.§

Edward Longshanks, while hunting, is separated from all his train but a bishop and an earl. Night comes on, and they know not where they are, and the weather is cold and

\* 'The King and the Barker' is less extravagant and more rational here; the king simply orders the barker 'a hundred shilling in his purse.' But both the esquire (knighting) and the estate are found in still older poems which remain to be mentioned.

† A pervasive boorishness, with some coarse pleasantry, distinguishes the seventeenth-century tales disadvantageously from the older ones.

‡ There is an entry of 'Miller and King' (among 128 ballads), December 14, 1624; another entry, June 30, 1625: Stationers' Registers, Arber, IV, 131, 143. The broadside is in many of the collections: 'A pleasant ballad of King Henry second and the Miller of Mansfield,' *Roxburghe*, I, 178, 228, III, 853, the first reprinted by Chappell, *Rox-*

*burghe Ballads*, I, 537; *Pepys*, I, 528, No 272; *Bagford*, II, 25; *Wood*, 401, fol. 5 b, 'A pleasant new ballad of the Miller of Mansfield in Sherwood and K. Henry the Second,' *Wood*, 254, iv, 'The pleasant history of the Miller of Mansfield,' etc., dated 1655; *Crawford*, No 491. Also, 'Kinge and Miller,' *Percy MS.*, p. 235, Hales and Furnivall, II, 147 (see Appendix); *Percy's Reliques*, 1765, III, 179, the MS. copy "with corrections" from the *Pepys*. — Not in the ballad-stanza.

§ John the Reeve is mentioned (in conjunction with Rauf Coilyear) by G. Douglas, *Palice of Honour*, 1501, *Small*, I, 65, v. 3, and by Dunbar, about 1510, *Small*, I, 105, v. 33; John the Reeve again by Lindsay, *The Complaynt of the Papingo*, 1530, *Chalmers*, I, 318.



rough. As they stand considering which way to turn, a stout carl rides by; they beg him to take them to some harbor. The fellow will at first have nothing to do with them, but finally shows a disposition to be accommodating if they will swear to do him no harm; all that he can promise them, however, is beef and bread, bacon a year old, and sour ale; as for a good fire, which the king would particularly like, they cannot have that, for fuel is dear. They ride on to a town, light at a comely hall, and are taken into a room with a bright fire and candles lighted. The carl, who has already described himself as John the Reeve, husbandman and the king's bondman, inquires of the earl who the long fellow may be, and who the other in the sark: the first, he is told, is Piers, the queen's chief falconer, the other a poor chaplain, and the earl himself a sumpter-man. 'Proud lads, and I trow penniless,' is John's comment; he himself, though not so fine, has a thousand pound and more. They move on to the hall, and are civilly received by the goodwife. John marshals the company, now increased by two daughters of the house, and by Hodge and Hob, two neighbors, setting the three strangers and his wife at the head of the table, his daughters farther down, and taking the end himself with his neighbors. Bean-bread, rusty bacon, lean salt beef a year old, and sour ale are brought in, and every one has a mess. The king murmurs, John says, Thou gettest no other; the king coaxes, John will not give them a morsel unless they swear never to tell of him to Edward. All three pledge their troth, and then come in fine bread, wine red and white, in silver cups, the boar's head, capons, venison, — everything that king could have or crave. After the supper, John, Hob, and Hodge perform a rustic dance; King Edward (who gets his shins kicked) never had so merry a night. In the morning they hear mass and eat a good breakfast, for which they promise warison, and then the king takes leave and rides to Windsor. The lords have a good story to tell the queen; she prays the king to send for the

reve. John is convinced that he has been beguiled by his guests, but arms himself with such as he has, and, after a huge libation with Hodge and Hob, sets forth. The porter at the palace will not let him in; John knocks him over the crown and rides into the hall. Neither before this nor then will he vail hat or hood. [The passage in which the reve discovers that Piers falconer was the king has dropped out.] John bears himself sturdily; the king can punish him, but the king is honorable and will keep his word, and may remember the promised warison. The king gives thanks for the hot capons and good wine, the queen urges that the reve should be promoted. The king, nothing loath, makes John a gentleman, and gives him his manor, a hundred pound and a tun of wine yearly, then takes a collar and creates him knight. John blanches a little at the collar; he has heard that after a collar comes a rope; but he recovers his nerve after supping off a gallon of wine at the table. It is now the bishop's turn to do something; he promises his good offices for John's two sons and two daughters; these, in the end, are well disposed of, and Hodge and Hob are made freemen. John ever after keeps open board for all guests that God sends him.

The tale of Rauf Coilyear,\* shortly after 1480, has for its personages Charles the Great and a charcoal-burner. Charles, on his way to Paris from St Thomas, is isolated from his cortège by a fierce storm; night has come on and he is in a strait for shelter. By good luck Rauf makes his appearance, a churl of prodigious inurbanity, but ready to take in any good fellow that is 'will of his way.' Arrived at his house, Rauf calls to his wife to make a fire and kill capons. When supper is dight, the guest is told to give the goodwife his hand and take the head of the table. Charles hangs back; the churl, who has once before criticised his manners, hits him under the ear and sends him sprawling to the floor. There is a plenteous supper, in which venison is not lacking. The carl tells the king that the

\* Reprinted in Laing's *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*, from the edition of St Andrews, 1572; thence in *Charlemagne Romances*, No 6, ed.

S. J. Herrtage, *Early English Text Society*, 1882. As to the date, see Max Tonndorf, *Rauf Coilyear*, *Malles a. S.* 1893, p. 13 ff.

foresters have threatened to send him to Paris for deer stealing, but he means to have enough for himself and a guest in spite of them. Then after wine they sit by the fire and the collier tells many a tale. Charles is affable; Rauf asks him his name and where he lives; Wymond is his name, and he lives with the queen, in fact, is of her bed-chamber; if Rauf will come to court he shall have the better sale for his fuel. Charles is put to bed in a handsome room, and rises so early that he has to waken his host to take leave. He is urged not to go so soon, but to-morrow is Yule and every officer of the court must be at his post. He wishes to pay the goodwife for her good entertainment; Rauf will not hear of such a thing. Come to court to-morrow, says the king; I want coals myself. Roland and Oliver and a thousand more have been wandering all night in search of their lord, and thank God when they recover him on the road to Paris. Rauf sets out for the court with his coals, according to appointment; the king has him in mind, and sends out Roland to bring in such man as he may meet. Roland finds the collier intractable, and has to return without him. The king is displeased, and Roland is on the point of going again, when he learns from a porter that there is a man with a horse and baskets at the gate who will not be turned away. Rauf is let in; he gives his horse in charge to the porter, and pushes into the hall to find Wymond, and after being shoved about a good deal, gets sight of him, dressed in cloth of gold, and clearly a much greater man than he had called himself; he is daunted by all the splendor; if he could but get away, nothing should bring him to the court again. The king then tells the story of his night at Rauf's, not pretermi-

ting the earl's rough behavior. The lords laugh, the knights are for hanging him; the king thinks he owes better thanks, and dubs Rauf knight, assigns him three hundred a year, and promises him the next fief that falls vacant.\*

'King Edward Third and the Shepherd,' MS. of about 1450, Cambridge University Library, Ff. 5. 48 b, 1090 vv.†

The king, while taking his pleasure by a river-side one morning, meets Adam, a shepherd, and engages in talk with him. The shepherd complains of the king's men, who help themselves to his beasts, sheep, hens, and geese, and at best pay with a tally. Edward is concerned for the king's good fame; he is a merchant, but has a son with the queen who can get any boon of her, and the shepherd shall have what is due him. That is four pound two, says Adam, and you shall have seven shillings for your service. It is arranged that the shepherd shall come to court the next day and ask the porter for Joly Robyn. The king is kept a long time by the shepherd's stories, but not too long, for when he is invited to come home and take a bit to eat he accepts with pleasure. They see many a coney, hart, and hind, on their way, and the king tries to put up Adam, who has been bragging of his skill with the sling, to kill a few; but the man, as he says, knows very well the danger of poaching, and never touches anything but wild fowl. Of these they have all sorts at their meal, and two-penny ale. Before they set to drinking, Adam instructs the king in an indispensable form: he that drinks first must call out 'passilodion,' and the respondent 'berafrynd.' Edward praises the dinner, but owns to a hankering for a little game. Can you keep a

about in disguise among his subjects prevailed not long after the king's death.

\* So far 767 verses of 975: the rest is not pertinent and is very poor stuff. 'Rauf Coilyear' is a clever piece, but I cannot think with Mr Herrtage that it is "quite original." Its exaggerations suggest a second hand; the author means to pepper higher with his churl's discourtesy than had been done before. The 'marshalling' in 183-86 recalls 'John the Reeve,' 342-50.

† Printed in Hartshorne's *Ancient Metrical Tales*, p. 35. Professor Kittredge has called my attention to a stanza of Occleve's which shows that the belief that Edward III went

O worthy kyng benigne, Edwarde the laste,  
Thow hadest ofte in thyne hart a drede impressede  
Whiche that thyne humble goste fulle sore agaste,  
And to knowe yf thow cursed were or blessedde,  
Amonge the peple ofte hast thow the dressedde  
Into the contrey, in symple aray alone,  
To heere what men seide of thy persone.

Occleve, *De Regimine Principum*,  
ed. Wright (Roxb. Club), p. 92.



secret? asks the shepherd; indeed he can. Upon this assurance, Adam fetches pasties of rabbits and deer; of these he is wont to kill more than he himself needs, and sends presents to gentlemen and yeomen, who in return furnish him with bread, ale, and wine. Wine follows: Edward calls 'passilodion;' Adam is ready with 'berafrynd.' The king now takes leave, but before he goes the shepherd shows him a room underground well stored with venison and wine, and they have one draught more. The next day the shepherd goes to court and asks the porter for Joly Robyn. The king has prepared his lords for the visit, and directed them to call him by that name. Adam is paid his four pound two, and offers Robyn the promised seven shillings for his mediation. Robyn will take nothing; he would do much more than that for love; Adam must dine with him, and is placed at the head of a table. The king sends the prince to Adam for a bout of passilodion; Adam says the merchant has betrayed him, and wishes he were out of the place. A squire is now ordered to tell Adam that Joly Robyn is the king. Adam puts down his hood, which up to this time he would do for nobody,\* falls on his knees, and cries mercy. The rest is wanting, but we may be certain that Adam was knighted and presented with an estate.

'King Edward and the Hermit,' MS. Ashmole 6922, of about 1450, a fragment of 522 vv.†

The king, hunting in Sherwood, follows a remarkably large deer till he loses himself. By the favor of St Julian, he discovers a hermitage; he asks quarters for the night; the hermit lives on roots and rinds, and such a lord would starve with him, but he yields to urgency. The guest must take such as he finds, and that is bread and cheese and thin drink. King Edward expresses his surprise that the hermit should not help himself out

with the deer; the hermit is much too loyal for that, and besides, the peril is to be considered. Still the king presses for venison; no man shall know of it; the hermit, convinced that he is safe with his company, brings out venison, salt and fresh, and then a four-gallon pot. The king is taught to drink in good form; when one calls 'fusty bandyas,' the other must come in with 'stryke pantere;' and thus they lead holy life. Such cheer deserves requital; if the hermit will come to court, where his guest is living, he has only to ask for Jack Fletcher, and they two will have the best that is there; the 'frere,' though not eager to close with this proposal, says he will venture a visit. To show Jack more of his privacy he takes him into his bedroom and gives him a bow to draw; Jack can barely stir the string; the frere hauls to the head an arrow an ell long. Then, wishing that he had a more perfect reliance on Jack's good faith, the hermit exhibits his stock of venison, after which they go back to their drinking, and keep it up till near day. They part in the morning; the king reminds his host of the promised visit, and rides straight for home. His knights, who have been blowing horns for him all night in the forest, are made happy by hearing his bugle, and return to the town. This is all that is preserved, but again we may be confident that King Edward made the hermit an abbot.

That the hermit had some habilitation for such promotion appears from a story told by Giraldus Cambrensis two hundred years before the apparent date of any of these poems.‡

King Henry Second, separated from his men in hunting, came to a Cistercian house at nightfall and was hospitably received, not as king (for this they knew not), but as a knight of the king's house and retinue. After a handsome supper, the abbot asked his help in some business of the fraternity on which

\* So John the Reeve; five or six times in each.

† Printed in *The British Bibliographer*, IV, 81, thence in *Hartshorne's Metrical Tales*, p. 293, and, with some improvements from the MS., in *Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry*, I, 11. 'The King and the Hermit' is told as 'the romans says,' v. 15. It is, as Scott has explained, the source of a

charming chapter (the sixteenth of the first volume) of 'Ivanhoe.' There are many agreements with 'The King and the Shepherd.'

‡ Giraldi Cambrensis Opera, ed. Brewer, *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, IV, 213-15, about 1216.

he was to visit the king the next day, and this was readily promised. The abbot, to improve his guest's good disposition, had his health drunk in many a cup of choice wine, after the English fashion; but instead of the customary salutation or challenge 'wes heil!'<sup>\*</sup> called 'pril!' The king, who would have answered 'drinc heil!' was at a loss how to respond; he was told that 'wril!' was the word. And so with 'pril' and 'wril' they pursued their comotation, monks, freres, guests, servants, deep into the night. The next morning the king rejoined his party, who had been much alarmed at losing him. Order was given that when the abbot came he should be immediately admitted, and it was not long before he made his appearance, with two of his monks. The king received him graciously, all that he asked was granted; the abbot begged leave to retire, but the king carried him off to luncheon and seated him by his side. After a splendid meal, the king, lifting a big cup of gold, called out, 'Pril, father abbot!' The abbot, staggering with shame and fear, begged his grace and forgiveness. The king swore by God's eyes that as they had eaten and drunk together in good fellowship the night before, so should it be to-day; and it should be 'pril' and 'wril' in his house as it had been at the convent. The abbot could not but obey, and stammered out his 'wril,' and then king and abbot, knights and monks, and, at the king's command, everybody in hall and court, kept up unremittingly a merry and uproarious interchange of 'pril' and 'wril.'

Of all the four old poems we may repeat

what Percy has said of 'John the Reeve,' that "for genuine humor, diverting incidents, and faithful pictures of rustic manners, they are infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation," meaning by these the broadside ballads or histories.<sup>†</sup> A brief account of such of these as have not been spoken of (all of very low quality) is the utmost that is called for.

'The Shepherd and the King.'<sup>‡</sup> King Alfred, disguised in ragged clothes, meets a shepherd, and all but demands a taste of his scrip and bottle. The shepherd will make him win his dinner, sword and buckler against sheep-hook. They fight four hours, and the king cries truce; 'there is no sturdier fellow in the land than thou,' says the king; 'nor a lustier roister than thou,' says the shepherd. The shepherd thinks his antagonist at best a ruined prodigal, but offers to take him as his man; Alfred accepts the place, is equipped with sheep-hook, tar-box, and dog, and accompanies his master home. Dame Gillian doubts him to be a cut-throat, and rates him roundly for letting her cake burn as he sits by the fire.<sup>§</sup> Early the next morning Alfred blows his horn, to the consternation of Gill and her husband, who are still abed. A hundred men alight at the door; they have long been looking for their lord. The shepherd expects to be hanged; both he and his wife humbly beg pardon. Alfred gives his master a thousand wethers and pasture ground to feed them, and will change the cottage into a stately hall.

'King James and the Tinker.'<sup>||</sup> King James, while chasing his deer, drops his nobles, and

<sup>\*</sup> See Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, vi, 12, Wace, *Roman de Brut*, 7111-44, ed. Le Roux de Lincy, I, 329, Layamon's *Brut*, 14297-332, Madden, II, 174 f.; and for other drinking-calls besides these, Wace, *Roman de Rou*, Part iii, 7357-60, ed. Andresen, II, 320.

<sup>†</sup> Preface to 'The King and Miller of Mansfield.'

<sup>‡</sup> 1578, September 25, licensed to Ric. Jones, 'A merry Songe of a Kinge and a Shepherd:' Arber, II, 338.

1624, December 14, to Master Pavier and others, among 128 ballads, 'King and Shepperd:' Arber, IV, 131.

Wood, 401, fol. 1 b; Douce, I, fol. 1 b; Euing, Nos 331, 332; Pepys, I, 76, No 36, I, 506, No 260; Crawford, No 648; Roxburghe, I, 504, printed by Chappell, III, 210.

<sup>§</sup> This is as old as Asser; *Annales*, Wise, Oxford, 1722, p. 30.

VOL. V.

10

<sup>||</sup> 'King James and the Tinker,' Douce, III, fol. 126 b, fol. 136 b; no printer, place, or date. 'King James the First and the Tinker,' *Garland of Mirth and Delight*; no place or date. The same: 'King James and the Tinkler,' Dixon, in Richardson's *Borderer's Table-Book*, VII, 7, and *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, etc., p. 109, Percy Society, vol. xvii. 'James V. and the Tinker,' A. Small, *Interesting Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife*, p. 283. 'King James the First and the fortunate Tinker,' *The King and Tinker's Garland*, containing three excellent songs, Sheffield, 1745, Halliwell, *Notices of Fugitive Tracts*, p. 29, No 36, Percy Society, vol. xxix (not seen). 'The King and the Tinkler,' a *rifacimento*, in Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, 1859, p. 92; Kinloch MSS, V, 293.



rides to an ale-house in search of new pleasures, finds a tinker there, and sets to drinking with him. The tinker has never seen the king, and wishes he might; James says that if he will get up behind him he shall see the king. The tinker fears that he shall not know the king from his lords; the nobles will all be bare, the king covered. When they come to the greenwood the nobles gather about the king and stand bare; the tinker whispers, 'they are all gallant and gay, which, then, is the king?' 'It must be you or I,' answers James, for the rest are all uncovered. The tinker falls on his knees, beseeching mercy; the king makes him a knight with five hundred a year. (Compare the story of James Fifth of Scotland and John Howieson, Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch. 27.)

'The King and the Forester.'\* King William the Third, forbidden to hunt by a forester who does not recognize him, tries in vain to bribe the man, makes himself known, presents the forester with fifty guineas, and appoints him ranger.

'The Royal Frolick, or, King William and his Nobles' Entertainment at the Farmer's House on his return from the Irish wars.'† King William, 'returning to London from Limerick fight,' stops at a farm-house 'for merriment sake,' and asks country cheer for himself and his nobles. The farmer and his wife have gone to the next market-town to see the king pass, and their daughter alone is at home. She serves bacon and eggs, all that she has; the king throws her ten guineas, and one of his lords adds two for loyal sentiments which the girl had expressed. In a Second Part the farmer and his wife, when they return, learn that the king is at their house, are ordered into his presence, and are

\* 'The Loyal Forrister, or Royal Pastime,' printed for C. Bates in Pye-Corner (c. 1696), Euing, No 156. 'King William and his Forrester,' no imprint, c. 1690-94, Crawford, No 1421. 'The King and the Forrester,' Roxburghe, III, 790, Ebsworth VII, 763 (Bow Church-Yard?). 'King William going a hunting,' Motherwell's MS., p. 101, from tradition.

† 'The Royal Frolick,' etc., Pepys, II, 313, in Ebsworth's Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 756.

‡ 'The Royal Recreation, or A Second Part, containing the passages between the Farmer and his Wife at their re-

rewarded for the meal which had been furnished.‡

'The King and the Cobbler' (a prose history).§ King Henry Eighth, visiting the watches in the city, makes acquaintance with a cobbler, and is entertained in the cobbler's cellar; invites the cobbler to court, directing him to inquire for Harry Tudor, etc.; settles upon him land in the Strand worth fifty pound a year, which land is to be called Cobler's Acre.

Campbell, *West Highland Tales*, IV, 142, says that he has a Gaelic tale like 'The Miller of Mansfield.'

A Belgian story of the Emperor Charles Fifth and a broom-maker has all the typical points of the older cycle, and, curiously enough, Charles Fifth instructs the broom-maker to bring a load of his ware to the palace to sell, as Charles the Great does in the case of Rauf Coilyear: Maria von Ploenies, *Die Sagen Belgiens*, p. 251.

The same collection, p. 246 f., has the story of the man who wished to see the king (an anecdote of Charles Fifth and a peasant). This story turns up again in Thiele's 'Kongen og Bonden,' *Danmarks Folkesager*, I, 62 (1843). Christian the Fourth, after a long walk, takes a seat in the cart of a countryman who is on his way to the castle. The countryman wishes that he might see the king; the king will be the only man to keep his hat on; the countryman says, It must be you or I.

After the older pattern is this Russian story, Afanasief, VII, 233, No 32 (given me by Professor Wollner). A tsar who has lost himself while hunting passes the night with a deserter in a robbers-hut in a wood. They draw lots who shall stand guard, and the lot

turn home, where they found the King with his Noble Retinue.' Pepys, II, 326, Roxburghe, II, 397, Ebsworth, VII, 761.

§ 'The King and the Cobler.' Charles Dennison, at the sign of the Stationers' Arms within Aldgate (1685-89, Chappell). Wood, 254, xi; Pepys, Penny Merriments, vol. i; Halliwell, *Notices of Popular Histories*, p. 48, Percy Society, vol. xxiii, Newcastle, without date; Manchester Penny Histories (last quarter of the eighteenth century), Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 482, No 6.

falls to the tsar, to whom the soldier gives his side-arms. Notwithstanding many warnings, the tsar dozes on his post, and at last the soldier, first punishing him a little, packs him off to sleep. The robbers come, one by one, and are shot by the soldier. The next day the deserter shows the tsar his road, and afterwards pays the tsar a visit at court, discovers who his comrade was, and is made general.

The Emperor Maximilian Second, while walking in a wood, comes upon a charcoal-burner; they have a talk, and the emperor is invited to share the man's dumplings. Maximilian asks the charcoal-burner to pay him a visit when he comes to the city, lets him see the princes and the empress, and gives him a luncheon. There is no *éclaircissement* at the time. In the end the charcoal-burner

and his family are employed in the imperial garden.\*

Robert Dodsley made a very pleasing little sentimental drama out of 'The King and the Miller of Mansfield' (1737), and from this play (perhaps through a translation, 'Le Roi et le Meunier,' made before 1756), Sédaine took the substance of 'Le Roi et le Fermier,' 1762, and Collé the idea of 'La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV, 1774.' Goldoni's musical drama, 'Il re alla caccia' (King Henry IV of England), produced a year after Sédaine's play, seems to have been suggested by it: vol. 37 of the edition of Venice, 1794.

Percy's ballad is translated by Bodmer, I, 172.

1 In summer time, when leaves grew green,  
and birds were singing on every tree,  
King Edward would a hunting ride,  
some pastime for to see.

2 Our king he would a hunting ride,  
by eight a clock of the day,  
And well was he ware of a bold tanner,  
came riding on the way.

3 A good russet coat the tanner had on,  
fast buttoned under his chin,  
And under him a good cow-hide,  
and a mare of four shilling.

4 'Now stand you here, my good lords all,  
under this trusty tree,  
And I will wend to yonder fellow,  
to know from whence came he.

5 'God speed, God speed,' then said our king;  
'thou art welcome, good fellow,' quoth he;

'Which is the way to Drayton Basset  
I pray thee shew to me.'

6 'The ready way to Drayton Basset,  
from this place as thou dost stand,  
The next pair of gallows thou comst to  
thou must turn up [on] thy right hand.'

7 'That is not the way,' then said our king,  
'the ready way I pray thee shew me;'  
'Whether thou be thief or true man,' quoth  
the tanner,  
'I'm weary of thy company.

8 'Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
'I hold thee out of thy wit,  
For all this day have I ridden and gone,  
And I am fasting yet.'

9 'Go with me to Drayton Basset,' said our  
king,  
'no dainties we will lack;

\* Kulda, Moravské n. pohádky, etc., 1874, I, 56, No 20, in Wenzig, Westslavischer Märchenschatz, p. 179.

Tonndorf, in the dissertation already cited, remarks with truth that meetings of king and subject (or the like) are quite regularly a sequel or incident of a hunt, and refers to Grimms, Deutsche Sagen, Nos 550, 563, 566; Cardonne, Mélanges de Littérature orientale, pp. 68, 87, 110; Grässe,

Gesta Romanorum, cap. 56, I, 87, Anhang, No 16, II, 198; Othonis Melandri Ioco-Seria, No 338, p. 292, ed. Frankfort, 1617. In four of these cases the noble person loses his way, and has to seek hospitality. In Deutsche Sagen, No 566, we have a charcoal-burner who relieves a prince's hunger and is afterwards entertained at the prince's table.



- We 'l have meat and drink of the best,  
And I will pay the shot.'
- 10 'Godamerey for nothing,' said the tanner,  
'thou shalt pay for no dinner of mine;  
I have more groats and nobles in my purse  
then thou hast pence in thine.'
- 11 'God save your goods,' then said the king,  
'and send them well to thee!'  
'Be thou thief or true man,' quoth the tanner,  
'I am weary of thy company.'
- 12 'Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
'of thee I stand in fear;  
The aparrell thou wearst on thy back  
May seem a good lord to wear.'
- 13 'I never stole them,' said our king,  
'I swear to thee by the rood;'  
'Thou art some ruffian of the country,  
thou rid'st in the midst of thy good.'
- 14 'What news dost thou hear?' then said our  
king,  
'I pray what news do you hear?'  
'I hear no news,' answered the tanner,  
'but that cow-hides be dear.'
- 15 'Cow-hides? cow-hides?' then said our king,  
'I marvell what they be;'  
'Why, art thou a fool?' quoth the tanner,  
'look, I have one under me.'
- 16 'Yet one thing now I would thee pray,  
so that thou wouldst not be strange;  
If thy mare be better then my steed,  
I pray thee let us change.'
- 17 'But if you needs with me will change,  
As change full well may ye,  
By the faith of my body,' quoth the tanner,  
'I look to have boot of thee.'
- 18 'What boot wilt thou ask?' then said our  
king,  
'what boot dost thou ask on this ground?'  
'No pence nor half-pence,' said the tanner,  
'but a noble in gold so round.'
- 19 'Here's twenty good groats,' then said the  
king,  
'so well paid see you be;'
- 'I love thee better then I did before,  
I thought thou hadst nere a peny.'
- 20 'But if so be we needs must change,  
as change thou must abide,  
Though thou hast gotten Broek my mare,  
thou shalt not have my cow-hide.'
- 21 The tanner took the good cow-hide,  
that of the cow was hilt,  
And threw it upon the king's saddle,  
That was so fairly guilt.
- 22 'Now help me, help me,' quoth the tanner,  
'Full quickly that I were gone,  
For when I come home to Gillian my wife  
she 'l say I 'm a gentleman.'
- 23 The king took the tanner by the leg,  
he girded a fart so round;  
'You 'r very homely,' said the king,  
'were I aware, I 'd laid you o th' ground.'
- 24 But when the tanner was in the king's saddle  
astonèd then he was;  
He knew not the stirrops that he did wear,  
whether they were gold or brass.
- 25 But when the steed saw the black cow-tale wag,  
for and the black cow-horn,  
The steed began to run away,  
as the divel the tanner had born.
- 26 Untill he came unto a nook,  
a little beside an ash;  
The steed gave the tanner such a fall  
his neck was almost brast.
- 27 'Take thy horse again, with a vengeance,' he  
said,  
'with me he shall not abide;'  
'It is no marvell,' said the king, and laught,  
'he knew not your cow-hide.'
- 28 'But if that we needs now must change,  
as change that well we mought,  
I 'le swear to you plain, if you have your mare,  
I look to have some boot.'
- 29 'What boot will you ask?' quoth the tanner,  
'What boot will you ask on this ground?'  
'No pence nor half-pence,' said our king,  
'but a noble in gold so round.'

- 30 'Here's twenty [good] groats,' said the tanner,  
 'and twenty more I have of thine;  
 I have ten groats more in my purse,  
 we'll drink five of them at the wine.'
- 31 The king set a bugle-horne to his mouth,  
 that blew both loud and shrill,  
 And five hundred lords and knights  
 came riding over a hill.
- 32 'Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
 'with thee I'll no longer abide;  
 Thou art a strong thief, yonder be thy fellows,  
 they will steal away my cow-hide.'
- 33 'No, I protest,' then said our king,  
 'for so it may not be;  
 They be the lords of Drayton Basset,  
 come out of the North Country.'
- 34 But when they came before the king  
 full low they fell on their knee;  
 The tanner had rather then a thousand pound  
 he had been out of his company.
- 35 'A collar! a collar!' then said the king,  
 'a collar!' then did he cry;  
 Then would he have given a thousand pound  
 he had not been so nigh.
- 36 'A collar? a collar?' then quoth the tanner,  
 'it is a thing which will breed sorrow;  
 For after a collar cometh a halter,  
 and I shall be hanged tomorrow.'
- 37 'No, do not fear,' the king did say;  
 'for pastime thou hast shown me,  
 No collar nor halter thou shalt have,  
 but I will give thee a fee.
- 38 'For Plompton Park I will give thee,  
 with tenements three beside,  
 Which is worth three hundred pound a year,  
 to maintain thy good cow-hide.'
- 39 'Godamercy, Godamercy,' quoth the tanner;  
 'for this good deed thou hast done,  
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,  
 thou shalt have clouting-leather for thy  
 shone.'

a, b. A pleasant new ballad of King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth, as he rode a hunting with his nobles towards (b, to) Drayton Bass[et]. To an excellent new tune.

a. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.

b. London, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

c. A pleasant new ballad betweene King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth, as hee rode upon a time with his nobles on hunting towards Drayton Basset. . . . London, Printed by A. M. (*probably* Alexander Milbourne, 1670-97).

- a. 1<sup>1</sup>. grow. 1<sup>2</sup>. birds sitting. 7<sup>3</sup>, 36<sup>1</sup>. qd. 8<sup>2</sup>, 37<sup>4</sup>. the. 13<sup>4</sup>. of the.  
 18<sup>8</sup>. no half pence said our king.  
 20<sup>4</sup>. shalt noo. 23<sup>2</sup>. guirded. 29<sup>2</sup>. in this.  
 29<sup>4</sup>. gould. 30<sup>3</sup>. groat.  
 35<sup>1</sup>. A choller, a collar.  
 35<sup>2</sup>, 36<sup>1,3</sup>, 37<sup>3</sup>. choller. 38<sup>2</sup>. besides.
- b. 1<sup>1</sup>. grow. 1<sup>2</sup>. birds were singing.  
 2<sup>1</sup>. he *wanting*. 3<sup>2</sup>. to his. 6<sup>4</sup>. up on.

- 7<sup>3</sup>. be a: or a. 11<sup>1</sup>. said our. 13<sup>4</sup>. the wood.  
 14<sup>2</sup>. pray thee: dost thou. 16<sup>2</sup>. would.  
 17<sup>1</sup>. if thou. 17<sup>4</sup>. have some boot.  
 18<sup>1</sup>. boot will you have.  
 18<sup>3</sup>. nor half pence said the tanner.  
 19<sup>1</sup>. said our. 19<sup>2</sup>. see thou. 20<sup>4</sup>. not have.  
 21<sup>2</sup>. off. 22<sup>1</sup>. Now help me up, quoth.  
 22<sup>8</sup>. For *wanting*. 23<sup>2</sup>. guirded. 23<sup>4</sup>. I had.  
 24<sup>1</sup>. But *wanting*. 24<sup>2</sup>. astonished,  
 25<sup>2</sup>. and before the. 26<sup>1</sup>. into. 26<sup>2</sup>. an oak.  
 26<sup>4</sup>. almost broke. 28<sup>1</sup>. now *wanting*.  
 28<sup>2</sup>. change well now we might. 29<sup>2</sup>. on this.  
 30<sup>1</sup>. twenty good. 30<sup>3</sup>. groats. 34<sup>3</sup>. he gave a.  
 35<sup>1,2</sup>, 36<sup>1,3</sup>, 37<sup>8</sup>. collar. 36<sup>1</sup>. then *wanting*.  
 36<sup>2</sup>. which *wanting*. 38<sup>2</sup>. beside.  
 39<sup>4</sup>. clout-leather.
- c. 1<sup>1</sup>. grew. 1<sup>2</sup>. birds sitting. 2<sup>4</sup>. come.  
 4<sup>1</sup>. good my lords. 5<sup>4</sup>. pray you shew it to.  
 6<sup>1</sup>. ready *wanting*. 6<sup>2</sup>. this way.  
 6<sup>4</sup>. upon the left. 7<sup>2</sup>. readiest.  
 8<sup>8</sup>. all *wanting*. 9<sup>3</sup>. For wee'll. 9<sup>4</sup>. for the.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. quoth the. 11<sup>1</sup>. our king. 11<sup>8</sup>. said the.  
 13<sup>2</sup>. to you. 13<sup>4</sup>. of thy. 14<sup>1</sup>. doe you.  
 16<sup>1</sup>. thing of thee I. 16<sup>2</sup>. would.



16<sup>1</sup>. pray you. 17<sup>1</sup>. thou needs: wilt.  
 18<sup>1</sup>. the king. 18<sup>2</sup>. wilt thou.  
 18<sup>3</sup>. nor half penec said the tanner.  
 19<sup>2</sup>. see that you. 20<sup>1</sup>. we must needs.  
 20<sup>2</sup>. we must. 20<sup>4</sup>. not have. 21<sup>1</sup>. he tooke.  
 22<sup>1</sup>. helpe, helpe me up. 23<sup>2</sup>. girded.  
 23<sup>3</sup>. then said. 23<sup>4</sup>. I'de a laid.  
 24<sup>2</sup>. that he.  
 28<sup>1</sup>. wee must needs now change here.  
 28<sup>2</sup>. well that we mote. 28<sup>4</sup>. I doe looke.  
 29<sup>1</sup>. wilt thou. 29<sup>2</sup>. wilt thou: on this.  
 29<sup>3</sup>. said the. 29<sup>4</sup>. but in gold twenty pound.  
 30<sup>1</sup>. twenty groats. 30<sup>2</sup>. I had. 30<sup>3</sup>. groats.  
 31<sup>3</sup>. Then five. 34<sup>3</sup>. a hundred.  
 34<sup>4</sup>. of their. 35<sup>1,2</sup>, 36<sup>1,3</sup>, 37<sup>3</sup>. collar.  
 35<sup>2</sup>. that he did cry. 36<sup>1</sup>. then *wanting*.  
 36<sup>2</sup>. that is a thing will. 38<sup>1</sup>. will thee give.  
 38<sup>2</sup>. with the: beside. 38<sup>3</sup>. five hundred.  
*The Pepys copy was printed for J. W[right],  
 J. C[larke], W. T[hackeray], and T. P[as-  
 singer]. Euing, No 273, for F. Coles, T.  
 Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke; No 274,  
 for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson  
 (as a). Heber's copy for F. Coles (1646-  
 74).*

---

## APPENDIX

---

### I

#### THE KING AND THE BARKER

Library of the University of Cambridge, MS. Ee. iv, 35. 1, fol. 19 b. Written mostly in couplets of long lines, sometimes in stanzas of four short lines, with omissions, transpositions, and other faults.

It will be observed that neither in this tale nor in the "history" which follows does the tanner become aware that he has been dealing with "our kyng." In both he calls the king "good fellow" to the very last. What happens at the meeting with Lord Basset, 30, is not made quite intelligible. It must be that Lord Basset and his men fall on their knees, but the conviction that "this" is the king seems to make no great difference in the tanner's bearing.

1 WELL yow here a god borde  
 to make yow all low,

How het fell apon a tyme,  
 or eney man het know?

2 The kyng rod a hontyng,  
 as pat tyme was;  
 Ffor to hont a dere  
 Y trow hes hope was.

3 As he rode, he houer-  
 toke yn the wey  
 A tannar off Dantre,  
 yn a queynte araye.

4 Blake kow-heydes sat he apon,  
 the hornys heyng be seyde;  
 The kyng low and had god game  
 to se the tannar reyde.

5 Howre kyng bad hes men abeyde,  
 and he welde sper of hem the wey;  
 'Yffe Y may here eney now tythyng,  
 Y schall het to yow saye.'

6 Howre kyng prekyd and seyde,  
 Ser, God the saffe!  
 The tannar seyde,  
 Well mot yow ffare!

7 'God ffellow,' seyde yowre kyng,  
 'offe on thyng Y pe pray;  
 To Drayton Baset well Y reyde,  
 wyche ys the wey?'

8 'That can Y tell the  
 ffro hens pat Y stonde;  
 When pow comest to the galow-tre,  
 torne vpon pe lyft honde.'

9 'Gramercy, ffellow,' seyde owre kyng,  
 'withowtyn eney wone,  
 I schall prey the lord Baset  
 thanke the sone.

10 'God ffellow,' seyde owre kyng,  
 'reyde pow with me  
 Tell Y com to Drayton Baset,  
 Now Y het se.'

11 'Nay, be mey ffeyt,'  
 seyde the barker thoo,  
 'Thow may sey Y were a ffole,  
 and Y dyd so.

12 'I hast yn mey wey as well  
 as pow hast yn theyne;  
 Reyde fforthe and seke they wey;  
 pi hors ys better nar meyne.'

- 13 The tanner seyde,  
What maner man ar ye ?  
'A preker abowt,' seyde þe kyng,  
'yn maney a contre.'
- 14 Than spake the tanner,  
ffoll scrodeley ayen ;  
Y had a brother vovsed the same,  
tell he cowde never the[n].
- 15 Than yowre kyng  
smotley gan smeyle :  
'Y prey the, ffellow,  
reyde *with* me a meyle.'
- 16 'What, devell !' quod the tanner,  
'art þou owt off they wet ?  
Y most hom to mey deynere,  
ffor I am ffastyng yet.'
- 17 'Good ffellow,' seyde owre kyng,  
'Care þe not ffor no mete ;  
þou schalt haffe mete ynow to neyzt,  
*and* yeffe þou welt ette.'
- 18 The tanner toke gret skorne of hem,  
*and* sware be Creystys pyne,  
Y trow Y hafe more money yn mey pors  
nar thow hast yn theyne.
- 19 'Wenest thow Y well be owt on neyzt ?  
nay, *and* God beffore ;  
Was Y neuer owt a-neyt  
sen Y was bore.'
- 20 The tanner lokyd a bake tho ;  
the heydes began to ffall ;  
He was war of the keynges men,  
where they cam reydying all.
- 21 Thes ys a theffe, thowt the tanner,  
Y prey to God geffe hem care ;  
He well haffe mey hors, mey heydes,  
*and* all mey chaffare.
- 22 'Ffor ffeleyschepe,' seyde the tannar,  
'y[e]t well Y reyde *with* the ;  
Y wot, ware Y mete *with* the affterward,  
thow mast do as meche ffor me.'
- 23 'God amar[sey],' seyde owre kyng,  
'*with*owt eney wone,  
Y schall prey þe lord Baset  
to thanke the sone.'
- 24 Owre kyng seyde, What now tydyng  
herest [þou] as þou [dost] ryd ?  
I wolde ffayne wot,  
ffor þow reydest weyde.
- 25 'Y know [no] now teytheyng,' þe tanner seyde,  
herke *and* þou schalt here ;  
Off al the chaffar that Y know,  
kow-heydys beyt dere.'
- 26 Owre keyng seyde, On theyng  
on mey loffe Y the prey ;  
What herest sey þe lord Baset  
yn thes contrey ?
- 27 'I know hem not,' seyde the tanner,  
'*with* hem Y hafe lytyll to don ;  
Wolde he neuer bey of me  
clot-lether to clowt *with* schon.'
- 28 Howre kyng seyde, Y loffe the well,  
of on thyng I þe praye ;  
Thow hast harde hes *servantes* speke,  
what wolde þey saye ?
- 29 'Ye, ffor God,' seyde the tanner,  
'*pat* tell Y can ;  
Thay sey thay leke hem well,  
ffor he ys a god man.'
- 30 Thos they reyd together talkyng,  
for soyt Y yow tell,  
Tell he met þe lord Baset ;  
on kneys downe þey ffell.
- 31 Alas, the tanner thowt,  
the kyng Y leue thes be ;  
Y schall be honged, well Y wot,  
at men may me se.
- 32 He had no meynde of his hode nor cape  
nere a dell [more],  
Al ffor drede off hes leyffe  
he wende to haffe lore.
- 33 The tanner wolde a stole away,  
whyle he began to speke ;  
Howre kyng had yever an ey on hem,  
that he meyt not skape.
- 34 'God ffellow,' seyde owre kyng,  
'*with* me thow most abeyde,  
Ffor þow *and* Y  
most an hontyng reyde.'
- 35 Whan they com to Kyng Chas,  
meche game þey saye ;  
Howre kyng seyde, Ffellow, what schall Y do,  
my hors ys so hey ?
- 36 'God ffellow,' [seyde owre kyng,]  
lend þow me theyne,  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
*and* hafe here meyne.'



- 37 Tho the tannar leyt do[w]ne  
and cast a downe hes heydys ;  
Howre kyng was yn hes sadell,  
no leyngger he beydes.
- 38 Alas, peyn the tanner thowt,  
with mey hors he well reyde away ;  
Y well after,  
to get hem *and* Y may.
- 39 He welde not leffe his heydys beheynde  
ffor no theyng . . . ;  
He cast them yn the kynges schadyll ;  
pat was a neys seyte.
- 40 po he sat aboffe them,  
as Y [y]ouw saye,  
He prekyd ffast after,  
and ffond pe redey wey.
- 41 The hors lokyd abowt hem,  
and sey on euery seyde  
. . . . .  
the kow-hornes blake *and* wheyte.
- 42 The hors went he had bore  
pe deuell on hes bake ;  
The hors prekyd as he was wode,  
het mestoret to spor hem not.
- 43 The barker cleynt on hem ffast,  
he was sore afferde ffor to ffall ;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 44 The kyng lowhe [and had gode game,]  
and was glad to ffollow pe chas ;  
Lest pe tanner wolde bere hem downe  
yette he was agast.
- 45 The hors sped hem sweythyli,  
he sped hem wonderley ffast ;  
Ayen a bow of an oke  
the tannes hed he brast.
- 46 With a stombellyng as he rode,  
pe tanner downe he cast ;  
The kyng lowhe *and* had god game,  
and seyde, Ser, pou rydyst to ffast.
- 47 The kyng lowhe and had god game,  
and sware be Sent John,  
Seche another horsman  
say Y neuere none.
- 48 Owre kyng lowhe *and* had god bord,  
and sware be Sent Jame,  
Y most nedys lawhe,  
and thow were mey dame.

- 49 ' Y besero the same son,'  
seyde the barker tho,  
' pat seehe a bord welde haffe  
to se hes dame so wo.'
- 50 When her hontyng was ydo,  
pey changyd hors agen ;  
po the barker had hes howyn,  
peyrof he was ffayne.
- 51 ' God a marsey,' seyde owre kyng,  
' of pey serueyse to daye ;  
Yeffe thow hafe awt to do *with* me,  
or owt to saye,
- 52 ' They ffrende schall Y yeffor be,  
Be God [pat] ys bet on ;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 53 ' God a marsey,' seyde pe barker po,  
' thow semyst a ffelow god ;  
Yeffe Y met the yn Dantre,  
pow schalt dreyнке, be [pe] rode.'
- 54 ' Be mey ffeyt,' seyde owre kyng,  
' or els were Y to blame,  
Yeffe Y met the yn Lecheffelde,  
pow schalt hafe the same.'
- 55 pus they rode talkyng togeder  
to Drayton Hall ;  
Tho the barker toke hes leffe  
of the lordes all.
- 56 Owre kyng comand pe barker  
yn that tyde  
A c. s'. yn hes pors,  
to mend hes kow-heydys.
- 57 There owre kyng and the barker  
partyd ffeyre atwyn ;  
God pat set yn heffen so hey  
breyng os owt of sen !

Explicyt pe Kyng *and* the Barker.

12. lawhe all. For low, cf. 43; lowhe, 44<sup>1</sup>, 46<sup>3</sup>, 47<sup>1</sup>, 48<sup>1</sup>.

64. ffare. Read, perhaps, with rhyme, haffe.

7<sup>1</sup>, 15<sup>1</sup>. yowre = owre : cf. yever, yeffor, 33<sup>3</sup>, 52<sup>1</sup>.

92. ency woyt : see 23<sup>2</sup>. 93. they.

11<sup>1</sup>. be meyt; cf. 54<sup>1</sup>. 12<sup>1</sup>. I haffe hast ?

14<sup>1</sup>, 25<sup>1</sup>, 31<sup>1</sup>, 33<sup>1</sup>, 37<sup>1</sup>, 38<sup>1</sup>, 46<sup>2</sup>. thanner, thannar  
(the th caught from the preceding the).

14<sup>3</sup>. yow (struck through) vovsed (that is, used).

192. be ffore. 22<sup>3</sup>. y not: methe.

25<sup>1</sup>. no has been inserted because it occurs in the

*other versions, but now (new), simply, makes some sense.*

26<sup>2</sup>. as mey. *Perhaps, as thow me loffe.*

27<sup>4</sup>. schoys. 28<sup>2</sup>. of 1.

34<sup>1,2</sup>. God ffelow with me thow most abeyde seyde  
owre kyng.

38<sup>2</sup>. he well reyde away with mey hors.

39<sup>1</sup>. le leffe.

39<sup>2</sup>. *Words seem to have dropped out at the end.*

42. *The rhyme might be restored thus:*

The hors went the deuell  
on hes bake he had bore ;  
The hors prekyd as he was wode,  
het mestoret not hem to spor.

44<sup>3,4</sup>. yeffe he was agast lest pe tanner wolde bere  
hem downe.

45<sup>3</sup>. a noke. 45<sup>4</sup>. thanneres : barst.

48<sup>2</sup>. Jane. 48<sup>3</sup>. nedyst. 50<sup>4</sup>. of ffayne.

55<sup>1</sup>. to gederff.

## II

### KING EDWARD THE FOURTH AND A TANNER OF TAMWORTH

A merrie, pleasant and delectable Historie, betweene King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth, etc.

a. London, John Danter, 1596, Bodleian Library, 4<sup>o</sup>, C. 39. Art. Seld. b. London, W. White, 1613, Corpus Christi College Library, X. G. 2. 11. 4th tract.

1 IN summer-time, when leaues grou greene,  
and blossoms bud on euery tree,  
King Edward would a hunting ride,  
some pastime for to see.

2 With hawke and hound he made him bound,  
with horne and eke with bow ;  
Toward Drayton Basset he tooke his way,  
whosoeuer doth it know.

3 But as our king on his way rode forth,  
by eight a clocke of the day,  
He was ware of a tanner of mery Tamworth,  
was in a quaint aray.

4 A good russet coat the tanner had on,  
he thought it mickle pride ;  
He rode on a mare cost foure shillings,  
and vnder him a good cow-hide.

5 A paire of rough mittens the tanner did weare,  
his hood was buckled vnder his chin ;  
'Yonder comes a good fellow,' said our king,  
'that cares not whether he lose or win.'

VOL. V.

11

6 The tanner came singing on his mare,  
with one so merry a note ;  
He sung out of tune, he was past care,  
he had no neede to grease his throte.

7 'Stand you here still, my lordes now,  
vnder the greene wood spray,  
And I will ride to yonder fellow,  
to wit what he will say.

8 'God speede, good fellow,' said our king ;  
'thou art welcom, sir,' quoth he ;  
'Which is the way to Drayton Basset,  
I pray thee tell to me.'

9 'Marry, that I will,' quoth the tanner,  
'right as here I stand ;  
The next paire of gallows that thou comes to,  
turne in vpon thy right hand.'

10 'It is an vnready way,' said our king,  
'I tell you, so mote I thee ;  
I pray you show me the readiest way  
the towne that I may see.'

11 'Go play the great jael !' quoth the tanner,  
'I hold thee out of thy wit ;  
All day haue I ridden on Brocke, my mare,  
and I am fasting yet.'

12 'Why, we will to the towne,' said our king,  
'and of dainties [we will none lacke] ;  
We will eate and drinke and fare of the best,  
and I will pay for the shot.'

13 'God haue mercy for nothing,' quoth the tanner,  
'thou paieest for none of mine,  
For I haue as many nobles in my purse  
as thou hast pence in thine.'

14 'God giue you ioy of yours,' said our king,  
'and send thee well to priefe ;'  
The tanner would faine haue beene away,  
for he wend he had beene a thiefe.

15 'What art thou, good fellow ?' quoth the tanner,  
'of thee I am in great feare,  
For the clothes that thou wearest on thy back  
are not for a lord to weare.'

16 'I neuer stole them,' said our king,  
'I tell you, sir, by the rood ;'  
'No, thou plaieest as many an vnthrift doth,  
thou standst in the mids of thy good.'

17 'What tidings heare you,' said our king,  
'as you ride farre and neare ?'  
'I heare no tidings,' quoth the tanner,  
'but that cow-hides are deare.'



- 18 'Cow-hides? cow-hides?' then said our king,  
 'I know not what they be ;'  
 'Lo, here thou maist see one;' quoth the tanner,  
 'here lyeth one vnder me.
- 19 'Knowst thou not a cow-hide,' quoth the tanner,  
 'and hast gone so long to schoole?  
 If euer thou come to dwell in the country,  
 thou wilt be made a foole.'
- 20 'What craftsman are you?' said our king,  
 'I pray you tell me now ;'  
 'I am a barker,' quoth the tanner,  
 ['What craftsman art thou?']
- 21 'I am a courtier,' said our king,  
 'forth of seruice I am worne ;  
 Full faine I would be your prentise,' he said,  
 'your cunning for to learne.'
- 22 'Marrie, God forbid,' quoth the tanner,  
 'that such a prentise I should haue ;  
 He wold spend me more than he would get  
 by fortie shillings a yere.'
- 23 'One thing would I wit,' said our king,  
 'if you will not seeme strange;  
 Thou my horse be better than your mare,  
 with you faine would I change.'
- 24 'Nay, there thou liest yet,' quoth the tanner,  
 'by Christ, thou shalt abide ;  
 For, if thou haue Brocke, my mare,  
 thou gets not my good cow-hide.'
- 25 'I will not haue it,' said our king,  
 'I tell thee, so mote I thee ;  
 I will not carrie it away  
 though you would giue it me.'
- 26 'Why, then we must change,' quoth the tanner,  
 'as needs me thinke thou woot ;  
 But if you haue Brocke, my mare,  
 I will looke to haue some boote.'
- 27 'That were against reason,' said our king,  
 'I tell you, so mote I thee ;  
 My horse is much better than your mare,  
 and that you may well see.'
- 28 'Avisé a vous now,' sayd the tanner,  
 'whether thou wilt or no,  
 For my mare is gentle and will not kicke,  
 but softlie she will go.
- 29 'And thy horse is vnhappy and vnwiellie,  
 [and will neuer goe in rest,]  
 But alwaies skipping here and there,  
 and therefore my mare is best.'
- 30 'What boot will you haue?' then said our king,  
 'tell me now in this tide ;'  
 'Neuer a single pennie,' quoth the tanner,  
 'but a noble of gold so red.'
- 31 'Why, there is your noble,' said our king,  
 'well paid looke that you be ;'  
 'I would haue sworne on a book,' quoth the tanner,  
 'thou hadst not one pennie.'
- 32 Now hath the king the tanner's mare,  
 she is nothing faire, fat nor round,  
 And the tanner hath the king's good steede,  
 the saddle is worth fortie pound.
- 33 The tanner tooke vp the good cowhide,  
 off the ground where he stood,  
 He threw it vpon the king's steede,  
 in the saddle that was so good.
- 34 The steed stared vpon the hornes,  
 vnder the greene wood spraie ;  
 He had weende the diuell of hell had bin come,  
 to carrie him thence away.
- 35 The tanner looked as fast on the stirrops,  
 astonied sore he was ;  
 He meruailed greatly in his minde  
 whether they were gold or bras.
- 36 'Help me [vp], good fellow,' quoth the tanner,  
 'lightly that I were gone ;  
 My wife and my neighbours more and lesse  
 will say I am a gentleman.'
- 37 The king tooke the tanner by the leg,  
 and lift him vp a loft ;  
 The tanner girded out a good round fart,  
 his belly it was so soft.
- 38 'You make great waste,' said our king,  
 'your curtesie is but small ;'  
 Thy horse is so high,' quoth the tanner againe,  
 'I feare me of a fall.'
- 39 But when the tanner was in the saddle  
 the steede began to blow and blast,  
 And against the roote of an old tree  
 the tanner downe he cast.
- 40 'Abide, good fellow,' said our king,  
 'ye make ouer great hast ;'  
 'Thou shalt haue thy horse, with a vengeance,  
 againe,  
 for my necke is well nigh brast.'
- 41 'Why then we must change,' said our king,  
 'as me thinke needs thou woot ;

- But if you haue your mare againe  
I will looke to haue some boote.'
- 42 'What boote wilt thou haue?' quoth the tanner,  
'tell me in this stound ;  
'Neuer a groat nor pennie,' said our king,  
'but of thy gold twentie pound.'
- 43 'Nay, here is thy noble,' quoth the tanner again,  
'and Christ's blessing and mine ;  
'Yea, here is twentie good groats more,  
goe drinke them at the wine.'
- 44 'So mote I thee,' then said our king,  
'it shall not slacke my woe ;  
For when a noble is in small monie  
full soone it is agoe.'
- 45 'Dost thou loue to keepe gold?' quoth the tanner,  
the king answered and said, Ye ;  
'Then I would thou were my neere kinsman,  
for I thinke thou wilt thriue and thee.'
- 46 Now hath the tanner Brocke, his mare,  
and vnder him his good cowhide,  
Our noble king his horse againe,  
which was a well faire steede.
- 47 'Now farewell, good fellow,' quoth the tanner,  
'I will bide no longer with thee ;'  
'Tarrie yet a little while,' said our king,  
'and some pastime we will see.'
- 48 Our king set a bugle to his mouth,  
and blew a blast lowd and small ;  
Seuen score lords, knights, squires and yeomen  
came riding ouer a dale.
- 49 'Now out alas !' quoth the tanner,  
'that euer I saw this tide ;  
Thou art a strong thiefe, yonder be thy fellows,  
will haue my mare and my cowhide.'
- 50 'They are no theeues,' then said our king,  
'I tell you, so mote I thee ;  
It is my lord of Drayton Basset  
is come a hunting to me.'
- 51 But when before the king they came,  
they fell downe on their knees ;  
The tanner had leuer than a thousand pound  
he had beene from their companies.
- 52 'A collar ! a collar !' our king gan call,  
quoth the tanner, It will breede sorrow ;  
For after a collar commeth a halter,  
I trow I shall be hangd tomorrow.

53 'Be not afraid, tanner,' said our king,  
'I tell thee, so mote I thee ;  
Lo, here I make thee the best esquier  
in all the North Countrie.

54 'And Plumton Parke I will giue thee,  
and Iacie in [t]his tide —  
It is worth three hundred pounds by yeare —  
to prepare thy good cowhide.'

55 'God a mercie, good fellow,' quoth the tanner,  
'for this that thou hast done ;  
The next time thou comest to Tamworth town,  
thou shalt haue clouting-leather for thy shon.'

56 Now God aboue speed well the plough,  
and keepe vs from care and woe,  
Vntill euerie tanner in [t]his countrie  
[doe ride a hunting so.]

A merrie, pleasant and delectable Historie, be-  
twene King Edvard the fourth and a Tanner  
of Tamworth, as he rode vpon a time with his  
nobles a (b, on) hunting toward Drayton Basset:  
Verie pleasant and merrie to read.

a. Printed at London by John Danter, 1596. (8  
pages.)

b. At London, printed by W. White, 1613. (8  
pages.)

b has for a heading The King and the Tanner.

a. 3<sup>4</sup>. quaint of aray. 11<sup>1</sup>. play thee.

12<sup>2</sup>. Defect supplied from b.

20<sup>4</sup>. Cut off; supplied from b.

26<sup>2</sup>. thou wilt. Cf. 41<sup>2</sup>.

29<sup>2</sup>, 56<sup>4</sup>. Cut off; supplied from b. 43<sup>1</sup>. quath.

b. 3<sup>1</sup>. as the. 3<sup>2</sup>. eight of the. 3<sup>4</sup>. quaint of ray.

6<sup>1</sup>. tanner he. 7<sup>1</sup>. here wanting. 8<sup>4</sup>. tell it me.

9<sup>4</sup>. vp vpon. 10<sup>2</sup>. so might. 11<sup>1</sup>. play thee.

12<sup>2</sup>. we will none lacke. 13<sup>1</sup>. Godamercy.

15<sup>2</sup>. I stand. 16<sup>4</sup>. middes. 18<sup>4</sup>. lies.

19<sup>3</sup>. thou happen. 20<sup>4</sup>. what craft-man art thou.

22<sup>3</sup>. than I should. 23<sup>1</sup>. I wish. 23<sup>2</sup>. thou wilt.

23<sup>3</sup>. then thy. 23<sup>4</sup>. would I faine.

25<sup>2</sup>, 27<sup>2</sup>, 44<sup>1</sup>, 50<sup>2</sup>. mought. 25<sup>4</sup>. thou wouldst.

26<sup>2</sup>. thinkes thou wilt. 26<sup>3</sup>. if thou.

27<sup>3</sup>. than thy. 29<sup>2</sup>. and will neuer goe in rest.

31<sup>1</sup>. Why heere: said the. 31<sup>3</sup>. would asworne.

33<sup>3</sup>. king's faire steed. 35<sup>2</sup>. sore that he.

36<sup>1</sup>. me up. 38<sup>3</sup>. so hie. 40<sup>4</sup>. weluie.

41<sup>2</sup>. mee thinkes: thou wilt. 45<sup>2</sup>. yea. 45<sup>3</sup>. wert.

46<sup>2</sup>. and wanting. 47<sup>2</sup>. will no longer abide.

48<sup>2</sup>. and he. 50<sup>1</sup>. then wanting.

51<sup>1</sup>. when they all before the king came.

51<sup>3</sup>. had rather. 53<sup>2</sup>. might. 53<sup>4</sup>. that is in the.

54<sup>2</sup>. Jackie in this. 56<sup>3</sup>. Till: in this.

56<sup>4</sup>. doe ride a hunting so.



## III

## KING HENRY II AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD

a. 'Kinge and Miller,' Percy MS., p. 235; Hales and Furnivall, II, 147. b. The Pleasant History of the Miller of Mansfield, in Sherwood, and Henry the Second, King of England, etc., Wood, 254, iv. Small octavo of twelve pages. Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, and William Gilbertson, 1655.

- 1 HENERY, our royall king, wold goe a huntinge,  
To the greene fforrest soe pleasant and fayre ;  
To haue the harts chased, the daintye does tripping,  
To merry Sherwood his nobles repayre ;  
Hauke and hound was vnbound, all things prepared  
For the same to the game with good regard.
- 2 All a longe summers day rode the king pleasantly,  
With all his princes and nobles eche one,  
Chasing the hart and hind and the bucke gallantlye,  
Till the darke euening inforced them turne home.  
Then at last, ryding fast, he had lost quite  
All his lords in the wood in the darke night.
- 3 Wandering thus wearilye, all alone vp and downe,  
With a rude miller he mett att the last ;  
Asking the ready way vnto fayre Nottingham,  
'Sir,' quoth the miller, 'I meane not to iest,  
Yett I thinke what I thinke ; truth for to say,  
You doe not lightlye goe out of your way.'
- 4 'Why, what dost thou thinke of me?' quoth our  
king merrily,  
'Passing thy iudgment vpon me soe breefe.'  
'Good faith,' quoth the miller, 'I meane not to flat-  
ter thee,  
I gesse thee to bee some gentleman-theefe ;  
Stand thee backe in the darke ! light not adowne,  
Lest I presentlye cracke thy knaues cro[wn]e !'
- 5 'Thou doest abuse me much,' quoth our king,  
'saying thus ;  
I am a gentleman, and lodging doe lacke.'  
'Thou hast not,' quoth the miller, 'a groat in thy  
pursse ;  
All thine inheritance hanges on thy backe.'  
'I haue gold to discharge for *that* I call ;  
If itt be forty pence, I will pay all.'
- 6 'If thou beest a true man,' then said the miller,  
'I sweare by my tole-dish I 'le lodge thee all night.'  
'Heere's my hand,' quoth our king, '*that* was I  
euer.'  
'Nay, soft,' quoth the miller, 'thou mayst be a  
sprite ;  
Better I 'le know thee ere hands I will shake ;  
With none but honest men hands will I take.'

7 Thus they went all alonge unto the millers house,  
Where they were seething of puddings and souce.  
The miller first entered in, then after went the king ;  
Neuer came he in soe smoakye a house.  
'Now,' quoth hee, 'let me see heere what you are ;'  
Quoth our king, Looke you[r] fill, and doe not  
spare.

8 'I like well thy countenance ; thou hast an honest  
fac[e] ;  
With my sonne Richard this night thou shalt lye.'  
Quoth his wiffe, By my troth, it is a good hansome  
yout[h] ;

Yet it is best, husband, to deale warrilye.  
Art thou not a runaway ? I pray thee, youth, tell ;  
Show vs thy pasport and all shalbe well.

9 Then our king presentlye, making lowe curtesie,  
With his hatt in his hand, this he did say :  
I haue noe pasport, nor neuer was seruitor,  
But a poore courtyer, rode out of the way ;  
And for your kindnesse now offered to me,  
I will requite it in euerye degree.

10 Then to the miller his wiffe whispered secretlye,  
Saing, It seemeth the youth is of good kin,  
Both by his apparell and by his manners ;  
To turne him out, certainly it were a great sin.  
'Yea,' quoth hee, 'you may see hee hath some  
grace,  
When as he speaks to his betters in place.'

11 'Well,' quoth the millers wiffe, 'younge man,  
welcome heer !  
And tho I say 't, well lodged shalt thou be ;  
Fresh straw I will lay vpon your bed soe braue,  
Good browne hempen sheetes likewise,' quoth  
shee.  
'I,' quoth the goodman, 'and when *that* is done,  
Thou shalt lye [with] noe worse then our owne  
sonne.'

12 'Nay first,' quoth Richard, 'good fellowe, tell me  
true,  
Hast thou noe creepers in thy gay hose ?  
Art thou not troubled with the scabbado ?'  
'Pray you,' quoth the king, 'what things are  
those ?'  
'Art thou not lowsye nor scabbed ?' quoth hee ;  
'If thou beest, surely thou lvest not with me.'

13 This caused our king suddenly to laugh most  
hartilye  
Till the teares trickled downe from his eyes.  
Then to there supper were the sett orderlye,  
To hott bag-puddings and good apple-pyes ;  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,  
Which did about the bord merrilye troule.

- 14 'Heere,' quoth the miller, 'good fellowe, I 'le drinke to thee,  
And to all the courtrolls *that* courteous bee.'  
'I pledge thee,' quoth our king, 'and thanke thee heartilye  
For my good welcome in euerye degree;  
And heere in like manner I drinke to thy sonne.'  
'Doe then,' saies Richard, 'and quicke let it come.'
- 15 'Wiffe,' quoth the miller, 'feitch me forth lightfoote,  
*That* wee of his sweetnesse a litle may tast.'  
A faire venson pastye shee feiched forth presentlye.  
'Eate,' quoth the miller, 'but first, make noe wast;  
Heer is dainty lightfoote.' 'Infaith,' quoth our king,  
'I neuer before eate of soe daynty a thinge.'
- 16 'Iwis,' said Richard, 'noe daynty att all it is,  
For wee doe eate of it euerye day.'  
'In what place,' sayd our king, 'may be bought lik to th[is?]'  
'Wee neuer pay peennye for it, by my fay;  
From merry Sherwood wee feitch it home heere;  
Now and then we make bold with our kings deere.'
- 17 'Then I thinke,' quoth our king, '*that* it is venison.'  
'Eche foole,' quoth Richard, 'full well may see *that*;  
Neuer are we without two or three in the rooffe,  
Verry well fleshed and exellent ffatt.  
But I pray thee say nothing where-ere thou goe;  
We wold not for two pence the king shold it know.'
- 18 'Doubt not,' said our king, 'my promised secresye;  
The king shall neuer know more on 't for mee.'  
'A cupp of lambes woole they dranke vnto him,  
And to their bedds *thé* past presentlye.  
The nobles next morning went all vp and downe  
For to seeke the king in euerye towne.
- 19 At last, att the millers house soone *thé* did spye him plaine,  
As he was mounting vpon his faire steede;  
To whome *thé* came presentlye, falling downe on their knees,  
Which made the millers hart wofullye bleed.  
Shaking and quaking before him he stood,  
Thinking he shold be hanged by the rood.
- 20 The k[ing] perceiuing him fearfully tremblinge,  
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he said;  
The miller downe did fall crying before them all,  
Doubtinge the king wold cut of his head.  
But he, his kind curtesie for to requite,  
Gaue him great liuing, and dubd him a knight.
- 21 When as our noble king came from Nottingham,  
And with his nobles in Westminster lay,  
Recounting the sports and the pastime *thé* had tane  
In this late progresse along on the way,  
Of them all, great and small, hee did protest  
The miller of Mansfeild liked him best.
- 22 'And now, my lords,' quoth the king, 'I am determined,  
Against St Georges next sumptuous feast,  
*That* this old miller, our youngest confirmed knight,  
With his sonne Richard, shalbe both my guest;  
For in this merrymment it is my desire  
To talke with this iollye knight and the younge squier.'
- 23 When as the noble lords saw the kings merriment,  
*Thé* were right ioyfull and glad in their harts;  
A pursuant *thé* sent straight on this busines,  
The which oftentimes vsed those parts.  
When he came to the place where he did dwell,  
His message merrilye then he did tell.
- 24 'God saue your worshippe,' then said the messenger,  
'And grant your ladye her owne harts desire;  
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happinesse,  
*That* sweet younge gentleman and gallant squier!  
Our king greets you well, and thus doth say;  
You must come to the court on St Georges day.
- 25 'Therefore in any case fayle not to be in place.'  
'I-wis,' quoth the miller, 'it is an odd iest!  
What shold wee doe there?' he sayd, 'infaith I am halfe afraid.'  
'I doubt,' quoth Richard, 'to be hanged att the least.'  
'Nay,' quoth the messenger, 'you doe mistake;  
Our king prepares a great feast for your sake.'
- 26 'Then,' said the miller, 'now by my troth, messenger,  
Thou hast contented my worshipp full well:  
Hold! there is three farthings to quite thy great gentleness  
For these happy tydings which thou dost me tell.  
Let me see! hearest thou me? tell to our king,  
Wee 'le wayte on his mastership in euerye thing.'
- 27 The pursivant smyled at their simplicitie,  
And making many leggs, tooke their reward,  
And takeing then his leaue with great humilitie  
To the kings court againe hee repayed,  
Showing vnto his Grace in euerye degree  
The knights most liberall giffts and great bountye.
- 28 When hee was gone away, thus can the miller say;  
Heere comes expences and charges indeed!



- Now must wee needs be braue, tho wee spend all  
wee haue ;  
For of new garments wee haue great need.  
Of horssees and serving-men wee must haue store,  
With bridles and saddles and twentye things more.
- 29 'Tushe, Sir Iohn,' quoth his wiffe, 'neither doe  
frett nor frowne,  
You shall bee att noe more charges for mee ;  
For I will turne and trim vp my old russett gowne,  
With euerye thing else as fine as may bee ;  
And on our mill-horssees full swift wee will ryd,  
With pillowes and pannells as wee shall provyde.'
- 30 In this most statelie sort thé rod vnto the court,  
Their lusty sonne *Richard* formost of all,  
Who sett vp by good hap a cockes fether in his  
cappe ;  
And soe thé ietted downe towards the kings hall,  
The merry old miller with his hands on his side,  
His wiffe like Maid Marryan did mince at *that* tyde.
- 31 The king and his nobles, *that* hard of their coming,  
Meeting this gallant *knight* with this braue traine,  
'Welcome, Sir *Knight*,' quoth hee, 'with this your  
gay lady !  
Good Sir Iohn Cockle, oncee welecome againe !  
And soe is this squier of courage soe free.'  
Quoth Dicke, A botts on you ! doe you know me ?
- 32 Quoth our king gentlie, How shall I forgett thee ?  
Thou wast my owne bed-fellow ; well *that* I wot.'  
'But I doe thinke on a tricke,' — 'Tell me, pray  
thee, Dicke !'  
'How with farting we made the bed hott.'  
'Thou horson [un]happy knaue,' the[n] quoth the  
*knight*,  
'Speake cleanly to our [king,] or else goe shite !'
- 33 The king and his counsellors hartilye laugh at this,  
While the king tooke them by the hand.  
With ladyes and their maids, like to the *queene* of  
spades  
The millers wiffe did most orderlye stand,  
A milkemaids curtesye at euerye word ;  
And downe these folkes were set to the bord.
- 34 Where the king royally, with princely maiestye,  
Sate at his dinner with ioy and delight ;  
When he had eaten well, to jesting then hee fell,  
Taking a bowle of wine, dranke to the *knight*.  
'Heere's to you both !' he sayd, 'in ale, wine, and  
beere,  
Thanking you hartilye for all my good cheere.'
- 35 Quoth Sir Iohn Cockle, I'le pledge you a pottle,  
Were it the best ale in Nottingham-shire.  
'But then,' said our king, 'I thinke on a thinge ;  
Some of your lightfoote I wold we had heere.'
- 'Ho, ho !' quoth *Richard*, 'full well I may say it ;  
It's knauerye to eate it and then to bewray it.'
- 36 'What ! art thou angry ?' quoth our king merrilye,  
'Infaith I take it verrie vnkind ;  
I thought thou woldest pledg me in wine or ale  
heartil[y].'  
'Yee are like to stay,' quoth Dicke, 'till I haue  
dind.  
You feed vs with twatling dishes soe small ;  
Zounds ! a blacke pudding is better then all.'
- 37 'I, marry,' quoth our king, '*that* were a daintye  
thing,  
If wee cold gett one heere for to eate.'  
With *that*, Dicke straight arose, and plucket one  
out of his h[ose,]  
Which with heat of his breech began for to  
sweate.  
The king made profer to snatch it away ;  
'It's meate for your master, good sir, you shall  
stay !'
- 38 Thus with great merriment was the time wholly  
spent,  
And then the ladyes prepared to dance.  
Old Sir Iohn Cockle and *Richard* incontinent  
vnto this practise the king did advance ;  
Where with the ladyes such sport thé did make,  
The nobles with laughing did make their heads ake.
- 39 Many thankes for their paines the king did giue  
them then,  
Asking young *Richard* if he wold be wed :  
'Amongst these ladyes faire, tell me *which* liketh  
thee.'  
Quoth hee, Iugg Grumball with the red head,  
Shee's my loue ; shee's my liffe ; her will I wed ;  
Shee hath sworne I shall haue her maidenhead.
- 40 Then Sir Iohn Cockle the king called vnto him ;  
And of merry Sherwood made him ouerseer,  
And gaue him out of hand three hundred pound  
yearlye :  
'But now take heede you steale noe more of my  
deere,  
And once a quarter let's heare haue your vew ;  
And thus, Sir Iohn Cockle, I bid thee adew !'
- a. 5<sup>6</sup>. 40. 7<sup>1</sup>. into. 7<sup>2</sup>. seeding.  
17<sup>3</sup>. 2 or 3. 17<sup>6</sup>. 2. 18<sup>1</sup>. saiy.  
26<sup>3</sup>. 3. 28<sup>6</sup>. 20<sup>7</sup>?. 29<sup>2</sup>. charges of.  
31<sup>6</sup>. abotts. 34<sup>3</sup>. resting. b, jesting.  
36<sup>1</sup>. hungry. b, angry. 40<sup>3</sup>. 300<sup>4</sup>.  
b. 1<sup>1</sup>. would ride. 1<sup>3</sup>. hart : and dainty. 1<sup>4</sup>. Unto.  
2<sup>4</sup>. him turn. 2<sup>6</sup>. late in dark.  
3<sup>4</sup>. miller, your way you have lost.  
3<sup>6</sup>. not likely. 4<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>1</sup>. the king.  
4<sup>4</sup>. but some. 4<sup>5</sup>. light thee not down.

4<sup>6</sup>. Lest that : knock thy. 5<sup>2</sup>. I lack.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. one groat. 5<sup>5</sup>. discharge all that. 6<sup>6</sup>. I will.  
 7<sup>1</sup>. unto. 7<sup>2</sup>. seething.  
 7<sup>3</sup>. after him the. 8<sup>3</sup>. good *wanting*.  
 8<sup>4</sup>. for to. 8<sup>5</sup>. prethee. 8<sup>6</sup>. Shew me.  
 9<sup>2</sup>. thus he. 9<sup>4</sup>. of my. 9<sup>5</sup>. here offered.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. this youth's. 10<sup>3</sup>. and eke by. 10<sup>5</sup>. Yes.  
 10<sup>6</sup>. When he doth speak. 11<sup>3</sup>. wil have laid on.  
 11<sup>4</sup>. hempten. 11<sup>6</sup>. with no. 12<sup>2</sup>. within.  
 12<sup>3</sup>. Or art. 12<sup>4</sup>. I pray, quoth. 12<sup>5</sup>. or.  
 13<sup>4</sup>. With a hot bag-pudding. 14<sup>1</sup>. I drink thee.  
 14<sup>2</sup>. courtynols where ever they be.  
 14<sup>3</sup>. Ile pledge you : thank you. 14<sup>4</sup>. For your.  
 14<sup>5</sup>. to your. 14<sup>6</sup>. Do so, quoth Richard, but.  
 15<sup>3</sup>. pasty then brought she forth. 15<sup>4</sup>. but fir.  
 15<sup>5</sup>. then said our. 17<sup>1</sup>. said our.  
 17<sup>2</sup>. said Richard. 17<sup>4</sup>. wondrous fat.  
 17<sup>5</sup>. But prethee. 18<sup>1</sup>. not then said.  
 18<sup>3</sup>. him then. 18<sup>6</sup>. seek out. 19<sup>1</sup>. they espy'd.  
 19<sup>6</sup>. should have been. 20<sup>1</sup>. fearfull and.  
 20<sup>4</sup>. would have cut off.  
 20<sup>5</sup>. But his kind curtesie there to.  
 20<sup>6</sup>. him a living. 21<sup>1</sup>. came home.  
 21<sup>3</sup>. and pastime. 21<sup>4</sup>. this his progresse along by.  
 21<sup>5</sup>. this he. 21<sup>6</sup>. Mansfields sport.  
 22<sup>3</sup>. our last. 22<sup>4</sup>. both be my guests.  
 22<sup>6</sup>. with this. 23<sup>1</sup>. kings pleasantnesse.

23<sup>3</sup>. there was sent : on the.  
 23<sup>4</sup>. Which had many times been in.  
 23<sup>5</sup>. message orderly. 24<sup>2</sup>. owne *wanting*.  
 24<sup>4</sup>. gallant young. 24<sup>5</sup>. he greets you all.  
 25<sup>2</sup>. this is. 25<sup>3</sup>. said, faith. 25<sup>4</sup>. to be *wanting*.  
 26<sup>3</sup>. here 's : great *wanting*. 26<sup>5</sup>. to your.  
 27<sup>5</sup>. in each. 27<sup>6</sup>. gift : great *wanting*.  
 28<sup>1</sup>. When as : thus did.  
 28<sup>3</sup>. we must : though wee sell. 29<sup>2</sup>. charges for.  
 29<sup>4</sup>. else *wanting*. 30<sup>1</sup>. rode they. 30<sup>5</sup>. hand.  
 31<sup>2</sup>. his brave. 32<sup>1</sup>. how should. 32<sup>2</sup>. mine own.  
 32<sup>3</sup>. doe *wanting* : me that prethee Dick.  
 32<sup>4</sup>. How we : did make. 32<sup>5</sup>. happie : then.  
 32<sup>6</sup>. our king. 33<sup>1</sup>. laught. 33<sup>2</sup>. both by.  
 33<sup>4</sup>. so orderly.  
 33<sup>6</sup>. the folks were sate at the side-board.  
 34<sup>1</sup>. in princely. 34<sup>3</sup>. jesting then they.  
 34<sup>5</sup>. wine, ale.  
 34<sup>6</sup>. you all for your country cheere.  
 35<sup>3</sup>. I doe think. 35<sup>6</sup>. 'T is.  
 36<sup>1</sup>. Why, art thou angry. 36<sup>3</sup>. ale and wine.  
 36<sup>4</sup>. Y'are. 37<sup>2</sup>. If a man could get one hot.  
 37<sup>3</sup>. hose. 37<sup>4</sup>. for *wanting*. 37<sup>5</sup>. made a.  
 37<sup>6</sup>. 'T is : you must. 38<sup>5</sup>. Here with.  
 38<sup>6</sup>. their hearts. 39<sup>1</sup>. did the king give.  
 39<sup>3</sup>. ladies free. 39<sup>5</sup>. she will. 40<sup>6</sup>. bid you.  
*b is printed with the long lines broken into two.*



## 274

## OUR GOODMAN

A. Herd's MSS, I, 140; Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 172.

B. 'The Merry Cuckold and Kind Wife,' a broadside: Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow Church-Yard, London.

THE copy in Ritson's *Scottish Song*, I, 231, is from Herd, 1776; that in the *Musical Museum*, No 454, p. 466, is the same, with change of a few words. In Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, IV, 66, the piece is turned into a Jacobite ballad. The goodwife says she is hiding her cousin McIntosh; 'Tories,' says the goodman.

B was reprinted by Dixon in *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 211, Percy Society, vol. xvii, 'Old Wichet and his Wife,' from a copy "obtained in Yorkshire" and "collated" with the Aldermary broadside. The fifth adventure (in the closet) is lacking. Two or three staves, with variations for the better, are given from memory in *Notes and Queries*, First Series, VI, 118, as communicated by Mr R. C. Warde, of Kidderminster. (See the notes.)

Percy made B over in two shapes, whether for simple amusement or for the projected extension of the *Reliques*: 'Old Wichet's Discoveries,' 'Old Wichard's Mistakes,' among Percy's papers.

A. Our goodman, coming home, sees successively a saddle-horse, pair of jack-boots, sword, powdered wig, muckle coat, finally a man, where none such should be. He asks the goodwife how this came about without his leave. She responds contemptuously that the things he has supposed himself to see are, respectively, a sow (milch-cow), a pair of water-stoups, a porridge-spurtle, a clocken-hen, a pair of blankets, a milking-maid, which her mother has sent her. Far has he ridden, but a saddle on a sow's (cow's) back, siller

spurs on water-stoups, etc., long-bearded maidens, has he never seen.

B. In B Old Wichet comes upon *three* horses, swords, cloaks, pairs of boots, pairs of breeches, hats, and in the end three men in bed. Blind cuckold, says the wife, they are three milking-cows, roasting-spits, mantuas, pudding-bags, petticoats, skimming-dishes, milking-maids, all presents from her mother. The like was never known, exclaims Old Wichet; cows with bridles and saddles, roasting-spits with scabbards, etc., milking-maids with beards!

A song founded on this ballad was introduced into the play of "Auld Robin Gray," produced, according to Guest's *History of the Stage*, at the Haymarket, July 29, 1794. This song is a neat résumé of the ballad, with a satisfactory catastrophe.\* See an appendix.

A Gaelic copy, taken down by Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Ballachulish, from the recitation of an old man in his parish whose father had been in the way of singing it sixty years before, is plainly based upon A. The goodman, coming home unexpectedly, finds a boat on the beach, a horse at the door, etc. These and other things are explained by his wife as gifts from her mother. Far has he wandered, but never saw a saddle on a cow, etc. Alexander Stewart, 'Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe, 1885, p. 76 ff.

A ballad known and sung throughout Flemish Belgium, 'Mijn man komt thuis,' is formed upon the pattern of A, and must have been

\* I am indebted for information concerning this song, and for a copy, to Mr P. Z. Round.

derived from A, unless the two have a common source. Two copies are given in *Volkskunde* (*Tijdschrift voor Nederlandsche Folklore*), II, 49-58, by the editors, Messrs A. Gittée and Pol de Mont, a third by Pol de Mont, V, 20. A man comes home late, and sees in his bedroom a strange hat, overcoat, and other articles of clothing, and asks whose they are. His wife answers that they are a water-pot, a straw mattress, etc., which her mother has sent her. Travel the world round, he has never seen a water-pot with a band about it, a straw mattress with two sleeves, etc. In the last adventure of the first copy, the husband finds a man in the room, and his wife flatly answers, it is a lover my mother has sent me. The second copy ends a little better, but not well. The man is explained to be a foster-child sent by his wife's mother, and so in the third. The husband has travelled the world round, but a foster-child with whiskers has he never seen. The wife packs out of the house. He has travelled the world round, but a wife like his he wishes never to see again.

Friedrich Wilhelm Meyer, in 1789, turned B into German in very happy style, furnishing a *dénoûment* in which the man gives his wife a beating and explains his cuffs as caresses which her mother has sent her. Meyer's ballad was printed in 1790, in the *Göttingen Musenalmanach*, p. 61 ff., and the same year in *Lieder für fröhliche Gesellschaften*, p. 37 (Hamburg). It had great and immediate success, was circulated as a broadside, and was taken up by the people, in whose mouth it underwent the usual treatment of ballads traditionally propagated.\* From Germany it spread into Scandinavia and Hungary, and perhaps elsewhere. German varieties are: 'Des Mannes Heimkehr,' Hoffmann u. Richter, p. 225, No 195; 'Wind über Wind,' Simrock, p. 375, No 241; 'Des Ehemannes Heimkehr,' Ditfurth, *Fränkische Volkslieder*, II<sup>r</sup> Theil, p. 61, No 61; Firmenich, *Germa-*

*niens Völkerstimmen*, III, 66; 'Der Bauer u. sein Weib,' Erlach, IV, 90; 'Der betrogene Ehemann,' Pröhle, p. 143; Walter, p. 97; 'O Wind, O Wind, O Wind!' *Zurmühlen* (*Dülkener Fiedler*), p. 101. (The last four lack the beating.)

The only Scandinavian copy that I have seen is the Swedish 'Husarerna,' in *Bergström och Nordlander, Sagor, Sägner och Visor*, 1885, p. 93. For indication of others, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish (including a broadside as early as 1799), see, particularly, Olrik, *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, V, II, 211 f., and note\*\*\*; also, Dybeck's *Runa*, 1<sup>a</sup> Samlingen, 1865, I, 89 (where the beginnings of two stanzas are cited); Afzelius, ed. 1880, II, 285.

Magyar (Szekler), Kríza, *Vadrózsák*, p. 242, No 483; Aigner, p. 149.

French. A similar ballad is common in France, especially in the south.

Poésies pop. de la France, MSS: II, fol. 54, 'Marion'; III, 60 (printed in *Revue des Traditions pop.*, II, 66), 62, 64, Puy-de-Dôme; 68, Auvergne; 69, 'Zjean et Mariou,' Bourbonnais; 71, Pays de Caux; 72, 'Le jaloux,' environs de Toulouse; 74, Gascogne (Rolland, II, 211); 75, Languedoc; 76, 'Lo surprero,' Limousin (Rolland, II, 212); 78, 'Le mari de Marion,' Normandie; 80, 66, 'Le mari jaloux,' Bouches-du-Rhône; 82, 'Marion,' Provence; 83, Loiret; 84, 'La rusade,' Limousin; 87, 'Lou jalous' (Rolland, II, 213, *Revue des Trad. pop.*, I, 71), Limoges; VI, 381 vo, 'Jeannetoun' (Rolland, II, 214), Quercy. 'Lou jaloux,' Arbaud, *Chants pop. de la Provence*, II, 152. 'Lou galant,' Atger, *Revue des Langues romanes*, VI, 261, and *Poésies pop. en Langue d'oc*, p. 53. 'Las finessos de la Marioun,' Moncaut, *Littérature pop. de la Gascogne*, p. 316 = Bladé, *Poésies pop. de la Gascogne*, II, 116 f. *Revue des Traditions pop.*, II, 64, Cévennes. Daudet, Numa Roumestan, ed. 1881, p. 178, Provence = *Revue des Tr. pop.*, II, 65, Ouest de la France. 'Lou Tsalous,' Daynard, *Bulletin de la Société des Études*, etc., du Lot, IV, 100, 1878, *Vieux chants pop. rec. en Quercy*, 1889, p. 92. 'Las rebirados de Marioun,' Soleville,

\* Hoffmann von Fallersleben, *Unsere Volksthümlichen Lieder*, No 478. It begins:

Ich ging in meinen Stall, da sah ich, ei! ei!

An Krippen standen Pferde, eins, zwei, drei.



Chants pop. du Bas-Quercy, p. 22; partly, in Pouvillon, *Nouvelles réalistes*, ed. 1878, p. 151. Victor Smith in Romania, IX, 566-68, three copies, Forez, Velay, bas-limousin. 'Le mari soupçonneux,' Tarbé, *Romancero de Champagne*, II, 98, Ardennes. 'La chanson de la bergère,' Puymaigre, *Chants pop. rec. dans le Pays messin*, 1865, p. 215, 1881, I, 263. 'Les répliques de Marioun,' *Almanach des Traditions pop.*, 1882, p. 86, in Rolland, II, 208, No 162 a, environs de Lorient. 'Las respounsos de Marioun,' Laroche, *Folklore du Lauragais*, p. 211. "Le Chroniqueur du Périgord et du Limousin, Périgueux, 1853, p. 109." "Le Pèlerinage de Mireille, p. 173." (The last two I have not seen.)

For the most part, the colloquy runs in this wise: 'Where were you last evening, Marion?' 'In the garden, picking a salad.' 'Who was it you were talking with?' 'A gossip of mine' (camarade, voisine, cousine, sœur, servante, etc.). 'Do women wear a sword?' 'It was no sword, but a distaff.' 'Do women wear breeches?' 'She was kilted up.' 'Have women a moustache?' 'She had been eating mulberries.' 'It is too late for mulberries.' 'They were last year's' (an autumn branch, etc.). 'I will cut off your head.' 'And what will you do with the rest?' 'Throw it out of the window.' 'Les corbeaux (cochons, chiens, chats, mouches, couteliers, capucins, anges, etc.) en feront fête.' In a few instances, to end the more smartly, the husband is made to promise (or the wife to ask) forgiveness for this time, and the wife adds, aside, 'and many more.' 'You will play off no more tricks on me.' 'Forgive this, and I will, a good many.' (Rolland.) 'Pardon this fault; to-morrow I will commit another.' (Victor Smith.) 'Get up: I pardon you.' 'What dolts men are! What can't we make them believe!' (MSS, III, 78.) Etc.

In some half dozen copies, Marion has been at the spring (not in the garden), and has stayed suspiciously long, which she accounts for by her having found the water muddied. After this, and in a few copies which have no garden or spring, the matter is much the same as in the English ballad; there is a

sword on the mantel-shelf (a gun on the table), boots (cane) behind the door, a man where nae man should be. Nearest of all to the English is one of Victor Smith's ballads, Romania, IX, 566: 'Whose horse was that in the stable last night?' 'No horse, but our black cow.' 'A cow with a saddle?' 'No saddle; it was the shadow of her horns.' 'Whose breeches, boots, sabre, hat?' 'qui était couché à ma place?' The mulberries are nearly a constant feature in the French ballad.

There is an approach to a serious termination in MSS, III, 87: 'Say your prayers, without so much noise.' 'At least put my bones in the ground.' And in Puymaigre: 'I will take you to Flanders and have you hanged.' 'Leave the gallows for the great robbers of France.' The copies, MSS, III, 62, 71, end, prosaically, 'Jamais je n'ai vu ni fille ni femme qui sent la putain comme toi;' 'Femme qui m'a trompé la mort a méritée!'

The lace-makers of Vorey are wont to recite or sing this ballad winter evenings as a little drama: V. Smith, Romania, IX, 568, note. So the young girls in Lorraine during carnival, Puymaigre, I, 263; and the young fellows in Provence, Arbaud, II, 155 f.

Italian. 'Le repliche di Marion,' Nigra, *Canti popolari del Piemonte*, p. 422, No 85, A, B, C. The Piedmontese copies follow the French closely, beginning with picking salad in the garden, and ending with 'your peace is made,' as in *Poésies p. de la France*, MSS, III, 64. 'Il marito geloso' (incomplete), Ferraro, *Canti p. monferrini*, p. 93, No 70. 'La sposa colta in fallo,' Bernoni, *Canti p. veneziani*, puntata ix, No 8, p. 12. (Mariù goes on her knees and asks pardon, and is told to get up, for pardoned she is.) 'Bombarion,' Ferrari, first in *Giornale di Filologia romanza*, III, No 7, p. 74, 1880, and then in *Archivio per le Tradizioni popolari*, *Canti p. in San Pietro Capofiume*, VII, 398, 1888 (peace is made). All the Italian versions keep near to the French, having nothing original but an unimportant insertion, 'Chi ti farà la minestra?' etc., just before the end.\*

\* 'O Violina, tu hai le gote rosse,' a very pretty little *contrasto* bundled by Tigri with his *rispetti* (*Canti p. toscani*,

Catalan. 'La Trapassera,' Briz y Saltó, *Cants pop. catalans*, II, 69. Father hears daughter talking with lover in the garden; the usual questions and replies; improved, or corrupted, at the end.

For serious ballads, Scandinavian, Spanish, etc., exhibiting similar questions and evasions, see 'Clerk Saunders,' No 69 F, and the remarks at II, 157 f., 512 a, III, 509 a, IV, 468 a. The romance 'De Blanca-Niña' oc-

curs in the *Cancionero de Romances* of 1550. The oldest Scandinavian ballad of the class is one of Syv's, printed in 1695.

Herd, 1776, is translated by Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, I, 96, *Hausschatz*, p. 230; by Fiedler, *Geschichte der schottischen Liederdichtung*, I, 32; by Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, p. 82.

### A

Herd's MSS, I, 140.

