The Child Ballads

1. There was a lady of the North Country,
   Lay the bent to the bonny broom.
2. And she had lovely daughters three.

1. The eldest sister let him in,
2. As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.
3. And they three loved one valiant knight.

1. Jennifer gentle and rosemaree,
2. Vnto the man that you do love.
3. I wish that you may constant prove
4. This song I dedicate to you.
5. So now, fair maidens all, adieu,
6. He made of her his lovely bride.
7. When she these questions answered had,
8. And hell is deeper than the sea.

1. 'The pies are greener nor the grass,
2. Or what is sharper nor a thorn?
3. Or what is deeper than the sea?
4. Or what is longer than the way?
5. And what is colder than the clay?
6. And what is worse than woman was?'
7. 'O heaven’s higher than the trees,
8. And hell is deeper than the seas.
9. 'The pies are greener nor the grass,
10. And what is sharper nor a thorn?
11. Or what is deeper than the sea?
12. Or what is softer than the silk?
13. 'O what is sharper than the thorn?
14. 'O what is louder than the horn?
15. And what is colder than the clay?
16. 'What is louder than an horn,
17. And what is sharper than a thorn?
18. Or what is softer than a thorn?
19. And what is deeper than the sea?
20. The blessing's better nor the bread.

1. The second sister made his bed,
2. And laid soft pillows under his head.
3. The third daughter she brought a chair,
4. And placed it that he might sit there.
5. The eldest daughter did ope the door,
6. And she was to lye with this unco knicht.
7. The second set him on the floor.
8. And it will be nicht or she be hame.
9. The eldest sister, fair and bright,
10. As sune as she the fiend did name,
11. As sune as she the fiend did name,
12. As sune as she the fiend did name,
13. As sune as she the fiend did name,
14. As sune as she the fiend did name,
15. As sune as she the fiend did name,
16. As sune as she the fiend did name,
2 The wind's not blown my plaid awa
2 It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'
4 Then come to me and get thy sark then.'
4 And also seck it in thy glove.
3 And thou must winnow it in thy looff,
2 Robin Redbreast he must trail it hame.
1 'And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,
2 So thou must sow it with thy corn.
2 Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.
1 'I have an aiker of good ley-land,
1 'If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,
2 Without any cut or heme,' quoth he.
1 'For thou must shape a sark to me,
1 'Married with me if thou wouldst be,'
2 And she was married yesterday.'
1 'I have a sister younger than I,
1 'Thou art over young a maid,' quoth he,
2 Than the knight came to her bed.
1 'I wish that horn were in my kist,
1 'My father he askd me an acre o land,
1 'Now sin ye've askd some things o me,
2 Where the sun neer shon sin man was born.'
2 Whare water never stood nor ran.
2 And oh! sae fain, luve, as I woud be thine.'
1 'And I mysell am only nine,
1 'Ye'll get an acre o gude red-land
2 Atween the saut sea and the sand.
2 'I want that land for to be corn,
2 And ye maun aer it wi your horn.
1 'And ye maun saw it without a seed,
2 And ye maun harrow it wi a threed.'
1 'And ye maun shear it wi your knife,
2 And na tyne a pickle o't for your life.
1 'And ye maun moue it in yon mouse-hole
2 And ye maun thrash it in your shoe-sole.
1 'And ye maun fan it wi your luves,
2 And ye maun sack it in your gloves.
1 'And whan that your wark is well deen,
2 Yese get your sark without a seam.'
1 THE Elfin knight stands on yon hill,
1 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw
1 Blawing his horn loud and shrill.
2 And the wind has blawn my plaid awa
2 'If I had yon horn in my kist,
2 And the bonny laddie here that I luve best!
1 'I hae a sister eleven years auld,
2 And she to the young men's bed has made
2 And she was married yesterday.'
1 'I have a sister older than I,
1 'Married with me thou woul'nd be.'
2 And also sue it needle-threelcss.'
1 'If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,
2 Another thou must do to me.
1 'I have an aiker of good ley-land,
2 Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.
1 'For thou must earie it with thy horn,
2 So thou must sow it with thy corn.
1 'And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,
2 Robin Redbreast he must trall it hame.
1 'Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,
2 And thrash it into thy shoes sool.
3 And thou must winnow it in thy loof,
4 And also seck it in thy glove.
1 'For thou must bring it over the sea,
2 And thou must bring it dry home to me.
3 'When thou hast gotten thy turns well done,
4 Then come to me and get thy sark then.'
1 'I’l not quite my plaid for my life;
2 It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'
2 The wind shall not blow my plaid awa
1 'My maidenhead I’ll then keep still,
2 Let the elphin knight do what he will.'
2 The wind’s not blown my plaid awa
2B.b
1 MY plaid awa, my plaid awa,
2 And owre the hills and far awa,
3 And far awa to Norrowa,
4 My plaid shall not be blawn awa.
2B.1
1 The Elphin knight sits on yon hill,
2B.1r
1 Ba, ba, ba, lilli la
2B.1
1 He blaws his horn baith loud and shrill.
2B.1r
1 He blaws his horn baith loud and shrill.
2B.1
1 The wind hath blawn my plaid awa
2B.2
1 He blaws it east, he blaws it west,
2 He blaws it where he lyketh best.
2B.3
1 ‘I wish that horn were in my kist,
2 ‘Yea, and the knight in my arms niest.’
2B.4
1 She had no sooner these words said,
2 Than the knight came to her bed.
2B.8
1 ‘Thou art oer young a maid,’ quoth he,
2 ‘Married with me that thou wouldest be.’
2B.6
1 ‘I have a sister, younger than I,
2 And she was married yesterday.’
2B.7
1 ‘Married with me if thou wouldest be,
2 A curtisie thou must do to me.
2B.8
1 ‘It’s ye maun mak a sark to me,
2 Without any cut or sarn,’ quoth he.
2B.9
1 ‘And ye maun shape it, knife-, sheersless,
2 And also sew it needle-, threedless.’
2B.10
1 ‘If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,
2 Another thou must do to me.
2B.11
1 ‘I have an aiker of good ley land,
2 Which lyeth low by yon see strand.
2B.12
1 ‘It’s ye maun till’t wi your touting horn,
2 And ye maun saw’’ wi the pepper corn.
2B.13
1 ‘And ye maun harrow’’t wi a threed,
2 And hae your wark done ere the morn.
2B.14
1 ‘And ye maun shair it wi your knife,
2 And no lose a stack o’t for your life.
2B.15
1 ‘And ye maun stack it in a mouse hool,
2 And ye maun thrash it in your shoe sole.
2B.16
1 ‘And ye maun dight it in your loof,
2 And also sack it in your glove.
2B.17
1 ‘And thou must bring it over the sea,
2 Fair and clean and dry to me.
2B.18
1 ‘And when that ye have done your wark,
2 Come back to me, and ye’ll get your sark.’
2B.19
1 ‘I’ll not quite my plaid for my life;
2 It haps my seven bairns and my wife.’
2B.20
1 ‘My maidenhead I’ll then keep still,
2 Let the elphin knight do what he will.
2C.1
1 THERE stands a knicht at the tap o yon hill,
2C.1r
1 Oure the hills and far awa
2C.1
2 He has blawn his horn loud and shrill.
2C.1r
2 The cauld wind’s blawn my plaid awa
2C.2
1 ‘If I had the horn that I hear blawn,
2 And the knicht that blaws that horn!’
2C.3
3 She had na sooner that words said,
4 Than the elfin knicht cam to her side.
2C.4
1 ‘Are na ye oure young a may
2 Wi onie young man doun to lie?’
And you shall be a true lover of mine
1 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
1 'Can you make me a cambrick shirt,
2 He may come to me, and hese get his sark.'
1 Tell this young man, whan he's finished his
2 And grind it a' in yon waterless mill.
2 And thrash it a' just wi his shoe-sole.
1 'Tell him to stack it in yon mouse-hole,
2 And harrow it a' wi ae harrow pin.
1 'Tell him to plough me an acre o land
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
1 'Tell her to iron it wi a hot iron,
2 That word it was no sooner spoken,
2 Resolve them, or ye'll gang wi me.
2 'Tell her to sew me a holland sark,
2 And tie it all up in a peacock feather.
2 And bind it up with a peacock's feather?
1 'Tell her to wash it at yon spring-well,
2 And without any stitch of needlework.
2 And sew it all over wi one pile o corn.
2 And sowed it all over with one pepper corn.
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
2 Tell him to sow it with one peacock corn.
2 Tell him to cart it with two mice.
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
1 'Tell her to sew me a holland sark,
2 And sowed it all over wi one pepper corn.
2 And sowed it all over with one pepper corn.
2 With threed, sheers or needle wark.'
2 'Tell him to stack it in yon mouse-hole,
2 And bind it up with a peacock feather.
2 'Tell him to stack it in yon mouse-hole,
2 And sowed it all over with one pepper corn.
2 And sowed it all over with one pepper corn.
2 And tied it all up in a peacock feather.
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 That never was built since Adam was born.
2 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 That never was built since Adam was born.
2 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 That never was built since Adam was born.
2 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 That never was built since Adam was born.
2 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 That never was built since Adam was born.
2 Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
2 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.
And ye to be drowned.