1 HAME came our goodman,  
And hame came he,  
And then he saw a saddle-horse,  
Where nae horse should be.

2 'What's this now, goodwife?  
What's this I see?  
How came this horse here,  
Without the leave o me?'

*Recitative.* 'A horse?' quo she.  
'Ay, a horse,' quo he.

3 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
Ill mat ye see!  
'T is naething but a broad sow,  
My minnie sent to me.'

'A broad sow?' quo he.  
'Ay, a sow,' quo shee.

4 'Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But a saddle on a sow's back  
I never saw nane.'

5 Hame came our goodman,  
And hame came he;  
He spy'd a pair of jack-boots,  
Where nae boots should be.

6 'What's this now, goodwife?  
What's this I see?  
How came these boots here,  
Without the leave o me?'

'Boots?' quo she.  
'Ay, boots,' quo he.

7 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
And ill mat ye see!  
It's but a pair of water-stoups,  
My minnie sent to me.'

'Water-stoups?' quo he.  
'Ay, water-stoups,' quo she.

8 'Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But siller spurs on water-stoups  
I saw never nane.'

9 Hame came our goodman,  
And hame came he,  
And he saw a sword,  
Whare a sword should na be.

10 'What's this now, goodwife?  
What's this I see?  
How came this sword here,  
Without the leave o me?'

'A sword?' quo she.  
'Ay, a sword,' quo he.

p. 284, No 1023, ed. 1856), is a skirmish between father and daughter, after the fashion of our ballad. ('My cheeks are stained with mulberries.' 'Show me the mulberries.' 'They are on the hedges.' 'Show me the hedges.' 'The goats have

eaten them.' 'Show me the goats,' etc.) Ferrari, in an excellent paper in the journal referred to above, tries to make out some historical relation between the two. He seems to me to take 'La Violina' quite too seriously.



11 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
 Ill mat ye see!  
 It's but a porridge-spurtle,  
 My minnie sent to me.'

'A spurtle?' quo he.  
 'Ay, a spurtle,' quo she.

12 'Far hae I ridden,  
 And farer hae I gane,  
 But siller-handed spurtles  
 I saw never nane.'

13 Hame came our goodman,  
 And hame came he;  
 There he spy'd a powderd wig,  
 Where nae wig shoud be.

14 'What's this now, goodwife?  
 What's this I see?  
 How came this wig here,  
 Without the leave o me?'

'A wig?' quo she.  
 'Ay, a wig,' quo he.

15 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
 And ill mat ye see!  
 'Tis naething but a clocken-hen,  
 My minnie sent to me.'

'Clocken hen?' quo he.  
 'Ay, clocken hen,' quo she.

16 'Far hae I ridden,  
 And farer hae I gane,  
 But powder on a clocken-hen  
 I saw never nane.'

17 Hame came our goodman,  
 And hame came he,  
 And there he saw a muckle coat,  
 Where nae coat shoud be.

18 'What's this now, goodwife?  
 What's this I see?

How came this coat here,  
 Without the leave o me?'

'A coat?' quo she.  
 'Ay, a coat,' quo he.

19 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
 Ill mat ye see!  
 It's but a pair o blankets,  
 My minnie sent to me.'

'Blankets?' quo he.  
 'Ay, blankets,' quo she.

20 'Far hae I ridden,  
 And farer hae I gane,  
 But buttons upon blankets  
 I saw never nane.'

21 Ben went our goodman,  
 And ben went he,  
 And there he spy'd a sturdy man,  
 Where nae man shoud be.

22 'What's this now, goodwife?  
 What's this I see?  
 How came this man here,  
 Without the leave o me?'

'A man?' quo she.  
 'Ay, a man,' quo he.

23 'Poor blind body,  
 And blinder mat ye be!  
 It's a new milking-maid,  
 My mither sent to me.'

'A maid?' quo he.  
 'Ay, a maid,' quo she.

24 'Far hae I ridden,  
 And farer hae I gane,  
 But lang-bearded maidens  
 I saw never nane.'

## B

A broadside: Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in  
Bow Church-Yard, London.

- 1 O I went into the stable,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three horses stand,  
by one, by two, and by three.
- 2 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three horses here,  
without the leave of me?'
- 3 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
These are three milking-cows,  
my mother sent to me.'
- 4 'Heyday! Godzounds! Milking-cows with  
bridles and saddles on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.
- 5 O I went into the kitchen,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three swords hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.
- 6 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three swords do here,  
without the leave of me?'
- 7 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
They are three roasting-spits,  
my mother sent to me.'
- 8 'Heyday! Godzounds! Roasting spits with  
scabbards on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.
- 9 O I went into the parlour,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three cloaks hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.
- 10 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three cloaks do here,  
without the leave of me?'
- 11 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
These are three mantuas,  
my mother sent to me.'
- 12 'Heyday! Godzounds! Mantuas with capes  
on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.
- 13 I went into the pantry,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three pair of boots hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.
- 14 O I called to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she  
'O what do these three pair of boots do here,  
without the leave of me?'
- 15 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
These are three pudding-bags,  
my mother sent to me.'
- 16 'Heyday! Godzounds! Pudding-bags with  
spurs on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.
- 17 I went into my closet,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three pair of breeches lie,  
by one, by two, and by three.
- 18 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three pair of breeches do  
here,  
without the leave of me?'
- 19 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
These are three petticoats,  
my mother sent to me.'



20 'Heyday! Godzounds! Petticoats with waist-bands on!

the like was never known!'

Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

21 I went into the dairy,  
and there for to see,

And there I saw three hats hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.

22 I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'Pray what do these three hats do here,  
without the leave of me?'

23 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
They are three skimming-dishes,  
my mother sent to me.'

24 'Heyday! Godzounds! Skimming-dishes with  
hat-bands on!  
the like was never known!'

Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

25 I went into the chamber,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three men in bed lie,  
by one, by two, and by three.

26 I called to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three men in bed,  
without the leave of me?'

27 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
don't you very well see?  
They are three milking-maids,  
my mother sent to me.'

28 'Heyday! Godzounds! Milking-maids with  
beards on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

- A. 1<sup>1</sup>. *Or*, Our goodman came hame at een.  
2<sup>1</sup>. *Or*, How came this horse here?  
2<sup>2</sup>. *Or*, How can this be?  
3<sup>1</sup>. *Or*, Ye ald blind dottled carl.  
3<sup>2</sup>. *Or*, Blind mat ye be!  
3<sup>3</sup>. *Or*, a bonny milk-cow.  
3<sup>4</sup>. My minny is an alternative and necessary  
reading for The miller.  
4<sup>1</sup>. *Or*, travelld.  
4<sup>2</sup>. *Or*, And meikle hae I seen.  
4<sup>4</sup>. [*Or*,] Saw I.  
5<sup>1</sup>. *Or*, Our goodman came hame.  
7<sup>4</sup>. The cooper sent.  
9-12. *At the end, with a direction as to  
place: not completely written out.*  
9<sup>1</sup>. Hame, etc.  
10<sup>3</sup>. O how.  
12<sup>1,2</sup>. Weel far hae I travelled,  
And muckle hae I seen.  
12<sup>4</sup>. Saw I never nane.

*The regular readings have been inserted or  
substituted. In printing, Herd gave some-  
times the alternative readings, sometimes  
not.*

- B. *Printed in seven staves, or stanzas, of eight  
long lines.*

1<sup>1</sup>, 2<sup>1</sup>. Oh. 15<sup>3</sup>, 19<sup>3</sup>. the three.

Notes and Queries, First Series, VI, 118  
("Shropshire Ballad").

I went into the stable,  
To see what I could see;  
I saw three gentlemen's horses,  
By one, by two, by three.

I called to my loving wife,  
'Coming, sir!' says she:  
'What meaneth these three horses here,  
Without the leave of me?'

'You old fool! you blind fool!  
Can't you, won't you, see?  
They are three milking-cows,  
That my mother sent to me.'

'Odds bobs, here's fun! Milking-cows with  
saddles on!  
The likes I never see!

I cannot go a mile from home  
But a cuckold I must be.'

I went into the parlour,  
To see what I could see;  
I saw there three gentlemen,  
By one, by two, by three.

I called to my loving wife,  
'Coming, sir!' said she:  
'What bringeth these three gentlemen here,  
Without the leave of me?'

'You old fool! you blind fool!  
Can't you, won't you, see?  
They are three milking-maids,  
That my mother sent to me.'

'Odds bobs, here's fun! Milking-maids with  
breeches on!  
The likes I never see!

I cannot go a mile from home  
But a cuckold I must be.'

The unhappy husband next wanders into the  
pantry, and discovers 'three pairs of hunting-  
boots,' which his spouse declares are

'... milking-churns,  
Which my mother sent to me.'

'Odds bobs, here's fun! Milking-churns with  
spurs on!

The likes I never see!

I cannot go a mile from home  
But a cuckold I must be.'

The gentleman's coats, discovered in the  
kitchen, are next disposed of, but here my  
memory fails me.

## APPENDIX

'T was on Christmas Day,' found on a slip, "Sold  
at No 42 Long Lane," in a volume in the British  
Museum, 1876. e (not paged, but at what would be  
p. 57), and again in *The New Covent Garden Con-  
cert*, London, Printed and sold by J. Evans, No  
41 Long-Lane, West Smithfield, Br. Mus. 1077.  
g. 47 (4), dated in the catalogue "1805?"

'T was on Christmas Day  
Father he did wed;  
Three months after that  
My mother was brought to bed.  
My father he came home,  
His head with liquor stord,  
And found in mother's room  
A silver-hilted sword.  
Fiddle de dum de de, etc.

'How came this sword here?'  
My mother says, says she,

'Lovee, 't is a poker  
Antee sent to me.'  
Father he stumbl'd and star'd;  
'T was the first, I ween,  
Silver-headed poker  
He had ever seen.

Father grumbled on,  
But getting into bed  
Egad! as luck fell out,  
A man pop'd up his head;  
'That's my milk-maid,' says she;  
Says dad, 'I never heard  
In all my travels yet  
A milk-maid with a beard.'

My father found a whip,  
And very glad was he;  
'And how came this whip here,  
Without the leave of me?'  
'Oh! that's a nice strap-lace  
My antee sent to me;'  
Egad! he lac'd her stays,  
And out of doors went she.



## 275

## GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

A. a. 'Get up and bar the Door,' Herd, *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 330; *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, 159. b. [Pinker-ton], *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, II, 150.

B. 'John Blunt,' Macmath MS., p. 74.

C. 'Johnie Blunt,' Johnson's Museum, IV, 376, No 365, 1792.

THE copy in Johnson's Museum, volume three, No 300, p. 310, 1790, is A a with two slight changes; that in Ritson's *Scottish Song*, I, 226, 1794, is A a. A b is substituted for A a in the third edition of Herd, 1791, II, 63. Christie, II, 262, who follows A a, but with changes, gives as a refrain, "common in the North of Scotland from time immemorial,"

And the barring o our door,  
Weel, weel, weel !  
And the barring o our door, weel !

A, B. A housewife is boiling puddings anight; a cold wind blows in, and her husband bids her bar the door; she has her hands in her work and will not. They come to an agreement that whoever speaks first shall bar the door. Two belated travellers are guided to the house by the light which streams through an opening. They come in, and, getting no reply to their questions or response to their greetings, fall to eating and drinking what they find; the goodwife thinks much, but says naught. One of the strangers proposes to the other to take off the man's beard, and he himself will kiss the goodwife. Hot water is wanting (for scalding), suggests the second; but the boiling pudding-bree will serve, answers the first. The goodman calls out, Will ye kiss my wife and scald me? and having spoken the first word has to bar the door.

C. In C man and wife are in bed, and the travellers haul the woman out and lay her on the floor: this makes the husband give tongue.

Stenhouse notes that this ballad furnished Prince Hoare with the principal scene in his musical entertainment of "No Song, no Supper," produced in 1790, and long a favorite on the stage. (*Musical Museum*, 1853, IV, 292.)

This tale is one of a group which may or may not have had a single archetype. Of the varieties, that which comes nearest is the first story in Straparola's *Eighth Day*. Husband and wife are sitting near the entrance of their house one night; the husband says, It is time to go to bed, shut the door; she says, Shut it yourself. They make a compact that the one who speaks first shall shut the door. The wife, tired of silence and growing sleepy, goes to bed; the husband stretches himself on a bench. A gentleman's servant, whose lantern has been put out by the wind, seeing the door open, asks for a light. There is no reply. Advancing a little way into the house, he finds the man lying on the bench with his eyes open, but can get no word from him though he shakes him. Looking round, he sees the woman in bed and addresses her, but she is as dumb as her husband; he gets into the bed. The woman says nothing till the intruder goes away; then calls out, A pretty man you, to leave the door open all night and let people get into your bed. Fool, he says, now go shut the door. The same, with insignificant divergences, in *L'Élite des Contes du Sieur d'Ouville*, Rouen, 1699, I, 159.

A wedding-feast over, neither bridegroom nor bride will consent to shut the street-door;

the lady proposes that the one who speaks first shall do this, to which the bridegroom agrees. They sit looking at each other in silence for two hours. Thieves, seeing the door open, come in, pillage the house, and even strip the young pair of everything valuable that they have on them, but neither says a word. In the morning a patrol of police find the house door open, enter, and make an inspection. The chief demands an explanation of the state of things; neither man nor woman vouchsafes a response, and he orders their heads off. The executioner is beginning with the husband; the wife cries out, Spare him! the husband exclaims, You have lost, go shut the door. (The Arabian tale of Sulayman Bey and the Three Story-Tellers, cited by Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, 29.)

Hemp-eaters, who have found a sequin and bought a mass of food, quarrel about fastening the gate of a tomb to which they have retired, to gorge unmolested. They come to an agreement that the man who first speaks shall close the gate. They let the victuals stand and sit mute. A troop of dogs rush in and eat all up clean. One of the party had secured some of the provender in advance of the rest, and bits are sticking to his mouth. A dog licks them away, and in so doing bites the lip of the fellow, who, in his pain, raps out a curse on the dog. The rest shout, Get up and shut the gate! (Turkish, Behrnauer, *Die vierzig Veziere*, p. 175 f.; Gibb, *The History of the Forty Vezirs*, p. 171 f.)

In the second *Pickelheringsspiel*, in the first part of *Engelische Comedien und Tragédien*, 1620, a married pair contend again about the shutting of a door. (R. Köhler; not seen by me.)

In other cases, speaking first entails a penalty different from shutting a door.

A young pair, lying in bed the first night after marriage, engage that whichever of the two gets up first or speaks first shall wash the dishes for a week. The husband, pretending to make his will by the process of expressing by signs his acceptance or rejection of the suggestions of a friend, bequeaths away from his wife a handsome article of

dress belonging to her. The wife utters a protest, and has to wash the dishes. (Novelle di Sercambi, ed. d'Ancona, p. 16, No 3, 'De simplicitate viri et uxoris.')

A man complains of dry bread which his wife has given him for his supper. She tells him to get up and moisten it; he bids her do this, but she refuses. It is finally settled that the one that speaks first shall moisten the bread. A visitor comes in and can make neither of them say a word. He kisses the wife, gives the husband a blow on the cheek; no word from either. He makes complaint to the *kází*; the husband will say nothing when brought before the *kází*, and is condemned to be hanged. At the moment of execution the wife ejaculates, Alas, my unfortunate husband! You devil, says he, go home and moisten the bread! (An Arabian story in Beloe's *Oriental Apologues*, cited by Clouston, II, 21.)

A shoemaker and his wife agree that the one who speaks first shall carry back a frying-pan that they have borrowed. A soldier who requires a girth for his horse asks the shoemaker to cut him one, but gets no answer, though he threatens to take off the man's head. Enraged at last, he seizes the shoemaker by the head to do what he had menaced, when the wife cries out, For mercy's sake, don't! Well done! says the husband, now carry back the pan. (Bernoni, *Fiabe pop. veneziane*, p. 67, No 13, 'La Scomessa; ' Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, p. 284.)

John makes terms with his wife that which of the two eats first of a soup which she has brought in, or speaks the first word, shall have a beating. William, of whom the husband is jealous, comes to offer his company to go to a fight which is to come off. Man and wife will neither eat nor speak, and he thinks them possessed. He takes the woman by the hand, and she goes with him. John cries out, Let my wife be! She says, John, you have spoken and lost. (Ayrers *Dramen*, ed. von Keller, III, 2006-08.)

A man who has been taunting his wife as a cackler is challenged by her to a trial at silence. A tinker comes in asking for kettles



to mend. He can make neither of them open their mouth, and, as a last resource, offers to kiss the woman. The husband cannot contain himself; the wife says, You have lost!

and remains mistress of the house, as she had been before. (*Farce d'un Chauldronnier*, Viollet Le Duc, *Ancien Théâtre François*, II, 109 ff.)\*

## A

a. Herd, *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 330. b. [Pinkerton], *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, II, 150.

1 It fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was then,  
When our goodwife got puddings to make,  
And she's boild them in the pan.

2 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,  
And blew into the floor;  
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
'Gae out and bar the door.'

3 'My hand is in my hussyfskap,  
Goodman, as ye may see;  
An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,  
It's no be barrd for me.'

4 They made a paction tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure,  
That the first word whaeer shoud speak,  
Shoud rise and bar the door.

5 Then by there came two gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at night,  
And they could neither see house nor hall,  
Nor coal nor candle-light.

6 'Now whether is this a rich man's house,  
Or whether is it a poor?'  
But neer a word wad ane o them speak,  
For barring of the door.

7 And first they ate the white puddings,  
And then they ate the black;  
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,  
Yet neer a word she spake.

8 Then said the one unto the other,  
'Here, man, tak ye my knife;  
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the goodwife.'

9 'But there's nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do than?'  
'What ails ye at the pudding-broo,  
That boils into the pan?'

10 O up then started our goodman,  
An angry man was he:  
'Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
And sead me wi pudding-bree?'

11 Then up and started our goodwife,  
Gied three skips on the floor:  
'Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,  
Get up and bar the door.'

## B

Macmath MS. p. 74. "From the singing of Miss Jane Webster, 15th October, 1886, and 26th August, 1887, who learned it at Airds of Kells, Kirkcudbrightshire, many years ago, from James McJannet."

1 THERE leaved a wee man at the fit o yon hill,  
John Blunt it was his name, O  
And he sell'd liquor and ale o the best,  
And bears a wondrous fame. O  
Tal lara ta lilt, tal lare a lilt,  
Tal lara ta lilt, tal lara

2 The wind it blew frae north to south,  
It blew into the floor;  
Says auld John Blunt to Janet the wife,  
Ye maun rise up and bar the door.

3 'My hans are in my husseyskep,  
I canna weel get them free,  
And if ye dinna bar it yersel  
It'll never be barred by me.'

\* All the above have been cited by Reinhold Köhler, *Jahrbuch für romanische u. englische Literatur*, XII, 348 f., or by Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, 15 ff.

4 They made it up atween them twa,  
They made it unco sure,  
That the ane that spoke the foremost word  
Was to rise and bar the door.

5 There was twa travellers travelling late,  
Was travelling cross the muir,  
And they cam unto wee John Blunt's,  
Just by the light o the door.

6 'O whether is this a rich man's house,  
Or whether is it a pair?'  
But never a word would the auld bodies speak,  
For the barring o the door.

7 First they bad good een to them,  
And syne they bad good morrow;  
But never a word would the auld bodies speak,  
For the barring o the door, O.

8 First they ate the white puddin,  
And syne they ate the black,  
And aye the auld wife said to hersel,  
May the deil slip down wi that!

9 And next they drank o the liquor sae strong,  
And syne they drank o the yill:  
'And since we hae got a house o our ain  
I'm sure we may tak our fill.'

10 It's says the ane unto the ither,  
Here, man, tak ye my knife,  
An ye'll scrape aff the auld man's beard,  
While I kiss the gudewife.

11 'Ye hae eaten my meat, ye hae drucken my  
drink,  
Ye'd make my auld wife a whore!'  
'John Blunt, ye hae spoken the foremost word,  
Ye maun rise up and bar the door.'

## C

Johnson's Museum, IV, 376, No 365, 1792. Contributed  
by Robert Burns.

1 THERE livd a man in yonder glen,  
And John Blunt was his name; O  
He maks gude maut and he brews gude ale,  
And he bears a wondrous fame. O

2 The wind blew in the hallan ae night,  
Fu snell out oer the moor;  
'Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie,' he says,  
'Rise up, and bar the door.'

3 They made a paction tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure,  
Whaeer sud speak the foremost word  
Should rise and bar the door.

4 Three travellers that had tint their gate,  
As thro the hills they foor,  
They airted by the line o light  
Fu straught to Johnie Blunt's door.

5 They haurld auld Luckie out o her bed  
And laid her on the floor,  
But never a word auld Luckie wad say,  
For barrin o the door.

6 'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae drucken my ale,  
And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore!'  
'A ha, Johnie Blunt! ye hae spoke the first  
word,  
Get up and bar the door.'

A. a. *Johnson's Museum has these variations:*

- 2<sup>4</sup>. Gat up and.
- 4<sup>3</sup>. first who should speak the foremost word.
- b. 1<sup>3</sup>. That our gudewife had. 1<sup>4</sup>. she boild.
- 2<sup>1</sup>. wind blew could frae east. 2<sup>4</sup>. Get up and.
- 3<sup>3</sup>. hunder. 3<sup>4</sup>. Its neer be barrd by.
- 4<sup>2</sup>. word whaeer spak. 5<sup>1</sup>. come.
- 5<sup>3</sup>. Whan they can see na ither house.

5<sup>4</sup>. And at the door they light. 7<sup>2</sup>. And syne.

7<sup>3</sup>. Tho *wanting*.

8<sup>1</sup>. Then ane unto the ither said. 9<sup>3</sup>. bree.

11<sup>1</sup>. O up then started.

11<sup>3</sup>. you have spak the first word.

O is added to the second and fourth lines for  
singing, in both of the Museum copies and  
in B.



## 276

## THE FRIAR IN THE WELL

A. a. 'The Fryer well fitted,' etc., Rawlinson Ballads, 566, fol. 63, 4°. b. 'The Fryer well fitted,' etc., Roxburghe Ballads, II, 172; Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 222. c. 'The Fryer and the Maid,' Wit and Mirth, or, Pills to purge Melancholy, "I, 340, 1707," III, 325, 1719.

B. a. 'The Friar and Fair Maid,' Buchan's MSS, II, 351. b. 'The Friar,' Kinloch MSS, VI, 97. c. Kinloch MSS, V, 60.

THE broadside, A a, b, is found in many other collections: Pepys, III, 145, No 143; Crawford, No 94, etc. (see Ebsworth). B, the Scottish ballad (an improvement on the English), is without doubt derived from print, but not directly from A a, b. In B the maid feigns to be afraid of her master, as in A c, not of her father. From Halliwell's Notices of Fugitive Tracts, p. 37, No 49, Percy Society, vol. xxix, we learn that The Royal Garland of Protestant Delight, London, 1689, has a ballad with the title 'The witty lass of Somersetshire, or the fryer servd in his kind,' with an "answer," in the last stanza of which 'the inn-keeper, her master,' laughs at the fryer's disaster.

The tune of 'The Friar in the Well' occurs in The Dancing Master, from 1650 to 1686: Chappell's Popular Music, p. 274. Munday, in his 'Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington,' Act iv, Scene 2, 1598, refers to the 'merry jest . . . how the friar fell into the well, for love of Jenny, that fair bonny belle.' A reference of Skelton's in his Colyn Cloute\* carries the story, and almost certainly the ballad, back to the first quarter of the sixteenth century.

The copy in Kinloch's Ballad Book, p. 25, was compounded by the editor from B b, c.

A maid, solicited by a friar, says that she

fears hell-fire; the friar reminds her that if she were in hell he could sing her out. She stipulates for money in advance; while the friar is gone to fetch some, she hangs (spreads) a cloth before (over) a well. The money in hand, she calls out that her father (master) is coming; the friar runs to hide behind the cloth (a screen), and falls into the well. The friar cries for help; he is left to sing himself out. Extricated after a sufficient cooling, he asks his money back, but is told that he must pay for fouling the water.

This story, one might safely say, is not beyond the "imaginary forces" of any Western people, but an open well inside of an English house is at least of unusual occurrence, and if we find something of the kind to our hand in an Eastern tale of similar character, a borrowing seems more plausible than an invention. There is a considerable class of tales, mostly Oriental, in which a chaste wife discomfits two or three would-be seducers, bringing them to shame and ridicule in the end. In some, she exacts or receives money from her suitors at the outset; in some, an allegation that her husband is coming is the pretext for her concealing them. An example in English is 'The Wright's Chaste Wife,' by Adam of Cobsam, edited for the Early English Text Society, in 1865, by Dr Furnivall. In this, three men successively are tumbled through a trap door into an underground room. But in the Persian Tútí Náma, or Book of the Parrot, of Nakhshabí, the wife

\* But when the freare fell in the well  
He coud not syng himselfe therout  
But by the helpe of Christyan Clout.  
(vv. 879-91.)

lays a bed over a dry well, her suitors are invited to sit on it, and they fall in; and here, it is not extravagant to suppose, we may have the remote source of the trick in our ballad.\*

There is a French ballad of the same general type: 'Le lourdaud moine,' Tarbé, *Romancero de Champagne*, II, 135; 'Le moine Nicolas,' Bujeand, II, 284. A monk, enamored of a married woman, is appointed to come to her while her husband is away; he is told to lay off his frock, which she secures, and she takes money which he has brought. He is then sent to the door to see if the husband be coming, and is locked out. He asks to have his frock and money returned; she

will keep them for her husband. The convent jeer at him when he comes back: 'Dieu bénisse la commère qui t'a joué ce tour-là!'

'Munken i Vaande,' a rather flat Danish ballad from a MS. of the 16th century, tells of a monk who knocks at the door of a woman whom he has been courting, and calls to her to keep her word; she tells her husband to slip under the bed, and lets the monk in; the monk hands the woman gold rings which he had promised; the Goodman comes out and gives him a beating; the monk leaps out of the window and goes to his cloister; his superior asks why he has been away; he has been shriving the farmer's wife, and it has nearly cost him his life.

### A

a. Rawlinson, 566, fol. 63, 4<sup>o</sup>. b. Roxburghe, II, 172; Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 222. c. D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, ed. 1719, III, 325.

- 1 As I lay musing all alone,  
fa, la, la, la, la  
A pretty jeast I thought upon;  
fa, la, la, la, la  
Then listen a while, and I will you tell  
Of a fryer that loved a bonny lass well.  
fa, la, la, la, la  
fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly
- 2 He came to the maid when she went to bed,  
Desiring to have her maidenhead,  
But she denyed his desire,  
And told him that she feard hell-fire.
- 3 'Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'thou needst not  
doubt  
If thou wert in hell I could sing thee out: '  
'Then,' quoth the maid, 'thou shalt have thy  
request; '  
The fryer was glad as a fox in his nest.
- 4 'But one thing,' quoth she, 'I do desire,  
Before you have what you require;

Before that you shall do the thing,  
An angel of mony thou shalt me bring.'

- 5 'Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'we shall agree,  
No mony shall part my love and me;  
Before that I will see thee lack,  
I'll pawn the grey gown from my back.'
- 6 The maid bethought her of a wile  
How she the fryer might beguile;  
While he was gone, the truth to tell,  
She hung a cloth before the well.
- 7 The fryer came, as his covenant was,  
With money to his bonny lass;  
'Good morrow, fair maid!' 'Good morrow!'   
quoth she.  
'Here is the mony I promised thee.'
- 8 She thank't the man, and she took his mony:  
'Now let us go to 't,' quoth he, 'sweet hony: '  
'O stay,' quoth she, 'some respite make,  
My father comes, he will me take.'
- 9 'Alas!' quoth the fryer, 'where shall I run,  
To hide me till that he be gone? '  
'Behinde the cloath run thou,' quoth she,  
'And there my father cannot thee see.'

\* For the class of tales referred to, see von der Hagen, *Gesamtabenteuer*, III, xxxv f., lxxxiii f.; Reinhold Köhler, in *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Litera-*

*tur*, VIII, 44-65; Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, II, 289-310.



- 10 Behind the cloath the fryer crept,  
And into the well on the sudden he leapt;  
'Alas,' quoth he, 'I am in the well!'  
'No matter,' quoth she, 'if thou wert in hell.
- 11 'Thou sayst thou couldst sing me out of hell,  
Now prithee sing thy self out of the well: '  
The fryer sung with a pittiful sound,  
Oh help me out, or I shall be dround!
- 12 'I trow,' quoth she, 'your courage is coold.'  
Quoth the fryer, I was never so foold,  
I never was servèd so before.  
'Then take heed,' quoth she, 'thou comst there  
no more.'
- 13 Quoth he, For sweet Saint Francis sake  
On his disciple some pitty take:
- Quoth she, Saint Francis never taught  
His scholars to tempt young maids to naught.
- 14 The fryer did entreat her still  
That she should help him out of the well;  
She heard him make such pittious moan  
She helpd him out, and bid him be gone.
- 15 Quoth he, Shall I have my mony again,  
Which thou from me hast beforehand tane?  
'Good sir,' said she, 'there's no such matter;  
I 'le make you pay for fouling my water.'
- 16 The fryer went all along the street,  
Dropping wet, like a new-washd sheep;  
Both old and young commended the maid  
That such a witty prank had plaid.

## B

a. Buchan's MSS, II, 351. b. Kinloch MSS, VI, 97, in Kinloch's handwriting. c. Kinloch MSS, V, 60, in the handwriting of James Beattie.

- 1 O HEARKEN and hear, and I will you tell  
Sing, Faldidae, faldidadi  
Of a friar that loved a fair maiden well.  
Sing, Faldi dadi di di (*bis*)
- 2 The friar he came to this maiden's bedside,  
And asking for her maidenhead.
- 3 'O I would grant you your desire,  
If 't werena for fear o hell's burning fire.'
- 4 'O hell's burning fire ye need have no doubt;  
Altho you were in, I could whistle you out.'
- 5 'O if I grant to you this thing,  
Some money you unto me must bring.'
- 6 He brought her the money, and did it down  
tell;  
She had a white cloth spread over the well.
- 7 Then the fair maid cried out that her master  
was come;  
'O,' said the friar, 'then where shall I run?'
- 8 'O ye will go in behind yon screen,  
And then by my master ye wimma be seen.'
- 9 Then in behind the screen she him sent,  
But he fell into the well by accident.
- 10 Then the friar cried out with a piteous moan,  
O help! O help me! or else I am gone.
- 11 'Ye said ye wad whistle me out o hell;  
Now whistle your ain sel out o the well.'
- 12 She helped him out and bade him be gone;  
The friar he asked his money again.
- 13 'As for your money, there is no much matter  
To make you pay more for jumbling our water.'
- 14 Then all who hear it commend this fair maid  
For the nimble trick to the friar she played.
- 15 The friar he walked on the street,  
And shaking his lugs like a well-washen sheep.

A. a, b. The Fryer well fitted, or,  
 A pretty jest that once befell,  
 How a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the well.  
 To a merry tune.

a. London. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and  
 J. Wright.

b. Printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passinger.

a. 3<sup>1,3</sup>, 7<sup>3</sup>, 8<sup>2,3</sup>, 9<sup>1,3</sup>, 10<sup>4</sup>, 12<sup>4</sup>, qd. *for* quoth.

7<sup>3</sup>. qd. he. 8<sup>2</sup>. too't. 8<sup>3</sup>. Oh.

10<sup>1</sup>. did crept. 16<sup>2</sup>. Drooping.

b. 5<sup>4</sup>. my grey. 7<sup>3</sup>. quoth she. 10<sup>1</sup>. fryer crept.

10<sup>2</sup>. on a. 11<sup>3</sup>. sung on. 12<sup>2</sup>. never was.

14<sup>2</sup>. she would. 15<sup>2</sup>. Which from me thou.

16<sup>2</sup>. Drooping.

c. *The variations are insignificant until we  
 come to 8<sup>3</sup>; from that point this copy  
 (which is abridged) runs as follows:*

8<sup>3</sup>. 'Nay, stay a while, some respite make;  
 If my master should come he would us  
 take.'

9. 'Alas,' quoth the maid, 'my master doth  
 come!'

'Alas!' quoth the fryer, 'where shall I  
 run?'

'Behind yon cloth run thou,' quoth she,  
 'For there my master cannot see.'

10. Behind the cloth the fryer went,  
 And was in the well incontinent.  
 'Alas,' quoth he, 'I'm in the well!'  
 'No matter,' quoth she, 'if thou wert in  
 hell.'

11<sup>1,2</sup>. 'Thou saidst thou could sing me out of  
 hell,  
 I prithee sing thy self out of the well.  
 Sing out,' quoth she, 'with all thy might,  
 Or else thou'rt like to sing there all  
 night.'

11<sup>3,4</sup>. The fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,  
 Oh help me out, or I shall be drownd!

14<sup>3,4</sup>. She heard him make such pitiful moan  
 She hope [= help] him out and bid him  
 go home.

12<sup>3,4</sup>. Quoth the fryer, I never was servd so  
 before:

'Away,' quoth the wench, 'come here  
 no more.'

16<sup>1,2</sup>. The fryer he walkd along the street  
 As if he had been a new-washd sheep.

Sing, hey down a derry, and let's be  
 merry,

And from such sin ever keep.

*The fa la burden is not given.*

B. b. *Apparently a revised by Kinloch.*

4<sup>2</sup>. sing *for* whistle. 7<sup>2</sup>. then *wanting*.

10<sup>1</sup>. a *wanting*. 15<sup>2</sup>. sheet *for* sheep.

c. 1. Listen and I will you tell

Wi a falaldirry, falaldirry

How a friar in love wi a lassie fell.

Wi a falee and latee and a lee-tiddle-  
 tiddle-tee

7. The lassie cries, My master comes!  
 The friar cries, Where shall I run?

8. 'O you'll do you in below this cloth;  
 That you be seen I wad be loth.'

10. The friar cries, I'm in the well!  
 'I care na tho you were in hell.'

11. 'You said you w[a]ld sing me out of hell;  
 Sing yoursell out o the well.'

12. 'If you'll help me out, I will be gone,  
 Back to you I'll neuer come.'

She helped him out, and he was begone;  
 Back to her he never came.

15. The frier he gaed up the street,  
 Hanging his lugs like a washen sheet.

2-6, 9, 13, 14, *wanting*.



## 277

## THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN

- A. a. 'Sweet Robin,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 319. b. Macmath MS., p. 100, three stanzas.  
 B. 'Robin he's gane to the wude,' Harris MS., fol. 26 b.  
 C. 'The Cooper of Fife,' Whitelaw, The Book of Scottish Song, p. 333.  
 D. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. iii.  
 E. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 324.

JAMIESON cites the first two stanzas of A a in a letter of inquiry to The Scots Magazine, October, 1803, p. 700, and the first half of D (with alterations) in his preface, Popular Ballads, I, 320. The ballad, he says, is very popular all over Scotland.

Robin has married a wife of too high kin to bake or brew, wash or wring. He strips off a wether's skin and lays it on her back, or prins her in it. He dares not beat her, for her proud kin, but he may beat the wether's skin, and does. This makes an ill wife good.

A fragment in Herd's MSS, I, 105, II, 161, belongs, if not to this ballad, at least to one in which an attempt is made to tame a shrew by castigation.

'Now tak a cud in ilka hand  
 And bace \* her up and down, man,  
 And she'll be an o the best wives  
 That ever took the town, man.'

\* *Bace* in the second copy, rightly, that is, *bash*, beat; *bare* in the first (probably mistranscribed).

† A merry jسته of a shrewde and curste wyfe lapped in Morrelles skin for her good behayonr. Imprinted at London in Fleetestreete, beneath the Conduite, at the signe of Saint John Enangelist, by H. Jackson; without date, but earlier than 1575, since the book was in Captain Cox's library. Reprinted in Utterson's Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry, 1825, II, 169; The Old Taming of the Shrew, edited by T. Amyot for the Shakespeare Society, 1844, p. 53; W. C. Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, IV, 179.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 And Jammie's turnd him round about,  
 He's done a manly feat:  
 'Get up, get up, ye dirty slut,  
 And gie to me my meat.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 'Say 't oer again, say 't oer again,  
 Ye thief, that I may hear ye;  
 I'se gar ye dance upon a peat,  
 Gin I sall cum but near ye.'

The story of the ballad was in all likelihood traditionally derived from the good old tale of the wife lapped in Morrel's skin.† Here a husband, who has put up with a great deal from an excessively restive wife, flays his old horse Morrell and salts the hide, takes the shrew down cellar, and, after a sharp contest for mastery, beats her with birchen rods till she swoons, then wraps her in the salted hide: by which process the woman is perfectly reformed.‡

‡ These passages are worth noting:

She can carde, she can spin,  
 She can thresh and she can fan. (v. 419 f.)

In enery hand a rod he gate  
 And layd vpon her a right good pace. (v. 955 f.)

Where art thou, wife? shall I haue any meate? (v. 839.)

(Compare Herd's fragments with the last two, and with 903-10.)

## A

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 319. "From the recitation of a friend of the editor's in Morayshire."

- 1 SHE wadna bake, she wadna brew,  
Hollin, green hollin  
For spoiling o her comely hue.  
Bend your bow, Robin
- 2 She wadna wash, she wadna wring,  
For spoiling o her gay goud ring.
- 3 Robin he's gane to the fald  
And catched a weather by the spauld.
- 4 And he has killed his weather black  
And laid the skin upon her back.
- 5 'I darena pay you, for your kin,  
But I can pay my weather's skin.

- 6 'I darena pay my lady's back,  
But I can pay my weather black.'
- 7 'O Robin, Robin, lat me be,  
And I'll a good wife be to thee.
- 8 'It's I will wash, and I will wring,  
And never mind my gay goud ring.
- 9 'It's I will bake, and I will brew,  
And never mind my comely hue.
- 10 'And gin ye thinkna that eneugh,  
I'se tak the goad and I'se ca the pleugh.
- 11 'Gin ye ca for mair whan that is doon,  
I'll sit i the neuk and I'll dight your shoon.'

## B

Harris MS., fol. 26 b, No 25, from Miss Harris.

- 1 ROBIN he's gane to the wast,  
Hollin, green hollin  
He's waled a wife amang the warst.  
Bend your bows, Robin
- 2 She could neither bake nor brew,  
For spoilin o her bonnie hue.
- 3 She could neither spin nor caird,  
But fill the cup, an sair the laird.
- 4 She could neither wash nor wring,  
For spoilin o her gay goud ring.
- 5 Robin's sworn by the rude  
That he wald mak an ill wife gude.

VOL. V. 14

- 6 Robin he's gaun to the fauld,  
An taen his blaik [wither] by the spauld.
- 7 He's taen aff his wither's skin  
An he has preened his ain wife in.
- 8 'I daurna beat my wife, for a' her kin,  
. But I may beat my wither's skin.'
- 9 'I can baith bake an brew;  
What care I for my bonnie hue?
- 10 'I can baith wash an wring;  
What care I for my gay gowd ring?
- 11 'I can baith spin an caird;  
Lat onybodie sair the laird.'
- 12 Robin's sworn by the rude  
That he has made an ill wife gude.



## C

Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Song, p. 333.

- 1 THERE was a wee cooper who lived in Fife,  
Nickity, nackity, noo, noo, noo  
And he has gotten a gentle wife.  
Hey Willie Wallaeky, how John Dougall,  
Alane, quo Rushety, roue, roue, roue
- 2 She wadna bake, nor she wadna brew,  
For the spoiling o her comely hue.
- 3 She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,  
For the shaming o her gentle kin.
- 4 She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,  
For the spoiling o her gouden ring.

- 5 The cooper 's awa to his woo-pack  
And has laid a sheep-skin on his wife's back.
- 6 'It 's I'll no thrash ye, for your proud kin,  
But I will thrash my ain sheep-skin.'
- 7 'Oh, I will bake, and I will brew,  
And never mair think on my comely hue.
- 8 'Oh, I will card, and I will spin,  
And never mair think on my gentle kin.
- 9 'Oh, I will wash, and I will wring,  
And never mair think on my gouden ring.'
- 10 A' ye wha hae gotten a gentle wife  
Send ye for the wee cooper o Fife.

## D

Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. iii, letter of R. Scott to Jamieson, June 9, 1805.

- 1 THERE livd a laird down into Fife,  
Riftly, raftly, now, now, now  
An he has married a bonny young wife.  
Hey Joek Simpleton, Jenny['s] white petti-  
coat,  
Robin a Rashes, now, now, now
- 2 He courted her and he brought her hame,  
An thought she would prove a thrifty dame.
- 3 She could neither spin nor caird,  
But sit in her chair and dawt the laird.

- 4 She wadna bake and she wadna brew,  
An a' was for spoiling her delicate hue.
  - 5 She wadna wash nor wad she wring,  
For spoiling o her gay goud ring.
  - 6 But he has taen him to his sheep-fauld,  
An taen the best weather by the spauld.
  - 7 Aff o the weather he took the skin,  
An rowt his bonny lady in.
  - 8 'I dare na thump you, for your proud kin,  
But well sall I lay to my ain weather's skin.'
- \* \* \* \* \*

## E

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 324.

- 1 THERE lives a landart laird in Fife,  
And he has married a dandily wife.
- 2 She wadna shape, nor yet wad she sew,  
But sit wi her cummers and fill hersell fu.
- 3 She wadna spin, nor yet wad she card,  
But she wad sit and crack wi the laird.

- 4 He is down to his sheep-fald  
And cleekit a weather by the back-spald.
  - 5 He's whirpled aff the gude weather's-skin  
And wrappit the dandily lady therein.
  - 6 'I darena pay you, for your gentle kin,  
But weel I may skelp my weather's-skin.'
- \* \* \* \* \*

A. a. *The refrain, altered by Jamieson, has been restored from his preface. Five stanzas added by him at the end have been dropped.*

b. From the recitation of Miss Agnes Macmath, 29th April, 1893; learned by her from her mother, who had it from *her* mother, Janet Spark, Kirkcudbrightshire.

2. She could na wash and she could na wring,  
Hey, Wullie Wyliecot, noo, noo, noo  
For the spoiling o her gay gold ring.

Wi my Hey, Wullie Wyliecot, tangie  
dooble,  
That robes in the rassiecot, noo, noo, noo  
(*Refrain perhaps corrupt.*)

3. He's gane oot unto the fauld,  
He's caught a wather by the spaul.

5. 'I darena thrash ye, for yer kin,  
But I may thrash my ain wather-skin.'

## 278

## THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

A. 'The Farmer's Old Wife,' Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p.

210, Percy Society, vol. xvii. The same in Bell, p. 204.

B. Macmath MS., p. 96.

THE devil comes for a farmer's wife and is made welcome to her by the husband. The woman proves to be no more controllable in hell than she had been at home; she kicks the imps about, and even brains a set of them with her pattens or a maul. For safety's sake, the devil is constrained to take her back to her husband.

B. The ballad of 'Kellyburnbraes,' Johnson's Museum, No 379, p. 392, was composed by Burns, as he has himself informed us, "from the old traditional version." "The original ballad, still preserved by tradition," says David Laing, "was much improved in passing through Burns's hands:" Museum, IV, \*389, 1853. Cromek, *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 83, 1810, gives us what he calls the "Original of Burns's Carle of Kelly-Burn Braes," remarking, with some effrontery, that there is reason to believe that Burns had not seen the whole of the verses which constitute this copy. Allan Cunningham, *Songs of Scotland*, II, 199, undertook

"to make a more complete version than has hitherto appeared" out of Burns, Cromek, and some "fugitive copies." So we get the original from none of them, but are, rather, further from it at each step. Whether B has come down pure, unaffected by Burns and Cromek, it is impossible to say. That it shows resemblances to both copies is not against its genuineness, if there was a fair leaven of the popular ballad in each of these reconstructions; and it is probable that there would be, at least in Burns's.

A curst wife who was a terror to demons is a feature in a widely spread and highly humorous tale, Oriental and European. See Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, I, 519-34; and, for a variety which is, at the beginning, quite close to our ballad, Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 39 (Afanasief, I, No 9).

Cromek's ballad is translated by Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, I, 93, *Hausschatz*, p. 230.



## A

Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, p. 210, Percy Society, vol. xvii.

- 1 THERE was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,  
(*Chorus of whistlers*)  
There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,  
And he had a bad wife, as many knew well.  
(*Chorus of whistlers*)
- 2 Then Satan came to the old man at the plough:  
'One of your family I must have now.'
- 3 'It is not your eldest son that I crave,  
But it is your old wife, and she I will have.'
- 4 'O welcome, good Satan, with all my heart!  
I hope you and she will never more part.'
- 5 Now Satan has got the old wife on his back,  
And he lugged her along, like a pedlar's pack.

- 6 He trudged away till they came to his hall-gate;  
Says he, Here, take in an old Sussex chap's  
mate.
- 7 O then she did kick the young imps about;  
Says one to the other, Let's try turn her out.
- 8 She spied thirteen imps all dancing in chains,  
She up with her pattens and beat out their  
brains.
- 9 She knocked the old Satan against the wall:  
'Let's turn her out, or she'll murder us all.'
- 10 Now he's bundled her up on his back amain,  
And to her old husband he took her again.
- 11 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my  
life,  
But I neer was tormented so as with your  
wife.'

## B

Macmath MS., p. 96. Taken down by Mr Macmath from the recitation of his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, Cross-michael, Kirkcudbrightshire, August 27th, 1892; learned many years ago, at Airds of Kells, from the singing of Samuel Galloway.

- 1 THE auld Deil cam to the man at the pleugh,  
Rumchy ae de aidie  
Saying, I wish ye gude luck at the making o  
yer sheugh.  
Mushy toorin an ant tan aira.
- 2 'It's neither your oxen nor you that I crave;  
It's that old scolding woman, it's her I must  
have.'
- 3 'Ye're welcome to her wi a' my gude heart;  
I wish you and her it's never may part.'
- 4 She jumped on to the auld Deil's back,  
And he carried her awa like a pedlar's pack.

- 5 He carried her on till he cam to hell's door,  
He gaed her a kick till she landed in the  
floor.
- 6 She saw seven wee deils a sitting in a raw,  
She took up a mell and she murdered them a'.
- 7 A wee reekit deil lookit owre the wa:  
'O tak her awa, or she'll ruin us a'.'
- 8 'O what to do wi her I canna weel tell;  
She's no fit for heaven, and she'll no bide in  
hell.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 9 She jumpit on to the auld Deil's back,  
And he carried her back like a pedlar's pack.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 10 She was seven years gaun, and seven years  
comin,  
And she cried for the sowens she left in the pot.

## 279

## THE JOLLY BEGGAR

A. 'Ther was a wife in yon toun,' "Old Lady's Collection," No 36.

B. a. 'The Jolly Beggar,' Herd, *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 46; ed. 1776, II, 26.

b. 'The Jolly Beggars,' *Curious Traets*, Scotland, British Museum, 1078. m. 24. No 30 (a collection made by James Mitchell at Aberdeen in 1828).

c. 'The Jolly Beggar-Man,' *Macmath MS.*, p. 103, a fragment. d. The same, a fragment.

I HAVE not found this piece in any printed collection older than Herd, 1769, but it is cited in the second edition of Percy's *Reliques*, 1767, II, 59 (preface to 'The Gaberlunzie-Man'), and was known before that to Horace Walpole, who, as Percy remarks, confounds it with 'The Gaberlunzie-Man,' or gives it that title: *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, II, 202 f., second edition, 1759 (not mentioned in the first edition). It was probably in circulation as a flying-sheet.\*

We are regularly informed by editors that tradition imputes the authorship of both 'The Jolly Beggar' and 'The Gaberlunzie-Man' to James Fifth of Scotland. 'The Gaberlunzie-Man' was, so far as can be ascertained, first printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* (in 1724), and I am not aware that it is mentioned anywhere before that date. Ramsay speaks of it as an old piece, but says nothing about the authorship. The tradition as to James Fifth is, perhaps, not much older than the publication in either case, and has no more plausibility than it has authority.

The copies in Pinkerton's *Select Scottish Ballads*, II, 35, 1783, Johnson's *Museum*, p. 274, No 266, 1790, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, I, 168, 1794, etc., are all from Herd's second edition, 1776. In this we have, instead of

the Fa la la burden, the following, presumably later (see Herd's MSS, I, 5):

And we'll gang nae mair a roving,

Sae late into the night,

And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,

Let the moon shine neer sae bright,

And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

Motherwell's MS., p. 124, has a recited copy which seems to be B a as in Herd, 1776, corrupted by oral transmission. It does not seriously differ from the original until we come to the end, where we find an absurd stanza which is derived from B b.

The variations of B b are not the accidents of tradition, but deliberate alterations. 'The Jovial Beggarman,' in *The Forsaken Lover's Garland*, No 15 of a collection of garlands, British Museum, 11621. e. 1 ("Newcastle? 1750?"), is a *rifacimento*, and a very inferior piece. Of this Rev. S. Baring-Gould took down a copy from the singing of a laborer on Dartmoor, in 1889.†

'The Jovial Tinker and Farmer's Daughter,' British Museum, 1346. m. 7 (31), 'The Tinker and Farmer's Daughter's Garland,' British Museum, 11621. a. 6 (34), is another *rifacimento*, with less of the original in it. The tinker, we are told at the outset, is a noble lord disguised.

\* And may have been omitted by Ramsay because he "kept out all ribaldry" from the *Tea-Table Miscellany*. This is not a *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and I have no discretion.

† I owe my knowledge of all of these three copies to Mr Baring-Gould. He informs me that the ballad which he took down is sung throughout Cornwall and Devon.



An English broadside ballad of the second half of the seventeenth century, Pepys, III, 73, No 71, has the same story as the Scottish popular ballad, and may have been the foundation of it, but the Scottish ballad is a far superior piece of work. The English broadside is given, substantially, in the notes.

'Der Bettelman,' Hoffmann u. Richter, *Schlesische Volkslieder*, p. 45, No 24, has a generic resemblance to this ballad.\* So, more remotely, a Flemish ballad, 'Ein schöner Kriippel,' Hoffmann, *Niederländische Volkslieder*, p. 129 and elsewhere. Again, a very pretty and innocent Portuguese ballad, 'O

Cego,' Almeida-Garrett, III, 191, No 35, Braga, *Romanceiro Geral*, p. 147, No 55, and *Cantos pop. do Archipelago Açoriano*, p. 372, No 76 (all in Hartung, II, 103 ff.), which Almeida-Garrett, quite extravagantly, supposed might be derived from 'The Gaberlunye-Man,' brought home from Scotland by Portuguese sailors. There is an accidental similarity in one or two points with the Spanish ballad 'Tiempo es, el caballero,' Duran, I, 163, No 307, *Primavera*, II, 91, No 158.

'The Gaberlunye-Man' is given in an appendix.

### A

"Old Lady's Collection," No 36.

1 'THER is a wife in yone toun-end, an she has dothers three,

An I wad be a beager for ony of a' the three.'

2 He touk his clouty clok him about, his peak-staff in his hand,

An he is awa to yon toun-end, leak ony peare man.

3 'I ha ben about this fish-toun this years tua or three,

Ha ye ony quarters, deam, that ye coud gie me?'

4 'Awa, ye pear carl, ye dinne kean my name;  
Ye sudd ha caed me mistress fan ye called me bat deam.'

5 He tuke his hat in his hand an gied her juks three:

'An ye want manners, misstres, quarters ye'll gie me.'

6 'Awa, ye pear carle, in ayont the fire,  
An sing to our Lord Gray's men to their hearts' disire.'

7 Some lowked to his goudie lowks, some to his milk-whit skine,  
Some to his ruffled shirt, the gued read gold hang in.

8 Out spak our madin, an she was ay shay,  
Fatt will the jolly beager gett afore he gaa to lay?

9 Out spak our goudwife, an she was not sae shay,  
He 'se gett a dish of lang kell, besids a puss pay.

10 Out spak the jolly beager, That dish I dou de-  
nay;  
I canne sup yer lang kell nor yet yer puss pay.

11 Bat ye gett to my supper a capon of the best,  
Tuo or three bottels of yer wine, an bear, an we sall ha a merry feast.

12 'Ha ye ony siler, carll, to bint the bear an wine?'  
'O never a peney, misstress, had I lang sine.'

13 The beager wadne lay in the barn, nor yett in the bayr,  
Bat in ahind the haa-dor, or att the kitchen-fire.

\* Other copies, which are rather numerous, much less: Norrenberg, *Des dülkener Fiedlers Liederbuch*, p. 10, No 13; Peter I, 182; Uhland, No 285, p. 737; Haupt u. Schmalzer, I, 102, No 67; etc. See Hoffmann's notes, pp. 46, 47; Ba-

rack, *Zimmerische Chronik*, 2d ed., II, 111, and Liebrecht's note, *Germania*, XIV, 38; Schade, *Weimarisches Jahrbuch*, III, 259 ff., 465 ff.

14 The beager's bed was well [made] of gued  
clean stray an hay,

. . . . .

15 The madin she rose up to bar the dor,  
An ther she spayed a naked man, was rinen  
throu the flour.

16 He tuke her in his arms an to his bed he  
ran;  
'Hollie we me, sir,' she says, 'or ye'll waken  
our pear man.'

17 The begger was a cuning carle, an never a  
word he spake  
Till he got his turn dean, an sayn began to  
crak.

18 'Is ther ony dogs about this toun? madin, tell  
me nou:'  
'Fatt wad ye dee we them, my hony an my  
dou?'

19 'They wad ravie a' my meall-poks an die me  
mukell wrang:'  
'O doll for the deaing o itt! are ye the pear  
man?'

20 'I thought ye had ben some gentelman, just  
leak the leard of Brody!

I am sorry for the doing o itt! are ye the  
pore boddie?'

21 She tuke the meall-poks by the strings an  
thru them our the waa:  
'Doll gaa we meall-poks, madinhead an a'!'

22 She tuke him to her press, gave him a glass of  
wine;  
He tuke her in his arms, says, Honey, ye'ss be  
mine.

23 He tuke a horn fra his side an he blue loud  
an shill,  
An four-an-tuenty belted knights came att the  
beager's will.

24 He tuke out a pean-kniff, lute a' his dudes faa,  
An he was the braest gentelman that was  
among them a'.

25 He patt his hand in his poket an gaa her ginnes  
three,  
An four-an-tuenty hunder mark, to pay the  
nires feea.

26 'Gin ye had ben a gued woman, as I thought  
ye had ben,  
I wad haa made ye lady of castels eaght or  
nine.'

## B

a. Herd, *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p.  
46. b. *Curious Tracts, Scotland*, British Museum, 1078, m.  
24, No 30.

1 THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he  
was bound,  
And he took up his quarters into a landart  
town.  
Fa la la, etc.

2 He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in  
byre,  
But in ahint the ha-door, or else afore the fire.

3 The beggar's bed was made at een wi good  
clean straw and hay,  
And in ahint the ha-door, and there the beggar  
lay.

4 Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to  
bar the door,  
And there she saw the beggar standin i the  
floor.

5 He took the lassie in his arms and to the bed  
he ran,  
'O hooly, hooly wi me, sir! ye'll waken our  
goodman.'

6 The beggar was a cunnin loon, and neer a word  
he spake  
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to  
crack.

7 'Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell  
me true.'  
'And what wad ye do wi them, my hinny and  
my dow?'



- 8 'They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.'  
'O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?'
- 9 Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them oer the wa:  
'The d—I gae wi the mealpocks, my maiden-head and a'!
- 10 'I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of Brodie;  
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?'
- 11 He took the lassie in his arms and gae her kisses three,  
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice-fee.
- 12 He took a horn frae his side and blew baith loud and shrill,  
And four - and - twenty belted knights came skipping oer the hill.
- 13 And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa,  
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.
- 14 The beggar was a cliver loon and he lap shoulder height:  
'O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yester-night!'

A. 6<sup>2</sup>. disere.

9<sup>2</sup>. puss *might be russ here, but is unquestionable in the next stanza.*

24<sup>2</sup>. blaest for braest. 26<sup>2</sup>. ninge (*nigne may be what was intended*).

B. b. *A slip with no imprint. Dated in the Museum catalogue 1800?*

- 1 There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he had been,  
With his fal de diddle de dal dal  
And he took up his quarters in a house in Aberdeen.  
With his toran oran ad de odi
- 2 This beggar would not lye in barn nor yet would he in byre,  
But he would lye into the ha, or beyond the kitchen-fire.
- 3 The beggar's bed it was well made, with clean straw and hay,  
And beyond the kitchen-fire, there the jolly beggar lay.
- 4 The lassie then she did get up to bar the kitchen-door,  
An there she met the jolly beggar, standing naked on the floor.
- 5 He gript the lassie by the middle jimp, laid her against the wa,  
'O kind sir,' she said, 'be civil, for ye will wake my dadda.'
- 6 He never minded what she said, but carried on his stroke,  
Till he got his job done, then he began to joke.
- 7 'Have you got any dogs about the house, or any cats ava?  
For I'm feared she'll cut my mealpocks before I gang awa.'
- 8 The lassie took up the mealpocks, threw them against the wa,  
'O deil tak your mealpocks! my maidenhead's awa.'
- 9 The lassie she got up again the hour before 't was day,  
For to gie the beggar hansel before he went away.
- 10 She went into the cellar, to draw a pot of ale,  
The beggar followed after, and did the job again.
- 11 He laid her on the ringle-tree, and gave her kisses three,  
And he gave her twenty guineas, to pay the nurse's fee.
- 12 'Had you been an honest lass, as I took you to be,  
You might have rode in your carriage and gone along with me.'
- 13 The beggar he took a horn and blew it wondrous shrill;  
There was four-and-twenty belted knights came riding oer the hill.

- 14 'Now if you are afraid you should miscall your child,  
You may call him for the daddy o't, the great Duke of Argyle.'

1<sup>1</sup>. jelly: *but* 3<sup>2</sup>, 4<sup>2</sup>, jolly.

3<sup>1</sup>. hay and straw.

9<sup>1</sup>. hours.

13<sup>2</sup>. kinpa *for* knights.

*There are many other misprints; some, perhaps, which are not corrected, as she'll cut, 7<sup>2</sup>.*

*The copy in Motherwell's MS, p. 124, ends:*

He louted oure the saddle to her and gave her kisses three,  
And he gave her fifty guineas, to pay the nourice-fee.

'Oh had you been an honest maid, as I thoct ye wud hae been,  
I would have made you lady of a' the land, and then the Scottish queen.'

- B. c.** From the recitation of Miss Jane Webster, Crossmichael, August 8, 1893; learned by her many years ago from her mother, Janet Spark.

- 1 There was a jolly beggar, as mony a aue has been,  
An he's taen up his lodging in a house near Aberdeen.  
Wi his yi yi yanti O, his eerie eerie an  
Wi his fine tan taraira, the jolly beggar-man

- 2 He wadna lie in barn, nor he wadna lie in byre,  
But he wad lie at the ha-door or the back o the kitchen-fire.

- B. d.** From the recitation of the same, on the same occasion; learned in youth at Airds of Kells, from the singing of Thomas Duffy, joiner, Parton.

*Refrain:*

Wi his long staff, and ragged coat, and breeches to his knee,  
And he was the bauldest beggar-man that eer my eyes did see.

- a. 4 Up rose the farmer's daughter, for to bar the door,  
There she beheld a naked man, was standing on the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 7 'Hae ye ony cats or dogs, or hae ye eer a grew?  
I'm feared they rive my meal-pokes, when I am kissing you.'

- 9 She's taen up his meal-pokes an thrown them owre the wa:  
'O the deil gang wi your meal-pokes! for my maidenhead's awa.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 'It's fare ye weel, gudewife, an it's fare ye weel, gudeman,  
Ye hae a gude fat doughter, an I rattled on her pan.

- b. 12 'If she had been an honest lass, as I took her to be,  
She micht hae ridden in her coach-an-four this day along wi me.'

- a. 12 Then he took oot a whistle, an he's blawn baith loud and shrill,  
There was four-an-twenty foresters cam at their master's will.

- 13 Then he took oot a wee pen-knife, an let his duddies fa,  
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.

The English broadside, Pepys Ballads, III, 73, No 71.

#### THE POLLITICK BEGGER-MAN.

Who got the love of a pretty maid  
And on her cittern sweetly plaid;  
At last she slung her milk-pail over the wall,  
And bid the De'l take milk-pail, maidenhead and all.  
Tune is, There was a jovial begger.\*

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

\* For this older piece, see Ebsworth, Bagford Ballads, I, 216. There is no adventure; the subject is the beggar's way of life.



1 There was a jovial begger-man,  
 a begging he was bound,  
 And he did seek his living  
 in country and in town.  
 With a long staff and a patcht coat,  
 he praned along the pad,  
 And by report of many a one  
 he was a proper lad.  
 His cheeks were like the crimson rose,  
 his forehead smooth and high,  
 And he was the bravest begger-man  
 that ever I saw with eye.

2 He came unto a farmer's gate  
 and for an alms did crave ;  
 The maid did like the begger-man  
 and good relief she gave.  
 She took him by the lilly hand  
 and set him to the fire,  
 Which was as well as tongue could tell  
 Or heart of man desire.

3 A curious mess of firmaty  
 for him she did provide,  
 With a lovely cup of nut-brown  
 and sugar sops beside.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

4 'Sweet-heart, give me some lodging,  
 that I all night may stay,  
 Or else give me my answer,  
 that I may go away.'  
 The maid went to the hay-mow  
 and fetcht a bottle of hay,  
 And laid it behind the parlor-door,  
 On which the begger-man lay.

5 'Resolve me,' said the maiden,  
 'if that you will or can,  
 For I do verily believe  
 thou art a gentleman.'  
 'In truth then,' said the begger,  
 'my parents they are poor,  
 And I do seek my living  
 each day from door to door.'

6 'Tis pity,' said this maiden fair,  
 'that such a lively lad  
 Should be a begger's only heir,  
 a fortune poor and bad.  
 I wish that my condition  
 were of the same degree,  
 Then hand in hand I'de quickly wend  
 throughout the world with thee.'

7 When he perceivd the maiden's mind,  
 and that her heart was his,  
 He did embrace her in his arms  
 And sweetly did her kiss.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

8 In lovely sport and merriment  
 the night away they spent  
 In Venus game, for their delight  
 and both their hearts content :

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

9 Betimes in the morning then,  
 as soon as it was day,  
 He left the damosel fast asleep  
 and nimbly budgd away.  
 When he from her an hour was gone  
 the damosel she did wake,  
 And seeing the begger-man not there  
 her heart began to ake.

10 Then did she sigh and wring her hands,  
 the tears did trickling pour,  
 For loosing her virginity  
 and virgins maiden flower.  
 When twenty weeks were come and gone  
 her heart was something sad,  
 Because she found herself with barn,  
 and does not know the dad.

11 'There is, I see, no remedy  
 for what is past and gone,  
 And many a one that laughs at me  
 may do as I have done.'  
 Then did she take her milk-pail,  
 and flung it over the wall :  
 'O the Devil go with my milk-pail,  
 my maidenhead and all !'

12 You maidens fair, where ere you are,  
 Keep up your store and goods,  
 For when that some have got their wills  
 They 'l leave you in the suds.  
 Let no man tempt you nor entice,  
 be not too fond and coy,  
 But soon agree to loyalty,  
 Your freedom to enjoy.

4<sup>4</sup>. go that way.

## APPENDIX

## THE GABERLUNYIE-MAN

Printed in the first volume of Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, from which it was repeated in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, fol. 43, and *Old Ballads*, III, 259, the same year; in the Dublin reprint of the *Miscellany*, 1729, I, 96, the "fifth edition," London, 1730, and the ninth edition, London, 1733, I. 84. The first edition, 1724, being of extreme rarity, if anywhere now to be found, the piece is given here from *Old Ballads*, which agrees with *Orpheus Caledonius* except as to the spelling of a single word.

The *Gaberlunyie-Man* is one of the pieces which were subjected to revision in the *Miscellany*; "such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers, such as 'The *Gaberlunzie-man*,' 'Muirland Willy,' etc. (Ramsay's preface.)

In recited copies, as the "*Old Lady's Collection*," No 13 (Skene MS., p. 65), and Motherwell's MS., p. 31, the girl is made to come back again to see her mother (or the *gaberlunyie-man* brings her) 'wi a bairn in her arms and ane in her wame;' but for all that a fine lady, 'wi men- and maid-servants at her command.'

Translated by Herder, II, 264; Bodmer, I, 68; Fiedler, p. 23; Loeve-Weimars, p. 356.

- 1 The pauky auld carle came oer the lee,  
Wi many good eens and days to me,  
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,  
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
My daughter's shoulders he gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.
- 2 'O wow!' quo he, 'were I as free  
As first when I saw this country,  
How blyth and merry wad I be!  
And I wad never think lang.'  
He grew canty, and she grew fain,  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir slee twa togither were sayn,  
When wooing they were sa[e] thrang.
- 3 'And O!' quo he, 'ann ye were as black,  
As eer the crown of your dady's hat,  
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
And awa wi me thou shoud gang.'

'And O!' quoth she, 'ann I were as white  
As eer the snaw lay on the dike,  
I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,  
And awa with thee I'd gang.'

- 4 Between the twa was made a plot;  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And wylie they shot the lock,  
And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leasure pat on her claihs;  
Syne to the servants bed she gaes,  
To speer for the silly poor man.
- 5 She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,  
The strae was cauld, he was away;  
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay!  
For some of our gear will be gane.  
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,  
But nought was stown that could be mist;  
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,  
I have lodg'd a leal poor man!
- 6 'Since nathing's awa, as we can learn,  
The kirk's to kirk and milk to earn;  
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben.'  
The servant gade where the daughter lay,  
The sheets was cauld, she was away;  
And fast to her goodwife can say,  
She's aff with the *gaberlunyie-man*.
- 7 'O fy, gar ride, and fy, gar rin,  
And hast ye find these traitors again;  
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
The wearifu *gaberlunyie-man*.'  
Some rade upo horse, some ran a-fit,  
The wife was wood and out o'er wit;  
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,  
But ay she cursd and she band.
- 8 Mean time far hind outoer the lee,  
Fou snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,  
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.  
The priving was good, it pleasd them baith,  
To loe her for ay he gae her his aith;  
Quo she, To leave thee, I will be laith,  
My winsome *gaberlunyie-man*.
- 9 'O kend my minny I were wi you,  
Illfardly wad she crook her mou;  
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,  
After the *gaberlunyie-man*.  
'My dear,' quo he, 'ye'r yet oer young,  
And ha na learnd the beggar's tongue,  
To follow me frae town to town,  
And carry the *gaberlunyie* on.



10 'Wi kauk and keel, I'll win your bread,  
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed,  
To carry the gaberlunyie, O.  
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,

And draw a black clout oer my eye ;  
A cripple or blind they will ca me,  
While we shall be merry and sing.'

32. my dady's, Dublin, 1729, London, 1730, 1733.

## 280

## THE BEGGAR-LADDIE

A. 'The Shipherd Boy,' "Old Lady's Collection,"  
No 35.

D. 'The Gaberlunzie Laddie, or, The Beggar's Bride,'  
Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 100.

B. 'The Beggar's Dawtie,' Murison MS., p. 85.

E. 'The Shepherd's Bonny Lassy,' Kinloch MSS, V,  
249, II, 17.

C. 'The Beggar-Laddie,' Motherwell's MS., p. 249.

THIS is a sort of 'Gaberlunyie-Man' with a romantic conclusion, resembling that of 'Lizie Lindsay.' A pretended beggar, who is for the time acting as shepherd's swain, induces a young lady, or young woman of good standing, to follow him as his beggar-lassie. They come to a hall (his father's, A, D, E, brother's, C), he knocks loudly, four and twenty gentlemen welcome him in, and

as many ladies the lassie, and she is thenceforth a knight's or squire's lady.

There is corruption in all the copies,\* and the rhyme is frequently lost. A 2 (B 3, C 3, D 7, E 5) is taken almost bodily from 'The Gaberlunyie-Man,' 10. D is not the better for being a mixture of three copies. D 4 anticipates the conclusion, and it is inconceivable that any meddler should not have seen this. D 14 is caught from 'The Jolly Beggar.'

## A

The "Old Lady's Collection," No 35 ; north of Scotland.

1 SHIPERD-BOY, what is yer trade?  
Or what way do ye wine yer bread?  
Or what way do ye wine yer bread,  
Fan the kipeng nout gies over?

2 'Spindels an forls it is my trade,  
An bits o sticks to them who need,  
Whilk is a gentell trade indeed;  
Bony lassie, cane ye lea me?'

\* B 4<sup>3</sup>, As Jessie loved the cups o gold,

C 5<sup>1</sup>, As Judas loved a picce of gold,

D 3<sup>3</sup>, As Jesse lovd the fields of gold;

3 'I lea you as I supos

Rachell loved Jacob of old,

As Jason loied his flice of gould,

Sae dearly do I lea ye.

4 'Ye cast off yer clouty coat,

An ye pitt one my scarlett cloke,

An I will follou you just att the back,

Becass ye are a bonny laddie.'

5 He cust off his cloutty coat,

An he patt on her scarlet cloke,

the original reading being as in

A 3<sup>3</sup>, As Jason loied his flice of gould.

- An she followed him just att the back,  
Becauss he was a bonny laddie.
- 6 They gaed on, an forder on,  
Till they came to yon borroustoun;  
She bought a loaf an they both satt down,  
Bat she ate no we her laddie.
- 7 They gaed on, an forder one,  
Till they came to the nest borroustoun;  
I wat the lassie louked down,  
For the following of her laddie.
- 8 'O if I wer on the head of yon hill,  
Ther I wad greet my fill,  
For the following of my laddie.'
- 9 'O had yer tounge, my dearest dear,  
I ill ha ye back as I brought ye hear,  
For I canna bear yer morning.'
- 10 'O had yer tounge, my dearest dear,  
I will gae throu the warld baith far an near,  
Becauss ye 'r a bonny ladie.'
- 11 They gad on, an forder on,  
Till they came to his father's haa,  
An he knoked ther fue loudly.
- 12 'O had yer hand, my dear[est] dear,  
An dou not knoke sae loudly,  
For fear they sud be angry.'
- 13 Four-an-tuenty gentelmen  
They conved the beager ben,  
An as mony gay ladës  
Conved the beager's lassie.
- 14 His brother lead her throu the haa:  
'I wis, brother, we had beagged a',  
For sick a bonny lassie.'
- 15 That same night she was bedded,  
An the nist morning she was wedded;  
She came to gued by grait misgiding,  
By the following of her laddie.

## B

Murison MS., p. 85; from Aberdeenshire.

- 1 'T WAS on a day in the month o June  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
When Phoebus shines sae clearly.
- 2 .  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
She says, My dear, what is your trade  
When thiggin ye give over?
- 3 'Spinls and forls is my trade,  
Wi bits o sticks I win my bread,  
An O it is a winnin trade;  
Bonnie lassie, can ye loo me?'  
An O it is, etc.
- 4 'O I can love ye manyfold,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
And as Jessie loved the cups o gold;  
My dear, can ye believe me?'  
As Jessie, etc.
- 5 'It's ye'll tak aff the robes o red,  
An ye'll pit on the beggin-weed,  
An ye'll gang wi me an ye'll beg your bread,  
An ye'll be the beggar's dawtie.'
- 6 When they cam to yon borough-toon,  
They bocht a loaf an they baith sat doon,  
They bocht a loaf an they baith sat doon,  
An the lassie ate wi her laddie.
- 7 When they cam to yon grassy hill,  
Where spotted flocks do feed their fill,  
'I'll sit me doon an I'll greet a while,  
For the followin o my laddie.'
- 8 'It's ye'll tak aff yer beggin-weed,  
An ye'll pit on the goons o red,  
An ye'll gang ye back the road ye cam,  
For I canna bide yer greetin.'
- 9 'Betide me weel, betide me woe,  
It's wi the beggar an I'll go,  
An I'll follow him through frost an snow,  
An I'll be the beggar's dawtie.'



10 When they cam to yonder ha,  
He knockit loud an sair did ca;  
She says, My dear, we'll be foun in fa  
For knockin here sae loudly.

11 Four-an-twenty gentlemen  
Cam a' to welcome the beggar in,  
An as monie fair ladies gay  
To welcome 's bonnie lassie.

12 When at he gied through the ha,  
They a' did laugh, they were like to fa,  
Sayin, Brither, I wish we had beggit a',  
For sic a bonnie lassie.

13 'The streen ye was the beggar's bride,  
An noo this nicht ye'll lie by my side,  
Come weel, come woe, whateer betide,  
An ye'll be aye my dawtie.'

### C

Motherwell's MS., p. 249; from the recitation of Miss Ann Wilson, of the Tontine Inn, Paisley, who learned it from the cook in her father's house.

1 Down in yonder garden gay,  
Where many a ladie does repair,  
Where many a ladie does repair,  
Puing of flowers sae bonnie.

2 'O do you see yon shepherd's son,  
Feeding his flocks in yonder loan,  
Feeding his flocks in yonder loan?  
Vow but he feeds them bonnie!'

3 'O laddie, laddie, what is your trade?  
Or by what means do you win your bread?  
Or by what means do you win your bread?  
O laddie, tell unto me.'

4 'By making spindles is my trade,  
Or whorles in the time o need,  
And by which ways I do win my bread:  
O lady, do you love me?'

5 'As Judas loved a piece of gold,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
O laddie, I do love thee.'

6 'You must put off your robes of silk,  
You must put on my cloutit claes,  
And follow me hard at my back,  
And ye'll be my beggar-lassie.'

7 She's put aff her robes of silk,  
And she's put on his cloutit claes,

And she's followed him hard at his back,  
And she's been his beggar-lassie.

8 O when they cam to [the] borrowstoun,  
Vow but the lassie lookit down!  
Vow but the lassie lookit down!  
Following her beggar-laddie.

9 O when they cam to Stirling toun,  
He coft a loaf and they baith sat doun,  
He coft a loaf and they baith sat doun,  
And she's eaten wi her beggar-laddie.

10 'O do you see yon hie, hie hill,  
Where the corn grows baith rank and tall?  
If I was there, I would greet my fill,  
Where naebody wuld see me.'

11 When they came to his brother's hall,  
Vow but he chappit loud and schill!  
'Don't chap sae loud,' the lassie said,  
'For we may be fund faut wi.'

12 Four-and-twenty gentlemen,  
And twice as many gay ladies,  
And twice as many gay ladies,  
Came to welcome in the lassie.

13 His brother led her thro the hall,  
With laughter he was like to fall;  
He said, I think we should beg it all,  
For she is a bonnie lassie.

14 'You must put aff your cloutit claes,  
You must put on your robes of silk,  
You must put on your robes of silk,  
For ye are a young knight's ladye.'

## D

Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 100; from three copies, two in Banffshire, and one in Aberdeenshire.

- 1 'T WAS in the pleasant month of June,  
When woods and valleys a' grow green,  
And valiant ladies walk alane,  
While Phoebus shines soe clearly.  
And valiant ladies, etc.
- 2 Out-ower yon den I spied a swain,  
Wi a shepherd's club into his han;  
He was driving ewes out-ower yon knowes,  
And said, Lassie, I could love you.  
He was driving ewes, etc.
- 3 'Oh, I could love you manifold,  
As Jacob lovd Rachel of old,  
As Jesse lovd the fields of gold,  
So dearly could I love you.
- 4 'In ha's and chambers ye 'se be laid,  
In silks and cambries ye 'se be clade,  
An wi the finest ye 'se be fed,  
My dear, gin ye would believe me.'
- 5 'Your ha's and chambers ye'll soon sweep  
clean,  
Wi your flattering tongue now let me alane;  
You are designd to do me wrang,  
Awa, young man, and leave me.
- 6 'But tell me now what is your trade,  
When you 've given over sheep and club?'  
. . . . .
- 7 'By making besoms I win my bread,  
And spindles and whorles in time o need;  
Is n't that a gentle trade indeed?  
Bonnie lassie, can you loe me?
- 8 'Will ye cast aff your mantle black  
And put on you a clouty cloak,  
And follow me close at the back,  
The gaberlunyie-laddie?'
- 9 Then she coost aff her mantle black,  
And she put on a clouty cloak,  
And she followd him close at the back,  
Her gaberlunyie-laddie.
- 10 As they gaed through yon borough-town,  
For shame the lassie lookit down;  
But they bought a loaf and they both sat down,  
And the lassie ate wi her laddie.
- 11 When they came to his father's gate,  
Sac loudly as he rappd thereat;  
'My dear,' said she, 'ye 'll be found in faut  
For rapping there sae loudly.'
- 12 Then four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Convoyd the gentle beggar ben,  
And aye as mony gay ladies  
Convoyd the bonny lassie.
- 13 When they were come into the ha,  
Wi laughter a' were like to fa:  
'I wish, dear brother, we had beggèd a',  
For sic a bonnie lassie.'
- 14 Then as he stood amang them a',  
He let his meal-pocks a' down fa,  
And in red gowd he shone oer them a',  
And she was a young knight's lady.
- 15 Yestreen she was the begger's bride,  
As his wife she now stood by his side,  
And for a' the lassie's ill misguide,  
She's now the young knight's lady.

## E

Kinloch MSS, V, 249. As recited by John Laurie, Abbeygreen.

- 1 'T WAS in the merry month of June,  
When woods and gardens were all in bloom,  
When woods and gardens were all in bloom,  
And Phœbus shining clearly.
- 2 Did you not see your shepherd-swain,  
Feeding his flocks upon the plain,  
Feeding his flocks all one by one,  
And keeping them together?
- 3 Did you not see yon bonny green,  
Where dukes and lords and my love hath  
been,



- Where dukes and lords and my love hath  
been,  
And Phœbus shining clearly ?
- 4 'O shepherd, shepherd, tell me indeed  
Which is the way you dou win your bread,  
Which is the way you dou win your bread,  
When feeding you give over ?'
- 5 'By making spindles I win my bread,  
By turning whorles in time of need,  
By turning whorles in time of need,  
Say, lassy, can you love me ?'
- 6 'I could love you manifold,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
So dearly could I love you.'
- 7 'You must cast off these robes of silk,  
And put about my shepherd's cloak,  
And you must walk down at my back,  
Like a shepherd's bonny lassie.'
- 8 She has cast off her robes of silk,  
And put about his shepherd's cloak,  
And she has walkd down at his back,  
Like a shepherd's bonny lassie.
- 9 O they walked up, and they walked down,  
Till this fair maiden she's wearyed grown ;  
Says she, My dear, we'll go to some town,  
And there tak up our lodgings.
- 10 O whan they cam to his father's gate,  
Sae loudly, loudly as he did rap ;  
Says she, My dear, we'll be found in fault  
For rapping here sae boldly.
- 11 But whan they cam to his father's hall,  
O loud, loud laughter they laughed all,  
Saying, Brother, I wish we had herded all,  
Ye've got sic an a bonny lassie.
- 12 Now this young couple they were wed,  
And all the way the flowers were spread,  
For in disguise they were married ;  
She's now the young squire's lady.

A. 2<sup>2</sup>. who wad. Cf. 'Gaberlunzie-Man,' 10<sup>2</sup>. C,  
D, E, time o need.

4<sup>1</sup>. clouty klok. Cf. 5<sup>1</sup>.

4, 5. *In the other copies, the lady casts off her  
better clothes, and puts on the beggin-weed,  
his cloutit claes, a clouty cloak, his shep-  
herd's cloak, and this disposition is no doubt  
the right one.*

6<sup>3</sup>. She bought. He, C, They, B, D, *either  
of which is preferable.*

15<sup>2</sup>. wounded.

C. 8<sup>1</sup>, 9<sup>1</sup>, 10<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

8<sup>1</sup>. Borrowstoun.

D. 6, 7 are printed together.

## 281

## THE KEACH I THE CREEL

- A. 'The Keach i the Creel,' Alexander Whitelaw, *The Book of Scottish Ballads*, p. 35, 1845; Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, p. 112, Percy Society, vol. xvii, 1846.
- B. 'The Creel, or, Bonnie May.' Communicated by Mr David Loudon, Morham, Haddington, 1873.
- C. 'The Cunning Clerk,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 278, 1828.
- D. 'The Covering Blue,' Kinloch MSS, I, 276; Kinloch's *Ballad Book*, p. 61, 1827.

A FEW copies of A were printed about 1845 by a Northumbrian gentleman for private distribution. One of these came into Whitelaw's hands, another into Dixon's. Dixon made some changes in reprinting. Bell, *Ancient Poems, etc.*, p. 75, 1857, and Bruce and Stokoe, *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 82, 1882, repeat Dixon. This last remarks that "this old and very humorous ballad has long been a favorite on both sides of the Border."

James Telfer, writing to Sir W. Scott, May 12, 1824 [Letters, XIII, No 73], says: "I have an humorous ballad sung by a few of the old people on this side of the Border. It is entitled *The Keach in the Creel*. It begins thus :

A bonny may went up the street  
Some whitewish (*sic*) for to buy,  
And a bonny clerk's faen in love with her,  
And he's followed her by and by, by,  
And he's followed her by and by."

Buchan notes, I, 319, that Motherwell had sent him a ballad "somewhat similar in incident," taken down from the recitation of an old woman in or near Paisley.

This was perhaps a copy of which the first stanza is entered in Motherwell's *Note-Book*, p. 55 :

When I gade doun to Colliestoun,  
Some white-fish for to buy, buy,  
The cannie clarkie follows me,  
And he follows me spedily, -ly.

Or the ballad called 'Ricadoo' in the Appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. xxiii, No 29, where this first stanza is given :

The farmer's daughter gade to the market,  
Some white-fish for to buy ;  
The young squire followed after her,  
As fast as he could hie. Ricadoo,  
Tunaway, ricadoo a doo a day,  
Raddle ricadoo,  
Tunaway

Though occurring only in a late Scottish ballad, the story is somewhat old. In Gasté, *Chansons normandes du XV<sup>e</sup> siècle*, MS. de Vire, No 19, p. 15, a gentleman of Orleans causes his servants to let him down a chimney in a basket, and conceals himself under a lady's bed. She, made aware of his presence, sends her husband off to the barn, where, she says, he will find the curé, who has made love to her. On returning, the husband gets his feet into the basket, and the servants without draw the basket up. The man cries out to his wife that the devil is making away with him.

Again, in a fabliau considerably older: 'Du chevalier à la corbeille,' MS. of the end of the fourteenth century, F. Michel, *Gautier d'Aupais, Le chevalier à la Corbeille, Fabliaux du XIII<sup>e</sup> siècle*, p. 35; Montaiglon et Raynaud, *Recueil général des Fabliaux, etc.*, II, 183. A gentleman makes appointment to visit a lady one night when her husband is



away. An old woman, the husband's mother, sleeps in a bed beside the lady's, and keeps strict watch over her. The gentleman's squires hoist him in a basket over the wall of the house, so that he obtains entrance into the hall, whence he passes into the lady's chamber. The old woman observes a disturbance, and gets up, pretending that she is going to the kitchen. In the hall she goes astray and falls into the basket. The squires, noticing a movement of the cords, pull at the basket. The old woman is 'towed' up and down, and knocked about, much as in the ballad. She thinks that devils have carried her

off. Finally the squires let the cords go, and the basket comes flat to the ground.

The story is also told in Henri Estienne's *Apologie pour Hérodote*, 1566; here, of a girl and her lover, and it is the girl's father that gets his feet into the basket. Ed. Ristelhuber, 1879, I, 282 f.

No one looks for decorum in pieces of this description, but a passage in this ballad, which need not be particularized, is brutal and shameless almost beyond example.

C is translated by Gerhard, p. 192.

### A

Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 35; "taken down from the recitation of a gentleman in Liddesdale."

1 A FAIR young may went up the street,  
Some white-fish for to buy,  
And a bonnie clerk's faen in love wi her,  
And he's followed her by and by, by,  
And he's followed her by and by.

2 'O where live ye, my bonnie lass,  
I pray thee tell to me;  
For gin the nicht were ever sae mirk  
I wad come and visit thee.'

3 'O my father he aye locks the door,  
My mither keeps the key;  
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wight  
Ye canna win in to me.'

4 But the clerk he had ae true brother,  
And a wily wight was he;  
And he has made a lang ladder,  
Was thirty steps and three.

5 He has made a cleek but and a creel,  
A creel but and a pin;  
And he's away to the chimley-top,  
And he's letten the bonnie clerk in.

6 The auld wife, being not asleep,  
Heard something that was said;

'I'll lay my life,' quo the silly auld wife,  
'There's a man i our dochter's bed.'

7 The auld man he gat owre the bed,  
To see if the thing was true;  
But she's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,  
And coverd him owre wi blue.

8 'O where are ye gaun now, father?' she says,  
'And where are ye gaun sae late?'  
Ye've disturbd me in my evening prayers,  
And O but they were sweet!

9 'O ill betide ye, silly auld wife,  
And an ill death may ye die!  
She has the muckle buik in her arms,  
And she's prayin for you and me.'

10 The auld wife being not asleep,  
Then something mair was said;  
'I'll lay my life,' quo the silly auld wife,  
'There's a man i our dochter's bed.'

11 The auld wife she got owre the bed,  
To see if the thing was true;  
But what the wrack took the auld wife's fit?  
For into the creel she flew.

12 The man that was at the chimley-top,  
Finding the creel was fu,  
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,  
And fast to him he drew.

13 'O help! O help! O hinny, now, help!  
 O help, O hinny, now!  
 For him that ye aye wished me to  
 He's carryin me off just now.'

14 'O if the foul thief's gotten ye,  
 I wish he may keep his haud;  
 For a' the lee lang winter nicht  
 Ye'll never lie in your bed.'

15 He's towed her up, he's towed her down,  
 He's towed her through an through;

'O Gude assist!' quo the silly auld wife,  
 'For I'm just departin now.'

16 He's towed her up, he's towed her down,  
 He's gien her a richt down-fa,  
 Till every rib i the auld wife's side  
 Playd nick-nack on the wa.

17 O the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,  
 And I wish the blue may do weel!  
 And every auld wife that's sae jealous o her  
 dochter,  
 May she get a good keach i the creel!

## B

Communicated February, 1873, by Mr David Loudon, of  
 Morham, Haddington, N. B., as derived from Andrew  
 Hastie, Rentonhall.

1 As bonnie may went up the street,  
 Some sweetmeats for to buy,  
 There was a young clerk followed after her,  
 And followed her by and by, by,  
 And followed her by and by.

2 'It's bonnie may, where do you stay?  
 Or where is 't that you be?  
 Oh if the night be neer so dark,  
 Awat I'll come and visit thee.'

3 'My father locks the door at een,  
 My mother keeps the key;  
 Gin ye were neer sic a rovin blade,  
 Ye canna win in to me.'

4 The young clerk has a young brither,  
 And a wily wag was he;  
 He's made to him a long ladder,  
 Wi thirty steps and three.

5 And he's put it to the chimney-top,  
 And the creel he's put on a pin,  
 And he's put it to the chimney-top,  
 And he's let the young clerk in.

6 The auld wife she was standing by,  
 She heard a word was said;  
 'I could lay my life,' said the silly auld wife,  
 'There's a man in oor dochter's bed.'

7 The auld man he cam down the stairs  
 To see if it were true;  
 The young clerk was lying in bonnie may's  
 arms,  
 And she's covered him oer wi blue.

8 'Where are you going, dear father?' she says,  
 'Where are you going so late?  
 You stopped me of my evening prayers,  
 And oh, but they were sweet!'

9 'The deil tak you, ye silly auld wife,  
 And an ill death may ye dee!  
 For your dochter was lyin wi the book in her  
 arms,  
 And she's prayin for you and me.'

10 The auld wife still standin no far by,  
 Still hearin a word, she said,  
 'Ye may say as ye like, ye silly auld man,  
 There's a man in oor dochter's bed.'

11 I dinna ken what's taen the auld wife's fit,  
 But into the creel she flew;  
 The young clerk['s brither] being at the chim-  
 ney-top,  
 He found the creel was fu.

12 He's thrown the rope out-owre his shouther,  
 And to him he did draw;  
 He's drawn her up, he's drawn her down,  
 He's drawn her through and through.

13 Till the auld wife she began to cry,  
 I'm just departin noo!



But aye he drew her up and down,  
And drew her through and through.

- 14 He's drawn her up, he's let her down,  
He's gien her evendown fall,  
Till every rib on the auld wife's side  
Played nick-nack on the wall.

- 15 It's O the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,  
I wish the blue may do weel!  
For every auld wife that is jealous o her dochter  
May be rockit to the d — l in a creel!

---

C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 278.

- 1 As I gaed down to Collistown,  
Some white-fish for to buy, buy,  
The cunning clerk he followed me,  
And he followed me speedily, ly,  
And he followed me speedily.
- 2 Says, Faur ye gaun, my dearest dear?  
O faur ye gaun, my dow?  
There's naebody comes to my bedside,  
And naebody wins to you.
- 3 'Your brother is a gallant square-wright,  
A gallant square-wright is he;  
Ye'll gar him make a lang ladder,  
Wi thirty steps and three.
- 4 'And gar him big a deep, deep creel,  
A deep creel and a string,  
And ye'll come up to my bedside,  
And come bonnily linken in.'
- 5 The auld gudeman and auld gudewife,  
To bed they went, to sleep;  
But wae mat worth the auld gudewife!  
A wink she coudna get.
- 6 'I dreamd a dreary dream this night,  
I wish it binna true,  
That the rottens had come thro the wa,  
And cutted the coverin blue.'
- 7 Then up it raise the auld gudeman,  
To see gin it was true;  
And he's gane to his daughter dear,  
Says, What are ye doing, my dow?