And ye to be drowned.

And a good bottom under me.'

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And a good bottom under me.
Without her parents' leave.

And stuck it in her sleeve,

This night you'll go with me.'

For I have made a solemn vow

'Your parents' leave you soon shall have,

With you I dare not gang.'

'Excuse me, then, Sir John,' she says;

If you will go with me.'

And you'll be lady of them all,

'That your owne and lofty towers,

What has become of false Sir John,

So she went on her father's steed,

She was her father's heir,

So swift as May Colven was

Away they went with one consent,

For he has betrayed eight ladies fair

So costly, rich and brave,

Then first she called the stable groom,

May Colven, where have you been?

And so costly and too fine

Is this your bowers and lofty towers,

Until he got your own consent

Is this your bowers and lofty towers,

It being in a lonely place,

So she went on her father's steed,

Where you thought to lay me,

"Light down," he said, 'Fair May Collin,

"Light down and speak with me.

And none could hear her cry.

'That's bordered with the lawn,

'That lady fair being void of fear,

If I must pull off my Holland smock,

'So costly and so brave,

'So costly and too fine

I am a knight of wealth and might,

She fetched him some of her father's gold,

She has taen to ride upon.

That you chat so long or day?'

That they call Bunion Bay.

Till they came to the fatal place

That they call Bunion Bay.

And the ninth one you shall be.'

And they have taken up his corpse

And they have buried false Sir John,

And the swiftest steed her father had

Upon her wedding day.'

Upon her wedding day.'

And turn your back to me.

For fear he should be seen.

And the seventh shall be.

And she has taen to ride upon.

And warned of death you must beware,

And no house there was nigh,

'That's coloured with the lawn,

And she has reached her father's gate

And none could hear her cry.

To rot in the salt sea.

For it never was comely for a man

To rot in the salt sea.

For it is not fitting that such a ruffian

And deliver it unto me;

That you have told to me,

To yonder pleasant green,

Then they rode from the tower.

And there they have buried false Sir John,

That your owne and lofty towers,

And some of your mother's fee,

And before the clock struck three.

For they are too costly and too fine

And all that he has put on.

And she has made him go with him,

And he has made her go with him,

And stood up to me.

And there he would marry me.

And there they have buried false Sir John,

And there they have buried false Sir John,

And deliver it unto me;

And deliver it unto me;

And deliver it unto me;

And deliver it unto me.

And deliver it unto me.

And deliver it unto me.

And deliver it unto me.