- 8 'What are ye doing, my daughter dear?  
What are ye doing, my dow?'  
'The prayer book's in my hand, father,  
Praying for my auld minnie and you.'
- 9 The auld gudeman and auld gudewife,  
To bed they went, to sleep;  
But wae mat worth the auld gudewife!  
But aye she wakend yet.
- 10 'I dreamd a dreary dream this night,  
I wish it binna true,  
That the cunning clerk and your ae daughter  
Were aneath the coverin blue.'
- 11 'O rise yoursell, gudewife,' he says,  
'The diel may had you fast!  
Atween you and your ae daughter  
I canno get ae night's rest.'
- 12 Up then raise the auld gudewife,  
To see gin it was true,  
And she fell arselins in the creel,  
And up the string they drew.
- 13 'Win up, win up, gudeman,' she says,  
'Win up and help me now!  
For he that ye gae me to last night,  
I think he's catchd me now.'
- 14 'Gin Auld Nick he has catchd you now,  
I wish he may had you fast;  
As for you and your ae daughter,  
I never get kindly rest.'
- 15 They howded her, and they showded her,  
Till the auld wife gat a fa,  
And three ribs o the auld wife's side  
Gaed knip-knap ower in twa.

## D

Kinloch MSS, I, 276 ; from Alexander Kinnear, of Stonchaven.

- 1 ' My father he locks the doors at nicht,  
My mithter the keys carries ben, ben ;  
There 's naebody dare gae out,' she says,  
' And as few dare come in, in,  
And as few dare come in.'
- 2 ' I will mak a lang ladder,  
Wi fifty steps and three,  
I will mak a lang ladder,  
And lichtly come down to thee.'
- 3 He has made a lang ladder,  
Wi fifty steps and three,  
He has made a lang ladder,  
And lichtly come down the lum.
- 4 They had na kissd nor lang clappit,  
As lovers do whan they meet,  
Till the auld wife says to the auld man,  
I hear somebody speak.
- 5 ' I dreamed a dreem sin late yestreen,  
And I 'm feard my dream be true ;  
I dreamd that the rottens cam thro the wa,  
And cuttit the covering blue.
- 6 ' Ye 'll rise, ye 'll rise, my auld gudeman,  
And see gin this be true ;'  
' If ye 're wanting rising, rise yoursel,  
For I wish the auld chiel had you.'
- 7 ' I dreamed a dream sin late yestreen,  
And I 'm feard my dream be true ;  
I dreamd that the clerk and our ae dother  
War rowed in the covering blue.
- 8 ' Ye 'll rise, ye 'll rise, my auld gudeman,  
And see gin this be true : '  
' If ye 're wanting rising, rise yoursel,  
For I wish the auld chiel had you.'
- 9 But up she raise, and but she gaes,  
And she fell into the gin ;  
He gied the tow a clever tit,  
That brought her out at the lum.
- 10 ' Ye 'll rise, ye 'll rise, my auld gudeman,  
Ye 'll rise and come to me now,  
For him that ye 've gien me sae lang till,  
I fear he has gotten me now.'
- 11 ' The grip that he 's gotten, I wish he may haud,  
And never let it gae,  
For atween you and your ae dother  
I rest neither nicht nor day.'

A. 1<sup>1</sup>. May (*not* may).

*Dixon says*: In the present impression some trifling typographical mistakes are corrected, and the phraseology has been rendered uniform throughout.

*In* 6<sup>2</sup>, *he prints*, Tho late, late was the hour ;  
6<sup>4</sup>, *dochter's* bower ; 10<sup>4</sup>, *by our* ; 13<sup>2</sup>, *hinny*,  
do ; 13<sup>3</sup>, *wished* me at.

- B. 1<sup>1</sup>, 2<sup>1</sup>, 7<sup>3</sup>. May (*not* may). 1<sup>4</sup>. *by and bye*.  
15<sup>1</sup>. *She cries aye, It's oh*.



## 282

## JOCK THE LEG AND THE MERRY MERCHANT

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 165.

---

JOCK THE LEG and a merchant (packman, pedlar) put up at the same tavern. Jock makes free to order a good supper at the merchant's expense; the packman gives notice that he will not pay a penny beyond his own shot. They go to bed in rooms separated by a locked door, but before the merchant is well asleep Jock appears at his feet and rouses him; it is more than time that they were on their road. The merchant will not stir a foot till daylight; he cannot go by Barnisdale or Coventry for fear that Jock the Leg should take his pack. His self-imposed comrade promises to see him safely through these places, but when they come to dangerous ground avows himself as Jock the Leg, and demands the pack. The merchant puts his pack under a tree, and says he will fight for it till daylight; they fight; the robber finds a more than equal match, cries Hold! and begs the boon of a blast on his horn, to which the merchant contemptuously accedes. Four-and-twenty bowmen come to Jock's help. The merchant offers to give up his pack if the six best of these, and Jock, the seventh, can drive him one foot from it. The seven make the attempt and fail. The merchant, holding his pack in one hand, slays five of the six with his broadsword, and knocks over the other.

Jock declares him to be the boldest swordsman he has ever fought with; if he were equally good with the bow, he should have service with Jock's master in the greenwood. The merchant would not join a robber-band. Jock proposes a barter of deerskins for fine linen. The merchant wants no stolen deerskins. 'Take your pack,' says Jock, 'and wherever we meet we shall be good comrades.' 'I'll take my pack,' says the uncompromising merchant, 'and wherever we meet I'll call thee a rank thief.'

This piece, but for names (and Jock the Leg is only a thin shrouding for Little John), might have gone with the Robin Hood ballads. It was composed, probably, in the last half of the eighteenth century, and for hawkers' purposes, but it is a better ballad, imitation as it is, than some of the seventeenth-century broadsides of the same class (which is indeed saying very little). The fight for the pack, 13, 14, 20, we have in 'The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood' (also a late ballad), No 132, 6, 7, 10; the "asking" of a blast on the horn and the scornful reply, 16, 17, in 'Robin Hood and the Shepherd,' No 135, 15, 16, with verbal similarity in the first case. (17 is all but a repetition of No 123, B 26, and No 140, B 25.)

---

1 As Jock the Leg and the merry merchant  
Came from yon borrow's town,  
They took their budgets on their backs,  
And fieldert they were boun.

2 But they came to a tavern-house,  
Where chapmen used to be:  
'Provide, provide,' said Jock the Leg,  
'A good supper for me.

- 3 'For the merry merchant shall pay it a',  
 Tho it were good merks three ;'  
 'But never a penny,' said the merry merchant,  
 'But shot, as it fa's me.
- 4 'A bed, a bed,' said the merry merchant,  
 'It's time to go to rest ;'  
 'And that ye shall,' said the good goodwife,  
 'And your coverings o the best.'
- 5 Then Jock the Leg in one chamber was laid,  
 The merchant in another,  
 And lockfast door atween them twa,  
 That the one might not see the other.
- 6 But the merchant was not well lain down,  
 Nor yet well fa'en asleep,  
 Till up it starts him Jock the Leg,  
 Just at the merchant's feet.
- 7 'Win up, win up,' said Jock the Leg,  
 'We might hae been miles three ;'  
 'But never a foot,' said the merry merchant,  
 'Till day that I do see.
- 8 'For I cannot go by Barnisdale,  
 Nor yet by Coventry ;  
 For Jock the Leg, that common thief,  
 Would take my pack from me.'
- 9 'I'll hae you in by Barnisdale,  
 And down by Coventry,  
 And I'll guard you frae Jock the Leg  
 Till day that ye do see.'
- 10 When they were in by Barnisdale,  
 And in by Coventry,  
 'Repeat, repeat,' said Jock the Leg,  
 'The words ye ance tauld me.'
- 11 'I never said aught behind your back  
 But what I'll say to thee ;  
 Are ye that robber, Jock the Leg,  
 Will take my pack frae me ?'
- 12 'O by my sooth,' said Jock the Leg,  
 'You'll find that man I be ;  
 Surrender that pack that's on your back,  
 Or then be slain by me.'
- 13 He's ta'en his pack down frae his back,  
 Set it below yon tree ;  
 Says, I will fight for my good pack  
 Till day that I may see.
- 14 Then they fought there in good greenwood  
 Till they were bloody men ;  
 The robber on his knees did fall,  
 Said, Merchant, hold your hand.
- 15 'An asking, asking,' said Jock the Leg,  
 'An asking ye'll grant me ;'  
 'Ask on, ask on,' said the merry merchant,  
 'For men to asking are free.'
- 16 'I've dune little harm to you,' he said,  
 'More than you'd been my brother ;  
 Give me a blast o my little wee horn,  
 And I'll give you another.'
- 17 'A blast o your little wee horn,' he said,  
 'Of this I take no doubt ;  
 I hope you will take such a blast  
 Ere both your eyes fly out.'
- 18 He set his horn to his mouth,  
 And he blew loud and shrill,  
 And four-and-twenty bauld bowmen  
 Came Jock the Leg until.
- 19 'Ohon, alas !' said the merry merchant,  
 'Alas ! and woe is me !  
 Sae many, a party o common thieves,  
 But nane to party me !
- 20 'Ye'll wile out six o your best bowmen,  
 Yourself the seventh to be,  
 And, put me one foot frae my pack,  
 My pack ye shall have free.'
- 21 He wiled six o his best bowmen,  
 Himself the seventh to be,  
 But [him] frae his pack they couldna get,  
 For all that they could dee.
- 22 He's taen his pack into one hand,  
 His broadsword in the other,  
 And he slew five o the best bowmen,  
 And the sixth he has dung over.
- 23 Then all the rest they gae a shout,  
 As they stood by the tree ;  
 Some said they would this merchant head,  
 Some said they'd let him be.
- 24 But Jock the Leg he then replied,  
 To this I'll not agree ;  
 He is the boldest broadsword-man  
 That ever I fought wi.



25 'If ye could wield the bow, the bow  
As ye can do the brand,  
I would hae you to good greenwood,  
To be my master's man.'

26 'Tho I could wield the bow, the bow  
As I can do the brand,  
I would not gang to good greenwood,  
To join a robber-band.'

27 'O give me some of your fine linen,  
To cleathe my men and me,  
And ye 'se hae some of my dun deers' skins,  
Below yon greenwood-tree.'

28 'Ye 'se hae nane o my fine linen,  
To cleathe your men and thee,  
And I 'll hae nane o your stown deers' skins,  
Below yon greenwood-tree.'

29 'Ye 'll take your pack upon your back,  
And travel by land or sea;  
In brough or land, wherever we meet,  
Good billies we shall be.'

30 'I 'll take my pack upon my back,  
And go by land or sea;  
In brough or land, wherever we meet,  
A rank thief I 'll call thee.'

## 283

## THE CRAFTY FARMER

a. 'The Crafty Farmer,' Logan, *A Pedlar's Pack*, p. 126, from a chap-book of 1796; 'The Crafty Miller,' Maidment, *Scotish Ballads and Songs*, 1859, p. 208, from a Glasgow stall-copy; a stall-copy, printed by M. Randall, Stirling.

b. 'The Yorkshire Farmer,' Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 140, from *The Manchester Songster*, 1792.

c. 'Saddle to Rags,' Dixon, *Ancient Poems, etc.*, p. 126, Percy Society, vol. xvii., taken down from the recitation of a Yorkshire yeoman in 1845.

d. 'The Thief Outwitted,' *Notes and Queries*, Fourth

Series, XI, 112, 1873, taken down by E. McC., Guernsey, "from the recitation of an old woman now in her eighty-second year, who learnt it in her childhood from her father, a laborer from the neighborhood of Yeovil."

e. 'The Silly Old Man,' Baring-Gould and Sheppard, *Songs and Ballads of the West*, 3d ed., No 18, Part I, p. 38, as sung by the Rev. E. Luscombe, a Devonshire man, about 1850 (Part IV, p. xviii).

f. 'The Silly Old Man,' Miss M. H. Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 43, as sung in Devonshire.

AN old farmer who is on his way to pay his rent imparts the fact to a gentlemanlike highwayman who overtakes him. The highwayman cautions him not to be too communicative, since there are many thieves on the roads. The old man has no fear; his money is safe in his saddle-bags. At the right time and place the thief bids him stand and deliver. The farmer throws his saddle over a hedge; the thief dismounts to fetch it, and gives his horse to the farmer to hold; the farmer mounts the thief's horse and rides off. The

thief hacks the saddle to pieces to get at the bags. Arrived at his landlord's, the farmer opens the thief's portmanteau, and finds in it six hundred pounds. The farmer's wife is made very happy by her husband's report of his performances; the thief's money will help to enlarge her daughter's marriage portion.

This very ordinary ballad has enjoyed great popularity, and is given for that reason and as a specimen of its class. There is an entirely similar one, in which a Norfolk

(Rygate, Cheshire) farmer's daughter going to market to sell corn is substituted for the farmer going to pay his rent: 'The Norfolk Maiden,' in *The Longing Maid's Garland*, of the last century, without place or date;\* 'The Maid of Rygate,' Logan's *Pedlar's Pack*, p. 133; 'The Highwayman Outwitted,' Leigh's *Ballads and Legends of Cheshire*, p. 267. Another variety is of a Yorkshire boy sent to a fair to sell a cow: 'Yorkshire Bite,' etc., *The Turnip-Sack Garland* (like *The Longing Maid's Garland*, one of a collection of Heber's);\* 'The Yorkshire Bite,' "from a collection of ballads *circa* 1782," Logan's *Pedlar's Pack*, p. 131; 'The Crafty Ploughboy,'

*Ingledew's Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire*, p. 209.

For certain ballads in which a country girl, beset by an amorous gentleman, mounts his horse and makes off with his valise or the like, see II, 483, and the page preceding.

'The Politick Squire, or, The Highwaymen catch'd in their own play,' is a ballad of a gentleman who, having been robbed by five highwaymen that then purpose to shoot him, tells them that he is the Pretender, and is taken by them as such to a justice. The squire makes explanations, four of the thieves are hanged, and the fifth, who had shown some mercy, is transported.†

1 THE song that I'm going to sing,  
I hope it will give you content,  
Concerning a silly old man,  
That was going to pay his rent.

2 As he was riding along,  
Along all on the highway,  
A gentleman-thief overtook him,  
And thus to him did say.

3 'Well overtaken!' said the thief,  
'Well overtaken!' said he;  
And 'Well overtaken!' said the old man,  
'If thou be good company.'

4 'How far are you going this way?'  
Which made the old man for to smile;  
'By my faith,' said the old man,  
'I'm just going two mile.

5 'I am a poor farmer,' he said,  
'And I farm a piece of ground,  
And my half-year's rent, kind sir,  
Just comes to forty pound.

6 'And my landlord has not been at home,  
I've not seen him this twelvemonth or more,  
Which makes my rent be large;  
I've to pay him just fourscore.'

7 'Thou shouldst not have told any body,  
For thieves there's ganging many;  
If any should light on thee,  
They'll rob thee of thy money.'

8 'O never mind,' said the old man,  
'Thieves I fear on no side,  
For the money is safe in my bags,  
On the saddle on which I ride.'

9 As they were riding along,  
The old man was thinking no ill,  
The thief he pulled out a pistol  
And bid the old man stand still.

10 But the old man provd crafty,  
As in the world there's many;  
He threw his saddle oer the hedge,  
Saying, Fetch it, if thou'lt have any.

11 The thief got off his horse,  
With courage stout and bold,  
To search for the old man's bag,  
And gave him his horse to hold.

12 The old man put's foot i the stirrup  
And he got on astride;  
To its side he clapt his spur up,  
You need not bid the old man ride.

\* Also among the garlands collected by J. Bell, Newcastle, British Museum: the first, 11621. c. 2 (36), and 4 (13); the other, c. 2 (70). The garlands in 4 were printed, according to Bell, by J. White, †1769, or by T. Saint, †1788.

† *Douce Ballads*, III, fol. 78 b., London, Printed and sold at Sympson's Warehouse, in Stonecutter-Street, Fleet-Market.



13 'O stay!' said the thief, 'O stay!  
And half the share thou shalt have;'  
'Nay, by my faith,' said the old man,  
'For once I have bitten a knave.'

14 The thief he was not content,  
But he thought there must be bags;  
He out with his rusty old sword  
And chopt the old saddle in rags.

15 When he came to the landlord's house,  
This old man he was almost spent;  
Saying, Come, show me a private room  
And I'll pay you a whole year's rent.

16 'I've met a fond fool by the way,  
I swapt horses and gave him no boot;  
But never mind,' said the old man,  
'For I got the fond fool by the foot.'

17 He opend this rogue's portmantle,  
It was glorious to behold;  
There were three hundred pounds in silver,  
And three hundred pounds in gold.

18 And as he was riding home,  
And down a narrow lane,  
He espied his mare tied to a hedge,  
Saying, Prithee, Tib, wilt thou gang hame?

19 When he got home to his wife  
And told her what he had done,  
Up she rose and put on her clothes,  
And about the house did run.

20 She sung, and she sung, and she sung,  
She sung with a merry devotion,  
Saying, If ever our daughter gets wed,  
It will help to enlarge her portion.

a. *There are some slight verbal differences in the three copies, but none worthy of notice.*

b. 1 A song I will sing unto you,  
A song of a merry intent,  
It is of a silly old man  
That went to pay his rent,  
That went to pay his rent.

2 And as he was riding along,  
A riding along the highway,  
A gentleman-thief steps before the old man  
And thus unto him he did say.

3 'My friend, how dare you ride alone?  
For so many thieves there now be;  
If any should but light on you,  
They'd rob you of all your money.'

4 'If that they should light upon me,  
I'm sure they'd be very ill-spued,  
For, to tell you the truth, my kind sir,  
In my saddle my money I've hid.'

5 So as they were riding along,  
And going down a steep hill,  
The gentleman-thief slipped before the old man  
And quickly he bid him stand still.

6 The old man, however, being cunning,  
As in this world there are many,  
He threw the saddle right over the hedge,  
Saying, Fetch it if thou wouldst have any.

7 The thief being so greedy of money —  
He thought that of it there'd been bags —  
Whipt out a rusty old sword  
And chopped the saddle to rags.

8 The old man put his foot in the stirrup  
And presently he got astride;  
He put the thief's horse to the gallop,  
You need not bid the old man ride.

9 'Nay, stay! nay, stay!' says the thief,  
'And half the money thou shalt have;'  
'Nay, by my troth,' says the old man,  
'For once I have cheated a knave.'

10 And so the old man rode along,  
And went with a merry devotion,  
Saying, If ever I live to get home,  
'T will enlarge my daughter's portion.

11 And having arrived at home,  
And got there with merry intent,  
Says he, Landlord, show me a room,  
And I'll pay you your half-year's rent.

12 They opened the thief's portmanteau,  
And from it they took out so bold  
A hundred pounds in silver  
And a hundred pounds in gold.

*c-f, the traditional copies, were beyond doubt all derived originally from print. c is from a; d-f are from another edition, not recovered, resembling b. This had variations, especially at the beginning and end, of which some specimens will suffice.*

d. 1 Oh 't is I that will sing you a song,  
A song of merry intent;  
'T is about a silly old man  
That was going to pay his rent.

2 And as he was riding along,  
Along and alone in a lane,  
A gentleman-thief overtook him,  
And said, Well overtaken, old man!

3 'You 're well overtaken, old man,  
You 're well overtaken by me;'  
'Nay, further go,' said the old man,  
'I 'm not for thy company.'

4, 6 *are wanting, as also in e, f, (and in b).*

8<sup>2-4</sup> 'He shall but poorly speed,  
For all the money I have  
In my old saddle 't is hid.'

19, 20 Oh, when that he came home,  
His daughter she looked like a duchess,  
And his old woman capered for joy,  
And danced him a gig on her crutches.

e. 1 Aw come now, I 'll sing you a song,  
'T is a song of right merry intent,  
Concerning a silly old man  
Who went for to pay his rent.

2 And as this here silly old man  
Was riding along the lane,  
A gentleman-thief overtook him,  
Saying, Well overtaken, old man!

3 'What, well overtaken, do'y say?'  
'Yes, well overtaken,' quoth he;  
'No, no,' said the silly old man,  
'I don't want thy company.'

8<sup>2-4</sup> 'Why, badly the thief would be sped,  
For the money I carry about me  
In the quilt o my saddle is hid.'

19, 20 Aw, when to his home he were come,  
His daughter he dressd like a duchess,  
And his ol woman kicked and she capered  
for joy,  
And at Christmas danced jigs on her  
crutches.

f. *Resembles d, e in the passages cited.*

---

## 284

### JOHN DORY

Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia, London, 1609; No 1 of Freeman's Songs, sig. B.

---

JOHN DORY goes to Paris and offers King John, in return for a pardon asked for himself and his men, to bring the French king all the churls in England in bonds. Nicholl, a Cornish man, fits out a good bark, has an

encounter with John Dory, and after a smart fight takes him prisoner.

This ballad had a remarkable popularity in the seventeenth century, as is evinced by the numerous cases of its being cited which



Chappell has collected, *Popular Music*, p. 67 f.\*

As to the history of the transactions set forth in the ballad, I am not aware that anything has been added to the account given by Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall*, 1602, p. 135, which Ritson has quoted in the second edition of his *Ancient Songs*, II, 57, an account which is likely to have been taken from the ballad, with the specification from tradition that Nicholl was "son to a widow near Foy."

"Moreover, the prowess of one Nicholas, son to a widow near Foy, is descanted upon in

an old three-man's song, namely, how he fought bravely at sea with John Dory (a Genowey, as I conjecture), set forth by John, the French king, and, after much bloodshed on both sides, took, and slew him, in revenge of the great ravine and cruelty which he had fore committed upon the Englishmen's goods and bodies." (Page 316 of the edition of 1813.)

The king in the ballad would be John II, the Good, who was taken prisoner at Poitiers, and died in 1364. No John Doria is mentioned as being in his service.

1 As it fell on a holy-day,  
And vpon an holy-tide-a,  
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,  
To Paris for to ride-a.

2 And when John Dory to Paris was come,  
A little before the gate-a,  
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted  
To let him in thereat-a.

3 The first man that John Dory did meet  
Was good king John of France-a;  
John Dory could well of his courtesie,  
But fell downe in a trance-a.

4 'A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my  
king,  
For my merie men and for me-a,  
And all the churles in merie England,  
I'le bring them all bound to thee-a.'

5 And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,  
A little beside Bohide-a,

And he mande forth a good blacke barke,  
With fiftie good oares on a side-a.

6 'Run vp, my boy, vnto the maine top,  
And looke what thou canst spie-a :'  
'Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do  
see,  
I trow it be John Dory[-a.']

7 They hoist their sailes, both top and top,  
The meisseine and all was tride-a,  
And euery man stood to his lot,  
What euer should betide-a.

8 The roring cannons then were plide,  
And dub-a-dub went the drumme-a;  
The braying trumpets lowde they cride  
To courage both all and some-a.

9 The grappling-hooks were brought at length,  
The browne bill and the sword-a,  
John Dory at length, for all his strength,  
Was clapt fast vnder board-a.

\* The song "I cannot eat but little meat," introduced into Gammer Gurton's Needle, which was acted in 1566, was

sung to 'John Dory,' says Mr Chappell, as above; but there is nothing to show that this was the original tune.

## 285

## THE GEORGE ALOE AND THE SWEEPSTAKE

a. Percy Papers, "from an ancient black-letter copy in Ballard's collection."

c. Roxburghe, III, 204, in Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 408.

b. Rawlinson, 566, fol. 183, 4°.

MARCH 19, 1611, there were entered to Richard Jones, "Captayne Jennings his songe, whiche he made in the Marshalsey," etc., and "the second parte of the George Aloo and the Swiftstake, beinge both ballades:" Arber, III, 456. The second part of the George Aloo must needs mean a second ballad, not the printers' second half (which begins in c at the stanza here numbered 14). In 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' printed in 1634, and perhaps earlier, the Jailer's Daughter sings the two following stanzas (Dyce, XI, 386):

The George Aloo came from the south,  
From the coast of Barbary-a,  
And there he met with brave gallants of war,  
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,  
And whither now are you bound-a?  
Oh, let me have your company  
Till [I] come to the sound-a.

These verses, whether accurately reported or not, certainly seem to belong to another ballad. Whether they are from the first part or the second part, we have no means of assuring ourselves. It is to be observed that in the ballad before us the George Aloe and the Sweepstake are sailing *for* Safee, and in the

other case the George Aloe is coming *from* the south, from the coast of Barbary, so that the adventure, whatever it was, may have occurred in the homeward voyage; but the circumstance is not decisive.\*

The George Aloe and the Sweepstake, merchantmen, are bound for Safee. The George Aloe anchors, the Sweepstake keeps on, is taken by a French rover, and her crew thrown overboard. The George Aloe hears of this, and sets out to take the Frenchman. Her second shot carries away the enemy's mainmast; the Frenchmen cry for mercy. The English ask what they did with the crew of the Sweepstake; the Frenchmen confess that they threw them into the sea. Such mercy as you shewed such mercy shall you have, say the English, and deal with the French accordingly.

'Aboard,' 6<sup>2</sup>, 16<sup>2</sup>, I suppose to mean alongside. 'Amain,' 7<sup>1</sup>, 16<sup>1</sup>, is strike (sails) in sign of surrender. The French use the word derived from their own language; the English say, strike. 'Gallant' Englishmen in 7<sup>1</sup>, after 'English dogs' in 6<sup>1</sup>, is unlikely courtesy, and is not found in 16<sup>1</sup>.

'The Swepestacke' is a king's ship in 1545, and 'The Sweepstakes' apparently again in 1666: Historical MSS Commission, 12th Report, Appendix, Part VII, pp. 8, 45.

\* There is an entry, July 31, 1590, of A Ditty of the fight upon the seas the fourth of June last in the Straits of Gibraltar between the George and the Thomas Bonaventure and eight galleys with three frigates (Arber, II, 557), but it is likely that there were Georges many, and only one George Aloe.

Mr Ebsworth has pointed out that a ballad called The Sailor's Joy, the name of the tune to which 'The George Aloe and the Sweepstake' was to be sung, was entered in the Stationers' Registers, January 14, 1595: Arber, II, 669.



- 1 THE George Aloe and the Sweepstakes too,  
With hey, with ho, for and a nony no  
They were two merchant-men, a sailing for  
Safee.  
And along the course of Barbary
- 2 [The George Aloe to anchor came,  
But the jolly Sweepstake kept on her way.]
- 3 They had not sayled leagues two or three  
Before they spyed a sail upon the sea.
- 4 'O hail, O hail, you lusty gallants,  
From whence is your good ship, and whither  
is she bound?'
- 5 'O we are some merchant-men, sailing for  
Safee: '  
'And we be French rebels, a roving on the sea.
- 6 'O hail, O hail, you English dogs, [hail!]'  
'The[n] come aboard, you French dogs, and  
strike down your sail!'
- 7 'Amain, amain, you gallant Englishmen!'  
'Come, you French swades, and strike down  
your sails!'
- 8 They laid us aboard on the starboard side,  
And they overthrew us into the sea so wide.
- 9 When tidings to the George Aloe came  
That the jolly Sweepstakes by a Frenchman  
was tane,
- 10 'To top, to top, thou little ship-boy,  
And see if this French man-of-war thou canst  
descry.'
- 11 'A sail, a sail, under your lee,  
Yea, and another under her bough.'
- 12 'Weigh anchor, weigh anchor, O jolly boat-  
swain,  
We will take this Frenchman if we can.'
- 13 We had not sailed leagues two or three  
But we met the French man-of-war upon the  
sea.
- 14 'All hail, all hail, you lusty gallants,  
Of whence is your fair ship, and whither is she  
bound?'
- 15 'O we are merchant-men, and bound for  
Safee; '  
'And we are Frenchmen, roving upon the sea.
- 16 'Amain, amain, you English dogs!'  
'Come aboard, you French rogues, and strike  
your sails!'
- 17 The first good shot the George Aloe shot,  
It made the Frenchmen's hearts sore afraid.
- 18 The second shot the George Aloe did afford,  
He struck the main-mast over the board.
- 19 'Have mercy, have mercy, you brave Eng-  
lish[men].'  
'O what have you done with our brethren on  
[shore]?'  
As they sail[ed].
- 20 'We laid them aboard on the starboard side,  
And we threw them into the sea so wide.'
- 21 'Such mercy as you have shewed unto them,  
Even the like mercy shall you have again.'
- 22 We laid them aboard on the larboard side,  
And we threw them into the sea so wide.
- 23 Lord, how it grieved our hearts full sore  
To see the drowned Frenchmen float along the  
shore!
- 24 Now, gallant seamen all, adieu,  
With hey, with ho, for and a nony no  
This is the last news that I can write to you.  
To England's coast from Barbary

---

a. The Seamans only Delight: Shewing the  
brave fight between the George Aloe, the  
Sweepstakes, and certain French Men at sea.

Tune, The Sailor's Joy, etc. (*No printers  
given in the transcript.*)  
b. The Saylors only Delight: Shewing the brave

fight between the George-Aloe, the Sweep-stake, and certain Frenchmen at sea. To the tune of The Saylor's Joy. London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere and J. [Wright] (*torn*). 1655-80, Chappell.

c. The Sailors onely Delight: Shewing the brave fight between George-Aloe, the Sweep-stakes, and certain French-men at sea. To the tune of The Saylor's Joy. Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, Tho. Vere, and W. Gilbertson. The earliest known ballad by the four together is dated 1655, Chappell. (See No 273, Appendix, III, b.)

a. 1, 24. *Burden*<sup>1</sup>. anony.

1. *Burden*<sup>2</sup>. course should probably be coast.

2. *Wanting*; supplied from b, c.

4<sup>1</sup>. O hail, oh. 5<sup>1</sup>, 6<sup>1</sup>, 15<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

10<sup>2</sup>. Frenchman of war.

13<sup>2</sup>. French Men of War.

17<sup>2</sup>. French Mens.

19. *Ends torn away. Percy gives, after english, A, which may be the first half of an M; after on, fl, which may possibly be a wrong reading of sh. Shore is not what we should expect. Defects supplied from b, c.*

23<sup>2</sup>. French Men.

b. 1. *Burden*<sup>1</sup>. a nony. *Burden*<sup>2</sup>. amongst the cost.

1<sup>1</sup>, 9<sup>2</sup>. Sweepstake.

1<sup>2</sup>. O they were marchant men and bound.

3<sup>2</sup>. But they met with a Frenchman of war upon.

4<sup>1</sup>. All hayl, all hayl.

4<sup>2</sup>. Of whence is your fair ship, whether are you bound.

5<sup>1</sup>. We are Englishmen and bound.

5<sup>2</sup>. Of whence is your fair ship, or whether are you bound.

6. *Wanting*. 7<sup>2</sup>. swads. 10<sup>2</sup>. Frenchman.

11<sup>1</sup>. our lee. 11<sup>2</sup>. under her obey.

13<sup>2</sup>. Frenchman. 14<sup>2</sup>. is it.

15<sup>2</sup>. I, and we are Frenchmen and war.

16<sup>2</sup>. strike down. 17<sup>2</sup>. He made: heart.

18<sup>2</sup>. strook. 19<sup>1</sup>. brave Englishmen.

19<sup>2</sup>. brethen on shore.

*Burden*<sup>2</sup>. As they sayled into Barbary.

23<sup>1</sup>. greives. 23<sup>2</sup>. swim along.

c. 4<sup>2</sup>. or whither. 7<sup>1</sup>. Englishman. 7<sup>2</sup>. sayle.

14<sup>2</sup>. whither are you. 16<sup>2</sup>. rogue.

17<sup>2</sup>. hearts. 18<sup>2</sup>. struck their.

19<sup>2</sup>. brethren on shore. *Burden*<sup>2</sup>. sayled in.

21<sup>2</sup>. Then the. *Variations otherwise as in b.*

## 286

## THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

A. 'Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Low-lands,' etc., Pepys Ballads, IV, 196, No 189 (1682-85).

B. a. 'The Goulden Vanitie,' Logan's Pedlar's Pack, p. 42; Mrs Gordon's Memoir of John Wilson, II, 317.

b. As sung by Mr G. Du Maurier, sent me by J. R. Lowell. c. 'The French Galley,' Motherwell's MS., p. 420. d. Communicated by Mrs Moncrieff, of London, Ontario. e. 'The Lowlands Low,' Findlay MSS, I, 161. f. Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1880, p. 160, notes of Sir Walter Scott.

C. a. 'Golden Vanity, or, The Low Lands Low,' Pitts, Seven Dials, in Logan's Pedlar's Pack, p. 45; Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 419. b. 'The Lowlands Low,' Long, Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect, p. 145. c. 'Low in the Lowlands Low,' Christie, I, 238. d. 'The Golden Vanity,' Baring-Gould and Sheppard, 'Songs of the West,' No 64. e. 'The French Gallio,' 'The French Gallolee,' Buchan MSS, II, 390, 414. f. 'The Turkish Galley,' Motherwell's MS., p. 392, and Note-Book, p. 50. g. 'The Lowlands Low,' Macmath MS., p. 80.

A also in Euing, No 334, Crawford, No 1073, Huth, II, No 134; all by the same printer, 1682-85.

Motherwell enters the first stanza of an-

other copy of 'The Turkish Galley' in his Note-Book, p. 10, and refers to three copies more, besides B d, at p. 51.

There is a retouched copy of C in English



County Songs, Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, p. 182.

B, C, are probably traditional variations of the broadside A. The conclusion of the broadside is sufficiently inadequate to impel almost any singer to attempt an improvement, and a rather more effective catastrophe is the only signal difference besides names. It is, however, not quite impossible that the ultimate source of the traditional copies may be as old as the broadside.

A. 'The Sweet Trinity,' a ship built by Sir Walter Raleigh, has been taken by a galley of a nationality not specified. The master of some English ship asks what seaman will take the galley and redeem The Sweet Trinity. A ship-boy asks what the reward shall be; the reward shall be gold and fee, and the master's eldest daughter. The ship-boy, who is possessed of an auger which bores fifteen holes at once, swims to the galley, sinks her, and releases The Sweet Trinity; then swims back to his ship and demands his pay. The master will give gold and fee, but not his daughter to wife. The ship-boy says, Farewell, since you are not so good as your word.

B. No ship has been taken by an enemy. The Golden Vanity, Golden Victorie, e, falls in with a French galley, which a cabin-boy undertakes to sink for a reward. The reward is to be, a, b, an estate in the North Country; c, half the captain's lands in the South Country, meat and fee, and the captain's eldest daughter; e, gold and fee, and the captain's daughter. The boy is rolled up in a bull-skin and thrown over the deck-board (a corruption, see C). He takes out an instrument, and bores thirty holes at twice, a; a gimlet,

and bores sixty holes and thrice, b; he struck her with an instrument, bored thirty holes at twice, c; threescore holes he scuttled in a trice, d; struck her with an auger, thirty three and thrice, e. After sinking the galley he calls to the Golden Vanity to throw him a rope, take him on board, and be as good as their word, all which is refused. He threatens to serve them as he has the galley, a, b, d; they take him up and prove better than their word, a, d, or as good, b. (Of f very little was remembered by Scott, and the ballad was besides confounded with 'The George Aloe.'\*)

C. The distinguishing feature is that the boy dies after he is taken up from the water, and is sewed up in a cow's hide and thrown overboard, 'to go down with the tide.' The Golden Vanity, a-d, The Gold Pinnatree, e, The Golden Trinitie, g, is in danger from a Turkish galleon, a, f, g, a Spanish, b, c (pirate Targalley), d, French, e. The captain of the English ship promises the cabin-boy gold, fee, and daughter, if he will sink the enemy. The boy has, and uses, an auger, to bore two holes at twice, a, that bores twenty holes in twice, b, to bore two holes at once, c; a case of instruments, ca's fifty holes and drives them a' at once, e; an instrument, and bores nine holes in her water-slucice, f; an auger fitted for the use, and bores in her bottom a watery sluice, g. The master will not take him on board, will kill him, shoot him, sink him, a-d; will not keep his bargain, 'for as you've done to her, so would you do to me,' e (compare the threat in B 13). The boy is taken up by his mess-mates and dies on the deck, a, c, d; is sewed in a cow-hide and thrown overboard, a, c-g; in b sinks from exhaustion and drowns.

## A

Pepys Ballads, IV, 196, No 189.

1 SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH has built a ship,  
In the Neatherlands

Sir Walter Rawleigh has built a ship,  
In the Neather-lands  
And it is called The Sweet Trinity,  
And was taken by the false gallaly.  
Sailing in the Low-lands

\* Scott says at the end, "I will not swear to the accuracy of the above."

- 2 'Is there never a seaman bold  
In the Neather-lands  
Is there never a seaman bold  
In the Neather-lands  
That will go take this false gallaly,  
And to redeem The Sweet Trinity?'  
Sailing, etc.
- 3 Then spoke the little ship-boy;  
In the Neather-lands  
Then spoke the little ship-boy;  
In the Neather-lands  
'Master, master, what will you give me  
And I will take this false gallaly,  
And release The Sweet Trinity?'  
Sailing, etc.
- 4 'I'll give thee gold, and I'll give thee  
fee,  
In the Neather-lands  
I'll give thee gold and I'll give thee fee,  
In the Neather-lands  
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be.'  
Sailing, etc.
- 5 He set his breast, and away he did swim,  
Until he came to the false gallaly.
- 6 He had an augor fit for the [n]once,  
The which will bore fifteen good holes at once.
- 7 Some ware at cards, and some at dice,  
Until the salt water flashd in their eyes.
- 8 Some cut their hats, and some cut their caps,  
For to stop the salt-water gaps.
- 9 He set his breast, and away did swim,  
Until he came to his own ship again.
- 10 'I have done the work I promised to do,  
For I have sunk the false gallaly,  
And released The Sweet Trinity.
- 11 'You promised me gold, and you promised me  
fee,  
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be.'
- 12 'You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,  
But my eldest daughter your wife shall never  
be.'  
For sailing, etc.
- 13 'Then fare you well, you cozening lord,  
Seeing you are not so good as your word.'  
For sailing, etc.
- 14 And thus I shall conclude my song,  
Of the sailing in the Low-lands  
Wishing all happiness to all seamen both old  
and young.  
In their sailing in the Low-lands

## B

a. Logan's *Pedlar's Paek*, p. 42, as sung about 1840 by Mr P. S. Fraser, of Edinburgh, and obtained by him orally.  
b. As sung by Mr George Du Maurier to Mr J. R. Lowell, 1884. c. Motherwell's MS., p. 420; from Mr John Cleland, marble-cutter, Glasgow, who had it of Mr Forrester, Stirling. d. Communicated by Mrs Moncrieff, as taught to a relative of hers by an old Scottish lady about 1830. e. Findlay MSS, I, 161, "from Strang, Divinity Student, 1868." f. Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, 1880, p. 160, note by Sir Walter Scott.

- 2 She had not sailed a league, a league but only  
three,  
Eck, etc.  
When she came up with a French gallee.  
As she sailed, etc.
- 3 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he;  
'What will you give me if I sink that French  
gallee?'  
As ye sail, etc.
- 4 Out spoke the captain, out spoke he;  
'We'll gie ye an estate in the North Countrie.'  
As we sail, etc.
- 1 THERE was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship  
was she  
Eck iddle du, and the Lowlands low  
And she was called The Goulden Vanitie.  
As she sailed to the Lowlands low



5 'Then row me up ticht in a black bull's skin,  
And throw me oer deck-buird, sink I or swim.'  
As ye sail, etc.

6 So they 've rowed him up ticht in a black bull's  
skin,  
And have thrown him oer deck-buird, sink he  
or soon.  
As they sail, etc.

7 About, and about, and about went he,  
Until he cam up with the French gallee.  
As they sailed, etc.

8 O some were playing cards, and some were  
playing dice,  
When he took out an instrument, bored thirty  
holes at twice.  
As they sailed, etc.

9 Then some they ran with cloaks, and some  
they ran with caps,  
To try if they could stap the saut-water draps.  
As they sailed, etc.

10 About, and about, and about went he,  
Until he cam back to The Goulden Vanitie.  
As they sailed, etc.

11 'Now throw me oer a rope and pu me up on  
buird,  
And prove unto me as guid as your word.'  
As ye sail, etc.

12 'We 'll no throw you oer a rope, nor pu you up  
on buird,  
Nor prove unto you as guid as our word.'  
As we sail, etc.

13 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he ;  
Then hang me, I 'll sink ye as I sunk the  
French gallee.  
As ye sail, etc.

14 But they 've thrown him oer a rope, and have  
pu'd him up on buird,  
And have proved unto him far better than  
their word.  
As they sailed, etc.

### C

a. Stall-copy, Pitts, Seven Dials, Logan's Pedlar's Pack, p. 45. b. Long's Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect, p. 145. c. Christie, Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 238, compounded from the recitation of an old woman of Buckie, Banffshire, and a chap-book copy. d. Baring-Gould and Sheppard, Songs of the West, No 64, Part III, p. 24, Part IV, p. xxxi, taken down from James Olver, Launceston (an improved copy). e. Buchan's MSS, II, 390, 414. f. Motherwell's MS., p. 392, and Note-Book, p. 50, from the recitation of Agnes Lyle, 24th August, 1825. g. Macmath MS., p. 80, from the recitation of Miss Agnes Macmath, 1893; learned at Airds of Kells, Kirkcudbrightshire.

1 'I HAVE a ship in the North Countrie,  
And she goes by the name of The Golden  
Vanity ;  
I 'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish  
gallee,  
As she sails on the Low Lands Low.'

2 Then up starts our little cabin-boy,  
Saying, Master, what will you give me if I do  
them destroy ?  
'I will give you gold, I will give you store,

You shall have my daughter when I return on  
shore,  
If ye sink them in the Low Lands Low.'

3 The boy bent his breast and away he jumpt in ;  
He swam till he came to this Turkish galleon,  
As she laid on the Low Lands Low.

4 The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at  
twice ;  
While some were playing cards, and some  
were playing dice,  
He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,  
And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low.

5 The boy he bent his breast and away he swam  
back again,  
Saying, Master take me up, or I shall be slain,  
For I have sunk them in the Low Lands  
Low.

6 'I 'll not take you up,' the master he cried ;  
'I 'll not take you up,' the master replied ;

'I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send  
you with the tide,  
I will sink you in the Low Lands Low.'

7 The boy he swam round all by the starboard-  
side ;

They laid him on the deck, and it's there he  
soon died ;

Then they sewed him up in an old cow's-hide,  
And they threw him overboard, to go down  
with the tide,

And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

A. Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Low-lands :  
Shewing how the famous ship called The  
Sweet Trinity was taken by a false gally,  
and how it was again restored by the craft  
of a little sea-boy, who sunk the galley : as  
the following song will declare. To the  
tune of The Sailing of the Low-land.

(End.) This may be printed. R. L. S. (Sir R.  
L'Estrange was licenser from 1663 to 1685.)

Printed for J. Conyers at the Black-Raven, the  
first shop in Fetter-Lane next Holborn. (J.  
Conyers, 1682-91. Chappell.)

a. 7<sup>1</sup>. at somt dice.

B. a. 8<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

b. *The variations are but trifling.*

7. And awa, and awa, and awa swam he,  
Till he swam up to.

8<sup>2</sup>. He just took out a gimlet and bored sixty  
holes and thrice.

9<sup>2</sup>. But they couldna run awa from the salt-  
water drops.

10. Then awa, and awa, and awa swam he,  
Till he swam back to.

12<sup>1</sup>. I'll na : rope, I'll na.

12<sup>2</sup>. I'll na : unto thee : my word.

13. An ye na throw me oer a rope an ye na  
pull me up aboard,  
I'll just sink ye.

14<sup>2</sup>. And they proved unto him as good as  
their word.

c. 1 There was an auncient ship, and an auncient  
ship was she,  
Eee eedle ee, in the Lowlands so low  
And the name of the ship was The Golden  
Vantie.  
As she sailed from the Lowlands so low

2 She had not sailed a league, no, not a league  
but three,  
Until that shee spied a French galley.

3 'It's master, O master, what'll ye gie me,  
If I go and sink yon French galley?'

4 O then said the master, I will gie till ye  
The half of my lands in the South Countrie.

5 'It's I'll gie ye meat, and I'll gie ye fee,  
And my eldest daughter your bride for to be.'

6 'It's wrap me up tight in a gude bull's-skin,  
And throw me over deck-board, sink I or  
swim.'

7 So they wrapt him tight in a gude bull's-skin,  
And they've thrown him over deck-board, sink  
he or swim.

8 And about, and about, and about went he,  
Until that he came to the French galley.

9 It's some were playing at cards, and some were  
playing at dice,  
But he struck her with an instrument, bored  
thirty holes at twice.

10 Some ran wi hats, and some ran wi caps,  
All for to stop the salt-waters draps.  
As they, etc.

3<sup>1</sup>, 4<sup>1</sup>. oh, Oh.

d. 1 There was an ancient ship, and an ancient ship  
was she,  
Italy and the Lowlands low  
And her name it was The Golden Vanity.  
As she sailed for the Lowlands low

2 She had not sailed a mile, a mile but barely  
three,  
When she hove in sight of a French galley.

3 Up spak the prentice-boy; What'll ye gie me,  
If I gang and sink yon French galley?  
As she sails, etc.

4 Up spak the captain; What'll I gie ye,  
. . . . .  
As she sails, etc.

5 *forgotten.*



- 6 'It's row me up in a tough bull's-skin,  
And throw me overboard, let me sink or swim.'  
As we sail, etc.
- 7 They've rowed him up tight in a tough bull's-skin,  
And they've thrown him overboard, let him sink or swim.  
As they sailed, etc.
- 8 Then about, and about, and about went he,  
Until that he reached that French galley.  
As she sailed, etc.
- 9 . . . . .  
And three-score holes he scuttled in a trice.  
As she sailed, etc.
- 10 'Now throw me owre a rope and pull me up on board,  
And prove unto me as gude as yere word.'  
As we sail, etc.
- 11 'I'll not throw ye owre a rope, nor pull ye up on board,  
Nor prove unto ye as guid as my word.'  
As we sail, etc.
- 12 'Throw me owre a rope and pull me up on board,  
Or I'll do to ye as I did the French galley.'  
As she sailed, etc.
- 13 Then they threw him owre a rope and pulled him up on board,  
And proved unto him far better than their word.  
As they sailed, etc.
- e. 1 O she was an English ship, an an English ship was she,  
Hey diddie dee for the Lowlands low  
And her name it was The Golden Victorie.  
As she sailed for the Lowlands low.
- 2 . . . . .  
And she fell in wi a French galee.  
As she sailed, etc.
- 3 'O what'll ye gie me, captain, what'll ye gie me,  
If I go an sink yon French galee?'  
As she sails, etc.
- 4 'O I'll gie thee goud, an I'll gie thee fee,  
An my eldest daughter your wife shall be.'  
As we sail, etc.
- 5 'Then wrap me up tight in tough bull-hide,  
An to sink or swim ye'll pitch me ower the side.'  
As we sail, etc.
- 6 They wrapt him up tight in tough bull-hide,  
An to sink or swim they pitchd him ower the side,  
As they sailed, etc.
- 7 He swam, an he swam, an he better swam,  
Until he to the French galley cam.  
As she sailed, etc.
- 8 O some were playin cards, an some were playin dice,  
But he struck her wi an auger thirty three and thrice.  
As she sailed, etc.
- 9 Aboot, an aboot, an aboot went she,  
Until she cam to the bottom of the sea.  
As she sailed, etc.
- f. *Sir Walter Scott's recollections here seem not trustworthy, and of this he was himself aware.*
- 1 The George-a-Low came down the strait,  
Hey low and the Lowlands so low  
And she will be lost, both vessel and freight,  
For the chasing of a French galerie O
- 5 'Row me in a good bull-skin,  
And fling me overboard, for to sink or to swim,'  
For the sinking of yon French galerie O
- 6 They row him, etc.
- 8 Some were playing at cards and dice,  
When the sea came gushing in a trice.  
For the sinking, etc.
- c. b. 1 Our ship she was called The Golden Vanitie;  
We had sailed from our port about miles fifty-three,  
When up came with us a Spanish gallee,  
To sink us in the Lowlands low.
- 2 Our master wrung his hands, but our little cabin-boy  
Said, What will you give me, master, if I do them destroy?  
'Oh I will give you gold, and my daughter too, with joy,  
If you sink them,' etc.
- 3 The boy gave a nod, and then jumped into the sea,  
And he swam till he came to the Spanish gallee;  
He climbed up aboard, and below to work went he,  
To sink them, etc.

4 For this boy he had an auger that bored  
 twenty holes in twice,  
 And while some were playing cards, and  
 some were playing dice,  
 Through the bottom of the ship he bored it  
 in a trice,  
 And he sunk them, etc.

5 The galley she went down, but the boy swam  
 back again,  
 Crying, Master, pick me up, or I shall soon  
 be slain ;  
 Pray heave to me a rope, or I shall sink in  
 the main ;  
 For I've sunk them, etc.

6 'I will not pick you up,' the master loudly  
 cried,  
 'I will not heave a rope,' the master he replied;  
 'I will kill you, I will sink you, I will leave  
 you in the tide,  
 I will sink you,' etc.

7 The boy he swam around the ship from side  
 to side,  
 But he could not get aboard, so he sank, and  
 he died,  
 And they left him where he was, to go down  
 with the tide ;  
 So they sunk him, etc.

c. 1 There was a good ship from the North Coun-  
 trie,  
 Sailing low in the Lowlands low  
 There was, etc.  
 And that ship's name was The Golden Van-  
 ity.  
 Sailing low in the Lowlands, low in the sea,  
 Sailing low in the Lowlands low

The master said, I fear for my good ship  
 Vanity,  
 Oh, I fear for my good ship, The Golden  
 Vanity,  
 That she will be taken by the pirate Tar-  
 galley,  
 As she sails in, etc.

2<sup>2</sup> 'Oh, master, good master, what will you give me  
 If I sink yon Targalley low in the sea?'

10 stanzas.

d. 1 A ship I have got in the North Country,  
 And she goes by the name of The Golden  
 Vanity ;  
 O I fear she'll be taken by a Spanish Galalie,  
 As she sails by the Lowlands low.

8 stanzas.

e. Buchan ; MSS, II, 390.

1 Our ship sailed to the North Country,  
 Sing, How the Lowlands lo[w]  
 Our ship sailed on to the North Countrie,  
 And the name o her was The Gold Pinnatree,  
 She was as fine a vessel as ever sailed the sea,  
 And she sails by the Lowlands lo[w]

2 We hadna sailed leagues but only three,  
 Till the captain from the maindeck fixed an ee ;  
 He spied a lofty frigate was sailing closely tee,  
 And her name was The French Gallio.

3 Then out it speaks the pilot, by the mainyard  
 did stand,  
 Says, O my pretty boys, we are all undone ;  
 We must prepare to fight or be sunk to the sand,  
 For yonder comes the French gallio.

4 Then spoke the little cabin-boy, [where stood  
 he,]  
 Said, O my loving master, what will ye gie me  
 And I will sink this proud Gallio in the sea,  
 And I will sink the French gallio?

5 'I will gie you gold, boy, and I will gie you fee,  
 Besides a rarer gift that I will give thee ;  
 Ye'se have my eldest daughter your wedded  
 wife to be,  
 If ye will sink the French gallio.'

6 The boy bent his breast, and away swam he,  
 And took a bold venture thro the stormy sea,  
 And cam close by his enemy, as sly as he could  
 be,  
 It was to sink the French gallio.

7 Some there were at cards, and some there were  
 at dice,  
 But the little cabin-boy was at the best device,  
 He was sinking the French gallio in the sea,  
 He was sinking the French gallio.

8 This boy had a case o fine instruments,  
 He ca'd fifty holes, and drove them a' at once,  
 And he soon sank the French gallio in the sea,  
 And he soon sank the French gallio.

9 Then the boy bent his breast, and baek swam he,  
 Till that he cam to The Gold Pinnatree ;  
 Says, Now, my loving master, what will ye gie  
 me?  
 For I have sunk the French gallio.

10 'Now give to me my gold, master, [give to me  
 my fee,]  
 Or give to me the other rare gifts ye promised  
 me ;



It was your eldest daughter, my wedded wife to  
be;  
For the sinking o the French gallio.'

- 11 'Ye shall have no gold, boy, ye shall have no  
fee;  
I wadna ware my daughter on ony such as  
thee;  
For as you've done to her, boy, so wad you do to  
me,  
By the sinking o the French [gallio].'

- 12 Then they put out their long-boat and catched  
him by the side,  
And rowed him into ane auld cow's-hide,  
And tossed him overboard, to float on the tide,  
For sinking the French gallio.

Gallio may be surmised to be properly galley O.

*The other copy in Buchan's MSS, II, 414, is only  
the foregoing a little retouched or regulated. It  
has throughout Galliolee for Gallio. The first line  
of the burden is, Sing, Low, the Lowlands low.*

4<sup>1</sup>. where stood he. 6<sup>3</sup>. could dee.

10<sup>1</sup>. give to me my fee.

- f. 1 I spied a ship, and a ship was she,  
Sing, Oh, the low and the Lowlands low  
And she was called the Turkish Galley,  
She was sailing in the Lowlands, low, low,  
low,  
She was sailing in the Lowlands low.
- 2 'Master, master, what wud ye gie me  
Gin I wud sink yon Turkish galley?  
She's sailing, etc.'
- 3 'I'll gie you gold, I'll gie you fee,  
Gin ye wud sink yon Turkish galley,  
That is sailing,' etc.
- 4 He bent his breast, and awa swam he,  
Till he cam to yon Turkish galley,  
That's sailing, etc.
- 5 He had an instrument, made for the use,  
He bored nine holes in her water-sluiice,  
Left her sinking, etc.
- 6 Some took their hats, and some took their caps,  
All for to stop her watery leaks.  
She was sinking, etc.
- 7 They took him up by their ship-side,  
They sewed him in an auld cow's-hide,  
Left him sinking, etc.

*Motherwell sent this copy to C. K. Sharpe in a letter  
dated October 8, 1825, in which he says: I also  
send rather a curious song, which perchance  
you may have seen, entitled 'The Turkish Gal-  
ley,' the air of which pleased me much. But as  
I learn there are two other different sets of the  
words more complete than my copy, and with  
different airs, I shall defer sending the musick  
till I can send also that which belongs to the  
other copies.*

- g. 1 There was a ship of the North Countrie,  
And the name of the ship was The Golden  
Trinitie.  
She was sailing in the Lowlands low, low,  
low,  
She was sailing in the Lowlands low.
- 2 . . . . .  
And the name of the ship was The Turkish  
Galley,  
And she was sailing in the Lowlands low,  
low, low,  
She was sailing, etc.
- 3 'O captain, O captain,' said the young cabin-  
boy,  
'What will you give me if yon ship I do de-  
stroy?  
And sink her in,' etc.
- 4 'I'll give you gold, and I'll give you fee,  
And my eldest daughter your wedded wife shall  
be,  
If you sink her in,' etc.
- 5 The boy bent his bow, and away swam he,  
Until that he came to the Turkish galley.  
She was sailing in, etc.
- 6 The boy had an auger, right fitted for the use,  
And into her bottom he bored a watery sluice.  
She is sinking in, etc.
- 7 The boy bent his bow, and back swam he,  
Until that he came to the Golden Trinitie.  
She is sailing in, etc.
- 8 'O captain, O captain, take me on board,  
And O be as good, as good as your word,  
For I've sunk her in the Lowlands low, low,  
low,  
I've sunk,' etc.
- 9 They threw him a rope oer the larboard side,  
And sewed him up in an auld cow's-hide,  
And threw him out to a fair wind and tide,  
And sunk him in, etc.

## 287

## CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW

Bagford Ballads, I, 65.

OTHER black-letter copies are Pepys, IV, 202, No 195; Roxburghe, III, 56; Euing, No 108; British Museum, 112. f. 44 (19). This copy is printed in Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads*, p. 59, Bell's *Early Ballads*, p. 167, Ebsworth's *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 426.

There are Aldermay Churchyard copies, as *Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 652, 861; Scottish stall-copies, as Greenock, W. Scott, Stirling, M. Randall; English, by Pitts, *Seven Dials*, one of which is printed in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack*, p. 1.

A copy in Buchan's MSS, II, 245, is nearly the old broadside; another, II, 417, is the stall-copy. Kinloch, MSS, V, 109, II, 265, has the stall-copy from oral transmission (with Weir for Ward). Rev. S. Baring-Gould has recently taken down this ballad (much changed by tradition) in the west of England.

Captain Ward, a famous rover, wishes to make his peace with the king, and offers thirty ton of gold as "ransom" for himself and his men. The king will not trust a man who has proved false to France and to Spain, and sends the Rainbow, with five hundred men, against Ward. The Rainbow has easy work with Dutch, Spaniards, and French, but her fifty brass pieces have no effect on Ward; though the Rainbow is brass without, he is steel within, <sup>82</sup> (suggested by 'Sir Andrew Barton,' A 27<sup>1</sup>, B 25<sup>1</sup>, 'He is brass within and steel without). The Rainbow retires, and reports to the king that Ward is too strong to

be taken. The king laments that he has lost three captains, any one of whom would have brought Ward in: George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, †1605, Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, †1606 (both of whom had a part in the defeat of the Armada), and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, †1601.

The Rainbow was the name of one of Drake's four ships in his expedition against Cadiz in 1587. The Rainbow is mentioned very often from 1589; as in *The Manuscripts of the Earl Cowper*, vol. i, Hist. MSS Commission, XIIth Report, Appendix, Part I; Index in Part III of the same, p. 296.

John Ward, an Englishman of Kent, is said to have commenced 'rover' about 1604, by inducing the crew of a king's ship in which he had some place to turn pirates under his command. His race, though eventful, was, naturally enough, not long. He seems not to be heard of after 1609, in which year Ward and his colleague, Dansekar, are spoken of as the "two late famous pirates." See Mr Ebsworth's preface to the ballad, VI, 423 ff., founded on Andrew Barker's book about Ward and Dansekar, published in the year last named.

Two other ballad-histories, 'The Seamen's Song of Captain Ward' and 'The Seamen's Song of Dansekar' (i. e. Dansekar and Ward), entered in the Stationers' Registers July 3, 1609, are given by Mr Ebsworth, VI, 784, 423.



- 1 STRIKE up, you lusty gallants, with musick  
and sound of drum,  
For we have deseryed a rover, upon the sea is  
come ;  
His name is Captain Ward, right well it doth  
appear,  
There has not been such a rover found out this  
thousand year.
- 2 For he hath sent unto our king, the sixth of  
January,  
Desiring that he might come in, with all his  
company :  
' And if your king will let me come till I my  
tale have told,  
I will bestow for my ransome full thirty tun of  
gold.'
- 3 ' O nay ! O nay ! ' then said our king, ' O  
nay ! this may not be,  
To yield to such a rover my self will not agree ;  
He hath deceivd the French-man, likewise the  
King of Spain,  
And how can he be true to me that hath been  
false to twain ? '
- 4 With that our king provided a ship of worthy  
fame,  
Rainbow she is called, if you would know her  
name ;  
Now the gallant Rainbow she rowes upon the  
sea,  
Five hundred gallant seamen to bear her com-  
pany.
- 5 The Dutch-man and the Spaniard she made  
them for to flye,  
Also the bonny French-man, as she met him on  
the sea :  
When as this gallant Rainbow did come where  
Ward did lye,  
' Where is the captain of this ship ? ' this gal-  
lant Rainbow did cry.
- 6 ' O that am I,' says Captain Ward, ' there's  
no man bids me lye,  
And if thou art the king's fair ship, thou art  
welcome unto me : '  
' I'll tell thee what,' says Rainbow, ' our king  
is in great grief  
That thou shouldst lye upon the sea and play  
the arrant thief,
- 7 ' And will not let our merchants ships pass as  
they did before ;  
Such tydings to our king is come, which  
grieves his heart full sore.'  
With that this gallant Rainbow she shot, out of  
her pride,  
Full fifty gallant brass pieces, charged on every  
side.
- 8 And yet these gallant shooters prevailed not a  
pin,  
Though they were brass on the out-side, brave  
Ward was steel within ;  
' Shoot on, shoot on,' says Captain Ward,  
' your sport well pleaseth me.  
And he that first gives over shall yield unto  
the sea.
- 9 ' I never wrongd an English ship, but Turk  
and King of Spain,  
For and the jovial Dutch-man as I met on the  
main.  
If I had known your king but one two years  
before,  
I would have savd brave Essex life, whose  
death did grieve me sore.
- 10 ' Go tell the King of England, go tell him thus  
from me,  
If he reign king of all the land, I will reign  
king at sea.'  
With that the gallant Rainbow shot, and shot,  
and shot in vain,  
And left the rover's company, and returnd  
home again.
- 11 ' Our royal king of England, your ship's re-  
turnd again,  
For Ward's ship is so strong it never will be  
tane : '  
' O everlasting ! ' says our king, ' I have lost  
jewels three,  
Which would have gone unto the seas and  
brought proud Ward to me.
- 12 ' The first was Lord Clifford, Earl of Cumber-  
land ;  
The second was the lord Mountjoy, as you  
shall understand ;  
The third was brave Essex, from field would  
never flee ;

Which would a gone unto the seas and brought  
proud Ward to me.'

The Famous Sea-Fight between Captain Ward  
and the Rainbow. To the tune of Captain  
Ward, etc. Licensed and entered.  
London, Printed by and for W. Onley, and are

to be sold by the Booksellers of Pye-corner  
and London-bridge. *Dated at the British  
Museum 1680 at the earliest.*

11<sup>3</sup>. Everlasting shame, in the *Scottish stall-*  
*copies.*

*A collation of Roxburghe, III, 56, shows only  
variations too trivial to note.*

## 288

### THE YOUNG EARL OF ESSEX'S VICTORY OVER THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY

A. 'Queen Elizabeth's Champion, or, Great Bri-  
tain's Glory,' etc. a. Douce Ballads, III, fol. 80 b.

b. Roxburghe, III, 416, in Ebsworth's Roxburghe  
Ballads, VI, 405.

B. 'Earl of Essex', Kinloch MSS, I, 113.

A is printed also in Evans's Old Ballads, 1777, II, 110, with slight variations from both Douce and Roxburghe.

No printer's name is given in either copy of A. From the use of a peculiar ornament between the columns in a (and perhaps in b), such as occurs in ballads printed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by John White, the broadside may plausibly be attributed to him. White died in 1769.

A. Queen Elizabeth fits out a powerful fleet to go in search of a vast navy under command of the emperor of Germany. The fleets sight each other after a week or ten days. The emperor, amazed at the splendid show made by the English, asks his officers who this can be that is sailing toward him, and is told that it is the young Earl (third earl) of Essex, the queen's lieutenant. The emperor has heard enough of the father to make him fear a fight with the son, and proposes to tack and sail away; but the son asks his father to put the ships into his hands and let him fight with Essex. The emperor consents with a

warning; if the young Essex shall prove like his father, farewell to their honor. Young Essex takes the emperor's son prisoner; the emperor offers as a ransom three keys of gold, one of which shall be the key of High Germany. Essex cares not for the three keys; the emperor's son must go to England and be exhibited to the queen. The emperor declares that, if it must be so, his fifty good ships shall go as well for company.

All this is, no doubt, as foolish as it is fictitious, but the ballad-maker's independence, in fact unconsciousness, of history and common sense, beginning with the title, in which young Essex is made Queen Elizabeth's champion, is amusing and not unpleasing. The ballad belongs undoubtedly to the eighteenth century, when High Germany had become familiar to the humble English.

B. The traditional copy begins with a prologue of half a dozen stanzas in the form of a colloquy between Billy, who is to be of the expedition, and Nelly, his sweetheart. This prologue must be derived from some other



ballad or song. Nelly reminds her lover of the fate of old Benbow, who lost at least one of his legs in a fight with a French fleet in 1702, and died of the consequences, and of that of "proud Shawfield, that honoured knight," under which name is disguised Sir

Cloudesley Shovell, "who came with his navy to the Spanish shore" in 1705, and whose ship went on the rocks off the Scilly Isles ('Salem'), and sank with all on board, some eight hundred men, in 1707. We then make connection with the broadside.

## A

a. Douce Ballads, III, fol. 80 b. b. Roxburghe, III, 416, in Ebsworth's Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 405.

1 COME, sound up your trumpets and beat up  
your drums,  
And let's go to sea with a valiant good  
cheer,  
In search of a mighty vast navy of ships,  
The like has not been for these fifty long  
year.  
Raderer two, tandaro te,  
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

2 The queen she provided a navy of ships,  
With sweet flying streamers, so glorious to  
see,  
Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieu-  
tenants,  
Some forty, some fifty, brass-pieces and  
three.

3 They had not saild past a week on the seas,  
Not passing a week and days two or three,  
But they were aware of the proud emperor,  
Both him and all his proud company.

4 When he beheld our powerful fleet,  
Sailing along in their glory and pride,  
He was amazed at their valour and fame,  
Then to his warlike command[er]s he cry'd.

5 These were the words of the old emperor:  
Pray who is this that is sailing to me?  
If he be king that weareth a crown,  
Yet I am a better man than he.

6 'It is not a king, nor lord of a crown,  
Which now to the seas with his navy is come,  
But the young Earl of Essex, the Queen's  
lieutenant,  
Who fears no foes in Christendom.'

7 'Oh! is that lord then come to the seas?  
Let us tack about and be steering away;  
I have heard so much of his father before  
That I will not fight with young Essex to-  
day.'

8 O then bespoke the emperor's son,  
As they were tacking and steering away,  
'Give me, royal father, this navy of s[h]ips,  
And I will go fight with Essex today.'

9 'Take them with all my heart, loving son,  
Most of them are of a capital size;  
But should he do as his father has done,  
Farewel thine honour and mine likewise.'

10 With cannons hot and thundering shot,  
These two gallants fought on the main,  
And as it was young Essex's lot,  
The emperor's son by him was taen.

11 'Give me my son,' the emperor cry'd,  
'Who you this day have taken from  
me,  
And I'll give to the[e] three keys of gold,  
The one shall be of High Germany.'

12 'I care not for thy three keys of gold,  
Which thou hast profferd to set him  
free,  
But thy son he shall to England sail,  
And go before the queen with me.'

13 'Then have I fifty good ships of the best,  
As good as ever were sent to the sea,  
And eer my son into England sail,  
They shall go all for good company.'

14 They had not fought this famous battle,  
They had not fought it hours three,  
But some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
And some lay tumbling in the sea.

15 Essex he got this battle likewise,  
 Tho 't was the hottest that ever was seen;  
 Home he returnd with a wonderful prize,  
 And brought the emperor's son to the queen.

16 O then bespoke the prentices all,  
 Living in London, both proper and tall,  
 In a kind letter, sent straight to the queen,  
 For Essex's sake they would fight all.

## B

Kinloch MSS, I, 113. From Mary Barr, June, 1827.

1 'T is, old England, old England, I bid thee  
 adieu,  
 The drums and the trumpets command me  
 frae shore;  
 And you lusty fellows, both valiant and true,  
 Will you venture with me where loud can-  
 nons roar?'

2 'O Billy, O Billy, talk not of the seas,  
 But stay at home with me on the shore;  
 I'll do my endeavour thy fancy to please,  
 And there's others to go where loud can-  
 nons roar.'

3 'O Nelly, O Nelly, I must to the seas,  
 For there is no gold to be had upon shore;  
 There's honour, and gold, and riches likewise,  
 To the man that doth die where loud can-  
 nons roar.'

4 'Remember the winds, love, remember the  
 waves,  
 Remember the dangers that are upon seas;  
 Remember there is neither coffin nor grave  
 To the man that doth die where loud can-  
 nons roar.'

5 'Remember old Benbow, and think on his  
 blows;  
 Remember the dangers he felt upon seas;  
 He lost both his legs by one shot of his foes;  
 He lost his sweet life, yet his honour's the  
 more.'

6 'Remember proud Shawfield, that honoured  
 knight,  
 Who came with his navy to the Spanish  
 shore;  
 At the rock of Salem his life took a flight,  
 And with him there died some hundreds  
 more.'

7 'Our queen she has builded a navy of ships,  
 And they are arrayed all right gloriously;  
 With top and top-gallant, with captain, lieu-  
 tenant,  
 Some fifty, some sixty, brass pieces and  
 three.'

8 'Well, since you'll go, may my blessing ad-  
 vance,  
 And carry you safely from Flanders to  
 Spain;  
 And when you've conquered that tyrant in  
 France,  
 Then my blessing return you to old England  
 again.'

9 They had not sailed one hour upon sea,  
 Not one hour passing days two or three,  
 Till up came the bold emperour,  
 The bold emperour of High Germanie.

10 'O who is this?' the bold emperour cries,  
 'Who is this that comes sailing to me?  
 I'm sure he's a knight, or a king of crown,  
 Or I'm sure I am a far better fellow than  
 he.'

11 'I am neither a knight, nor a king of a  
 crown,  
 But here, with my navy, on board I am  
 come;  
 For I am Lord Essex, the Queen's lieutenant,  
 Who never feared foe in all Christendom.'

12 Out and spoke the bold emperour's son,  
 All as they were mounting and lyeing  
 away;

'O father, lend me your navy of ships,  
 And I'll go fight with Lord Essex today.'

13 'O son, I'll lend thee my navy of ships,  
 And they are all of a capable size;  
 But if he be as good as his old father was,  
 Adieu to your honour, and mine likewise.'



14 O they have fought on at a terrible rate,  
 Until it drew nigh to the cool of the day,  
 And as it fell in young Essex's lot,  
 The bold emperour's son he's taen prisoner  
 away.

15 'O give me my son,' the bold emperour cried,  
 'O give me my son thou hast taken from  
 me,  
 And you shall have three keys of gold,  
 And one of them opens High Germanie.'

16 'What value I thy three keys of gold,  
 Or any proud offer thou canst give to me?  
 For up to old England thy son he must go,  
 And stand before our queen's high majesty.'

17 "'T is I have fifteen ships of the best,  
 And other fifteen distant on sea;

Since up to old England my son he must go,  
 Then we'll all go together for good compa-  
 nie.'

A. a. Queen Elizabeth's Champion, or, Great Britain's Glory, Being a victory obtained by the young Earl of Essex over the old emperor of Germany by a fight at sea in which he took the emperor's son and brought him a prisoner to Queen Elizabeth.

b omits Being after Glory and a before prisoner.

a. Burden ran do re in second line after stanza

1. tandato in first line after stanza 2.

Rederer, after 7. Raderer two for Raderer in second line after 9.

1<sup>4</sup>. years. 8<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

b. 1<sup>2</sup>. gallant good. 1<sup>4</sup>. for this.

4<sup>4</sup>. commanders. 5<sup>2</sup>. Praying. 5<sup>3</sup>. be a.

14<sup>2</sup>. hours but.

## 289

### THE MERMAID

A. 'The Seamen's Distress,' the second piece in The Glasgow Lasses Garland, British Museum, 11621. c. 3 (68). "Newcastle, 1765?"

B. a. 'The stormy winds do blow,' Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 742. b. The same, p. 743. c. Notes and Queries, 6th Series, VII, 276.

C. Communicated by Mr Chappell. Now printed in Old English Ditties, Oxenford and Macfarren, 'The Mermaid,' I, 206.

D. 'The Mermaid.' a. Long, Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect, 1886, p. 42. b. Broadside, H. Such, 177 Union St., Boro'.

E. a. Motherwell's MS., p. 145. b. 'The Bonnie Mermaid,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xxiii, No XXX, one stanza.

F. 'Greenland,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 245.

THIS is the ballad referred to under 'Sir Patrick Spens,' II, 19. It is still common as a broadside.

E a 6 has taken a burlesque turn. It is scarcely worth while to attempt to account for the vagaries of F, in which 'the kemp o the ship' takes the place of the mermaid, and the kaim and glass are exchanged for the bottle and glass. The first stanza of F may not belong here, or possibly (but not probably)

a voyage to Greenland may have been lost from the other copies.

In B, C, D, the ship sails on Friday, against all good rules.

'The Sailor's Caution,' the third piece in The Sailing Trade, Glasgow, Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1801, begins like A, has a stanza (the fifth) representing A 4, 5, and concludes thus, after a stanza (the sixth) resembling A 3:

The mermaid on the rock doth sit,  
 With comb and glass in hand :  
 ' Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners,  
 You are not far from land.

' So now cheer up, bold mariners,  
 Or smother in the deep ;

All this I do for a sailor's sake,  
 Whilst losing of my sleep.

' Here is a token, bold mariners,  
 A token of good will,  
 And if ever that you come this way,  
 ' Tis here you 'll find me still.'

British Museum, 11621. b. 13 (15).

## A

The Glasgow Lasses Garland, the second piece, British Museum, 11621. c. 3 (68). " Newcastle, 1765 ? "

1 As we lay musing in our beds,  
 So well and so warm at ease,  
 I thought upon those lodging-beds  
 Poor seamen have at seas.

2 Last Easter day, in the morning fair,  
 We was not far from land,  
 Where we spied a mermaid on the rock,  
 With comb and glass in hand.

3 The first came up the mate of our ship,  
 With lead and line in hand,  
 To sound and see how deep we was  
 From any rock or sand.

4 The next came up the boatswain of our ship,  
 With courage stout and bold :  
 ' Stand fast, stand fast, my brave lively lads,  
 Stand fast, my brave hearts of gold !'

5 Our gallant ship is gone to wreck,  
 Which was so lately trimmd ;  
 The raging seas has sprung a leak,  
 And the salt water does run in.

6 Our gold and silver, and all our cloths,  
 And all that ever we had,  
 We forced was to heave them overboard,  
 Thinking our lives to save.

7 In all, the number that was on board  
 Was five hundred and sixty-four,  
 And all that ever came alive on shore  
 There was but poor ninety-five.

8 The first bespoke the captain of our ship,  
 And a well-spoke man was he ;  
 ' I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,  
 And a widow I fear she must be.'

9 The next bespoke the mate of our ship,  
 And a well-bespoke man was he ;  
 ' I have a wife in fair Portsmouth,  
 And a widow I fear she must be.'

10 The next bespoke the boatswain of our ship,  
 And a well-bespoke man was he ;  
 ' I have a wife in fair Exeter,  
 And a widow I fear she must be.'

11 The next bespoke the little cabbin-boy,  
 And a well-bespoke boy was he ;  
 ' I am as sorry for my mother dear  
 As you are for your wives all three.

12 ' Last night, when the moon shin'd bright,  
 My mother had sons five,  
 But now she may look in the salt seas  
 And find but one alive.'

13 ' Call a boat, call a boat, you little Plymouth  
 boys,  
 Don't you hear how the trumpet[s] sound ?  
 [For] the want of our boat our gallant ship is  
 lost,  
 And the most of our merry men is drown'd.'

14 Whilst the raging seas do roar,  
 And the lofty winds do blow,  
 And we poor seamen do lie on the top,  
 Whilst the landmen lies below.



## B

a. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 742.  
 b. The same, p. 743, one stanza and the burden, contributed  
 by Mr Charles Sloman, in 1840. c. *Notes and Queries*, 6th  
 Series, VII, 276, communicated from memory by Mr Thomas  
 Bayne, Helensburgh, N. B., stanzas 1, 6.

- 1 ONE Friday morn when we set sail,  
 Not very far from land,  
 We there did espy a fair pretty maid  
 With a comb and a glass in her hand, her  
 hand, her hand,  
 With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
 While the raging seas did roar,  
 And the stormy winds did blow,  
 While we jolly sailor-boys were up into  
 the top,  
 And the land-lubbers lying down below,  
 below, below,  
 And the land-lubbers lying down below.
- 2 Then up starts the captain of our gallant ship,  
 And a brave young man was he :  
 'I've a wife and a child in fair Bristol town,  
 But a widow I fear she will be.'  
 For the raging seas, etc.

- 3 Then up starts the mate of our gallant ship,  
 And a bold young man was he :  
 'Oh! I have a wife in fair Portsmouth town,  
 But a widow I fear she will be.'  
 For the raging seas, etc.
- 4 Then up starts the cook of our gallant ship,  
 And a gruff old soul was he :  
 'Oh! I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,  
 But a widow I fear she will be.'
- 5 And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,  
 And a pretty little boy was he ;  
 'Oh! I am more grievd for my daddy and my  
 mammy  
 Than you for your wives all three.'
- 6 Then three times round went our gallant  
 ship,  
 And three times round went she ;  
 For the want of a life-boat they all went  
 down,  
 And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

## C

Communicated by Mr W. Chappell, as noted down by  
 him from the singing of men dressed as sailors, on Tower  
 Hill. Subsequently printed, with a few variations, in *Old  
 English Ditties*, Oxenford and Macfarren, I, 206.

- 1 ONE Friday morn as we 'd set sail,  
 And our ship not far from land,  
 We there did espy a fair mermaid,  
 With a comb and a glass in her hand, her  
 hand, her hand,  
 With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
 While the raging seas did roar,  
 And the stormy winds did blow,  
 And we jolly sailor-boys were up, up aloft,  
 And the landsmen were lying down be-  
 low,  
 And the landlubbers all down below,  
 below, below,  
 And the landlubbers all down below.

- 2 Then up spoke the captain of our gallant  
 ship,  
 Who at once did our peril see ;  
 I have married a wife in fair London town,  
 And tonight she a widow will be.'
- 3 And then up spoke the litel cabin-boy,  
 And a fair-haired boy was he ;  
 'I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth  
 town,  
 And this night she will weep for me.'
- 4 Now three times round goes our gallant  
 ship,  
 And three times round went she ;  
 For the want of a life-boat they all were  
 drownd,  
 As she went to the bottom of the sea.

## D

a. Long, *A Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect*, London, 1886, p. 142. b. Il. Such, 177 Union St., Boro'.

- 1 'T WAS a Friday morning when we set sail,  
And our ship was not far from land,  
When there we spied a fair pretty maid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
Oh, the raging seas they did roar,  
And the stormy winds they did blow,  
While we poor sailor-boys were all up aloft,  
And the land-lubbers lying down below,  
below, below,  
And the land-lubbers lying down below.
- 2 Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,  
And a mariner good was he ;  
'I have married a wife in fair London town,  
And this night a widow she will be.'

- 3 Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,  
And a brave little boy was he ;  
'I've a father and a mother in old Portsmouth town,  
And this night they will both weep for me.'
- 4 Then up spoke a seaman of our gallant ship,  
And a well-spoken man was he ;  
'For want of a long-boat we shall all be drowned,  
And shall sink to the bottom of the sea.'
- 5 Then three times round went that gallant ship,  
And down like a stone sank she ;  
The moon shone bright, and the stars gave their light,  
But they were all at the bottom of the sea.

## E

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 145. b. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. xxiii, No XXX, the first stanza.

- 1 UP and spoke the bonny mermaid,  
Wi the comb and the glass in her hand ;  
Says, Cheer up your hearts, my mariners all,  
You are not very far from the land.  
And the raging seas do foam, foam,  
And the stormy winds do blow,  
While we poor sailors must mount to the top,  
When the landsmen they lye low.
- 2 Out and spoke the captain of our ship,  
And a fine little man was he ;  
'O I've a wife in fair London town,  
And a widow this night she shall be.'

- 3 Out and spoke the mate of our ship,  
And a tight little man was he ;  
'O I've a wife in Dublin eity,  
And a widow this night she shall be.'
- 4 Out and spoke our second mate,  
And a clever little man was he ;  
'Oh I have a wife in Greenock town,  
And a widow this night she shall be.'
- 5 Out and spoke our little prentice boy,  
And a fine little boy was he ;  
'Oh I am sorry for my mother,' he said,  
'As you are for your wives all three.'
- 6 Out and spoke the eook of our ship,  
And a rusty old dog was he ;  
Says, I am as sorry for my pats and my pans  
As you are for your wives all three.

Kinloch MSS, VII, 245. From the recitation of a little boy from Glasgow, who sang it in Grove St., Edinburgh, July, 1826.

- 1 GREENLAND, Greenland, is a bonny, bonny place,  
Whare there's neither grief nor flowr,

Whare there's neither grief nor tier to be seen,  
But hills and frost and snow.

- 2 Up starts the kemp o the ship,  
Wi a psalm-book in his hand :  
'Swoom away, swoom away, my merry old boys,  
For you'll never see dry land.'



3 Up starts the gauey cook,  
And a weil gauey cook was he ;  
'I wad na gie aw my pans and my kettles  
For aw the lords in the sea.'

4 Up starts the kemp o the ship,  
Wi a bottle and a glass intil his hand ;

'Swoom away, swoom away, my merry old  
sailors,  
For you'll never see dry land.'

5 O the raging seas they row, row, row,  
The stormy winds do blow,  
As sune as he had gane up to the tap,  
As . . . . . low.

A. 6<sup>2</sup>. *Qy*, that ever we did have?  
7<sup>3,4</sup>. *Qy*, And in all, there was but poor ninety-  
five  
That ever came alive on shore.?  
14<sup>1</sup>. Whilst we in the raging seas do blow.  
14<sup>2</sup>. And there lofty minds.

B. b. 2<sup>1</sup>. Then up spoke.  
2<sup>3,4</sup>. I have sixty gallant seamen aboard of my  
ship,  
But none half so gallant as he, as he,  
as he,  
But there's none half so gallant as he.

*Burden :*

While the vivid lightnings flash,  
And the stormy winds do blow,  
While we poor seamen are up, up aloft,  
And the landsmen are all down below,  
below, below,  
And the landsmen are all down below.

c. 1<sup>2</sup>. And our ship not far.  
6<sup>3</sup>. we all. 6<sup>4</sup>. And sank.

C. 1<sup>3</sup>. *Var.*, a fair pretty maid.  
*In Old English Ditties, etc. (perhaps Oxen-*  
*ford's changes) :*  
1<sup>1</sup>. when we set. 1<sup>3</sup>. a fair pretty maid.  
2<sup>4</sup>. this night. 3<sup>4</sup>. they will.  
4<sup>1</sup>. Then three times round went.  
4<sup>3</sup>. they both went down. 4<sup>4</sup>. As she sunk to.

*Burden :*

4. And the laud-lubbers lying down below, be-  
low, below.  
5. And the landsmen were all down below.  
6. *Wanting.*

D. b. 1 On Friday morning as we set sail,  
It was not far from land,  
O there I espy'd a fair pretty girl,  
With the comb and the glass in her hand.  
O the stormy winds they did blow,  
And the raging seas did roar,  
While we poor sailors go up to the top,  
And the land-lubbers lie down below.

2 Then up spoke a boy of our gallant ship,  
And a well-spoken boy was he ;  
'I've a father and mother in fair Ports-  
mouth town,  
And this night they will weep for me.'

3 Then up spoke a man of our gallant ship,  
And a well-spoken man was he ;  
'I have married a wife in fair London  
town,  
And this night a widow she shall be.'

4 Then up spoke the captain of our gallant  
ship,  
And a valiant man was he ;  
'For want of a long-boat we shall all be  
drowned,'  
So she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

5 The moon shone bright, and the stars gave  
light,  
And my mother is looking for me ;  
She might look, she might weep, with  
watery eyes,  
She might look to the bottom of the sea.

*A broadside by Birt, otherwise like Such's,*  
*adds :*

Three times round went our gallant ship,  
And three times round went she ;  
Three times round went our gallant ship,  
Then she sunk to the bottom of the sea.  
British Museum, 11621. k. 5 (167).

E. b. 1. O up and spak the bonnie mermaid,  
Wi the glass and the kaim in her hand ;  
'Reek about, reek about, ye mariners all,  
For ye're not very far from the land.'

F. 3<sup>2</sup>. was she.

## 290

## THE WYLIE WIFE OF THE HIE TOUN HIE

- A. 'My lady ye shall be,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrely," Thomas Wilkie's MS., p. 74, Abbotsford.
- B. John Struthers, *The British Minstrel*, 1821, I, xxv.
- C. 'The Bonnie Lass o the Hie Toun End.' Communicated by Mr David Loudon, of Morham, Haddington, 1873.
- D. 'The Flowers of Edinburgh,' Gibb MS., No 14, p. 57.

THIS ballad, which Motherwell pronounces to be "of some antiquity and of considerable popularity," is of the same pernicious tenor as 'The Broom o Cowdenknows,' with the aggravation of treachery. The dénouement is similar in 'The Dainty Downby,' Herd's MSS, I, 45, printed in his *Scottish Songs*,

1776, II, 232, 'The Laird o the Dainty Downby,' Kinloch MSS, V, 145, and in 'The Laird o Keltie,' Kinloch MSS, I, 363, 'The Young Laird o Keltie,' III, 107, Motherwell MS., p. 21, both of one pattern, and that quite trashy.

## A

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrely," No 72, Thomas Wilkie's MS., 1813-15, p. 74, Abbotsford; taken down from the recitation of a female friend, who sang it to a lively air.

1 It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the gentlemen were drinking there  
wine,  
And a' the discourse that they had  
Was about the ladies they gude fine.

2 It's up an spake a tall young man,  
The tallest o the companie;  
'The bonniest lass that I ken off  
She lives into the hee toun hee.

3 'O I would give a guinea of gold,  
A guinea and a pint of wine,  
I would give it to the hostler's wife,  
For to wile that bonny lassie in.'

4 The hostler's wife gaed down the stair,  
And she's looked hersell round near by,  
And there she spied the bonny handsom girl,  
Coming walking down the hee toun high.

5 'Come in, come in, my bonny handsom girl,  
Come speak one word with me;  
Come taste a little of our wine,  
For it's new come out of Italie.'

6 So willillie she wil'd her up,  
And so willillie she wil'd her in,  
And so cunningly she's locked the door,  
And she's comd down the stair again.

7 One of them took her by the milk-white  
hand,  
And he's laid her body on the ground,  
And aye she sightd, and said, Alass,  
'Tis a sin to do me wrong!

8 'But since ye hae done sae muckle to me,  
And brought me to so muckle shame,  
O wad ye be so kind to me  
As to tell to me your name.'

9 'O if I tell to you my name,  
It's a thing I never did to none;  
But I will tell to the, my dear;  
I am the Earl of Beaton's son.'



10 When two years were past and gone,  
This gentleman came walking by,  
And there he spied the bonny handsome girl,  
Coming walking down the hie town high.

11 'To whom belongs that pretty child,  
That blinks with its pretty eye?'  
'His father's from home and has left me alone,  
And I have been at the fold milking my ky.'

12 'You lie, you lie, my bonny handsome girl,  
So loudlie I hear you lie;  
O do not you mind that happie day  
When ye was drinking the wine wi me?'

13 He's lighted off his milk-white steed,  
He's kissd her both cheeck and chin;  
He's made a' the servants in Beaton castle  
To welcome this fair lady in.

## B

Struthers's British Minstrel, I, xxv., from recitation.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the nobles were drinking wine,  
And the matter of their discourse it was,  
'O the ladies they go fine:'
- 2 Up then spake a brave gentleman,  
The best in the companie;  
'The bonniest lass that eer I saw,  
She dwells in the hie town hie.'
- 3 'I wad give a guinea of red gold,  
Sae wad I a pint of wine,  
To onie of the hostler-wives  
That wad wyle to me the bonnie lassie in.'
- 4 Up then spake the hostler's wife,  
And an ill death may she die!  
'An ye'll gie me a guinea of gold,  
I will wyle the bonnie lassie in to thee.'
- 5 The hostler's wife stood on the stair-head,  
To see what she could see,  
And there she saw this fair creature,  
Coming down frae the hie town hie.
- 6 'Come in, come in, my bonnie, bonnie lass,  
Come in and speak with me;  
Come in and drink a glass of wine,  
That's new come aff the raging sea.'
- 7 'My father's out upon the plain,  
And I am waiting his incoming;  
And I'm a girl so neat and trim  
That I'm afraid of your merry men.'
- 8 'My merry men are all gone out,  
And they will not be in till nine,  
And, if ye would my favour win,  
Come in and drink a glass of wine.'

9 Sae cunningly she wyld her in,  
And sae cunningly she led her round,  
Till she wyld her to the room where he was,  
And she locked the door the bonnie lass  
behind.

10 First he kissd her cherry cheeks,  
And than he kissd her cherry chin,  
And than he kissd her ruby lips,  
Saying, Indeed ye're a weel-faurd thing.

\* \* \* \* \*

11 'O since ye've got your will o me,  
And brought me unto public shame,  
I pray, kind sir, ye'll marry me,  
Or that ye'll tell me what's your name.'

12 'If I tell my name to you, bonnie lassie,  
It's mair than ever I telld ane;  
But I will tell to you, bonnie lassie;  
I am an earl's second son.

13 'I am an earl's second son,  
My father has more children than me;  
My eldest brother he heirs the land,  
And my father he sent me to the sea.'

14 He put his hand into his pocket,  
And he gave her sixty guineas and three,  
Saying, Fare thee weel, my lovely young  
creature,  
Ye'll never get mair of me.

15 As she went down through Edinburgh streets,  
The bonnie bells as they did ring,  
'Farewell, fareweel, my bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
Ye've got the clod that winna cling.'

\* \* \* \* \*

16 He hadna been ae week at the sea,  
Not a week but only five,  
Till the king made him a captain sae brave,  
And he made the bonnie lassie his wife.

## C

Communicated, February, 1873, by Mr David Loudon, of Morham, Haddington, as recited by Mrs Richard Dodds, Morham, Loanhead, "aged over seventy."

- 1 IN Edinburgh, on a summer evening,  
Our gentlemen sat drinking wine,  
And every one to the window went,  
To view the ladies, they went so fine.
- 2 They drank the wine, and they spilt the  
beer,  
So merrily as the reel went round,  
And a' the healths that was drucken there  
Was to the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.
- 3 Up then spoke a young squire's son,  
And as he spoke it all alone ;  
'Oh, I would give a guinea of gold,  
And so would I a pint of wine,  
And I would make them their licence free  
That would welcome this bonnie lassie in.'
- 4 The ostler's wife, on hearin this,  
So nimble down the stairs she ran,  
And the first toun's-body that she met  
Was the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.
- 5 'Mistress, ye maun gang wi me  
And get a cup o oor claret wine ;  
It's new come oer the ragin sea,  
Awat it is baith gude and fine.'
- 6 'To gang wi you I daurna stay,  
My nither's wearyin for me in ;

I am so beautiful and fine  
I am a prey to all young men.'