And deliver it unto me.

And deliver it unto me.
All this long summer’s day?

‘O where have you been, my pretty Polly,

She leaped on her milk-white steed,

For I don’t think thy clothing too good

‘Swim on, swim on, thou false knight,

And with all the strength that pretty Polly had

That grows so near the brim,

They rode till they came to a fair river’s side,

She fetchd him some of her father’s gold,

And some of your mother’s fee,

And you the seventh must be.’

They rode till they came to a fair river’s side,

She leapd on a milk-white steed,

Where horses stood thirty and three.

1 She mounted on her milk-white steed,
2 And led the dapple grey;
3 She rode till she came to her father’s house,
4 Three hours before it was day.

4F.11
1 ‘O then bespoke her father dear,
2 As he on his bed did lay:
3 ‘O what is the matter, my parrot, 4 That you speak before it is day?’

4F.12
1 The cat’s at my cage, master,
2 And sorely frightened me,
3 And I called down my Polly
4 To take the cat away.

4G.1
1 Now steal me some of your father’s gold,
2 And some of your mother’s fee,
3 And steal the best steed in your father’s stable,
4 Where there lie thirty three.

4G.2
1 She stole him some of her father’s gold,
2 And some of her mother’s fee,
3 And she stole the best steed from her father’s stable,
4 Where there lay thirty three.

4G.3
1 And she rode on the milk-white steed,
2 And he on the barb so grey,
3 Until they came to the green, green wood,
4 Three hours before it was day.

4G.4
1 ‘Alight, alight, my pretty colleen,
2 Alight immediately,
3 For six knight’s daughters I drowned here,
4 And thou the seventh shall be.’

4G.5
1 ‘Oh hold your tongue, you false knight villain,
2 Oh hold your tongue,’ said she;
3 ‘Twas you that promised to marry me,
4 For some of my father’s fee.’

4G.6
1 ‘Strip off, strip off your jewels so rare,
2 And give them all to me;
3 I think them too rich and too costly by far
4 To rot in the sand with thee.’

4G.7
1 ‘Oh turn away, thou false knight villain,
2 Oh turn away from me;
3 Oh turn away, with your back to the cliff,
4 And your face to the willow-tree.’

4G.8
1 He turned about, with his back to the cliff,
2 And his face to the willow-tree;
3 So sudden she took him up in her arms,
4 And threw him into the sea.

4G.9
1 ‘Lie there, lie there, thou false knight villain,
2 Lie there instead of me;
3 ‘I’m afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,
4 And I’m afraid they will have me.’

4G.10
1 ‘Oh take me by the arm, my dear,
2 And hold me by the hand,
3 And you shall be my gay lady,
4 And the queen of all Scotland.’

4G.11
1 ‘I’ll not take you by the arm, my dear,
2 Nor hold you by the hand;
3 And I won’t be your gay lady,
4 And the queen of all Scotland.’

4G.12
1 And she rode on the milk-white steed,
2 And led the barb so grey,
3 Until she came back to her father’s castle,
4 One hour before it was day.

4G.13
1 And out then spoke her parrot so green,
2 From the cage wherein she lay:
3 ‘Where have you now been, my pretty colleen,
4 This long, long summer’s day?’

4G.14
1 ‘Oh hold your tongue, my favourite bird,
2 And tell no tales on me;
3 Your cage I will make of the glittering gold,
4 And hang in the willow-tree.’

5A.10
1 ‘Or are you mourning i your meed
2 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.11
1 ‘Or are ye mourning i your tide
2 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.12
1 ‘The customs o’ t, my dame,’ he says,
2 ‘Will ill a gentle lady please.

5A.13
1 ‘Nor am I mourning i my tide
2 That ever I was Gil Brenton’s bride.’

5A.14
1 ‘But I am mourning i my meed
2 That ever I left my mither gueede.

5A.15
1 ‘But, bonny boy, tell to me
2 What is the customs o your country,’

5A.16
1 ‘The customs o’ t, my dame,’ he says,
2 ‘Will ill a gentle lady please.

5A.17
1 ‘Seven king’s daughters has our king wedded,
2 An seven king’s daughters has our king bedded.

5A.18
1 ‘But he’s cutted the paps frae their breast-bane,
2 An at her stirrup-foot he did run.

5A.19
1 ‘But when you come to the palace yate,
2 His mither a golden chair will set.

5A.20
1 ‘An be you mourning i your tide
2 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.21
1 ‘An gin o that you be na sure,
2 ‘Or are ye mourning i your tide
3 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.22
1 ‘An gin you’re sure that you are a maid,
2 ‘An be you maid or be you nane,
3 His mither a golden chair will set.

5A.23
1 ‘Nor am I mourning i my tide
2 That ever I was Gil Brenton’s bride.’

5A.24
1 ‘An gin you’re sure that you are a maid,
2 ‘Or are ye mourning i your tide
3 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.25
1 ‘An gin you’re sure that you are a maid,
2 ‘Or are ye mourning i your tide
3 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.3
1 ‘There was twal an twal wi beer an wine,
2 An twal an twal wi muskadinne.

5A.4
1 An twal an twal wi bouted flower,
2 An twal an twal wi paramour.

5A.5
1 An twal an twal wi boked bread,
2 An twal an twal wi the good sae red.

5A.6
1 Sweet Willy was a widow’s son,
2 An at her stirrup-foot he did run.

5A.7
1 ‘An she was dress’d i the finest pa,
2 But ay she loot the tears down fa.

5A.8
1 ‘An she was Dick’d wi the fairest flowers,
2 But ay she loot the tears down pour.

5A.9
1 ‘O is there water i your shee?
2 Or does the win blaw blye your glee?

5A.10
1 ‘Or are you mourning i your meed
2 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.11
1 ‘Or are ye mourning i your tide
2 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.12
1 ‘Thre’cre’ is nau water i my shee,
2 Nor does the win blaw i my glee:

5A.13
1 ‘Nor am I mourning i my tide
2 That ever I was Gil Brenton’s bride.’