- 7 Wi sattin slippers on her feet,  
So nimble up the stair she ran,  
And wha so ready as this young squire  
To welcome the bonny lassie in.
- 8 He [']s] taen her by the milk-white hand,  
He's gently led her through the room,  
And aye she sighed, and aye she said,  
It would be a pity to do me wrong.
- 9 'Now, since you've taken your will o me,  
I pray, kind sir, tell me your name ;'  
'Oh yes, my dear, indeed,' he said  
'But it's more than I ever did to one.
- 10 'I am a squire and a squire's son,  
My faither has fifty ploughs o land,  
And I'm a man in the militrie,  
And I must away and rank up my men.
- 11 'And Jamie Lumsdaine is my name,  
From the North Countrie, love, I really came.'
- 12 About a twelvemonth after that,  
He sent a letter owre the main,  
And muckle writin was therein,  
To the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.
- 13 About a twelvemonth after that,  
He himsel cam owre the main ;  
He made her Duchess o Douglas Dale,  
And to him she's had a fine young son.

## D

Gibb MS., No 14, p. 57. From the recitation of Eppie Fraser, daughter of a tramp, and unable to read, about 1840.

- 1 ALL the soldiers in Edinburgh town  
Were sitting drinking at the wine,  
An all the toasts that were among them  
Was a health to the lassie that goes sae fine.
- 2 Up then spake an officier,  
The bravest in the company ;  
'To every one I will give a guinea,  
A guinea and a pint of wine,  
To the ostler's wife I wald double it a',  
If she'd entice that young lassie in.'

- 3 The old wife tripped down the stair,  
And aye she said, 'A good morrow, dame !'  
And aye she said, an the maid replied,  
'What is your will wi me, madam ?'
- 4 'It's not to do you any harm,  
Or yet your body any ill,  
But, if you would my favour gain,  
Come up an taste one glass of wine.'
- 5 'My father stands on the stair-head,  
Just lookin for me to come in ;  
I am so proper and so tall  
I'm much afraid of your merry men.'



6 'My merry men, they are all gone out,  
An they will not be in till dine;  
So, if you would my favour gain,  
Come up an taste a glass of wine.'

7 The fair maid tripped up the stair,  
The old wife bolted the door behind;  
He's tane her in his arms twa,  
Says, O but ye are a bonny thing!

8 Twenty times he kissed her cheek,  
An twenty times her bonny chin,  
An twenty times her ruby lips:  
'O but ye are a bonny thing!'

\* \* \* \* \*

9 'Noo, since ye've got your wills o me,  
What is your name, I pray you tell;  
. . . . .  
. . . . . where you dwell.'

10 . . . . .  
'My eldest brother, he heirs the land;  
I was forced to be a highwayman,  
Or else a soldier, as I am.'

11 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
An aye thae words spak them atween,  
An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

12 They had na been in Edinburgh  
A month, a month but only nine,

When they have got the royal commission  
For to march to Aberdeen.

13 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
An aye thae words spak them atween,  
An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

14 They had na been in Aberdeen  
A month, a month but only one,  
When he got on the captain's coat,  
An made her lady o his land.

15 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,  
An aye thae words spak them atween,  
An aye the lassie she sat an sang,  
An hersed the auld wife that brocht her in.

A. 1<sup>4</sup>. *Qy, gade?*

3<sup>1</sup>. *Written and af pint gold, with pint struck  
out (anticipation of the next line).*

5<sup>4</sup>. *now come.*

B. *Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. xci, supplies, from  
a recited version, after 15:*

Aye she sat, and aye she grat,  
And kaimd her yellow hair,  
And aye she cursd the hostler's wife,  
That wysit her in at the door.

*And after 16:*

Aye she sat, and aye she sang,  
And kaimd her yellow hair,  
And aye she blessed the hostler's wife,  
That wysit her in at the door.

*Compare D 13, 15.*

## 291

### CHILD OWLET

'Childe Owlet,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 27; *Motherwell's MS.*, p. 572.

LADY ERSKINE invites Child Owlet to be her paramour. Child Owlet revolts at the suggestion; he is sister's son to Lord Ronald. The lady cuts herself with a penknife sufficiently to draw blood; Lord Ronald hears her moaning, comes in, and asks what blood this is; his wife gives him to understand that

Child Owlet has offered her violence. A council is held upon the case, and the youth is condemned to be torn by four horses. There was not a twig or a rush on the moor that was not dropping with his blood.

The chain of gold in the first stanza and the penknife below the bed in the fourth have

a false ring, and the story is of the tritest. imitation, the last two stanzas are unusually  
 The ballad seems at best to be a late one, successful.  
 and is perhaps mere imitation, but, for an

1 LADY ERSKINE sits in her chamber,  
 Sewing at her silken seam,  
 A chain of gold for Childe Owlet,  
 As he goes out and in.

2 But it fell ance upon a day  
 She unto him did say,  
 Ye must cuckold Lord Ronald,  
 For a' his lands and ley.

3 'O cease! forbid, madam,' he says,  
 'That this shoud eer be done!  
 How would I cuckold Lord Ronald,  
 And me his sister's son?'

4 Then she's ta'en out a little penknife,  
 That lay below her bed,  
 Put it below her green stay's eord,  
 Which made her body bleed.

5 Then in it came him Lord Ronald,  
 Hearing his lady's moan;  
 'What blood is this, my dear,' he says,  
 'That sparks on the fire-stone?'

6 'Young Childe Owlet, your sister's son,  
 Is now gane frae my bower;  
 If I hadna been a good woman,  
 I'd been Childe Owlet's whore.'

7 Then he has taen him Childe Owlet,  
 Laid him in prison strong,  
 And all his men a council held  
 How they woud work him wrong.

8 Some said they woud Childe Owlet hang,  
 Some said they woud him burn;  
 Some said they woud have Childe Owlet  
 Between wild horses torn.

9 'There are horses in your stables stand  
 Can run right speedilie,  
 And ye will to your stable go,  
 And wile out four for me.'

10 They put a foal to ilka foot,  
 And ane to ilka hand,  
 And sent them down to Darling muir,  
 As fast as they coud gang.

11 There was not a kow in Darling muir,  
 Nor ae piece o a rind,  
 But drappit o Childe Owlet's blude  
 And pieces o his skin.

12 There was not a kow in Darling muir,  
 Nor ae piece o a rash,  
 But drappit o Childe Owlet's blude  
 And pieces o his flesh.

## 292

## THE WEST-COUNTRY DAMOSEL'S COMPLAINT

a. Douce Ballads, II, fol. 254 b; Roxburghe Ballads, II, 499, Ebsworth, VI, 635. b. Douce Ballads, II, 245 b.

ALSO, Crawford Ballads, No 1331, Euing, 384. All the five: Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in West-Smithfield, neer the Hospital-gate. (1672-95.)

A maid entreats her lover, William, to marry her or put an end to her life. He un-

feelingly bids her go to the wood and live on hips and haws. She leads this life for three months; then, exhausted with the hardship, goes to her sister's house and begs an alms of food. The sister (who is her rival, st. 18) orders her men to hunt away the wild doe,



and they drive her back to the forest, where she lies down and dies. Sweet William comes, stands at her head and her feet, kisses her, gives vent to his repentance and admiration in intense and elaborate expressions, then lies down by her side and dies.

The first eleven stanzas are in a fairly pop-

ular tone. It will be observed that the first and third verses rhyme in 12-24, but not in 1-11. The whole may be one man's work, who may have thought that an elegy should properly be more artificial, both in form and in style, than a story, but I incline to think that the lament is a later attachment.

1 'WHEN will you marry me, William,  
And make me your wedded wife?  
Or take you your keen bright sword  
And rid me out of my life.'

2 'Say no more so then, lady,  
Say you no more then so,  
For you shall into the wild forrest,  
And amongst the buck and doe.

3 'Where thou shalt eat of the hips and haws,  
And the roots that are so sweet,  
And thou shalt drink of the cold water,  
That runs underneath [thy] feet.'

4 Now she had not been in the wild forrest  
Passing three months and a day  
But with hunger and cold she had her fill,  
Till she was quite worn away.

5 At last she saw a fair tyl'd-house,  
And there she swore by the rood  
That she would to that fair tyl'd-house,  
There for to get her some food.

6 But when she came unto the gates,  
Aloud, aloud she cry'd,  
An alms, an alms, my own sister!  
I ask you for no pride.

7 Her sister call'd up her merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
And bid them hunt away that wild doe,  
As far as ere they could see.

8 They hunted her ore hill and dale,  
And they hunted her so sore  
That they hunted her into the forrest,  
Where her sorrows grew more and more.

9 She laid a stone all at her head,  
And another all at her feet,

And down she lay between these two,  
Till death had lulld her asleep.

10 When sweet Will came and stood at her head,  
And likewise stood at her feet,  
A thousand times he kist he[r] cold lips,  
Her body being fast asleep.

11 Yea, seaven times he stood at her feet,  
And seaven times at her head,  
A thousand times he shook her hand,  
Although her body was dead.

12 'Ah wretched me!' he loudly cry'd,  
'What is it that I have done?  
O woud to the powers above I'de dy'd,  
When thus I left her alone!

13 'Come, come, you gentle red-breast now,  
And prepare for us a tomb,  
Whilst unto cruel Death I bow,  
And sing like a swan my doom.

14 'Why could I ever cruel be  
Unto so fair a creature?  
Alas! she dy'd for love of me,  
The loveliest she in nature!

15 'For me she left her home so fair  
To wander in this wild grove,  
And there with sighs and pensive care  
She ended her life for love.

16 'O constancy, in her thou'rt lost!  
Now let women boast no more;  
She's fled unto the Elizium coast,  
And with her carryd the store.

17 'O break, my heart, with sorrow filld,  
Come, swell, you strong tides of grief!  
You that my dear love have killd,  
Come, yield in death to me relief.

18 'Cruel her sister, was't for me  
That to her she was unkind?

Her husband I will never be,  
But with this my love be joynd.

19 'Grim Death shall tye the marriage-bands,  
Which jealousy shan't divide;  
Together shall tye our cold hands,  
Whilst here we lye side by side.

20 'Witness, ye groves, and chrystial streams,  
How faithless I late have been,  
But do repent with dying leaves  
Of that my ungrateful sin;

21 'And wish a thousand times that I  
Had been but to her more kind,  
And not have let a virgin dye  
Whose equal there 's none can find.

22 'Now heaps of sorrow press my soul;  
Now, now 't is she takes her way;  
I come, my love, without controule,  
Nor from thee will longer stay.'

23 With that he fetchd a heavy groar  
Which rent his tender breast,  
And then by her he laid him down,  
When as death did give him rest.

24 Whilst mournful birds, with leavy boughs,  
To them a kind burial gave,  
And warbled out their love-sick vows,  
Whilst they both slept in their grave.

The West-Country Damosels Complaint,  
or,

The Faithful Lovers Last Farewel.  
Being the relation of a young maid who pined  
herself to death for the love of a young man,  
who, after he had notice of it, dyed likewise  
for grief.

Careless young men, by this a warning take  
How you kind virgins, when they love, forsake;  
Least the same fate oretake you, and you dye  
For breach of vows and infidelity.  
Be kind, but swear not more than what you mean,  
Least comick jests become a traject secan.

To the tune of Johnny Armstrong.

a. 20<sup>3</sup>. leaves (*so in all*) seems doubtful, but *I*  
*can conjecture nothing better.* gleams is  
*just possible.*

b. 2<sup>3</sup>. thou shalt unto. 3<sup>4</sup>. runs beneath thy.  
11<sup>2</sup>. times stood. 20<sup>4</sup>. that *wanting*.  
22<sup>4</sup>. will no longer.

## 293

## JOHN OF HAZELGREEN

A. Elizabeth Cochrane's MS., p. 126.

B. 'Jock o Hazelgreen,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 135; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 206.

C. 'John o Hazelgreen,' Kinloch MSS, I, 319.

D. a. 'John o Hazelgreen,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 253. b. 'Jock of Hazelgreen,' Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 319.

E. a. Fragmentary verses obtained by Mr Pringle, Kinloch MSS, I, 321. b. Kinloch MSS, VII, 2, one stanza.

A is found, with the doubtless accidental variation of three words, in a folio volume at Abbotsford labelled Miscellanies, article 43, having been transcribed by C. K. Sharpe for Sir W. Scott "from a 4to MS., in a female hand, written probably about one hundred years ago, sold at one Inglis's roup at the

West Port, Edinburgh, now in the possession of David Laing" (that is, Elizabeth Cochrane's MS.). D b was compounded from D a and B, "omitting," says Chambers, "many of the coarser stanzas of both, and improving a few by collation with a third version which I took down from recitation, and another which



has been shown to me in manuscript by Mr Kinloch" (C). D b is, after all, mainly D a with omissions; the improvements from the recited copy (or the variations from Buchan and Kinloch) are not remarkable in amount or quality. E is given on Kinloch's authority. Alexander Campbell, when on a tour on the borders of Scotland to collect Scottish airs, is said to have received the first stanza from Mr Thomas Pringle, who derived it from his mother's singing. (Chappell, *Popular Music*, p. 575.) Upon this traditional stanza was built Scott's 'Jock of Hazeldean,' first printed in Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, I, 18, 1816.

A. A gentleman overhears a damsel making a moan for Sir John of Hazelgreen. After some compliment on his part, and some slight information on hers, he tells her that Hazelgreen is married; then there is nothing for her to do, she says, but to hold her peace and die for him. The gentleman proposes that she shall let Hazelgreen go, marry his eldest son, and be made a gay lady; she is too mean a maid for that, and, anyway, had rather die for the object of her affection. Still she

allows the gentleman to take her up behind him on his horse, and to buy clothes for her at Biggar, though all the time dropping tears for Hazelgreen. After the shopping they mount again, and at last they come to the gentleman's place, when the son runs out to welcome his father. The son is young Hazelgreen, who takes the maid in his arms and kisses off the still-falling tears. The father declares that the two shall be married the next day, and the young man have the family lands.

The other versions have the same story, but the clothes are bought at Edinburgh, and the Hazelgreen estate seems to be in the neighborhood.

In a preface to C, Kinloch, following either D 5 or some foolish popular gloss, remarks that the lady is presumed to have seen young Hazelgreen only in a dream, which left so deep an impression on her mind as to cause her to fall in love with his image. To improve upon this, D 15 makes the young man also to have seen the maid in a dream.

### A

Elizabeth Cochrane's MS., p. 126.

- 1 INTO a sweet May morning,  
As the sun clearly shone,  
I heard a propper damsell  
Making a heavy moan;  
Making a heavy moan,  
I marvelled what she did mean,  
And it was for a gentleman,  
Sir John of Hasillgreen.
- 2 'What aileth thee now, bony maid,  
To mourn so sore into the tide?  
O happy were the man,' he sayes,  
'That had thee to his bride,  
To ly down by his side;  
Then he were not to mean;'  
But still she let the tears down fall  
For pleasant Hasilgreen.

- 3 'Oh what for a man is Hasillgreen?  
Sweet heart, pray tell to me.'  
'He is a propper gentleman,  
Dwels in the South Countrie;  
With shoulders broad and arms long,  
And comely to be seen;  
His hairs are like the threeds of gold,  
My pleasant Hasilgreen.'
- 4 'Now Hasilgreen is married,  
Let all this talking be.'  
'If Hasilgreen be married,  
This day then woe to me;  
For I may sigh and sob no more,  
But close my weeping een,  
And hold my peace and cry no more,  
But dy for Hasilgreen.'
- 5 'Will you let Hasilgreen alone,  
And go along with me?  
I'll marry you on my eldest son,  
Make you a gay lady.'

'Make me a gay lady?' she says,  
 'I am a maid too mean;  
 I'll rather stay at home,' she cries,  
 'And dy for Hasilgreen.'

6 He takes this pretty maid him behind  
 And fast he spurred the horse,  
 And they're away to Bigger tonn,  
 Then in to Biggar Cross.  
 Their lodging was far sought,  
 And so was it foreseen;  
 But still she let the tears down fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.

7 He's ta'en this pretty maid by the hand,  
 And he is down the toun;  
 He bought for her a pettycoat,  
 Yea, and a trailing gown;  
 A silken kell fitt for her head,  
 Laid oer with silver sheen;  
 But still she let the tears down fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.

8 He's taen this bony mey him behind,  
 And he is to the Place,

Where there was mirth and merryness,  
 And ladyes fair of face;  
 And ladyes fair of face,  
 Right seemly to be seen,  
 But still she let the tears down fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.

9 Young Hasilgreen ran hastilie  
 To welcome his father dear;  
 He's ta'en that pretty maid in his arms,  
 And kist off her falling tear:  
 'O bony mey, now for thy sake  
 I would be rent and rien;  
 I would give all my father's lands  
 To have thee in Hasilgreen.'

10 'O hold your tongue now, son,' he says,  
 'Let no more talking be;  
 This maid has come right far from home  
 This day to visit thee.  
 This day should been your wedding-day,  
 It shall be thy bridall-een,  
 And thou's get all thy father's lands,  
 And dwell in Hasilgreen.'

## B

Kinloch's MSS, VII, 135; from the recitation of Jenny  
 Watson, Lanark, 24 April, 1826.

1 It was on a morning early,  
 Before day-licht did appear,  
 I heard a pretty damsel  
 Making a heavy bier;  
 Making a heavy bier,  
 I wonderd what she did mean;  
 But ay the tears they rappit down,  
 Crying, O Jock o Hazelgreen!

2 'O whare is this Hazelgreen, maid?  
 That I may him see.'  
 'He is a ticht and a proper man,  
 Lives in the South Cuntree.  
 His shoulders broad, his arms lang,  
 O he's comely to be seen!' —  
 But ay the tears they drappit down  
 For Jock o Hazelgreen.

3 'Will ye gang wi me, fair maid?

And I'll marry ye on my son,'

'Afore I'd go along wi you,  
 To be married on your son,  
 I'd rather choose to stay at hame,  
 And die for Hazelgreen.'

4 But he has tane her up behind,  
 And spurred on his horse,  
 Till ance he cam to Embro toun,  
 And lichted at the corss.  
 He bought to her a petticoat,  
 Besides a handsome gown;  
 He tied a silver belt about her waist,  
 Worth thrice three hunder pund.

5 And whan he cam to Hazelyetts,  
 He lichted down therein;  
 Monie war the brave ladies there,  
 Monie ane to be seen.  
 She lichted down amang them aw,  
 She seemed to be the queen;  
 But ay the tears they rappit down  
 For Jock o Hazelgreen.



6 Young Hazelgreen took her by the hand  
 And led her out and in :  
 Said, Bonnie lady, for your sake,  
 I could be baith rent and rien ;  
 I wad gie aw my lands and rents,  
 Tho I had kingdoms three,  
 If I could hae the great pleasure  
 To enjoy thy fair bodie.

7 'No more of this,' his father said,  
 'Of your mourning let abee ;  
 'I brought the damsel far frae hame,  
 She's thrice as wae for thee.  
 The morn is your bridal-day,  
 The nicht is your bridal-een,  
 And I'll gie you aw my lands and rents,  
 My pleasing son, Hazelgreen.'

## C

Kinloch MSS, I, 319.

1 As I gaed out in a May morning,  
 Afore that I could see,  
 And there I heard a pretty fair may  
 Making sweet melodie.  
 She was making sic melodie,  
 I wonderd what she could mean ;  
 But ay she sang and sang about  
 Sweet John o Hazelgreen.

2 'O what na man is Hazelgreen?  
 Fair may, pray tell to me.'  
 'He is a stout and a tall young man  
 As in a' the South Countrie.  
 He is a stout and a tall young man,  
 And comely to be seen ;  
 But still O I maun weep and wail  
 For John o Hazelgreen.'

3 'Hold your tongue, fair maid,' he says,  
 'And let your weeping alane ;  
 I'll marry you to my eldest son,  
 And you shall be ca'd my dame.'

4 He has tane her on ahint him,  
 And fast he spurred the steed ;  
 For Edinbro town he there was bound,  
 Where they soon came wi speed.

7 He's tane her to the Luckenbooths,  
 Coft her a braw new gown,  
 A handsome feather for her hat,  
 And a pair o silken shoon.

8 He has tane the fair may up again,  
 And fast awa rode he ;  
 For Hazelgreen now he was bound,  
 Her lodging there to be.

9 She jumped aff frae ahint him,  
 As fair as any queen ;  
 'Come down, come down, Lord John,' he says,  
 'And welcome your lady hame.

10 'It is the tall and comely youth,  
 Sweet John o Hazelgreen ;  
 If we canna see it bridal-day,  
 It shall be bridal-een.'

## D

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 253.  
 b. Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 319.

1 As I went forth to take the air  
 Intill an evening clear,  
 And there I spied a lady fair,  
 Making a heavy bier ;  
 Making a heavy bier, I say,  
 But and a piteous meen,  
 And aye she sighd, and said, Alas,  
 For John o Hazelgreen !

2 The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The stars were shining clear,  
 When thro the thickets o the wood,  
 A gentleman did appear.  
 Says, Who has done you the wrong, fair maid,  
 And left you here alane ?  
 Or who has kissd your lovely lips,  
 That ye ca Hazelgreen ?

3 'Hold your tongue, kind sir,' she said,  
 'And do not banter so ;  
 How will ye add affliction  
 Unto a lover's woe ?

For none's done me the wrong,' she said,  
 'Nor left me here alane;  
 Nor none has kissd my lovely lips,  
 That I ca Hazelgreen.'

4 'Why weep ye by the tide, lady?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 How blythe and happy might he be  
 Gets you to be his bride!  
 Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,  
 And him I'll no bemean;  
 But when I take my words again,  
 Whom call ye Hazelgreen?

5 'What like a man was Hazelgreen?  
 Will ye show him to me?'  
 'He is a comely, proper youth  
 I in my sleep did see;  
 Wi arms tall, and fingers small,  
 He's comely to be seen;'  
 And aye she loot the tears down fall  
 For John o Hazelgreen.

6 'If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,  
 And go along with me,  
 I'll wed you to my eldest son,  
 Make you a lady free.'  
 'It's for to wed your eldest son  
 I am a maid oer mean;  
 I'll rather stay at home,' she says  
 'And die for Hazelgreen.'

7 'If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,  
 And go along with me,  
 I'll wed you to my second son,  
 And your weight o gowd I'll gie.'  
 'It's for to wed your second son  
 I am a maid oer mean;  
 I'll rather stay at home,' she says,  
 'And die for Hazelgreen.'

8 Then he's taen out a siller comb,  
 Combd down her yellow hair;  
 And lookd in a diamond bright,  
 To see if she were fair.  
 'My girl, ye do all maids surpass  
 That ever I have seen;  
 Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass,  
 And hate young Hazelgreen.'

9 'Young Hazelgreen he is my love,  
 And ever mair shall be;  
 I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen  
 For a' the gowd ye'll gie.'

But aye she sighd, and said, Alas!  
 And made a piteous meen,  
 And aye she loot the tears down fa  
 For John o Hazelgreen.

10 He lookd high, and lighted low,  
 Set her upon his horse;  
 And they rode on to Edinburgh,  
 To Edinburgh's own cross.  
 And when she in that city was,  
 She lookd like ony queen:  
 'Tis a pity such a lovely lass  
 Shoud love young Hazelgreen.'

11 'Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,  
 And ever mair shall be;  
 I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen  
 For a' the gowd ye'll gie.'  
 And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!  
 And made a piteous meen,  
 And aye she loot the tears down fa  
 For John o Hazelgreen.

12 'Now hold your tongue, my well-fard maid,  
 Lat a' your mourning be,  
 And a' endeavours I shall try  
 To bring that youth to thee,  
 If ye'll tell me where your love stays,  
 His stile and proper name.'  
 'He's laird o Taperbank,' she says,  
 'His stile, Young Hazelgreen.'

13 Then he has coft for that lady  
 A fine silk riding-gown,  
 Likewise he coft for that lady  
 A steed, and set her on;  
 Wi menji feathers in her hat,  
 Silk stockings and siller sheen,  
 And they are on to Taperbank,  
 Seeking young Hazelgreen.

14 They nimbly rode along the way,  
 And gently spurrd their horse,  
 Till they rode on to Hazelgreen,  
 To Hazelgreen's own close.  
 Then forth he came, young Hazelgreen,  
 To welcome his father free:  
 'You're welcome here, my father dear,  
 And a' your companie.'

15 But when he lookd oer his shoulder,  
 A light laugh then gae he;  
 Says, If I getna this lady,  
 It's for her I must die.



I must confess this is the maid  
 I ance saw in a dream,  
 A walking thro a pleasant shade,  
 As fair's a cypress queen.

- 16 ' Now hold your tongue, young Hazelgreen,  
 Lat a' your folly be ;  
 If ye be wae for that lady,  
 She's thrice as wae for thee.  
 She's thrice as wae for thee, my son,  
 As bitter doth complain ;

Well is she worthy o the rigs  
 That lie on Hazelgreen.'

- 17 He's taen her in his arms twa,  
 Led her thro bower and ha :  
 ' Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,  
 Ye're flower out-oer them a'.  
 This night shall be our wedding-reen,  
 The morn we'll say, Amen ;  
 Ye'se never mair hae cause to mourn,  
 Ye're lady o Hazelgreen.'

### E

a. "Got in the South County by Mr Pringle : " Kinloch's MSS, I, 321. b. Kinloch's MSS, VII, 2.

- 1 ' WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye ?  
 Why weep ye by the tide ?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye sall be his bride.  
 And ye sall be his bride, ladye,  
 Sae comely to be seen ; '

But aye she loot the tears down fa  
 For John o Hazelgreen.

- 2 ' O whaten a man is Hazelgreen ?  
 I pray thee tell to me.'  
 ' O there's not a handsomer gentleman  
 In a' the South Countrie.  
 His arms are long, his shoulders broad,  
 Sae comely to be seen ! '  
 And aye she loot the tears down fa  
 For John o Hazelgreen.

A. 1<sup>5</sup>. she meant.

*Sharpe's transcript reads: 1<sup>1</sup>. In for Into.  
 5<sup>2</sup>. come for go. 8<sup>6</sup>. Most for Right.*

B. 5<sup>2</sup>. thereat ; *changed to therein in printing.  
 The line is run through in pencil.*

6<sup>4</sup>. raving. Cf. A 9<sup>6</sup>.

*Kinloch made some changes in printing.*

C. *Written throughout in stanzas of four verses.*

D. b. *Since Chambers in some measure adjusted phraseology with a view to "literary" effect, it is impossible to make out which of the variations in his ballad came from the copy which he took down from recitation. Upon extracting all his variations, they have not turned out to be important. A few, which seem the most likely to have belonged to his recited copy, are sub-joined.*

1<sup>3</sup>. I spied a lady in a wood.

2<sup>4</sup>. An auld knicht.

7<sup>3,5</sup>. youngest for second.

10<sup>6,8</sup>. And he has coft her silken claes

Garred her look like a queen :

' Ye surely now will sick nae mair  
 For Jock o Hazelgreen.'

13<sup>7</sup>. And they have ridden far athort.

*After 15.* For her sake I did vow a vow

I neer should wed but she ;

Should this fair lady cruel prove,

I'll lay me down and dee.

16<sup>3,4,5</sup>. sick for wae.

16<sup>7,8</sup>. And a' she wants to heal her woe  
 Is Jock o Hazelgreen.

17<sup>4</sup>. Ye're lady ower.

E. b. 2. ' What like a man is Haselgreen ?

Lady, tell to me.'

' He's a handsome, proper youth

As ever my eyes did see.

With shoulders broad and arms long,

Most comely to be seen ; '

And still she lout the tears down fa

For Jock of Haselgreen.

## 294

## DUGALL QUIN

‘Dugall Quin,’ The Old Lady’s MS. Collection, No 27.

IN this little ballad, which has barely story enough to be so called, Dugald Quin, a Highlander, who seems to give himself out as a man in very humble circumstances, induces Lizzie Menzies, a young lady who appears to have nine maids at her command, to follow him, regardless of her father’s opposition. She cannot resist his merry winking eyes. After she has cast in her lot with his, he promises her nine mills (to match the nine maids), and to make her lady of Garlogie. The old lady minutes at the end of her copy that “it was the Marquis of Huntly.”

One version of ‘Rob Roy,’ No 225, I, 8, has a stanza like 2.

‘What think ye o my coal-black hair,  
But and my twinkling een, lady,

A little bonnet on my head,  
And cocket up aboon, lady?’

I suppose the Farie of 6<sup>2</sup>, 9<sup>2</sup>, to stand for a locality on the way north to Boggie (Strathbogie); I cannot, however, identify the place. ‘Tempeng chiss of farie,’ 6<sup>4</sup>, 9<sup>4</sup>, 10<sup>4</sup>, may be a tempting fairy treasure. ‘Chis’ is Gaelic for *tribute*, but I am at present unable, making whatever allowance for the capricious spelling of the manuscript, to suggest any satisfying explanation of this important phrase.

Sir Walter Scott makes this note: “How the devil came Dugald Gunn [so he chooses to read Quin] to be identified with the Marquis of Huntly? I never saw the song before; it has some spunk in it.” Sharpe’s Ballad Book, ed. 1880, p. 154.

1 DUGALL QUIN came to the toun,  
An he’s ben lang awaa,  
An he is one to Lissie’s bed,  
Tartan, trues, an a’.

2 ‘Hou wad ye leak me, Lisie,’ he says,  
‘Gin that I war yer ain,  
We raged cot apon my back,  
An singel-soled sheen,  
A littel we bonnet on my head,  
An tua merry wenking ean?’

3 ‘Well wad I leak ye, Dugall,’ she says,  
‘Gin that ye war my ain,  
We ragged coat upon yer back,  
An singel-soled sheen,  
A littel we bonnet on yer head,  
An tua merry wenking eyn.

4 ‘Hou wad ye leak me, Dugall,’ she says,  
‘Gin I wer yer ain,  
We silken sneed upon my head,  
An gold fann in my hand,  
An madins ning, a’ clead in green,  
To be att my comand?’

5 ‘Well wad I leak ye, Lisie,’ he says,  
‘Gin ye wer my ain,  
We silken sneed upon yer head,  
An a goud fan in yer hand,  
An madins nine, a’ clad in green,  
To be att yer command.

6 ‘Follou me nou, Lisie,’ he says,  
‘Follou me thron Farie,  
An reap the boddoms of my pakets,  
An ye’ll gett tempeng chiss of farei.’



- 7 Outspak her father, says,  
 Lissie, I widna wish ye,  
 For gin ye gay we this young man  
 They will say I ha bat lost ye.
- 8 'O had yer tounge, my father dear,  
 For a' that winne brake me ;  
 For I will gaa we this young man,  
 Since it's his will to take me.'
- 9 'Follou me nou, Lissè,' he says,  
 'An follou me throu Farie,  
 An reap the boddom of my poket,  
 An ye'll gett tempeng chess of farie.'
- 10 'Wea matt worth yer well-fared face,  
 Alas that ever I saa ye !

The first an thing that ever ye gaa to me  
 Was the tempen chess of farie.'

- 11 Dugall Quin read down the toun,  
 Upon Dumfarling's horses,  
 An Lisie Meanes folloued him,  
 For a' her father's forces.

- 12 'Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,  
 'An follou me our Boggie ;  
 I ill make ye lady of ning mills,  
 An lady of bonny Garlogë.'

- 13 She has folloued her trou-love  
 [An folloued him] our Boggie,  
 An she has marred Dugall Quin,  
 An lives belou Strathbogy.

2<sup>5</sup>. bomnet. 4<sup>5</sup>, 12<sup>3</sup>. ning: *a frequent spelling of the old lady's, conceived, perhaps, as nign. We have nine in 5<sup>5</sup>.*

12<sup>3</sup>. ill; *MS.* aill.

*Note at the end:* it was the markes of Huntly.

## 295

### THE BROWN GIRL

A. 'The bonny Brown Girl,' 'The Brown Girl,' 'The Brown Girl's Garland,' British Museum, 11621. c. 3 (10).

B. As lately taken down in Devon by Rev. S. Baring Gould.

A YOUNG man who has been attached to a girl sends her word by letter that he cannot fancy her because she is so brown (he has left her for another maid in B). She sends a disdainful reply. He writes again that he is dangerously ill (he is love-sick in B), and begs her come to him quickly and give him back his faith. She takes her time in going, and when she comes to the sick man's bedside, cannot stand for laughing. She has, however, brought a white wand with her, which she strokes on his breast, in sign that she gives him back the faith which he had given her. But as to forgetting and forgiving, that she will never do; she will dance upon his grave.

This little ballad recalls 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet' ('Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor, with the downfall of the Brown Girl'), 'Sweet William's Ghost,' 'Clerk Saunders,' 'The Unquiet Grave,' 'Bonny Barbara Allan,' and has something of all of them. Compare No 73; No 77, A 4, B 2, 9, C 6, 14, D 4, 13, E 6, 14; No 84 (for the laughing, B 12); No 69, A 20-22, D 11, 14, E 17-20, G 23-25; No 78, B 2, E 2, F 2. Still it is not deliberately and mechanically patched together (as are some pieces in Part VIII), and in the point of the proud and unrelenting character of the Brown Girl it is original.

## A

The Brown Girl's Garland, British Museum, 11621. c. 3  
(10), n. d., before 1788.

- 1 'I am as brown as brown can be,  
My eyes as black as a sloe;  
I am as brisk as a nightingale,  
And as wilde as any doe.
- 2 'My love has sent me a love-letter,  
Not far from yonder town,  
That he could not fancy me,  
Because I was so brown.
- 3 'I sent him his letter back again,  
For his love I valu'd not,  
Whether that he could fancy me  
Or whether he could not.
- 4 'He sent me his letter back again,  
That he lay dangerous sick,

That I might then go speedily  
To give him up his faith.'

- 5 Now you shall hear what love she had  
Then for this love-sick man;  
She was a whole long summer's day  
In a mile a going on.
- 6 When she came to her love's bed-side,  
Where he lay dangerous sick,  
She could not for laughing stand  
Upright upon her feet.
- 7 She had a white wand all in her hand,  
And smoothd it all on his breast;  
'In faith and troth come pardon me,  
I hope your soul's at rest.
- 8 'I'll do as much for my true-love  
As other maidens may;  
I'll dance and sing on my love's grave  
A whole twelvemonth and a day.'

## B

Taken down lately by Rev. S. Baring-Gould from a black-  
smith, parish of Thrushleton, Devon.

- 1 'I am as brown as brown can be,  
And my eyes as black as sloe;  
I am as brisk as brisk can be,  
And wild as forest doe.
- 2 'My love he was so high and prond,  
His fortune too so high,  
He for another fair pretty maid  
Me left and passed me by.
- 3 'Me did he send a love-letter,  
He sent it from the town,  
Saying no more he loved me,  
For that I was so brown.
- 4 'I sent his letter back again,  
Saying his love I valued not,  
Whether that he would fancy me,  
Whether that he would not.
- 5 'When that six months were overpassd,  
Were overpassd and gone,

Then did my lover, once so bold,  
Lie on his bed and groan.

- 6 'When that six months were overpassd,  
Were gone and overpassd,  
O then my lover, once so bold,  
With love was sick at last.
- 7 'First sent he for the doctor-man:  
'You, doctor, me must cure;  
The pains that now do torture me  
I can not long endure.'
- 8 'Next did he send from out the town,  
O next did send for me;  
He sent for me, the brown, brown girl  
Who once his wife should be.
- 9 'O neer a bit the doctor-man  
His sufferings could relieve;  
O never an one but the brown, brown girl  
Who could his life reprieve.'
- 10 Now you shall hear what love she had  
For this poor love-sick man,  
How all one day, a summer's day,  
She walked and never ran.



11 When that she came to his bedside,  
Where he lay sick and weak,  
O then for laughing she could not stand  
Upright upon her feet.

12 'You flouted me, you scouted me,  
And many another one;  
Now the reward is come at last,  
For all that you have done.'

13 The rings she took from off her hands,  
The rings by two and three:  
'O take, O take these golden rings,  
By them remember me.'

14 She had a white wand in her hand,  
She strake him on the breast:  
'My faith and troth I give back to thee,  
So may thy soul have rest.'

15 'Prithee,' said he, 'forget, forget,  
Prithee forget, forgive;  
O grant me yet a little space,  
That I may be well and live.'

16 'O never will I forget, forgive,  
So long as I have breath;  
I'll dance above your green, green grave  
Where you do lie beneath.'

A. *Heading.* The Brown Girl; to an excellent tune.

B. *From* A right merry book of Garlands. Collected by J. Bell, on the Quay, Newcastle upon Tyne. *A slip inserted after the 6th Garland bears these words:* The old garlands in these volumes [11621. c. 3, c. 4] are printed by J. White, who died in 1769, and

by T. Saint, who died in 1788. . . . Letter of J. Bell.

The Brown Girl's Garland, composed of four extraordinary new songs.

The bonny Brown Girl, etc., etc.

4<sup>d</sup>. his Eilk.

## 296

### WALTER LESLY

'Walter Lesly,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 139.

A LATE, but life-like and spirited ballad.  
Walter Lesly steals a girl, not for her beauty or blood, but for her mother's dollars, of which he has need. She is tied on to a horse, taken to an ale-house, and put to bed.

Lesly, weary with hard riding, falls asleep; the girl gets up and runs over moss, moor, hill and dale, barefoot. Lesly's men pursue, but the road is full of pools and tires the men out. The girl effects her escape.

1 On the second of October, a Monday at noon,  
In came Walter Lesly, to see his proper one;  
He set a chair down by her side, and gently sat her by,  
Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?

2 He's taen a glass into his hand, inviting her to drink,  
But little knew she his meaning, or what the rogue did think;  
Nor what the rogue did think, to steal the maid away;  
'Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

- 3 When they had taen a glass or two, and all  
were making merry,  
In came Geordy Lesly, and forth he did her  
carry ;  
Then upon high horseback sae hard 's he did  
her tye,  
' Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to  
lye? '
- 4 Her mother she came to the door, the sant tears  
on her cheek,  
She coudna see her daughter, it was for dust  
and reek ;  
It was for dust and reek, the swords they glaned  
sae high ;  
' And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time  
to lye? '
- 5 When they came to the ale-house, the people  
there were busy ;  
A bridal-bed it was well made, and supper well  
made ready ;  
When the supper down was set, baith plum-  
pudding and pie,  
' And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time  
to lye? '
- 6 When they had eaten and well drunken, and  
a' man bound for bed,  
The laddie and the lassie in ae chamber were  
laid ;  
He quickly stript her to the smock, and gently  
laid her bye,  
Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time  
to lye?
- 7 But Walter being weary, he fell fast asleep,  
And then the lassie thought it fit to start up  
till her feet ;  
To start up till her feet, and her petticoats to tye,  
' We 'll go no more to Conland, the winter-time  
to lye.'
- 8 Then over moss and over muir sae cleverly she  
ran,  
And over hill and over dale, without stockings  
or shoon ;  
The men pursued her full fast, wi mony shout  
and ery,  
Says, Will ye go to Conland, the winter-time  
to lye.
- 9 ' Wae to the dubs o Duffus land, that eer they  
were sae deep ;  
They've trachled a' our horsemen and gart  
our captain sleep ;  
And gart our captain sleep, and the lassie win  
away,  
And she 'll go no more to Conland, the winter-  
time to lye.'
- 10 ' I 'd rather be in Duffus land, selling at the  
ale,  
Before I was wi Lesly, for a' his auld meal ;  
For a' his auld meal, and sae mony comes to  
buy ;  
I 'll go no more to Conland the winter-time to  
lye.
- 11 ' I 'd rather be in Duffus land, dragging at the  
ware,  
Before I was wi Lesly, for a' his yellow hair ;  
For a' his yellow hair, and sae well's he can  
it tye ;  
I 'll go no more to Conland, this winter-time to  
lye.'
- 12 It was not for her beauty, nor yet her gentle  
bluid,  
But for her mither's dollars, of them he had  
great need ;  
Of them he had great need, now he maun do  
them by,  
For she 'll go no more to Conland, this winter-  
time to lye.

---

*Printed in stanzas of eight short lines.*



## 297

## EARL ROTHES

‘Earl Rothes,’ Kinloch MSS, I, 333.

LADY ANN has an adulterous connection with Earl Rothes, and her youthful brother seeks to sunder it. He offers to pay a tocher for her if she will forsake the earl’s company; to keep her in his castle till she is safely brought to bed, and make her a marquis’s lady; she rejects all his offers with scorn. The boy declares that when he is old enough to wear a sword he will thrust it through Earl Rothes for using his sister so badly.

1 ‘O EARL Rothes, an thou wert mine,  
And I were to be thy ladie,  
I wad drink at the beer, and tipple at the  
wine,  
And be my bottle with any.’

2 ‘Hold thy tongue, sister Ann,’ he says,  
‘Thy words they are too many;  
What wad ye do wi sae noble a lord,  
When he has so noble a ladie?’

3 ‘O I’ll pay you your tocher, Lady Ann,  
Both in gear and money,  
If ye’ll forsake Earl Rothes’s companie,  
And mind that he has a ladie.’

4 ‘I do not value your gold,’ she says,  
‘Your gear it’s no sae readie;  
I’ll neer forsake Earl Rothes’s companie,  
And I don’t gie a fig for his ladie.’

5 ‘I’ll keep ye i the castle, Lady Ann,  
O servants ye shall hae monie;

I’ll keep ye till ye’re safely brocht to bed,  
And I’ll mak you a marquis’s ladie.’

6 ‘I do not value your castle,’ she says,  
‘Your servants are no sae readie;  
Earl Rothes will keep me till I’m brocht to  
bed,  
And he’ll mak me a marquis’s ladie.’

7 ‘Woe be to thee, Earl Rothes,’ he says,  
‘And the mark o the judge be upon thee,  
For the using o this poor thing sae,  
For the using my sister so badly.’

8 ‘When I’m come to the years of a man,  
And able a sword to carry,  
I’ll thrust it thro Earl Rothes’ bodie  
For the using my sister sae basely.’

9 ‘Fare thee well, Lady Ann,’ he says,  
‘No longer will I tarry;  
You and I will never meet again,  
Till we meet at the bonny town o Torry.’

## 298

## YOUNG PEGGY

‘Young Peggy,’ Kinloch’s Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 153.

PEGGY has been seen in the garden with Jamie late in the night, for which her mother calls her to account. She does not deny the fact; she takes the blame on herself; the thing will happen again. But going to her bower, where Jamie is attending her, she

tells him they must meet no more. He makes a tryst with her in the greenwood at midnight, she keeps it and goes off with her lover. Her father pursues them, but they are married before he gets to the top of the hill.

1 ‘O WHARE hae ye been, Peggy?  
O whare hae ye been?’  
‘I the garden amang the gilly-flowrs,  
Atween twal hours and een.’

2 ‘Ye’ve na been there your leen, Peggy,  
Ye’ve na been there your leen;  
Your father saw you in Jamie’s arms,  
Atween twal hours and een.’

3 ‘Tho my father saw me in Jamie’s arms,  
He’ll see me there again;  
For I will sleep in Jamie’s arms  
When his grave’s growin green.’

4 ‘Your Jamie is a rogue, Peggy,  
Your Jamie is a loun,  
For trysting out our ae dochter,  
And her sae very young.’

5 ‘Lay no the wyte on Jamie, mither,  
The blame a’ lies on me;  
For I will sleep in Jamie’s arms  
When your een winna see.’

6 Now she has to her ain bouer gane;  
He was waiting there him leen:  
‘I’m blythe to see ye, Jamie, here,  
For we maunna meet again.’

7 She’s tane the wine-glass in her hand,  
Pourd out the wine sae clear;  
Says, Here’s your health and mine, Jamie,  
And we maun meet na mair.

8 She has tane him in her arms twa,  
And gien him kisses five;  
Says, Here’s your health and mine, Jamie,  
I wish weel mote ye thrive.

9 ‘Your father has a bonnie cock,  
Divides the nicht and day,  
And at the middle watch o the nicht  
In greenwud ye’ll meet me.’

10 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,  
And a’ men boun for bed,  
She’s kilted up her green claitthing,  
And met Jamie in the wud.

11 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,  
About the hour o twa,  
It’s up bespak her auld father,  
Says, Peggy is awa!

12 ‘Ga saddle to me the black, the black,  
Ga saddle to me the grey;’  
But ere they wan to the tap o the hill  
The wedding was a’ bye.



## 299

## TROOPER AND MAID

A. 'The Trooper and Fair Maid,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 230.

B. 'The Trooper,' Motherwell's MS., p. 27.

C. Jamieson's Scottish Ballads, II, 158.

A TROOPER comes to the house of his mistress in the evening and is kindly received. They pass the night together and are wakened by the trumpet. He must leave her; she follows him some way, he begging her to turn back. She asks him repeatedly when they are to meet again and marry. He answers, when cockle shells grow siller bells, when fishes fly and seas gang dry, etc.: see I, 168, 437.

There are several other ballads of a trooper and a maid (Peggy). In 'The Bonnie Lass o Fyvie,' Christie, I, 276, Murison MS., p. 50, Kinloch MSS, VII, 339, Buchan MSS, II, 270, 'Irish Dragoons,' Motherwell's MSS, p. 428, a captain falls in love with a Peggy and dies thereof; but in another copy, 'Pretty Peggy,' Gibb MS., No 13, p. 53, all is made to end well. A dragoon very constant and liberal to Peggy, and she very fond to him, are happily married in 'The Dragoon and Peggy,' Maidment, Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1859, p. 98, from a Glasgow copy of the date 1800. The first half of this ballad is found under the title of 'The Laird of Kellary' in Kin-

loch MSS, I, 359. In an English broadside which is perhaps of the first half of the seventeenth century, a married Peggy leaves her husband to follow a soldier over sea, but returns and is forgiven: 'The Soldier and Peggy,' Roxburghe collection, I, 370 (also Pepys, Euing, Douce), Chappell, The Roxburghe Ballads, II, 475. 'Peggie is over the sie with the souldier' is the title of a tune (No 95) in the Skene MSS, which date from the first quarter of the seventeenth century. A correspondent of C. K. Sharpe sent him one stanza of a Scottish ballad upon this theme:

Peggie's gane oer the seas, a' dressed in red,  
An Peggie's come back again, beggin her bread.  
The landladie looked wi the tail o her ee:  
'O foul fa ye, Peggie, for leaving o me.'

There is also a ballad of a valiant trooper and a pretty Peggy who, at first inconstant, turns out a loving wife, in Pepys, IV, 40, No 37.

A is translated by Gerhard, p. 189.

## A

- 1 One evening as a maid did walk,  
The moon was shining clearly,  
She heard a trooper at the gates,  
She thought it was her dearie.  
She's taen his horse then by the head,  
And led him to the stable,

And gien to him baith corn and hay,  
To eat what he was able.  
Bonny lass, gin I come near you,  
Bonny lass, gin I come near you,  
I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,  
Bonny lass, or eer I lea you.

- 2 She's taen the trooper by the hand,  
And led him to the table,

- And furnishd him wi bread and cheese,  
To eat what he was able.  
She's taen the wine-glass in her hand,  
Poured out the wine sae clearly ;  
'Here is your health an mine,' she cried,  
'And ye're welcome hame, my deary !
- 3 'A glass o wine for gentlemen,  
And bonny lads for lasses,  
And bread and cheese for cavaliers,  
And corn and hay for asses.'  
Then she went but and made his bed,  
She made it like a lady,  
And she coost aff her mankie gown,  
Says, Laddie, are you ready ?
- 4 Then he coost aff his big watch-coat,  
But and his silken beaver,  
A pair o pistols frae his side,  
And he lay down beside her.  
'Bonny lassie, I am wi you now,  
Bonny lassie I am wi you,  
But I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,  
Bonny lassie, ere I lea you.'
- 5 The trumpet sounds thro Birlsdale,  
Says, Men and horse, make ready ;  
The drums do beat at Staneman hill,  
'Lads, leave your mam and daddie.'  
The fifes did play at Cromley banks,  
'Lads, leave the lewes o Fyvie ;'  
And then the trooper he got up,  
Says, Lassie, I must lea you.
- 6 'Bonny lassie, I maun lea you now,  
Bonny lassie, I maun lea you ;  
But if ever I come this road again,  
I will come in and see you.'
- 7 She's taen her gown out-ower her arms,  
And followed him to Stirling,  
And aye the trooper he did say,  
O turn ye back, my darling.  
'O when will we twa meet again ?  
Or when will you me marry ?'
- 'When rashin rinds grow gay gowd rings,  
I winna langer tarry.'
- 8 'O when will we twa meet again ?  
Or when will you me marry ?'  
'When heather-knaps grow siller taps,  
I winna langer tarry.'  
'O when will we twa meet again ?  
Or when will you me marry ?'  
'When heather-cows grow owsen-bows,  
I winna langer tarry.'
- 9 'O when will we twa meet again ?  
Or when will you me marry ?'  
'When cockle-shells grow siller bells,  
I winna langer tarry.'  
'O when will we twa meet again ?  
Or when will you me marry ?'  
'When apple-trees grow in the seas,  
I winna langer tarry.'
- 10 'O when will we twa meet again ?  
Or when will you me marry ?'  
'When fishes fly, and seas gang dry,  
I winna langer tarry.'  
'O when will we twa meet again ?  
Or when will you me marry ?'  
'When frost and snaw shall warm us a',  
I winna langer tarry.'
- 11 'Yestreen I was my daddie's dow,  
But an my mammy's dawtie ;  
This night I gang wi bairn to you,  
Wae's me that I eer saw thee !'  
'Yestreen ye were your daddie's dow,  
But an your mammie's dawtie ;  
But gin ye gang wi bairn to me,  
Ye may rue that eer ye saw me.
- 12 'O turn back, my bonny lass,  
And turn back, my dearie ;  
For the Highland hills are ill to climb,  
And the bluidy swords woud fear ye.'

## B

Motherwell's MS., p. 27; from the recitation of Widow Nicol.

- 1 There cam a trooper frae the West,  
And of riding he was weary ;

He rappit at and clappit at,  
In calling for his dearie.  
By chance the maid was in the close,  
The moon was shining clearly,  
She opened the gates and let him in,  
Says, Ye're welcome hame, my dearie.



2 She took the horse by the bridle-reins  
And led him to the stable ;  
She gave him corn and hay to eat,  
As much as he was able.  
She up the stair and made the bed,  
She made it fit for a lady,  
Then she coost aff her petticoat,  
Said, Trooper, are ye ready ?

3 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
‘There’s bread and cheese for musqueteers,  
And corn and hay for hor[s]es,  
Sack and sugar for auld wives,  
And lads for bonnie lasses.’

4 He coost aff his gude buff coat,  
His boots, likewise his beaver,  
He drew his rapier frae his side,  
And streekit him down beside her.  
‘Bonnie lass, I trew I’m near the[e] now,  
Bonnie lass, I trew I’m near thee,

And I’ll gar a’ thy ribbons reel,  
Bonnie lassie, or I lea thee.’

5 They had but spoken little a while  
Till of speaking they were weary ;  
They slepted together in each other’s arms  
Till the sun was shining clearly.  
The very first sound the trumpet gave  
Was, Troopers, are ye ready ?  
Away you must to London town,  
Or else for Londonderry.

6 She took the bottle in her hand,  
The glass into the other,  
She filled it up with blood-red wine,  
Until it ran quite over.  
She drank a health to her love on the stair,  
Saying, When shall we two marry ?  
Or when shall we two meet again,  
On purpose for to marry ?

7 ‘O when shall we two meet again ?  
Or when shall we two marry ?’  
‘When cockle-shells grow siller bells ;  
No longer must I tarry.’

C

Jamieson, Popular Ballads, II, 158, as often heard by him  
in Morayshire.

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

\* \* \* \* \*

2 ‘O whan sall we be married, love ?  
O whan sall we be married ?’

‘Whan heather-cows turn owsen-bows,  
It’s then that we’ll be married.’

3 ‘O whan sall we be married, love ?  
O whan sall we be married ?’  
‘When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
It’s then that we’ll be married.’

4 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
‘Whan the sun and moon dance on the green,  
It’s then that we’ll be married.’

A. 5<sup>6</sup>. Lewas. 5<sup>8</sup>. lea you now.  
B. 4<sup>3</sup>. threw? *Motherwell*. 4<sup>7</sup>. gard.  
C. *The verses are given incidentally in a preface  
to another ballad. Between 1 and 2: The  
kind fair one puts his horse into the stable*

and takes himself to her bower, where she  
gives him ‘the good white bread and blood-  
red wine,’ and a part of her bed. In the  
morning, when he proposes to depart, she  
naturally enough asks [*as in st. 2*].

## 300

## BLANCHEFLOUR AND JELLYFLORICE

‘Blancheflour and Jellyflorice,’ Buchan’s *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 125 ; Motherwell’s MS., p. 588.

A MAID who has been some years in a lady’s service aspires to something higher ; she seeks and obtains a place with a queen, ‘to sew the seams of silk.’ The queen warns her to keep herself from the young prince, but the pair become familiar, and the queen has her mounted on a wild horse without a bridle, expecting to dispose of her summarily in this way. But the prince takes her from the horse and declares that he will marry her within the month.

Buchan suspects that some “poetaster” has remodelled the story of the romance of Florice and Blancheflour, “modernizing it to

suit the climate of his time,” that is, perhaps, turning a princess into a sempstress. The only thing in the romance that is even remotely like what we find in the ballad is that Florice saves Blancheflour from the death which his father had contrived for her in order to part the lovers, and this passage does not occur in the English versions of the romance.

There is a Flemish ballad, so to call it, composed from the romance: Cousse-maker, p. 177, No 51, Baecker, *Chansons historiques de la Flandre*, p. 121 ; Oude Liedekens in Bladeren, L. van Paemel, Gend, No 17.

1 THERE was a maid, richly arrayd,  
In robes were rare to see,  
For seven years and something mair  
She servd a gay ladie.

2 But being fond o a higher place,  
In service she thought lang ;  
She took her mantle her about,  
Her coffer by the band.

3 And as she walkd by the shore-side,  
As blythe ’s a bird on tree,  
Yet still she gaz’d her round about,  
To see what she could see.

4 At last she spied a little castle,  
That stood near by the sea ;  
She spied it far and drew it near,  
To that castle went she.

5 And when she came to that castle  
She tirl’d at the pin,  
And ready stood a little wee boy  
To lat this fair maid in.

6 ‘O who ’s the owner of this place,  
O porter-boy, tell me ;’

‘This place belongs unto a queen  
O birth and high degree.’

7 She put her hand in her pocket,  
And gae him shillings three :  
‘O porter, bear my message well  
Unto the queen frae me.’

8 The porter ’s gane before the queen,  
Fell low down on his knee :  
‘Win up, win up, my porter-boy,  
What makes this courtesie ?’

9 ‘I hae been porter at your yetts,  
My dame, these years full three,  
But see a ladie at your yetts  
The fairest my eyes did see.’

10 ‘Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,  
Lat her come in to me,  
And I ’ll know by her courtesie  
Lord’s daughter if she be.’

11 When she eame in before the queen,  
Fell low down on her knee :  
‘Service frae you, my dame the queen,  
I pray you grant it me.’



- 12 'If that service ye now do want,  
What station will ye be?  
Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,  
Or milk the cows to me?'
- 13 'No, I can neither card nor spin,  
Nor cows I canno milk,  
But sit into a lady's bower  
And sew the seams o silk.'
- 14 'What is your name, ye comely dame?  
Pray tell this unto me :'  
'O Blancheffour, that is my name,  
Born in a strange countrie.'
- 15 'O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice —  
My ain dear son is he —  
When other ladies get a gift,  
O that ye shall get three.'
- 16 It wasna tald into the bower  
Till it went thro the ha,  
That Jellyflorice and Blancheffour  
Were grown ower great witha.
- 17 When the queen's maids their visits paid,  
Upo the gude Yule-day,

- When other ladies got horse to ride,  
She boud take foot and gae.
- 18 The queen she calld her stable-groom,  
To come to her right seen ;  
Says, Ye 'll take out yon wild waith steed  
And bring him to the green.
- 19 'Ye 'll take the bridle frae his head,  
The lighters frae his een ;  
Ere she ride three times roun the cross,  
Her weel-days will be dune.'
- 20 Jellyflorice his true-love spy'd  
As she rade roun the cross,  
And thrice he kissd her lovely lips,  
And took her frae her horse.
- 21 'Gang to your bower, my lily-flower,  
For a' my mother's spite ;  
There 's nae other amang her maids,  
In whom I take delight.
- 22 'Ye are my jewel, and only ane,  
Nane 's do you injury ;  
For ere this-day-month come and gang  
My wedded wife ye 'se be.'

## 301

## THE QUEEN OF SCOTLAND

'The Queen of Scotland,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 46 ; Motherwell's MS., p. 577.

A QUEEN in the king's absence invites young Troy Muir to her bower and bed ; he declines, and the queen resolves to do him an ill turn. She tells him that if he will lift a stone in the garden he will find in a pit under the stone gold enough to buy him a dukedom. The next morning Troy Muir lifts the stone, and a long-starved serpent winds itself round his middle. A maid comes by and allays the serpent's rage by cutting off her pap for him.

Troy Muir is immediately released and the wound in the maid's breast heals in an hour. Troy Muir marries the maid the same day ; she bears him a son, and by heaven's grace recovers her pap thereupon.

The insipid ballad may have been rhymed from some insipid tale. Motherwell conjectured that Troy Muir stands for Triamour, but the story here has no sort of resemblance to the romance.

- 1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,  
An asking I 'll ask thee ;  
Will ye come to my bigley bower  
And drink the wine wi me?'

- 2 'My dame, this is too much honour  
You have conferrd on me ;  
I'm sure it's mair than I've deservd  
Frae sic a one as thee.'

- 3 'In Reekie's towers I hae a bower,  
And pictures round it set;  
There is a bed that is well made,  
Where you and I shall sleep.'
- 4 'O God forbid,' this youth then said,  
'That ever I drie sie blame  
As ever to touch the queen's bodie,  
Altho the king's frae hame.'
- 5 When that he had these words spoken,  
She secretly did say,  
Some evil I shall work this man,  
Before that it be day.
- 6 Whan a' her maids were gane to bed,  
And knights were gane frae hame,  
She ealld upon young Troy Muir,  
To put fire in her room.
- 7 'An asking, asking, Troy Muir,  
An asking ye'll grant me ;'  
'O, if it be a lawful thing,  
My dame it's granted be.'
- 8 'There is a stane in yon garden,  
Nae ane lifts it for me ;  
But if that ye woud lift the same,  
A brave man I'll ea thee.
- 9 'Under yon stane there is a pit,  
Most dreary for to see,  
And in it there's as much red gowd  
As buy a dukedom to thee.'
- 10 'O if I had ae sleep in bed,  
And saw the morning sun,  
As soon's I rise and see the skies,  
Your will it shall be done.'
- 11 When birds did sing, and sun did rise,  
And sweetly sang the lark,  
Troy Muir to the garden went,  
To work this dreary wark.
- 12 He's taen the stane then by a ring,  
And lifted manfullie ;  
A serpent that lang wanted meat  
Round Troy Muir's middle did flee.
- 13 'How shall I get rid o this foul beast ?  
It's by it I must dee ;  
I never thought the queen, my friend,  
Woud work this mischief to me.'
- 14 But by there came a weelfaird may,  
As Troy Muir did tank,  
The serpent's furious rage to lay,  
Cut aff her fair white pap.
- 15 As soon as she the same had done,  
Young Troy Muir was set free,  
And in ane hour the wound was heald,  
That nae mair pain had she.
- 16 Says Troy Muir, My lily-flower,  
Ye hae releas'd me ;  
But before I see another day,  
My wedded wife ye'se be.
- 17 He married her on that same day,  
Brought her to his ain hame ;  
A lovely son to him she bare,  
When full nine months were gane.
- 18 As heaven was pleas'd, in a short time,  
To ease her first sad pain,  
Sae was it pleas'd, when she'd a son,  
To hae a pap again.



## 302

## YOUNG BEARWELL

‘Young Bearwell,’ Buchan’s *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 75 ; Motherwell’s MS., p. 456, derived from Buchan ; Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 345.

THIS is one of half a dozen pieces sent Buchan by Mr Nicol of Strichen, “who wrote them from memory as he had learned them in his earlier years from old people.” It is also one of not a few flimsy and unjointed ballads found in Buchan’s volumes, the like of which is hardly to be found elsewhere, that require a respectable voucher, such as Mr Nicol undoubtedly was, for the other five pieces communicated by him were all above suspicion, and have a considerable value. It will not, however, help the ballad much that it was not palmed off on Buchan in jest or otherwise, or even if it was learned from an old person by Mr Nicol in his youth. The intrinsic character of the ballad remains, and old people have sometimes burdened their memory with worthless things.

Young Bearwell and a mayor’s daughter are lovers. Seeing him coming along one day, the lady tells him that there are such reports in circulation about him that he will have to sail the sea beyond Yorkisfauld, which may be beyond Ultima Thule for aught we know. Bearwell’s life is in danger where he is, and the lady has had the forethought to build him a ship, in which she sends him off. By the

process of sailing both east and west and then meeting wind from the north, he is blown to a land where the king and court, who pass their time mostly in playing ball, put a harp into the hand of every stranger and invite him to stay and play. Bearwell stays, and perhaps plays, twelve months. During this time the lady is so beset with suitors that she feels constrained to apply to a young skipper named Heyvalin to fetch her true-love back. To do this he must sail first east, then west, and then have a blast of north wind to blow him to the land. All this comes to pass ; the king and court are playing ball, but immediately put a harp into Heyvalin’s hand and urge him to stay and play. Skipper though he be, he falls to playing, and finds Bearwell the first man in all the company.

“From circumstances,” which do not occur to me, Motherwell would almost be inclined to trace this piece to a Danish source, “or it may be an episode of some forgotten metrical romance.” It may also, and more probably, be the effort of some amateur ballad-monger in northern Scotland whose imagination was unequal to the finishing of the inane story which he had undertaken.

1 WHEN two lovers love each other well,  
Great sin it were them to twinn ;  
And this I speak from Young Bearwell ;  
He loved a lady young,  
The Mayor’s daughter of Birktown-brae,  
That lovely, leesome thing.

2 One day when she was looking out,  
When washing her milk-white hands,

That she beheld him Young Bearwell,  
As he came in the sands.

3 Says, Wae’s me for you, Young Bear-  
well,  
Such tales of you are tauld ;  
They’ll cause you sail the salt sea so  
far  
As beyond Yorkisfauld.

- 4 . . . . .  
    ‘O shall I bide in good greenwood,  
    Or stay in bower with thee?’

5 ‘The leaves are thick in good greenwood,  
    Would hold you from the rain;  
And if you stay in bower with me  
    You will be taken and slain.

6 ‘But I caused build a ship for you  
    Upon Saint Innocent’s day;  
I’ll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,  
    And Our Lady, that meikle may.  
You are a lady’s first true-love,  
    God carry you well away!’

7 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.

8 When he did see the king and court,  
    Were playing at the ba;  
Gave him a harp into his hand,  
    Says, Stay, Bearwell, and play.

9 He had not been in the king’s court  
    A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till there came lairds and lords anew  
    To court that lady gay.

10 They wooed her 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 Heyvalin,  
    With the light of the moon;  
Says, Will ye do this deed for me,  
    And will ye do it soon?

12 ‘Will ye go seek him Young Bearwell,  
    On seas wherever 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 has saild east and then saild 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 ba;  
Gave him a harp into his hand,  
    Says, Stay, Heyvalin, and play.

16 He has tane up the harp in hand,  
    And unto play went he,  
And Young Bearwell was the first man  
    In all that companie.

\* \* \* \* \*

303

THE HOLY NUNNERY

‘The Holy Nunnery,’ Buchan’s Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 193.

WILLIE’S father and mother have vowed that he shall never marry Annie. Annie resolves that she will be a nun, asks her father’s consent and obtains it readily. At the nunnery-gate there is a maiden porter ‘wi gowd upon her hat,’ who would not have been quite out of place at the wicket of the garden of the Rose. Porter though she be, she seems to exercise the authority of a mother-superior. Annie asks admission, ‘there to live or die,’

and is allowed to come in on terms: never to kiss a young man's mouth, and to work hard; conditions not surprising, but there is another which is unusual, never to go to church (or is it Kirk that is meant?) Annie is seven years in the nunnery, all which time Willie lies languishing. His mother asks him if there is nothing that would help him; there is nothing, he says, but his love Annie. They dress him up like a lady, in silk and gold, he goes to the

nunnery-gate, and the maiden porter 'wi gowd upon her hat' makes no difficulty about letting him in. Annie knows him, and says, Come up, my sister dear. Willie essays to kiss her lips, but she whispers, This I dare not avow. The rest is wanting, and again we may doubt whether the balladist had not exhausted himself, whether a story so begun could be brought to any conclusion.

1 FAIR ANNIE had a costly bower,  
Well built wi lime and stane,  
And Willie came to visit her,  
Wi the light o the meen.

2 When he came to Annie's bower-door,  
He tirl'd at the pin:  
'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Fair Annie,  
Ye'll open, lat me come in.'

3 'O never a fit,' says Fair Annie,  
'Till I your errand ken;'  
'My father's vow'd a vow, Annie,  
I'll tell you when I'm in.

4 'My father's vow'd a rash vow,  
I darena marry thee;  
My mither's vow'd anither vow,  
My bride ye'se never be.'

5 'If ye had tauld me that, Willie,  
When we began to woo,  
There was naithing in this warld wide  
Shoud drawn my love to you.

6 'A nun, a nun,' said Fair Annie,  
'A nun will I be then;'  
'A priest, a priest,' said Sweet Willie,  
'A priest will I be syne.'

7 She is gane to her father,  
For mither she had nane;  
And she is on to her father,  
To see if she'd be a nun.

8 'An asking, asking, father dear,  
An asking ye'll grant me;  
That's to get to the holy nunnery,  
And there to live or die.'

9 'Your asking's nae sae great, daughter,  
But granted it shall be;  
For ye'se won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.'

10 Then they gaed on, and farther on,  
Till they came to the yate;  
And there they spied a maiden porter,  
Wi gowd upon her hat.

11 'An asking, asking, maiden porter,  
An asking ye'll grant me;  
If I'll won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.'

12 'Your asking's nae sae great, lady,  
But granted it shall be;  
For ye'se won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.

13 'But ye maun vow a vow, lady,  
Before that ye seek in;  
Never to kiss a young man's mouth  
That goes upon the grun.

14 'And ye must vow anither vow,  
Severely ye must work;  
The well-warst vow that ye're to vow,  
Is never to gang to kirk.'

15 'I will vow a vow,' she said,  
'Before that I seek in;  
I neer shall kiss a young man's mouth  
That goes upon the grun.

16 'And I will vow anither vow,  
Severely I will work;  
The well-warst vow that I'm to vow  
Is never to gang to kirk.'



- 17 For seven years now Fair Annie,  
In the holy nunnery lay she,  
And seven years Sweet Willie lay,  
In languish like to die.
- 18 'Is there nae duke nor lord's daughter,  
My son, can comfort thee,  
And save thee frae the gates o' death?  
Is there nae remedie?'
- 19 'There is nae duke nor lord's daughter,  
Mother, can comfort me,  
Except it be my love, Annie,  
In the holy nunnery lies she.'
- 20 They've dress'd Sweet Willie up in silk,  
Wi' gowd his gown did shine,  
And nane could ken by his pale face  
But he was a lady fine.
- 21 So they gaed on, and farther on,  
Till they came to the yate,

- And there they spied a maiden porter,  
Wi' gowd upon her hat.
- 22 'An asking, an asking, maiden porter,  
An asking ye'll grant me;  
For to win in to the holy nunnery,  
Fair Annie for to see.'
- 23 'Your asking's nae sae great, lady,  
But granted it shall be;  
Ye'se won into the holy nunnery,  
Fair Annie for to see.'
- 24 'Be she duke's or lord's daughter,  
It's lang sin she came here:'  
Fair Annie kent her true love's face;  
Says, Come up, my sister dear.
- 25 Sweet Willie went to kiss her lips,  
As he had wont to do;  
But she softly whispered him,  
I darena this avow.

## 304

## YOUNG RONALD

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 282; Motherwell's MS., p. 601, derived from Buchan.

YOUNG RONALD, a noble squire, but still school-boy (11, 29), lays his love on the daughter of the king of Linne, a locality which, as it occurs several times in ballads, we are glad to learn is not far from Windsor. In the course of an interview with the lady in her garden, she tells him that though she entirely feels the honor he has done her, she must be subject to her father's will. Ronald's father and mother are greatly concerned for their son, seeing that the lady has already rejected many suitors. He pays his love a second visit, and protests that for her sake he would fight long and hard. Be not too hasty, she answers; you must buckle with a more dangerous foe than you wot of, ere you win

me by war. She proceeds to explain that her father will have to go to war the next day with a giant who has been very troublesome, and then to make him various offers with the view of enlisting him in the affair; among which are two standard rings, one of which will stanch the blood of any of his men who may be hurt, the other prevent the drawing of his own blood.

Young Ronald reports to his father the encouragement which he has received from his love, the impending contest with the giant, and the gifts which she has made him; and the father, on his part, promises him a company of a hundred well-armed men. Supported by these, and invigorated by a third

meeting in the garden, Ronald rides proudly to the field. The giant, who is handicapped with three heads on his neck, and three more on his breast, challenges the king of Linne to combat, and the king offers his daughter and a third of his lands to any champion who will undertake the giant. Ronald is ready, and, according to the rule in such cases, disdains the offer of any reward but the daughter. The thought of her gives him a lion's courage, and such potency to his arm that he cuts off all the six heads of the giant at one sweep.

If any lover of ballads should feel his understanding insulted by the presentation of such a piece as this, I can have no quarrel

with him. There is certainly much in it that is exasperating, — the greeters in the school, the lifting of the hat, and, most of all, perhaps, the mint in meadows. These are, however, the writer's own property; the nicking with nay and the giant are borrowed from romances. In this and not a very few other cases, I have suppressed disgust, and admitted an actually worthless and a manifestly — at least in part — spurious ballad, because of a remote possibility that it might contain relics, or be a debased representative, of something genuine and better. Such was the advice of my lamented friend, Grundtvig, in more instances than those in which I have brought myself to defer to his judgment.

1 It fell upon the Lanmas time,  
When flowers were fresh and green,  
And craig and cleugh was covered ower  
With cloathing that was clean.

2 'T was at that time a noble squire,  
Sprung from an ancient line,  
Laid his love on a lady fair,  
The king's daughter o Linne.

3 When cocks did crow, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows sprang,  
Young Ronald and his little wee boy  
They rode the way alang.

4 So they rode on, and farther on,  
To yonder pleasant green,  
And there he spied that lady fair,  
In her garden alane.

5 These two together lang they stood,  
And love's tale there they taul;  
The glancing o her fair color  
Did Ronald's own impale.

6 He lifted 's hat, and thus he spake;  
O pity have on me!  
For I could pledge what is my right,  
All for the sake of thee.

7 'Ye 're young amo your mirth, kind sir,  
And fair o your dull hours;

There 's nae a lady in a' London  
But might be your paramour.

8 '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.'

9 He kissd her then and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And he is on to Windsor gone,  
And his boy by his side.

10 And when he unto Windsor came,  
And lighted on the green,  
There he spied his mother dear,  
Was walking there alane.

11 'Where have ye been, my son, Ronald,  
From gude school-house, this day?'  
'I hae been at Linne, mother,  
Seeing yon bonny may.'

12 'O wae 's me for you now, Ronald,  
For she will not you hae;  
For mony a knight and bauld baron  
She 's nickd them a' wi nae.'

13 Young Ronald 's done him to his bower,  
And he took bed and lay;  
Nae woman could come in his sight,  
For the thoughts o this well-fard may.

- 14 Then in it came his father dear,  
Well belted in a brand;  
The tears ran frae his twa gray eyes,  
All for his lovely son.
- 15 Then Ronald calld his stable-groom  
To come right speedilie;  
Says, Ye 'll gang to yon stable, boy,  
And saddle a steed for me.
- 16 'His saddle o the guid red gowd,  
His bits be o the steel,  
His bridle o a glittering hue;  
See that ye saddle him weel.
- 17 'For I've heard greeters at your school-house,  
Near thirty in a day;  
But for to hear an auld man greet,  
It passes bairns' play.'
- 18 When cocks did crow, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows sprang,  
Young Ronald and his little wee boy  
The way they rode along.
- 19 So they rode on, and further on,  
To yonder pleasant green,  
And there they saw that lady fair,  
In her garden alane.
- 20 And twenty times before he ceas'd  
He kiss'd her lips sae clear,  
And said, Dear lady, for your sake,  
I'll fight fell lang and sair.
- 21 'Full haste, nae speed, for me, kind sir,'  
Replied the lady clear;  
'Far better bucklings ye maun bide  
Or ye gain my love by weir.
- 22 'King Honour is my father's name,  
The morn to war maun fare,  
And that's to fight a proud giant,  
That's wrought him muckle care.
- 23 'Along wi him he is to take  
Baith noble knights and squires;  
I woud wish you as well-dress'd a knight  
As ony will be there.
- 24 'And I'll gie you a thousand crowns,  
To part amang your men;  
A robe upon your ain body,  
Weel sew'd wi my ain hand.
- 25 'Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
The virtue it is gude;  
If ony o your men be hurt,  
It soon will stem their blude.
- 26 'Another ring, a royal thing,  
Whose virtue is well known;  
As lang's this ring your body's on,  
Your bluid shall neer be drawn.'
- 27 He kiss'd her then, and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And he is on to Windsor gone,  
And his boy by his side.
- 28 And when he unto Windsor came,  
And lighted on the green,  
There he saw his auld father,  
Was walking him alane.
- 29 'Where hae ye been, my son, Ronald,  
From gude school-house the day?'  
'O I hae been at Linne, father,  
Seeking yon bonny may.'
- 30 'O wae's me for you now, Ronald,  
For she will not you hae;  
Mony a knight and bauld baron  
She's nick'd them a' wi nay.'
- 31 'O had your tongue, my father dear,  
Lat a' your folly be;  
The last words that I wi her spake,  
Her love was granted me.
- 32 'King Honour is her father's name,  
The morn to war maun fare,  
And that's to fight a proud giant,  
That's wrought him muckle care.
- 33 'Along wi him he means to take  
Baith knights and noble squires;  
And she wishes me as well drest a knight  
As ony will be there.
- 34 'And she's gaen me a thousand crowns,  
To part amang my men;  
A robe upon my ain body,  
Weel sew'd wi her ain hand.
- 35 'Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
The virtue it is gude;  
If ony o my men be hurt,  
It soon will stem their blude.



- 36 'Another ring, a royal thing,  
Whose virtue is unknown;  
As lang's this ring my body's on,  
My blude will neer be drawn.'
- 37 'If that be true, my son, Ronald,  
That ye hae tauld to me,  
I'll gie to you an hundred men,  
To bear you companie.
- 38 'Besides as muckle gude harness  
As carry them on the lee;  
It is a company gude enough  
For sic a squire as thee.'
- 39 When cocks did crow, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows spread,  
Young Ronald and his merry young men  
Were ready for to ride.
- 40 So they rode on, and farther on,  
To yonder pleasant green,  
And there they spied that lady fair,  
In her garden, sair mourning.
- 41 These twa together lang they stood,  
And love's tale there they taul,  
Till her father and his merry young men  
Had ridden seven mile.
- 42 He kissd her then, and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And then he sprang alang the road  
As sparks do frae the gleed.
- 43 Then to his great steed he set spur;  
He being swift o feet,
- They soon arrived on the plain,  
Where all the rest did meet.
- 44 Then flew the foul thief frae the west,  
His make was never seen;  
He had three heads upon ae hause,  
Three heads on ae breast-bane.
- 45 He bauldly stept up to the king,  
Seiz'd's steed in his right hand;  
Says, Here I am, a valiant man,  
Fight me now if ye can.
- 46 'Where is the man in a' my train  
Will take this deed in hand?  
And he shall hae my daughter dear,  
And third part o my land.'
- 47 'O here am I,' said young Ronald,  
'Will take the deed in hand;  
And ye'll gie me your daughter dear,  
I'll seek nane o your land.'
- 48 'I wondna for my life, Ronald,  
This day I left you here;  
Remember ye yon lady gay  
For you shed mony a tear.'
- 49 Fan he did mind on that lady  
That he left him behind,  
He hadua mair fear to fight  
Nor a lion frae a chain.
- 50 Then he cut aff the giant's heads  
Wi ae sweep o his hand,  
Gaed hame and married that lady,  
And heird her father's land.

5<sup>3</sup>. collar.5<sup>4</sup>. one *for* own.14<sup>2</sup>. and a.26<sup>3</sup>. ring's: *cf.* 36<sup>3</sup>.33<sup>1</sup>. I mean: *cf.* 23<sup>1</sup>.36<sup>2</sup>. Which: *cf.* 26<sup>2</sup>.

## 305

## THE OUTLAW MURRAY

- A.** a. 'The Sang of the Outlaw Murray,' Herd's MSS, II, fol. 76; 'The Outlaw Murray,' I, 255. b. 'The Sang of the Outlaw Murray,' Scott's Minstrelsy, second edition, 1803, I, 1. c. 'The Song of the Outlaw Murray,' Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1859, II, 131, "from an old manuscript in the Philiphaugh charter-chest." d. 'The Sang of the Outlaw Murray,' the copy now extant among the Philiphaugh papers.
- B.** 'An old song ealled Outlaw Murray,' Glenriddell MSS, XI, 61, 1791.
- C.** 'Outlaw Murray, an antient historical ballad,' fragments, "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 31, Abbotsford, in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

FIRST printed in Scott's Minstrelsy, 1802, I, 1.

A a, b, c (disregarding Scott's interpolations in b), do not differ more than transcripts of one original may be expected to do, remembering that copyists are apt to indulge in trivial verbal improvements.\* a was sent David Herd, with a letter dated January 12, 1795, by Andrew Plummer, Sheriff-Depute of Selkirk, as received by carrier from a lady, who neglected to impart how she came by the copy. In this instance, contrary to what I believe to be the general rule, the second volume of Herd's MSS seems to have the original text.† a was printed, but not with absolute fidelity, by Maidment, *Scotish Ballads and Songs*, 1868, II, 66. For b, "the copy principally resorted to," says Scott, "is one, apparently of considerable antiquity, which was found among the papers of the late Mrs Cockburn of Edinburgh." Scott made occasional use of Herd's MS. and of Glenrid-

dell's, inserted some stanzas which he had received from Sheriff Plummer, and in the second edition (otherwise slightly altered) two stanzas from the recitation of Mungo Park. Mrs Cockburn's MS. evidently agreed very nearly with the copy in Herd, so far as the latter goes. I much regret that exertions made to secure the Cockburn MS. did not result successfully. c. "From a note appended to the ballad, explanatory of its circumstances, in which reference is made to Lord Philiphaugh (a judge of Session) as being then alive," says Aytoun, "the manuscript must have been written between the years 1689 and 1702."‡ The original manuscript, unfortunately and inexplicably, is no longer in the Philiphaugh archives, and has not come to light after search. The text, if earlier transcribed, shows no internal evidence of superior age, and exhibits several inferior readings,—two that are highly objectionable.§ d, the copy actually preserved among the

\* That the four copies of a are transcripts from writing, and not from oral recitation, will be obvious when we observe their correspondence. The first thirty stanzas of a, b, have the same lines in the same order, and with an approach to verbal agreement. There is not so close a concurrence after 30, but still a virtual concurrence, excepting that b inserts sixteen lines between 52 and 53 which the other copies lack. c has throughout the same lines as a, in the same order (with verbal differences), excepting that c introduces two lines after 50<sup>1</sup> (which are a repetition, with corruption, of 81<sup>2</sup>), and that a repeats 43 at 60, which c does not. d has only a few verbal variations from c.

† Plummer's letter follows the ballad in the second volume, but is not given in the first.

‡ Rather 1708. Sir James Murray was appointed an ordinary Lord of Session October 28, 1689, and took his seat as Lord Philiphaugh November 1. In 1702 he was appointed Lord Clerk Register, and this place he held, except a short interval, till his death, July 1, 1708. (T. Craig-Brown, *History of Selkirkshire*, II, 345 f.)

§ I mean Soldan Turk, c 22<sup>3</sup>, for Soudron, a, b, d, and Soldanie, c 33<sup>2</sup>, for Soudronie, Sonthonie, a, b. (Soudan Turk, also B 26<sup>3</sup>, Sonden Turk, C 3<sup>3</sup>, 5<sup>3</sup>.) Nothing is easier than the corruption of Soudron into Soudan, upon which change the addition of Turk would be all but inevitable. The corruption would be likely to be made by one who had heard of an irruption of Saracens (or, if you please, Moors) into Galloway. (See note, p. 190.) The winning of Ettrick Forest by and from the Southron is historical, and this pretends to be an historical poem.



Philiphaugh papers, is evinced by a watermark to be not older than 1848. It shows variations from Aytoun's printed text which cannot be other than wilful alterations.

B, which is both defective, corrupted, and chargeable with flat repetition, and C, a few fragmentary verses, are all that have been retrieved from tradition, although Scott says that the ballad "has been for ages a popular song in Selkirkshire."

A manuscript copy was understood to be in possession of the late Mr George Wilson, S. S. C., Edinburgh, but, as in the case of the original of the Philiphaugh MS. and in that of Mrs Cockburn's copy, inquiry and search were fruitless.

The king of Scotland is informed that there is an Outlaw in Ettrick Forest who makes no account of him; the king vows that he will be king of Ettrick Forest, or the Outlaw shall be king of Scotland. Earl Hamilton advises that an envoy be sent to the Outlaw to ascertain whether he is willing to do homage to the king and hold the forest of him; if the Outlaw should refuse, then they will proceed to extremities with him. The king sends Boyd, Earl of Arran, to announce his terms: the Outlaw is to do homage; otherwise he and his lands will be subjugated, his castle levelled, his wife made a widow, and his men be hanged. The messenger demands of the Outlaw, in the king's name, of whom he holds his lands; the Outlaw replies that the lands are his own, won by himself from the Southron, and that he recognizes no king in Christendom. The messenger intimates that it will nevertheless be necessary for the Outlaw to do homage to the king of Scotland, under the penalties before mentioned. Many of the king's nobles shall lie cold first, he replies. Boyd reports to his master that the Outlaw claims to hold the forest by his own right, which he will maintain against all kings in Christendom; the king prepares to enforce his sovereignty with five thousand men.

The Outlaw vows that the king shall pay dear for his coming, and sends for succor to three of his kinsmen, all of whom promise

help. As the king approaches the forest, Hamilton ventures to give further advice: that the Outlaw should be summoned to come with four of his best men to meet the king and five earls; fire, sword, and forfeiture to follow upon refusal. The Outlaw bethinks himself of his children, and complies. He and his company fall on their knees and implore the king's mercy; his mercy shall be the gallows, says the king. The Outlaw protests again that he won his lands from the enemy, and as he won them so will he keep them, against all kings in Christendom; but having indulged in this vaunt asks mercy again, and offers to give up the keys of his castle if the king will constitute him and his successors sheriffs of the forest. The king, on his part, is equally ready for a compromise. The Outlaw, on surrendering the keys of his castle, shall be made sheriff of Ettrick Forest, and shall never be forfeited as long as he continues loyal, and his men shall have pardon if they amend their lives. After all the strong language on both sides, the Outlaw has only to name his lands (but gives a very imperfect list), and the king (waiving complete particulars) renders him whatever he is pleased to claim, and makes him sheriff of Ettrick Forest while upwards grows the tree.

So far all the copies of A concur, as to the story, except that c 22, 33, by an absurd corruption, makes the Outlaw to have won his lands, not from the Soudron, the Soudronie, but from Soldan Turk, the Soldanie; in which respect A c is followed by B 26, C 3, 5. Between 52 and 53, b introduces this passage:

Then spak the kene laird of Bucksleuth,  
A stalworthye man and sterne was he:  
'For a king to gang an outlaw till  
Is beneath his state and his dignitie.

'The man that wons yon foreste intill,  
He lives by reif and felonie;  
Wherefore, brayd on, my sovereign liege,  
Wi fire and sword we'll follow thee,  
Or, gif your courtrie lords fa back,  
Our borderers sall the onset gie.'



Then out and spak the nobil king,  
 And round him east a wilie ee :  
 ' Now hand thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,  
 Nor speik of reif nor felonie,  
 For had everye honeste man his awin kye,  
 A right puir clan thy name wad be.'\*

B represents that the king, after appointing a meeting with the Outlaw 'in number not above two or three,' comes with a company of three hundred, which violation of the mutual understanding naturally leads the Outlaw to expect treachery. The king, however, not only proceeds in good faith, but, without any stipulations, at once makes the Outlaw laird of the Forest.

From the note, otherwise of no value, which accompanies the Philiphaugh MS., it is clear that the ballad was known before 1700; how much earlier it is to be put we can neither ascertain nor safely conjecture, but we may say that there is nothing in the language of the piece as it stands which obliges us to assign it a much higher antiquity.†

As to James Murray, laird of Traquair, whose lands the king had gifted lang syne, A 45<sup>3</sup>, 48<sup>1</sup>, Sheriff Plummer remarks in Herd's MS.: "Willielmus de Moravia had forfeited the lands of 'trakware' ante annum 1464. As of that date I have a charter of these lands, proceeding upon his forfeiture, granted Willielmo Douglas de Cluny." Thomas Boyd was created Earl of Arran after his marriage with the eldest sister of James III, 1467. The Earl of Hamilton is mentioned A 7<sup>1</sup>, 50<sup>1</sup>. Sheriff Plummer observes that there was an earl of that surname till 1503.

Scott, in his preface in the *Border Minstrelsy*, after professing himself unable to ascertain the foundation of the tale, goes on to state the following historical possibilities:

\* "The feud betwixt the Outlaw and the Scots may serve to explain the asperity with which the chieftain of that clan is handled in the ballad." Were it not for these words in Scott's preface, I should have been inclined to think that this humorous episode came from the hand of the editor of 'Kinmont Willie.' It is quite in Scott's way, and also in contrast with the tone of the rest of the narrative. If the author of the ballad was capable of this smartness, he ought to have been aware that the Outlaw (not to say the king), after all his bluster, cuts a ridiculously tame

"This ballad . . . 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. . . . 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 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 November 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 produced tending to invalidate the conclusion) that the bard, willing to pay his court to the family, has connected his 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 Scot-

figure in the conclusion. I now observe that the line 'Wi fire and sword we'll follow thee' is in A a, 52<sup>2</sup>, and nearly the same in c; which suggests that something may have been lost in the MS.

† A 22<sup>3,4</sup> might be a reminiscence of 'Johnie Armstrong,' C 27<sup>3,4</sup>, III, 371. C 33<sup>3,4</sup> (from recitation) agrees strikingly with the stanza cited III, 363, note\*; but this fact is of not the least importance. Mr Macmath notes that A a 1<sup>3</sup>, 'The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,' occurs in Alexander Montgomerie's *Cherrie and the Slae*, Edinburgh, 1597.

tish 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 farther 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. . . . 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 way may have had more foundation than it would at present be proper positively to assert."

In the way of comment upon these surmises of Scott, which proceed mainly upon what we do not know, it may be alleged that we have a fairly good record of the relations of Selkirkshire to the Scottish crown during the

fourteenth century, when this district was so often changing hands between the English and the Scotch, and that there is no indication of any Murray having been concerned in winning it from the Southron, as is pretended in the ballad, either then or at any time, so that this part of the story may be set down as pure invention.\* Hardly less fictitious seems to be the dispute between the Scottish king and a Murray, in relation to the tenure. The Murrays first became connected with Selkirkshire in 1461. John de Moravia then acquired the lands of Philiphaugh, and was afterwards appointed Custos of Newark Castle, and came into possession of Hangingshaw and Lewinshope. All of these are attributed to the Outlaw in the ballad. This John Murray was a contemporary of Boyd, Earl of Arran, and of the forfeited Murray of Traquair, but, with all this, nobody has pitched upon him for the Outlaw; and it would not have been a happy idea, for he was on perfectly good terms, and even in great favor, with the court under James III. His grandson, John Murray, was in equal or greater favor with James IV, and was made hereditary Sheriff of Selkirk in 1509, and for this last reason has been proposed for the Outlaw, though "nothing could be more improbable than that this orderly, 'circumspect,' and law-enforcing officer of the crown should ever take up an attitude of rebellious defiance so diametrically opposed to all we really know of his character and conduct."†

Scott thought that light might be thrown upon the history of the ballad by the Philiphaugh family papers. Mr Craig-Brown gave them the accurate examination which Scott suggested, and came to the same conclusion as Aytoun, that the story told in the ballad is, if not altogether fictitious, at least greatly exaggerated. He is inclined to think that "some clue to the date of the ballad lies in the minstrel's animus against the house of Buceleuch" (shown only in A b). "James

\* Mr David MacRitchie, in his very interesting *Ancient and Modern Britons*, a book full of novel matter and views, accepts the ballad as "partly true," apparently to the extent "that this 'outlaw' was as yet an actual, independent king, and that modern Selkirkshire was not a part of Scot-

land:" and this whether the king of Scotland was James IV or an earlier monarch, II, 136-139. This is pitting the ballad against history.

† Craig-Brown, II, 336-338.