5A.14
1 ‘But I am mourning i my meed
2 That ever I left my mither gueede.

5A.15
1 ‘But, bonny boy, tell to me
2 What is the customs o your country’

5A.16
1 ‘The customs o’ t, my dame,’ he says,
2 ‘Will ill a gentle lady please.

5A.17
1 ‘Seven king’s daughters has our king wedded,
2 An seven king’s daughters has our king bedded.

5A.18
1 ‘But he’s cutted the paps frae their breast-bane,
2 An sent them mourning hame again.

5A.19
1 ‘But when you come to the palace yate,
2 His mither a golden chair will set.

5A.20
1 ‘An be you maid or be you nane,
2 ‘O sit you there till the day be dane.

5A.21
1 ‘An gin you’re sure that you are a maid,
2 ‘Ye may gang safely to his bed.

5A.22
1 ‘But gin o that you be na sure,
2 ‘Or are ye mourning i your tide
3 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.23
1 ‘Nor am I mourning i my tide
2 That ever I was Gil Brenton’s bride.’

5A.24
1 ‘An gin you’re sure that you are a maid,
2 ‘Or are ye mourning i your tide
3 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’

5A.25
1 ‘An gin you’re sure that you are a maid,
2 ‘Or are ye mourning i your tide
3 That ever ye was Gil Brenton’s bride?’
He kept me there till the day was done.

'An be I maid or be I nane,
2 An he 'peard to be some kingis son.

'Wi high-colld hose an laigh-colld shoone,
2 Till by there came a jelly hind greene,

'I had na pu'd a flowr but ane,
2 To strew my mother's bowr and mine.

'To pu the nut but an the slae;
1 For to the greenwood I must gae,

Which was the cause of a' my wae.

The cavil it did on me fa,
2 An ay my wierd it was the hardest.

Ohone, alas! for I was youngest,
2 To see which shoud to the greenwood gang.

O we were sisters, sisters seven,
2 An my hard wierd I'll tell to thee.

But hear me, mither, on my knee,
2 Or is it to your father's groom?

She gard the door lye i the fleer.

The auld queen she was stark an sture;
2 An see how't fares wi yon base whore.'

An I'll gang to yon painted bowr,
2 An sport you wi your merry men a'.

O stay, my son, into this ha,
2 O marryed a woman great wi child.'

I am the most unhappy man
2 And on his mither he did ca.

O he has taen him thro the ha,
2 An for you she drees mony sharp showr.'

I am the most unhappy man
2 And he has taen him thro the ha,

O wrathfully he left the bed,
2 To sleep this night with my lord for me.'

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,
2 And a' men unto bed were gane,

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 But to shape an sue the king's son a sark.

I would gi a' my ha's an towrs,
2 I gae them to a lady gay
3 I met i the greenwood on a day.

I am the most unhappy man
2 And he has taen him thro the ha,

I am the most unhappy man
2 That ever was in christend lan.

It is a liel maiden that lies by thee,
2 Is this a maid that I ha wedded?

But gif o that ye be na sure,
2 Ye may gae safely to his bed;

But I am sorrowing in my mood
2 That I suld leave my mother good.

But I am sorrowing in my mood
2 That I suld leave my mother good.

He kept me there till the close of day.
2 He gae me a lock of yellow hair,
2 An bade me keep it for ever maiir.

He gae me a carket o gude black beads,
2 An bade me keep them against my needs.

He gae to me a gay gold ring,
2 An bade me keep aoon a' thing.

He gae me a little pen-knife,
2 That ye got frae that young man there?

To braid that coffer hear to me,
2 And a' the tokens ye sal see.'

An ay she ranked, an ay she flang,
2 I bade you keep against your needs?

And fourscore ships have come her wi,
2 He kept me there till the close of day.

What did you wi that yallow hair
2 He gae me a lock of yellow hair
2 I bade you keep while you had life?

What did you wi that good black beeds
2 I bade you keep against your needs?

What did you wi that good black beeds
2 I bade you keep against your needs?

What did you wi that that pen-kniffe
2 I bade you keep for ever maiir?

What did you wi that that pen-kniffe
2 I bade you keep for ever maiir?

What did you wi that that pen-kniffe
2 I bade you keep for ever maiir?

What did you wi that that pen-kniffe
2 I bade you keep for ever maiir?

What did you wi that that pen-kniffe
2 I bade you keep for ever maiir?

What did you wi that that pen-kniffe
2 I bade you keep for ever maiir?

But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast
2 Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
2 What is the custom of thy countrye?'

The custom thereof, my dame,' he says,
2 'Will ill a gentle laydye please.

Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
2 And seven king's daughters has our lord wedded;

But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast bane,
2 And sent them mourning hame again.

'Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,
2 Ye may gae safely to his bed;

'But gif o that ye be na sure,
2 Then hire some damsell o your bourse.'

The ladye's calld her bour-maiden,
2 That waiting was into her train;

'To sleep this night with my lord for me.'

Five thousand merks I will gie thee,
2 To see which shoud to the greenwood gang.

And at her stirrup he did run.

And twal and twal wi bouted flour,
2 And twal and twal wi gowd sae reid:

I am the most unhappy man
2 That ever was in christend lan.

And seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
2 What is the custom of thy countrye?'

The custom thereof, my dame,' he says,
2 'Will ill a gentle laydye please.

Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
2 And seven king's daughters has our lord wedded;

But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast bane,
2 And sent them mourning hame again.

Yet, gin you’re sure that you’re a maid,
2 Ye may gae safely to his bed;

But gif o that ye be na sure,
2 Then hire some damsell o your bour.'

The ladye's calld her bour-maiden,
2 That waiting was into her train;

Five thousand merks I will gie thee,
2 To sleep this night with my lord for me.'

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,
2 And a’ men unto bed were gane,

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

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2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

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When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
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When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.

When a' our langsome wark was done,
2 We were the fairest under heaven.
The Text of

5B.36 1 We cast the kavils us amang,
2 To see which sild to the grene-wood gang.

5B.37 1 ‘O hon, alas! for I was youngest,
2 And aye my wierd it was the hardest.

5B.38 1 The kavil it on me did fa,
2 Whilk was the cause of a’ my woe.

5B.39 1 'For to the grene-wood I maun gae,
2 To pu the red rose and the slace;
3 'To pu the red rose and the thyme,
4 To deck my mother’s bour and mine.

5B.40 1 I hadna pu’d a flower but ane,
2 When by there came a gallant hende,
3 ‘Wi high-collc hose and laig-collc shoon,
4 And he seemed to be sum king’s son.

5B.43 1 ‘And be I maid or be I nae,
2 He kept me thare till the close o day.
3 ‘And be I maid or be I nae,
4 He kept me thare till the day was done.

5B.45 1 ‘He gae me a lock o his yellow hair,
2 And bade me keep it ever mair.
3 ‘He gae me a lock o his yellow hair,
4 And bade me keep it against my needs.

5B.47 1 ‘He gae to me a gay gold ring,
2 And bade me keep it abune a’ thing.

5B.48 1 ‘What did ye wi the tokens rare
2 That ye gat frae theat gallant there?
3 ‘What did ye wi the tokens rare
4 That ye gat frae theat gallant there?

5B.49 1 ‘O bring that coffer unto me,
2 And a’ the tokens ye sall see.
3 ‘O bring that coffer unto me,
4 And a’ the tokens ye sall see.

5C.4 1 We coost the lotties us amang,
2 Wha wad to the Greenwood gang.

5C.5 1 To pu the lily but and the rose,
2 To strew witha’ our sisters’ bowers.

5C.6 1 . . . . . I was youngest,
2 . . . . . my weir was hardest.

5C.7 1 And to the Greenwood I bud gae,
2 . . . . . .

5C.8 1 There met I a handsome childe,
2 . . . . . .

5C.9 1 High-collc stockings and laig-collc shoon,
2 He bore him like a king’s son.

5C.10 1 An was I weel, or was I wae,
2 He keepit me a’ the summer night.

5C.11 1 An though I for my hame-gaun sich't,
2 But I gae by the grenewode tree.

5C.12 1 He gae to me a gay gold ring,
2 And bade me keep it aboon a’ thing.

5C.13 1 He gae to me a cuttie knife,
2 And bade me keep it as my life.

5C.14 1 Three lauchters o his yellow hair,
2 For fear we wad neer meet mair.

5C.15 1 Next there came shippes three,
2 To carry a’ my bridal fee.

5C.16 1 Gowd were the beaks, the sails were silk,
2 Wroght wi maids’ hands like milk.

5C.17 1 They came toom and light to me,
2 But heavie went they waie frae me.

5C.18 1 They were fu o baken bread,
2 They were fu o wine sae red.

5C.19 1 My dowry went a’ by the sea,
2 For fear we wad neer meet mair.

5C.20 1 An I sighed and made great mane,
2 As thro the grenewode we rade our lane.

5C.21 1 An I ay siched an wiped my ee,
2 That eer the grenewode I did see.

5C.22 1 Is there water in your glove,
2 Or win into your shoe?
3 O<] am I oer a low a foot-page
4 To rin by you, ladie!’

5C.23 1 ‘O there’s nae water in my glove,
2 Nor win into my shoe;
3 But I am maming for my mither
4 Wha’s far awa frae me.

5C.24 1 ‘Gin ye be a maiden fair,
2 Meikle gude ye will get there.

5C.25 1 ‘If ye be a maiden but,
2 Meikle sorrow will ye get.

5C.26 1 ‘For seven king’s daughters he hath wedded,
2 But never wi ane o them has bedded.

5C.27 1 ‘He cuts the breasts frae their breast-bane,
2 An sends them back unto their dame.

5C.28 1 ‘He sets their backs unto the saddle,
2 An sends them back unto their father.

5C.29 1 ‘But be ye maiden or be ye nane,
2 To the godwyn chair ye draw right soon.

5C.30 1 ‘But be ye leman or be ye maiden,
2 Sitt nae down till ye be bidden.’
5C.84
1 And it was a seven years wark
2 To sew our father’s seven sarks.
5C.85
1 It was weel written on his right hand
2 He was the heir of his daddie’s land.