Murray, tenth laird," he says, "is the last mentioned in the family MSS as possessor of Newark, which castle passed into the hands of Buccleuch either in his lifetime or that of his successor, Patrick Murray. After the death of James IV at Flodden, the Queen-Regent complained loudly of Buccleuch's encroachment upon her dowry lands of Ettrick Forest, the Custos of which domain had Newark for a residence. Buccleuch continued to keep his hold, and, as he could only do so by displacing Murray, the ill-will of the latter family was a natural consequence. By way of showing the earlier and superior title of the Murrays, the ballad-writer has either invented the story *in toto*, or has amplified the tradition of an actual visit paid to a former Murray by the king. Both Sir Walter Scott and the compiler of the Family Records are of opinion that John Murray, eighth laird, is the presumptive Outlaw of the song; and, as he was undoubtedly in great favor with King James IV, nothing is more likely than that the young monarch may have ended one of his hunting-expeditions to the Forest by confirming John in his hereditary sheriffship, interrupted for a few years by the appointment of Lord Home. As a matter of fact, John Murray did in 1509 obtain a royal charter from his sovereign, of the sheriffship; but, as the office had been vacant since 1506, there is nothing improbable in the supposition that he had already claimed the family rights and taken possession of the castle. Indeed, in 1503, he acted as sheriff at the queen's infestment in her dowry-lands of Ettrick Forest. It would have been in thorough keeping with all that is known of James IV if his Majesty had taken the opportunity to give his favorite a half-jesting reproof for his presumption; but that Murray was ever seriously outlawed is out of the

question. His king heaped honors on him; and only eighty years after his death his descendant obtained a feudal precept of his lands for gratuitous services rendered to the crown by his family, 'without default at any time in their due obedience as became faithful subjects.' So that, granted a royal progress to Newark, followed by Murray's investiture with the sheriffship, the poet remains chargeable with considerable embellishment. A glorification of the family of Philiphaugh and a sneer at the rapacity of Buccleuch are the evident motives of his rhyme." \*

"The tradition of Ettrick Forest," says Scott, *Minstrelsy*, 2d ed., 1803, I, 4, "bears that the Outlaw was a man of prodigious strength, possessing a batton 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." † This account is not in keeping with the conception of the Outlaw given by the ballad, but indicates the ferocious robber and murderer, the Cacus of popular story, of whom no doubt the world was actually once very guilty, and of whom there are many specimens in British tradition as elsewhere.‡ As such he seems to turn up again in Gallo-way, where he haunts a forest of Kirkcudbrightshire, called the Black Morrow wood, from which he sallies out "in the neighboring country at night, committing horrible outrages." Of this personage, Mactaggart, in his *Gallovidian Encyclopedia*, p. 73, says:

"Tradition has him a Blackimore, . . . but my opinion is that he was no Blackimore; he never saw Africa; his name must have been Murray, and as he must have been, too, an outlaw and a bloody man, gloomy with foul crimes,§ Black prefaced it, as it did Black Douglass, and that of others; so he became Black Murray." And he adds

\* History of Selkirkshire, II, 355-357; see also p. 338.

† An account varying as to the place where the Outlaw was slain specifies Scott of Haining as the author of his death. John Murray, the Sheriff, was killed in 1510, and Andrew Ker and Thomas Scot were charged with the act, traditionally put to the account of Buccleuch and his clan, and, in particular, of Scott of Haining. (Craig-Brown, II, 338.)

‡ See Mr MacRitchie's *Ancient and Modern Britons*, I, 156 ff., 136 ff., for these monsters, often described as black, in which sense, it is maintained, Murray (Morrow, Moor) is frequently to be understood.

§ More of this Murray in *Historical and Traditional Tales*, Kirkcudbright, 1843, p. 112.



that this pest was disposed of by the people pouring a barrel of spirits into a spring one night when he was out on his rambles, whereof drinking the next day, he was made drunk and fell asleep, in which condition his foes dirked him; or according to others, one of the McLellans of Kirkcudbright took to the wood single-handed, found the outlaw sleeping, and drove a dirk through his head, whence the head on the dagger in the McLellans' coat of arms.\*

2. The castle, says Scott, is supposed by the common people to have been the castle of Newark; but "this is highly improbable, because Newark was always a royal fortress." The only important point, however, would seem to be who was the keeper of the castle. The Douglasses are spoken of as holding it from about 1326 to 1455; John de Moravia was Custos after 1462. The Outlaw's five hundred men are shooting on Newark lee in A b 18<sup>4</sup>, and Newark lee is twice mentioned elsewhere in that copy. Sheriff Plummer in his letter to Herd says: This I take to be the castle of New-wark, on the west end of which are the arms of Scotland supported by two unicorns. But in Scott's preface we are told that Sheriff Plummer has assured the editor that he remembered the *insignia* of the unicorns, etc., so often mentioned in the ballad, in existenece upon the old tower at Hangingshaw. Whether the etc. covers the picture of the knight and the lady bright, and Sheriff Plummer had therefore changed his opinion, does not appear.

\* "Sometimes it [the crest] represents some valiant act done by the bearer; thus McClelland of Bombie did, and now Lord Kirkeudbright does, bear a naked arm supporting on the point of a sword a More's head, because, Bombie being forfeited, his son killed a More who came in with some Sarazens to infest Galloway, to the killer of whom the king had promised the forfeiture of Bombie, and thereupon he was restored to his father's land." Sir George Mackenzie, *The Science of Heraldry*, 1680, p. 90. (This reference

15<sup>3</sup>. "Birkendale brae, now commonly called Birkendaily [see C 2<sup>1</sup>], is a steep descent at the south side of Minchmoor, which separates Tweed-dale from the Forest, at the top of which you come first in sight of New-wark Castle." Plummer's letter to Herd.

19. Mr MacRitchie, II, 141 ff., considers that the Lincoln green dresses of the Outlaw's men, and perhaps the purple of the Outlaw and his wife, show that they were "gypsies," not perhaps of a swarthy color, but still people "living a certain archaic 'heathen' life," at any rate a "wild and lawless life," and "refusing to follow the course of civilization." This inference from the costume seems to be not quite necessary, unless, or even if, all outlaws are "gypsies." Robin Hood, in 'Robin Hood and Queen Katherine,' is dressed in scarlet red, and his men in Lincoln green (III, 199, 201). But green is the regular attire for men who shoot with the bow, III, 76 f., 91. Johnie Cock, when going out to ding the dun deer down, puts on Lincoln green, III, 3 ff. Will Stewart, even, when only going to a ball-match, clothes his men in green, and himself in scarlet red, II, 434, 437.

51. "Penman's core, generally called Per-man's core [Permanseore in Scott, ed. 1833], is a nick or hollow on the top of a high ridge of hills a little to the east of Minchmoor." Plummer, as before. In B 50, poor man's house; 52, poor man's score.†

and those to Maetaggart and the Kirkcudbright Tales were given me by Mr W. Maemath in 1883.)

† That it was not originally intended to insert 'The Outlaw Murray' in this collection will be apparent from the position which it occupies. I am convinced that it did not begin its existenece as a popular ballad, and I am not convinced that (as Scott asserts) "it has been for ages a popular song in Selkirkshire." But the "song" gained a place in oral tradition, as we see from B, C, and I prefer to err by including rather than by excluding.

## A

a. Herd's MSS, II, fol. 76, I, 255, 1795. b. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1803, I, 1; principally from a copy found among the papers of the late Mrs Cockburn, of Edinburgh. c. Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1859, II, 131; "from an old manuscript in the Philiphaugh charter-chest," now not accessible. d. A copy among the Philiphaugh papers, transcribed not earlier than 1848.

- 1 ETRICK FOREST is a fair foreste,  
In it grows manie a semelie trie;  
The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,  
And of a' [wylde] beastis grete plentie.
- 2 There 's a castell biggit with lime and stane,  
O gin it stands not pleasantlie!  
In the fore front o that castell fair  
Twa unicorns are bra to see.
- 3 There 's the picture of a knight and a ladye  
bright,  
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
There an Outlaw keepis five hundred men,  
He keepis a royalle companie.
- 4 His merrie men are in [ae] liverie clad,  
Of the Lincoln grene so fair to see;  
He and his ladye in purple clad,  
O if they live not royallie!
- 5 Word is gane to our nobell king,  
In Edinburgh where that he lay,  
That there was an Outlaw in Etterick forest  
Counted him nought and all his courtrie gay.
- 6 'I mak a vowe,' then the goode king said,  
'Unto the man that dear bought me,  
I 'se either be king of Etrick forest,  
Or king of Scotland that Outlaw 's bee.'
- 7 Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,  
And to the noble king said he;  
My sovereign prince, sum counsell tak,  
First of your nobles, syne of me.
- 8 'I redd you send yon bra Outlaw till  
And see gif your man cum will he;  
Desire him cum and be your man,  
And hald of yon yon forest frie.
- 9 'And gif he refuses to do that,  
We 'll conquess both his lands and he,  
Or else we 'll throw his castell down,  
And mak a widowe of his gaye ladye.'

- 10 The king called on a gentleman,  
James Boyd, Erle of Arran, his brother was  
he;  
When James he came before the king  
He fell before him on his knie.
- 11 'Welcum, James Boyd,' said our nobil king,  
'A message ye maun gang for me;  
Ye mann hie to Etrick forrest,  
To yon Outlaw, where dwelleth he.
- 12 'Ask hym of quhom he haldis his lands,  
Or, man, wha may his master be;  
Desyre him come and be my man,  
And hald of me yon forrest frie.
- 13 'To Edinburgh to cum and gang  
His safe-warrant I sall be;  
And, gif he refuses to do that,  
We 'll conquess baith his lands and he.
- 14 'Thou mayst vow I 'll cast his castell down,  
And mak a widow of his gay ladye;  
I 'll hang his merrie men pair by pair  
In ony frith where I may them see.'
- 15 James Boyd took his leave of the nobill  
king,  
To Etrick forrest fair came he;  
Down Birkendale brae when that he cam,  
He saw the fair forest with his ee.
- 16 Baith dae and rae and hart and hynd,  
And of all wylde beastis grete plentie;  
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,  
And arrows whidderand near him by.
- 17 Of the fair castell he got a sight,  
The like he nere saw with his ee;  
On the fore front of that castell  
Twa unicorns were bra to see.
- 18 The picture of a knight and a ladye bright,  
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
Thereat he spy'd five hundred men,  
Shuting with bows upon the lee.
- 19 They a' were in ae liverie clad,  
Of the Lincoln grene, sae fair to see;  
The knight and his ladye in purple clad;  
O gif they lived right royallie!  
Therefore he kend he was master-man,  
And served him in his ain degree.



- 20 'God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray,  
Thy ladie and a' thy chivalrie !'  
'Marry, thou 's wellcum, gentleman,  
Sum king's-messenger thou seems to be.'
- 21 'The King of Scotland sent me hier,  
And, gude Outlaw, I 'in sent to thee ;  
I wad wat of whom ye hald your lands,  
Or, man, wha may thy master be.'
- 22 'Thir landis are mine,' the Outlaw said,  
'I own na king in Christentie ;  
Frac Soudron I this forest wan,  
When the king nor 's knights were not to  
see.'
- 23 'He desires you 'l come to Edinburgh,  
And hald of him this forest frie ;  
And gif you refuse to do this,  
He 'll conquest both thy landis and thee ;  
He has vovd to cast thy castell down,  
And make a widow of thy gaye ladie.
- 24 'He 'll hang thy merrie men pair by pair,  
In ony frith where he may them finde ;'  
'Aye, by my troth,' the Outlaw said,  
'Then wad I think me far behinde.
- 25 'Eere the king my fair countrie get,  
This land that 's nativest to me,  
Mony of his nobils sall be cauld,  
Their ladies sall be right wearie.'
- 26 Then spak his ladye fair of face,  
She said, Without consent of me  
That an outlaw shuld come before the king :  
I am right rad of treasourie.
- 27 'Bid him be gude to his lordis at hame,  
For Edinburgh my lord sall never see :'  
James tuke his leave of the Outlaw keene,  
To Edinburgh boun is he.
- 28 And when he came before the king,  
He fell before him on his knie :  
'Wellcum, James Boyd,' said the nobil king,  
'What foreste is Etrick forest frie ?'
- 29 'Etrick forest is the fairest forest  
That ever man saw with his ee ;  
There 's the dae, the rac, the hart, the  
hynde,  
And of all wild beastis great plentie.
- 30 'There 's a prittie castell of lime and stone,  
O gif it stands not pleasauntlie !  
There 's on the fore side of that castell  
Twa unicorns sae bra to see.
- 31 'There 's the picture of a knight and [a] ladie  
bright,  
And the grene hollin aboon their brie ;  
There the Outlaw keepis five hundred men,  
O gif they live not royallie !
- 32 'His merry men in [æ] liverie clad,  
O the Lincoln grene, so fair to see ;  
He and his ladye in purple clad,  
O gif they live not royallie !
- 33 'He says yon forest is his ain,  
He wan it from the Soudronie ;  
Sae as he won it, sae will he keep it,  
Contrair all kings in Christentie.'
- 34 'Gar ray my horse,' said the nobil king,  
'To Etrick [forest] hie will I me ;'  
Then he gard graith five thousand men,  
And sent them on for the forest frie.
- 35 Then word is gane the Outlaw till,  
In Etrick forest where dwelleth he,  
That the king was cumand to his cuntrie,  
To conquest baith his lands and he.
- 36 'I mak a vow,' the Outlaw said,  
'I mak a vow, and that trulie,  
Were there but three men to tak my part,  
Yon king's cuming full deir suld be.'
- 37 Then messengers he called forth,  
And bade them haste them speedilie :  
'Ane of you go to Halliday,  
The laird of the Corehead is he.
- 38 'He certain is my sister's son,  
Bid him cum quick and succour me ;  
Tell Halliday with thee to cum,  
And shaw him a' the veritie.'
- 39 'What news? what news,' said Halliday,  
'Man, frae thy master unto me ?'  
'Not as ye wad ; seeking your aid ;  
The king 's his mortal enemye.'
- 40 'Aye, by my troth,' quoth Halliday,  
'Even for that it repenteth me ;



- For, gif he lose fair Etrick forest,  
He 'll take fair Moffatdale frae me.
- 41 'I 'll meet him wi five hundred men,  
And surely mae, if mae may be :'  
[The Outlaw call'd a messenger,  
And bid him hie him speedily.]
- 42 'To Andrew Murray of Cockpool,  
That man 's a deir cousin to me ;  
Desire him cum and make me aid,  
With all the power that he may be.
- 43 'The king has vowd to cast my castell down,  
And mak a widow of my gay ladye ;  
He 'll hang my merry men pair by pair  
I[n] ony place where he may them see.'
- 44 'It stands me hard,' quoth Andrew Murray,  
'Judge if it stands not hard with me,  
To enter against a king with crown,  
And put my lands in jeopardie.
- 45 'Yet, gif I cum not on the daye,  
Surelie at night he sall me see :'  
To Sir James Murray, laird of Traquair,  
A message came right speedilie.
- 46 'What news ? what news,' James Murray said,  
'Man, frae thy master unto me ?'  
'What needs I tell ? for well ye ken  
The king 's his mortal enemye.
- 47 'He desires ye 'll cum and make him aid,  
With all the powers that ye may be :'  
'And, by my troth,' James Murray said,  
'With that Outlaw I 'll live and die.
- 48 'The king has gifted my lands lang syne,  
It can not be nae war with me ;'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 49 The king was cumand thro Cadden ford,  
And fiftene thousand men was he ;  
They saw the forest them before,  
They thought it awsome for to see.
- 50 Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,  
And to the nobil king said he,  
My sovereign prince, sum counsell take,  
First at your nobles, syne at me.
- 51 'Desyre him meet you at Penman's Core,  
And bring four in his companie ;  
Fyve erles sall gang yoursell before,  
Gude cause that you suld honord be.
- 52 'And, if he refuses to do that,  
Wi fire and sword we 'll follow thee ;  
There sall never a Murray after him  
Have land in Etrick forest frie.'
- 53 The king then called a gentleman,  
Royal-banner-bearer then was he,  
James Hope Pringle of Torsonse by name ;  
He came and knelit upon his knie.
- 54 'Welcum, James Pringle of Torsonse ;  
Ye man a message gae for me ;  
Ye man gae to yon Outlaw Murray,  
Surely where bauldly bideth he.
- 55 'Bid him meet me at Penman's Core,  
And bring four of his companie ;  
Five erles sall cum wi mysell,  
Gude reason I suld honord be.
- 56 'And if he refuses to do that,  
Bid him look for nae gude o me ;  
There sall never a Murray after him  
Have land in Etrick forest frie.'
- 57 James came before the Outlaw keene,  
And served him in his ain degree :  
'Wellecum, James Pringle of Torsonse,  
What tidings frae the king to me ?'
- 58 'He bids you meet him at Penman's Core,  
And bring four of your companie ;  
Five erles will cum with the king,  
Nae more in number will he be.
- 59 'And gif you refuse to do that,  
I freely here upgive with thee,  
There will never a Murray after thee  
Have land in Etrick forest frie.
- 60 'He 'll cast your bonny castell down,  
And make a widow of your gay ladye,  
He 'll hang your merry men pair by pair  
In ony place where he may them see.'
- 61 'It stands me hard,' the Outlaw said,  
'Judge if it stands not hard with me ;

- I reckon not of losing of mysell,  
But all my offspring after me.
- 62 'Auld Haliday, young Haliday,  
Ye sall be twa to gang wi me;  
Andrew Murray and Sir James Murray,  
We 'll be nae mae in cumpanie.'
- 63 When that they came before the king,  
They fell before him on their knee:  
'Grant mercy, mercy, royal king,  
Een for his sake who died on tre!'
- 64 'Sicken-like mercy sall ye have,  
On gallows ye sall hangit be;'  
'God forbid!' quo the Outlaw then,  
'I hope your Grace will better be.
- 65 'These lands of Etrick forest fair,  
I wan them frae the enemie;  
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,  
Contrair all kings in Christentie.'
- 66 All the nobilis said, the king about,  
Pitye it were to see him die:  
'Yet graunt me merceye, sovereign prince,  
Extend your favour unto me!
- 67 'I 'll give you the keys of my castell,  
With the blessing of my fair ladie;  
Mak me the sheriff of the forest,  
And all my offspring after me.'
- 68 'Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,  
With the blessing of thy fair ladye?  
I 'll mak the[e] shiryff of the forest,  
Surely while upwards grows the trie;
- If you be not traytour to the king,  
Forfaulted sall ye never be.'
- 69 'But, prince, what sall cum, o my men?  
When I go back, traitour they 'll ca me;  
I had rather lose my life and land.  
Eer my merry men rebuked me.'
- 70 'Will your merry men amend their lives  
And all their pardouns I grant thee:  
Now name thy landes whe're they be,  
And here I render them to thee.'
- 71 'Fair Philiphaugh, prince, is my awin,  
I biggit it wi lime and stane;  
The Timmies and the Hangingshaw,  
My leige, are native steeds of mine.
- 72 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
I have many steeds in the forest shaw,  
But them by name I dinna know.'
- 73 The keys of the castell he gave the king,  
With the blessing of his fair ladye;  
He was made sheryff of Etrick forest,  
Surely while upward grows the trie;  
And, if he was not traytour to the king,  
Forfaulted he suld never be.
- 74 Wha ever heard, in any tymes,  
Sicken an outlaw in his degree  
Sic favour get before a king  
As did the Outlaw Murray of the forest  
frie?

## B

Glenriddell's MSS, XI, 61, 1791.

- 1 ETTERICK FOREST 's a pleasant land,  
And it grows mony a bonny tree;  
With buck and doe and a' wild beast,  
A castle stands right bonnilie.
- 2 Yon castle has twa unicorns,  
The like I never saw wi my ee,  
The picture of a knight and lady bright,  
And the green hollin 's aboon her [bree].
- 3 Word is gane to Edinbro town  
. . . . .  
That there 's an Outlaw in Etterick forest  
That keeps as fine a court as he.
- 4 The king has sworn a solemn oath,  
And he has sworn by [the Virgin Mary],  
He would either be king of Etterick forest,  
Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.
- 5 He has ca'd up Mr James Boyd,  
A highland laird I 'm sure was he:

- ‘Ye must gae to Etterick forest  
And see of wha he hads his land,  
And wha pays yon men meat and fee.’
- 6 He’s tane his leave o the king and court,  
Een as hard as he may dree;  
When he came in o’er London edge,  
He viewed the forest wi his eee.
- 7 He thought it was as pleasant a land  
As ever his two eyes did see,  
But when he came in oer . . . ,  
They were a’ ranked on Newark lee.
- 8 O waly, but they were bonny to see!  
Five hundred men playing at the ba;  
They were a’ clad in the Lincoln green,  
And the Outlaw’s sell in taffety.
- 9 ‘Weel met you save, Outlaw,’ he says,  
‘You and your brave companie;  
The King of Scotland hath sent me here,  
To see whom on you hold your lands,  
Or who pays thir men meat and fee.’
- 10 The first ae man the answer made,  
It was the Outlaw he:  
‘The lands they are all mine,  
And I pay thir men meat and fee,  
And as I wan them so will I lose them,  
Contrair the kings o Cristendie.
- 11 ‘I never was a king’s subject,  
And a king’s subject I’ll never be;  
For I wan them i the fields fighting,  
Where him and his nobles durst not come  
and see.’
- 12 O out bespeaks the Outlaw’s lady,  
I wot she spake right wisely;  
‘Be good unto your nobles at home,  
For Edinbro mine shall never see;  
But meat and drink o the best I’m sure got  
he.
- 13 He has taen his leave o the Outlaw free,  
And een as hard as he may dree,  
While he came to the king’s court,  
Where he kneeld low down on his knee.
- 14 ‘What news? what news, James,’ he says,  
‘Frae yon Outlaw and his company?’  
‘Yon forest is as fine a land  
As ever I did see.
- 15 ‘Yon Outlaw keeps as fine a court  
As any king in Cristendie;  
Yon lands they are here all his own,  
And he pays yon men meat and fee,  
And as he wan them so will he lose them,  
Contrair the kings of Cristendie.
- 16 ‘He never was a king’s subject,  
And a king’s subject he’ll never be;  
For he wan them in the fields fighting,  
Where the king and his nobles durst not  
come to see.’
- 17 The king has sworn a solemn oath,  
And he has sworn by the Virgin Mary,  
He would either be king of Etterick forest,  
Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.
- 18 The king has ca’d up Mr James Pringle,  
Laird of Torson[s]e at the time was he:  
‘Ye must gae to Etterick forest,  
And see wha of he hads his land,  
And wha pays yon men meat and fee.’
- 19-25=6-12.
- 26 ‘And as I wan them so will I lose them,  
Contrair the kings o Cristendie;  
I wan them frae the Soudan Turk,  
When their cuckold king durst not come to  
see;  
For I wan them in the fields fighting,  
Where him and his nobles durst not come  
to see.’
- 27-32=12-17.
- 33 ‘Gar warn me Perthshire and Angus both,  
Fifeshire up and down, and Loudons three,  
For I fear of them we hae great need,  
. . . . .’
- 34 Then word is come to the Outlaw then,  
‘Our noble king comes on the morn,  
Landless men ye will a’ be;  
He’s called up his little foot-page,  
His sister’s son I trow was he.
- 35 ‘Ye must tak Etterick head  
Een as hard as ye can drie;  
Ye must gae to the Corhead and tell  
Andrew Brown this frae me.



- 36 'The noble king comes in the morn,  
And landless men we will a' be ;  
. . . . .  
And tell him to send me some supply.'
- 37 The boy has taen Etterick head,  
And een as hard as he may drie,  
Till he came to the Corhead,  
And he shouted out and cry'd well he.
- 38 'What news? what news, my little boy?  
What news has thy master to me?'  
'The noble king comes in the morn,  
And landless then ye will a' be.
- 39 'Ye must meet him on the morn,  
And mak him some supply ;'  
'For if he get the forest fair frae him,  
He'll hae Moffat-dale frae me.
- 40 'I'll meet him the morn wi five hundred men,  
And fifty mair, if they may be ;  
And if he get the forest fair  
We'll a' die on the Newark lee.'
- 41 Word is gane to the Border then,  
To . . . , the country-keeper I'm sure  
was he :  
'The noble king comes in the morn,  
And landless men ye will a' be.'
- 42 'I'll meet him the morn wi five hundred men,  
And fifty mair, if they may be ;  
And if he get the forest fair,  
We'll a' die on the Newark lee.'
- 43 Word is gane to Philiphaugh,  
His sister's son I'm sure was he,  
To meet him the morn wi some supply,  
'For the noble king comes in the morn,  
And landless men ye will a' be.'
- 44 'In the day I daur not be seen,  
For he took a' my lands frae me  
And gifted me them back again ;  
Therefore against him I must not be ;  
For if I be found against him rebel,  
It will be counted great treason[rie].
- 45 'In the day I daur not be seen,  
But in the night he shall me find  
With five hundred men and fifty, if they  
may be,
- And before he get the forest fair  
We'll a' die on the Newark lee.'
- 46 When the king came in oer Loudon edge,  
Wi three thousand weel teld was he,  
And when he came in oer . . .  
He viewd that forest wi his ee.
- 47 The Outlaw and his men were a'  
Ranked on the Newark lee ;  
They were a' clad in the Lincoln green,  
And he himsell in the taffety.
- 48 An auld grey-haird knight has taen aff his  
cap,  
. . . . .  
'Pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,  
Two or three words to speak wi you.
- 49 'If you please to send for the Outlaw,  
To see if he could with you agree,  
There's not a man yon Outlaw has  
But of yours he'll choose to be.'
- 50 The king he has taen af his cap,  
He held it on his majesty ;  
'I'll meet him the morn at the poor man's  
house,  
In number not above two or three ;'  
The Outlaw says, I'll hae as few as thee.
- 51 'There's Andrew Brown, and Andrew Murray,  
And Mess James Murray shall gang wi me,  
. . . . .  
And nae mae shall my number be.'
- 52 And when they came to the poor man's core  
They waited two lang hours or three,  
And they were aware of the noble king com-  
ing,  
And hundreds three in his company.
- 53 'I wonder what the muckle Deel  
He'll learned kings to lie,  
For to fetch me here frae amang my men  
Even like a dog for to die ;  
But before I gang to Edinbro town  
Monny toom saddles shall there be.'
- 54 The king he has taen aff his cap ;  
. . . . .  
'It [were] great offence here,' he says,  
'And great pity to see thee die.

55 'For thou shalt be laerd o this forest fair  
 As lang as upwards grows the tree  
 And downward the twa rivers run,  
 If the steads thou can but rightly name to  
 me.'

56 'There's Hangingshaw high and Hanging-  
 shaw laigh,

The Tinis and the Tinis-burn,  
 The Newark and the Newark lee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

# C

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 31,  
 Abbotsford; in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

1 'GAE fetch to me James Pringle wi hast,  
 An see that he come speedilie,  
 For he maun on to Ettrick forest,  
 An see whae pays yon men meat and  
 fee.'

2 When James Pringle cam down oer Birken-  
 dalee,  
 The hawks war yellin right loudlie,  
 The hunds war rinnin oer hill and dale,  
 As the bugle-horn soundit bonnilie.

3 'Gae tell yer king this land's my ain,  
 An to thir men I pay meat and fee;  
 I took it thrae the Souden Turk,  
 When nae sic cuckold king might be.

4 'Sae as I wan, sae will I lose,  
 Spite o the kings in Christendie;  
 I never was a king's subject,  
 Nor a king's subject will I ever be.'

5 'Outlaw Murray says yon land's his ain,  
 And to yon men he pays meat and fee;  
 He took it frae the Souden Turk,  
 When you and your men durstna come and  
 see.'

6 It was than the king he gat up in hast,  
 An wow an angrie man was he!  
 'I'se either be king o Ettrick forest,  
 Or king o Scotland sal he be.

7 'Gar warn me Fife an a' Lothian land,  
 An Perth an Angus, to ride wi me,

For gin we war five thousan strang  
 Master and mair I fear he'll be.'

8 When the king came oer be Birkendalee,  
 He spy'd the forest wi his ee;  
 There war daes an racs an monie wild beast,  
 An a eastle stannin right bonnilie.

9 An in that castle a unicorn,  
 An, waly, but they war fair to see!  
 A warlike knight and a lady bright,  
 An the green halleen aboon her bree.

10 An Outlaw Murray an his merry men  
 War a' rankit up i the Newark lee,  
 Well mountit on a milk-white steed;  
 Waly, he rankit them bonnilie!

11 His men war a clad oer wi green,  
 An he was clad i the taffatie,  
 Wi belt an pistle by his side;  
 O waly, but they war fair to see!

\* \* \* \* \*

12 'Haliday young an Halliday auld,  
 Ye ir the men that man ride wi me;  
 But gin we war five hunder strang  
 Master an mair I fear they'll be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

13 'Philliphaugh it is my ain,  
 An Newark it belongs to me;  
 Lewinshope an Hanginshaw  
 Nae mortal man can elaim thrae me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

14 It was than James Boyd got up in hast,  
 An to his merry men a' spak he;

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

A. a. *The division of stanzas as made in the MS. has been changed in 19<sup>5</sup>-23<sup>6</sup>, 68<sup>5</sup>-73<sup>9</sup>. Of course all the stanzas were originally of four verses, but in some cases it is not now possible to determine at what points verses have been lost. Two lines are in the MS. indicated (conjecturally, no doubt) to have dropped out after 41<sup>2</sup>, 48<sup>2</sup>, 70<sup>4</sup>. 41<sup>3,4</sup> have been supplied from the copy in Herd's first volume. There are asterisks in Herd I after 52<sup>4</sup>.*

1<sup>4</sup>. Cf. 16<sup>2</sup>, 29<sup>4</sup>, and b.

4<sup>1</sup>, 32<sup>1</sup>. Cf. 19<sup>1</sup> and b. But c agrees with a.

5<sup>1</sup>. Side note in MS.: James II, 1454.

31<sup>4</sup>. lived. 34<sup>2</sup>. Cf. b, c.

*Variations in Herd, I (not regarding spelling). 2<sup>4</sup>, 4<sup>1</sup>. are wanting. 3<sup>2</sup>. the brie.*

3<sup>3</sup>. hundir. 5<sup>4</sup>. his country.

6<sup>1</sup>. then wanting. 11<sup>4</sup>. he dwelleth he.

16<sup>4</sup>. him near by. 17<sup>3</sup>. fair front.

21<sup>3</sup>. land. 31<sup>1</sup>. and a.

31<sup>3</sup>. keeps him : lunder.

35<sup>1</sup>. Outlaws (*wrongly*).

41<sup>3,4</sup>. *As supplied in the text. Cf. c.*

58<sup>2</sup>. bring him four.

58<sup>4</sup>. Nae mae. 62<sup>4</sup>. nae mair. 63<sup>4</sup>. sake that.

65<sup>1</sup>. Thir. 68<sup>3</sup>. mak thee. 68<sup>4</sup>. upward.

b. 1<sup>3</sup>. There's hart and hynd and dae and rae.

1<sup>4</sup>. wilde beastes. 2<sup>1</sup>. a feir. 3<sup>3</sup>. keeps.

4<sup>1</sup>. are a' in ae. 4<sup>2</sup>. sae gaye.

4<sup>4</sup>. gin they lived.

5<sup>4</sup>. nor a'. 6<sup>4</sup>. outlaw sall. 7<sup>1</sup>, 50<sup>1</sup>. the lord.

7<sup>4</sup>. at your : at me. 8<sup>1</sup>. ye.

9<sup>1</sup>. And *wanting*.

9<sup>2</sup>, 12<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>4</sup>, 21<sup>3</sup>, 35<sup>4</sup>, 44<sup>4</sup>, 48<sup>1</sup>, 65<sup>1</sup>, 70<sup>3</sup>. landis.

10<sup>1</sup>. then called a. 10<sup>2</sup>. the erle.

10<sup>4</sup>. He knelit. 11<sup>4</sup>. where bydeth.

12<sup>3</sup>. And desyre. 13<sup>2</sup>. sall gie.

16<sup>4</sup>. hym neir bi. 17<sup>1</sup>. Of that.

17<sup>3</sup>. castell feir. 17<sup>4</sup>. were gaye.

18<sup>4</sup>. on Newark lee. 19<sup>1</sup>. were a'.

19<sup>2</sup>. sae gaye.

19<sup>4</sup>. 1802, gin. 1803, *instead of* 19<sup>3,4</sup>:

His men were a' clad in the grene,

The knight was armed capapie,

With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed,

And I wot they rauked right bonilie.

19<sup>5</sup>. Thereby Boyd. 20<sup>4</sup>. seemis. 22<sup>2</sup>. I ken.

22<sup>4</sup>. his knightis. 23<sup>3</sup>, 37<sup>3</sup>, 58<sup>1</sup>. ye.

23<sup>5</sup>. hath. 25<sup>3</sup>, 50<sup>4</sup>. nobilis. 26<sup>3</sup>. befor a.

27<sup>3</sup>. James Boyd. 28<sup>1</sup>. When James he.

28<sup>2</sup>. He knelit lowlie on : seyd our.

30<sup>3</sup>. in the forefront. 31<sup>1</sup>. and a.

31<sup>2</sup>. Wi the.

31<sup>4</sup>. He keepis a royalle cumpanie.

32<sup>1</sup>. in ae. 32<sup>2</sup>. sae gaye. 32<sup>4</sup>. gin.

33<sup>2</sup>. frae the Southronie. 33<sup>4</sup>, 65<sup>4</sup>. kingis.

34. 'Gar warn me Perthshire and Angus baith.

Fife up and down and the Louthians  
three, (cf. B 33<sup>1,2</sup>)

And graith my horse,' said the nobil king,

'For to Ettricke Foreste hie will I me.'

35<sup>3</sup>. 1803, cuming. 36<sup>4</sup>. 1802, cumand.

37<sup>2</sup>. lie them. 37<sup>3</sup>, 69<sup>2</sup>. gae.

38<sup>3,4</sup>. The king cums on for Ettricke Foreste,  
And landless men we a' will be. (Cf.  
B 34.)

40<sup>1</sup>. said.

41<sup>2</sup>. surely mair.

*Between 41<sup>1,2</sup> and 41<sup>3,4</sup>:*

And before he gets the Foreste feir,

We a' will die on Newark Lee. (Cf. B  
40.)

41<sup>3,4</sup>. The Outlaw calld a messenger,

And bid him hie him speedilye.

43 *wanting*. 44<sup>1</sup>. Andrew Murray said.

44<sup>2</sup>, 61<sup>2</sup>. gif : na. 44<sup>4</sup>. And set. 45<sup>1</sup>. if.

45<sup>3</sup>. laird *wanting*.

47<sup>1,2</sup>. And now he is cuming (1802, cumand)  
to Ettricke Foreste,

And landless men ye a' will be. (Cf. B  
41<sup>3,4</sup>).

47<sup>4</sup>. will I live. 48<sup>2</sup>. 1802, canna : warse.

49<sup>1</sup>. 1803, cuming. 49<sup>2</sup>. full five.

49<sup>3</sup>. the derke. 50<sup>3</sup>. sovereign liege.

51<sup>1</sup>. mete thee. 52<sup>1</sup>, 56<sup>1</sup>. gif.

52<sup>2</sup>. We'll conquest baith his landis and he.

52<sup>4</sup>. Hald.

*Between 52 and 53:*

Then spak the kene laird of Bucksleuth,

A stalworthy man and sterne was he ;

'For a king to gang an Outlaw till

Is beneath his state and his dignitie.

'The man that wons yon Foreste intill,

He lives by reif and felonie ;

Wherefore, brayd on, my sovereign liege,

Wi fire and sword we'll follow thee ;  
(see a 52<sup>2</sup>)

Or, gif your courtrie lords fa back,

Our borderers sall the onset gie.'

Then out and spak the nobil king,

And round him cast a wilie ee ;

'Now haud thy tongue, sir Walter Scott,

Nor speik of reif nor felonie,



For, had everye honeste man his awin kye,  
A right puir clan thy name wad be.'

53<sup>2</sup>. there was. 53<sup>3</sup>. Hop.

54<sup>2</sup>. A message ye maun gang.

55<sup>2</sup>, 58<sup>2</sup>. four in. 57<sup>4</sup>. What message.

58<sup>3</sup>. erles sall gang himsell befor.

59<sup>3,4</sup>. He 'll cast yon bonny castle down,

And mak a widowe o that gaye ladye.

60. He 'll loose yon bluidhound borderers

Wi fire and sword to follow thee ;

There will nevir a Murray after thysell

Have land in Ettricke Foreste frie.

61<sup>3</sup>. Wha reck not losing.

After 61 :

My merryemen's lives, my widowe's teirs,

There lies the pang that pinches me !

When I am straught in bluidie eard,

Yon castell will be right dreirie.

63<sup>3</sup>. nobil king. 63<sup>4</sup>. sake that.

64<sup>3</sup>. Over God's forbode, quoth.

After 64<sup>4</sup> (*added in 1803*) :

Else ere ye come to Edinburgh port

I trow thin guarded sall ye be.

65<sup>1</sup>. Thir. 65<sup>2</sup>. from.

66<sup>1</sup>. said *wanting*.

66<sup>2</sup>. Said pitie. 67<sup>1</sup>. give thee.

67<sup>2</sup>, 68<sup>2</sup>. gaye *for* fair.

67<sup>3</sup>. Gin thout mak me sheriffe of this.

68<sup>3</sup>. I'se : of Ettricke Foreste. 68<sup>6</sup>. sall thou.

70<sup>3</sup>. they lie.

71. 1802.

Fair Philiphaugh, prince, is my ain,

But and a part of the Newark lee,

The Finnies and the Hangingshaw,

My liege, are native steads to me.

1803.

Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,

And Lewinshope still mine shall be ;

Newark, Foulshiells and Tinnies baith

My bow and arrow purchased me.

72<sup>1,2</sup>. 1803.

And I have native steads to me

The Newark lee and Hangingshaw ;

73<sup>4</sup>. upwards. 73<sup>5</sup>. was na.

c. *This copy agrees closely, as to substance, with*

a. *After 50<sup>4</sup> it has two lines, partially corrupted, which do not occur in a, and it lacks st. 60, which, it is to be observed, does not occur in the king's instructions to Pringle, 54-56 (though found in the instructions to Boyd, 14), and was therefore not to be expected. Verbal differences are numer-*

*ous, but in only a very few cases of the least importance, and in these for the worse.*

1<sup>4</sup>, 16<sup>2</sup>, 29<sup>4</sup>. wild beasts. 2<sup>1</sup>. builded of.

2<sup>3</sup>. There's in. 2<sup>4</sup>. is braw. 3<sup>1</sup>. and lady.

3<sup>3,4</sup>, 31<sup>3</sup>. keeps. 4<sup>1</sup>. men's in livery.

4<sup>2</sup>. is fair. 4<sup>4</sup>. O gin. 5<sup>4</sup>. country.

6<sup>1</sup>. then *wanting*. 6<sup>4</sup>. sall be.

7<sup>1</sup>, 26<sup>1</sup>. spoke. 7<sup>4</sup>. good nobles, and syne.

8<sup>2</sup>, 45<sup>1</sup>, 59<sup>1</sup>. if. 8<sup>2</sup>. you man.

8<sup>3</sup>, 12<sup>3</sup>, 42<sup>3</sup>, 51<sup>1</sup>, 55<sup>1</sup>. him to.

9<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>3</sup>, 19<sup>4</sup>, 23<sup>3</sup>, 30<sup>2</sup>, 31<sup>4</sup>, 32<sup>4</sup>, 40<sup>3</sup>. gin.

9<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>3</sup>. refuse. 9<sup>2</sup>, 13<sup>4</sup>, 23<sup>4</sup>, 35<sup>4</sup>. conquest.

9<sup>3</sup>. we 'll cast.

9<sup>4</sup>, 14<sup>2</sup>, 23<sup>6</sup>, 43<sup>2</sup>. his (thy, my) fair.

10<sup>2</sup>. and his brother-in-law.

11<sup>1</sup>. said the. 11<sup>2</sup>. gae. 11<sup>3</sup>. to fair E.

12<sup>1</sup>. holds. 12<sup>4</sup>. yon fair forrest of me.

13<sup>1</sup>, 15<sup>2</sup>, 44<sup>3</sup>. Till. 14<sup>1</sup>. may : I'se.

16<sup>3</sup>. There heard he bows did.

16<sup>4</sup>. whithering him near by. 17<sup>1</sup>. the great.

17<sup>3</sup>. the castle he saw. 17<sup>4</sup>. unicorns so braw.

19<sup>1</sup>. They were all in ane. 19<sup>4</sup>. not royallie.

19<sup>5</sup>. he knew. 19<sup>6</sup>. He served.

20<sup>1</sup>. Good mot ye.

20<sup>2</sup>. Thy fair lady and thy.

21<sup>1</sup>. he sent. 21<sup>4</sup>. may your. 22<sup>1</sup>. lands is.

22<sup>2</sup>. And I ken. 22<sup>3</sup>. From Soldan Turk.

22<sup>4</sup>. king and his men was.

23<sup>1</sup>. ye, man, to come. 23<sup>3</sup>. ye. 24<sup>3</sup>. Then.

24<sup>4</sup>. will I. 25<sup>2</sup>. Thir lands.

25<sup>3</sup>. they sall lic. 26<sup>2</sup>. Said she.

26<sup>3</sup>. That any : enter before a. 26<sup>4</sup>. rad for.

27<sup>1</sup>. lords. 27<sup>3</sup>. leave at.

27<sup>4</sup>. Unto : bound he.

29<sup>1</sup>. is ane of the : forrests. 30<sup>3</sup>. that fair c.

31<sup>1</sup>. There's *wanting* : and a. 31<sup>3</sup>. There an.

31<sup>4</sup>. live. 32<sup>1</sup>. is in l. 32<sup>2</sup>. is fair.

33<sup>1</sup>. is truely his.

33<sup>2</sup>. He says he : Soldanie.

33<sup>3</sup>. Like as : he loss it. 34<sup>2</sup>. In E. Forrest.

34<sup>4</sup>. And made for. 35<sup>1</sup>. to the.

35<sup>2</sup>. where lay. 35<sup>3</sup>. coming to this.

35<sup>4</sup>. And ould. 36<sup>3</sup>. Will : men take.

36<sup>4</sup>. Your : sall. 37<sup>2</sup>. speed them.

38<sup>1</sup>. Be certain he.

38<sup>2</sup>. And bid him come and.

38<sup>3</sup>. Till Halliday till that he come.

38<sup>4</sup>. You show. 39<sup>3</sup>. Nought.

40<sup>1</sup>, 44<sup>1</sup>. said. 40<sup>3</sup>, 69<sup>3</sup>. loss. 41<sup>2</sup>. if I.

41<sup>3,4</sup> *wanting*. 42<sup>1</sup>. Laird of.

42<sup>4</sup>, 47<sup>2</sup>. that *wanting*. 44<sup>2</sup>, 61<sup>2</sup>. O gin it.

45<sup>2</sup>. in the night ye. 45<sup>4</sup>. right hastilie.

46<sup>3</sup>. needs me. 47<sup>1</sup>. desired ye to.

48<sup>1</sup>. he 's. 48<sup>2</sup>. no worse for.

49<sup>1</sup>. coming oer Cadron. 49<sup>4</sup>. awfu.

50<sup>2</sup>. Unto. 50<sup>4</sup>. First of : and then of.

After 50<sup>4</sup>:

Yet I reid you send yon Outlaw till,

And if you man them, come will he.

(*Repetition, with corruption, of 8<sup>1,2</sup>.*)

51<sup>2</sup>. four of the best of. 51<sup>3</sup>, 62<sup>2</sup>. gae.

51<sup>3</sup>, 55<sup>3</sup>. aun sell. 51<sup>4</sup>. Good reason you.

52<sup>2</sup>. follow will we.

52<sup>3</sup>. never after him again.

53<sup>1</sup>. king he called. 53<sup>2</sup>. bearer of Scotland.

53<sup>3</sup>. Hoppringle. 53<sup>4</sup>. on.

54<sup>1</sup>, 57<sup>3</sup>. Laird of. 54<sup>2,3</sup>. Thou. 55<sup>1</sup>. Desire.

55<sup>2</sup>, 58<sup>2</sup>. Bring four of the best of the (your).

55<sup>4</sup>. reason in some part I. 56<sup>2</sup>. good from.

57<sup>4</sup>. What biddings. 58<sup>1</sup>. desires you to.

58<sup>4</sup>. Nae mae. 59<sup>1</sup>. ye. 59<sup>2</sup>. Truelie here I.

60 *wanting*. 61<sup>3</sup>. What rack of the.

62<sup>3</sup>. Sir *wanting*. 63<sup>4</sup>. sake that.

64<sup>1</sup>. Siccan mercie you sal. 64<sup>2</sup>. sal you.

64<sup>3</sup>. said the O. syne. 65<sup>1</sup>. The.

65<sup>2</sup>. from. 65<sup>3</sup>. sae will I loss. 66<sup>1</sup>. noblemen.

66<sup>2</sup>. Pitie, Outlaw : see thee.

66<sup>4</sup>. Let your favour be given to.

67<sup>1</sup>. my fair.

67<sup>3</sup>. Why, ye will make me sheriff : the fair.

68<sup>1</sup>. Will ye : your. 68<sup>2</sup>. of your.

68<sup>3</sup>. of Ettrick Forrest.

68<sup>5</sup>. If ye be not a : to your.

68<sup>6</sup>. Forfeited.

69<sup>1</sup>. But alace, prince : become. 69<sup>3</sup>. lands.

70<sup>1</sup>. thy. 70<sup>2</sup>. grant I frie. 70<sup>3</sup>. where.

71<sup>4</sup>. Prince, they are native lands.

72<sup>4</sup>. But well their names I do not.

73<sup>3</sup>. He made him.

73<sup>5</sup>. a traitor to the crown. 73<sup>6</sup>. should he.

74<sup>1</sup>. any time. 74<sup>2</sup>. Sic ane Outlaw.

74<sup>4</sup>. Outlaw in the Forrest.

d. *The MS. extant in the Philiphaugh archives exhibits, besides many differences of spelling, the following variations in reading from c as printed by Aytoun :*

5<sup>1</sup>. *Side note* : Jas the 2d, 1454.

17<sup>4</sup>. is bra *for* so braw.

19<sup>2</sup>. is fair *for* so fair.

21<sup>4</sup>. mak *for* man, *wrongly*.

22<sup>3</sup>. From Soudron *for* From Soldan Turk.

24<sup>2</sup>. see *for* find. 26<sup>2</sup>. said *wanting*, *wrongly*.

33<sup>2</sup>. Soudonie *for* Soldanie.

33<sup>3</sup>, 65<sup>3</sup>. tyne *for* loss. 38<sup>3</sup>. Tell *for* Till.

40<sup>4</sup>. Mosaldale *for* Moffat-dale.

43<sup>2</sup>. ane *for* a. 45<sup>2</sup>. he *for* ye.

48<sup>2</sup>. work *for* worse, *wrongly*.

50<sup>4</sup>. syne *for* then.

51<sup>1</sup>, 55<sup>1</sup>, 58<sup>1</sup>. Penman score. *wrongly*.

52<sup>1</sup>, 56<sup>1</sup>. refuse *for* refuses.

56<sup>2</sup>. frae *for* from.

65<sup>1</sup>. Thir *for* the.

73<sup>2</sup>. With his *for* With the, *wrongly*.

B. *The division of stanzas has been rearranged.*

5<sup>2</sup>. "Reciters," says Scott, "sometimes call the messenger the laird of Skene."

21=8. 21<sup>3</sup>. the *wanting*. 21<sup>4</sup>. in the.

22=9. 22<sup>4</sup>. land. 24=11. 24<sup>4</sup>. come to.

35<sup>3</sup>. Carhead.

50, 54. *Passing over the king's taking off his cap to an outlaw, which is monstrously 'beneath his state and his dignitie,' I can make nothing of the line which succeeds in each of these stanzas.*

52<sup>1</sup>. score *for* core.

C. 14. *Displaced. James Boyd should of course come in before James Pringle.*

## FRAGMENTS

---

“DISPERSED thro Shakspeare’s plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered,” says Bishop Percy in his preface to ‘The Friar of Orders Gray.’ What he says of Shakspeare is equally true of Beaumont and Fletcher, but it is not true, in either case, that there are many fragments of popular traditional ballads. Portions of ballads of one kind or another, and still more of songs, are introduced into the plays of these authors, though not so frequently as one would suppose from Percy’s words. Ten of the twenty-eight stanzas of ‘The Friar of Orders Gray’ are taken, mostly in part only, from Shakspeare and Fletcher,\* but the original verses are from songs, not properly from ballads. It is not, however, always easy to say whether an isolated stanza belonged to a ballad or a song. Some snatches from familiar ballads, which occur in Beaumont and Fletcher, have already been given at the proper places. A few bits from unknown pieces, which occur in Shakspeare, or Beaumont and Fletcher (strictly, perhaps, Fletcher), will be given here. It is surprising that other dramatists have not furnished something.

A very meagre gathering of fragments from other sources follows those which have been gleaned from the dramatists, but it must be once more said that there is not an absolute certainty that all of these belong to ballads.

Some popular tales are interspersed with

\* Stanza 1<sup>1,2</sup> of Percy’s ballad is from *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 1; 3, 5, 7, are, wholly or in part, from *Hamlet*, iv, 5; 12, 13, from Fletcher’s *Queen of Corinth*, iii, 2; 15 from *Hamlet*, as before; 17, 18, from *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 3; one line of 22 from *King Lear*, iii, 4.

† The verses from this tale are printed separately in Buchan’s *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 117, ‘The Maid and Fairy.’

‡ But Jamieson confesses: “Of the verses which have been introduced I cannot answer for the exactness of any,

verses of a ballad character, and one or two cases have been incidentally noted already. Examples are ‘The Paddo,’ Chambers’s *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 1870, p. 87; † ‘The Red Etin,’ *ib.* p. 89; ‘The Black Bull of Norroway,’ *ib.* p. 95; ‘Child Rowland and Burd Ellen,’ *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 397; ‡ ‘The Golden Ball,’ see No 95, H, II, 353–55.

### SHAKSPERE

From *King Lear*, Act iii, sc. 4, printed 1608.

Child Rowland to the darke tower came.  
His word was still, Fy, fo, and fumme!  
I smell the bloud of a British man.

1. *So 1623: both quartos, darke towne come.*

Act iii, sc. 6.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepheard?  
Thy sheepe bee in the corne;  
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth  
Thy sheepe shall take no harme.

From *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv, sc. 1, printed 1623, I, 221.

It was the friar of orders gray,  
As he forth walked on his way.

### BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

From *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, produced apparently in 1611, Act ii, sc. 8; Dyce, II, 173.

She cares not for her daddy,  
Nor she cares not for her mammy,

except the stanza put into the mouth of the king of Elfland, which was indelibly impressed upon my memory [though J. was only seven or eight years old] long before I knew anything of Shakspeare.” The stanza is: [in came the king of Elfland,]

‘With fi, fi, fo and fum!  
I smell the blood of a Christian man;  
Be he dead, be he living, wi my brand  
I’ll clash his harns frae his harn-pan.’



For she is, she is, she is, she is  
My lord of Lowgave's lassy.  
(*Perhaps only a song.*)

Give him flowers enow, palmer, give him flowers  
enow,  
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and  
yellow.

Act v, sc. iii; Dyce, p. 226.

With that came out his paramour,  
She was as white as the lily-flower.  
Hey, trou, trol, lol

With that came out her own dear knight,  
He was as true as ever did fight.

From Bonduca, produced before March, 1619: Act v,  
sc. 2, Dyce, V, 88.

It was an old tale, ten thousand times told,  
Of a young lady was turnd into mould,  
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.

From The Two Noble Kinsmen, printed in 1634, Act  
iii, sc. 4; Dyce, XI, 383.

For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee,  
And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine ee.  
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny

He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,  
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so  
wide.

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny

The Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, gives  
two lines of a song on the murder, in 1517, of  
the Sieur de la Bastie, a distinguished knight  
in the service of the Regent, Duke of Albany.  
The song may, or may not, have been a ballad.

God sen the Duc hed byddin in France,  
And Delabautē hed neuyr eum hame.  
ed. Leyden, p. 100.

The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus, written  
by Master David Hume of Godscroft, p. 155, Edinburgh,  
1644.

Of the treacherous execution of William,  
sixth Earl of Douglas, at the castle of Edin-  
burgh, in 1440, Hume of Godscroft says: "It

is sure the people did abhorre it, execrating  
the very place where it was done; in detesta-  
tion of the fact of which the memory remain-  
eth yet to our dayes in these words." Since  
Hume mentions no ballad, it is not likely that  
he knew of more than this single stanza, or  
that more existed. (Sir Walter Scott, how-  
ever, confidently assumes that there was a  
ballad. Minstrely, 1833, I, 221 f.)

Edinburgh castle, towne, and tower,  
God grant thou sinke for sinne!  
And that even for the black dinner  
Earle Douglas got therein.

Written on the fly-leaf of a little volume printed at Edin-  
burgh about 1670 (Quevedo's Novels), Laing MSS, Univer-  
sity of Edinburgh, Div. II, 358. (Communicated by Mr  
Macmath.)

'He steps full statly on y<sup>e</sup> stre[et],  
He hads y<sup>e</sup> charters of him sell,  
In to his cloathing he is compl[ete],  
In Craford's mure he bears y<sup>e</sup> bell.

'I wish I had died my own fai[r] death,  
In tender age, q<sup>n</sup> I was young;  
I would never have broke my heart  
For y<sup>e</sup> love of any churl's son.

'Wo be to my parents all,  
Y<sup>t</sup> lives so farr beyond y<sup>e</sup> sea!  
I might have lived a noble life,  
And wedded in my own countrē.'

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xxxii.

A "romantic ballad, of which, unfortu-  
nately, one stanza only has been preserved.  
The tradition bears that a young lady was  
carried away by the fairies, and that, although  
invisible to her friends who were in search of  
her, she was sometimes heard by them la-  
menting her destiny in a pathetic song, of  
which the stanza just mentioned runs nearly  
thus: "

O Alva hills is bonny,  
Dalycoutry hills is fair,  
But to think on the braes of Menstrie  
It maks my heart fu sair.

## KING EDELBRODE

Sent by Motherwell to C. K. Sharpe, with a letter dated October 8, 1825. Also entered in Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 53 (excepting the second line of the first stanza).

King Edelbrode cam owre the sea,  
Fa la lilly  
All for to marry a gay ladye.  
Fa la lilly.

(Then follows the description of a queen,  
jimp and sma, not remembered.)

Her lilly hands, sae white and sma,  
Fa la lilly  
Wi gouden rings were buskit braw.  
Fa la lilly

"I cannot get any precise account of its subject, but it related somehow to a most magnificent marriage. The old lady who sung it died some years ago." (Letter to Sharpe.)

"It may be the same ballad as the scrap I have, with something of a similar chorus." (Note-Book, where the "chorus" is Fa fa lilly.)

The reference seems to be to 'The Whumil Bore,' No 27, I, 255.

C. K. Sharpe's Letters, ed. Allardyce, II, 106 (1813).

'O come you from the earth?' she said,  
'Or come you from the skye?'  
'Oh, I am from yonder churchyard,  
Where my crumbling relics lie.'

Sharpe somewhere asks, Where does this belong?

Possibly in some version of 'Proud Lady Margaret,' No 47, II, 425.

MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 79, "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 73 a, Abbotsford.

The great bull of Bendy-law  
Has broken his band and run awa,  
And the king and a' his court  
Canna turn that bull about.

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 86 a, Abbotsford, in the handwriting of Thomas Wilkie.

Red-Cap he was there,  
And he was there indeed,

And he was standing by,  
With a red cap on his head.

"Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No 73 a; MS. of Thomas Wilkie, Abbotsford, derived by Wilkie from his father, "who heard a Lady Brigs sing this when he was a boy."

He took a sword in every hand  
And on the house did venture,  
And swore if they wad not gee her up  
He would make all their doors play clatter.

Her angry father, when he saw this,  
That he would lose his ae daughter,  
He swore if he had not been gude at the sword  
He durst not come to make his doors clatter.

It was far in the night, and the bairnies grat;  
The mither beneath the mools heard that.

sung in Wuthering Heights, ch. 9, has not unnaturally been taken for a relic of a traditional Scottish ballad of a dead mother returning to her abused children. It is, in fact, a stanza (not literally well remembered) from the Danish ballad 'Moderen under Mulde,' Grundtvig, II, 470, No 89, B 11, translated by Jamieson, and given in the notes to the fourth canto of Scott's Lady of the Lake.

The following "fragment," given in Motherwell's MS., p. 184, "from Mr William Steele of Greenock, advocate," I suppose to have been the effort of a self-satisfied amateur, and to have been written as a fragment. The third and fourth stanzas recall the broadside ballad 'The Lady Isabella's Tragedy.'

Lady Margaret has bound her silken snood  
A little aboon her bree,  
Lady Margaret has kilted her grey mantel  
A little aboon her knee.

Lady Margaret has left her bonnie bower,  
But and her father's ha,  
And with Lord Hugh Montgomerie  
Lady Margaret has gane awa.

\* \* \* \* \*

'I have made a bed, Lady Margaret,  
Beneath the hawthorn-tree;

It's lang and it's deep, and there thou shalt  
 sleep  
 'Till I come back to thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Then out and spake her father dear,  
 As he sat down to dine,  
 'Gae, page, and tell Lady Margaret to come  
 And fill for me the wine.

'Gae, page, and tell Lady Margaret to come  
 And glad her father's ee ;

The wine that is poured by her fair, fair hand  
 Is sweetest aye to me.'

Then out and spake the fat earth-worm,  
 That wons beneath the stane ;  
 'Yestreen I fed on a rosie cheek  
 And on a white hause-bane.

'Yestreen I fed on a rosy cheek  
 And on a snaw-white bree ;  
 But never again Lady Margaret  
 Shall fill the wine for thee."



## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

---

### VOL. I.

#### 1. Riddles Wisely Expounded.

P. 1 a, VI, 496 a. Guess or die. Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, X, 2, 'Svend Bondes Spørgsmaal,' B.  
3-5. From Miss M. H. Mason's Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs, p. 31; sung in Northumberland.

### E

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 There was a lady in the West,<br/>Lay the bank with the bonny broom<br/>She had three daughters of the best.<br/>Fa lang the dillo<br/>Fa lang the dillo dillo dee</p> <p>2 There came a stranger to the gate,<br/>And he three days and nights did wait.</p> <p>3 The eldest daughter did ope the door,<br/>The second set him on the floor.</p> <p>4 The third daughter she brought a chair,<br/>And placed it that he might sit there.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(<i>To first daughter.</i>)</p> <p>5 'Now answer me these questions three,<br/>Or you shall surely go with me.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(<i>To second daughter.</i>)</p> <p>6 'Now answer me these questions six,<br/>Or you shall surely be Old Nick's.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(<i>To all three.</i>)</p> <p>7 'Now answer me these questions nine,<br/>Or you shall surely all be mine.</p> <p>8 'What is greener than the grass?<br/>What is smoother than crystal glass?</p> <p>9 'What is louder than a horn?<br/>What is sharper than a thorn?</p> <p>10 'What is brighter than the light?<br/>What is darker than the night?</p> | <p>11 'What is keener than an axe?<br/>What is softer than melting wax?</p> <p>12 'What is rounder than a ring?'<br/>'To you we thus our answers bring.</p> <p>13 'Envy is greener than the grass,<br/>Flattery smoother than crystal glass.</p> <p>14 'Rumour is louder than a horn,<br/>Hunger is sharper than a thorn.</p> <p>15 'Truth is brighter than the light,<br/>Falsehood is darker than the night.</p> <p>16 'Revenge is keener than an axe,<br/>Love is softer than melting wax.</p> <p>17 'The world is rounder than a ring,<br/>To you we thus our answers bring.</p> <p>18 'Thus you have our answers nine,<br/>And we never shall be thine.'</p> <p>Findlay's MSS, I, 151, from J. Milne.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">'What's greener than the grass?<br/>What's higher than the clouds?<br/>What is worse than women's tongues?<br/>What's deeper than the floods?'</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">'Hollin's greener than the grass,<br/>Heaven's higher than the clouds,<br/>The devil's worse than women's tongues,<br/>Hell's deeper than the floods.'</p> <h4 style="text-align: center;">2. The Elfin Knight.</h4> <p>P. 7 b, III, 496 a, IV, 439 a. 'Store Fordringer,' Kristensen, Jyske Folkeminder, XI, 175, No 66 (three copies), 294, No 4. 'Umulige Fordringer,' Kristensen, Efterslæt til Skattegraveren, p. 20, No 16.</p> <p>14 a, II, 495. After the note to 14 a at II, 495, add:<br/>C. R. Lanman.</p> <p>17. Communicated by Mr Walker, of Aberdeen, as sung, 1893, by John Walker, Portlethen; learned by him from his father, above fifty years before.</p> |
|---|---|

- 1 There was a knight on the head o yon hill  
Blowing his horn lood and shrill.  
Blow, blow, blow the wind, blow
- 2 'Ye 'se get to me a camrick sark  
Without ae steek o needlewark.
- 3 'An ye will wash it in a wall  
Where rain never fell nor water sprang.
- 4 'An ye sall dry it on a thorn  
That never wis sprung sin Adam was born.'
- 5 'Ye 'se gie me an acre o red lan  
Atween the see an the watery san.
- 6 'An ye will plough it wi yer horn,  
An sa it a' wi ae pick o corn.
- 7 '. . . . .  
An cut it doon wi a sheepshank bone.
- 8 'An ye will big it in the sea,  
An bring the foonshief dry to me.
- 9 'An when ye have done and finished yer wark,  
Come in, Jock Sheep, an ye 'll get yer sark.'

*As delivered, 5-8 precede 2-4.*

17, 484 b. **M.** Findlay's MSS, I, 21, from the recitation of Jeany Meldrum, Framedrum, Forfarshire.

17, II, 495 b. In *The Monthly Chronicle of North Connytry Lore and Legend*, III, 7, 'Whittingham Fair' is given by Mr Stokoe with a few variations.

1. *Second line of refrain*,  
For once she was a true lover of mine.
- 2, 4. *Second line of refrain*,  
Then she shall be a true lover.
3. *Second line of refrain*,  
And she shall be a true lover.
5. *Second line of refrain*,  
Before he shall be a true lover.
6. *Second line of refrain*,  
Then he shall be a true lover.
- 7, 8, 9. *Second line of refrain*,  
And he shall be a true lover.
- 6<sup>1</sup>. to buy. 8<sup>1</sup>. to sheer 't.
- After 8* : Tell him to thrash it on yonder wall,  
And never let one corn of it fall.  
Then he shall be a true lover of mine.

17, 484 f., II, 495 f., IV, 439 f.

'Scarborough Fair,' taken down by H. M. Bower, December, 1891, from William Moat, a Whitby fisherman. *English County Songs*, by Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, 1893, p. 12.

- 1 'Is any of you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Remember me to a lad as lives there ;  
Remember me to a lad as lives there ;  
For once he was a true lover of mine.  
(*Second line always twice.*)

- 2 'Tell him to bring me an acre of land  
Betwixt the wild ocean and yonder sea sand ;  
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.
- 3 'Tell him to plough it with one ram's horn,  
And sow it all over with one pepper corn ;  
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.
- 4 'Tell him to reap it with sickle of leather,  
And bind it together with one peacock-feather ;  
And then he shall be a true lover of mine.
- 5 'And now I have answered your questions three,  
I hope you 'll answer as many for me ;  
And then thou shalt be a true lover of mine.'
- 6 'Is any of you going to Scarborough Fair?  
Remember me to a lass as lives there ;  
For once she was a true lover of mine.
- 7 'Tell her to make me a cambrie shirt,  
Without any needles or thread, or owt through't ;  
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.
- 8 'Tell her to wash it by yonder wall,  
Where water neer sprung, nor a drop o rain fall ;  
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.
- 9 'Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,  
Where blossom neer grew sin Adam was born ;  
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.
- 10 'And now I have answered your questions three,  
And I hope you 'll answer as many for me ;  
And then thou shalt be a true lover of mine.'

Rev. S. Baring-Gould gives me these variations, from the West of England :

- 'O tell her to bleach it on yonder fresh grass,  
Where never a foot or a hoof did pass.'
- 'O tell him to thresh it in yonder barn,  
That hangs to the sky by a thread of yarn.'  
(Dartmoor.)

- 'Pray take it up in a bottomless sack,  
And every leaf grows merry in time  
And bear it to the mill on a butterfly's back.  
O thus you shall be a true lover of mine'  
(Cornwall.)

#### 4. Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight.

P. 26 b. **Danish.** 'Kvindemorderen,' two fragments ; Kristensen, *Folkeminder*, XI, 62, No 33.  
29-37, 486 a, IV, 441 a. **FF.** 'Schön Hannechen,' Frischbier und Sembrzycki, *Hundert Ostpreussische*

Volkslieder, 1893, p. 35, No 22, from Angerburg, 51 vv. The ballad is of the third class. Hannechen walks in the wood, and Ulrich advances to meet her. The birds are all singing, and the maid asks why. 'Every bird has its song,' says Ulrich; 'go you your gait.' He takes her under a briar where there is a pretty damsel (who is quite superfluous). Hannechen lays her head in the damsel's lap and begins to weep. The damsel asks whether her weeping is for her father's gear, or because Ulrich is not good enough for her. It is not for her father's gear, and Ulrich is good enough. 'Is it, then,' says the damsel or Ulrich, 'for the stakes on which the eleven maidens are hanging? Rely upon it, you shall be the twelfth.' She begs for three cries, which are addressed to God, her parents, and her brothers. The brothers hear, hasten to the wood, and encounter Ulrich, who pretends to know nothing of their sister. His shoes are red with blood. 'Why not?' says Ulrich, 'I have shot a dove.' They know who the dove is. Hannechen is borne to the churchyard, Ulrich is strung up on the gallows. No 23 of the same collection is **X**.

'Die schöne Anna,' Böckel, Deutsche Volkslieder aus Oberhessen, p. 86, No 103, 'Als die wunder-schöne Anna,' Lewalter, Deutsche V. l. in Niederhessen gesammelt, 1<sup>o</sup> Heft, No 24, p. 51, and also No 25, are fragmentary pieces, varieties of **DD**, I, 486 a.

37 b, 3d paragraph. A variety of **A** is printed in Altpreuussische Monatschrift, N. F., XXVIII, 632, 1892, without indication of local derivation, 'Der Ritter und die Königstochter.' The knight takes measures (not very summary ones) to drown himself.

43 b (or 44 a), 488 a, III, 497 a, IV, 441 b. **Italian**. Add: Canti popolari Emiliani by Maria Carmi, Archivio, XII, 178, No 2.

44 b, 1st paragraph. Add: 'El Mariner' and 'Giovanina,' Villanis, Canzoni p. Zaratine, in Archivio XI, 33, 34, Nos 2, 3.

58. **E**. A copy of 'The Outlandish Knight,' with unimportant verbal variations, is given in English County Songs, by Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, p. 164.

III, 497 b. A pair on horseback go a long way without speaking. A trait in Polish, French, and Italian versions of No 4. Add: Munthe, Folkpoesi från Asturien, p. 118 f., VII, **A**, 76 f., **B**, 70 f. ('Don Bueso,' Duran, I, lxxv, no hablara la niña.) Dead lover and maid in Bartoš, Nové národne písně moravské, p. 150. Lagus, Nyländske F. visor, 'Kung Valdemo' (= Ribold), No 1, a, 28, b, 18, 'Kämpen Grimborg,' No 3, a, 21, b, 19.

### 5. Gil Brenton.

P. 62. In Traditionary Stories of Old Families, by Andrew Picken, 1833, I, 289, 'The Three Maids of Loudon,' occur the following stanzas:

Seven pretty sisters dwelt in a bower,  
With a hey-down, and a ho-down

And they twined the silk, and they workd the flower.  
Sing a hey-down and a ho-down

And they began for seven years' wark,  
With a hey-down and a ho-down  
All for to make their dear loves a sark.  
With a hey down and a ho-down

O three long years were passd and gone,  
And they had not finishd a sleeve but one.

'O we'll to the woods, and we'll pull a rose,'  
And up they sprang all at this propose.

(W. Macmath.)

### 6. Willie's Lady.

P. 82 a. 'Barselkvinden,' three fragments, Kristensen, Folkeminder, XI, 42, No 23.

85 b, 3d paragraph. Say, of the parish of Logierait.

### 7. Earl Brand.

P. 88, III, 498 b, IV, 443 a. 'Hr. Ribolt.' **Danish**. Add: Skattegraveren, VI, 17, No 257, 'Nævnet til døde,' Kristensen, Efterslæt til Skattegraveren, p. 81, No 76; Folkeminder, XI, 36, No 22, A-D.

91 f. 489 b, III, 498 b, IV, 443 a. **Swedish**. ['Ridborg,'] Thomasson, Visor från Bleking, Nyare Bidrag, etc., VII, No 6, p. 12, No 7.

96 b. **Danish**. 'Hertug Frydenborg,' Danmarks g. Folkeviser, No 305, V, II, 216. **A a, b, h, n, o**; **B b, c**; **E, k, l**; **F b, c, e, f**; with diversities, the plant nearly always lilies. (A few of these, from Kristensen, have been already cited.)

### 9. The Fair Flower of Northumberland.

P. 116. **D**. In a copy sent by Motherwell to C. K. Sharpe with a letter, October 8, 1825, this version is said to have been obtained from Mrs Nicol, of Paisley. 117, 493 a.

### G

'The Heiress of Northumberland,' from C. K. Sharpe's first collection, p. 7.

Sir W. Scott, commenting on this copy (to which he by mistake gives the title of The Stirrup of Northumberland), says: "An edition considerably varied both from Ritson's and the present I have heard sung by the Miss Tytlers of Woodhouselee. The tune is a very pretty lilt." Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. 1880, p. 142.

At the end of the ballad we are told: Tradition's story is that the hero of this song was one of the Earls of Douglass, who was taken captive and put in prison by Percy, Earl of Northumberland.



- 1 'Why, fair maid, have pity on me,'  
Waly's my love wi the life that she wan  
'For I am bound in prison strong,  
And under the heir o Northumberland.'
- 2 'How can I have pity on thee,'  
Waly's my love, etc.  
'When thou hast a wife and children three,  
All dwelling at home in fair Scotland?'
- 3 Now he has sworn a solemn oath,  
And it was by eternity,  
That wife and children he had none,  
All dwelling at home in fair Scotland.
- 4 Now she's gone to her father's bedstock,  
Waly's my love, etc.  
And has stolen the key of the dungeon-lock,  
And she the great heir o Northumberland.
- 5 And she's gone to her father's chest,  
She has stolen away a suit of the best,  
Altho she was heir o Northumberland.
- 6 Now she's gone to her father's coffer,  
And has taen out gold nane kens how meickle,  
Altho she, etc.
- 7 She's gane to her father's stable,  
And taen out a steed baith lusty and able,  
For a' she was heir, etc.
- 8 The rade till they came to Crafurdmoor,  
He bade her light down for an English whore,  
Altho she, etc.
- 9 The rade till the came to the water o Clyde,  
He bade her light down, nae farer she should  
ride,  
'For now I am at hame in fair Scotland.'
- 10 'Yonder view my castle,' said he;  
'There I hae a wife and children three,  
All dwelling at home,' etc.
- 11 'O take me by the middle sae sma  
And thro me oer your castle-wa,  
For I darena gang hame to Northumber-  
land.'
- 12 When she came to her father's yett,  
She durst hardly rapp thereat,  
Altho she was, etc.

- 13 Out then spoke her stepmother sour,  
She bad her pack off for an impudent whore,  
'For thou shalt not be heir o Northumber-  
land.'
- 14 Out then spoek her bastard brother;  
'She'll hae nae mair grace than God has gien  
her,  
And she shall be heir o Northumberland.'
- 15 Out and spoke her father sae mild,  
'She's no the first maid a false Scot has be-  
gild,  
And she shall be,' etc.

### 10. The Twa Sisters.

P. 125, 493 b, II, 498 b, III, 499 a, IV, 447 b. 'Les roseaux qui chantent, *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, VII, 223 (blue flower); 'L'os qui chante,' discussion of the tale by M. Charles Ploix, *Rev. des Trad. Pop.*, VIII, 129 ff.

### 11. The Cruel Brother.

P. 142 b, 496 a, III, 499 a, IV, 449 a. Add a ballad of Rissäld, *Canti popolari Emiliani*, Maria Carmi, *Archivio*, XII, 185, No 7.

144 a, l. 18. 'Le Testament de Marion.' Another version, 'La belo Marioun,' Laroche, *Folklore du Lauraguais*, p. 247.

144 b, 2d paragraph. Add at the end: the (she) ass, *Testament de l'Âne*, Buchon, *Noels et Chants pop. de la Franche-Comté*, p. 89, No 28; and elsewhere.

147. E. For this stanza we find, whatever may be the explanation, the following in Findlay MSS, I, 146. "From Miss Butchart, Arbroath."

There were three sisters livd in a bouer,  
With a hech hey an a lillie gay  
There cam a knight to be their wooer.  
An the primrose springs sae sweetly  
Sing Annet, an Marrot, an fair Maisrie,  
An the dew hangs in the wood, gay ladie.

### 12. Lord Randal.

P. 152 b, 498 b, III, 499 b. **Italian.** Three imperfect versions (Sardinian) in Ferraro, C. p. in *dialetto logudorese*, 1891, pp. 3-5.

156 a, last paragraph, northern ballad. Add: 'Den onde svigermøder,' Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeviser*, I, 332, No 122; *Skattegraveren*, V, 84, No 635.

157, 499, IV, 449.

'Lairde Rowlande, or Ronalde,' *The Sporting Magazine*, XXV, 209, January, 1805; communicated by

Philodice, as recited by a "peasant's girl" at Randcallas, Perthshire. (Reprinted by Mr Edward Peacock in *The Athenæum*, August 27, 1892, p. 288.)

- 1 'Ah, where have you been, Lairde Rowlande, my son?  
Ah, where have you been, Lairde Rowlande, my son?'  
'I've been in the wild woods; mither, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm weary wi hunting and faine would lie down.'

- 2 'Oh, you've been at your true-love's, Lairde Rowlande, my son,' etc.  
'I've been at my true-love's; mither,' etc.

- 3 'What got you to dinner?' etc.  
'I got eels boild in brue; mither,' etc.

- 4 'What's become of your warden?' etc.  
'He died in the muirlands; mither,' etc.

- 5 'What's become of your stag-hounds?' etc.  
'They swelled and they died; mither,' etc.

'Jacky, my son,' written out by Miss F. J. Adams, a Devonshire lady, and derived by her from her Devonshire nurse, sixty or seventy years ago. (Rev. S. Baring-Gould.)

- 1 'Where hast thou been to-day, Jacky, my son?  
Where hast thou been to-day, my honey man?'  
'Oh, I've been a courting, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I am sick to the heart, fain would lie down.'

- 2 'Where shall I make it to?' etc.  
'Oh, in the churchyard, mother,' etc.

- 3 'What wilt thou leave thy mother?' etc.  
'Oh, I'll leave her my money, mother,' etc.

- 4 'What wilt thou leave thy father?' etc.  
'Oh, I'll leave him my 'state, mother,' etc.

- 5 'What wilt thou leave thy sweetheart?' etc.  
'A rope for to hang her, mother,' etc.

'The Croodin Doo.' Findlay MSS, I, 192.

- 1 'Whare did ye get your dinner the day,  
My wee, wee croodin doo?'  
(*Twice*.)

- 2 'I got it in my step-mither's ha,  
Oh, granny, mak my bed noo.'  
(*Twice*.)

- 3 'What did ye get to your dinner the day,  
My wee, wee croodin doo?'  
(*Twice*.)

- 4 'I got a wee fishie wi four wee feeties,  
Oh, granny, mak my bed noo.'  
(*Twice*.)

- 5 'Did ony body eat it but yoursel,  
My wee, wee croodin doo?'  
(*Twice*.)

- 6 'I gied the banes to my wee, wee dogie,  
Oh, granny, mak my bed noo;  
He streekit out his head an died at my feet,  
O, granny, een as I do noo.'

Among C. K. Sharpe's papers, and in his handwriting, is a piece in dialogue between Mother and Son headed, *Death of Lord Rounal*, a Gaelic ballad founded on a tradition of his receiving poison by treachery at the castle of his mistress' father, and dying on his return home. This is the familiar Scottish ballad made over in English and mildly sentimental phraseology. All the Celtic in it is "dark Dungaël, the chief of meikle guile," the father.

### 13. Edward.

P. 167 b, 501 b, III 499 b. **Swedish.** 'Sven i Rosengård' in Thomasson, *Visor från Bleking*, Nyare Bidrag, etc., VII, No 6, p. 16, No 9.

168 a, second paragraph, 'when stones float,' etc. Compare Sir John Mandeville, as to the Dead Sea, ch. 9 (of the Cotton MS.): "And zif a man caste iren therein, it wole flete aboven, and zif men caste a fedre therein, it wol synke to the botme."

### 14. Babylon, or, The Bonnie Banks o Fordie.

P. 170, II, 499 a, III, 500. Add to the French ballad, 'C'est trois garçons dépayés,' Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore du Poitou*, p. 281; 'Les Coumpagnons,' Laroche, *Folklore du Lauragnais*, p. 245.

171 a. **Danish.** Add: Hr. Tures Døtre, Kristensen, *Folkeminder*, XI, 145, No 56.

### 15. Leesome Brand.

P. 178 b. **Danish.** Add: 'Barnefødsel i Lunden,' Kristensen, *Folkeminder*, XI, 102, No 45, A-I, 9 copies.

181 b, II, 499 a. **French, B.** Add: 'La-bas, sus ces grands champs,' Pineau, *Le Folk-Lore du Poitou*, p. 315.

## 16. Sheath and Knife.

P. 185, III, 500. In C. K. Sharpe's papers there is the following version, in Motherwell's handwriting, sent by him to Sharpe with a letter dated Paisley, 8th October, 1825.

## F

'The Broom blooms bonnie,' from the recitation of Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan.

- 1 'There is a feast in your father's house,  
The broom blooms bonnie, and so is it fair  
It becomes you and me to be very douce.'  
And we'll never gang up to the broom nae mair
- 2 'Will you go to yon hill so hie,  
Take your bow and your arrow wi thee.'
- 3 He's tane his lady on his back,  
And his auld son in his coat-lap.
- 4 'When ye hear me give a cry,  
Ye'll shoot your bow and let me ly.
- 5 'When ye see me lying still,  
Throw awa your bow and come running me till.'
- 6 When he heard her gie a cry,  
He shot his bow and he let her lye.
- 7 When he saw she was lying still,  
He threw awa his bow and came running her till.
- 8 It was nae wonder his heart was sad,  
When he shot his auld son at her head.
- 9 He howkit a grave lang, large and wide,  
He buried his auld son down by her side.
- 10 It was nae wonder his heart was sair,  
When he shoosed the mools on her yellow hair.
- 11 'Oh,' said his father, 'son, but thou'rt sad,  
At our braw meeting you micht be glad.'
- 12 'Oh,' said he, 'father, I've lost my knife,  
I loved as dear almost as my own life.
- 13 'But I have lost a far better thing,  
I lost the sheathe that the knife was in.'

- 14 'Hold thy tongue and mak nae din,  
I'll buy thee a sheath and a knife therein.'

- 15 'A' the ships ere sailed the sea  
Neer'll bring such a sheathe and knife to me.

- 16 'A' the smiths that lives on land  
Will neer bring such a sheath and knife to my hand.'

III, 500. E. Colonel W. F. Prideaux has printed this piece, from a manuscript of Motherwell's in his possession, in Notes and Queries, Eighth Series, I, 372, with the trifling variations (or confirmations of doubtful readings) here annexed.

- 1<sup>1</sup> Ane. 3<sup>1</sup>. we'll hunt  
6<sup>1</sup>. let me down by the rute o the.  
7<sup>2</sup>. And *wanting* : as ony.  
9<sup>2</sup>. faithless. 10<sup>1</sup>. The ae.

## 17. Hind Horn.

P. 196 a (7). Historia: Hertzog Heinrich der löw, XVI, 221, of the edition of the Litt. Verein in Stuttgart, ed. Goetze, 228 vv.

198 a. Tales. Add: Stier, Ungarische Volksmärchen, p. 53.

198 b, 502 b, II, 499 b, IV, 450 b. 'Le retour du mari,' Pineau, Le Folk-Lore du Poitou, p. 385; La Tradition, VI, 207 f.

199 b. Romaic. Add: Manousos, II, 73; Ζωγραφείος Ἀγών, p. 76, No 26.

205. G. Kinloch has made numerous small changes. The ballad will now be given as first written down, Kinloch MSS, VII, 117. It appears to have been derived by Miss Kinnear from Christy Smith.

- 1 'Hynde Horn's bound, love, and Hynde Horn's free;  
Whare was ye born? or frae what cuntrie?'
- 2 'In gude greenwud whare I was born,  
And all my friends left me forlorn.
- 3 'I gave my love a gay gowd wand,  
That was to rule oure all Scotland.
- 4 'My love gave me a silver ring,  
That was to rule abune aw thing.
- 5 'Whan that ring keeps new in hue,  
Ye may ken that your love loves you.
- 6 'Whan that ring turns pale and wan,  
Ye may ken that your love loves anither man.'



- 7 He hoisted up his sails, and away sailed he  
Till he cam to a foreign cuntree.
- 8 Whan he lookit to his ring, it was turnd pale and  
wan ;  
Says, I wish I war at hame again.
- 9 He hoisted up his sails, and hame sailed he  
Until he cam till his ain cuntree.
- 10 The first ane that he met with,  
It was with a puir auld beggar-man.
- 11 'What news? what news, my puir auld man?  
What news hae ye got to tell to me?'
- 12 'Na news, na news,' the puirman did say,  
'But this is our queen's wedding-day.'
- 13 'Ye'll lend me your begging-weed,  
And I'll lend you my riding-steed.'
- 14 'My begging-weed is na for thee,  
Your riding-steed is na for me.'
- 15 He has changed wi the puir auld beggar-man.
- 16 'What is the way that ye use to gae?  
And what are the words that ye beg wi?'
- 17 'Whan ye come to yon high hill,  
Ye'll draw your bent bow nigh until.
- 18 'Whan ye come to yon town-end,  
Ye'll lat your bent bow low fall down.
- 19 'Ye'll seek meat for St Peter, ask for St Paul,  
And seek for the sake of your Hynde Horn all.
- 20 'But tak ye frae nane o them aw  
Till ye get frae the bonnie bride hersel O.'
- 21 Whan he cam to yon high hill,  
He drew his bent bow nigh until.
- 22 And when he cam to yon town-end,  
He loot his bent bow low fall down.
- 23 He sought for St Peter, he askd for St Paul,  
And he sought for the sake of his Hynde Horn all.
- 24 But he took na frae ane o them aw  
Till he got frae the bonnie bride hersel O.
- 25 The bride cam tripping doun the stair,  
Wi the seales o red gowd on her hair.
- 26 Wi a glass o red wine in her hand,  
To gie to the puir beggar-man.

- 27 Out he drank his glass o wine,  
Into it he dropt the ring.
- 28 'Got ye 't by sea, or got ye 't by land,  
Or got ye 't aff a drownd man's hand?'
- 29 'I got na 't by sea, I got na 't by land,  
Nor gat I it aff a drownd man's hand;
- 30 'But I got it at my wooing,  
And I'll gie it to your wedding.
- 31 'I'll tak the scales o gowd frae my head,  
I'll follow you, and beg my bread.
- 32 'I'll tak the scales o gowd frae my hair,  
I'll follow you for evermair.'
- 33 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her head,  
She's followed him, to beg her bread.
- 34 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her hair,  
And she has followd him evermair.
- 35 Atween the kitchen and the ha,  
There he loot his cloutie cloak fa.
- 36 The red gowd shined oure them aw,  
And the bride frae the bridegroom was stown awa.

### 19. King Orfeo.

P. 215. Professor Sophus Bugge maintains that the Scandinavian ballad 'Harpens Kraft' shows acquaintance with the English romance, and indeed, like the English ballad, is derived from it. (Arkiv för nordisk Filologi, VII, 97 ff., 1891.)

### 20. The Cruel Mother.

P. 218. Findlay's MSS, I, 58 f., derived from his mother.

- 1 I lookèd ower the castle-wa,  
Hey rose, ma lindie, O  
Saw twa bonnie babies playin at the ba.  
Doon in the green wood-sidie, O
- 2 'O bonnie babies, an ye were mine,  
I wad feid ye wi flour-breid an wine.'
- 3 'O cruel mother, when we were thine,  
You did not prove to us sae kin.'
- 4 'O bonnie babies, an ye were mine,  
I wad cleid ye wi scarlet sae fine.'
- 5 'O cruel mother, when we were thine,  
You did not prove to us sae fine.

- 6 'For wi a penknife ye took our life  
And threw us ower the castle-wa.'
- 7 'O bonnie babies, what wad ye hae dune to me  
For my bein sae cruel to thee?'
- 8 'Seven yeare a fish in the flood,  
Seven yeare a bird in the wood.'
- 9 'Seven yeare a tinglin bell,  
Seventeen yeare in the deepest hell.'  
Under the green wood-sidie, O

219 b, 504 a, II, 500 a, III, 502 b, IV, 451 a. Add S, Deutsche Volksballaden aus Südungarn, Grün und Baróti, in Ethnologische Mitteilungen aus Ungarn, II, 201, No 4, 1892.

## 21. The Maid and the Palmer.

P. 228. M. G. Doncieux has attempted to arrange "Le cycle de Sainte Marie-Madelaine," in *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, VI, 257.

## 22. St Stephen and Herod.

P. 233 ff. 'Stjernevisen,' Kristensen, XI, 207, No 76 A, B, has nothing about Stephen, but is confined to the scripture-history, piety, and New Year's wishes.

P. 236 a, IV, 451 b. French. An imperfect French ballad in *Mélusine*, VI, 24, from a wood-cut "at least three centuries old."

Add a Piedmontese popular tale communicated by Count Nigra to the editor of *Mélusine*, VI, 25 f.

M. Gaidoz, at the same place, 26 f., cites two versions of the resuscitation of the coek, from example-books. The first, from Erythræus (i. e. Rossi), ch. CLV, p. 187, is essentially the same as the legend of St Gunther given from *Acta Sanctorum* (p. 239 a). The other, from the *Giardino d'Essempi* of Razzi, is the story told by Vincentius (p. 237, note †).

## 25. Willie's Lyke-Wake.

P. 250, II, 502 a, III, 503 a. Italian. Add: Canti pop. Emiliani, Maria Carmi, *Archivio*, XII, 187, No 9. A fragment in Dalmedico, *Canti del popolo veneziano*, p. 109, seems, as Maria Carmi suggests, to belong to this ballad.

## 26. The Three Ravens.

P. 253. It has already been noted that traditional copies of 'The Three Ravens' have been far from infrequent. When a ballad has been nearly three hundred years in print, and in a very impressive form, the chance that traditional copies, differing principally by what they lack, should be coeval and independent amounts at most to a bare possibility. Traditional

copies have, however, sometimes been given in this collection on the ground of a very slight chance; and not unreasonably, I think, considering the scope of the undertaking.

The copy which follows was communicated by E. L. K. to *Notes and Queries*, Eighth Series, II, 437, 1892, and has been sent me lately in MS. by Mr R. Brimley Johnson, of Cambridge, England, with this note:

"From E. Peacock, Esq., F. S. A., of Dunstan House, Kirton-in-Lindsay, Lincolnshire, whose father, born in 1793, heard it as a boy at harvest-suppers and sheep-shearings, and took down a copy from the recitation of Harry Richard, a laborer, who could not read, and had learnt it 'from his fore-elders.' He lived at Northorpe, where a grass-field joining a little stream, called Ea, Ee, and Hay, is pointed out as the scene of the tragedy."

- 1 There was three ravens in a tree,  
As black as any jet could be.  
A down a derry down
  - 2 Says the middlemost raven to his mate,  
Where shall we go to get ought to eat?
  - 3 'It's down in yonder grass-green field  
There lies a squire dead and killd.
  - 4 'His horse all standing by his side,  
Thinking he'll get up and ride.
  - 5 'His hounds all standing at his feet,  
Licking his wounds that run so deep.'
  - 6 Then comes a lady, full of woe,  
As big wi bairn as she can go.
  - 7 She lifted up his bloody head,  
And kissd his lips that were so red.
  - 8 She laid her down all by his side,  
And for the love of him she died.
- 6<sup>2</sup>. Var. child.

## 27. The Whummil Bore.

P. 255. Serving the king long without sight of his daughter. Prof. Wollner notes that this trait is rather frequently found in Slavie. For example, in Karadžić, II, 617, No 96, Yakšič Mitar serves the vojvode Yanko nine years and never sees his sister.

## 29. The Boy and the Mantle.

P. 268 ff., II, 502 a, III, 503, IV, 454 a. Tests of chastity. On the Herodotean story, I, 271, see E. Lefébure, *Mélusine*, IV, 37-39. — St Wilfred's Needle, in Ripon Minster. 'In ipso templo, avorum memoria Wilfridi acus celeberrima fuit. Id erat augustum in



cryptoporticu foramen quo mulierum pudicitia explorabatur; quæ enim castæ erant facile transibant, quæ dubia fama nescio quo miraculo constrictæ detinebantur.' Camden, Britannia, ed. 1607, p. 570; see Folk-Lore Journal, II, 286. (G. L. K.)

### 31. The Marriage of Sir Gawain.

P. 293. Mr Clouston, *Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, p. 520 cites a pretty story from a modern Turkish author, in which, as so often happens, parts are reversed. A young king of the fairies of a certain realm is cursed by his mother to appear old and ugly until a fair mortal girl shall love him enough to miss his company. This comes to pass after forty years, and the ugly old man becomes a beautiful youth of seventeen. (Phantasms from the Presence of God, written in 1796-97 by 'Ali 'Aziz Efendi, the Cretan.)