5D.1
1 WE were sisters, sisters seven,
5D.1r
1 Bowing down, bowing down
5D.1r
2 And aye the birks a-bowing
5D.2
1 They kiest kevels them amang,
2 Wha woud to the grenewood gang.
5D.3
1 The kevels they gied thro the ha,
2 And on the youngest it did fa.
5D.4
1 Now she must to the grenewood gang,
2 To pu the nuts in grenewood hang.
5D.5
1 She hadna tarried an hour but ane
2 Till she met wi a highlan groom.
5D.6
1 He keeped her sae late and lang
2 Till the evening set and birds they sang.
5D.7
1 He gae to her at their parting
2 A chain o gold and gay gold ring;
5D.8
1 And three locks o his yellow hair;
2 Bade her keep them for evermair.
5D.9
1 When six lang months were come and gane
2 A courtier to this lady came.
5D.10
1 Lord Dingwall courted this lady gay,
2 A courtier to this lady came.
5D.11
1 A little boy to the ha was sent,
2 And o them a’ I’ll warn you well.
5D.12
1 A little boy to the ha was sent,
2 As he was riding the way along,
3 She began to make a heavy moan.
5D.13
1 ‘What ails you, lady,’ the boy said,
2 ‘That ye seem sae dissatisfied?’
5D.14
1 ‘Are the bride reins for you too strong?
2 Or the stirrups for you too long?’
5D.15
1 ‘But, little boy, will ye tell me
2 The fashions in our ha I’ll tell,
3 And a’ them I’ll warn you well.’
5D.16
1 ‘The fashions in our ha I’ll tell,
2 And o them a’ I’ll warn you well.’
5D.17
1 ‘When ye come in upon the floor,
2 His mither will meet you wi a golden chair.
5D.18
1 ‘But ye be maid or be ye nane,
2 Unto the high seat make ye boun.’
5D.19
1 ‘Lord Dingwall aft has been beguild
2 By girls whom young men hae defiled.’
5D.20
1 ‘He cutted the paps frae their breast-bane,
2 And sent them back to their ain hame.’
5D.21
1 ‘When she came in upon the floor,
2 His mither met her wi a golden chair.
5D.22
1 ‘But to the high seat she made her boun;
2 She knew that maiden she was nane.’
5D.23
1 ‘When night was come, they went to bed,
2 And ower her breast his arm he laid.
5D.24
1 He quickly jumped upon the floor,
2 And said, ‘I’ve got a vile rank whore.’
5D.25
1 Unto his mother he made his moan,
2 Says, ‘Mother dear, I am undone.’
5D.26
1 ‘Ye’ve ait tald, when I brought them hame,
2 Whether they were maid or nane.’
5D.27
1 ‘I thought I’d gotten a maiden bright;
2 I’ve gotten but a waefu wight.’
5D.28
1 ‘I thought I’d gotten a maiden clear,
2 But gotten but a vile rank whore.’
5D.29
1 ‘When she came in upon the floor,
2 I met her wi a golden chair.
5D.30
1 ‘But to the high seat she made her boun,
2 Because a maiden she was nane.’
5D.31
1 ‘I wonder wha’s tauld that gay ladie
2 The fashion into our countrie.’
5D.32
1 ‘It is your little boy I blame,
2 Whom ye did send to bring her hame.’
5D.33
1 Then to the lady she did go,
2 And said, ‘O Lady, let me know
5D.34
1 ‘Who has defiled your fair bodie;
2 Ye’re the first that has beguiled me.’
5D.35
1 ‘O we were sisters, sisters seven,
2 The fairest women under heaven.
5D.36
1 ‘And we kiest kevels us amang,
2 Wha woud to the grenewood gang;
5D.37
1 ‘For to pu the finest flowers,
2 To put around our summer bowers.
5D.38
1 ‘I was the youngest o them a’;
2 The hardest fortune did me befa.
5D.39
1 ‘Unto the grenewood I did gang,
2 And pu’d the nuts as they down hang.
5D.40
1 ‘I hadnna stayd an hour but ane
2 Till I met wi a highlan groom.
5D.41
1 ‘He keeped me sae late and lang
2 Till the evening set and birds they sang.
5D.42
1 ‘A chain of gold and gay gold ring;
2 Bade me keep them for evermair.
5D.43
1 ‘And three locks o his yellow hair;
2 Bade me keep them for evermair.
5D.44
1 ‘Then for to show I make nae lie,
2 Look ye my trunk, and ye will see.’
5D.45
1 ‘Unto the trunk then she did go,
2 To see if that were true or no.
5D.46
1 ‘And aye she sought, and aye she flang,
2 Till these four things came to her hand.
5D.47
1 ‘Then she did to her ain son go,
2 And said, ‘My son, ye’ll let me know,
5D.48
1 ‘Ye will tell me to this thing;
2 What did you wi my wedding-ring?’
5D.49
1 ‘Mother dear, I’ll tell nae lie:
2 I gave it to a gay ladie.
5D.50
1 ‘I would gie a’ my ha’s and towers,
2 I had this bird within my bowers.’
5D.51
1 ‘Keep well, keep well your lands and strands;
2 Ye hae that within your hands.
5D.52
1 ‘Now, my son, to your bower ye’ll go;
2 Comfort your ladie, she’s full o woe.’
5D.53
1 ‘Now when nine months were come and gane,
2 The lady she brought hame a son.
5D.54
1 ‘It was written on his breast-bane
2 Lord Dingwall was his father’s name.
5D.55
1 ‘He’s taen his young son in his arms,
2 And aye he praised his lovely charms.
10
5D.56
1 And he has gien him kisses three,
2 And doubled them ower to his ladie.
5E.1
1 LORD BENWALL he’s a hunting gone;
5E.1r
1 Hey down, etc.
5E.1
2 He’s taken with him all his merry men.
5E.1r
1 Hey, etc.
5E.2
1 As he was walking late alone,
2 He spyed a lady both brisk and young.
5E.3
1 He keeped her so long and long,
2 From the evening late till the morning came.
5E.4
1 All that he gave her at their parting
2 Was a pair of gloves and a gay gold ring.
5E.5
1 Lord Benwall he’s a wooing gone,
2 And he’s taken with him all his merry men.
5E.6
1 As he was walking the Haleigh throw,
2 He spy’d seven ladyes all in a row.
5E.7
1 He cast a lot among them all;
2 Upon the youngest the lot did fall.
5E.8
1 He wedded her and brought her home,
2 And by the way she made great moan.
5E.9
1 ‘What aileth my dearest and dayly flower?
2 What ails my dear, to make such moan?
5E.10
1 ‘Does the steed carry you too high?
2 Or does thy pillow sit awry?
5E.11
1 ‘Or does the wind blow in thy glove?
2 Or is thy heart after another love?’
5E.12
1 ‘The steed does not carry me too high,
2 Nor does my pillow sit awry.
5E.13
1 ‘Nor does the wind blow in my glove,
2 Nor is my heart after another love.’
5E.14
1 When they were doun to supper set,
2 The weary pain took her by the back.
5E.15
1 ‘What ails my dearest and dayly flower?
2 What ails my dearest, to make such moan?’
5E.16
1 ‘I am with child, and it’s not to thee,
2 And oh and alas, what shall I doe!’
5E.17
1 ‘I thought I had got a maid so mild;
2 But I have got a woman big with child.
5E.18
1 ‘I thought I had got a dayly flower;
2 I have gotten but a common whore.’
3 ’’’’’
5E.19
1 ‘Rise up, Lord Benwall, go to your hall,
2 And cherrish up your merry men all.’
3 ’’’’’
5E.20
1 ‘As I was walking once late alone,
2 I spy’d a lord, both brisk and young.
5E.21
1 ‘He keeped me so long and long,
2 From evening late till the morning came.
5E.22
1 ‘All that he gave me at our parting
2 Was a pair of gloves and a gay gold ring.
5E.23
1 ‘If you will not believe what I tell to thee,
2 There’s the key of my coffer, you may go and
see.’
5E.24
1 His mother went, and threw and flang,
2 Till to her hand the ring it came.
5E.25
1 ‘Lord Benwall, wilt thou tell to me
2 Where is the ring I gave to thee?’

The Text of
5E.26
1 ‘Now I would give all my lands and tower,
2 To have that lady in my bower.
5E.27
1 ‘I would give all my lands and rents,
2 To have that lady in my tents.’
5E.28
1 ‘You need not give all your lands and tower,
2 For you have that lady in your power.
5E.29
1 ‘You need not give all your lands and rents,
2 For you have that lady in your tents.’
5E.30
1 Now it was written on the child’s breast-bone
2 Lord Benwall’s sirname and his name.
5E.31
1 It was written on the child’s right hand
2 That he should be heir of Lord Benwall’s land.
5E.32
1 ‘Canst cloath my lady in the silk,
2 And feed my young son with the milk.’
5F.1
1 THERE were three sisters in a bouir,
5F.1r
1 Eh down and Oh down
5F.1
2 And the youngest o them was the fairest flour.
5F.1r
2 Eh down and O down
5F.2
1 And we began our seven years wark,
2 To sew our brither John a sark.
5F.3
1 When seven years was come and gane,
2 There was nae a sleeve in it but ane.
5F.4
1 But we coost kevils us amang
2 Wha wud to the green-wood gang.
5F.5
1 But tho we had coosten neer sae lang,
2 The lot it fell on me aye to gang.
5F.6
1 I was the youngest, and I was the fairest,
2 And alace! my wierd it was aye the sairest.
5F.7
1 ...
2 Till I had to the woods to gae.
5F.8
1 To pull the cherrie and the slae,
2 And to seek our ae brither, we had nae mae.
5F.9
1 But as I was walking the leas o Lyne,
2 I met a youth gallant and fine;
5F.10
1 Wi milk white stockings and coal black shoon;
2 He seemed to be some gay lord’s son.
5F.11
1 But he keepit me there sae lang, sae lang,
2 Till the maids in the morning were singing thei
r sang.
5F.12
1 Would I wee or would I way,
2 He keepit me the lang simmer day.
5F.13
1 Would I way or would I wight,
2 He keepit me the simmer night.
5F.14
1 But guess what was at our parting?
2 A pair o grass green gloves and a gay gold ring.
3 ring.
5F.15
1 He gave me three plaits o his yellow hair,
2 In token that we might meet mair.
5F.16
1 But when nine months were come and gane,
2 This gallant lord cam back again.
5F.17
1 He’s wed this lady, and taen her wi him;
2 But as they were riding the leas o Lyne,
5F.18
1 This lady was not able to ride,
2 ...
5F.19
1 ‘O does thy saddle set thee aside?
2 Or does thy steed ony wrang way ride?

5F.20
1 ‘Or thinkst thou me too low a groom?
2 ...
5F.21
1 ‘Or hast thou musing in thy mind
2 For the leaving of thy mother kind?’
5F.22
1 ‘My saddle it sets not me aside,
2 Nor does my steed ony wrang way ride.
5F.23
1 ‘Nor think I thee too low a groom
2 ...
5F.24
1 ‘But I hae musing in my mind
2 For the leaving of my mother kind.’
5F.25
1 ‘I’ll bring thee to a mother of mine,
2 As good a mother as eer was thine.’
5F.26
1 ‘A better mother she may be,
2 But an unco woman she’ll prove to me.’
5F.27
1 But when lords and ladies at supper sat,
2 Her pains they struck her in the back.
5F.28
1 When lords and ladies were laid in bed,
2 Her pains they struck her in the side.
5F.29
1 ‘Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Brangwill,
2 For I’m wi child and you do not know’t.’
5F.30
1 He took up his foot and gave her sic a bang
2 Till owre the bed the red blood sprang.
5F.31
1 He is up to his mother’s ha,
2 Calling her as hard as he could ca.
5F.32
1 ‘I went through moss and I went through mure,
2 Thinking to get some lily flouir.
5F.33
1 ...
2 ‘But to my house I have brocht a hure.
5F.34
1 ‘I thocht to have got a lady baith meek and
mild,
2 But I’ve got a woman that’s big wi child.’
5F.35
1 ‘O rest you here, Lord Brangwill,’ she said,
2 ‘Till I relieve your lady that lyes so low.’
5F.36
1 ‘O daughter dear, will you tell to me
2 Who is the father of your babie?’
5F.37
1 ‘Yes, mother dear, I will tell thee
2 Who is the father of my babie.
5F.38
1 ‘As I was walking the leas o Lyne,
2 I met a youth gallant and fine;
5F.39
3 ‘With milk-white stockings and coal-black
shoon;
4 He seemed to be sum gay lord’s son.
5F.40
1 ‘He keepit me sae lang, sae lang,
2 Till the maids in the morning were singing thei
r sang.
5F.41
1 ‘Would I wee or would I way,
2 He keepit me the lang simmer day.
5F.42
1 ‘Would I way or would I wight,
2 He keepit me the simmer night.
5F.43
1 ‘But guess ye what was at our parting?
2 A pair of grass green gloves and a gay gold
ring.
5F.44
1 ‘He gave me three plaits o his yellow hair,
2 In token that we might meet mair.’
5F.45
1 ‘O dochter dear, will ye show me
2 These tokens that he gave to thee?’
5F.46
1 ‘Altho my back should break in three,
2 Unto my coffer I must be.’