### 33. Kempy Kay.

P. 301. **A** was communicated to C. K. Sharpe by Robert Pitcairn with the stanzas in the order printed by Sharpe. The arrangement in **A** would seem, therefore, to have been an afterthought of Pitcairn's. There is some slight difference of reading, also, in Pitcairn's MS., and one defect is supplied. The variations in the copy sent Sharpe are (besides the order, as aforesaid) as follows:

- 2<sup>1</sup>. I'm coming. 2<sup>4</sup>. o weir.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. three heire *wanting*. 4<sup>4</sup>. Shone. 5<sup>2</sup>. bruchty.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. the night. 6<sup>3</sup>. And in. 7<sup>4</sup>. Between.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. a lintseed bow (*with the variant a bruchtit ewe*).  
 10<sup>1</sup>. lauchty. 10<sup>4</sup>. A' *wanting*. 12<sup>3</sup>. teeth into.  
 13<sup>2</sup>. sheets (*no doubt erroneously*). *A stanza between 8 and 9 is noted as deficient, and something after 13.*

303. **C**. In a copy of **C** sent Sharpe by Motherwell in a letter of December 6, 1824, the fourth stanza is lacking, the fifth is third.

3<sup>2</sup>. span : years. 5<sup>2</sup>. stool.

'Knip Knap,' taken down in the summer of 1893 by Mr Walker, of Aberdeen, at Portlethen, from the singing of an old man, as learned more than fifty years before from an old blacksmith at Dyce, near Aberdeen.

- 1 Knip Knap a hunting went,  
Out-ower the head o yon hill, aye, aye  
Wi a lust o pig-staves out-oor his shoulther,  
An mony a dulchach forby, aye, aye
- 2 There he met an old woman,  
Was herdin at her kye;  
'I'm come yer ae dochter to woo,'  
'She's a very good servant,' said I.

3 The wife gae'd hame to her ain hole-house,  
Lookit in at her ain spunk-hole,  
An there she saw her ain foul flag,  
Loupin across the coal.

4 'Win up, win up, my ae foul flag,  
An mak yer foul face clean,  
For yer wooer is comin here the nicht,  
But yer foul face canna be seen. na, na'

5 She's taen the sheave-wisps out o her sheen,  
An in behint the door,  
An she has faen to the stale strang,  
Seven year auld an more.

6 An aye she scrubbit, an aye she weesh,  
Out-ower the pint o her chin,  
Till a knip-knap cam to the door,  
She kent it was her wooer.

7 He's taen her in his airms twa,  
Kissd her cheek an chin:  
'An I hac gotten kisses twa,  
Whaur I never thocht to get ane.'

8 The verra hair was in her head  
Was like the heather-cowe,  
An ilka louse at the reet o that  
Was like a brockit ewe.

9 The verra ee was in her head  
Was like a muckle pan,  
The hunkers and clunkers that hang frae her sheen  
Wad hae covered an acre o lan.

10 The verra teeth was in her head  
Was like a tether's check,  
An the snecters and snotters that hang frae her nose  
Wad a gart a frozen mill gang.

11 The verra tongue was in her head  
Wad been a guid mill-clap,  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.

12 .  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
An ye may know very weel by that  
She was a comely woman.

### 34. Kemp Owyne.

P. 309. From a manuscript collection of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's, p. 2; "Second Collection," see Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, ed. 1880, p. 144. This copy closely resembles **A**.

- 1 Her mother died when she was young,  
And was laid in the silent tomb;



The father weded the weel worst woman  
This day that lives in Christiendom.

- 2 She served her with hands and feet,  
In every way that well could be,  
Yet she did once upon a day  
Throw her in over a craig of sea.

- 3 Says, Ly you there, you dove Isabeal,  
And let you never borrowed be  
Till Kempenwine come ower the sea  
And borrow you with kisses three ;  
Whatever any may do or say,  
O borrowed may you never be!

- 4 Her breath grew strong, and her hair grew long,  
And twisted thrice about a tree,  
And so hideous-like she did appear  
That all who saw her from her did flee.

- 5 Now Kempenwine gat word of this  
Where he was living beyond the sea ;  
He hied him straight unto that shoar,  
The monstrous creature for to se.

- 6 Her breath was strong, and her hair was long,  
And twisted was around the tree,  
And with a swing she cried aloud,  
Come to craig of sea and kiss with me.

- 7 'Here is a royal ring,' she cried,  
'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 vow this brand your death shall be.'

- 8 He steppèd in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal ring he brought him wi ;  
Her breath was strong, and [her] hair was long,  
Yet twisted twice about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about,  
'Come to craig of sea and kiss with me.

- 9 '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 this brand your death shall be.'

- 10 He steppèd in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal belt he brought him wee ;  
Her breath yet strong, her hair yet long,  
Yet twisted once about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about,  
'Come to craig of sea and kiss with me.

- 11 'Here is a royal brand,' 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 brand your death shall be.'

- 12 He steppèd in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal brand he brought him wee ;  
Her breath now soft, her hair now short,  
And disengagèd from the tree,  
She fell into his arms two,  
As fair a woman as ever could be.

*Written in long lines, and not divided into stanzas.*  
8<sup>2</sup>. him with. 6<sup>4</sup>, 8<sup>6</sup>, 10<sup>6</sup>. Craig of sea.

### 35. Allison Gross.

P. 314. Gifts offered by a hill-maid. 'Bjærgjom-fruens Frieri,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, II, 100, No 460 ; XII, 22 ff., Nos 16, 17 ; Folkeminder, XI, 20 ff., No 18, A-E.

### 36. The Laily Worm and the Mackrel of the Sea.

P. 315. Though Skene has rendered this ballad with reasonable fidelity, for an editor, it shall, on account of its interest, be given as it stands in the old lady's MS., where it is No 2. It proves not absolutely true, as I have said, that the Skene ballad has "never been retouched by a pen."

- 1 'I was bat seven year all'd  
Fan my mider she did dee,  
My father marrèd the ae warst woman  
The wardle did ever see.

- 2 'For she has made me the laily worm  
That lays att the fitt of the tree,  
An o my sister Meassry  
The machrel of the sea.

- 3 'An every Saterdag att noon  
The machrl comes ea to me,  
An she takes my laylè head,  
An lays it on her knee,  
An keames it we a silver kemm,  
An washes it in the sea.

- 4 'Seven knights ha I slain  
Sane I lay att the fitt of the tree ;  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eight an ye sud be.'

- 5 'Sing on your song, ye l[a]ily worm,  
That ye sung to me ;'  
'I never sung that song  
But fatt I wad sing to ye.

- 6 'I was but seven year aull  
Fan my mider she [did] dee,  
My father marrèd the a warst woman  
The wardle did ever see.
- 7 'She changed me to the layel[y] worm  
That layes att the fitt of the tree,  
An my sister Messry  
[To] the makrell of the sea.
- 8 'And every Saterday att noon  
The machrell comes to me,  
An she takes my layly head,  
An layes it on her knee,  
An kames it weth a siller kame,  
An washes it in the sea.
- 9 'Seven knights ha I slain  
San I lay att the fitt of the tree ;  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eight ye sud be.'
- 10 He sent for his lady  
As fast as sen eod he :  
'Far is my son,  
That ye sent fra me,  
And my daughter,  
Lady Messry ?'
- 11 'Yer son is att our king's court,  
Sarving for meatt an fee,  
And yer doughter is att our quin's court,  
A mary suit an free.'
- 12 'Ye lee, ye ill woman,  
Sa loud as I hear ye lea,  
For my son is the layelly worm  
That lays at the fitt of the tree,  
An my daughter Messry  
The machrell of the sea.'
- 13 She has tain a silver wan  
An gine him stroks three,  
An he started up the bravest knight  
Your eyes did ever see.
- 14 She has tane a small horn  
An loud an shill blue she,  
An a' the came her tell but the proud machrell,  
An she stood by the sea :  
'Ye shaped me anee an unshemly shape,  
An ye 's never mare shape me.'
- 15 He has sent to the wood  
For hathorn an fun,  
An he has tane that gay lady,  
An ther he did her burne.

*Written without division into stanzas or verses.*

3<sup>2</sup>. comes ea (aye); *but, on repetition in 8<sup>2</sup>, comes simply, with better metre.*

15<sup>1</sup>. hes has. 15<sup>3</sup>. that that.

316. 'Nattergalen,' in Kristensen, Folkeminder, XI, 25, No 20, A-C.

In a Kafir tale a girl marries a erocodile. The erocodile bids her lick his face. Upon her doing so, the erocodile casts his skin and turns into a strong and handsome man. He had been transformed by the enemies of his father's house. (Theal, Kafir Folk-Lore, 1882, p. 37, cited by Mr Clouston.)

### 39. Tam Lin.

P. 339. Teind to hell. See Isabel Gowdie's case, in the Scottish Journal, I, 256, and compare Piteairn's Criminal Trials.

345. D a. This copy occurs in "the second collection" of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, p. 3, with a few variations, as follows. (See Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. 1880, p. 145.)

1<sup>3</sup>. Charters wood, *and always*. 3<sup>1</sup>. the seam.  
3<sup>3</sup>. is gone. 5<sup>2</sup>. ye. 6<sup>4</sup>. ask no. 10<sup>4</sup>. we have.  
11<sup>1</sup>. to me. 12<sup>2</sup>. aft. 12<sup>3</sup>. the Lord of Forbes.  
12<sup>4</sup>. all his. 15 *occurs after* 24. 15<sup>1</sup>. Tho Elfin.  
15<sup>4</sup>. the tenth one goes. 15<sup>5</sup>. I am an, *or*, I a man.  
16<sup>5</sup>. if that. 16<sup>6</sup>. miles Cross.  
17<sup>1</sup>. go unto the Miles cross. 20<sup>4</sup>. next the.  
23<sup>1</sup>, 24<sup>1</sup>. int. 25<sup>1</sup>. She did her down.  
27<sup>2</sup>. so green. 27<sup>3</sup>. Where. 27<sup>4</sup>. ride next.  
28<sup>4</sup>. he is. 29<sup>4</sup>. He. 32<sup>2</sup>. and ery.  
34<sup>1</sup>. I thought.

### 40. The Queen of Elfan's Nourice.

P. 358, II, 505 b, III, 505 b, IV, 459 a. Mortal mid-wife for fairies. 'La Sage-femme et la Fée,' R. Basset, Contes pop. berbères, 1887, No 26, p. 55 (and see notes, pp. 162, 163). (G. L. K.)

### 41. Hind Etin.

P. 361 b, III, 506 a, IV, 459 a. Danish. 'Jomfruen i Bjærgen,' fragment, in Kristensen, Folkeminder, XI, 6, No 12.

364 a, III, 506 a, IV, 459 a. Danish. 'Agnete og Havmanden,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, III, p. 17, No 34, XII, 65 ff., Nos 136, 137; Efterslæt, p. 2, No 2, p. 174, No 126; Folkeminder, XI, 7, No 13, A-D.

### 42. Clerk Colvill.

P. 371, No 42, p. 389. C in Findlay MSS, I, 141: 'Clerk Colin,' from Miss Butchart, Arbroath, 1868. Miss Butchart, who died about 1890, aged above ninety years, was the daughter of the Mrs Butchart from whom Kinloch got certain ballads, and niece to the Mrs Arrot who was one of Jamieson's contributors. In the MS. there are these readings:



- 2<sup>3</sup>. To gang. 4<sup>3</sup>. maun gae. 5<sup>2</sup>. could gang.  
6<sup>1</sup>. To Clyde's.

374 b, IV, 459 a. **Danish.** 'Elveskud,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, XII, 54, No 125; 'Elvedansen,' Folke-minder, XI, 15, No 17, **A-C**.

380, II, 506 a, III, 506 a, IV, 459 a. **TT**, 'La chan-son de Renaud,' Pineau, Le Folk-Lore du Poitou, p. 399; **UU**, 'La Mort de Jean Raynaud, Wallonia, I, 22.

**VV, WW.** Versions de la Bresse, one, and a frag-ment, J. Tiersot, Revue des Traditions Populaires, VII, 654 ff.

382, II, 506 a, III, 506 a. **Italian. N.** 'El conte Anzolin,' Villanis, Canzoni pop. Zaratine, Archivio, XI, 32. A burlesque form in Canti pop. Emiliani, Maria Carmi, Archivio, XII, 186, and a Venetian rispetto of the same character (noted by Maria Carmi) in Bernoni, Canti pop. Veneziani, 1873, Puntata 7, p. 12, No 62.

#### 44. The Twa Magicians.

P. 400 a, III, 506 b, IV, 459 b. **French. Y.** 'Les Transformations,' Wallonia, I, 50.

401 b, 3d paragraph. Say: Cosquin, Contes lor-rains, I, 103, No 9, and notes.

402 a, last paragraph, Gwion. See the mabinogi of Taliesin in Lady Charlotte Guest's Mabinogion, Part VII, p. 358 f.

#### 45. King John and the Bishop.

P. 405 b, II, 506, IV, 459 b. Another Magyar ver-sion in Zs. f. vergleichende Literaturgeschichte, N. F. V, 467.

#### 46. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship.

P. 414. Rev. J. Baring-Gould informs me that there is an Irish version of this piece in Ulster Ballads, British Museum, 1162. k. 6, entitled 'The Lover's Riddle.' The lady, who in **B, C** is walking through the wood 'her lane,' is in the Ulster copy walking 'down a narrow lane,' and she meets 'with William Dicken, a keeper of the game.' The only important difference as to the riddles and the answers is that the young lady remembers her Bible to good purpose, and gives Melchisedec as an ex-ample of a priest unborn (Hebrews vii, 3).

415, note †. Miss M. H. Mason gives two copies in her Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs, pp. 23, 24, 'A Paradox.'

417, note †, II, 507 b, III, 507 a, IV, 459 b. "They were told that in front of the king's house there were twenty-score poles, with a head on each pole with the exception of three." 'The Lad with the Skin Cov-erings,' J. G. Campbell, The Fians, p. 261. (There are three adventurers in this case.) (G. L. K.)

421. **B. h.** 'Captian Wedderburn,' "The Old Lady's Collection," No 38.

**B. a. 1** The lard of Roslie's doughter was walking on  
the green,  
An by came Captain Wedderburn, a servant  
to our king,  
An he said to his livery-man, Wer it no  
agenst our laa,  
I wad take her to my ain bed an lay her neast  
the waa.

**a. 2** 'I am in my father's garden, walken among  
my father's trees,  
An ye dou latt me walk a whill nou, kind  
sir, if ye pleas;  
For the supper-beals they will be rung an I  
will be mised awa,

**a. 4<sup>3</sup>.** An my father will ate nae supper gine I be  
mised awa.'

**a. 6.** He lighted off his hors an sett the lady one,

**A. a. 6<sup>1,3</sup>.** He sett her ahind his livery-man, was leath  
to latt her faa :

**A. a. 5<sup>4</sup>.** 'We's baith lay in ae bed, an ye's lay neast  
the wa.'

**B. a. 7** Fan they came to his quarter-house, his land-  
l[ad]y came ben :  
'Ther is mony bonny lady in Edenbrugh toun,  
Bat sick a bonny lady is no in it aa;'  
Says, 'Lass, mak up a doun-bed, we will lay  
her nist the waa.'

**a. 8** 'Hold yer toung, young man,' she says, 'an  
latt yer folly be ;  
I winnë come to my bed till ye gett to me  
things three.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

**a. 9** 'Ye gett to my supper a cherrey without a  
ston,  
An ye gett to my suppeer a chicken without a  
bone,  
An ye gett to my super a burd that flays  
without a gaa,  
Or I winnë lay in your bed, nether att stok  
nor waa.'

**a. 10** 'The cherry when it is in the bloum, it is with-  
out a ston ;  
The chicken when it is in the egg is without a  
bon ;  
The dove she is a harmless burd, she flays  
without a gaa ;  
An we's baith lay in ae bed, an ye's lay nist  
the waa.'

**a. 15** 'Hold off yer hands, young man,' she says,  
'an dou not me perplex ;



I winnë gae to my bed till ye tell me qustens  
six ;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

- a. 16 'What is greaner nor the grass? what is  
hig[h]er the[n] the tree?  
What is war nor woman's wish? what is deaper  
nor the sea?  
What burd sings first? what life buds first, an  
what dos on it faa?  
I winnë lay in your bed, nether att stok nor  
waa.'

- a. 17 'Death is greaner nor the grass; heaven is  
higher nor the tree ;  
The devill is war nor woman's wish ; hell is  
deaper nor the sea ;  
The coke crous first ; the suderen wood springs  
first, the due dos on it faa ;  
An we's baith lay in ae bed, an ye's lay neast  
the waa.'

- a. 11 'Hold off yer hands, young man,' she says,  
'an yer folly gie our,  
I winne come to your bed till ye gett to me  
things four ;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

- a. 12 'Ye gett to me a cherry that in December  
grou ;  
Leguays a fine silk mantell that waft gad  
never throu ;  
A sparrou's horn, a prist unborn, this night  
to join us tua ;  
Or I winnë lay in your bed, nether att stok  
nor waa.'

- a. 13 'Ther is a hote-bed in my father's garden  
wher winter chirrys grou,  
Leguays a fine silk mantell in his closet which  
waft never gaid throu ;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

- a. 14 'Ther is a prist nou att the dore, just ready  
to come in,  
An never one could say he was born,  
For ther was a holl cut out of his mother's  
side, an out of it he did faa ;  
An we's baith lay in ae bed, an ye's lay nist  
the waa.'

- a. 18 Littel kent the lassie in the morning fan she  
raise  
That wad be the last of a' her maiden days ;  
For nou she is marrëd to Captian Wederburn,  
that afore she never saa,

An they baith lay in ae bed, an she lays nest  
the waa.

74. Lays, Lass. 101. bloun. 121. grou.

## 49. The Twa Brothers.

P. 436 a, 3d paragraph. It ought to have been re-  
marked that it was a William Somerville that killed  
John. The names being the same as in the ballad,  
"unusually gratuitous" is not warranted.

438. A was derived by Sharpe from Elizabeth  
Kerry. The original copy was not all written at one  
time, but may have been written by one person. The  
first and the last stanza, and some corrections, are in  
the same hand as a letter which accompanied the  
ballad. The paper has a watermark of 1817. A few  
trifling differences in the MS. may be noted:

11. twa.  
12. school (*Note*. "I have heard it called the  
Chase"): the githar.  
14. a far. 21. wrestled. 44. And. 51. brother.  
63. both. 72, 82, 92. Should *for* Gin.  
81. what shall. 101. But *wanting*.  
103. in fair Kirkland. (*Letter*. "I remembered a  
fair Kirk something, and Kirkland it must have  
been.")  
104. again *wanting*.

## H

'Perthshire Tredgey.' From a copy formerly in the pos-  
session of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. This fragment has  
some resemblances to F. "Copied 1823" is endorsed on  
the sheet (in the hand which made an insertion in st. 11)  
and crossed out.

- 1 Two pretty boys lived in the North,  
The went to the school so rare ;  
The one unto the other said,  
We'll try some battle of war.
- 2 The worselaid up, the worselaid down,  
Till John lay on the ground ;  
A pen-knife out of William's pocket  
Gave John a deadly wound.
- 3 'O is it for my gold?' he said,  
'Or for my rich monie?  
Or is it for my land sa broad,  
That you have killed me?'
- 4 'It's neither for your gold,' he said,  
'Or for your rich monie,  
But it is for your land sa broad  
That I have killed thee.'

5 'You'll take [me] up upon your back,  
Carry me to Wastlen kirk-yard;  
You'll houk a hole large and deep,  
And lay my body there.

6 'You'll put a good stone ou my head,  
Another at my feet,  
A good green turf upon my breast,  
That the sounder I m[a]y sleep.

7 'And if my father chance to ask  
What's come of your brother John,

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

8 'What blood is this upon your coat?  
I pray come tell to me;  
'It is the blood of my grey hound,  
It would not run for me.'

9 'The blood of your greyhound was near so red,  
I pray come tell to me;  
'It is the blood of my black horse,  
It would not hunt for me.'

10 'The blood of your black horse was near so red,  
I pray come tell to me;  
'It is the blood of my brother John,  
Since better canna be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

11 He put his foot upon a ship,  
Saying, I am gane our the sea;  
'O when will you come back again,  
I pray come tell to me.'

12 'When the sun and the moon passes over the  
broom,  
That [']s the day you'll never see.'

2<sup>1</sup>. worse laid, *misheard* for *warseled*.

3<sup>8</sup>. lands abroad for land sae broad (*misheard*).

4<sup>1</sup>. After your, la and half of an n, lan caught from 3<sup>8</sup>.

4<sup>3</sup>. land abroad. *The reciter, or more probably the transcriber, has become confirmed in the error made in 3<sup>8</sup>.*

11<sup>8</sup>. come inserted in a different hand.

11<sup>3,4</sup> should probably be the first half of stanza 12.

## 50. The Bonny Hind.

P. 444 a. Motherwell MS., p. 485, professes to copy the ballad from Herd's MS. by way of supplying the stanzas wanting in Scott. There are, however, in Motherwell's transcript considerable deviations from Herd, a fact which I am unable to understand.

## 53. Young Beichan.

P. 454. 'Lord Beichim,' Findlay's MSS, I, 1, from Jeanie Meldrum, Framedrum, Forfarshire, has these verses, found in *G* and in Spanish and Italian ballads.

("She meets a shepherd and addresses him.")

'Whas are a' thae flocks o sheep?  
And whas are a' thae droves o kye?  
And whas are a' thae statelie mansions,  
That are in the way that I passd bye?'

'O these are a' Lord Beichim's sheep,  
And these are a' Lord Beichim's kye,  
And these are a' Lord Beichim's castles,  
That are in the way that ye passd bye.'

There are three or four stanzas more, but they resemble the English vulgar broadsides. There must have been a printed copy in circulation in Scotland which has not been recovered.

468. *D* is now given as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," from which it was copied by Skene: 'Young Beachen,' No. 14.

1 Young Beachen as born in fair London,  
An foiren lands he langed to see,  
An he was tean by the savage Mour,  
An they used him mast cruelly.

2 Throu his shoulder they patt a bore,  
An throu the bore they patt a tree,  
An they made him tralle ther ousen-carts,  
An they used him most cruelly.

3 The savage More had ae doughter,  
I wat her name was Susan Pay,  
An she is to the prison-house  
To hear the prisenor's mone.

4 He made na his mone to a stok,  
He made it no to a ston,  
But it was to the Quin of Heaven,  
That he made his mone.

5 'Gine a lady wad borrou me,  
Att her foot I wad rune,  
An a widdou wad borrou me,  
I wad becom her sone.

- 6 'Bat an a maid wad borrou me,  
I wad wed her we a ring,  
I wad make her lady of haas an bours,  
An of the high tours of Line.'
- 7 'Sing our yer sang, Young Biechen,' she says,  
'Sing our yer sang to me ;'  
'I never sang that sang, lady,  
Bat fat I wad sing to ye.
- 8 'An a lady wad borrou me,  
Att her foot I wad rune,  
An a widdou wad borrou me,  
I wad becom her son.
- 9 'Bat an a maid wad borrou me,  
I wad wed her we a ring,  
I wad mak her lady of haas an bours,  
An of the high tours of Line.'
- 10 Saftly gaid she but,  
An saftly gaid she ben ;  
It was na for want of hose nor shone,  
Nor time to pit them on.
- 11 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
An she has stoun the kees of the prison,  
An latten Young Beachen gang.
- 12 She gae him a lofe of her whit bread,  
An a bottel of her wine,  
She bad him mind on the leady's love  
That fread him out of pine.
- 13 She gae him a stead was gued in time of nead,  
A saddle of the bone,  
Five hundred poun in his poket,  
Bad him gae speading home.
- 14 An a lish of gued gray honds,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 15 Fan seven lang year wer come an gane,  
Shusie Pay thought lang,  
An she is on to fair London,  
As fast as she could gang.
- 16 Fan she came to Young Beachen's gate,  
. . . . .  
'Is Young Beachen att home,  
Or is he in this country?'
- 17 'He is att home,  
[H]is bearly bride him we ;'  
Sighan says her Susë Pay,  
'Was he quit forgotten me?'
- 18 On every finger she had a ring,  
An on the middel finger three ;  
She gave the porter on of them,  
'Gett a word of your lord to me.'
- 19 He gaed up the stare,  
Fell lau down on his knee :  
'Win up, my proud porter,  
What is your will we [me] ?'
- 20 'I ha ben porter att your gate  
This therty year an three ;  
The fairest lady is att yer gate  
Mine eays did ever see.'
- 21 Out spak the brid's mother,  
An a haghty woman was she ;  
'If ye had not execepted the bonny brid,  
Ye might well ha execepted me.'
- 22 'No desparegment to you, madam,  
Nor non to her grace ;  
The sol of yon lady's foot  
Is fairer then yer face.'
- 23 He 's geen the table we his foot,  
An caped it we his knee :  
'I wad my head an a' my land  
It's Susie Pay come over the sea.'
- 24 The stare was therty steps,  
I wat he made them three ;  
He toke her in his arms tua,  
'Susie Pay, y'er welcom to me!'
- 25 'Gie me a shive of your whit bread,  
An a bottel of your wine ;  
Dinner ye mind on the lady's love  
That freed ye out of pine?'
- 26 He took her  
Doun to yon garden green,  
An changed her name fra Shusie Pay,  
An called her bonny Lady Jean.
- 27 'Yer daughtler came hear on high hors-back,  
She sall gae hame in coaches three,  
An I sall dubel her tocher our,  
She is nean the war of me.'
- 28 'It's na the fashon of our country,  
Nor yet of our name,  
To wed a may in the morning  
An send her hame att none.'
- 29 'It's na the fashon of my country,  
Nor of my name,  
Bat I man mind on the lady's love  
That freed me out of pine.'



52. I att her foot I : *cf.* 82. 93. tours : *cf.* 63.  
 134. spending. 173. Sigh an. 182. niddel.  
*After* 29 :

Courtes kind an generse mind,  
 An winne ye ansur me?  
 An fan they hard ther lady's word,  
 Well ansuared was she.

P. 476, II, 508. **L.** For the modern vulgar ballad, Catnach's is a better copy than that of Pitts. See Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 34, for Catnach.

---

VOL. II.

54. The Cherry-Tree Carol.

P. 1 b. (Apple tree.) *Chanson de la Corrèze*, Mélusine, VI, 40.

55. The Carnal and the Crane.

P. 7. The Sower : *La Tradition*, VII, 312.

56. Dives and Lazarus.

P. 10 b, IV, 462 b. 'Lazare et le mauvais riche,' L'Abbé Durdy, *Anthologie pop. de l'Albret, Poésies gasconnes*, p. 6.

Esthonian, Hurt, *Vana Kannel*, II, 210, No 296.

57. Brown Robyn's Confession.

P. 13 b, IV, 463 a. **Danish.** 'Sejladsen,' Kristensen, *Efterslæt til Skattegraveren*, p. 22, No 18, p. 161 ff., Nos 116, 117 ; *Folkeminder*, XI, 148, No 57.

15 b. For Sadko, see Vesselofsky in *Archiv für slavische Philologie*, IX, 282.

58. Sir Patrick Spens.

P. 17. Among Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's papers there is a copy of this ballad, which, from its being entirely in Sharpe's hand excepting the first line, we may suppose to have been intended as a reply to some person who had inquired for a ballad so beginning. This copy is mainly compounded, with a word altered here and there, from **D** (which Sharpe gave Motherwell), ten stanzas of **H**, and two resembling **L** 2, 3. The Sir Andrew Wood of **D** is changed to Sir Patrick Spens, and there is this one stanza which I have not observed to occur elsewhere, following **D** 7, or **H** 21 :

O laith, laith war our gude Scots lords  
 To weet their silken sarks,

But lang or a' the play was playd  
 The weet gade to their hearts.

62. Fair Annie.

P. 65 a. **Danish.** 'Skjön Anna,' Kristensen, *Folkeminder*, XI, 91, No 92.

63. Child Waters.

P. 83. 'Fair Ellen,' from "The Old Lady's Collection," No 30, a version resembling **J**. The first two stanzas belong to 'Glasgerion;' compare No 67, **C**, 1, 2, II, 140.

**K**

1 Willie was a harper guid,  
 He was a harper fine ;  
 He harped the burds out of the tree,  
 The fish out of the flood,  
 The milk out of a woman's brist  
 That bab had never nean.

2 He harped out, an he harped in,  
 Till he harped them a' aslep,  
 Unless it was her Fair Elen,  
 An she stood on her feett.

3 Willie stod in stabile dor,  
 He said he wad ride,

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

4 'Na women mane gae we me, Hellen,  
 Na women mane gaie we me  
 Bat them that will saddle my hors,  
 An bridell my steed,  
 An elky toun that I come to  
 A lish of hons mane lead.'

5 'I will saddle yer hors, Willie,  
 An I will bridel yer steed,  
 An elky toun att we come tell  
 A leash of honds will lead.'

6 'The dogs sall eat the gued fite bread,  
 An ye the douë pran,  
 An ye sall bliss, an na curse,  
 That ever ye lied a man.'

7 'The dogs sall eat the whit bread,  
 An me the douë pran,  
 An I will bliss, an na curs,  
 That ear I loved a man.'

- 8 She has saddled his hors,  
An she has bridled his stead,  
An ealky toun att they came throu  
A lish of honds did lead.
- 9 The dogs did eatt the whit bread,  
An her the douey pran,  
An she did bliss, an she did na curs,  
That ever she loyed a man.
- 10 Fan they came to yon wan water  
That a' man caas Clayd,  
He louked over his left shoder,  
Says, Ellen, will ye ride?
- 11 'I learned it in my medder's bour,  
I wiss I had learned it better,  
Fan I came to wane water  
To sume as dos the otter.
- 12 'I learned in my midder's bour,  
I watt I learned it well,  
Fan I came to wan water,  
To sume as dos the ell.'
- 13 . . . . .  
Or the knight was in the middell of the water,  
The lady was in the eather side.
- 14 She leaned her back to a stane,  
Gaa a call opon:  
'O my back is right sore,  
An I sae farr frae hame!
- 15 'Hou monny mill ha ye to rid,  
An hou mony I to rine?'  
'Fifty mill ha I to rid,  
Fifty you to rine,  
An by that time I dou supos  
Ye will be a dead woman.'
- 16 Out spak a bonny burd,  
Sate on yon tree,  
'Gaa on, fair Ellen,  
Ye ha scarcely milles three.'
- 17 Four-an-tuenty bony ladys  
Mett Willie in the closs,  
Bat the fairest lady among them a'  
Took Willie frae his horse.
- 18 Four-an-tuenty bonny ladys  
Lead Willie to the table,

- Bat the fairest lady among them a'  
Led his hors to the stable.
- 19 She leaned betuen the gray folle an the waa,  
An gae a call opon;  
'O my back is fue sore,  
An I sae far fra home!
- 20 'Fan I was in my father's bour,  
I ware goud to my hell;  
Bat nou I am among Willie's hors feet,  
An the call it will me kell.
- 21 'Fan I was in my midder's bour  
I wear goud to my head;  
Bat nou I am among Willie's hors feet,  
And the calle will be my dead.'
- 22 'Fatten a heavey horse-boy, my son Willie,  
Is this ye ha brought to me?  
Some times he groues read, read,  
An some times pail an wane;  
He louks just leak a woman we bairn,  
An no weis es leak a man.'
- 23 'Gett up, my heavey hors-boy,  
Gie my hors corn an hay;'  
'By my soth,' says her Fair Ellen,  
'Bat as fast as I may.'
- 24 'I dreamed a dream san the straine,  
Gued read a' dreams to gued!  
I dreamed my stable-dor was opned  
An stoun was my best steed.  
Ye gae, my sister,  
An see if the dream be gued.'
- 25 . . . . .  
She thought she hard a baby greet,  
Bat an a lady mone.
- 26 . . . . .  
'I think I hard a baby greet,  
Bat an a lady mone.'
- 27 'A askend, Willie,' she says,  
'An ye man grant it me;  
The warst room in a' yer house  
To your young son an me.'
- 28 ['Ask on, Fair Ellen,  
Ye 'r sure yer asken is free;]

The best room in a' my house  
To yer young son an ye.'

- 29 '[A] asken, Willie,' she sayes,  
'An ye will grant it me ;  
The smallest bear in yer house  
To [yer] young son an me.'

- 30 'Ask on, Fair Ellen,  
Ye 'r sure your asken is free ;  
The best bear in my house  
[To yer young son an ye.]

- 31 'The best bear in my house  
Is the black bear an the wine,  
An ye sall haa that, Fair Ellen,  
To you an yer young son.'

- 32 '[A] askent, Willie,' she says,  
'An ye will grant [it] me ;  
The warst maid in yer house  
To wait on yer young son an me.'

- 33 'The best maid in my house  
Is my sister Meggie,  
An ye sall ha her, Fair Ellen,  
To wait on yer young son an ye.

- 34 'Chire up, Fair Ellen,  
Chire up, gin ye may ;  
Yer kirking an yer fair weding  
Sall baith stand in ae day.'

1<sup>6</sup>. bab have.

3<sup>2</sup>. bide. Cf. B 3, G 1, I 1, J 1. 20<sup>3</sup>. I an.

20<sup>4</sup>. me gell. 21<sup>2</sup>. my hell *again*.

21<sup>4</sup>. And an. 30<sup>2</sup>. sure yours.

#### 64. Fair Janet.

P. 102. (See III, 497 b, No 5.) Add : 'La Fiancée du Prince,' *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, VIII, 406-409, two versions.

#### 65. Lady Maisry.

P. 114. A. The variations in the Abbotsford MS. "Scottish Songs" are of the very slightest value ; but as the MS. is in Scott's hand, and as Scott says that they were from his recollection of recitation in the south of Scotland, they may be given for what they are worth. (See the note, IV, 387.)

'Lady Maisrye,' fol. 34, back.

1<sup>2</sup>. Are a'. 1<sup>4</sup>. she 'll hae. 2, 3, *wanting*.

41<sup>2</sup>. They woo'd her up, they woo'd her down,  
They woo'd her in the ha.

5<sup>1</sup>. my lords, she said. 5<sup>2</sup>. on me.

5<sup>4</sup>. And I have na mair to gie.

6<sup>1</sup>. father's wily page.

6<sup>2</sup>. For he has awa to her bauld brother.

7<sup>1</sup>. O are my father and mother. 7<sup>2</sup>. brethren.

8<sup>1</sup>. are weel. 8<sup>2</sup>. Likewise your brethren.

8<sup>4</sup>. But she 's shamed thy name and thee.

9<sup>1</sup>. true, thou little page.

9<sup>2</sup>. A bluidy sight thou 's sec. 9<sup>3</sup>. thou tells.

9<sup>4</sup>. High hanged sall thou be.

10<sup>1</sup>. O he has gane to. 10<sup>4</sup>. Kaming.

11. *A stanza with "modern" in the margin.*

12<sup>1</sup>. The lady turnd her round about.

12<sup>2</sup>. The kame fell.

12<sup>3,4</sup>. The bluid ran backward to her heart  
And left her cheek sae wan.

13. 'O bend nae sae, my dear brother,  
Your vengefu look on me !  
My love is laid on Lord William,  
And he is married to me.'

14<sup>1</sup>. ye hae gotten knights and lords.

14<sup>2</sup>. Within. 14<sup>3</sup>. drew. 15<sup>1</sup>. your English love.

15<sup>3</sup>. For shouldst think of him an hour langer.

15<sup>4</sup>. Thy. 16<sup>1</sup>. I wad gie up my English love.

16<sup>3</sup>. or an hour.

*After 16 this stanza, not marked "modern" :*

'Ah, faithless woman, trow nae sae  
My just revenge to flee,  
For a' your English lordling's power,  
Our ancient enemy.'

17<sup>1</sup>. where are a' my wight. 17<sup>4</sup>. this strumpet.

18<sup>2</sup>. at my. 19<sup>1</sup>. and spake.

19<sup>2</sup>. Stude weeping by her side.

19<sup>3</sup>. wad rin this. 20 *wanting*.

21<sup>1</sup>, 22<sup>1</sup>. And when. 21<sup>3</sup>. to grass growing.

22<sup>1,5</sup>. yate. 22<sup>2</sup>. bade na chap nor. 22<sup>3</sup>. to his.

22<sup>5</sup>. And er. 23<sup>1</sup>. O are. 23<sup>2</sup>. Or are.

23<sup>3</sup>. Or has my lady gien to me.

23<sup>4</sup>. A dear : or a.

24<sup>1</sup>. biggins are na broken, lord. 24<sup>2</sup>. Nor yet.

24<sup>3</sup>. a' Scotlande. 24<sup>4</sup>. This day for you.

25<sup>1</sup>. to me the black horse.

25<sup>2</sup>. O saddle to me. 25<sup>3</sup>. Or saddle to me.

25<sup>4</sup>. ere yet rode. 26<sup>2</sup>. neeze.

26<sup>3</sup>. your fire, my fierce.

26<sup>4</sup>. no yet at. 27<sup>1</sup>. And when : yate.

28<sup>1,2</sup>. And still, Mend up the fire, she cried,  
And pour its rage round me.

28<sup>4</sup>. will mend it soon for. 29<sup>1</sup>. O had my hands.

29<sup>2</sup>. Sae fast. 29<sup>4</sup>. To save thy infant son.

30<sup>1,3</sup>. for thee. 30<sup>2</sup>. Thy sister and thy brother.

30<sup>4</sup>. Thy father and thy mother. 31<sup>1</sup>. for thee.

31<sup>2</sup>. a' thy. 31<sup>3</sup>. that I make. 31<sup>4</sup>. I sall.

115. B. Variations of C. K. Sharpe's own MS.  
("second collection") :

2<sup>4</sup>. on my (*wrongly*). 4<sup>4</sup>. It 's liars.

8<sup>2</sup>. That 's what I 'll. 10<sup>2</sup>. brother.



13<sup>3</sup>. But when. 20<sup>1</sup>, 21<sup>1</sup>, 22<sup>1</sup>. rode on.  
22<sup>4</sup>. Janet's excit (*Motherwell*, exite). 24<sup>1</sup>. said.  
27<sup>4</sup>. mony one.

### 66. Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet.

P. 128. A. Collated with Sharpe's MS., p. 17. The MS., which is in the handwriting of Sharpe, contains the same ballads as an Abbotsford MS. called North Country Ballads, but the two copies are independent transcripts. In a note to Sharpe, without date (Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. 1880, p. 148), Scott says, "I enclose Irvine's manuscripts, which are, I think, curious. They are at your service for copying or publishing, or whatever you will." Hugh Irvine, Drum, communicated to Scott a copy of 'Tam Lin' (see IV, 456), and it is possible that the manuscripts referred to in Scott's note were the originals of the "North Country Ballads."

1<sup>4</sup>. their bonheur. 8<sup>2</sup>. to kill. 11<sup>1</sup>. boy says.  
11<sup>2</sup>. An will. 14<sup>1,3</sup>. line that he. 15<sup>1</sup>. (bacon).  
16<sup>4</sup>. she wanting.  
18<sup>2,4</sup>. garl, marl, are Sharpe's corrections for words struck out, which seem to be guell, meal.  
19<sup>1</sup>. and that. 21<sup>2</sup>. saft. 23<sup>1</sup>. twice, so did I.  
26<sup>1</sup>. did stand. 31<sup>4</sup>. he wanting.  
Only 14<sup>1,3</sup>, 16<sup>4</sup>, 23<sup>1</sup>, 31<sup>4</sup>, are wrongly given in *Motherwell*.

Scott's MS.—*The name Maisery is wanting throughout.*

23<sup>3</sup>. only for one. 28 wanting. 30<sup>3</sup>. had.  
31<sup>2</sup>. beg wrongly copied by.

### 68. Young Hunting.

P. 145. A 22. Findlay's MSS, I, 146, gives a corresponding stanza, from Miss Butchart, Arbroath :

'Ye'll gie ower your day's doukin  
An douk upon the nicht,  
An the place Young Redin he lies in  
The torches will brin bricht.'

148. C 21, 22. At the same place in Findlay's MSS we find these stanzas, from Miss Bower :

The firsten grasp that she got o him,  
It was o his yellow hair ;  
O wasna that a dowie grasp,  
For her that did him bear !

The nexten grasp that she got o him,  
It was o his lillie hand ;  
O was na that a dowie grasp,  
For her broecht him to land !

### 69. Clerk Saunders.

P. 156 b, 2d paragraph. Austerities. 'Mijn haer sel onghenvlochten staen,' etc. 'Brennenberg,' Hoffmann, *Niederländische Volkslieder*, p. 33, No 6, st. 17.

IV, 468 a, 3d line. Add : also four versions of Karl Hittebarn, No 294.

### 71. The Bent sae Brown.

P. 170. Danish. 'Jomfruens Brødre,' Kristensen, *Skattegraveren*, II, 145 ff., Nos 717-23 V, 81 ff., Nos 632-34; *Efterslæt til Sk.*, p. 15, No 13, p. 84, No 79, 'Den ulige Kamp;' *Folkeminder*, XI, 139, No 53, A-C, p. 307, No 53.

### 73. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.

P. 181, III, 510 b, IV, 469 a. Add another version of 'Le Rossignolet,' *Rev. des Trad. pop.*, VIII, 418.

192. G as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 24.

1 Suit Willie an Fair Annë,  
They satt on yon hill,  
An fra the morning till night this tua  
Never ta'ked ther fill.

2 Willie spak a word in jeast,  
An Anny toke it ill :  
'We's court ne mare mean madens,  
Agenst our parents' will.'

3 'It's na agenst our parents' will,'  
Fair Annie she did say ;  
. . . . .

4 Willie is hame to his bour,  
To his book alean,  
An Fair Anni is to her bour,  
To her book an her seam.

5 Suit Willie is to his mider dear,  
Fell lou down on his knee :  
'A asking, my mider dear,  
An ye grant it me ;  
O will I marry the nut-broun may,  
An latt Faire Anny be?'

6 'The nut-broun may has ousen, Willie,  
The nut-broun may has kay ;  
An ye will wine my blissing, Willie,  
An latt Fair Anny be.'

7 He did him to his father dear,  
Fell lou down on his knee :  
'A asken, my father,  
An ye man grant it me.'

8 'Ask on, my ae sin Willie,  
Ye'r sear yer asking is frea ;  
Except it be to marry her Fair Anny,  
An that ye manna deei.'

- 9 Out spak his littel sister,  
As she sat by the fire ;  
The ox-e-lig will brak in the plough,  
An the cou will droun in the mire.
- 10 ' An Willie will hae nathing  
Bat the dam to sitt by the fire,  
An Faire Annie will sit in her beagly bour,  
An wine a eearl's hire.'
- 11 ' Fair faa ye, my littel sister,  
A gued dead matt ye dee !  
An ever I hae goud,  
Well touchered sall ye be.'
- 12 Hi 'se away to Fair Annie,  
As fast as gang coud he :  
' O will ye come to my marrag?  
The morn it 's to be.'  
' O I will come to yer marrag the morn,  
Gin I can wine,' said she.
- 13 Annie did her to her father d[ea]r,  
Fell lou down on her knee :  
' An askin, my father,  
An ye mane grant it me ;  
Latt me to Suit Willie's marriage,  
The morn it is to be.'
- 14 ' Your hors sall be siler-shod afor,  
An guid read goud abind,  
An bells in his main,  
To ring agenst the wind.'
- 15 She did her to her mother dear,  
Fell lou on her knee :  
' Will ye latt me to Willie's marriage?  
To-morraa it is to be.'  
' I ill latt ye to Willie's marriage,  
To-morray it is to be.'
- 16 Fan Annë was in her sadel sett,  
She flamd agenst the fire ;  
The girdell about her sma middell  
Wad a wone a eearl's hire.
- 17 Fan they came to Mary kirk,  
An on to Mary quir,  
' O far gat ye that water, Annë,  
That washes ye sae clean? '  
' I gat it in my fa(t)hers garden,  
Aneth a marbell stane.'
- 18 ' O fare gatt ye that water, Annë,  
That washes ye sae fett? '  
' I gat it in my mider's womb,  
Far ye never gat the leak.
- 19 ' For ye ha ben eirsned we mose-water,  
An roked in the reak,  
An sin-brunt in yer midder's womb,  
For I think ye 'll never be faitt.'
- 20 The broun bride pat her hand in  
Att Annë's left gare,  
An gen her . . . . .  
A deap wound an a sare.
- 21 O Annë gid on her hors back,  
An fast away did ride,  
Batt lang or kok's crawang  
Fair Annë was dead.
- 22 Fan bells was rung, an messe was sung,  
An a' man boun to bed,  
Suit Willie an the nut-broun bride  
In a chamber was lead.
- 23 But up an wakned him Suit Willie,  
Out of his dreary dream :  
' I dreamed a dream this night,  
God read a' dreams to gued !
- 24 ' That Fair Annë's bour was full of gentelmen,  
An her nen sellf was dead ;  
Bat I will on to Fair Annie,  
An see if it be gued.'
- 25 Seven lang mille or he came near,  
He hard a dulfull chear,  
Her father an her seven bretheren  
Making to her a bear,  
The half of it guid read goud,  
The eather silver clear.
- 26 ' Ye berl att my love's leak  
The whit bread an the wine,  
Bat or the morn att this time  
Ye 's de the leak att mine.'
- 27 The tean was beared att Mary kirk,  
The eather att Mary quir ;  
Out of the an grue a birk,  
Out of the eather a brear.
- 28 An ay the langer att they grue  
They came the eather near,  
An by that ye might a well kent  
They war tua lovers dear.
42. *There may have been a word between book and alean.*  
56. bay : cf. 64. 162. flamd is doubtful. 214. farie.  
233. might.
74. Fair Margaret and Sweet William.
- P. 199. The Roxburghe copy, III, 338, Ebsworth, VI, 640, is a late one, of Aldermary Church-Yard.

200 b. **A c** is translated by Pröhle, G. A. Bürger, *Sein Leben u. seine Dichtungen*, p. 109.

### 75. Lord Lovel.

P. 204 f., note †, 512 b, IV 471 a. Add 'Der Graf und das Mädchen,' Böckel, *Deutsche V.-l. aus Oberhessen*, p. 5, No 6; 'Es schlief ein Graf bei seiner Magd,' Lewalter, *Deutsche V.-l. in Niederhessen gesammelt*, 2<sup>o</sup> Heft, p. 3, No 2: 'Der Graf und sein Liebchen,' Frischbier u. Sembrzycki, *Hundert Ostpreussische Volkslieder*, p. 34, No 21.

205 a, note, III, 510 b, IV, 471 b. **Scandinavian**, Other copies of 'Lille Lise,' 'Greven og lille Lise,' Kristensen, *Efterslæt til Skattegraveren*, p. 18, No 15, *Folkeminder*, XI, 159, No 62, A-D.

205. 'Den elskedes Død,' Berggreen, *Danske Folkesange*, 3d ed., p. 162, No 80 b; *Svenske Fs.*, 2d ed., p. 84, No 66 b.

The ballad exists in Esthonian: Kaarle Krohn, *Die geographische Verbreitung estnischer Lieder*, p. 23.

### 76. The Lass of Roch Royal.

P. 213. **B** was received by Herd, with several other ballads, "by post, from a lady in Ayrshire (?), name unknown:" Herd's MSS, I, 143.

215 b, 2d paragraph, tokens. Add: *Ζωγραφείος Ἀγών*, p. 90, No 67, p. 91, No 69, p. 95, No 81.

The lady demands love-tokens of Clerk Saunders' ghost, No 69, **G**, 33, II, 166.

219. **C** occurs in C. K. Sharpe's small MS. volume "Songs," p. 40, and must have been communicated to Sharpe by Pitcairn. Collation:

2. It's open, etc.: *not written in full*.
- 3<sup>3</sup>, 4<sup>3</sup>. Ruehley hill. 5<sup>3</sup>. give me.
6. Do not you mind, etc.: *not written in full*.
- 7 *wanting*. 8<sup>1</sup>. turned round.
- 10<sup>1</sup>. It's awa. 10<sup>3</sup>. have got the. 13<sup>1</sup>. that he.
- 14<sup>1</sup>. Let down, let down. 14<sup>3</sup>. late *wanting*.
- 15<sup>3</sup>. morrow. 15<sup>4</sup>. of mine. 16, 17, *wanting*.

### 77. Sweet William's Ghost.

P. 228, note †. Add: Zingerle, in *Zeitschrift für Volkskunde*, II, 147.

229. **C** is translated by Pröhle, G. A. Bürger, *Sein Leben u. seine Dichtungen*, p. 106.

### 78. The Unquiet Grave.

P. 236 b, last paragraph. See the preface to 'The Suffolk Miracle' in this volume, p. 58 ff.

This "fragment," in a small MS. volume entirely in C. K. Sharpe's handwriting ("Songs"), p. 21, "from the recitation of Miss Oliphant of Gask, now Mrs Nairn" (later Lady Nairne), evidently belongs here.

VOL. V.

29

O wet and weary is the night,  
And evendown pours the rain, O,  
And he that was sae true to me  
Lies in the greenwood slain, O. P. 21.

### 80. Old Robin of Portingale.

P. 240. 'Sleep you, wake you.' So, 'Soldatenlohn,' *Zeitschrift für Volkskunde*, II, 426, sts. 6, 7; Hrusehka u. Toiseher, *Deutsche Volkslieder aus Böhmen*, p. 183, No 147 a, 4<sup>5</sup>, b 3<sup>5</sup>, p. 195, No 171, 2<sup>1</sup>, No 172, 4.

240, 513 a, III, 514, IV, 476. Two religious persons from India display to the Pope a cross burned on the breast in token of Christian faith, and also a baptismal mark on the right ear, "non flumine sed flamine:" *Chronicon Adae de Usk ad ann. 1404*, ed. E. M. Thompson, p. 90. See also the reference to York's Marco Polo, 1875, II, 421, in Mr Thompson's note, p. 219. (G. L. K.)

### 81. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.

P. 242. 'Little Musgrave' is entered to Francis Coules in the Stationers' Registers, 24 June, 1630: Arber, IV, 236.

### 85. Lady Alice.

P. 279.

#### C

Miss M. H. Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 46, 'Giles Collin.'

1 Giles Collin he said to his mother one day,  
Oh, mother, come bind up my head!  
For tomorrow morning before it is day  
I'm sure I shall be dead.

2 'Oh, mother, oh, mother, if I should die,  
And I am sure I shall,  
I will not be buried in our churchyard,  
But under Lady Alice's wall.'

3 His mother she made him some water-gruel,  
And stirred it up with a spoon;  
Giles Collin he ate but one spoonful,  
And died before it was noon.

4 Lady Alice was sitting in her window,  
All dressed in her night-coif;  
She saw as pretty a corpse go by  
As ever she'd seen in her life.

5 'What bear ye there, ye six tall men?  
What bear ye on your shourn?'



'We bear the body of Giles Collin,  
Who was a true lover of yourn.'

6 'Down with him, down with him, upon the  
grass,  
The grass that grows so green;  
For tomorrow morning before it is day  
My body shall lie by him.'

7 Her mother she made her some plum-gruel,  
With spices all of the best;  
Lady Alice she ate but one spoonful,  
And the doctor he ate up the rest.

8 Giles Collin was laid in the lower chancel,  
Lady Alice all in the higher;  
There grew up a rose from Lady Alice's breast,  
And from Giles Collin's a briar.

9 And they grew, and they grew, to the very  
church-top,  
Until they could grow no higher,  
And twisted and twined in a true-lover's knot,  
Which made all the parish admire.

#### 90. Jellon Grame.

P. 303 b, 513 b, III, 515 b, IV, 479 b. Precocious growth.

The French romance of Alexander. Albéric de Besançon: Alexander had more strength when three days old than other children of four months; he walked and ran better from his first year than any other child from its seventh. (The same, nearly, in Lamprecht, vv. 142-4: he throve better in three days than any other child of three months; 178-80, in his first year his strength and body waxed more than another's in three.) MS. de l'Arsenal: the child grew in vitality and knowledge more in seven years than others do in a hundred. MS. de Venise: he grew more in body and knowledge in eight years than others in a hundred. P. Meyer, *Alexandre le Grand*, I, 5, v. 56 f., 6, v. 74 f., 27, v. 39 f., 240, v. 53 f. 'Plus sot en x jors que i. autres en c:' Michelant, p. 8, v. 20. A similar precocity is recorded of the Chinese Emperor Schimong: Gützlaff, *Geschichte der Chinesen*, hrsgg. v. Neumann, S. 19, cited by Weismann, *Lamprecht's Alexander*, I, 432.

In the romance of Mélusine it is related how, after her disappearance in serpent-form, she was seen by the nurses to return at night and care for her two infant sons, who, according to the earliest version, the prose of Jehan d'Arras, grew more in a week than other children in a month: ed. Brunet, 1854, p. 361. The same in the French romance, l. 4347 f., the English metrical version, l. 4035-37, and in the German Volksbuch. (H. L. Koopman.)

Tom Hickathrift "was in length, when he was but ten years of age, about eight foot, and in thickness five foot, and his hand was like unto a shoulder of mutton, and in all parts from top to toe he was like a monster." *The History of Thomas Hickathrift*, ed. by G. L. Gomme, Villon Society, 1885, p. 2. (G. L. K.)

305. B. The following, a variety of B, is from the papers of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, "second collection," p. 6.

1 Word has come to May Young Ro,  
In her bower where she sat,  
'You 'r bidden come to good green wood  
And sew your love a shirt.'

2 'I wonder much,' said May Young Roe,  
'Such word is come to me;  
Ther 's not a month throwout this year  
But I have sewed him three.'

3 Then out it spake her mother,  
And a wise word spoke she;  
Said, Stay at home, my daughter,  
They want to murder thee.

4 'I will cast off my gloves, mother,  
And hing them on a pin;  
If I come never back again,  
You 'l mind on your daugh[t]er young.

5 'Come here, my boy,' she cried,  
'And bring my horse to me,  
That I may ride to good green wood,  
The flowers in it to see.'

6 When she was got to good green wood,  
No further did she ride  
Till up did start him Hind Henry,  
Just at the ladie's side.

7 'O stop, O stop there, May,' he cried,  
'O stop, I say to thee;  
The boy who holds your bridle-reins  
Shall see your body wea.'

8 Then out he drew a large long brand,  
And struck it ower a str[ow],  
And throw and throw that ladie's side  
He made the cold steel go.

9 Said, Take you that now, May Young Roe,  
Just take you that from me,  
Because you loved Brown Robin,  
And never would love me.

10 The boy was in a dreadful fright,  
And in great haste rode home,  
Lamenting sadly all the way,  
And made a piteous moan.

- 11 And when her mother heard his tale  
She took the bed of care ;  
Her sister ran to good green wood,  
A tearing of her hair.
- 12 There was small pity for that lady,  
Where she was lying dead,  
Compared with for the pretty babe,  
Weltring among the blood.
- 13 'I will take up this babe,' she said,  
'And lull him on my sleeve ;  
Altho his father should wish me woe,  
His mother was to me live.'
- 14 Now she has taken the boy up,  
And she has brought him hame,  
And she has called him Brown Robin,  
It was his father's name.
- 15 And she has nursed him carefully,  
And put him to the school,  
And any who affronted him  
He soon did make cry dule.
- 16 And it fell ance upon a time  
It was a haly day,  
And all the boys at that school  
On it they got the play.
- 17 He hied him unto good green wood,  
And leap from tree to tree,  
And there did pull some hollin wands,  
To play his own self we.
- 18 And aft he looked on a spot,  
And at it marvelled sair,  
That all the wood was clad with leaves,  
And that one spot was bare.
- 19 And he said unto Hind Henry,  
'I wonder very sair  
That all the wood is clad with leaves,  
And this one spot is bare.'
- 20 'You need not wonder, boy,' he said,  
'You need not wonder none,  
For it is just the very spot  
I killed your mother on.'
- 21 The boy 's pulled out his daggar then,  
And struck it ower a strow,  
And even to Hind Henry's heart  
He made the cold steel go.
- 22 Says, Take you that, you vile Henry,  
Just take you that from me,  
For killing of my mother dear,  
And she not harming thee.

91. Fair Mary of Wallington.

P. 314, IV, 480 a. D. 10<sup>3</sup> in Kinloch MSS, V, 363, reads, I hear this babe now from her side ; but in Mr Macmath's transcript of Burton's MS., No 2, I bear . . . my side.

316. 'The Lady of Livenston,' from "The Old Lady's Collection," No 32.

G

- 1 'We was sisters, we was seven,  
Five of us dayed we child,  
An you an me, Burd Ellen,  
Sall live maidens mild.'
- 2 Ther came leards, an ther came lords,  
An knights of high degree,  
A' courting Lady Messry,  
Bat it widne deei.
- 3 Bat the bonny lord of Livenston,  
He was flour of them a',  
The bonny lord of Livenston,  
He stole the lady awaa.
- 4 Broad was the horses hoves  
That dumped the water of Clide,  
An a' was for honor of that gay lady  
That day she was Livenston's bride.
- 5 Fan she came to Livenston  
Mukell mirth was ther ;  
The knights knaked ther whit fingers  
The ladys curled ther hear.
- 6 She had no ben in Livenston  
A tuall-month an a day,  
Till she was as big we bearn  
As a lady coud gaa.
- 7 She had ne ben in Livenston  
A tuall-month an a hour,  
Till for the morning of the may  
The couldne ane come near her bour.
- 8 'Far will I gett a bonny boy  
That will rean my earend shoun,  
That will goo to leve London,  
To my mother, the quin?'
- 9 'Hear am I, a bonny boy  
Will rin yer earend sune,

- That will rin on to fair London,  
To yer mother, the quin.'
- 10 'Hear is the bruch fra my breast-bane,  
The garlands fra my hear;  
Ye ge that to my mider,  
Fra me she'll never gett mare.
- 11 'Hear is the rosses fra my shoun,  
The ribbons fra my hear;  
Ye gee that to my mider,  
Fra me she'll never gett mare.
- 12 'Hear is my briddel-stand,  
It is a' goud to the heam;  
Ye gie that to Burd Ellen,  
Forbed her to marry men.
- 13 'Ye bid them and ye pray them bath,  
If they will dou it for my sake,  
If they be not att my death,  
To be att my leak-wake.
- 14 'Ye bid them and ye pray them baith,  
If they will dou it for my name,  
If they be not att my leak-wake,  
To be att my birrien.'
- 15 Fan he came to grass grouen,  
He strated his bou an rane,  
An fan he came to brigs broken  
He slaked his bou an swam.
- 16 An fan he came to yon castell,  
He bad nether to chap nor caa,  
But sait his bent bou to his breast  
An lightly lap the waa;  
Or the porter was att the gate,  
The boy was in the haa.
- 17 'Mukell meatt is on yer table, lady,  
An littil of it is eaten,  
Bat the bonny lady of Livenston  
Ye have her clean forgotten.'
- 18 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye bonny boy,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie;  
Mukell ha I sold the [meatt],  
An littel hae I bought,  
Batt the bonny lady of Livenston  
Gaas never out of my thought.
- 19 'Mukell have I bought, bonny boy,  
An littel haa I sale,
- Bat the bonny lady of Livenston  
She couls my heart fue cale.'
- 20 'Hear is the ribbings fra her hear,  
The roses fra her shoun;  
I was bidden gie that to her midder,  
To her midder, the quin.
- 21 'Hear is the bruch fra her breast-bean,  
The garlands frae her hear;  
I was bidden gee that to her mother,  
Fra her she'll never gett mare.
- 22 'Hear is her bridell-stand,  
The' r a' goud to the heam;  
I was bidden ga that to Burd Ellen,  
Forbid her to marry man.
- 23 'She bids ye an she prays ye bath,  
Gin yee'll di et for her sake,  
If ye be not att her death,  
To be att her leak-wake.
- 24 'She bidds yee an she prays ye bath,  
Gine ye'll dou et for her name,  
If ye be not att her leak-wake,  
To be at her burrien.'
- 25 'Garr saddell to me the blak,  
Saddle to me the broun,  
Gar saddel to me the suiftest stead  
That ever read fraa a toun,  
Till I gaa to Livenston  
An see hou Measry fairs.'
- 26 The first stead was saddled to her,  
It was the bonny black;  
She spured him aftt and she spared him na,  
An she tayened him at a slap.
- 27 The neast stead that was saddled to her  
Was the berrey-broun;  
She spured him aftt an she spared him not,  
An she tayned him att a toun.
- 28 The neast an steed that was saddled to her,  
It was the milk-white:  
'Fair faa the mear that follod the foll  
Had me to Meassry's leak!'
- 29 Fan she came to Livenston,  
Mukel dolle was ther;  
The knights wrang ther whit fingers,  
The ladys tore ther hear.



30 The knights they wrang ther whit fingers,  
The rings they flue in four :  
' Latt haas an tours an a' doun fau !  
My dear thing has gine it our.'

31 Out spak him Livenston,  
An a sorry man was he ;  
' I had rader lost the lands of Livenston,  
Afor my gay lady.'

32 ' Had yer tounge nou, Livenston,  
An latt yer folly be ;  
I bare the burd in my bosom,  
I man thole to see her diee.'

33 Fan she came to her doughter's boure,  
Ther was littel pride ;  
The scoups was in her doughter's mouth,  
An the sharp shirrs in her side.

34 Out spake her Burd Ellen,  
An she spake ay threu pride ;  
The wife sall never bear the sin  
Sall lay doun by my side.

35 ' Had your tounge nou, Burd Ellen,  
Ye latt yer folly a be ;  
Dinnë ye mind that ye promised yer love  
To him that is ayond the seaa ?'

36 ' Hold yer tounge, my mother,  
Ye speak just leak a fooll ;  
Tho I wer marred att Martimes,  
I wad be dead or Yeull.'

37 ' I have five bonny oyes att heam,  
Ther was never ane of them born,  
Bat every ane of them  
Out of ther midder's sides shorn.'

5<sup>2</sup>. The knights knaked ther whit fingers *is certainly an anticipation. This is always done for anguish : see 29<sup>3,4</sup>, 30<sup>1,2</sup>.*

7<sup>3,4</sup>. Till ther couldne ane come near her bour  
For the morning of they may. *Perhaps* moaning.

16<sup>2</sup>. he had.

18<sup>3</sup>. *Perhaps* the meat.

19<sup>2,4</sup>. sale, cale (*for* sold, cold).

22<sup>2</sup>. hean. 22<sup>3</sup>. bidden ga.

35<sup>3</sup>. Didde.

## 92. Bonny Bee Horn.

P. 317. 'The Lowlands of Holland.' In 'The Sorrowful Lover's Regrate, or, The Low-Lands of Holland,' British Museum 1346. m. 7(40), dated May the 5th, 1776, a threnody in eleven double stanzas. 1, 2 of the copy in Johnson's Museum are 1, 2 ; Johnson, 3 = 7, 4 = 4, 5 = 6, 6 = 3, and the stanza added by Stenhouse is 9 (with verbal divergences). 'The Maid's Lamentation for the loss of her true love,' Museum 11621. e. 3(39), "Newcastle, 1768 ?," the fifth piece in The Complaining Lover's Garland, has five stanzas : 1 corresponding to 2 of Johnson, 2 to 5, 5 to 6, 3 to 5 of the Regrate, and 4 to 9, with considerable differences. 'The Seaman's Sorrowful Bride,' Roxburghe, IV, 73, Ebsworth, VI, 444, begins with two stanzas which resemble Johnson, 2, 1. This last was printed for J. Deacon, in Guilt-spur-street, and the date, according to Chappell, would be 1684-95.

## 93. Lamkin.

P. 331, I, as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 15.

1 Lamken was as gued a masson  
as ever did hue ston ;  
He bigged Lord Weary's house,  
an pament never got non.

2 It fell ance on a day  
Lord Weary went from home,  
An Lamkin came to the fause nirice,

\* \* \* \* \*

3 ' O still my bairn, nirice,  
still him we the kniff :'  
' He winnë still, lady,  
tho I sud lay doun my life.'

4 ' O still my bairn, nirice,  
still him we the bell :'  
' He winnë still, lady,  
till ye come doun yersell.'

5 The first step she came on,  
it was the stane ;  
The nest step  
she mett him Lamkin.

6 ' O spare my life, Lamkin,  
an I ell gee ye a peak of goud well laid on ;  
An that dinnë pleas ye,  
I ell heap it we my hand.'

- 7 'O will I kill the lady, nirice,  
or will I lat her gang ?'  
'O kill her, Lanken,  
she was never gued to me.'
- 8 'O wanted ye yer meatt, nirice ?  
or wanted ye yer fiee ?  
Or wanted ye the other bountys  
lady's are wont to gee ?'
- 9 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
'Kill her, Lanken,  
she was never gued to me.'
- 10 'Ye wash a bason, nirice,  
an ye wash it clean,  
To cape this lady's blode ;  
she is come of high kine.'
- 11 'I winnë wash a bason,  
nor wash it clean,  
To cap this lady's blod,  
tho she be come of high kine.'
- 12 Bonny sang yon burd  
as he satt on the tree,  
Bat sare grat Lamkin  
fan he was hanged hie.
- 13 Bonny sang the burd  
that satt on the hill,  
Bat sare grat the nirice  
fan the caldron began to boill.
- 14 Lankin was hanged,  
. . . . . high,  
An the faus nirice  
was burnt in the cadron was she.

339 ff., 513, IV, 480.

## Y

'Lammikin,' Findlay's MSS, I, 173, "from J. Milne, who wrote it down from recitation by John Duncan."

- 1 Lie in your room, my wife,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 2 'You'll fasten doors and windows,  
you'll fasten them out an in,  
For if you leave ae window open  
Lammikin will come in.'
- 3 They've fastened doors an windows,  
they've fastened them out an in,  
But they have left ae window open,  
an Lammikin cam in.
- 4 'O where are a' the women  
that dwell here within ?'  
'They're at the well washin,  
and they will not come in.'
- 5 'O where are a' the men  
that dwell here within ?'  
'They're at the . . . . . ,  
and they will not come in.'
- 6 'O where is the lady  
that dwells here within ?'  
'She's up the stair dressin,  
an she will not come down.'
- 7 'It's what will we do  
to mak her come down ?  
We'll rock the cradle, nourrice,  
an mak her come down.'
- 8 They [hae] rocked the cradle  
to mak her come down,  
. . . . .  
the red bluid out sprung.
- 9 'O still the bairn, nourrice,  
O still him wi the bell :'  
'He winna still, my lady,  
till ye come down yersel.'
- 10 The first step she steppit,  
it was upon a stane ;  
The next step she steppit,  
she keppit Lammikin.
- 11 'O mercy, mercy, Lammikin,  
hae mercy upo me !  
Tho ye hae killed my young son,  
ye may lat mysel abee.'
- 12 'O it's will I kill her, nourrice,  
or will I lat her be ?'  
'O kill her, kill her, Lammikin,  
she neer was gude to me.'
- 13 'O it's wanted ye your meat ?  
or wanted ye your fee ?'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .



14 'I wanted not my meat,  
I wanted not my fee,  
But I wanted some bounties  
that ladies can gie.'

# 95. The Maid freed from the Gallows.

P. 346, III, 516 a, IV, 481 b. **Italian.** Maria Carmi, *Canti pop. Emiliani*, Archivio, XII, 189. Brunetina, after she has been rescued by her lover, is informed, while she is dancing at a ball, that her mother is dead. Bury her, she replies, I will dress in complete red, and she goes on dancing. So of her father. But when told that her lover is dead, she says she will dress in complete black, and bids the music stop, for she wishes to dance no more. 'La Ballerina,' Nigra, No 107, p. 469, is no doubt the last half of this ballad corrupted at the conclusion. The woman will not stop dancing for the reported death of father, mother, brother, sister, husband, but when told that her boy is dead asks the players to cease, her legs are broken, she can dance no more.

In 'Leggenda Marinesca' (di Catanzaro), La Calabria, October, 1893, VI, 16, a wife (or perhaps an affianced young woman) is ransomed from pirates by her husband (or betrothed), after father, mother, and brother have refused. If her father, mother, brother, should die, she would deck her hair, dress in red, yellow, or white, bid the guitar strike up, and dance; but if her true-love died, she would put on black, cut her hair, and throw the guitar into the sea.

349. Mr Kaarle Krohn, of the University of Helsingfors, has favored me with the following study of the very numerous Finnish and Esthonian versions of this ballad, incorporating therein the researches of his father, Julius Krohn, already referred to at IV, 482 a. (Estlander's discussion, which I had not seen, "Sången om den friköpta," occupies pp. 331-356 of the tenth volume of *Finsk Tidskrift*.)

I. The West Finnish versions, dispersed over West and East Finland and Ingria. These are in the modern metre, which came into use hardly before the end of the seventeenth century, and it is in the highest degree probable that they were learned from the Swedes. About thirty copies known. Specimen, Reinholm's collection, H 12, No 76, from the Nystad district northward from Åbo, in Southwest Finland; J. K., p. 11\*.

Prevailing traits: 1. The maid is sitting in a little room, less frequently in a ship's cabin or a boat. 2. The father has three horses. 3. The mother has three cows. 4. The brother has three swords. 5. The sister has three crowns, or, in copies from further east, where crowns are not used for head-gear, three silk kerchiefs. 6. The lover has three ships, or almost as often three castles (mansions). There are variations, but rarely,

as to the objects possessed, and sometimes exchanges, but only two cases are of importance. In one copy from the extreme of Southeast Finland, the father has three oxen, which seems to be the original disposition, the change to horses coming about from the circumstance that oxen are seldom employed for ploughing in Finland. In four copies from the most eastern part of Finland the sister has three sheep, perhaps owing to the influence of the East Finnish versions. 7. The imprecations and benedictions at the end occur regularly. May the horses be knocked up or die at ploughing-time; may the cows die, dry up, etc., at milking-time; the swords shiver in war-time; the crowns fall off or melt at wedding or dance (the silk kerchiefs tear, fade, spoil with wet); and on the other hand, may the ships sail well, do well, make money at trading-time; the castles rise, flourish in time of destitution, of bad crops. Etc.

II. The later Esthonian versions, Esthonia and Livonia, in modern metre, of more recent origin, probably, than in Finland. About twenty copies known. Specimen, J. Hurt, *Vana Kannel*, II, 365, No 367. Lilla is sitting in the little room in weary expectation. She sees her father walking on the sea-beach. 'Dear father, beloved father, ransom me!' 'Wherewith ransom you, when I have no money?' 'You have three horses at home, and can pawn one.' 'I can do better without my Lilla than without my three horses; the horses are mine for all my life, Lilla for a short time.' In like fashion, the mother is not willing to sacrifice one of her three cows, the brother one of his three swords, the sister one of her three rings. But the lover, who has three ships, says, I can better give up a ship than give up my dear Lilla; my ships are mine for a short time, but Lilla for all my life. Lilla breaks out in execrations: may her father's horses fall dead when they are ploughing in summer, may her mother's cows dry up in milking, her brother's swords shiver in war, her sister's rings break in the very act of marrying; but may her true-love's ships long bring home precious wares.

Prevailing traits: 1. Lilla; in some copies from East Livonia, Roosi. 2. Little room; quite as often prison-tower. 3. The father has horses, the mother cows, the brother swords, as in the West Finnish versions. The independency of the Esthonian ballad is exhibited in the sister's three rings. It must, as far as I can at present see, have been borrowed directly from the Swedish, not through the medium of the Finnish. The lover has always three ships, and it is often wished that these ships may sail well in storm and in winter. The maledictions occur regularly, as in the example cited. There are some divergences as to the items of property, mostly occasioned by the older Esthonian version: thus, the father has sometimes oxen or corn-lofts, the brother horses, the sister brooches.

III. The older Esthonian versions, disseminated in Esthonia and Livonia, and also among the orthodox Esthonians beyond Pskov. These are in the old eight-

\* This reference is to the article by Julius Krohn mentioned at IV, 482 a.



syllable measure of the runes (and of Kalevala). More than a hundred copies have been obtained.

a. Best preserved and of most frequent occurrence in the island of Ösel. Twenty copies. Specimen from J. Hurt's manuscript collections. Anne goes into the cow-house and soils her cap. She proceeds to the sea-beach to wash her cap. Ships come from Russia, from Courland. Anne is made captive. She weeps, and begs that the ship may be stopped; she wishes to take a look homewards. Her father has three oxen, one of which has silver horns, another copper, the third golden, but he will give none of them for her. Her mother has three cows, with silver, copper, golden udders; her brother, three horses, with the same variety of manes; her sister, three sheep, with wool of the three sorts; a neighbor's son, three lofts full of wheat, rye, barley. She wishes that the oxen may die in ploughing-time, the cows in milk-time, the horses at wooing-time, the sheep at wool-time; but may the corn-lofts of the neighbor's son grow fuller in the direst famine-time.

Prevailing traits: 1. The maid's name is Anne. 2. The pirates are Russians (10 times), Poles (6), Courlanders (2), Swedes (1), Germans (1), English (1). 3. The father has commonly oxen; the mother, cows always; the brother, almost always horses; the sister, sheep, six times, oftener than anything else; the lover, ordinarily corn-lofts. 4. The cursing occurs ten times. There are in a few cases exchanges of the sorts of property (thus, the father has corn-lofts, the sister has brooches, each four times), and in two instances the lover is omitted. The ballad has perhaps been affected by another (see II, 347 f.) in which a girl receives information that she has been sold by her relations: by her father for a pair of oxen (25 cases) or for a horse (18), by her mother for a cow, by her brother for a horse (24) or for a pair of oxen (14), by her sister for a brooch; and she curses all that they have got by the sale.

b. Less perfect and not so well preserved on the Esthonian mainland. About 100 copies, more or fewer. Specimens, Neus, p. 109, No 34, Hurt, Vana Kannel, I, 166, No 103, II, 310, No 442.

Prevailing traits: 1. The name of the maid, Anne, and the introduction linked to it, are often dropped, especially in the southeast of the Esthonian district, and a passage about a young conscript who wishes to be bought off from serving is substituted. The maid, whose brothers have hidden away, is pressed instead of them, and sent into service. As she is driven by the house of her parents in the military wagon she entreats her guards not to make sail! 2. The kidnapper is most frequently a Russian, then Pole, Swede, less commonly German, Courlander. In the northeast of the Esthonian district, on the border of Ingria, Karelian, four times. 3. The father often keeps the oxen, but almost as often has horses; the brother, in these last cases, has seldom oxen, generally horses as well as the father. The alteration is in part owing to the same material

occasion as in the West Finnish versions; sometimes an influence from the ballad of the maiden who has been sold by her relatives may be suspected (in which ballad it is not easy to say whether the oxen belong originally to father or brother). Frequently the father has corn-lofts, the lover, to whom these would belong, having dropped out. The mother has almost always cows; in the northeast, on the Ingrian border, three times, aprons. The brother has generally horses, five times oxen, with other individual variations. The sister has preserved the sheep only four times; eight times she has brooches, and in one of these cases the ballad of the maid sold by her relatives is blended with ours, while in the remainder the influence of that ballad is observable. In six cases she has rings, perhaps under the influence of the later Esthonian versions. In the southeast she has chests seven times, and in most of these cases the lover has the rings. Other variations occur from one to four times. The lover has his corn-lofts nine times. Eight times he has horses, and in half of these instances he has exchanged with the brother, or both have horses. Twice he has ships, through the influence of the later Esthonian versions; or rings, in which cases the father ordinarily has the corn-lofts. 4. The imprecation in the conclusion is but rarely preserved.

IV. The East Finnish versions. Diffused in Ingria, East Finland, and Russian Karelia. In the old rune-measure, about forty copies. Specimen, Ahlqvist's collection, from East Finland, No 351: see J. K., p. 11.

Prevailing traits: 1. The maid is in a boat on the Neva. 2. The kidnapper is a Russian. 3. The father has a horse, the mother a cow, the brother a horse, the sister a sheep (each with an epithet). 4. The imprecation is almost without exception preserved. This version arose from a blending of the West Finnish, I, the older Esthonian, III, and the ballad of the maid sold by her relatives. This latter occurs in West Ingria in the following shape: The maid gets tidings that she has been sold. The father has received for her a gold-horse (may it founder when on the way to earn gold!), the mother a portly cow (may it spill its milk on the ground!), the brother a war-horse (may the horse founder on the war-path!), the sister a bluish sheep (may wolf and bear rend it!). In some copies the father or the brother has oxen (may they fall dead in ploughing!), as in the Esthonian ballad, from which the Ingrian is borrowed. The sister's sheep instead of brooch shows perhaps the influence of the older Esthonian ballad of the maid begging to be ransomed, or it may be an innovation.

The ballad of the maid sold by her family occurs in West Ingria independently, and also as an introduction to the other, and has been the occasion for the changes in the possessions of the relatives. North of St Petersburg the combination is not found, though it has left its traces in the course of the spreading of the ballad from Narva to St Petersburg.

The maid's sitting in a boat may come as well from the older Esthonian as from the West Finnish version, although it is more common in the latter for her to be sitting in the "little room." The Russian as the kidnapper is a constant feature in the older Esthonian version, but occurs also three times in the West Finnish (once it is the red-headed Dane, in the copy in which the oxen are preserved). Besides Russian, the kidnapper is once called Karelian in West Ingria, often in East Finland, and this denomination also occurs in Northeast Esthonia. The influence of the older Esthonian versions is shown again in some copies preserved in West Ingria which are not mixed up with the ballad of the maid that has been sold; the mother having three aprons in two instances, as in some Northeast Esthonian copies.

The river Neva as a local designation is preserved in East Finland, and shows that the version in which it occurs migrated from Ingria northwards. In the course of its migration (which ends in Russian Karelia) this version has become mixed with the West Finnish in multiform ways. The prelude of the East Finnish has attached itself to the West Finnish, notwithstanding the different metre. The trilogy of the latter has made its way into the former, and has spoiled the measure. It is no doubt owing to the influence of the Western version that, in North Ingria and Karelia, the brother, more frequently the lover, has a war-sword, the lover once a sea-ship, or the brother a red boat or war-boat.

Finally it may be noted that in those West Ingrian copies in which the ballads of the maid sold and the maid ransomed are blended the ransomer is a son-in-law, and possesses "a willow castle" (wooden strong-house?), the relation of which to the castle in the West Finnish version is not clear.

If we denote the West Finnish versions by **a**, the older Esthonian by **b**, the ballad of the maid sold by her family by **c**, the status of the East-Finnish versions may be exhibited thus:

In West Ingria, **b + c + a**.  
In North Ingria, **b + c + a + a**.  
In Karelia, **b + c + a + a + a**.

That is to say, there has been a constantly increasing influence exerted by the West Finnish versions upon the East Finnish Ingrian versions, and reciprocally. This circumstance has caused it to be maintained that the East Finnish versions were derived from the West Finnish, in spite of the difference of the metre.

353 a. **F** was communicated by Rev. W. Findlay: Findlay MSS, I, 100.

353. **H. c.** Mrs Bacheller, of Jacobstown, North Cornwall (sister of Mrs Gibbons, from whom 78 **H** was derived, see IV, 474 b), gave Rev. S. Baring-Gould the following version of the tale, taught her by a Cornish nursery maid, probably the same mentioned at the place last cited.

"A king had three daughters. He gave each a

golden ball to play with, which they were never to lose. The youngest lost hers, and was to be hung on the gallows-tree if it were not found by a day named. Gallows ready, all waiting to see the girl hung. She sees her father coming, and cries:

'Father, father, have you found my golden ball,  
And will you set me free?'

'I've not found your golden ball,  
And I can't set you free;  
But I am come to see you hanged  
Upon the gallows-tree.'

The same repeated with every relationship, brother, sister, etc.; then comes the lover:

'Lover, lover, have you found the golden ball,' etc.

'Yes, I have found your golden ball,  
And I can set you free;  
I'm not come to see you hung  
Upon the gallows-tree.'"

354, IV, 481 f.

## K

'The Prickly Bush,' Mr Heywood Sumner, in English County Songs, by Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, p. 112. From Somersetshire.

1 'O hangman, hold thy hand,' he cried,  
'O hold thy hand awhile,  
For I can see my own dear father  
Coming over yonder stile.

2 'O father, have you brought me gold?  
Or will you set me free?  
Or be you come to see me hung,  
All on this high gallows-tree?'

3 'No, I have not brought thee gold,  
And I will not set thee free,  
But I am come to see thee hung,  
All on this high gallows-tree.'

4 'Oh, the prickly bush, the prickly bush,  
It pricked my heart full sore;  
If ever I get out of the prickly bush,  
I'll never get in any more.'

The above is repeated three times more, with the successive substitution of 'mother,' 'brother,' 'sister,' for 'father.' Then the first two stanzas are repeated, with 'sweetheart' for 'father,' and instead of 3 is sung:



- 5 'Yes, I have brought thee gold,' she cried,  
 'And I will set thee free,  
 And I am come, but not to see thee hung  
 All on this high gallous-tree.'  
 'Oh, the prickly bush,' etc.

In this version, a man is expressly delivered by a maid, contrary to the general course of tradition. So apparently in J, IV, 481, as understood by Dr. Birkbeck Hill.

### 96. The Gay Goshawk.

P. 355. M. G. Lewis, in a letter of May 29, 1800 (Letters at Abbotsford, I, No 30), refers to a copy of this ballad (and one of 'Brown Adam') which he had furnished Scott. This might perhaps be the "MS. of some antiquity" (printed, IV, 482).

As to the bird's part in this ballad, compare the following passage. A son, in prison, sending a letter to his mother by a bird, gives this charge :

Quando gingnerete alla porta mia,  
 Là sta un ulivo.  
 Posati su quell' ulivo,  
 V' agita e dibatti l' ali,  
 Ché di te caderà il foglio di carta.

De Rada, Rapsodie d'un poema Albanese, I, canto xvi, p. 29.

P. 356 a, III, 517 a, IV, 482 a. **French.** Add : 'La belle qui fait la morte,' 'La fille du duc de Montbrison,' Pineau, Le Folk-Lore du Poitou, p. 311, p. 389 (each, six stanzas) ; 'La belle dans la tour,' six copies (besides Belle Idoine repeated), M. Wilmotte in Bulletin de Folklore, Société du Folklore Wallon, 1893, p. 35.

356 b, 3d paragraph, III, 517 a. Add: A copy of 'Les trois capitaines,' in Mélusine, VI, 52, 183 ; Wallonia, I, 38 ; "Fréd. Thomas, La Mosäique du Midi, V, 1841 ; C. Beauquier, Mém. de la Soc. d'Émulation du Doubs, 1890," Mélusine, VI, 220, where also a Catalan version, which had escaped my notice, Milà y Fontanals, Romanecerillo, p. 259, No 264, is registered by M. Doncieux. A Breton version, Mélusine, VI, 182.

### 99. Johnie Scot.

P. 379. **A.** Considering that Sir Walter Scott professes to have derived some variations from recitation in the south of Scotland (see the note, IV, 387), the copy in "Scottish Songs" may be fully collated, small as will be the value of the result.

'John the Little Scott,' fol. 24.

- 1 John the Scot was as brave a knight  
 As ever shook a speir,  
 And he is up to fair England,  
 The king's braid banner to bear.

- 2 And while he was in fair England,  
 Sac fair his hap did prove  
 That of the king's ae daughter dear  
 He wan the heart and love.

- 3 But word is gane to the English king,  
 And an angry man was he,  
 And he has sworn by salt and bread  
 They should it dear aby.

- 4 *wanting.* 5<sup>1</sup>. Then Johny's gane. 5<sup>2,4</sup>. I wot.  
 5<sup>3</sup>. the English.

- 6<sup>3,4</sup>. To hear some news from his true love,  
 Least she had sufferd wrang.

- 7<sup>2</sup>. That will win hose and shoon.

- 7<sup>3</sup>. will gang into. 8<sup>1</sup>. Then up there.

- 9 *wanting.* 10<sup>3</sup>. to grass growing.

- 11<sup>1</sup>. And when : to the king's castle.

- 11<sup>3</sup>. saw that fair ladye. 12<sup>2</sup>, 13<sup>2</sup>. ain sel.

- 12<sup>4</sup>. And speer na your father's. 13<sup>1</sup>. Here take.

- 13<sup>3</sup>. to feir Scotland. 13<sup>4</sup>. Your true love waits.

- 14<sup>1</sup>. The ladie turned her round about.

- 14<sup>4</sup>. Unless. 15<sup>2</sup>. In prison pinching cold.

- 15<sup>3</sup>. My garters are of. 15<sup>4</sup>. the silk and gold.

- 16<sup>3</sup>. And hie thee back to yon Scottish knight.

- 17<sup>1</sup>. quickly sped.

- 18<sup>1</sup>. He told him then that ladie's words.

- 18<sup>2</sup>. He told him.

- 18<sup>3,4</sup>. But ere the tale was half said out  
 Sae loudly to horse he did ea.

- 19<sup>4</sup>. That should have been my bride.

- 20<sup>1</sup>. And spak his mither dear.

- 20<sup>3</sup>. For gin you're taen. 20<sup>4</sup>. ye'll.

- 21<sup>1</sup>. and spak. 21<sup>2</sup>. And Johny's true.

- 21<sup>4</sup>. And his surety I will.

22. Then when they cam to English ground

They gard the mass be sung,

And the firsten town that they cam to

They gard the bells be rung.

- 23<sup>1</sup>. And the nextin : cam to. 23<sup>4</sup>. Were.

- 24<sup>1</sup>. And when : the high castle. 24<sup>2</sup>. rode.

- 25<sup>3</sup>. Or is it. 26<sup>1</sup>. I'm not. 26<sup>2</sup>. James our.

- 26<sup>3</sup>. But Johny Scot, the little Scot.

- 27<sup>1</sup>. is thy name. 27<sup>3</sup>. eer.

- 28<sup>1</sup>. and spak the gallant. 28<sup>3</sup>. hundred.

- 28<sup>4</sup>. That will die or. 29<sup>1</sup>. and spak.

- 29<sup>2</sup>. And sae scornfully leugh he. 29<sup>3</sup>. my bower.

- 30<sup>1</sup>. 'boon, said the little Seot.

- 30<sup>2</sup>. Bring forth your. 30<sup>3</sup>. falls. 30<sup>4</sup>. I hae.

- 31 Out then cam that Italian knight,

A griesly sight to see ;

Between his een there was a span,

Between his shoulders three and three.

And forth then came brave John the Scot,  
 He scarcely reachd his knee,  
 Yet on the point of Johny's brand  
 The Italian knight did die.



32 And syne has he waved his bludie glaive,  
And slait it on the plain;  
'Are there any more Italian dogs  
That you wish to be slain?'

33 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,  
'To register this deed;'  
'A priest, a priest,' Pitnochtan cried,  
'To marry us wi speed.'

34 *wanting*.

384. A copy of **D** was sent by Motherwell to C. K. Sharpe with a letter of December 6, 1824, in which many of the variations of **b** were introduced into **a**.

### 101. Willie o Douglas Dale.

P. 407. **A**. Collated with the copy in the Abbotsford MS. "Scottish Songs," as to which see the note at IV, 387.

'Willie of Douglas-dale,' fol. 16.

1<sup>1</sup>. was a gallant squire. 2<sup>1</sup>. the English court.  
2<sup>3</sup>. When. 2<sup>4</sup>. But her he neer could. 3<sup>1</sup>. once.  
3<sup>2</sup>. the *wanting*. 3<sup>4</sup>. By the ae. 4<sup>1</sup>. louted low.  
4<sup>2</sup>. His cap low in his.  
4<sup>3</sup>. I greet ye well, ye gentle knight.  
4<sup>4</sup>. your cap. 5<sup>1</sup>. knight, fair dame.  
5<sup>2</sup>. Nor eer can hope. 5<sup>3</sup>. am but a humble squire.  
5<sup>4</sup>. That serves. 6<sup>1</sup>. Gae. 6<sup>2</sup>. baith night.  
6<sup>3</sup>. tempting *written before face and struck out*.  
6<sup>4</sup>. ever I. 7 *wanting*.  
8<sup>2</sup>. He watchd that ladye's.  
8<sup>3</sup>. passd the twa between.  
9<sup>1</sup>. O narrow is my gown, Willy.  
9<sup>3</sup>. And short are my petticoats. 9<sup>4</sup>. sae wide.  
9<sup>6</sup>. is laid. 10<sup>1</sup>. gin my father get wit.  
10<sup>2</sup>. never eat. 10<sup>3,5</sup>. get wit. 10<sup>4</sup>. gae.  
10<sup>6</sup>. Ah, Willy, you 'll. 11<sup>1</sup>. O gin ye 'll.  
11<sup>2</sup>. gang. 11<sup>3</sup>. into. 12 *wanting*.  
14<sup>1</sup>. day was come. 14<sup>2</sup>. den.  
14<sup>3</sup>. That gentle ladye. 14<sup>4</sup>. While the.  
15<sup>3,4</sup>. Or lack ye ony tender love  
That may assuage your pain.  
16<sup>1</sup>. wan na. 16<sup>2</sup>. for my. 16<sup>3</sup>. And alas, alas.  
17<sup>1</sup>. He 's felld the thorn in.  
17<sup>2</sup>. And blawn it to a flame.  
17<sup>3</sup>. He 's strewd it.  
17<sup>4</sup>. To cheer that lovely dame.  
18<sup>1</sup>. He 's : in gude.  
18<sup>2</sup>. And laid the fair ladye.  
18<sup>3</sup>. he 's happed her oer wi withered.  
18<sup>4</sup>. his coat and gown. 19 *wanting*.  
20<sup>1</sup>. branch red. 20<sup>2</sup>. grew in gude grene wood.  
20<sup>3</sup>. And brought her a draught.  
20<sup>4</sup>. I wot they did her good.  
21-23 *wanting*. 24<sup>1</sup>. to shoot.  
24<sup>2</sup>. has he *wanting*. 25 (*after 30*).

26<sup>1,2</sup>. Syne has he sought the forest through,  
Sum woman's help to gain.

26<sup>3</sup>. he came to a bonny.

27<sup>1</sup>. O will ye leave the sheep, he says.

27<sup>2</sup>. And come. 27<sup>3</sup>. ye. 27<sup>4</sup>. give.

28<sup>2</sup>. She fell down. 28<sup>3</sup>. fair dame. 28<sup>4</sup>. For a.

29<sup>2</sup>. but *wanting*. 29<sup>3</sup>. ye : flocks.

29<sup>4</sup>. And gang to fair. 30<sup>3</sup>. for you.

30<sup>4</sup>. marry *wanting* : Scottish man.

*After 30 (see 25) :*

O taen has she the bonny knave-boy

And washd him in the milke,

And she has tended the sick lady,

And rowd her in the silk.

31<sup>1</sup>. maid. 31<sup>3</sup>. took to fair. 32<sup>1</sup>. an *wanting*.

32<sup>3</sup>. they gat safe. 32<sup>4</sup>. Himself was lord therein.

411. From "The Old Lady's Collection," No 33, 'Willie of Duglass Daill.' The Dame Oliphant of the other versions is somewhat disguised in the old lady's writing as Demelefond, Demelofen, etc.

### D

1 Willie was a rich man's son,  
A rich man's son was he;  
Hee thought his father lake to sair,  
An his mother of mine digree,  
An he is on to our English court,  
To serve for meatt an fee.

2 He hadno ben in our king's court  
A tuall-month an a day,  
Till he fell in love we Mary, Dem [Ele]fon,  
An a great buity was she.

3 He hadno ben in our king's court  
A tuall-month an a houre,  
Till he dreamed a lady of buty bright  
Gave him a rosey flour.

4 The lady touk her mantell her about,  
Her gooun-teall in her hand,  
An she is on to gued grean woud,  
As fast as she could gang.

5 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
An ther she spayed a gellant knight,  
Kamen his yallou hear.

6 'What is yer name, sir knight?  
For a knight I am sure ye be;'  
'I am called Willie of Duglas Dall,  
Did ye never hear of me?'

- 'If ye be Willie of Duglass Daill,  
I afft have heard of thee.'
- 7 'What is yer name, ye lovely dame?  
For a lady I trou ye be;'  
'I am called Mary, Dem Elefond,  
Did ye never hear of me?'
- 8 'In ye be Mary, Dem Elefon,  
As I trust well ye be,  
. . . . .  
My heart ye haa ye we.'
- 9 The lady was fair an rear,  
The knight's heart had she;  
The knight was tall an straght withall,  
The lady's hart had he.
- 10 It fell ance upon a day  
Dem Elofen thought lang,  
An she is on to Willie's bour,  
As fast as she could gang.
- 11 'Narron is my pettecot, Willie,  
It ance was saa wide,  
An narron is my stays, Willie,  
Att ance wer saa wide,  
An paill is my chikes, Willie,  
An laigh, laigh is my pride.
- 12 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
An the knights of my father's court gat word  
of this,  
I feer they wad gare ye diee.'
- 13 He touke . . . . .  
The lady by the hand,  
An they are one to gued green woud,  
As fast as they could gang.
- 14 It fell ance upon a day  
Strong travileng came her tell,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 15 'Ye take your boue on yer shoulder,  
Yer arrous in yer hand,  
An ye gaa farr throu green woud,  
An shout some veneson.
- 16 'Fan ye hear me loud cray,  
Bide far awaa fra me,
- Bat fan ye hear me laying still  
Ye may come back an see.'
- 17 Fan he hard her loud cray,  
He bad far awaa,  
Bat fan he heard her laying still  
He did come an see,  
An he got her  
An her young son her wee.
- 18 He milked the goats,  
An feed his young son wee,  
And he made a fire of the oken speals,  
An warmed his lady wee.
- 19 It fell ance upon a day  
The lady though[t] lang:  
'An ye haa any place in fair Scotland, Willie,  
I wiss ye wad haa me hame.'
- 20 '. . . . .  
I ha lands an reants saa friee,  
The bonny lands of Duglass Daill,  
They a' lay bread an friee.'
- 21 He's taen the knight-bairn in his arms,  
His lady by the hand,  
An he is out throu gued green woud,  
As fast as they could gang.
- 22 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
Till they came to a maid kepping her goats,  
. . . . .
- 23 'Hallè, ye maid,  
For a maid ye seem to be;  
Will ye live your goats kepping  
An goo we me?'
- 24 'I cannot live my father, I canno live my  
midder,  
Nor yet my brethren three;  
I cannot live my goats kepping,  
An goo along we the.
- 25 'Fatt is your name, ye lovely dame?  
For a lady I am shour ye be;'  
'I am called Mary, Dem Elifond,  
Did ye never hear of me?'
- 26 'If ye be Mary, Dem Elifond,  
As I trust well ye be,

I will live my goats kepping  
An goo along we the.

- 27 'For I will live my father, an I ill live my  
mother,  
An my brothers three,  
An I will live my goats,  
An go along we thee.'

- 28 The maid touke the knight-bairn in her ar[m]s,  
An his lady took he,  
An they are to gued ship-board,  
And took God to be ther foresteed, an didne  
fear to droun.

- 29 An they landed att Duglas Dalle,  
Far the lands was braid an frie,  
An the knight-bairn was Black Sir James of  
Duglas Dall,  
An a gallant knight was hee.

*Written, like all the other pieces in the col-  
lection, without division into stanzas or  
verses.*

2<sup>3</sup>. Demefon; *contracted at the edge.*

9<sup>3</sup>. was tell. 11<sup>2</sup>. *Read side?*

14<sup>2</sup>. *Perhaps her tee.*

# 105. The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

P. 426 f. Of the Italian ballad there are many more  
versions, but it is needless to cite them. Add for  
Spanish: 'La Ausencia,' Pidal, *Asturian Romances*,  
Nos 31, 32, p. 152 f.

## 107. Will Stewart and John.

P. 433 b, 2d paragraph. Beating of daughters.

Elizabeth Paston, a marriageable woman, was  
"betyn onys in the weke, or twyes, and som tyme  
twyes on a day, and hir hed broken in to or thre  
places." (1449.) Paston Letters, ed. Gairdner, I, 90.

## 110. The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter.

P. 457, IV, 492. From "The Old Lady's Collec-  
tion," No 34, 'Earl Richerd,' = Skene, **M**.

## N

- 1 Ther was a sheperd's daughter  
Keeped hogs upon yon hill,

An by came [t]her a gentell knight,  
An he wad haa his will.

- 2 Fan his will  
Of her he had tain,  
'Kind sir, for your curtisy,  
Will ye tell me yer name?'

- 3 'Some they caa me Joke,  
An some caa me John,  
Bat fan I am in our king's court  
Hichkoke is my name.'

- 4 The lady bieng well book-read  
She spealled it our agen:  
'Hichkoke in Latin  
Is Earl Richerd att heam.'

- 5 He patt his liag out-our his stead  
An to the gate has gain;  
She kilted up her green clathing  
An fast folloued she.

- 6 'Turn back, ye earl's dother,  
An dinnë follou me;  
It setts no earl's dothers  
King's courts to see.'

- 7 'Perhaps I am a carle's dother,  
Perhaps I am nean,  
Bat fan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye sud haa latten alean.'

- 8 Fan they came to yon wan water  
That a' man cas Clide,  
He loked our his left shoulder,  
Says, Fair maid, will ye ride?

- 9 'I learned it in my mother's bour,  
I watt I learned it well,  
Fan I came to wan water  
To soum as dos the eall.

- 10 'I learned it in my mother's bour,  
I wiss I had learned it better,  
Fan I came to wan watter  
To sume as dos the otter.'

- 11 She touk a golden comb,  
Combed out her yallou hear,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .



- 12 'Far gatt ye that, ye carl's dother,  
I pray ye tell to me ;'  
'I gatt it fra my mithers,' she says,  
'To begulle sick sparks as ye.'
- 13 'Gin ye be a carl's gett,  
As I trou well ye be,  
Far gatt ye a' that fine clothing,  
To cloath yer body we ?'
- 14 'My mother was an ill woman,  
An ill woman was she,  
An she gatt a' that fine clathing,  
Frae sick chaps as ye.'
- 15 Fan they came to our king's court,  
She fell lou down on her knee :  
'Win up, ye fair may,  
What may ye want we me ?'  
'Ther is a knight in your court  
This day has robbed me.'
- 16 'Has he robbed you of your goud ?  
Or of your whit monie ?  
Or of your meadnhead,  
The flour of your body ?'
- 17 'He has no robbed me of my goud,  
Nor yet of my fee,  
Bat he has robed me of my madinhead,  
The flour of my body.'
- 18 'Wad ye keen the knight,  
If ye did him see ?'  
'I wad keen him well by his well-fared face  
An the blieth blink of his eay.'  
An sighan says the king,  
I wiss it binë my brother Richie !
- 19 The king called on his merry men a',  
By an, by tua, by three ;  
Earl Richerd had ay ben the first,  
Bat the last man was he.
- 20 By that ye might a well kent  
The gulty man was he ;  
She took him by the hand,  
Says, That same is hee.
- 21 Ther was a brand laid down to her,  
A brand batt an a ring,  
Three times she minted to the brand,  
Bat she took up the ring ;
- A' that was in the court  
'S counted her a wise woman.
- 22 'I will gee ye five hundred pound,  
To make yer marrage we,  
An ye gie hame, ye carl's dother,  
An fash na mare we me.'
- 23 'Ye keep yer five hundred pound,  
To make yer marreg we,  
For I will ha nathing bat yer sell,  
The king he promised me.'
- 24 'I ill gee ye a thousand poun,  
To make yer marrage we,  
An ye gae hame, ye carl's gett,  
An fash na mare we me.'
- 25 'Ye keep yer thousand pound,  
To make yer marreg we,  
For I ill ha nathing batt yer sell,  
The king he promised me.'
- 26 He toke her down  
An clothed her in green ;  
Fan she cam up,  
She was fairer then the quin.
- 27 Fan they gaid to Mary Kirk,  
The nettels grue by dike :  
'O gin my midder war hear,  
Sai clean as she wad them peak !'
- 28 He drue his hat out-our his eayn,  
The tear blinded his eay ;  
She drue back her yallou loaks,  
An a light laughter luke she.
- 29 Fan she came by yon mill-toun,  
.  
.  
.  
.  
'O well may the mill goo,  
An well matt she be !  
For aften ha ye filled my poke  
We the whit meall an the gray.'
- 30 'I wiss I had druken the water  
Fan I drank the aill,  
Or any carl's dother  
Suld ha tald me siken a teall.'
- 31 'Perhaps I am a carl's dother,  
Perhaps I am nean ;

Fan ye gatt me in frie forest,  
Ye sud ha latten alean.

\* \* \* \* \*

32 'Take awa yer silver spon,  
Far awa fra me,  
An ye gee me t[he] ram-horn [s]pons,  
Them I am best used we.

33 'Ye take awa yer tabel-cloths,  
Far awa fra me,  
An ye gee me a mukell dish  
I am best used we.

34 'For if I had my mukel dish hear,  
An sayn an it war fou,  
I wad sup till I war sared,  
An sayn lay doun my head an slep like ony  
sou.

35 'Ye take away yer hollan shifts,  
Far awa fra me,  
An ye bring me a cannas,  
It's the thing I ben eased we.'

36 Fan bells wer rung, an mess was sung,  
An a' man boun to bed,  
Earl Richerd an the earl's dother  
In a bed [were laid].

37 'Lay yond, lay yond, ye earl's dother,  
Your hot skin . . . me ;  
It setts na earl's dothers  
In earls' beds to be.'

38 'Perhaps I am a earl's dother,  
Perhaps I am nean ;  
Bat fan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye might a latten alean.'

39 Up starts the Bellie Blind,  
Att ther bed-head :  
'I think it is a meatt marriage  
Betuen the ane an the eather,  
The Earl of Heartfourds ae daughter  
An the Quien of England's brother.'

40 'If this be the Earl of Heartfourd's ae  
doughter,  
As I trust well it be,  
Mony a gued hors have I redder  
For the love of the.'

2<sup>2</sup>. ha had.

8<sup>2</sup>. cas es : *perhaps caes was meant.*

9<sup>4</sup>. to eull. 18<sup>5</sup>. sigh an. 21<sup>3</sup>. courts.

32<sup>3</sup>. t *with an imperfect letter, for the.*

37<sup>2</sup>. *Perhaps we.*

39<sup>5</sup>, 40<sup>1</sup>. *The t is not crossed in Heartfourd,  
and Hearlfourd may be meant.*

## O

Kidson's Traditional Tunes, p. 20, from Mr Benjamin  
Holgate, Leeds.

1 There was a shepherd's daughter  
Who kept sheep on yon hill ;  
There came a young man riding by,  
Who swore he 'd have his will.  
Fol lol lay  
Fol lol di diddle lol di day

2<sup>1,2</sup>. He took her by the lilly-white hand  
And by her silken sleeve,

3<sup>4</sup>. Or tell to me your name.

4 'Oh, some they call me Jack, sweetheart,  
And some they call me Will,  
But when I ride the king's high-gate  
My name is Sweet William.'

4<sup>4</sup>. But name.

## P

Findlay's MSS, I, 208, from Mr McKenzie, Advie, Moray-  
shire.

1 'T is said a shepherd's ae daughter  
Kept sheep upon a hill,  
An by there cam a courteous knight,  
An he wad hae his will.

2 He's taen her by the milk-white hand  
An by the grass-green sleeve,  
He's laid her doon at the fit o a bush,  
An neer ance speired her leave.

## 112. The Baffled Knight.

P. 480 a, 4th paragraph. 'The Politick Maid' was  
entered to Thomas Lambert, 16th May, 1637 : Arber,  
Stationers' Registers, IV, 385.

481 b, III, 518 a, IV, 495 a. Tears. 'Chasseur,  
mon beau chasseur,' Pineau, Le Folk-Lore du Poitou,  
p. 251.

Varieties. 'La jolie Couturière,' Pineau, p. 285.  
483 b. 'La jolie Batelière,' Romania, XIII, 410 ;  
La Tradition, VII, 110.

---

VOL. III.

### 117. A Gest of Robyn Hode.

P. 40 b. References to Robin Hood in the 15th century.

And many men spoken of Robyn Hood  
And shotte nevere in his bowe.

Reply of Friar Dow Topias, in Wright's Poetical Poems and Songs relating to English History, II, 59, dated by Wright 1401, which may be rather too early. The proverbial phrase shows that Robin Hood had long been familiar to the English People.

### 120. Robin Hood's Death.

P. 103 a, note \*. 'Give me my God' is not perhaps too bold a suggestion. We have 'yeve me my savvyour' in the Romance of the Rose, Morris, v. 6436, translating 'le cors nostre seigneur.'

### 132. The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood.

P. 155. The following copy, entitled 'Robin Hood and the Proud Pedlar,' is from a garland in a collection of folio sheet-ballads mostly dated 1775, in the British Museum, 1346. m. 7(9). The Museum catalogue assigns the ballads to Edinburgh. I owe my knowledge of this piece to Mr P. Z. Round.

- 1 There was a proud pedlar, a fine pedlar,  
a proud pedlar he seemd to be,  
And he's taen his pack upon his back,  
and went linking over the lee.
- 2 Where he met two troublesome men,  
troublesome men they seemd to be,  
The one of them was Robin Hood,  
the other Little John so free.
- 3 'O what is that into thy pack?  
thou pedlar proud now tell to me ;'  
'There's seven suits of good green silk,  
and bow-strings either two or three.'
- 4 'If there's seven suits of good green silk,  
and silken bow-strings two or three,  
Then be my sooth,' says Little John,  
'there's some of them must fall to me.'

5 Then he's taen his pack off his back,  
and laid it low down by his knee :  
'Where's the man fit to drive me frae't?  
then pack and all to him I'll gie.'

6 Then Little John pulld out his sword,  
the pedler he pulld out his brand,  
They swapped swords till they did sweat ;  
'O pedlar fine, now hold thy hand !'

7 'O fy ! O fy !' said Robin Hood,  
'O fy ! O fy ! that must not be,  
For I've seen a man in greater strait  
than to pay him and pedlars three.'

8 'Then try him, try him, master,' he said,  
'O try him now, master,' said he,  
'For by me sooth,' said Little John,  
'master, 't is neither you nor me.'

9 Bold Robin pulld out his sword,  
the pedlar he pulld out his brand,  
They swapped swords till they did sweat ;  
'O pedlar fine, now hold thy hand !'

10 'O what's thy name,' says Robin Hood,  
'now, pedlar fine, come tell to me ;'  
'No, be my sooth, that will I not,  
till I know what your names may be.'

11 'The one of us [s] calld Robin Hood,  
the other Little John so free,  
And now it lies into thy breast  
whether thou 'lt tell thy name to me.'

12 'I'm Gamwell gay, of good green wood,  
my fame is far beyond the sea ;  
For killing a man in my father's land  
my native land I was forced to flee.'

13 'If thou be Gamwell of the green wood,  
thy fame is far beyond the sea ;  
And be my sooth,' said Little John,  
'my sister's son thou needs must be.'

14 'But what was that was on thy back ?  
O, cousin Gamwell, tell unto me ;'  
'It is seven sarks and three gravats,  
is all the kitt that I carry.'

15 They smoothd their words and sheathd their swords,  
and kissd and clapt most tenderly ;  
To a tavern then they went to dine,  
and drank about most heartily.

July, 1775.

Captain Delany's Garland, containing five new songs, . . . II, Robin Hood and the Proud Pedlar.

6<sup>2</sup>, 6<sup>4</sup>, 9<sup>4</sup>. padler.



152. Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.

P. 223. Letter shot to its address on an arrow.  
Afanasief, Russian Popular Tales, V, 183.

155. Sir Hugh, or, The Jew's Daughter.

P. 233, IV, 497.

T

'Little Sir William,' Miss M. H. Mason's Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs, p. 46.

1 Easter Day was a holiday,  
Of all days in the year,  
And all the little schoolfellows went out to  
play,  
Bat Sir William was not there.

2 Mamma went to the Jew's wife's house,  
And knock'd at the ring,  
Saying, Little Sir William, if you are there,  
Oh, let your mother in!

3 The Jew's wife opened the door and said,  
He is not here to-day;  
He is with the little schoolfellows out on the  
green,  
Playing some pretty play.

4 Mamma went to the Boyne water,  
That is so wide and deep,  
Saying, Little Sir William, if you are there,  
Oh, pity your mother's weep!

5 'How can I pity your weep, mother,  
And I so long in pain?  
For the little penknife sticks close in my heart,  
And the Jew's wife has me slain.

6 'Go home, go home, my mother dear,  
And prepare my winding sheet,  
For tomorrow morning before eight o'clock  
You with my body shall meet.

7 'And lay my Prayer-Book at my head,  
And my grammar at my feet,  
That all the little schoolfellows as they pass  
by  
May read them for my sake.'

U

Notes and Queries, Eighth Series, II, 43, July, 1842. 'The Jew's Daughter,' communicated by Mr C. W. Penny, as  
VOL. V. 31

repeated to his brother, the vicar of Stixwoud, Lincolnshire, by one of the oldest women in the parish. "A song sung by his nurse to a Lincolnshire gentleman, now over sixty years of age."

1 You toss your ball so high,  
You toss your ball so low,  
You toss your ball into the Jew's garden,  
Where the pretty flowers grow.

2 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,  
Dressed all in green:  
'Come hither, pretty little dear,  
And fetch your ball again.'

3 She showed him a rosy-cheeked apple,  
She showed him a gay gold ring,  
She showed him a cherry as red as blood,  
And that enticed him in.

4 She set him in a golden chair,  
She gave him kisses sweet,  
She threw him down a darksome well,  
More than fifty feet deep.

156. Queen Eleanor's Confession.

P. 259. B. Here given as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 6.

1 Our quin's seek, an very seek,  
She's seek an leak to dee,  
An she has sent for the friears of France,  
To speak we her spedely.

2 'Ye'll pit on a frier's robe,  
An I'll put one anether,  
An we'll goo to madam the Quin,  
Leak frayers bath together.'

3 'God forbid,' sayes Earl Marchell,  
'That ever the leak sud be,  
That I sud begule madam the Quin;  
I wad be hang'd hei.'

4 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
The King suar by the croun an the septr roun  
Earl Marchell sudne dei.

5 The king pat on a frier's rob,  
Earl Marchell on anether,  
The'r on to the Quin,  
Like frayers bath together.

6 'Gin ye be the frayers of France,' she says,  
'As I trust wiell ye be,  
Bat an ye be ony eather men  
Ye sall be hang'd he.'

- 7 The king he turned him roun,  
An by his troth suare he,  
'We ha na sung masse  
San we came fra the sea.'
- 8 'The first sin ever I did,  
An a very grat sin it was tee,  
I gaa my medenhead to Earl Marchell,  
Below a green-wood tree.'
- 9 'That was a sin, an a very grate sin,  
Bat pardoned it man be ;'  
'We menement,' said Earl Marchell,  
Bat a heavë, heavë heart had he.
- 10 'The nist sin ever I did,  
An a grat sin it was tee,  
I pusned Lady Rosomon,  
An the King's darling was she.'
- 11 'That was a sin, an a grat sin,  
Bat pardoned it may be ;'  
'We menement,' said King Henry,  
Bat a heavë, heavë heart had he.
- 12 'The nist sin I ever did,  
An a grat sin it was tee,  
I keepet pusin in my bosom seven year  
To pusin him King Henre.'
- 13 'That was a sin, an a grat sin,  
Bat pardoned it may be ;'  
'We menement,' sa[i]d King Henrie,  
Bat a heavë, heavë heart had he.
- 14 'O see ye na yon bony boys,  
As they play att the baa?  
An see ye na Earl Merchal's son?  
I lee him best of all.
- 15 'But see ye na King Henry's son?  
He is headed leak a bull an baked like a bore,  
I leak him warst of a' :'  
'An, by my soth,' says him King Henry,  
'I leak him best of the twa.'
- 16 The king he turned him roun,  
Pat on the coat of goud,  
The Quin turned her roun,  
The king to behald.
- 17 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
Gin I had na sworn by the croun an the septer roun,  
Earl Marchell sud ben gared dee.'

*Written without division into stanzas or verses.*

22. An ye 'll.

## 157. Gude Wallace.

P. 265. From C. K. Sharpe's "first collection,"  
p. 18.

## I

"An old song shewing how Sir Wm Wallace killed thirty Englishmen." This copy resembles C.

'Decencey' in 8<sup>2</sup> is the reciter's rendering of the bencite (benedicite) of C 6<sup>2</sup>.

- 1 'I wish I had a king,' brave Wallace he said,  
'That every brave Scotsman might leave by  
his oun,  
For between me and my sovreign leige  
I think I see some ill [seed] sowen.'
- 2 Brave Wallace out-oer yon river he lap,  
And he lighted low down on the plain,  
And he came to a gay lady,  
As she was at the well washing.
- 3 'Some tidings, some tidings,' brave Wallace he  
said,  
'Some tidings ye most tell unto me ;  
Now since we are met here together on the  
plain,  
Some tidings ye most tell unto me.'
- 4 'O go ye down to yon wee ale-house,  
And there is fifeteen Englishmen,  
And they are seeking for good Wallace,  
And him to take and him for to hang.'
- 5 'I wish I had a penny in my pocket,' he says,  
'Or although it were but a bare baubee,  
And I wad away to the wee ale-house,  
The fifeteen Englishmen to see.'
- 6 She's put hir hand in hir left pocket,  
And fifeteen shillings to him she told down :  
'If ever I live to come back this way,  
The money's be well paid agein.'
- 7 He louted twafauld oer a stick,  
And he louted threefauld oer a tree,  
And he 'es gane awa to the wee ale-house,  
The fifeteen Englishmen to see.
- 8 When he came to the wee ale-house,  
He walked ben, says, Decencey be there !  
The Engilish proud captain he awnsered him,  
And he awnsered him with a graid domi-  
neer.

9 'Why, where wast thou born, thou old crooked carle?

Where and of what country?'

'I am a true Scotsman bred and born,

And an auld crooked carle, just sic as ye may see.'

10 'I wad gee fifeteen shillings,' the captain he said,

'To an auld crooked carle, just sic a ane as thee,

If ye wad tell me of Willie Wallace,

For he's the man I wad fain see.'

11 'O hold your hand,' brave Wallace he said,

'And let me see if yeer coin be good;

If ye wad give fifeteen shillings more,

Ye never bade a better boad.'

12 He's tean the captain out-oer the chaft-blade,

Till a bitt of meat he never did eat mair;

He stickit a' the reste as the sat aroun the table,

And he left them all a spraulling there.

13 'Get up, get up, goodwife,' he says,

'Get up and get me some denner in haste,

For it is now three days and nights

Since a bit of meat my mouth did taste.'

14 The denner was not well made ready,

Nor was it on the table sett,

Till other fifeteen English men

Were a' perading about the yett.

15 'Come out, come out now, Wallace,' they crys,

'For this is the place ye'es sure for [to] die;'

'I lippen not sae little to good,' he says,

'Although I be but ill-wordie.'

16 The goodman ran butt, the goodwife ran ben,

They put the house in such a fever!

Five of them he sticket where they stood,

And other five he smoddered in the gitter.

17 Five of them he folowd to the merry green-wood,

And these five he hangt on a grain,

And gin the morn at ten o'clock

He was wi his mirry men at Lochmaben.

6<sup>2</sup>. 15.

8<sup>2</sup>. *Perhaps we should read be here, as in A*  
10<sup>2</sup>, *but other copies have bad . . . there,*

*and it is likely enough that there is a confusion of the oblique and the direct form.*

14<sup>4</sup>. a.

265 b, note †. 'Let me see if your money be good, and if it be true and right, you'll maybe get the down-come of Robinhood,' from a recited copy, in the preface to Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, I, xv.

### 158. Hugh Spencer's Feats in France.

P. 276. What is narrated of Walter in the *Chronicon Novalese* is likewise told of Ogier by Alexander Neckam, *De Naturis Rerum*, ed. T. Wright, p. 261 ff. (see also the note at p. lvi), in a copy of Turpin's *Chronicle*, Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, I, 579 f., and (excepting the monastery) in *La Chevalerie Ogier*, ed. Barrois, v. 10390 ff.; of Heimir, *Saga Æðriks af Bern*, c. 429 ff., Unger, p. 361 ff.; and in part in the ballad of 'Svend Felding,' *Grundtvig*, No 31, I, 398. See *Grundtvig's* preface to No 15, I, 216 ff.; Ward, as above; Voretzsch, *Ueber die Sage von Ogier dem Dänen*, p. 113 ff.

### 161. The Battle of Otterburn.

P. 289, IV, 499. From C. K. Sharpe's "first collection," p. 21. Tradition in this copy, as in Herd's, B, ascribes the death of Douglas to an offended and treacherous page.

1 It was about the Lammes time,  
When moorland men do win their hay,  
Brave Earl Douglass, in armer bright,  
Marchd to the Border without delay.

2 He hes tean wi him the Lindseys light,  
And sae hes he the Gordons gay,  
And the Earl of Fife, without all strife,  
And Sir Heugh Montgomery upon a day.

3 The hae brunt Northumberland,  
And sae have [the] Northumbershire,  
And fair Cluddendale they hae brunt it hale,  
And he's left it all in fire fair.

4 Ay till the came to Earl Percy's castle,  
Earl Percy's castle that stands sae high:  
'Come down, come down, thou proud Percey,  
Come down and talk one hour with me.

5 'Come down, come down, thou proud Percey,  
Come down and talk one hour with me;  
For I hae burnt thy heritage,  
And sae will I thy building high.'

6 'If ye hae brunt my heritage,  
O dule, O dule, and woe is me!



- But will ye stay at the Otter burn  
Untill I gather my men to me?'
- 7 'O I will stay at the Otter burn  
The space of days two or three,  
And if ye do not meet me there,  
I will talk of thy eoardie.'
- 8 O he hes staid at the Otter burn  
The space of days two or three;  
He sent his page unto his tent-door,  
For to see what ferleys he could see.
- 9 'O yonder eomes yon gallent knight,  
With all bonny banners high;  
It wad do only living good  
For to see the bonny coulers fly.'
- 10 'If the tale be true,' Earl Douglass says,  
'The tidings ye have told to me,  
The fairest maid in Otterburn  
Thy bedfellow sure shall she be.
- 11 'If the tale be false,' Earl Douglass says,  
'The tidings that ye tell to me,  
The highest tree in Otterburn,  
On it high hang'd shall ye be.'
- 12 Earl Douglass went to his tent-door,  
To see what ferleys he could see;  
His little page came him behind,  
And ran him through the fair body.
- 13 'If I had a little time,' he says,  
'To set in order my matters high,  
Ye Gordons gay, to you I say,  
See that ye let not my men away.
- 14 'Ye Linseys light, both wise and wight,  
Be sure ye earry my coulers high;  
Ye Gordons gay, again I say,  
See that ye let not my men away.
- 15 'Sir Heugh Montgomery, my sistir's son,  
I give you the vangaurd over all;  
Let it neer be said into old England  
That so little made a true Scot fall.
- 16 'O lay me downen by yon brecken-bush,  
That grows upon yon liley lea;  
Let it neer be said into old England  
That so little made a true Scot die.'
- 17 At last those two stout knights did meet,  
And O but they were wonderous keen!  
The foght with sowards of the temperd steel,  
Till the drops of blood ran them betwen.

- 18 'O yeald thee, Percie,' Montgomery crys,  
'O yeald ye, or I'll lay the low;'  
'To whome should I yeald? to whom should I  
yeald?  
To whom should I yeald, since it most be so?'
- 19 'O yeald ye to yon breckan-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilley lea;  
And if ye will not yeald to this,  
In truth, Earl Percy, I'll gar ye die.'
- 20 'I will not yeald to a breckan-bush,  
Nor yet will I yeald to a brier;  
But fain wad I yeald to Earl Douglass,  
Or Sir Heugh Montgomery, if he were here.'
- 21 O then this lord begun to faint,  
And let his soward drop to the ground;  
Sir Heugh Montgomery, a courtious knight,  
He bravely took him by the hand.
- 22 This deed was done at the Otter burn,  
Betwen the sunshine and the day;  
Brave Earl Douglass there was slain,  
And they carried Percie captive away.

6<sup>3</sup>, 7<sup>1</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>, 22<sup>1</sup>. Otterburn.

292 b, 2d paragraph, 9th line. C 20<sup>3,4</sup> may have been supplied by Scott; not in Hogg's copy. See IV, 500, st. 21.

294, 520 a, IV, 499. St George, Our Lady's Knight.

O seynt George, oure lady knyght,  
To that lady thow pray for me!

Lydgate, Kalendare, vv. 113, 114, ed. Horstmann, in Herrig's Archiv, LXXX, 121.

O blessyd Lady, Cristes moder dere,  
And thou Seynt George, that called art her  
knyght!

Fabyan's Chronieles, ed. Ellis, 1811, p. 601.  
(G. L. K.)

## 162. The Hunting of the Cheviot.

P. 306, IV, 502. Fighting on stumps. Agolafre, fighting on his knees after his legs were broken, 'had wyȝ ys axe a-slawe an heȝ of frenschemen.' Sir Ferumbras, v. 4603 ff., ed. Herrtage, The English Charlemagne Romances, I, 143. (The French text does not represent him as fighting on his knees: Fierabras, ed. Kroeber and Servois, 1860, v. 4878 ff., p. 147.) (G. L. K.)

163. The Battle of Harlaw.

P. 317 a, 2d paragraph. Of course Sir James the Rose and Sir John the Gryme came in from the ballad of 'Sir James the Rose.'

164. King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France.

P. 323. There is a copy ('The Battle of Agincourt') in C. K. Sharpe's "first collection," p. 29, from which some variations may be given.

n. 2<sup>4</sup>. And bring home the tribute that's due to me.

41<sup>3</sup>. My master the king salutes thee well,  
Salutes thee well, most graciously;  
You must go send, etc.

52<sup>4</sup>. And darna come to my degree;  
Go bid him play with his tenish balls,  
For in French lands he dare no me see.

73<sup>4</sup>. Such tidings from the king of France  
As I'm sure with him you can ner agree.

8<sup>3</sup>. He bids you play with these tenish balls.

10<sup>4</sup>. They were a jovial good company.

After 10:

He counted oer his merry men,  
Told them by thirty and by three,  
And when the were all numberd oer  
He had thirty thousand brave and three.

12 The first that fird, it was the French,  
Upon our English men so free,  
But we made ten thousand of them fall,  
And the rest were fore'd for there lives to flee.

13<sup>1</sup>. Soon we entered Paris gates.

13<sup>2</sup>. trumpets sounding high.

13<sup>4</sup>. Have mercy on [my] men and me.

14<sup>1,2</sup>. Take home your tribute, the king he says,  
And three tons of gold I will give to thee.

There is also a copy in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 7, but it is not worth collating.

167. Sir Andrew Barton.

P. 338 b, IV, 502 b. Gold to bury body. Apollonius of Tyre. So in Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, bk. viii, ed. Pauli, III, 312; in the English prose *Kynge Apollyn of Thyre*, Wynkyn de Worde, 1510, c. 19, fol. 48, of Ashbee's fac-simile, 1870; in the German prose *Appollonius Tyrus* and *Appolonius von Tiria*, C. Schröder, *Griseldis*, *Apollonius von Tyrus*, aus Handschriften herausg., pp. 46, 110, Leipzig, 1873. (G. L. K.)

170. The Death of Queen Jane.

P. 372. Communicated by Rev. S. Baring-Gould, as recited by Samuel Force.

H

1 Queen Jane, O! Queen Jane, O! what a lady  
was she!

And six weeks and a day in labour was she;  
Queen Jane was in labour for six weeks and  
more,

Till the women grew weary and fain would  
give oer.

2 'O women, O women, good wives as ye be,  
Go send for King Henry and bring him to me.'  
King Henry was sent for, and to her he came:  
'Dear lady, fair lady, your eyes they look dim.'

3 King Henry came to her, he came in all speed,  
In a gown of red velvet, from the heel to the  
head:  
'King Henry, King Henry, if kind you will be,  
Send for a good doctor, and let him come to  
me.'

4 The doctor was sent for, he came with all  
speed,  
In a gown of black velvet from the heel to the  
head;  
The doctor was sent for and to her he came:  
'Dear lady, fair lady, your labour's in vain.'

5 'Dear doctor, dear doctor, will you do this  
for me?

O open my right side, and save my baby:'  
Then out spake King Henry, That never can  
be,

I'd rather lose the branches than the top of  
the tree.

6 The doctor gave a caudle, the death-sleep slept  
she,

Then her right side was opened and the babe  
was set free;

The babe it was christened, and put out and  
nursd,

But the royal Queen Jane lay cold in the dust.

## I

Macmath MS., p. 99. Received November, 1892, from the recitation of Mary Cochrane (Mrs Joseph Garmory), Abbey-yard, Crossmichael, Kirkcudbrightshire. Written down by her husband.

- 1 Queen Jeanie was in labor for seven weeks in summer,  
The women all being tired and quite gave her over :  
'O women, dear women, if women you be,  
Send for my mother to come and see me.'
- 2 Her mother was sent for and instantly came,  
Knelt down at the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on :  
'O mother, dear mother, if mother you be,  
Send for my father to come and see me.'
- 3 The father was sent for and instantly came,  
Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on :  
'O father, dear father, if father you be,  
Send for King Henry to come and see me.'
- 4 King Henry was sent for and instantly came,  
Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on :  
'O Henry, King Henry, if Henry you be,  
Send for the doctor to come and see me.'
- 5 The doctor was sent for and instantly came,  
Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on :  
'O doctor, dear doctor, if doctor you be,  
Open my left side and let the babe free.'
- 6 Her left side was opened, the young prince was found :  
'O doctor, dear doctor, lay me down on the ground.'
- 7 Her bones were all broken and laid at her feet,  
And they anointed her body with the ointment so sweet,  
And ay as they weeped they wrung their hands sore,  
For the fair flower of England will flourish no more.

## 173. Mary Hamilton.

P. 379. Stanzas 1, 2, 10 of **C** are printed in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 315, and 4, 9 of **L** at p. 316.

380 a, line 13. Say Stewart, or Stewart.

384. **A a.** Found in a small MS. volume, with the title "Songs" on the cover, entirely in Sharpe's handwriting, p. 29. The only variations, besides a few in spelling, are these :

9<sup>1</sup>. stairs. 17<sup>3</sup>. the night's. 18<sup>2</sup>. they 'l.

389. **F.** This version was rendered by Skene with comparative fidelity. Still, the original, 'Quin Mary's Marreys,' No 12 of "The Old Lady's Collection," would of course have been given if it had been in hand, and should be substituted, opportunity occurring. It is therefore printed here.

- 1 'My father was the Duck of York,  
My mother a lady frie,  
My sell a dainnty damisall,  
Quin Mary sent for me.
- 2 'The quin's meat it was so suit,  
An her clething was sae rair,  
It made me lang for Suit Willie's bed,  
An I ill rue it ever mare.
- 3 'Mary Beeten, an Mary Sitton,  
An Lady Livenston, a' three,  
We 'll never mett in Quin Mary's bour nou,  
Marrys tho we be.'
- 4 Quin Mary satt in her bour,  
Suing her selver seam ;  
She thought she hard a baby greet  
Bat an a lady mean.
- 5 She throu her neddel frae her,  
Her seam out of her han,  
An she is on to Lady Marry's bour,  
As fast as she could gang.
- 6 'Open yer dor, Lady Mary,' she says,  
'An lat me come in ;  
For I hear a baby greet,  
Bat an a lady meen.'
- 7 'Ther is nae bab in my bour, madam the Quin,  
Nor never thinks to be,  
Bat the strong pains of gravell  
This night has sesed me.'
- 8 She paat her fitt to the dor,  
Bat an her knee,  
Bolts of brass an irn bands  
In flinders she gart flee.



- 9 She pat a han to her bed-head  
A nether to her bed-feet,  
An bonny was the bab  
Was blabring in its bleed.
- 10 'Wae worth ye, Lady Mary,  
An ill dead sall ye die!  
For in ye widne keepet the bonny bab  
Ye might ha gen 't to me.'
- 11 'Lay na the witt on me, madam,  
Lay na the witt on me,  
For my fals love bare the v[e]pan att his side  
That gared my bern dee.'
- 12 'Gett up, Lady Betton, get up, Lady Setton,  
An Lady Livenston, three,  
An we will on to Edenbrugh  
An tray this gay lady.'
- 13 As she cam in the Cannogate,  
The burgers' wives they crayed hon, ochon,  
ochree!
- 14 'O had yer still, ye burgers' wives,  
An make na mane for me;  
Seek never grace out of a graslass face,  
For they ha nan to gee.
- 15 'Ye merchants an ye mareners,  
That trad on the sea,  
Ye dinnë tell in my country  
The dead I am gaine to dee.
- 16 'Ye merchants an ye mareners,  
That traid on the fame,  
Dinnë tell in my countray  
Bat fatt I am coming hame.
- 17 'Littel did my father think,  
Fan he brouch[t] me our the sea,  
That he woud see my yallou lokes  
Hang on a gallou-tree.
- 18 'Littel did my midder think,  
Fan she brought me fra hame,  
That she maugt see my yallou lokes  
Hang on a gallou-pine.
- 19 '. . . . .  
O had yer han a wee!  
For yonder comes my father,  
I am sure he'll borrou me.
- 20 'O some of yer goud, father,  
An of yer well won fee,  
To safe me [fra the high hill],  
[An] fra the gallage-tree.'

21 'Ye 's gett nane of my goud,  
Ner of my well wone fee,  
For I wead gee five hundred poun  
To see ye hanged hee.'

22 '. . . . .  
O had yer han a wee!  
Yonder is my love Willie,  
He will borrou me.

23 'O some of yer goud, my love Wille,  
An some of yer well wone fee,  
To save me fraa the high hill,  
An fraie the gallou-tree.'

24 'Ye 's gett a' my goud,  
An a' my well won fee,  
To save ye fra the heading-hill,  
An fra the galla-tree.'

42. *Perhaps* silver. 63. lady greet : *cf.* 43.

71. næ. 112. watt. 113. vpan? 231. son Willë.

392 a, H 84. The nine. "Anciently the supreme criminal court of Scotland was composed of nine members." Kinloch's note, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 259. This may afford a date.

I. b. The three stanzas were given as written down from memory by Finlay : see VIII, 507 b.

#### 174. Earl Bothwell.

The following entry in the Stationers' Registers may refer to this ballad: "24 March, 1579, Thomas Gosson. Receaved of him for a ballad concerninge the murder of the late Kinge of Scottes." Arber, II, 349.

#### 178. Captain Car, or, Edom o Gordon.

P. 423, IV, 513.

#### I

From "The Old Lady's Collection," No 28, 'Edom of Achendoon.'

1 It fell about the Martimas time,  
Fan the wind blue loud an calld,  
Said Edom of Gordon to his men,  
We man dra till a hall.

2 'An fatten a hall will we dra tell,  
My merry men a' an me?  
We will to the house of Rothas,  
An see that gay lady.'

3 The lady louked our castell-wa,  
Beheld the day ga down,

- An she saa Edun of Gordon,  
Fase Edom of Ach[en]doun.
- 4 'Gee our yer house, ye gay lady,  
Gee our yer house to me;  
The night ye 's be my leall leman,  
The morn my lady free.'
- 5 'I winnë gee our my bonny house,  
To leard nor yet to loun,  
Nor will I gee our my bonny house  
To fase Edom of Achendoun.
- 6 'Bat ye gett me Chuny, Gight, or Glack,  
Or get him young Lesmore,  
An I ell gee our my bonny house  
To ony of a' the four.'
- 7 'Ye 's nether gett Chuny, Gight, nor Glack,  
Nor yet him young Lesmore,  
An ye man gee our yer bonny house,  
Winten ony of a' the four.'
- 8 The ladie shot out of a shot-windou,  
It didne hurt his head,  
It only grased his knee  
. . . . .
- 9 'Ye hast, my merry men a',  
Gather hathorn an fune,  
. . . . .  
To see gin this lady will burn.'
- 10 'Wai worth ye, Joke, my man!  
I paid ye well yer fee,  
An ye tane out the quinë-stane,  
Laten in the fire to me.
- 11 'Wae worth ye, Joke, my man!  
I paid ye well yer hair,  
An ye t[a]en out the qunie-stane,  
To me laten in the fire.'
- 12 'Ye paid me well my meatt, lady,  
Ye paid me well my fee,  
Bat nou I am Edom of Gordon's man,  
Mane eather dee 'd or dree.
- 13 'Ye paid me well my meatt, lady,  
Ye paid me well my hire,  
But nou I am Edom of Gordon's man,  
To ye mane lat the fire.'
- 14 Out spak her doughter,  
She was bath jimp an smaa;  
'Ye take me in a pair of shets,  
Lat me our the castell-waa.'
- 15 The pat her in a pair of shets,  
Lute her oure the castell-waa;  
On the point of Edom of Gordon's lance  
She got a deadly faa.
- 16 Cherry, cherry was her cheeks,  
An bonny was her eyen;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 17 He turned her about,  
. . . . .  
'I might haa spared that bonny face  
To ha ben some man's delight.
- 18 'Chirry is yer chik,  
An bonny is yer eayn;  
Ye 'r the first face I ever saa dead  
I wist liveng agen.'
- 19 Out spak one of his men,  
As he stad by a stane;  
'Lat it never be sade brave Edom of Gordon  
Was dantoned by a dame.'
- 20 Out spake the bonny barn,  
It sat on the nurce's knee;  
'Gee our yer house, my mider dear,  
The reak it smothers me.'
- 21 'I wad gee a' my silks,' she says,  
'That lays in mony a fall,  
To haa ye on the head of Mont Ganell,  
To gett three gasps of the call.
- 22 'I wad gee a' my goud,' she says,  
'Far it lays out an in,  
To haa ye on the head of Mount Ganill,  
To get three gasps of the wind.'
- 23 . . . . . that gued lord,  
As he came fraa the sea,  
'I see the house of Rothes in fire,  
God safe my gay ladie!'
- 15<sup>3</sup>. land.

VOL. IV.

190. Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead.

P. 4. I am now able to give the unprinted copy, referred to in the *Border Minstrelsy*, in which the Elliots take the place assigned in the other version to the Scotts. This I do by the assistance of Mr Macmath, the present possessor of the manuscript, which was formerly among the papers of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. The hand "is a good and careful one of about the beginning of this century, with a slight shake in it, and probably that of a person advanced in life." Be it observed that the title, in this case, is 'Jamie Telfer in the Fair Dodhead,' signifying, according to Scottish usage, that Telfer was tenant simply, whereas 'of' would make him proprietor.

Hogg, writing to Sir W. Scott (*Letters*, vol. i, No 44), says that 'Jamie Telfer,' as printed in the *Minstrelsy*, differs in many particulars from his mother's way of giving it. Mrs Hogg's version may very likely have been a third copy.

In this version, Telfer, after the loosing of his nolt and the ranshakling of his house, runs eight miles to Branhholm, to seek aid of Buccleugh, who refers him to Martin Elliot, to whom, and not to himself, Buccleugh affirms, Telfer has paid blackmail. Telfer, as in the other version, runs up the water-gate to Coultart Cleugh, and invokes the help of Jock Grieve, who sets him on a bonny black to take the fray to Catlock Hill, as in the other version again. Catlock Hill Mr R. B. Armstrong considers to be probably Catlie Hill, marked in Blaeu's map as near Braidlie. It was occupied by an Elliot in 1541. At Catlock Hill Martin's Hab sets Telfer on a bonny black to take the fray to Prickenhaugh, a place which, Mr Armstrong observes, is put in Blaeu's map near Lariston. Auld Martin Elliot is at Prickenhaugh, and he orders Simmy, his son, to be summoned, and the water-side to be warned (including the Currers and Willie o Gorrenberry, who in the other version, st. 27, are warned as owing fealty to Scott; but an Archibald Elliot is described as "in Gorrenberrie" in 1541,\* and Will Elliot of Gorrombye was concerned in the rescue of Kinmont Willie in 1596, Sim Elliot takes the lead in the pursuit of the marauders which Willie Scott has in the other version, and like him is killed. Martin Elliot of Braidley had among his sons, in 1580, a Sym, an Arehe, and a Hob,\* and was, during a portion of the second half of the sixteenth century, says Mr Armstrong, perhaps the most important person of his name.† This Martin Elliot would fit very well into our ballad, but that he should be described as of Prickenhaugh, not of Braidley, raises a difficulty.

\* R. H. Stodart, *Scottish Arms*, 1881, II, 277, 276. What is there said of Elliot of Braidley was mostly communicated by Mr. R. B. Armstrong.

Braidley, at the junction of the Braidley burn with the Hermitage water, is well placed for our purposes; Prickenhaugh, down by the Liddel water, seems rather remote.

5, 582. See more as to Dodhead in *The Saturday Review*, May 20, 1893, p. 543.

JAMIE TELFER IN THE FAIR DODHEAD.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas,  
When steads were fed wi corn and hay,  
The Captain of Bewcastle said to his lads,  
We 'll into Tiviotdale and seek a prey.
- 2 The first ae guide that they met with  
Was high up in Hardhaugh swire,  
The second guide that they met with  
Was laigh down in Borthick water.
- 3 'What tidings, what tidings, my bonny guide?'  
'Nae tidings, nae tidings I hae to thee;  
But if ye 'll gae to the Fair Dodhead  
Mony a cow's calf I 'll let ye see.'
- 4 When they came to the Fair Dodhead,  
Right hastily they clam the peel,  
They loosd the nolt out, ane and a',  
And ranshakled the house right weel.
- 5 Now Jamie's heart it was right sair,  
The tear ay rowing in his eye;  
He pled wi the Captain to hae his gear,  
Or else revenged he would be.
- 6 Bat the Captain turnd himsel about,  
Said, Man, there 's naething in thy house  
But an auld sword without a scabbard,  
That scarcely now would fell a mouse.
- 7 The moon was up and the sun was down,  
'T was the gryming of a new-fa'n snaw;  
Jamie Telfer has run eight miles barefoot  
Between Dodhead and Branhholm Ha.
- 8 And when he came to Branhholm Ha  
He shouted loud and cry'd well he,  
Till up bespake then auld Buccleugh,  
'Whae 's this that brings the fray to me?'

† Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, 1880-81, p. 93. At several places above I have used a letter from Mr. Armstrong to Mr. Macmath.



- 9 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dodhead,  
And a harried man I think I be;  
There's naething left i the Fair Dodhead  
But only wife and children three.'
- 10 'Gae seek your succour frae Martin Elliot,  
For succour ye's get nane frae me;  
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-  
mail,  
For, man, ye never paid money to me.'
- 11 Jamie he's turnd him round about,  
And ay the tear blinded his eye:  
'I'se never pay mail to Scott again,  
Nor the Fair Dodhead I'll ever see.'
- 12 Now Jamie is up the water-gate,  
Een as fast as he can drie,  
Till he came to the Coultart Cleugh,  
And there he shouted and cry'd weel he.
- 13 Then up bespake him auld Jock Grieve,  
'Whae's this that bring[s] the fray to me?'  
'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dodhead,  
And a harried man I think I be.
- 14 'There's naething left i the Fair Dodhead  
But only wife and children three,  
And sax poor calves stand i the sta,  
A' routing loud for their minnie.'
- 15 'Alack, wae's me!' co auld Jock Grieve,  
'Alack, alack, and wae is me!  
For ye was married t' the auld sister,  
And I t' the younges[t] o the three.'
- 16 Then he's taen out a bonny black,  
It was weel fed wi corn and hay,  
And set Jamie Telfer on his back,  
To the Catlock hill to take the fray.
- 17 When he came to the Catlock hill,  
He shouted loud and cry'd weel he;  
'Whae's that, whae's that?' co Martin's Hab,  
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'
- 18 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dodhead,  
And a harried man I think I be;  
There's neaething left i the Fair Dodhead  
But only wife and children three.'
- 19 'Alack, wae's me!' co Martin's Hab,  
'Alack, awae, my heart is sair!
- I never came bye the Fair Dodhead  
That ever I faund thy basket bare.'
- 20 Then he's taen out a bonny black,  
It was weel fed wi corn and hay,  
And set Jamie Telfer on his back  
To the Pricken haugh to take the fray.
- 21 When he came to the Pricken haugh,  
He shouted loud and cry'd weel he;  
Up then bespake auld Martin Elliot,  
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me?'
- 22 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dodhead,  
And a harried man I think I be;  
There's naething left i the Fair Dodhead  
But only wife and children three.'
- 23 'Ever alack!' can Martin say,  
'And ay my heart is sair for thee!  
But fy, gar ca on Simmy my son,  
And see that he come hastily.
- 24 'Fy, gar warn the water-side,  
Gar warn it soon and hastily;  
Them that winna ride for Telfer's kye,  
Let them never look i the face o me.
- 25 'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,  
And warn the Currers i the shaw;  
When ye come in at the Hermitage slack,  
Warn doughty Willie o Gorrenberry.'
- 26 The gear was driven the Frostily up,  
From the Frostily into the plain;  
When Simmie look'd him afore,  
He saw the kye right fast driving.
- 27 'Whae drives the kye,' then Simmy can  
say,  
'To make an outspeckle o me?'  
'It's I, the Captain o Bewcastle, Simmy,  
I winna lain my name frae thee.'
- 28 'O will ye let the gear gae back?  
Or will ye do ony thing for me?'  
'I winna let the gear gae back,  
Nor naething, Simmy, I'll do for the[e].
- 29 'But I'll drive Jamie Telfer's kye  
In spite o Jamie Telfer's teeth and thee;  
'Then by my sooth,' can Simmy say,  
'I'll ware my dame's calfskin on thee.

30 'Fa on them, lads!' can Simmy say,  
 'Fy, fa on them cruelly!  
 For or they win to the Ritter ford  
 Mony toom saddle there shall be.'

31 But Simmy was stricken oer the head,  
 And thro the napskape it is gane,  
 And Moserop made a dolefull rage  
 When Simmy on the ground lay slain.

32 'Fy, lay on them!' co Martin Elliot,  
 'Fy, lay on them cruelly!  
 For ere they win to the Kershop ford  
 Mony toom saddle there shall be.'

33 John o Biggam he was slain,  
 And John o Barlow, as I heard say,  
 And fifteen o the Captain's men  
 Lay bleeding on the ground that day.

34 The Captain was shot through the head,  
 And also through the left ba-stane;  
 Tho he had livd this hundred years,  
 He'd neer been loed by woman again.

35 The word is gane unto his bride,  
 Een in the bower where she lay,  
 That her good lord was in 's enemy's land  
 Since into Tiviotdale he led the way.

36 'I loord a had a winding sheed  
 And helpd to put it oer his head,  
 Or he'd been taen in 's enemy's lands,  
 Since he oer Liddle his men did lead.'

37 There was a man in our company,  
 And his name was Willie Wudëspurs:  
 'There is a house in the Stanegarside,  
 If any man will ride with us.'

38 When they came to the Stanegarside,  
 They bangd wi trees and brake the door,  
 They loosd the kye out, ane and a',  
 And set them furth our lads before.

39 There was an auld wif ayont the fire,  
 A wee bit o the Captain's kin:  
 'Whae loo[s]es out the Captain's kye,  
 And sae mony o the Captain's men wi[t]hin?'

40 'I, Willie Wudëspurs, let out the kye,  
 I winna lain my name frae thee,  
 And I'll loose out the Captain's kye  
 In spite o the Captain's teeth and thee.'

41 Now on they came to the Fair Dodhead,  
 They were a welcome sight to see,  
 And instead of his ain ten milk-kye  
 Jamie Telfer's gotten thirty and three.

16<sup>2</sup>. feel fed: *cf.* 20<sup>2</sup>.

### 195. Lord Maxwell's Last Goodnight.

P. 34 b, 525 a. B. The ballad has no title in the Glenriddell MS. The table of contents was the work of a copyist.

### 196. The Fire of Frendraught.

P. 39 b. Thirteen stanzas of C are given, in the course of an article on The Burning of the House of Frendraught, in the Aberdeen Magazine, 1832, II, 561.

P. 44. A a. Collation with Sharpe's MS. and with another copy of the same pieces in "North Country Ballads," Miscellanea Curiosa, Abbotsford Library.

41. Well, turn. 12<sup>5</sup>. were.

15<sup>4</sup>. Let Rothiemay may ly, may ly. But Rothiemay lie, *written under, probably as an emendation by Sharpe (not in Scott)*.

16<sup>4</sup>. Turn in Scott, an easy misreading of Twin.

26<sup>1</sup>. Ahon. *With a few slight differences of spelling.*

*we in 9<sup>2</sup> is a misprint for he.*

IV, 522 a. The Satyr begins:

O world of woes, O greif of griefs, to see  
 This damned den wher sure brave sp'rits did dye.

### 197. James Grant.

These verses occur in a manuscript collection of C. K. Sharpe's ("second collection"), with slight verbal differences. They are written in long lines not divided into stanzas. Sir W. Scott remarks, Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1880, p. 145, "I conceive Ballindalloch, being admitted by Grant, set upon him, and that there should be asterisks between the fourth line [the second stanza] and those which follow."

1<sup>1</sup>. Away, away now, James the Grant.

1<sup>2</sup>. You'll. 1<sup>3</sup>. For Ballendalloch is at your gate.

21<sup>4</sup>. Badendalloch. 2<sup>2</sup>. Nor I.

2<sup>3</sup>. Set up my gat both. 2<sup>4</sup>. And let.

3<sup>1</sup>. James the. 3<sup>4</sup>. no get so.

4<sup>3</sup>. he get but one mile in the highland hill.

4<sup>4</sup>. defy the.

### 198. Bonny John Seton.

P. 52. A. Found in a MS. of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and in "North Country Ballads," Miscellanea



Curiosa, Abbotsford Library (another copy of the same pieces), with the following variations.

Sharpe. 1<sup>3</sup>. The Southeron lords to.

2<sup>1</sup>. And bonny : Pitmedden, *and always*. 2<sup>2</sup>. bald.

2<sup>4</sup>. And the. 3<sup>4</sup>. Sat on. 5<sup>2</sup>. Cried, Brave soldiers.

5<sup>5</sup>. my steed back. 5<sup>6</sup>. But let me never see thee.

6<sup>3</sup>. And his.

7<sup>4</sup>. That dang Pitmedden's middle in three.

8<sup>1,2</sup>. rade.

8<sup>3</sup>. But bonny John Seton of Pitmedden.

9<sup>1</sup>. Then up it came a. 9<sup>2</sup>. from Drimmarow.

9<sup>3</sup>. Says, There thou lies. 9<sup>4</sup>. ride thee thorow.

10<sup>1</sup>. Craigvar (*always*) : man. 10<sup>2</sup>. your fiddle.

10<sup>3</sup>. land. 12<sup>1</sup>. They've taken. 14<sup>4</sup>. ring.

15<sup>1</sup>. For cannons roars : summer's.

15<sup>2</sup>. Like thlunder. 15<sup>4</sup>. cannons fair.

Scott (*also*). — 3<sup>1</sup>. lands.

*None of the readings in Aytoun given in the notes at p. 53 were derived from Sharpe's copy except A 8<sup>3</sup>, and all of them may now be dropped.*

### 199. The Bonnie House o Airlie.

P. 56. In a small MS. volume with the title "Songs" on the cover, entirely in Sharpe's handwriting. **A a** is found at p. 24 (with some variations, undoubtedly arbitrary) prefaced with these words : "This song [referring to a copy presently to be given], like most others, would suffer amendment : here follows a copy somewhat improved. I have availed myself of a fragment in a former page of this work, and introduced a stanza [9] marked \*, picked up in Perthshire." Had **A a** been known to be an "improved" copy, it would not have been made so prominent.

The fragment (of slight value) was "from the recitation of Miss Oliphant of Gask, now Mrs Nairn" (afterwards Lady Nairne). It is (p. 21)—disregarding things misunderstood or avowedly added :

'Come down, come down, my lady Ogilvie,  
Come down, and tell us your dower :'

'It's east and west yon wan water side,  
And it's down by the banks of the Airly.

'Had my lord Ogilvie been at hame,  
As he was wi King Charlie,  
There durst nae a Campbel in a' Argyle  
Avowd to the plundering o Airly.'

'Come down, come down, ye lady fair,  
Come down, and kiss me fairly :'

'I wunna come down, ye fause Argyle,  
If ye sudna leave a standing stane in Airly.

The unimproved copy, p. 22, is as follows.

- 1 It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,  
When corn grew green and yellow,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyll and Airly.

- 2 Argyll has raisd an hundred men,  
An hundred men, and so many,  
And he is away by the back of Dunkeld  
For to plunder the bonny house of Airly.

- 3 Lady Margaret looks oer her bower-window,  
And O but she looks weary !  
And there she spied the great Argyll,  
Coming to plunder the bonny house of Airly.

- 4 'Come down, come down, Lady Margret,' he said,  
'Come down, and kiss me fairly :'  
'O I will not kiss the great Argyll,  
If he should not leave a standing stone in Airly.'

- 5 He hath taken her by the left shoulder,  
Says, Lady, where lyes thy dowry ?  
'It's up and it's down by the bonny bank-side,  
Amongst the planting of Airly.'

- 6 They have sought it up, they have sought it down,  
They have sought it both late and early,  
And they have found it in the bonny plumb-tree  
That shines on the bowling-green of Airly.

- 7 He hath taken her by the middle so small,  
And O but she lookd weary !  
He hath laid her down by the bonny burn-side  
Till he hath plunderd the bonny house of Airly.

- 8 'If my good lord were at home this night,  
As he is with Prince Charly,  
Nouthur you nor no Scottish lord  
Durst have set a foot on the bowling-green of Airly.

- 9 'Ten bonny sons I have born unto him,  
And the eleventh neer saw his daddy ;  
Although I had an hundred more,  
I would give them all to Prince Charly.'

58 c. This is one of the pieces contained in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 1. The differences from Skene (save spelling) are as follows :

3<sup>1</sup>. ore castell-waa. 3<sup>3</sup>. an his three hunded men.

4<sup>1,2</sup>. Come doun the stare, Lady Airly, he says,  
an kiss me fairly.

4<sup>4</sup>. Altho ye live no. 5<sup>2</sup>. An tell fare layes yer.

7<sup>2</sup>. An he leed. 10<sup>2</sup> (7<sup>2</sup>). his. 10<sup>3</sup> (7<sup>3</sup>). An tho.

10<sup>4</sup> (7<sup>4</sup>). I wad gie them a'.

### 200. The Gypsy Laddie.

P. 66. **B a**. A copy of this version in C. K. Sharpe's papers, "written from recitation in Nithsdale, November, 1814," shows that improvements had been introduced by two hands, one of them Sharpe's, neither of them the writer's. The changes are of no radical importance ; simply of the familiar kind which almost



every editor has, for some reason, felt himself called upon to make. It may be thought that they are no more worth indicating than they were worth making, but it has been an object in this book to give things exactly as they were delivered. The original readings are as follows.

- 1<sup>1</sup>. C for Cassilis throughout. 1<sup>3</sup>. so. 1<sup>4</sup>. Till.  
 2<sup>4</sup>. cast. 3<sup>1</sup>. to *wanting*. 3<sup>2,3</sup>. give.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. rings of her fingers. 4<sup>1,2</sup>. you. 4<sup>3</sup>. hilt of.  
 4<sup>4</sup>, 9<sup>4</sup>, 16<sup>4</sup>. no more. 6<sup>1,3</sup>. Jackie.  
 7<sup>3</sup>, 8<sup>3</sup>. farmer's barn. 8<sup>3</sup>, 11<sup>3</sup>. most. 8<sup>4</sup>. crae.  
 9<sup>1,2</sup>. O *wanting*. 10<sup>3</sup>, 11<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>3</sup>. on water.  
 11<sup>1</sup>. Many a time have. 17<sup>4</sup>. mother bore me.  
 18<sup>3</sup>. And *wanting*.

73.

## L

Communicated to the Journal of The Gypsy Society, II, 85, by Mr John Sampson, from the dictation of Lias Robinson, a Gypsy. A translation into Gypsy, by Robinson and his brothers, is given at p. 84 of the same.

- 1 A band of gypsies, all in a road,  
     All so black and brawny, oh  
     Away come a lady all dressed in silk,  
     To follow the roving gypsies. oh  
     The gypsies, oh!  
     The gypsies, oh!  
     To follow the roving gypsies, oh!
- 2 Her husband came home at ten o'clock of night,  
     And asked for his lady fair;  
     The servant informed him very soon  
     She had gone with the roving gypsies.
- 3 'Saddle to me my bonny gray mare,  
     Saddle to me my pony;  
     I will go where the green grass grow,  
     To find out the roving gypsies.
- 4 'Last night she slept in a fair feather-bed,  
     And blankets by bonins;  
     Tonight she sleeps in a cold shed-barn,  
     Through following the roving gypsies.
- 5 'Why did you leave your houses and your  
     lands?  
     Why did you leave your babies?  
     Why did you leave your decent married man,  
     To follow the roving gypsies?'
- 6 'What cares I for my houses and my lands?  
     What cares I for my babies?  
     What cares I for my decent married man?  
     I will go with the roving gypsies.'
- 1<sup>2</sup>. *Var.* and bonny.

From a small MS. volume, "Songs," entirely in C. K. Sharpe's handwriting, p. 32 (corresponding to B 11, D 6, E 7.)

Yestreen I rade yon wan water,  
 Wi my gude lord before me;  
 The day I maun pit down my bonnie fit and wade,  
 What ever may come oer me.

## 201. Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

P. 76 a, 4th paragraph, 1st line. The date 1666 is corrected to 1645 by Cant in his Errata.

77. In the small MS. volume, "Songs," entirely in C. K. Sharpe's handwriting, p. 26, a 3 is given "from the Catalogue of the Edinburgh Exhibition of Pictures, 1810" as here, excepting that in the second line the reading is (absurdly) "royal kin."

## 203. The Baron of Brackley.

P. 79. Fragment from Findlay MSS, I, 209, derived from Mrs McKenzie, Advie, Morayshire.

1 'O are ye sleepin, baul B[r]achlie, or are ye at  
     hame?  
     For the caterans are at ye, an a' your kye's taen.'

2 . . . . .  
     'Ye'll fling your rocks, lasses, we'll fecht them  
     our lane.

3 'We'll fecht them an fleg them, an gar them rin  
     hame,  
     We'll stand them in battle, as gin we were men.

4 'There's four-an-twenty milk-white kine in Glen-  
     tanner free,  
     In the parks o Glentanner sae fain's I wad be!'

5 He's called on his lady to give him his gun:  
     'I'm gaun oot, Katie, but I'll never come home.'

6 She's a' her gates wide open flung, an she's wel-  
     comed them in,  
     An she sleeps wi the villain that slew her baron.

1<sup>1</sup>. Baulbachlie. 5<sup>2</sup>. home *originally*; altered to in.  
*The stanzas have been arranged by the light of A.*

87. D, as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collec-  
 tion," No 25, 'The Barron of Breachell.'

1 'Barron of Breachell, are ye withen?  
     The sharp sourd is att yer gate, Breachell, will  
     gar yer blod spine.'

2 'The'r at yer gate, Brichell, the'r nether men  
     nor lads,  
     Bat silly heard widifaus, we belted plaids.

- 3 'O if I had a man,' she says, 'as it louks I haa  
nean,  
He widne sit in the house an see my kay tean.
- 4 'Bat, lasses, tak doun yer rokes, an we will defend,  
. . . . .
- 5 'O kiss me, d[ea]r Peggey, an gee me doun my  
gun,  
I may well gaa out, bat I ill never come in.'
- 6 Out spak his brother, says, Gee me your hand,  
I [ill] fight in your caus as lang as I may stan.
- 7 Fan the Barron of Brechell came to the closs,  
A braver barron never read upon horse.
- 8 . . . . .  
'I think the silly heard widdefus are groun fighten  
men.'
- 9 First they killed an, and sayn they killed tua,  
An the Barron of Brichell is dead an awaa.
- 10 They killed Sandy Gordon, Sandy Gordon of the  
Knok,  
The miller an his three sons, that lived att Glen-  
muke.
- 11 First they killed ane, an sayn they killed tua,  
An the Barron of Brichell is dead an awaa.
- 12 Up came Crigevar an a' his fighten men:  
'Had I come an houre sinner, he sudna ben slain.'
- 13 For first they killed an, an sayn they killed tua,  
An the Barron of Breachell is dead an awa.
- 14 'O came ye by Brechell, lads? was ye in ther?  
Saw ye Peggie Doun, raving her hear?'
- 15 'We came by Breache[l], lads, we was in ther;  
We saa Peggie Doun, curling her hear.
- 16 'She ate we them, drank we them, bad them come  
in  
To her haas an her bours that had slain her barron.'
- 17 'Come in, gentelmen, ate an drink we me;  
Tho ye have slain my barron, I ha na ill well att  
thee.'
- 18 'O was ye att Glenmuck, lads? was ye in ther?  
Saa ye Catren Gordon, raving her hear?'
- 19 'We was att Gleanmuck, lads, we was in ther,  
We saa Catren Gordon, ravi[n]g her hear.
- 20 'We the tear in her eay, . . . . .  
Seven bearns att her foot, the eaght on her knee.

21 They killed Peater Gordon, Peater Gordon of the  
Knok.  
The miller an his three sons, that lives att Glen-  
muck.

22 First they killed an, an sayn they killed twa,  
An the Barron of Breachell is dead an awaa.

## 208. Lord Derwentwater.

P. 116 b. Add at the end of the first paragraph:  
Robert Patten, *The History of the Rebellion in the  
Year 1715*, 4th ed., 1745, p. 47.

123. From "The Old Lady's Collection," second  
part, p. 6.

## J

- 1 The king has written a brod letter,  
An sealled it our with gould,  
An sent it to Lord Darnwater,  
To read it if he could.
- 2 Whan Lord Darnwater saa the letter,  
A light laughter lough he;  
Bat or he read it to an end  
The tear blinded his eye,  
An sighan said him good Lord Darnwater,  
I am near the day to dei.
- 3 Out spak his lady,  
In child-bed wher she lay;  
'My d[ea]r Lord Darnweter, what is to be-  
com of me,  
An my young famely?'
- 4 'I will leave my young famely  
As well as I cane;  
For I will leave to my lady  
The third part of my land,  
An I will live to my e[l]dest son,  
The tua part of my land.
- 5 'An I will live to my eldest daught[er]  
Five thousand pound of gold,  
An I will live to my second daughter  
Three thousand pound of gold.
- 6 'Ye saddel to me my littel gray horse,  
That I had wont to ried;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 7 The first stape Lord Darnwater staped,  
He stumbled on a ston;  
Said Lord Darnwater,  
I feer I ill never come home.

- 8 When he came to fair London city,  
An near unt[o] the toun,  
'A trater! a trater!' said they,  
'A trator we see!'
- 9 'A trater?' said good Lord Darnwater,  
'A trator I nier could be,  
Unless it was bringen three hundred men  
To fight for young Jamie.'
- 10 But when he came to Tour Hill  
Befor him came a bold man,  
.  
.  
.  
With a broad aix in his hand.
- 11 . . . . .  
.  
.  
.  
'Hear is five ginies of gold an my green velvet  
coat,  
For to be your fee.'
- 12 'Ye nobels all,  
Come hear to see me die,  
An ye peopell of fair Sco[t]land,  
Be kind to my family.'
- 13 Lord Darnuater was dumed to die, to die,  
Good Lord Darnwater was dumed to die.
- 2<sup>5</sup>. sigh an. 2<sup>6</sup>. am *doubtful*.  
4<sup>4</sup>, 5<sup>4</sup>, 9<sup>3</sup>. 3. 4<sup>5</sup>. will live *twice*. 4<sup>6</sup>, 5<sup>3</sup>. 2.  
5<sup>2</sup>, 11<sup>3</sup>. 5. 7<sup>8</sup>, 9<sup>1</sup>. L. D. 13<sup>2</sup>. Daruan Water.

### 314. The Braes o Yarrow.

P. 160 ff., 522 ff.

#### S

Findlay's MSS, I, 181; The Dowie Dens o Yarrow, "from Banffshire, through James Milne, Arbroath."

- 1 There lived a lady in the South,  
Ye would scarcely find her marrow;  
She was courted by nine gentlemen  
An a ploughman-lad frae Yarrow.
- 2 Ae nicht the nine sat drinkin wine  
To the lass wha had nae marrow,  
When the ploughman swore, tho they were  
a score  
He wad fecht them a' in Yarrow.
- 3 It's he's gane ower yon high, high hill,  
And doon yon glen sae narrow,

- An there he saw nine armèd men,  
To fecht wi him in Yarrow.
- 4 'There's nine o you an I'm but ane,  
An that's an unequal marrow,  
But wi this gude blade and powerfu arm  
I'll lay you low on Yarrow.'
- 5 It's three he slew, and three withdrew,  
And three lay dead on Yarrow,  
But in behind cam her brother John,  
An pierced his body thorough.
- 6 'Gae hame, gae hame, you fause young man,  
An tell your sister sorrow,  
That her true-love John lies dead and gone  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'
- 7 'O father dear, I've dreamed a dream,  
I'm feared it will prove sorrow;  
I dreamed I was puin the heather-bells  
sweet  
On the bonny braes o Yarrow.'
- 8 'O daughter dear, your dream is read,  
I'm feared it will prove sorrow;  
Your true-love John lies dead and gone  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'
- 9 It's she's gane ower yon high, high hill,  
An doon yon glen sae narrow,  
An there she saw her true-love John  
Lyin could an dead on Yarrow.
- 10 She washed his face an combed his hair,  
Wi muckle grief an sorrow,  
She rowed him i the plaid she wore,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.
- 11 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
The colour being yellow;  
She tied it round his middle sma,  
An carried him hame frae Yarrow.
- 12 'O daughter dear, I pray forbear,  
I'll wed you to another marrow;  
I'll wed you to some fitter match  
Than the lad that died on Yarrow.'
- 13 'O father dear, you hae seven sons,  
Should you wed them a' to-morrow,  
A fairer flower never grew in June  
Than the lad that died on Yarrow.'



- 14 This lady, being six months with child  
To the ploughman lad of Yarrow,  
She fell into her father's arms  
An died wi grief on Yarrow.

5<sup>1</sup>. *slew should of course be wounded, or hurt,*  
*as in A 9<sup>1</sup>, B 9<sup>1</sup>, D 7<sup>1</sup>, E 8<sup>1</sup>, I 7<sup>1</sup>, K 7<sup>1</sup>,*  
*Q 6<sup>1,2</sup>.*

# 215. Rare Willie drowned in Yarrow, or, The Water o Gamrie.

P. 180. **D** stands as follows in "The Old Lady's  
Collection," No 10, 'The Water of Gamry.'

- 1 'Willie is fair, an Willè's rair,  
An Willè's wondres bonny,  
An Willè has promised to marey me,  
Gin ever he marred ony.'
- 2 'Ye's gett Jeamie, or ye's gett Jonny,  
Or ye's gett bonny Piter ;  
Ye's gett the walle of a' my sins,  
Bat live to me Willè the writter.'
- 3 'I winnè ha Jamie, I winnè ha Jonny,  
Nor will I ha bonny Peter ;  
I winnè ha ony of yer sins,  
In I gett na Willie the writter.'
- 4 Ther was three score an ten brisk young men  
Was boun to brid-stell we him.
- 5 'Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',  
I forget some thing behine me ;  
I [ha] forgotten my mider's blissing,  
To boun to bridstell we me.'
- 6 'God's blissing an mine gae we ye, my son Willie,  
A' the blissings of God ga we ye ;  
For y'er na an hour but bare ninten,  
Fan y'er gain to meet yer Meggey.'
- 7 They road on, an ferder on,  
Till they came to the water of Gamry ;  
An they all wen safe throu,  
Unless it was Suet Willie.
- 8 For the first an step att Willie's hors stepped,  
He stepped to the bridel ;  
The next an step att Wellie's hors stepped,  
Toom grue Willè's sadle.
- 9 They rod on, an forder on,  
Till they came to the kirk of Gamry,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

- 10 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
'A rounin, a rouning,' she says,  
'An fat means a' this rouning?'

- 11 Out spak the bonny bried,  
Just att the kirk of Gamrie ;  
'Far is the man that was to gee me his han  
This day att the kirk of Gamry?'

- 12 Out spak his breder John,  
An O bat he was sorry !  
'It fears me sair, my bonny brid,  
He slipes our sune in Gaamry.'

- 13 The ribbons they wer on her hare,  
They wer thik an mony ;  
She rive them a', late them doun faa,  
An she is on to the water of Gamry.

- 14 She sought it up, she sought it doun,  
She sought it braid an narrow,  
An the depest pot in a' Gamry,  
Ther she got Suit Willie.

- 15 She has kissed his comly mouth,  
As she had don befor, O :  
'Baith our miders sall be alike sory,  
For we's baith slep soun in Gamry.'

# 216. The Mother's Malison, or, Clyde's Water.

P. 187. **A** is now given as it stands in "The Old  
Lady's Collection," 'Clide's Water,' No 11. It will be  
observed that 19, 20 repeat No 215, **D**, 13, 14 (14, 15,  
of the copy just given).

- 1 'Ye gie corn to my hors,  
An meatt to my man,  
For I will gai to my true-love's gates  
This night, gin I can wine.'
- 2 'O stay att home, my son Willie,  
This a bare night we me ;  
The best bed in a' my house  
Sall be well made to the.'
- 3 'I care na for your beds, mider,  
I care na a pin ;  
For I ill gae to my love's gates  
This night, gin I can wine.'
- 4 'O stay, my son Willie,  
This night we me ;  
The best hen in a' mey reast  
Sall be well made ready for the.'

- 5 'I care na for your heans, midder,  
I care na a pin ;  
For I ull gae to my love's gates  
This night, gin I can wine.'
- 6 'Gin ye winnè stay, my son Willie,  
This a bare night we me,  
Gin Claid's water be dip an fue of flud,  
My malicen droun ye in.'
- 7 He road up yon high hill,  
An doun yon douë den ;  
The roring of Clid's water  
Wod ha flied ten thousand men.
- 8 'O spair me, Claid's water,  
Spare me as I gaa !  
Make me yer wrak as I come back,  
Bat spare me as I gaa !'
- 9 He raid in, an forder in,  
Till he came to the chin ;  
An he raid in, an forder in,  
Till he came to dray lan.
- 10 An fan he came to his love's gates  
He tirlid att the pin :  
'Open yer gates, May Meggie,  
Open yer gates to me,  
For my bets is fue of Claid's water,  
An the rain rins on a' my chine.'
- 11 'I ha ne loves therout,' she says,  
'I haa ne love theren ;  
My true-love is in my arms tua,  
An nean will I latt in.'
- 12 'Open yer gates, Meggie,  
This night to me,  
For Clide's water is full of flood,  
An my mider's mallison will droun me in.'
- 13 'An of my chambers is full of corn,' she says,  
'Anether is full of hay,  
The other is full of gentlemen,  
An they winnè remove till day.'
- 14 Out waked her May Meggie,  
Out of her drussie dream :  
'I dreamed a dream nou san the streen,  
God read a' dreams to gued !  
That my true-love Willie  
Was staning att my bed-feet.'
- 15 'Nou lay still, my a dather,  
An keep my back fraa the call ;  
It's na the space of haf an hour  
Sayn he gade fra your hall.'
- 16 'Hey, Willie ! an hou, Willie !  
An Willie, winnè ye turn agen ?'  
But ay the louder that she crayed  
He read agenst the wind.
- 17 He raid up yon high hill,  
An doun yon douë den,  
An the roring that was in Clid's water  
Wad ha fled ten thousand men.
- 18 He raid in  
Tell he came to the chine,  
An he raid forder in,  
Bat never mare came out agen.
- 19 She sought him up, she sought him doun,  
She sought him braid an narrou ;  
In the depest pot in a' Claid's water,  
Ther she gat Suit Willie.
- 20 She has kissed his comly mouth,  
As she had den afore :  
'Baith our midders sall be alike sorry,  
For we's bath slipe soun in Clide's water.'
- 21 Ther was na mare seen of that gued lord  
Bat his hat frae his head ;  
Ther was na mare seen of that gued lady  
Bat her keem an her sneed.
- 22 Ther mideers went up an doun the water,  
Saying, Clayd's water din us wrong !
- 10<sup>6</sup>. on a.  
18<sup>4</sup>. ther *follows* agen, *intended perhaps as a beginning of 21.*

## 217. The Broom of Cowdenknows.

P. 195. D b. Macmath MS., p. 105 ; from the recitation of Mary Cochrane (Mrs Garmory), Abbey-yard, Crossmichael, August 12, 1893.

- 1 Bonny May to the ewe-buchts is gane,  
To milk her daddie's yowes,  
And aye as she sang, her bonny voice it rang  
Outoer the taps o the knowes, knowes,  
Outoer the taps o the knowes.
- 2 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
A troop o noble gentlemen  
Came riding merrily by.
- 5 He took her by the middle sae sma,  
And by the green gown sleeve,  
And he's laid her down on the dewy, dewy ground,  
And he's askèd no man's leave.

- 9 He's mounted on his milk-white steed,  
And he's rode after his men,  
And all that his merry men said to him  
Was, Dear master ye've tarried long.
- 10 'I have ridden east and I have ridden west,  
And I've ridden among the knowes,  
But the bonniest lass that eer I saw  
Was milking her daddie's yowes.'
- 11 She's taen the milk-pail on her head,  
And she's gane singing hame,  
And all that her father said to her  
Was, Dear daughter, ye've tarried long.
- 13 'O there cam a tod amang my yowes,  
An a waefu tod was he;  
Afore he had taen my wee yowe-lamb,  
I wad rather he had taen ither three.'
- 15 It happened on a day, and a bonny summer day,  
As she was ca'in in her father's kye,  
The same troop o noble gentlemen  
Came riding merrily by.
- 16 One of them calls out  
Lassie, have ye got a man?  
She turned her head right sauey about,  
Saying, I've got ane at hame.
- 17 'Hold your tongue, my bonny lass,  
How loud I hear ye lee!  
Do you no remember the caul mirky nicht  
When ye were in the yowe-buechts wi me?'
- 18 He's ordered one of his merry men  
To licht and set her on behind him,  
Saying, Your father may ca in his kye when he  
likes,  
For they'll neer be ca'ed in by thee.
- 19 'For I am the laird o the Ochiltree walls,  
I have fifty ploughs and three,  
And I have got the bonniest lass  
In a' the North Countrie.'

### 219. The Gardener.

P. 212. Rev. S. Baring-Gould has pointed me to a printed copy of this ballad, considerably corrupted, to be sure, but also considerably older than the traditional versions. It is blended at the beginning with a "Thyme" song, which itself is apt to be mixed up with 'I sowed the seeds of love.' The second stanza is from the "Thyme" song; the third is a traditional variation of a stanza in 'I sowed the seeds of love.' (See the piece which follows this.) The ballad begins with the fourth

stanza, and the fifth is corrupted by being transferred from the gardener to the maid. Mr Baring-Gould has lately taken down copies of the "Thyme" song in the west of England. See one in Songs and Ballads of the West, No 7, and the note thereto in the preface to Part IV of that work, p. xv; also Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, I, 40, Bruce and Stokoe, Northumbrian Minstrelsy, p. 90, and Chappell's Popular Music, p. 521 f. Rev. S. Baring-Gould has given me two copies, one from recitation, the other from "a broadside published by Bebbington, Manchester, Brit. Mus., 1876. d., A Collection of Songs and Broad-sides, I, 264."

Five Excellent New Songs. Edinburgh. Printed and sold by William Forrest, at the head of the Cowgate, 1766. British Museum, 11621. b. 6 (8).

- 1 The wakeing all the winter night,  
And the tippling at the wine,  
And the courting of a bonny lass,  
Will break this heart of mine.  
Brave sailing here, my dear,  
And better sailing there,  
Brave sailing in my love's arms,  
O give I were there!
- 2 I had a bed of thyme,  
And it flourishd night and day,  
There came by a squire's son  
That stole my heart away.  
Brave sailing, etc.
- 3 Then up comes the gardener-lad,  
And he gave me profers free,  
He gave to me the jully-flowers,  
To clothe my gay bodie.
- 4 The gardener stood in his garden,  
And the prim-rose in his hand,  
And there he spi'd his own true love,  
As tight's a willy wand.
- 5 'If he'll be a lover true,' she said,  
'A lover true indeed,  
And buy all the flowers of my garden,  
I'll shape to thee a weed.'  
Brave sailing, etc.
- 6 'The prim-rose shall be on thy head,  
And the red rose on thy breast,  
And the white-rose shall be for a smock,  
To cover thy body next.  
Brave sailing, etc.
- 7 'Thy glove shall be the jully-flower,  
Comes lockren to thy hand,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .



8 'Thy stockings shall be of the thyme,  
Fair maid, it is a pleasant view;  
Put on, fair maid, whenever you please,  
And your shoes shall be of the rue.'  
Brave sailing here, my dear,  
And better sailing there,  
And brave sailing in my love's arms,  
O if I were there!

9 'You shape to me, young man,' she says,  
'A weed amongst the flowers,  
But I will shape to you, young man,  
A weed amongst the flowers.

10 'The hail-stones shall be on thy head,  
And the snow upon thy breast,  
And the east-wind shall be for a shirt,  
To cover thy body next.

11 'Thy boots shall be of the tangle,  
That nothing can betide,  
Thy steed shall be of the wan water,  
Loup on, young man, and ride.'  
Brave sailing there, my dear,  
And better sailing here,  
And 't is brave sailing twixt my love's arms,  
O if I were there!

Five Excellent New Songs. II. The New Lover's  
Garland. III. The Young Maid's Answer.

5<sup>1</sup> *should read*, If thou 'lt . . . he said.  
5<sup>2</sup> *should read nearly as in B* 8<sup>3</sup>, Among all.  
6<sup>4</sup>, 10<sup>4</sup>. next *should be* neist.  
7<sup>1</sup>. grove. 7<sup>1,2</sup>, 8<sup>1,2</sup>, *make a stanza*.  
After 8: The Young Maid's Answer, *printed as*  
*No 3 of the five songs*.  
9<sup>1</sup>. to be a.  
9<sup>3,4</sup> *could be easily corrected from A* 7<sup>5,6</sup>, *B* 15<sup>3,4</sup>.  
11<sup>1</sup>. stangle.  
11<sup>2</sup> *should read to the effect*, That's brought in by  
the tide.

The piece which follows is little more than a variation of 'I sow'd the seeds of love' (one of "three of the most popular songs among the servant-maids of the present generation," says Mr Chappell: see a traditional version of the song, which was originally composed by Mrs Habergham towards the end of the seventeenth century, in *Popular Music*, p. 522 f.). But the choosing of a weed for a maid from garden-flowers is here, and is not in the song. It will be observed that the maid chooses no weed for the gardener, but dies of a thorn-prick, a trait which is found in neither the song nor the ballad.

Taken down by Rev. S. Baring-Gould from the singing of Joseph Paddon, Holecombe Burnell. Printed, with changes, in Baring-Gould and Sheppard's *Songs*

and *Ballads of the West*, No 107, Part IV, p. 50, 1891 here as sung.

DEAD MAID'S LAND.

- 1 A garden was planted around  
With flowers of every kind,  
I chose of the best to wear in my breast,  
The flowers best pleased my mind.
- 2 A gardener standing by  
I asked to choose for me;  
He chose me the lily, the violet, the pink,  
But I liked none of the three.
- 3 A violet I don't like,  
A lily it fades so soon,  
But as for the pink I cared not a flink,  
I said I would stop till June.
- 4 'The lily it shall be thy smock,  
The jonquil shoe thy feet,  
Thy gown shall be of the ten-week stock,  
Thy gloves the violet sweet.
- 5 'The gilly shall deek thy head,  
Thy way with herbs I'll strew,  
Thy stockings shall be the marigold,  
Thy gloves the violet blue.'
- 6 'I like not the gilly-flower,  
Nor herbs my way to strew,  
Nor stockings of the marigold,  
Nor gloves of violet blue.
- 7 'I will not have the ten-week stock,  
Nor jonquils to my shoon,  
But I will have the red, red rose  
That flowereth in June.'
- 8 'The rose it doth bear a thorn  
That pricketh to the bone;'  
'I little heed what thou dost say,  
I will have that or none.'
- 9 'The rose it doth bear a thorn  
That pricketh to the heart;'  
'O but I will have the red, red rose,  
For I little heed its smart.'
- 10 She stoop'd to the ground  
To pluck the rose so red,  
The thorn it pierced her to the heart,  
And this fair maid was dead.
- 11 A gardener stood at the gate,  
With cypress in his hand,  
And he did say, Let no fair may  
Come into Dead Maid's Land.

A fragment in Motherwell's MS., obtained from Widow Nicol, 'It's braw sailing here,' p. 110, has something of both pieces without any suggestion of the flower-dress.

- 1 It's braw sailing here,  
And it's braw sailing there,  
And it's braw sailing on the seas  
When wind and tide are fair.
- 2 It's braw drinking beer,  
And it's braw drinking wine,  
And it's braw courting a bonnie lass  
When she is in her prime.
- 3 O the gardener sent me word,  
He that pued the rose for me,  
The willow, primrose, the red rose,  
But I denied all three.
- 4 The willow I'll deny,  
The primrose it buds soon,  
But I'll chuse for me the red rose,  
And I vow it'll stand till June.
- 5 In June my red rose sprung,  
It was not a rose for me,  
So I'll pull the top of my red rose,  
And I'll plant the willow-tree.
- 6 For the willow I must wear,  
With sorrows mixed amang,  
And all the neighbours far and near  
Say I luv'd a false luv lang.

22. braw *altered* to better.

### 221. Katharine Jaffray.

P. 222. E, as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 17, 'Bony Catrain Jaffry.'

- 1 Bonny Catrain Jaffrie,  
That proper maid sae fare,  
She has loved yong Lochinwar,  
She made him no compare.
- 2 He courted her the live-lang winter night,  
Sa has he the simmer's day;  
He has courted her sae lang  
Till he sta her heart away.
- 3 Bat the lusty lard of Lamerdall  
Came fra the South Countrey,  
An for to ga[i]n this lady's love  
In intred he.
- 4 . . . . .  
An he has gained her friends' consent,  
An sett the weding-day.

- 5 The weding-day it being sett,  
An a' man to it boun,  
She sent for her first fair love,  
Her wedding to come to.
- 6 His father an his mother came,  
. . . . .  
They came a', but he came no,  
It was a foull play.
- 7 Lochenwar an his comrads  
Sat drinken att the wine;  
'Faue on you!' sad his comrads,  
'Tak yer bride for shame.
- 8 'Had she ben mine, as she was yours,  
An den as she has don to you,  
I wad tak her on her bridell-day  
Fra a' her compinay.
- 9 'Fra a' her compinay,  
Without any other stay;  
I wad gee them frogs insted of fish,  
An take ther bride away.'
- 10 He got fifty young men,  
They were gallant an gay,  
An fifty madens,  
An left them on a lay.
- 11 Fan he came in by Callien bank,  
An in by Calline bray,  
He left his company  
Dancing on a lay.
- 12 He came to the bridel-house,  
An in entred he;  
. . . . .
- 13 'Ther was a young man in this place  
Loyed well a comly may,  
Bat the day she gaes anether man's bride,  
An has plaed him foull play.
- 14 'Had it ben me, as it was him,  
An don as she has dien him tee,  
I wad ha geen them froges insted of fish,  
An tane ther bride away.'
- 15 The Engleshe speared gin he wad fight,  
It spak well in his mind;  
. . . . .
- 16 'It was na for fighten I cam hear,  
But to bear gud fileschap gay;  
Wan glass we yer bridgrom,  
An so I goe my way.'

17 The glass was filled of gued read wine  
Betuen them tua :  
'Wan word we yer brid,  
An so I goo my waa.'

18 He was on gued horse back,  
An whipt the bride him we;  
She grat an wrang her hands,  
An said, It's foull play!

19 . . . . .  
'An this I dar well say,  
For this day I gade anether man's bride,  
An it's ben foull play.'

20 Bat nou she is Lochenw[ar]'s wife,  
. . . . .  
An he gaed them frogas insted of fish,  
An tain ther bried away.

1. him *imperfect*; *might be* hir. 5<sup>2</sup>. boung.

225. **G.** Collated with a MS. of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's and with another copy of the same pieces in "North Country Ballads," *Miscellanea Curiosa*, Abbotsford Library.

Sharpe, p. 13. 1<sup>1</sup>. O *wanting*. Jaffray.

1<sup>3</sup>. For she has lovd young L.

3<sup>1,2</sup>. Lauderdale's come. 3<sup>3</sup>. That pretty.

4<sup>3</sup>. He agreed with. 5<sup>3</sup>. lossing of the.

6<sup>1</sup>. were you, L. 7<sup>1</sup>. Ye get.

7<sup>2</sup>. And send through. 7<sup>3</sup>. Get 150. 7<sup>4</sup>. be all.

8<sup>3</sup>. And still : trumpets. 9<sup>2</sup>. And sent.

9<sup>3</sup>. Gat full. 9<sup>4</sup>. To be all. 10<sup>1</sup>. To be.

10<sup>2</sup>. to obey. 10<sup>3</sup>. And still : trumpets.

11<sup>3</sup>. When he went in upon. 12<sup>2</sup>. who was.

12<sup>3</sup>. Come never. 13<sup>1</sup>. They'll.

14<sup>3</sup>. Askd if he had. 15<sup>1</sup>. ever. 15<sup>2</sup>. As was.

15<sup>4</sup>. Was. 16<sup>3</sup>. I did.

16<sup>4</sup>. Was leaping on the hays.

17<sup>3</sup>. with you, b.

17<sup>4</sup>, 18<sup>4</sup>. bound. 18<sup>2</sup>. drank. 19<sup>1</sup>. taken.

19<sup>4</sup>, 20<sup>4</sup>. no. 20<sup>1</sup>. so great. 20<sup>2</sup>. And so.

20<sup>3</sup>. That. 21<sup>1</sup>. take their. 21<sup>3</sup>. trumpets.

22<sup>1</sup>. There was. 22<sup>2</sup>. Was walking on a hay.

22<sup>3</sup>. Gave them the bonny bride by the hand.

22<sup>4</sup>. bad them bound. 23<sup>1</sup>. pieces nine.

Scott. 15<sup>2</sup>. array *miscopied* away.

## 222. Bonny Baby Livingston.

P. 231. 'Bonnie Annie Livieston' in C. K. Sharpe's first MS. collection, p. 24, resembles **D** and **B**, and has as many commonplaces as **B**, ending with the last three stanzas of several versions of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet' or of 'Lord Lovel,' **I**.

1 Bonny Anny Livieston  
Went out to see the play,  
By came the laird of Glenlion,  
And [he's] taen hir quite away.

2 He set hir on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a gray,  
He's teen hir oer the Highland hills,  
And taen hir quite away.

3 When they came to Glenlion's gate,  
The lighted on the green;  
There was mony a bonny lad and lass  
To wolcome the lady hame.

4 They led hir through high towers and bowers,  
And through the buling-green,  
And ay when they spake Erse to hir  
The tears blinded hir een.

5 Says, The Highlands is no for me, kind sir,  
The Highlands is no for me;  
If that ye would my favour win,  
Take me unto Dundee.

6 'Dundee!' he says, 'Dundee, lady!  
Dundee you shall never see;  
Upon the laird of Glenlion  
Soon wadded shall ye be.'

7 When bells were rung, and mas was sung,  
And all were bound for bed,  
And bonny Annie Livieston  
By hir bridegroom was laid.

8 'It's O gin it were day!' she says,  
'It's O gin it were day!  
O if that it were day,' she says,  
'Nae langer wad I stay.'

9 'Your horse stands in a good stable,  
Eating both corn and hay,  
And you are in Glenlion's arms,  
Why should ye weary for day?'

10 'Glenlion's arms are good enough,  
But alais! the'r no for me;  
If that you would my fevour win,  
Taike me unto Dundee.

11 'Bat fetch me paper, pen and ink,  
And candle that I may see,  
And I'll go write a long letter  
To Geordie in Dundee.

12 'Where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,  
That will gang to my ain true-luve,  
And tell him what is done?'



13 Then up then spake a bonny boy,  
Near to Glenlion's kin,  
Says, Many time I hae gane his erand,  
But the lady's I will rin.

14 O when he came to broken brigs  
He bent his bow and swame,  
And when he came to grass growing  
Set down his feet and ran.

15 And when he came to Dundee gate  
Lap clean outoer the wa ;  
Before the porter was thereat,  
The boy was in the haa.

16 'What news? what news, bonny boy?  
What news hes thou to me?'  
'No news, no news,' said bonny boy,  
'But a letter unto thee.'

17 The first three lines he looked on,  
A loud laughter gied he,  
But or he wan to the hinder en  
The tears blinded his eie.

18 'Gae saddle to me the black,' he says,  
'Gae saddle to me the broun,  
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That eer took man to towen.'

19 He burst the black unto the slack,  
The browen unto the brae,  
But fair fa on the siller-gray  
That carried him ay away !

20 When he came to Glenlion's yett,  
He tirl'd at the pin,  
But before that he wan up the stair  
The lady she was gone.

21 'O I can kiss thy cheeks, Annie,  
O I can kiss thy chin,  
O I can kiss thy clay-cold lips,  
Though there be no breath within.

22 'Deal large at my love's buriell  
The short bread and the wine,  
And gin the morn at ten o'clock  
Ye may deal as mukle at mine.'

23 The taen was biried in Mary's kirk,  
The tither in St Mary's quire,  
And out of the taen there grew a birk,  
And the ither a bonny brier.

24 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
Till they did meet aboon,  
And a' that ere the same did see  
Knew they had true lovers been.

17<sup>3</sup>. hinderen. 21<sup>1</sup>. thy thy.

## 223. Eppie Morrie.

P. 239. Collated with a MS. of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's, and with another copy of the same pieces, "North Country Ballads," in *Miscellanea Curiosa*, Abbotsford Library.

Sharpe, p. 21. 1<sup>2</sup>. all. 1<sup>3</sup>. away. 1<sup>4</sup>. Because.

2<sup>1</sup>. Out it. 2<sup>2</sup>. moonlighty. 3<sup>1,2</sup>. Hald.

3<sup>4</sup>. That shall be wedded. 5<sup>1</sup>. He has.

5<sup>2</sup>. it *wanting*. 5<sup>3</sup>. Says, Marry.

6<sup>1,2</sup>, 7<sup>1,2</sup>, 10<sup>1,2</sup>, 15<sup>1,2</sup>. Hold. 6<sup>4</sup>. be married.

7<sup>3</sup>. dare not avow to marrying. 7<sup>4</sup>. she were.

8<sup>2</sup>. could not. 8<sup>3</sup>. are away. 9<sup>1</sup>. bells was.

9<sup>2</sup>. all men bound. 10<sup>1,2</sup>, 15<sup>1,2</sup>. away from.

10<sup>3</sup>. I loss. 12<sup>3</sup>. Scallater. 13<sup>1</sup>. Says, Get.

13<sup>4</sup>. sure I am : as ye. 14<sup>1</sup>. fall.

14<sup>2</sup>. you could not. 14<sup>3</sup>. taken.

14<sup>4</sup>. kis[s]ed your hand. 15<sup>3</sup>. For there 's.

15<sup>4</sup>. that 's be wedded to me.

16<sup>1</sup>. in it came Belbardlane.

16<sup>3</sup>. Says, come away home. 17<sup>2</sup>. And get to me.

17<sup>4</sup>. came. 18<sup>2</sup>. and hey the light.

*Written in long lines, without division into stanzas.*

Scott. Norrie throughout. 2<sup>2</sup>. moonlight.

16<sup>3</sup>. home *wanting*.

## 225. Rob Roy.

P. 245. **A.** This version is No 9 of "The Old Lady's Collection," and was copied by Skene without much variation. The following original readings may be noted.

2<sup>3</sup>. Or she. 3<sup>1</sup>. serundad. 3<sup>4</sup>. fra each other.

6<sup>4</sup>. to me has. 7<sup>4</sup>. Him sell beside her.

8<sup>1</sup>. came by Black. 8<sup>4</sup>. not be.

10<sup>1,2</sup>. Be content *twice only*.

11<sup>2</sup>, 12<sup>2</sup>. lady *wanting*. 12<sup>1</sup>. land. 12<sup>2</sup>. for his.

12<sup>3</sup>. An *wanting*. 12<sup>4</sup>. took them.

13<sup>1</sup>. he *wanting*. 13<sup>3</sup>. pound. 14<sup>1</sup>. Y'er.

249. **E.** In Sharpe's small MS. volume, "Songs," p. 42.

1<sup>2</sup>. Cam to. 2<sup>1</sup>. It's when. 2<sup>4</sup>. her to. 5<sup>3</sup>. hasted.

7<sup>3</sup>. cries *for sighs*. 7<sup>4</sup>. was laid behind.

8<sup>1</sup>. He says to her, etc., Oh, be.

*Readings from A 1, 2, are added, in a later hand, in the margin of 1, 3.*

254.

## L

From a copy formerly in the possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, now belonging to Mr Macmath. The paper on which it is written has the water-mark 1822. This version closely resembles **C** and **K**.

1 Rob Roy's from the Highlands come  
Down to the Lowland border,

- And there he's stole a fair lady away,  
To keep his house in order.
- 2 As he came in by Blackhill gate,  
Twenty men his arms did carry,  
And he has stole a fair lady away,  
On purpose hir to marry.
- 3 No tidings came unto the house,  
Nor none went in before him,  
Or else she had been run away,  
For she did still abhor him.
- 4 But with his men he surrounded the house,  
Himself went in unto hir,  
And when that he had found her out  
He profest how much he lovt hir.
- 5 'O wilt thou be my dear?' he says,  
'O wilt thou be my hony?  
O wilt thou be my wedded wife?  
For I love you far better than ony.'
- 6 'I will not be your dear,' she says,  
'I will not be your honey,  
I will not be your wedded wife;  
You love me for my money.'
- 7 But he hir drew amongst his crew,  
She holding by hir mother;  
With doleful cries and watry eyes  
The parted from each other.
- 8 He gave hir no time for to dress  
As brides do when the marry,  
But fast he hurried hir away,  
And rowd hir in his plaidy.
- 9 He set hir on a milk-white steed,  
Himself lept on behind hir,  
And he has carried hir away,  
Hir friends the could not find hir.
- 10 The lady's cries were oftines heard,  
But none durst venture to hir;  
She gaurded was on every side,  
Hir friends could not rescue hir.
- 11 As the went over hills and rocks,  
The lady oftines fainted;  
Cries, Wo be to my curst mony,  
These roads to me invented.
- 12 As the came in by Drummond town  
And at Bachannan tarried,  
He bought to her a cloak and gown,  
Yet wad she not be married.
- 13 And when she came the priest before  
He askd if she would marry,  
But the parson's zeal it was so hot  
For her will he did not tarry.
- 14 Four held hir up before the priest,  
Tow laid hir in hir bed, O,  
But still she cried, with watry eyes,  
When she was by him laid O.
- 15 'Now you 'r to the Highlands come,  
Out of your native clime, lady,  
Never think of going back,  
But tak it for your hame, lady.
- 16 'Be content, be content,  
Be content to stay, lady,  
Now you are my wedded wife,  
Until your dying day, lady.
- 17 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
McGregor was his name, lady,  
And all the country where he dwelt  
None could exceed his fame, lady.
- 18 'I'll be kind, I'll be kind,  
I'll be kind to thee, lady,  
A' thy kindred for thy sake  
Shall truly favoured be, lady.
- 19 'My father reignd as Highland king,  
And ruled at his will, lady,  
There was nether lord nor duke  
Durst do him ony ill, lady.
- 20 'Ay through time, ay through time,  
Ay through time was he, lady,  
Filled was w[ith] sweet revenge  
On a' his enemys, lady.
- 21 'He was a hedge about his friends,  
A heckle till his foes, lady,  
And every ane that did him rang,  
He took them oer the nose, lady.
- 22 'I'm as bold, I'm as bold,  
[As bold] as forest boar, lady,

Every ane that does thee rang  
Shall feell my stell claymore, lady.

23 'Neer a man from Highlands came  
That ever did him dare, lady,  
But if those persons did escape  
He sized upon there gear, lady.  
Ay through time, etc.

24 'My father dealt in horse and cows,  
But thou in goats and sheep, lady,  
Thre and twenty thousand merk  
Makes me a man complete, lady.  
Be content, etc.

25 'Of all the exploits my father did  
I do him now outshine, lady;  
He never took a prize in 's life  
With sic a face as thine, lady.'

*Title* : Old Song, Rob Roy. *Tune*, Jonny Fa,  
the Gipsy Laddy.

*After 14.* *Tune*, Had away frae me, Donald.

Here may be added, as an appendix, a fragment of a ballad on the "Abduction of Nelly Symon." "The chorus is in Gaelic and the song is sung to one of the finest native airs." From *The Aberdeen Herald and Weekly Free Press*, February 3, 1883.

1 They hoised her up upon a mare;  
It was not for her gowd nor gear;  
'T was for her beauty, keen and rare,  
That they stealt Ellen Symon.  
Se ho or so gur tallum tallum,  
Se ho or so gur e so hallum;  
Bheir mis ma chinteach ghuds gur tallum,  
Chaileig, Eilie Symon.

2 Her father made a bow o bere,  
Her uncle he gae twa pound mair,  
To hang the rogue he vowed and sware  
That stealt his Ellen Symon.

3 When they came on till Allanqooich,  
They drank the whisky oot o a quaich,  
And ilka ane was blythe eneuch,  
But wae was Ellen Symon.

4 When they came to the brig o Don,  
Peter swore he would move on;  
Says Charlie, Lad, ye sanna win,  
For my brave Ellen Symon.

## 226. Lizzie Lindsay.

P. 255.

### H

From "The Old Lady's Collection," No 39.

1 Ther lives a maid in Edinbrugh citty,  
Elisa Lindsay they call her by name;  
Monye an came to court her,  
But a' ther suit was in vain.

2 Out spak the hear of Carnussë,  
An out spak he;  
'Fat wad ye think of me if I wad gae to  
Edinbrugh citty  
An bring this fair creatur we me?'

3 'If ye gae to Edinbrugh city  
An bring this fair creatur we the,  
Bring her home we ne flatry,  
But by grait poliey.'

4 Fan he came to the Netherbou,  
Elisa Lindsay for to see,  
She drank we him a bottel of cherry,  
And bare him gued company.

5 'Will ye goo to the Hillands we me, Lisee?  
Will ye go to [the] Hillands we me?  
Ye's gett cruds an grean why.'

6 Out spak Lissy's mother,  
An out spak she;  
'If ye say so to my daughter,  
[I] swaer I ell gar ye die.'

7 'Keep well yer dother, old lady,  
Keep well yer dother fra me,  
For I care as littel for yer dother  
As she dos for me.'

8 Out spak Lissie Lindsay,  
We the tear in her eay;  
'I will gie ye ten gunies,  
If ye wad bat sitt in my roun bat a whill  
Till I dra you[r] pieter,  
To mind me on your swit smill.'

9 'I care as littel for your ten gunies  
As ye dou for mine,  
But if ye love my person,  
Goo we me if ye inclayn.'



10 Fan they came to Carnusie, an even to the  
glen,  
Out came the old day :  
'Ye 'r welcom home, Sir Donall, ye 'r welcom  
home,  
An that fair creatur ye we.'

11 'Caa na me mare Sir Donald,  
Bat caa me Donall, yer son,  
An I'll caa ye my mother,  
An caa me Donall, yer son :'  
The words wer spoken in Ears,  
Lissie she had nean.

12 'Gett us a supper of cruds,  
[A supper of cruds] an green whay,  
An a bed of the best of yeer rushes,  
Besids a covering of gray.'

13 Lissy Lindsy bieng weary,  
She lay over long in they day :  
'Win up, Lissy Lindsy,  
Ye haa layen our lang in the day ;  
Ye might haa ben out we my mider,  
Milken the eus an the kay.'

14 Out spak Lissie Lindsy,  
The tear in her eay ;  
'I wiss I wer in Edenbrugh citty,  
I cannë milk eus nor kay.'

15 'Hold your toung, Lissie Lindsy,  
An dou not freat on me,  
For I will haa ye back to Edenbrugh citty,  
Nou we grait safity.'

16 Out spak Lissie Lindsy,  
The tear in her eay ;  
'If I wer in Edenbrugh citty,  
They woud think littel of me.'

17 He touk her by the milk-white hand,  
Some other forest to vue ;  
. . . . .

18 Fan they came to Carnusy, out came Donal's  
father,  
A gay old knight was he ;  
Out cam Donald's father,  
An four-an-tuenty him we.

19 'Ye 'r welcom, Lissie Lends[y],  
Dear welcom to me ;

Ye 's be Lady Carnusie,  
An gett Donal, my son.'

20 Out came Donald's mother,  
An four-an-tuenty her we :  
'Ye 'r welcom, my son,  
An that fair creatur ye we.'

17<sup>2</sup>. Forest: *doubtful*.

## 227. Bonny Lizie Baillie.

P. 266. h. 'Elisa Bailly,' "The Old Lady's Collec-  
tion," No 37.

3 As I eame in by Carron sid,  
An in nou by Dumblain,  
Ther I mett we Dugall Grame :  
He said he wad see me hame.

4 'My bonny Lisey Ballie,  
I ill rou ye in my plady,  
An ye wad gaa along we me,  
I wad make ye a Heallend lady.'

5 'If I wad gaa along we ye,  
They wad say I wer na wise ;  
For I eane nether milk eou nor ewe,  
Nor can I speak Ears.'

6 'My bonny Lisie Bailly,  
For that ye nead na fear ;  
For onye that I eane dou,  
I ill learn to you, my dear.'

19, 21 'Then I ill east off my bra nou gown,  
Made of the silk an saten,  
An I ell pitt on the hame-made grays,  
To skip among the breachan.'

'My bonny Lisie Bailly,  
I ill rou ye in my plaidy,  
An ye will go along we me,  
I ill make ye a Healand lady.'

20 'Then I ell east aff my bra nou shous,  
Made of the Turkey lader,  
An I ell pit on the hame-made broges,  
To skip among the header.'

'My bonny Lisie Bailly,  
I ell rou ye in my plady ;  
Since ye 'r to goo along we me,  
I ell make ye a Healand lady.'

16 Foull faa the logarheaded Loland lads  
That lives near Castell Carey,  
Has latten the bonny lass away  
The Heallend lad to marry.

16<sup>2</sup>. Carey written so as to look like Carly.

## 228. Glasgow Peggie.

P. 271. A is extant among Sharpe's relics, written on paper having 1819 in the water-mark, in two hands: stanzas 1-6, 8, 9<sup>1</sup>, in one, 7 (inserted in the margin) and the rest in another. Sharpe has made a few slight changes in the text, besides regulating the spelling. The ballad is now given as it stands in the original copy.

- 1 'As I cam in by boney Glasgow town,  
The Highland troops were a' before me,  
And the bon[ey]est lass that ere I saw,  
She lives in Glasgow, tha ca her Peggy.
- 2 'I wad gie my boney black horse,  
So wad I my good gray nagie,  
If I were a hundred miles in the North,  
And nan wee me but my boney Peggy.'
- 3 Up then spoke her father dear,  
Dear vow! but he was wondrous sorey;  
'Weel may yea steel a cow or a ewe,  
But ye darna steel my boney Peggy.'
- 4 Up then spoke her mother dear,  
Dear vow! but she spoke wondrious sorey;  
'Now, since I've brought ye up this length,  
Wod ye gang awa wee a Highland fellow?'
- 5 He set her on his boney black horse,  
He set himsel on his good gray nagy;  
They have riden over hill[s] and dales,  
Now he is awa wee his boney Peggy.
- 6 They are riden or hills and dales,  
They have riden or mountains maney,  
Untill that thay com to a low, low glen,  
And there he's lain down wee his boney Peggy.
- 7 Up then spoke the Earll o Argyle,  
Dear vow! bet he spoke wondrous sorry;  
'The bonniest lass in a' Scotland  
Is af an awa wi [a] Highland fellow!'
- 8 There bed was of the boney green grass,  
There blankets was o the hay sa boney;  
He falded his philabeg below her head,  
Now he's lawing down wee his boney Peggy.
- 9 Up then spoke the boney Lawland lass,  
And oh, but she spoke wondrous sorry;  
'A's warruant my mother would hae a gae soir  
heart  
To see me lian here wi you, my Willie!'
- 10 'In my father's house there's feather-beds,  
Feather-beds an blankets many;  
The're a' mine, an the'll shoon be thine,  
An what needs your mother be sae sorry, Peggie?

- 11 'Dinna you see yon nine score o kye,  
Feding on yon hill sae boney?  
The're a' mine, an the'll shoon be thine,  
An what needs your mother be sorry, Peggie?
- 12 'Dinna you see yon nine score o sheep,  
Feeding on yon brae sae bonny?  
The're a' mine, an the'll shoon be thine,  
An what needs your mother be sorry for you?

- 13 'Dinna you see yon bonny white house,  
Shining on yon brae sae bonny?  
An I am the earl o the Isle o Sky,  
And surely my Peggie will be calle[d] a lady.'

1<sup>2</sup>, 2<sup>3</sup>. where. 2<sup>3</sup>. a: *not unlike 2, but really a.*  
9<sup>2</sup>. she sape. 9<sup>3</sup>. soir: *i not dotted.*  
10<sup>3</sup>. be the thene.

275.

## G

Macmath MS., p. 93. Taken down at Crossmichael, Kirkcudbrightshire, 24th August, 1892, from the recitation of Miss Jane Webster, who had learned it more than fifty years before, at Airds of Kells, from the singing of Rosanna McGinnies.

- 1 It was on a day, and a fine summer's day,  
When the Lowlands they were making ready,  
There I espied a weel-far'd lass,  
She was gaun to Glasgow, and they ca her  
Peggy.
- 2 It's up then spak a silly auld man,  
And O but he spak wondrous poorly!  
Sayin, Ye may steal awa my cows and my ewes,  
But ye'll never steal awa my bonny Peggy.
- 3 'O haud yer tongue, ye silly auld man,  
For ye hae said enugh already,  
For I'll never steal awa yer cows and yer ewes,  
But I'll steal awa yer bonny Peggy.'
- 4 So he mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a wee grey naigie,  
And they hae ridden ower hill and dale,  
And over moors and mosses many.
- 5 They rade till they cam to the head o yon glen,  
It might hae frightened anybody;  
He said, Whether will ye go alongst with me,  
Or will ye return back again to your mam-  
mie?

\* \* \* \* \*

- 6 Their bed was o the green, green grass,  
And their blankets o the bracken sac bonnie,  
And he 's laid his trews beneath their head,  
And Peggy 's lain down wi her Heilan laddie.
- 7 They lay till it cam to the break o day,  
Then up they rose and made them ready;  
He said, Whether will ye go alongst with me,  
Or will ye return back again to your mam-  
mie?
- 8 'I 'll follow you through frost and snow,  
I 'll follow you through dangers many,  
And wherever ye go I will go alongst with you,  
For I 'll never return back again to my  
mammie.'
- 9 'I hae four-and-twenty gude milk-kye,  
They 're a' bun in yon byre sae bonny,  
And I am the earl o the Isle o Skye,  
And why should not Peggy be called a lady?
- 10 'I hae fifty acres o gude land,  
A' ploughed ower and sawn sae bonny,  
And I am young Donald o the Isle o Skye,  
And wherever I 'm laird I 'll make ye lady.'

### 231. The Earl of Errol.

P. 284. **B** as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collec-  
tion," No 26.

- 1 Earell is a bonny place,  
Itt stands upon yon plain;  
The gratest faut about the toun,  
Earell 's na a man.  
For fat ye caa the danton o'tt,  
According as ye ken,  
For the pearting . . . ,  
Lady Earel lays her lean.
- 2 Eearel is a bonny place,  
It stans upon yon plain;  
The rosses they grou read an whit,  
An the apples they grou green.
- 3 'Fatt nead I my apron wash  
An hing upon yon pinn?  
For lang will I gaa out an in  
Or I hear my barn's dinn.
- 4 'Fatt nead I my apron wash,  
Or hang upon yon dor?  
For side an wid is my petecot,  
An eaden doun afore.

- 5 'Bat I will laice my stays agean,  
My middel jump an smaa;  
I ull gaa a' my days a meaden,  
Awaa, Earell, awaa!'
- 6 It fell ance upon a day Lord Earell  
Went to hunt him lean,  
. . . . .
- 7 He was na a mill fra the toun,  
Nor yett sae far awaa,  
Till his lady is on to Edinbrugh,  
To tray him att the laa.
- 8 Littel did Lord Earell think,  
Fan he satt doun to dine,  
That his lady was one to Edinbrugh,  
Nor fatt was in her mind.
- 9 Till his best servant came  
For to latt him kenn,  
. . . . .
- 10 She was na in att the toun-end,  
Nor yett sa far awa,  
Till Earell he was att her back,  
His goudy lokes to sha.
- 11 She was na in att the toun-head,  
Nor just att the eand,  
Till Earell he was att her back,  
Her earent for to ken.
- 12 'As lang as they caa ye Kett Carnegë,  
An me Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I us gar yer father sell Kinnerd,  
Yer tougher for to pay.'
- 13 'For to gar my father sell Kennerd,  
It wad be a sin,  
To gee 't to ony naughty knight  
That a toucher canna wine.'
- 14 Out spak the first lord,  
The best among them a';  
'I never seed a lady come to Edinbrugh  
We sick matters to the laue.'
- 15 Out spak the nixt lord,  
The best of the toun;  
'Ye gett fitten weell-fared maids,  
An pitt them in a roun,  
An Earl in the midst of them,  
An latt him chouss out ane.'
- 16 They ha gotten fitten well-fared maids,  
An pat them in a roun,



- An Earel in the mids of them,  
An bad him chuse out ane.
- 17 He voued them a' intell a rau,  
Even up an doun,  
An he has chossen a well-fared may,  
An Meggie was her name.
- 18 He touk her by the hand,  
Afore the nobles a',  
An twenty times he kissed her moue,  
An lead her throu the haa.
- 19 'Louk up, Meggie, luke up, Meggie,  
An thinkne sham[e] ;  
As lang as ye see my goudy loks,  
Lady Earel's be yer name.'
- 20 Thir was fifteen nobelmen,  
An as mony ladys gay,  
To see Earel proven a man  
. . . . .
- 21 'Ye tak this well-fared may,  
An keep her three roun reaths of a year,  
An even att the three raiths' end  
I ull draue near.'
- 22 They ha tane that well-fared may,  
An keped her three roun reaths of a year,  
An even att the three raiths' end  
Earel's son she bare.
- 23 The gentelmen they ga a shout,  
The ladys gaa a eaa,  
Fair mat faa him Errel,  
But vou to his lady!
- 24 He was na in at the toun-head,  
Nor just att the end,  
Till the letters they wer metting him  
That Errol had a son.
- 25 'Luke up, Meggie, luk up, Meggie,  
An think na shame ;  
As lang as ye see my bra blak hat,  
Lady Earrol's be yer name.
- 26 'I will gie my Meggie a mill,  
Bat an a pice of land,  
. . . . .  
To foster my young son.
- 27 'Fare is a' my merry men a',  
That I pay meat an gair,  
For to convē my Meggie hame,  
. . . . . ?'

28 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
Even in Lord Earrel's coach  
They conved the lassie hame.

29 'Tak hame yer dother, Lord Kennard,  
An take her to the glen,  
For Earell canno pleas her,  
Earell nor a' his men.'

30 'Had I ben lady of Earrol,  
Of sick a boony place,  
I wadne gain to Edinbrugh  
My husband to disgrace.'

*Refrain. Given only at the end.*

15<sup>4</sup>, 16<sup>2</sup>. roum. 20<sup>2</sup>. gay ladys. 24<sup>4</sup>. that that.

288. E is also in the small MS. volume of C. K. Sharpe's, "Songs," p. 17. The reading in 3<sup>4</sup> is "toss," "top" being a mis-copy.

289. Findlay MSS, I, 135 ; 'Airlie,' from Miss Butchart, Arbroath.

1 Lord Airlie's courted mony a lady,  
He's courted mony a ane, O  
An he's awa to bonny Kinnaird,  
Lady Katrine's love to win. O

2 An when he cam to bonny Kinnaird,  
An on the bowlin-green,  
There he saw his ain Katrine,  
Was walking there alane.

3 'O will ye go to bonnie Airlie,  
Alang wi me to dine?  
Or will ye go to bonny Airlie,  
To be my lady fine?'

4 'I winna go to bonny Airlie  
Alang wi you to dine,  
But I will go to bonny Airlie  
To be your lady fine.'

\* \* \* \* \*

5 He would not hae the lady gay,  
That rustled in her silk,  
But he would hae the country-girl,  
Goin to sell her milk.

6 He took his Peggie by the hand  
An led her through the ha,  
An twenty times he kissēd her,  
Before the nobles a'.

7 He took his Peggie by the hand  
An led her through the trance,  
An twenty times he kissēd her  
Before he bade her dance.

Findlay MSS, I, 153, from Bell Harris, Muirside of Kinnell, Forfarshire, "once a servant of the family of Carnegie, and now upwards of eighty years of age (1868)."

- 1 They hae made a marriage o't,  
An they hae made it sune, O  
An they hae made a marrige o't,  
It stood at Earlston. O
- 2 When een was come, an bells were rung,  
An a' men boond for bed,  
The earl and his gay ladie  
In ae chamber were laid.
- 3 It's up i the mornin the earl rose,  
Went to anither room ;  
Up she rose an away she goes,  
An to Kinnaird she came.
- 4 They socht her up, they socht her doon,  
They socht her through a' the toon,  
An she was seen walkin her lane,  
An her bed-goon it was on.
- 5 He wisssd his horse had broken 's neck  
When first he to Kinnaird did come.
- 6 There was na ane bade him come in  
But John Lindsay him lane.
- 7 When he was at bonny Kinnaird,  
An on the bowlin-green,  
His hair was like the threeds o gold,  
An his eyes like diamonds sheen ;  
He micht 'll ae served the best Carnegie,  
That ever bore the name.
- 8 He said, Tho ye be Kate Carnegie,  
I am Sir Gilbert Hay ;  
I'll gar your father sell Kinnaird,  
Your tocher-gude he maun pay.
- 9 'To gar my father sell his land  
I think it were a sin,  
For ony silly brat like you ;  
Ye couldna tocher win.
- 10 'I may wash my apron  
An hing it on the tower,  
An I may kilt my petticoats,  
They're even doon afore.'
- 11 But the earl he's awa to Edinbro,  
To prove himself a man ;  
The lady she fast followd him,  
To swear that he was none.
- 12 An when they eam to Edinbro,  
And into the ha,

There she saw her ain gude lord,  
Amang the nobles a'.

- 13 He took the tapster-lass  
An led her through the room,  
An twenty times he kissed her mou,  
Afore his lady's een.
  - 14 She took the cocks all frae her head  
An dashed them at the wa ;  
'Awa ! awa, Lord Earl !' she says,  
'Awa, Lord Earl, awa !'
  - 15 But the earl he hae gotten leave  
To choise a maid unto himsel,  
An he hae choised a country-lass,  
Cam butter an eggs to sell.
  - 16 He took the lassie by the hand  
An led her through the room :  
'I'd gie thee three times three hundred pound,  
If you'd bear to me a son.'
  - 17 'Haud aff your hands, Lord Earl,' she said,  
'Haud aff your hands frae me ;  
For I wad think it a great disgrate  
For a' my kin an me.'
  - 18 But he has called for a private room,  
An there he laid her doun,  
An there he took his will o her,  
Upon a bed o doun.
  - 19 She was three quarters of a year  
Confined to a room,  
And bonny was the babe she bore,  
Sir John Hay was his name.
  - 20 'Wae be to you, Peggie Stuart,  
That ae sister o mine !  
Ye've pairted me an my gude lord,  
We'll never meet again.'
  - 21 Up spak her sister, Lady Jean,  
An I could gain sick an estate,  
I wad gien my husband up to disdain.
- 6<sup>2</sup>. John Lindsay *is explained to be* the gardener.  
11<sup>8</sup>. They lady.  
13<sup>4</sup>. *Followed by* Wi twenty lookin on, *perhaps an alternative verse.*  
14<sup>1</sup>. She *is explained as the tapster-lass.*  
20<sup>1</sup>. *Query by Mr Findlay:* Lady Jean?
290. D b. Now collated with a MS. of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and with another copy of the same pieces in "North Country Ballads," *Miscellanea Curiosa*, Abbotsford Library.  
Sharpe, p. 15. *Burden* <sup>1,2</sup>. of it.

*Burden* 3. you call : of it. 4. lies alone O.  
13. at it grows. 22. upon a. 24. He 's not.  
41. It 's sure. 63. good witness.  
73. Said, Had I been the lady of Errol.  
74. of such. 83. And he gave her an.  
101. lien down. 102. And a. 121. Take home.  
122. take. 123. cannot please her.  
Scott. 74. O come. 124. No can.

232. Richie Story.

P. 292 b, 2d paragraph, first line. Say : L. F., a daughter of John, third Earl.

3d paragraph. Say : Lord John Fleming was created Earl of Wigton, Lord Fleming of Biggar and Cumbernauld, by letters patent dated 19th March, 1606. Hunter (2d ed.), p. 547.

293. B, as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 21.

- 1 Comarnad it is a very bonny place,  
An ther is ladys three, madam,  
Bat the farest an rarest of them a'  
Has marred Richerd Storry.
- 2 ' O hear is a letter to ye, madam,  
Hear is a letter to ye, madam ;  
The Earl of Hume, that galant knight,  
Is faln in love we you, madam.
- 3 ' Ther is a letter to you, madam,  
[Ther is a letter to you, madam ;]  
The Eearl of Hume, that galant knight,  
Disers to be yer servant trou, madam.'
- 4 ' I ill haa nan of his letters, Richerd,  
I ill hae nane of his letters, [Richerd,]  
I have voued, an I ill keep it trou,  
I ill marry nane bat ye, Richie.'
- 5 ' Say na saa to me, lady,  
Sai na saie to me, lady,  
For I ha nether lands nor rents  
For to manten ye on, lady.'
- 6 ' Hunten Tour an Tillebarn,  
The house of Athell is mine, Richë,  
An ye sall haa them a',  
Fan ever ye inclen, Richë.
- 7 ' For we will gaa to sea, Richë,  
I ill sitt on the deak, Richë,  
I ill be yer servant air an lait,  
Att any houre ye laek, [Richë.]'
- 8 ' O manie ye be sad, sister,  
An mennie ye be sorry, Nelly,  
To live the has of bony Comernid,  
An follou Richert Storry?'

- 9 ' O fatt neads I be sad, sister,  
Or fou cane I be sorry, Anna?  
A bony lad is my delit,  
An my lot has been laid afore me.'
- 10 As she wen[t] up the Parliment Closs,  
We her lassed shene so fine,  
Monny an bad the lady good day,  
But fue thought she was Richert's lady.

- 11 As she went up the Parliment Closs,  
We her laised shon so fine,  
Monny an halled that gay lady,  
But fue halled Richerd Storry.

*The first, second, and fourth verse, perhaps, certainly the second and fourth, should have the trochaic ending which we find in stanzas 2, 5. It may have been supplied ad libitum.*

296. F a. Preserved in a small MS. volume with the title "Songs" on the cover, entirely in Sharpe's handwriting, p. 27.

297. I. A stanza from the authority of Nannie Blake, an old servant at Peebles : Robert Chambers, in Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1880, p. 131.

- ' Fair Rosewoodie is a' my ain,  
My father left it to me so lately ;  
Gin ye 'll consent to be my ain,  
I 'll gie ye 't a', my Ritchie Storie.'

235. The Earl of Aboyne.

P. 314. C. Here given as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 8.

- 1 The Earl of Aboyn he 's carrlis an kind,  
An he is nou come frae Lonon ;  
He sent his man him befor,  
To tell of his hame-coming.
- 2 First she called on her chambermad,  
Sayn on Jeanie, her gentelwoman :  
' Bring me a glass of the best claret wine,  
To drink my good lord's well-hame-coming.
- 3 ' My sarvants all, be ready att a call,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
For the Lord of Aboy[n] is coming.
- 4 ' My cooks all, be ready at a [c]all,  
. . . . .  
We the very best of meatt,  
For the Lord of Aboyn is coming.
- 5 ' My maids all, be ready at a call,  
. . . . .  
The rooms we the best all to be drest,  
For the Lord of Aboyn is coming.'



- 6 She did her to the closs to take him from his hors,  
An she welcomed him fra London :  
‘Yer welcome, my gued lord, fra London !’

7 ‘An I be saie welcom,’ he says,  
‘Ye’ll kiss me for my coming,  
For the morn sud ha ben my wedding-day  
Gif I had stayed att London.’

8 She turned her about we a disdanfull look,  
O dear, she was a pritty woman !  
‘Gin the morn sud ha ben yer wedding-day,  
Ye may kiss yer houers at London.’

9 . . . . .  
‘So I shall, madam, an ye’s ha na mare to say,  
For I ill dine we the markes of Huntly.’

10 She did her to his servant-man,  
I wat they caed him Peater Gordon :  
‘Ye will ask my good lord if he will late me  
We him a singel mille to ride [to London].’

11 ‘You ned not, madam, . . . . .  
I haae asked him already ;  
He will not lett you a singel mille ride,  
For he is to dine we the markes of Huntly.’

12 She called on her chamber-maid,  
Sine on Jean, her gentelwoman :  
‘Ye make my bed an tay up my head,  
Vou’s me for his hear coming !’

13 She lived a year an day, we mucell grife an wae,  
The docters were we her dealing ;  
Withen a crak, her heart it brack,  
An the letters they went to London.

14 He gae the table we his foot,  
An caped it we his knee,  
Gared silver cup an easer dish  
In flinders flie.

15 . . . . .  
‘I rader I had lost a’ the lains of Aboyne  
Or I had lost bonny Margrat Irven.’

16 He called on his best servang-man,  
I wat they [caed] him Piter Gordon :  
‘Ye gett our hosses sadled we speed,  
Vou’s me for our hear coming !’

17 ‘. . . . .  
. . . . .  
For we’ll a’ be in black, fra the hose to the hat,  
Vou’s me for bonny Margrat Irvien !’

18 ‘We must to the North, to bury her corps,  
Aless for our hear coming !  
I rather I had lost a’ the lands of Aboyn  
Or I had lost bonny Marg[ra]t Irvien !’

11. carliss : *perhaps* courtis. 82. pritty : *doubtful*.

318–20. Copies of **G**, **I**, **J**, were sent by Motherwell to C. K. Sharpe, in a letter dated December 6, 1824. In all the transcripts there are some slight changes of the MS. text, such as Motherwell was quite in the way of making. To **I** he added the following lines, which are found substantially in **J**. They may have been subsequently recollected by the reciter of **I**.

10 She has called her servant-maid,  
And Jean, her gentlewoman :  
‘Go make me a bed and lay me down,  
I’m as sick as any woman.’

11 Word has to new London gane,  
To the tavern where he was dining ;  
He gave such a rap on the table where he sat  
Made all the house to wonder.

12 . . . . .  
‘I would rather hae lost a’ the lands o Aboyne  
Or I’d lost my Peggy Irvine !’

111. *Motherwell suggests* : Word has now to.

321. Findlay MSS, I, 120. ‘The Yerle o Aboyne,’ from Mrs Main, Inchmarlo, Kincardineshire.

1 The Yerle o Aboyne’s to London gane,  
He met in wi a temptin woman ;  
For she sat an sang an birld at the wine,  
An she wadna lat him hame fae Lunon.  
\* \* \* \* \*

2 ‘My cook-maids a’, be well in ca,  
Had pots an pans a boilin,  
Wi the roast an the boil,  
To attend my guid lord’s comin.’

3 She steppit sae neatly oot the way,  
She gaed, she went an met him :  
‘Ye’re welcome home, my ain guid lord,  
You’r thrice weelcome fae Lunon.’

4 ‘An I be welcome home,’ he says,  
‘Ye’ll kiss me for my comin,  
For this very day I’d been wedded to a maid  
Gin I’d staid langer in Lunon.’

5 She turnd her about wi a sorrowfu look,  
Such a sorry an angry woman !  
‘An the letters be true I receivd last frae you,  
Gae kiss your whores in Lunon.’

6 Haem she gaed frae . . . .

But wi a crack her heart did brak,  
. . . . .

7 Fifty letters seald wi black,  
An they are on to Lunon,  
An when he lookd the letters upon  
He says, O wae's me for my pairtin!

\* \* \* \* \*

8 When he cam to bonny Aboyne,  
He thoct that she was sleepin,  
But when he drew the sma curtain by  
Then he fell oot a weepin.

9 'O dear! is she dead? and a wow! is she dead?  
Ah, woe's me for our pairtin!  
I rather had lost a' the lands o Aboyne  
Or I'd pairted wi Peggie Irvine.

\* \* \* \* \*

10 'A' my friends did me disdain  
For marryin the name o Irvine.'

The first stanza is also given thus (p. 121):

The Earl of Aboyne he's courtous an kin,  
He's kin to every woman;  
He's kind when he comes, an he's kind when he  
gangs,  
But he never brings his lady to London.

From Miss Butchart, Arbroath, p. 146.

1 The Earl o Aboyne's to London gane,  
An taen Duke Huntly wi him,

\* \* \* \* \*

2 She called on Jack, her gentleman,  
An Jean, her gentlewoman:  
'Gae dress my fair body in some finer dress,  
For the Earl o Aboyne is comin.'

\* \* \* \* \*

3 She's gaen down by yon burnside,  
An there she saw him comin:  
'Ye're welcome, welcome, Earl o Aboyne,  
Ye're welcome hame frae Lunon.

\* \* \* \* \*

4 'Gae back, gae back then, Earl o Aboyne,  
Nae thanks to you for comin;  
Gin tomorrow wad hae been your fair weddin-day,  
Gae kiss your dames in Lunon.'

## 236. The Laird o Drum.

P. 324. B, as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 16, 'The Lard of Drum.'

1 Ther was a knigh[t],  
An a gillan knight was he,  
An he's faein in love we his shiperd's daughter,  
. . . . .

2 . . . . .  
He could nether gang nor ride;  
He fell so deap in her fancy  
Till his nose began to bleed.

3 'Bonny may, an bra may,  
Canno ye on me rue?  
By a' the meads I ever saa,  
Ther is nane I lou by you.

4 'Ye'r a shepherd's ae dother,  
An I am a barron's son,  
An gratt is the pleasur I wad haa  
To see you gaa out an in, may.'

5 'I am a shiperd's ae dother,  
An ye'r a barron's son,  
An ther is ne pleasur I could ha  
To see you gae out nor in.

6 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
For I widne gee the fancey of my bonny love  
For ne love nor favour of you, sir.'

7 'Bonny may, an bra may,  
Canna ye on me rue?  
By a' the maids I ever saa,  
Ther is nane I loie but you.'

8 'Lay not your love on me,' she says,  
'Lay not your love on me,  
For I am our lake to be yer bride,  
An you[r] quen I ell never be.

9 'For I will wear nane of your silks,  
Nor nean of yer scarlet clase;  
For the hue of the eue sall be my gown,  
An I will goo as I pleas.'

10 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
Ye'r na our lake to be my bride,  
An my quien ye's never be.

11 'Bonney may, an bra may,  
Winnë ye on me rue?  
By a' the may[s] I see,  
Ther is nane I loe but you, may.'

12 'If ye ha faen sae deap in my fancy  
Ye cane nether gang nor rid,  
Ye take me to the middel of the ring,  
An bear me guid comp[a]ny.'

13 He has tane her by the milk-whit hand  
An led her thro hase an bours :  
'Ye'r the jule of my heart,  
An a' I have is yours.'

14 He tuke her by the milk-whit hand  
An led her out an in :  
'Ye'r the jule of my heart,  
My d[ea]r, ye'r welcom in.'

15 Out spak his brother John,  
'Brother, ye haa don grate wrong ;  
Ye ha marred a wife this night  
Discredet to all yer kin.'

16 'Hold yer toung, my brother John,  
For I hae don ne wrang,  
For I ha marred a wife to wine,  
An ye ha ane to spend.'

May, 4<sup>4</sup>, 11<sup>4</sup>, sir, 6<sup>4</sup>, are added for singing as O is  
in other copies, and either one of these, or O,  
would naturally be appended in the other stanzas.

8<sup>1</sup>. Lay not fancyour love on me. The next line  
shows that fanc was written by mistake.

325. Findlay's MS., p. 13, has five stanzas of the  
ballad, from the recitation of a woman in Kincardine-  
shire. The five stanzas are very nearly the same as  
D 1, 2, 4, 5, 6<sup>1,2</sup>, with the matter-of-fact conclusion,  
6<sup>3,4</sup>,

An a' body seemed to be content,  
And she was at his will.

A stanza from another version is given at the same  
place which resembles E 8 :

She canna wash your china cups,  
Nor dress you a dish o tea, O  
But weel can she milk baith cow and ewe,  
Wi her cogie at her knee. O

I have received nearly the same from Mr Walker of  
Aberdeen as sung by John Walker, crofter, Portlethen,  
1893.

Yer china cups I canna wash,  
Nor cook a cup o tea, O  
But weel can I milk the cowes and the ewes,  
Wi the cogie on my knee. O

### 237. The Duke of Gordon's Daughter.

P. 332. There is a copy in a collection of folio  
sheet ballads, British Museum, 1346. m. 8, with the

date September 8th, 1775, at the end ; earlier, there-  
fore, than any of those I had before me excepting a,  
and worth collating.

1<sup>4</sup>. they wanting. 2<sup>4</sup>, 3<sup>4</sup>. she did. 3<sup>2</sup>. the wanting.  
3<sup>3</sup>. Jean's fallen in. 4<sup>4</sup>. mony. 5<sup>3</sup>. with wanting.  
5<sup>4</sup>. Jeanny. 6<sup>4</sup>. she's no.  
7<sup>3</sup>. Lady Jean's fallen in love with.  
7<sup>4</sup>. she would. 8<sup>2</sup>. upon yon. 8<sup>3</sup>. he did.  
8<sup>4</sup>. a training of. 9<sup>1</sup>. O woe be.  
9<sup>2</sup>. And wanting: death shall you. 9<sup>4</sup>. shalt thou.  
10<sup>1</sup>. Duke of. 10<sup>4</sup>. he did such a thing.  
11<sup>3</sup>. him put off his gold lace. 11<sup>4</sup>. the wanting.  
13<sup>4</sup>. will I. 14<sup>2</sup>. a yer but only three.  
14<sup>3</sup>. babe on. 15<sup>1</sup>. O I'm weary with.  
16 comes before 15.  
16<sup>1</sup>. O I am weary wandering. 16<sup>2</sup>. think it lang.  
17<sup>3</sup>. sheen : all wanting. 17<sup>4</sup>. she could.  
18, 19, wanting. 20<sup>1</sup>. I was : glen of Foudland.  
20<sup>4</sup>. either house or sheen.  
21<sup>1</sup>. When they : to bonny C. G. 21<sup>3</sup>. out wanting.  
22<sup>1</sup>. O wanting : dear Jeannie G.  
22<sup>2</sup>. welcome dear. 22<sup>4</sup>. Captain wanting.  
23<sup>1</sup>. over the. 23<sup>2</sup>. As wanting. 24<sup>1</sup>. ye.  
25<sup>1</sup>. what means this. 25<sup>3</sup>. are all dead.  
26<sup>2</sup>. drink, be jovial. 27<sup>3</sup>. out with wanting.  
28<sup>1</sup>. pretty wanting. 28<sup>3</sup>. can enter my.  
30-32 wanting. 33<sup>2</sup>. you're welcome dear to me.  
33<sup>3</sup>. You're welcome, bonny Jeanny Gordon.  
33<sup>4</sup>. With my young family.

### 238. Glenlogie, or, Jean o Bethelnie.

P. 346. I b. A copy of this version has been  
found at Abbotsford, in a portfolio labelled 'The  
Rever's Wedding and other important papers.' There  
are a few differences of reading.

In the stanza after 1, line 3, be richer, line 4, maun  
hae.

2<sup>1</sup>. Oh whare. 2<sup>2,4</sup>. gang : again soon.  
3<sup>1</sup>. he cam : gae. 3<sup>2</sup>. gae. 3<sup>3</sup>. my maister's.  
3<sup>4</sup>. stop till. 5<sup>1</sup>. Gae : gar. 5<sup>3</sup>. lang or ere.  
5<sup>4</sup>. O wanting. 6<sup>3</sup>. quo she. 7<sup>2</sup>. But wanting.

### 239. Lord Saltoun and Auchanachie.

P. 349. A b. Now collated with a MS. of Charles  
Kirkpatrick Sharpe's and another copy of the same  
pieces in "North Country Ballads," Miscellanea Curi-  
osa, Abbotsford Library. Stanzas mostly of four lines.

Sharpe, p. 10. 1<sup>1</sup>. stepping on. 1<sup>2</sup>. ye're.  
2<sup>1</sup>. caren. 2<sup>2</sup>. Achanachie (and always).  
3<sup>1</sup>. not take ; it wanting. 3<sup>2</sup>. and he's thrawn.  
4<sup>1</sup>. I'm bown : you. 4<sup>2</sup>. not.  
5<sup>2</sup>. out wanting : and they cutit. 7<sup>1</sup>. came.  
8<sup>1</sup>. fleed. 8<sup>2</sup>. Jeanie is.



350. **B c.** From "The Old Lady's Collection,"  
No 29. We have here Gordon of Auchanachie, though  
the scene is in Buchan.

- 1 Buchan is bonny an ther lays my love,  
My fancë is fixed on him, it winnë remove;  
[It winnë remove] for a' I cane dee,  
Achanacë Gordon is my love an sall be.
- 2 Ben came her father, steps on the floor,  
Says, Jeanie, ye 'r acting the part of a hour;  
Ye 'r leaking ane that cares na for ye;  
Wed Salton, an latt Acheneey be.
- 3 'Achainece Gordon is a pritty man,  
Bat Achannace Gordon has na free land;  
For his land is laying wast, an his castell faaen  
doun,  
So ye man take Salton, latt Achenneey be.'
- 4 'My friends may case me we Salton to wed,  
Bat my friends sall na case me we him to bed;  
I ill never bear to him dother nor sin till the day  
I sall deei,  
For Achannace Gordon is my love an sall be.'
- 5 Her friends they have cassed her we Salton to wed,  
Bat they never got her we him to bed;  
She never bare dother nor sin till the day that she  
dead deei,  
For Achainece Gordon was her love and sud be.
- 6 'Ye that are her madins, ye take aff her gown,  
An I will infest her in five thousand pound;  
She sall werr silk till her heel and goud till her  
kneee,  
An she man forget him young Achancee.'
- 7 'Ye that are my madins sanna take aff my goon,  
Nor will I be infested in five thousand pound;  
I winnë wer goud on my head nor silk to my knee,  
Nor will I forsake young Achancee.'
- 8 'Ye that are her madins bring her to my bed,  
The bed is made ready an the shifts doun spread;  
She sall lay in her bed till tuall in the day,  
An sin forget him young Achancee.'
- 9 'Ye that are my madins sanna ha me to his bed,  
Tho the bed be made ready an the shifts doun  
spread;  
Nor will I lay in his bed till tuall of the day,  
Nor forsake him young Achancee.'
- 10 'For rather then have wedded Salton to wear goud  
to my knee,  
I rather wedded Achancee tralled fait fish fraa the  
sea;  
Or I had wedded Salton an wore robes of read,  
I rader wead Achancee, we him begg my b[r]ead.'

- 11 Achancee Gordon came fra the sea,  
We a gallant regment an brave companie;  
He sought out his Jeanie we doll an we care,  
An Achancee Gordon is leak to disappear.
  - 12 Doun came her handmaid, wringen her hands:  
'Alass for your staying sa lang in strang lands!  
For Jeanie is marred, an nou she is dead.  
Alass for your staying sae lang on the flood!'
  - 13 . . . . .  
'Take me to the room far my love lays in;'  
He has kessed her comly lips, they wer pail an  
wan,  
An he dyed for his Jeanie that very same night.
- 1<sup>3</sup>. came. 5<sup>3</sup>. she deaded. 12<sup>2</sup>. strying.  
12<sup>4</sup>. on *doubtful*.

## 240. The Rantin Laddie.

P. 352. **B** as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collec-  
tion," No 3, 'The Rantan Laddy.'

- 1 'Aft have I played att the cards an the dice,  
They wer so very entisen,  
But this is a sad an a sorofull seat,  
To see my apron riseng.
- 2 'Aft ha I plad att the cards an the dice,  
For love of my laddy,  
Bat nou I man sitt in my father's kittchë-nouk,  
An roke my baby.
- 3 'Bat gin I had an of my father's servens,  
For he has so mony,  
That wad gaa to the woods of Glentaner  
We a letter to the ranten laddy!'
- 4 'Hear am I, an of your father's servants,  
For he has so many,  
That will gaa to the woods of Glentaner  
We a letter to the ranten laddy.'
- 5 'Fan ye gee to Aboyn,  
To the woods of Glentaner sie bonny,  
We yer hat in yer hand, gee a bou to the grond,  
In the presenc[e] of the ranten laddy.'
- 6 Fan he gad to Aboyn,  
To the woods of Glentaner saae bonny,  
We his hat in his han, he gied a bou to the grond,  
In the preasence of the ranten laddy.
- 7 Fan he louked the letter on,  
Saa loud as he was laughing;  
Bat or he read it to an end  
The tears they came doun raping.

8 'O faa is this, or faa is that,  
Has ben so ill to my Meggie?

. . . . .

9 'Bat ye gett four-an-tuinty milk-whit steeds,  
We an E an O me!  
An as monny gay ladys to ride them on,  
To gaa an bring hame my Meggie.

10 'Ye gett four-an-tuinty berrie-broun steeds,  
We an E an O an O me!  
An as mony knights to ride them one,  
To gaa an bring hame my Meggie.'

11 Ye lasses a', war ever ye be,  
An ye match we ony of our Deesid ladds,  
Ye 'll happy be, ye 'll happy be,  
For they ar frank an kin.

12 The 'r frank an kin  
The 'r free,  
An ye match we ony of our Deesid ladds,  
Ye 'll happy be.

9<sup>2</sup>, 10<sup>2</sup>. ome. 9<sup>3</sup>. laddys.

In Findlay's MSS, I, 84 is this stanza, = **B** 5, **C** 12,  
**D** 4:

'When ye come to Aboyne's yetts,  
Aboyne's yetts they shine clearly,  
Ye 'll tak aff your hat, gie a bow wi your knee,  
Gie the letter to my rantin laddie.'

## 241. The Baron o Leys.

P. 355. Findlay's MSS, I, 85, gives the first stanza  
thus (from Mrs Main, Inchmarlo, Kincardineshire).

The baron o Leys is to London gane,  
All in a mornin early;  
He's shod his horse wi siller sheen,  
An shown them a' his folly.

## 245. Young Allan.

376 b, last paragraph. Talking Ships. See Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 365 f., apropos of Árnason's Skipamál, þjóðsögur, II, 8. Árnason notes two talking ships in Flóamanna Saga, c. 36, and Liebrecht the Argo.

377. **A.** The original, altered in places by Skeat, stands as follows in "The Old Lady's Collection," where it is No 4.

1 Aa the skippers of merry Lothen,  
As they sat att the wine,

Ther fell a rosin them among,  
An it was in an unhappy time.

2 Some of them roused ther haks,  
An some of them ther hounds,  
An some of them ther gay ladys,  
Trood neat on the plain:  
Young Allan he roused his comely coug,  
That lay upon the strand.

3 'I haa as good a ship this day  
As ever sailed our seas,  
Except it be the Burges Black,  
Bat an the Small Cordvine,  
The comly coug of Dornisdall;  
We sall lay that three bay in time.'

4 Out spak a littel boy,  
Just att Young Allan's knee,  
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye Young Allan,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie.

5 'For my master has a littel boat  
Will sail thris as well as thin;  
For she 'll come in att your formast  
An gee out att yer forlec,  
An nine times in a winter night  
She 'll take the wine fra the.

6 'O fatt will ye wade, ye Young Allan,  
Or fatt will ye wad we me?'  
'I ill wad my head agenst yer land,  
Till I gett more monie.'

7 They hed na sailed a legg, [a legg,]  
A legg bat bairiy three,  
Till throug an throu ther bonny ship  
They saa the green wall sea.

8 They had na sailed a leag, [a leag,]  
A leag bat barly fave,  
Till through en throu ther bonny ship  
They saa the green wall wave.

9 He gied up to the tapmast,  
To see fat he coud see,  
An ther he saa the Burges Black,  
Bat an the Small Cordvine,  
The comly coug of Dornasdell;  
The three was rent in nine.

10 Young Allan he grat, an he wrang his hans,  
An he kent na fat till dee:  
'The win is loud, an the waves is prood,  
An we will a' sink in the sea.

11 'Bat gin I cod gett a bonny boy  
To tak my healm in han,  
. . . . that wad bring  
My bonny ship safe to lan,

- 12 'He sud gett the tua part of my goud,  
An the therd part of my lan,  
An gin me wine safe to shor  
He sud gett my daughter Ann.'
- 13 'Hear am I, a bonny boy  
That will take yer helm in han,  
. . . . an will bring  
Your bonny ship safe to land.
- 14 'Ye take four-an-twenty fether-beds,  
An ye lay the bonny ship roun,  
An as much of the good cannis  
As make her hell an soun.'
- 15 They took four-an-twenty fether-beds,  
An laid the bonny ship roun,  
An as much of the good canies  
As made her hell an soun.
- 16 'Spring up, my bony ship,  
An goud sall be yer hair!  
Fan the bonny ship hard of that,  
Att goud sud be her hire,  
She sprang as fast fra the sate water  
As the spark dis frae the fire.
- 17 'Spring up, my bonny ship,  
An goud sall be yer fee!  
An fan the bonny ship hard of that,  
Goud was to be her fee,  
She sprang as fast fra the sat water  
As the life dos fra the tree.
- 18 The salors stans on the shore-sid,  
We ther ill-bukled shen :  
'Thanks to God an our gued master  
That ever we came to land!'
- 19 'Far is the bonny boy  
That took my healm in hand?  
. . . . that brought  
My bonny ship safe to land?
- 20 'He's gett the twa part of my goud,  
The therd part of my lan,  
An since we ha wone safe to shore  
He's gett my doughter Ann.'
- 21 'Hear am I, the bonny boy  
That took yer healm in han,  
That brought yer bonny ship,  
An brought her safe to lan.
- 22 'I winnë ha the tua part of yer goud,  
Nor the therd part of yer lan,  
Bat since we ha wine safe to shor  
I will wed yer daugter Ann.'

- 23 Fortey ships went to the sea,  
Forty ships an five,  
An ther came never on back  
Bat Young Allan alive.

9<sup>5</sup>. comly cord. 12<sup>4</sup>, 20<sup>4</sup>, 22<sup>4</sup>. Anna.

17<sup>2,4</sup>. hire for fee (*caught from 16*).

23<sup>2</sup>. ane *changed to Five*.

*Written without division into stanzas or verses.*

#### 246. Redesdale and Wise William.

P. 383. There is a copy in C. K. Sharpe's "second collection" which is substantially the same as A. The variations here follow:

A b. 1<sup>2</sup>. Was. 1<sup>3</sup>. There was a praising.

1<sup>4</sup>. In an unhappy.

2<sup>1</sup>. For some ones they did praise.

2<sup>4</sup>. And *wanting*. 3<sup>1</sup>. That out did speak.

3<sup>3</sup>. Says, I saw never a.

3<sup>5</sup>. But what I would her favour gain.

3<sup>6</sup>. With one blink of. 3<sup>6</sup>, 4<sup>6</sup>. eye.

4<sup>1</sup>. out did speak. 4<sup>2</sup>. spoke.

4<sup>5</sup>. Whose favour you would never gain. 5<sup>1</sup>. you.

*After 5*: 'That is too good a wager, William,

Upon a woman's mind,

It is to[o] good a wager Wil[lia]m,

I'm very sure you'l tyne.'

6<sup>1</sup>. So. 6<sup>3</sup>. he could neither go. 6<sup>4</sup>. Nor no.

7<sup>1</sup>. has wrote a broad. 7<sup>3</sup>. his only.

8<sup>1</sup>. read the letter over. 8<sup>2</sup>. She lookèd.

8<sup>4</sup>. enough. 9<sup>3</sup>. she saw. 9<sup>4</sup>. riding throw.

10<sup>1</sup>. Says *wanting*: Come hitherward.

10<sup>3</sup>. here does come. 10<sup>4</sup>. For injury to me.

11<sup>1</sup>. Come down, come down, said Reedesdale.

11<sup>2</sup>. One sight of you I'll see. 11<sup>3</sup>. my gate.

12, 13, *wanting*.

- 14 'Come down, come down, O lady fair,  
One sight of you I'll see,  
And bony is the rings of gold  
That I will give to thee.'

- 15 'If you have boney rings of gold,  
O mine is bony tee;  
Go from my gate now, Reedesdale,  
For me you will not see.'

- 16 'Come down, come down, O lady fair,  
One sight of you I'll see,  
And boney is the bowers and halls  
That I will give to the.'

- 17 'If you have boney bowers and halls,  
I have bowers and halls the same;  
Go from my gate now, Reedesdale,  
For down I will not come.'



18-21 *wanting*. 22<sup>1</sup>. O lady. 22<sup>3</sup>. Or then.  
22<sup>4</sup>. Since. 23<sup>1</sup>. So he has set that bower.  
23<sup>2</sup>. the house it took. 24 *wanting*.

25 'Come hitherward,' the lady cried,  
    'My maidens all, to me;  
For throw the smoak and throw the heat,  
    All throw it we must be.'

26<sup>1</sup>. their mantles.  
26<sup>3</sup>. And throw the smoak and throw the heat.  
26<sup>4</sup>. They throw it all did win.  
27<sup>1</sup>. had all got safely out. 27<sup>2</sup>. able for.  
27<sup>3</sup>. Sent some of them to.  
28<sup>2</sup>. Have not I gaind.

The Danish ballad 'Væddemaal', Grundtvig, No 224, spoken of under 'The Twa Knights,' ought to have been noticed here also.

## 252. The Kitchie Boy.

P. 401. A as it stands in "The Old Lady's Collection," No 20.

1 Ther was a lady fair an rear,  
    A lady of birth an fame,  
She loyed her father's kitchie-boy,  
    The greater was her shame.

2 She coud never her love revell,  
    Nor to him take,  
Bat in the forests weed an brade,  
    Far they wer wont to wake.

3 It fell ance apon a day  
    Her father went fra home,  
An she sent for the kitchie-boy  
    Into her room.

4 'Canna ye fancie me, Willie?  
    Cannie ye fancie me?  
By a' the lords I ever seed,  
    Ther is nane I cane loie bat ye.'

5 'O latt ne this be kent, lady,  
    O lat ne this be knouen,  
For in yer father got word of this,  
    I vou he wad gare me die.'

6 'Yer life sall na be tane, Willie,  
    Yer life sall na be tean;  
I rader loss my ain heart-blead  
    Or thy body gat wrang.'

7 We her mery fair spiches  
    She made the boy bold,  
Till he began to kiss an clap,  
    An on his love lay hold.

8 They hadne kissed an love-claped,  
    As lovers fan they meatt,  
    . . . . .

9 'The master-cook he will on me call,  
    An ansured he man be;  
In it war kent I war in bour we the,  
    I fear they woud gar me diei.'

10 'The master-cook may on ye call,  
    But ansured he will never be,  
For I haa thrie coffers fue of goud,  
    Yer eyen did never see.

11 'An I will buld a bony ship for my love,  
    An sett her to the seea,  
An saill she east, or saill she west,  
    The ship sall be fair to see.'

12 She has buld a bonny ship,  
    An sett her to the sea;  
The top-masts was of the read goud,  
    The saill of taffety.

13 She gaie him a gay gold ring,  
    . . . . .  
To mind him on a gay lady  
    That ance bair love to him.

14 The day was fair, the ship was rair,  
    Fan that suan sett to sea;  
Fan that day tuall-month came an gade,  
    Att London landed he.

15 A lady louked our castell-wa,  
    Beheld the day gaa down,  
An she beheld that bonny ship,  
    Came halling to the toun.

16 'Come hear, come hear, my mairës a',  
    Ye see na fat I see;  
The bonnest ship is coming to land  
    Yer eyen did ever see.

17 'Ye busk ye, busk ye, my marrës a',  
    Ye busk ye unco fine,  
Till I gaa down to yon shore-side  
    To invite yon squar to dine.

18 'O ye come up, ye gay young squar,  
    An take we me a dine;  
Ye sall eatt of the gued white lofe,  
    An drink the claret wine.'

19 'I thank ye for yer bread,  
    I thank ye for yer wine,  
I thank ye for yer courticë,  
    Bat indeed I hanna time.'

20 'Canna ye fancè me?' she says,  
 'Cannie ye fancè me?  
 Bay a' the lords an lairds I see,  
 Ther is nane I fancè bat ye.'

21 'They are farr awa fra me,' he says,  
 'The 'r farr ayont the sea,  
 That has my heart an hand,  
 An my love ay sall be.'

22 'Hear is a gued gould ring,  
 . . . . .  
 It will mind ye on a gay lady  
 That ance bare love to ye.'

23 'I haa a ring on my finger  
 I lee thrice as well as thine,  
 Tho yours war of the gued read goud,  
 An mine bat simpell tin.'

24 The day was fair, the ship was rair,  
 Fan that squar sett to sea;  
 Fan that day tuall-month came an gaid,  
 Att hame again landed he.

25 The lady's father louked over castell-wa,  
 Beheld the day gaa down,  
 An he beheld that bonny ship  
 Come halling to the toun.

26 'Come hear, my a dother,  
 Ye see na fat I see;  
 The bonnest ship is coming to land  
 My eyen did ever see.

27 'Ye busk ye, my dother,  
 Ye busk ye unco fine,  
 An I ill gai down to yon shore-side  
 An invite yon squer to dine:  
 I wad gie a' my reants  
 To haa ye marrèd to him.'

28 'They ar farr awa fra me,' she says,  
 'The 'r far ayont the sea,  
 That has my heart an hand,  
 An my love ay sall be.'

29 'O will ye come, ye gay hinc squar,  
 An take we me a dine?  
 Ye sall eat of the gued fait bread  
 An drink the claret wine.'

30 'I thank ye for yer bread,  
 I thank ye for your wine,  
 I thank ye for your courtisy,  
 For indeed I haa na grait time.'

31 'O cannie ye fancè me?' [he says,  
 'Cannie ye fancè me?]

By a' the ladys I ever did see,  
 Ther is nain I lue bat ye.'

32 'They are farr awa fra me,' she says,  
 They are farr ayont the sea,  
 That has my heart an han,  
 An my love ay sall be.'

33 'Hear it is, a gay goud ring,  
 . . . . .  
 It will mind ye on a gay hin chill  
 That ance bare love to ye.'

34 'O gatt ye that ring on the sea saling?  
 Or gat ye it on the sand?  
 Or gat ye it on the shore laying,  
 On a drouned man's hand?'

35 'I got na it on the sea saling,  
 I got na it on the sand,  
 Bat I gat it on the shore laying,  
 On a drouned man's hand.

36 'O bonny was his chike,  
 And lovely was his face!'  
 'Alass,' says she, 'it is my true-love Willie,  
 . . . . .'

37 He turned him rond about,  
 An suitly could he smill;  
 She turned her round, says, My love Willie,  
 Hou could ye me biggeall?

38 'A prist, a prist,' the old man crayed,  
 'Latt this tua marrèd be: '  
 Bat lettell did the old man keen  
 It was his ain kittchen-boy.

44. I came. 74. her love. 282. seas. 353. laiying.

## 257. Burd Isabel and Earl Patrick.

P. 418 b, 3d paragraph. Say: **A** 7 (nearly) occurs in No 91, **B** 7, II, 313, and something similar in other places (as No 91, **A** 5, 6, **D** 7, No 92, **B** 17).

422. **C**. There is another copy of this version in C. K. Sharpe's "second collection," with the following variations.

- b. 1<sup>1</sup>. Take warning, all ye maidens fair.
- 2<sup>2</sup>. father's heir. 2<sup>4</sup>. she did rue full sair.
- 3<sup>1</sup>. Says, We. 3<sup>2</sup>. Which. 3<sup>3</sup>. Go ye.
- 4<sup>1</sup>. He hied him to the.
- 4<sup>2</sup>. As fast as he could gang. 4<sup>3</sup>. And he brought.
- 4<sup>4</sup>. sign with.

5. And long before the sun went down  
 Bird Isabeal bore his son,

And she has called him Patrick,  
As it was his father's name.

6<sup>2</sup>, 7<sup>2</sup>. Right far. 6<sup>3</sup>. parents was.  
6<sup>4</sup>. Had little gear. 7<sup>4</sup>. And dowrey.

8. Now it fell out up on a time  
His wedding day was come,  
And all his friends invited were,  
His bride to welcome home.

While every one engaged was  
That all should ready be,  
He hied him to his great-grand aunt,  
She was a lady free.

9<sup>1</sup>. Says, Go for me this. 9<sup>2</sup>. O do go it for me.  
9<sup>4</sup>. I'll do as much. 10<sup>1</sup>. Go bring to.  
10<sup>2</sup>. Dress him in silk.  
10<sup>3</sup>. For if he lives and bruiks his life.  
10<sup>4</sup>. He is to heir my.  
11<sup>1</sup>. hailing through the closs. 12<sup>1</sup>. I am come.  
12<sup>2</sup>. Dress him in silk. 12<sup>3</sup>. lives.  
13<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>1</sup>. O was. 13<sup>3</sup>. that bairn from my foot.  
14<sup>2</sup>. Altho in station high.  
14<sup>3</sup>. Durst take that bairn from.  
15<sup>1,2</sup>. Now she got frowning throw the closs,  
And frowning on the floor.  
15<sup>4</sup>. And he.  
16<sup>1,2</sup>. O this was the worst errand, Patrick,  
That ever I went for the.  
16<sup>3</sup>. Bird Isabeal.  
17<sup>1,2</sup>. He looked right surprised like,  
Amazed like looked he.  
17<sup>4</sup>. She was never.  
18<sup>1</sup>. And he went hailing throw the closs.  
20<sup>1</sup>, 21<sup>1</sup>. I say.  
20<sup>3</sup>. Dare take that bairn from my foot.  
21<sup>2</sup>. Altho in station high. 21<sup>3</sup>. Dare take that.  
22<sup>4</sup>. You wont get.

### 259. Lord Thomas Stuart.

P. 425. Found in a MS. of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and in "North Country Ballads," Miscellanea Curiosa, Abbotsford Library, which is another copy of the same pieces.

Sharpe, p. 5. 1<sup>1</sup>. Thomas Steuart he.  
1<sup>2</sup>. mukle mean (*an erasure before mean*).  
1<sup>3</sup>. the coat. 3<sup>1</sup>. wemen's wits is. 4<sup>1</sup>. steeds was.  
5<sup>3</sup>. so sick. 6<sup>1</sup>. no leech.  
7<sup>1</sup>. leeches is come and leeches is gone. 7<sup>2</sup>. I am.  
9<sup>3</sup>. lands and. 10<sup>3</sup>. got all my lands.  
11<sup>1</sup>. in their. 11<sup>2</sup>. could not. 11<sup>3</sup>. leesh.  
13<sup>3</sup>. And as.  
14<sup>3</sup>. I fear it may be mony unco lord.  
14<sup>4</sup>. from the. 15<sup>3</sup>. I fear it is mony unco lord.  
*With variations of spelling not noted.*

Scott (*as above, except*) 1<sup>2</sup>. mickle land : land was  
*perhaps the word which is blotted out in Sharpe.*  
3<sup>1</sup>. women's.

### 263. The New-Slain Knight.

P. 434 b. Translated also by Gerhard, p. 168.

## VOL. V.

### 266. John Thomson and the Turk.

P. 3 b. There may be added another Little-Russian story communicated to me in translation by Professor Wollner : Ethnographic Survey, etc. (Etnografičeskoe Obozrënie, etc.) Moscow, 1893, V, 104.

A tsar and a tsarina, when dying, charged their son Soliman not to marry a woman older than himself. This, however, he did, and his wife hated him, and one day, when he was hunting, went off to her brother, ordering the servants to say that she had died. This report the servants duly made, but Soliman knew that his wife had gone to her brother, and he felt the loss so much that he could not keep away from her. Meeting a boy in tattered clothes, he changed with him, gave the boy everything he had on except his ring, and put on rags, to play the beggar. He proceeded to the brother's house, and seeing his wife sitting at a window, held out his hand, on which his ring was sparkling, and asked an alms. His wife knew him at once by the ring, and bade him come in. 'Who are you?' she asked. 'Once I was a tsar,' he said, 'but my wife died, and I became a beggar.' At this point the brother arrived on the scene. The woman told Soliman to lie down on the threshold; he did so, and she sat down on him. When her brother came in she said, 'Guess what I am sitting on.' He answered, 'On the threshold.' 'Wrong,' said she; 'on Tsar Soliman.' 'If it is he,' said her brother, 'I will cut his head off.' But here Soliman suggested that if the brother should take his head off on the spot, nobody would know that he had killed a tsar; whereas if he would build a three-story gallows and hang Soliman on it, all the world would see that he had been the death of a tsar and not of a beggar. So a three-story gallows was built, and as they were taking Soliman up to the first stage, he said, Give me a horn, to cheer my heart for the last time. They gave him a horn and he began to blow, Quick, quick, dear soldiers, for my death and end is nigh. A black regiment set out for the place. Bystanders said, Tsar Soliman, you are up high and see far : what is the black thing coming along the hill? 'My death, which gleams black in the distance.' Soliman mounted to the second stage and blew his horn



again : Quick, quick, dear soldiers, my death and end is nigh. He saw a white regiment coming. The people said, Tsar Soliman, you are high up and see far: what is that white thing which is coming? My death, which gleams white in the distance. Then Soliman mounted to the third stage and blew Quick, quick, dear soldiers, my death and end is nigh, and he saw a red regiment coming. The people asked, what red thing was coming. My death, which gleams red in the distance.\* Then the black regiment came up, after it the white, and finally the red; they slew Soliman's wife and her brother, took Soliman down from the gallows, and rode home.

8. **Danish.** Through the friendly help of Dr. Axel Olrik I am now in a position to say that there is one fundamental text **A**, in MSS of 1600 and 1615, from which all the others are derived. In the seventeenth century **A** was expanded from forty to eighty-two couplets. **B**, the original of the expanded copy, is found in a MS. of 1635; from **B** come the other five later MS. texts, the flying-sheet of 1719, Kristensen's fragment, and some recent copies.

**A.** King David, after betrothing the incomparable Suol-far, has to go on a cruise. He proposes that the lady stay with his mother while he is away, but Suol-far does not like this arrangement. Then, says the king, I shall bind your finger with gold, so that I can find you wherever you may be. Hardly is King David gone, when King Adell rides up. Suol-far is out of doors, brushing her hair; Adell asks if he may put a gold crown on it. If God grants King David to come home with honor, she will soon have a gold crown to wear, she says. Adell wishes to hear no more of David, and asks Suol-far to plight herself to him; she will not, she has given her troth to King David. Adell gives her sleeping potions five, sleeping potions nine; she swoons, is taken to be dead, and is buried in the church. Late in the evening Adell goes to the tomb; the effect of the potions having passed off, Suol-far rises. Adell asks her to go off with him, and after some tears Suol-far permits him to take her away. It had been supposed that there was no witness, but a little page was listening, and when King David came home the page gave him the bad tidings that King Adell had carried Suol-far out of the country. David goes in quest, disguised as a pilgrim. He finds the pair sitting on a stone, resting their weary legs, and asks an alms. Adell gives something, and Suol-far is at least about so to do, for David asks, Is it not the way in this country to give money with bare hand? whereupon she pulls off her glove and gives. David (seeing of course the token on her finger) draws his sword and kills Adell. He then asks Suol-far how she came to break her troth. Adell gave her nine drinks, which made her fall dead to the earth, but, thank God, she had been kept from sin. David loves her so dearly that he

\* In the original, apparently by exchange of like sounding words, My death which is cut short; that is, I suppose, prevented or postponed.

is easily satisfied; he orders his wedding, and their troubles are over.

The flying-sheet of 1719 (in seventy-three couplets) exhibits some differences. King David marries Sølfehr before he goes on his expedition, and gives the land into Adel's care during his absence. After the queen has fallen aswoon in consequence of the nine drinks, King Adel sends word to King David that she is dead. After the interment, Adel remains in the church and digs up Sølfehr. He addresses her as his dearest; she refuses to be so called. Adel tells her that David is dead, and asks her if she will follow him out of the land. She will follow him very willingly if she may hear of no grief to King David (whatever that may mean), and Adel wraps her in a cloak and lifts her on his gray. There had been watchmen in the church, and they tell David that Adel is off with Sølfehr. David has pilgrim's clothes made for himself and many of his men. While asking alms, David gives the queen to understand that he is her husband; then turning to Adel says, I entrusted my kingdom to you, and did not look to be deceived. Upon this he orders his troop to spare none of Adel's men, and himself hews Adel in pieces. The queen falls at his feet and begs forgiveness. The easy king says, I know the fault was not thine, lifts her on his horse, and goes home.

The two **Swedish** copies in Stephen's collection are fragments of eight and of fifteen stanzas. In the first (from Södermanland), King David having dug up the coffin and found it empty, disguises himself as a pilgrim, and when asking an alms of Solfager says,

Travelled have I by water and land,  
But never took alms from a gloved hand.

'Who are you for a vagabond, that never took alms from a gloved hand?' says Solfager. 'Never was I a vagabond, but often have I kissed Solfager's hand,' he replies. Solfager jumps into his arms, exclaiming, I never can believe you are my former true-love.

In the other (from Småland), after the abduction of Solfager, David takes staff in hand and goes to a strange land. He presents himself where the pair are sitting at table, and asks an alms. Solfager gives him alms once and twice, but the beggar is not satisfied. Needy vagrant, she says, take alms where you can; insatiable vagrant, take alms where you get most. I was no vagrant, he answers, when I put gold rings on Solfager's arm; I was no vagrant when I slept by Solfager. Her tears come; she can never believe that he is David, her true-love. She takes David in her arms. Praise to God, he cries, that I am still her husband!

## 271. The Lord of Lorn and the False Steward.

P. 45. Other Russian popular tales in which the characteristic traits of the group spoken of are well preserved: Afanasief, V, 178, No 37, ed. 1861, I, 239,

No 67 b, ed. 1873, 'Tsarevitch i yevo Sluga;' 'Korolevitch i yevo Djadka,' the same, VIII, 170, No 18, ed. 1863, I, 233, No 67 a, ed. 1873; Khudyakof, II, 33, No 44, 'Udivitelny Muzhitchek;' the same, III, 143, No 115, 'Muzhitchenko s Kulatchenko.' A tsar's son delivers a prisoner; is condemned to leave the country with a servant (tutor, warden); having been let down into a well to drink, is forced to change positions and clothes with his attendant; serves as herdsman, horse-boy, cook, the attendant aspiring to marry a king's daughter; destroys three dragons (a seven-headed monster in the second, the fourth defective here); marries the princess, the servant or tutor being put to death (baited with dogs in the third, set to work in the stable in the fourth).\*

Afanasief, IV, 72, ed. 1873, refers to other Russian versions, and gives, p. 73 f., the Russian form of 'The Goose-Girl.'

46 b. Add: (F.) Ivan Tsarevitch i Martha-Tsar-evna, Afanasief, I, 227, No 21, 1863, I, 246, No 68, 1873. (G.) 'Masenzhni Dzhadok,' the same, V, 185, No 38, 1861, I, 254, No 69, 1873. (H.) 'Kiósut,' Sbornik of the Bulgarian Ministry of Education, III, II, 222. (I.) 'Der Königssohn und der Bartlose,' Hahn, Griechische u. Albanesische Märchen, I, 233, No 37. (1.) The son of a king liberates a prisoner (man of iron and copper, bird with human voice), F, G (stealing the key from his mother, G). (2.) The prince is under the necessity of leaving the country, F-I (is attended by a beardless man, H, I). (3.) To get out of a well has to consent to change clothes and position (with the beardless man, whom he had allowed to join him, or who had been hired as horse-driver), H, I. (4.) King's daughter (fair maid with golden locks, I) aspired to by a low fellow, F, H, I. (5.) Prince figures as stable-boy or scullion, F, G, I, kills three dragons, F, defeats an army, G, accomplishes three tasks, H, I. (6.) Prince marries princess, F, G, H (marries Golden Locks, I), treacherous competitor banished, F, hanged, H, thrown into boiling oil, I.\*

## 274. Our Goodman.

P. 89 f. French. Add: La Tradition, VII, 145, Le Quercy.

## 275. Get up and bar the Door.

P. 95. Add two other Eastern stories: 'The Farmer, his Wife and the Open Door,' in Swynnerton's Indian Nights Entertainment, 1892, p. 14, No 11; 'The Beggar and the Five Muffins' (of the second set), Folklore in Southern India by Pandet Natêsa Sástri, p. 277,

\*I have to thank Professor Wollner for giving me in translation the two tales from Afanasief and a Bulgarian tale presently to be mentioned.

† In the Greek tale, I, the prince confides his trouble to

No 22, and Tales of the Sun, by Mrs Howard Kingscote and the same, p. 280, No 25. (Both cited by Mr Clouston, in The Athenæum, March 18, 1893.)

## To be Corrected in the Print.

I, 62, 68. A. The Jamieson-Brown MS. should be cited by pages, not by folios. This correction applies also to Nos 6 b, 10 B, a, 32 a, 34 B, a, 35, 53, A, C, a, 62 E, 63 B, a, 65 A, 76 D, 82, 96 A, 97 A, a, 98 A, 99 A, 101 A, 103 A.

69 b, 61<sup>1</sup>. Read *rauked*.

138 a, B c, 11<sup>2</sup>. I'll. b, 26<sup>1</sup>, 27<sup>1</sup>, 28<sup>1</sup>. MS. tune (copy wrong).

305 b, notes, 10<sup>1</sup>. *tauchty*, etc. Drop.

342, 39<sup>1</sup>. Read *what*.

482 a, D. Insert 13<sup>2</sup>. bone.

II, 32 b, 6th line from below. For H read J.

101 b, 5th line of last paragraph. Read II, 246.

101 b, last line but four. Read II, 245.

128 b, 2d line of 2d paragraph. Read B 18.

169 a, last line but two. Supply A before 2<sup>4</sup>.

234 a, 5th line. *larf* is dropped in Herd II.

316 a, notes, 6<sup>2</sup>. Read *bowers*.

367 a, C 34<sup>6</sup>. The MS. reading is *dead syne*.

373 b, 21<sup>2</sup>. Read *grey*.

429 a, last line but three of text. Read 80 for 83.

477 a, D. All the variations except 11<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>4</sup>, apply to C, not to D.

III, 11 b, last line but two. Supply C before 4<sup>3</sup>.

49 a, 12th line. Read *alcaldes*.

51 b, last two lines. Read (extracted from *Histoire Litt. de la France*, XXX), p. 49.

122 b, 6th line. Read No 135.

146 a, 14<sup>3</sup>. Read *delt* for *felt* (*felt*, all copies).

179 b, 5<sup>2</sup>. Read *clutt* for *eliitt*.

183 a, notes, A 5<sup>2</sup>. Add: *clutt* was no doubt intended.

230, 59<sup>3</sup>. Read *kickle*.

230, 70<sup>2</sup>. Read *For which*.

232, 108<sup>1</sup>. Read *unpossible*.

232, 116<sup>3</sup>. Read *leave out*.

477 a, line 6. Read *Laird's*.

516 a, 95, line 7. Read *Birkbeck*.

517 b, last paragraph of 96, last line but one. Read *des*.

518 b. The notes to III, 44 belong under No 117.

IV, 33 a, last line but one. Read 10<sup>3</sup>.

44 b, 9<sup>2</sup>. Read *as he*.

254 b, notes. For J read K.

275 a, B b, 6<sup>1</sup>. Read *white-milk*.

281 a, 2<sup>2</sup>. Read *and bane*.

282 a, 3<sup>2</sup>. Read *behind my*.

an old lame horse. The coincidence here with the ballad does not go very far, and may be an accident, but may be more than that.



288 a, **E**, 3<sup>4</sup>. *Read* toss. **F** is in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.  
 290 b, line 6. *Read* 7<sup>3</sup>.  
 291 b, notes, **E**, 3<sup>4</sup>. *Drop*.  
 331 b, 8<sup>1</sup>. *Read* out for not.  
 339 b, lines 5, 6. *Read* Belhelvie, the name of an Aberdeenshire parish.  
 387 b, last line but one of note. *Read* owes its.  
 392, 21<sup>1</sup>. *Read* you for yon.  
 408 a, notes, **A**, 2d line. *Read* 22<sup>4</sup>, 33<sup>4</sup>. *Cf.* 13<sup>4</sup>.  
 437 b, 25<sup>1</sup>. *Read* Well fells.  
 440 b, 4, 3d paragraph, line 3. *Read* Coussemaker.  
 447 b, note to 5, after st. 17. *Read* in a.  
 455 a, 3<sup>4</sup>. *Read* wi gowd.  
 470 a, 20<sup>2</sup>, 21<sup>2</sup>. *Read* A'.  
 471 a, 37<sup>2</sup>, 38<sup>4</sup>. *Read* A'.  
 481 a, **I**, 1<sup>1</sup>. *Read* your hand.  
 499 b, line 8 from below. *Insert the title*, 'The Battle of Otterburn.'  
 513 b, **AA**, line 4. *Read* my heir.  
 514 b, 18<sup>1</sup>. *Read* Out then.  
 516 a, **B** b, 4<sup>2</sup>. *Read* that for thus.  
 524 a, 3d line. *Read* George Mitchell.  
 525 a, IV, 34 b, **B**. *Omit the second sentence*.

#### Trivial Corrections of Spelling.

**I**, 138 a, **B** c, 5<sup>2</sup>. *Read* brest.  
**II**, 129 b, 21<sup>2</sup>. *Read* saft.  
 191 a, 18<sup>3</sup>. *Read* of.  
 191 a, 19<sup>1</sup>. *Read* on.  
 191 a, 25<sup>3</sup>. *Read* our.  
 314 a, **D** 1<sup>2</sup>. *Read* wi.  
 315 a, **D** 8<sup>4</sup>. *Read* mak.  
 372 b, notes, 7<sup>5,6</sup>, lines 1, 3, 4. *Read* her.

373 a, 14<sup>1</sup>. *Read* spak.  
 373 b, 16<sup>3,4</sup>, 1st line. *Read* her.  
**III**, 183 a, **A** 5<sup>2</sup>. *Read* cliitt.  
**IV**, 260 a, 7<sup>3</sup>. *Read* Hielands.  
 275 a, **B** b, 6<sup>2</sup>. *Read* over : over.  
 275 a, **B** b, 7<sup>4</sup>. *Read* son, were.  
 297 a, 11<sup>1</sup>. *Read* ladie.  
 312 b, 9<sup>1</sup>. *Read* o gold.  
 312 b, 10<sup>1,2</sup>. *Read* steppet, walket.  
 371 a, 7<sup>3</sup>. *Read* hale.  
 372 b, 17<sup>2</sup>. *Read* hame.  
 387 a, 1<sup>1</sup>. *Read* brent is.  
 444 b, 1<sup>3</sup>. *Read* bringin.  
 454 a, line 8. *Read* ravns.  
 456 a, 8<sup>2</sup>. *Read* bleam.  
 461 b, 22<sup>1</sup>. *Read* But.  
 464 a, 6<sup>1</sup>. *Read* when.  
 468 b, 5<sup>3</sup>. *Read* yow.  
 470 a, 20<sup>1</sup>. *Read* four-a-twontie.  
 470 a, 21<sup>1</sup>. *Read* four-an-twontie.  
 473 b, 42<sup>1</sup>. *Read* cri'd.  
 479, 7<sup>2</sup>. *Read* we.  
 493, 17<sup>4</sup>, 20<sup>3</sup>. *Read* weddet, mintet.  
 516 a, **B**, between 5<sup>2</sup> and 5<sup>3</sup>. *Read* yow took, Yow promisd.

#### Supplementary.

**I**, 303, **D** 5, taipy-tapples. The MS. has saipy-sapples.  
**V**, 18 a. *For* **C** *read* c.  
 79 b, 2d st. *Read* 26.  
 81 b, 11. *Read* play thee, great.  
 151 a. *Insert* **F** before the last version.



















British popular ballads  
v. 9 # 13899

PONTIFICAL INSTITUTE OF MEDIAEVAL STUDIES  
59 QUEEN'S PARK CRESCENT  
TORONTO-5, CANADA

13899 .