2 'What ails my love on me to frown?
2 To make their dinner fair and fine.
2 To mak his bed baith saft and even.
1 She’s calld upon her maids by seven,
2 And she saw them riding ane and a’.
1 His lady mother lookit owre the castle wa,
2 Up start the deer on evry hill.
1 He’s blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,
2 Since I maun be Lord Bothwell’s wife.’
1 ‘But I am weary of my life,
1 ‘My saddle is not set awry,
2 Or is your steed for you owre high?’
1 ‘O lady, sits your saddle awry,
2 ‘I think our bride comes slowly on.’
2 Unto his strongest castle and tower.
1 He’s brought her frae her mother’s bower,
2 And on the youngest his lot did fa.
1 He cast his lot among them a’,
2 Hey down and a down
2 He met six ladies sae gallant and fine.
1 AS Bothwell was walking in the lowlands
2 But he doubled them a’ to his gay ladye.
1 He gave his auld son kisses three,
2 For ye have her as sure as eer ye had.
1 ‘I wish ye good o your lands sae free,
2 That I had her here this night wi me.’
1 ‘I wish you good o your lands sae broad,
2 As ever I saw in a simmer day.
2 That ye gat at your own birth-een?’
1 ‘O son, O son, will you tell me
1 Aye she coost, and aye she flang,
2 When by there came an earl’s son.
1 ‘And was he well or was he wae,
2 When by there came an earl’s son.
1 The kevel fell into her hand,
2 Wha would to the greenwood gang.
1 They kiest the kevels them amang,
2 Wha would to the greenwood gang.
1 ‘Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,
2 I had that lady within my bowers.
1 ‘But I wad gie my very life,
2 I had that lady within my bowers.
1 ‘I gied to a lady sae fair and so fine
2 Where’s the green gloves I gave to thee?’
1 ‘Now son, now son, come tell to me,
2 In case that we shoud meet nae mair.’
2 ‘In case that we shoud meet nae mair.’
1 ‘Three lauchters of his yellow hair,
1 ‘O her young bairn she’ll neer be lighter,
2 And wash my son in the morning milk.’
1 ‘He keepit me there sae late and sae lang,
2 Frae the evning late till the morning dawn.
1 ‘And a’ that he gied me to my propine
2 Was a pair of green gloves and a gay gold ring:
2 ‘The kevels they gied thro the ha,
2 And on the youngest it did fa.
1 ‘And was he well or was he wae,
2 He keept me that summer’s day.’
And thou shall have the best o them a.'

O Earl Bran, my father has two,
And thou shall have the best o them a.'

And thou shalt ride, and I will run.'

O Earl Bran, fain wad I see
Till sae boldly she came to his bedside.

She was scarcely fifteen years of age
He courted the king's daughter of fair England.

And mickle grace be him upon.

And now he's gotten a bonny young son,
And letten his ladie lighter be.

And Willie has loosed her left-foot shee,
And Willie has killed the master kid
That hang atween her bower and thine.

And Willie's taen out the kaims o care
And lotten that ladie lighter be?'

And wha has killed the master kid
That hang amo that ladie's hair.

And wha has loosed her left-foot shee,
And letten that ladie lighter be?

'And wha has killd the master kid
That ran beneath that ladie's bed?

'And wha has killed the master kid
That ran beneath that ladie's bed.

And Willie has loosed the nine witch knots
And lotten that ladie lighter be?

'The goodlie gift has be her ain,
Hangs fifty silver bells and ten.

And ay at every silver hem,
That dwelt in Castile and Galice.

'Ye doe ye to the market place,
And there ye buy a loof o wax.

'Ye shape it bairn and bairnly like,
Ye doe ye to the market place,

Then out and spake the Belly Blind;
But sighing says that weary wight,

Another may I'll neer bring hame.'

Another may I'll never wed,
And you shall wed another may.'

But she shall die and turn to clay,
And let me be lighter of my young bairn.'

And Marie's comin, so she said,
To slay an old man that has grey hair.

She'll will to slay an old man
That was against your seven brethren bold.

'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,
'For I fear that you are slain;'

'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet
That shines in the water sae plain.'

And lay Lady Margret close at my back,
She held his steed in her milk-white hand,

'RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,' she says,
'And put on your armour so bright;'

'Get up, get up, Lady Margret,' he said,
And hold my steed in your hand,

'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'Get up, and let me in!

'RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,' she says,
And put on your armour so bright;

'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet
deck
That shines in the water sae plain.'
Before the break of day.

And they have reached Earl Douglas’ gates
And himself on a dapple gray,
Runs down the water wan.’

‘Oh no, oh no, fair Margaret,’ he said,
‘I am afraid ye are slain;’
‘I am afraid, Earl Douglas,’ she said,
And they both went weeping away.

He lifted her on a milk-white steed
And himself on a dapple gray,
And they have reached Earl Douglas’ gates
Before the break of day.

The Child Ballads
'O yonder does come my poor son. His mother walks the floor alone;  
2 'O younder does come my poor son.

2 'O yonder does come my poor son. His mother walks the floor alone;  
2 'O younder does come my poor son.
8A.6
5 They hadn a walk'd in the green-wood
4 And no an hour but barely ane,
3 Till up start Tammas, her ain true lover,
2 He's taen her sisters her frae.

8A.8
5 She hadn a walk'd in the green-wood
4 Na not a mile but barely ane,
3 Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
2 Whae frae her sister has her taen.

8A.9
5 He took her sisters by the hand,
4 He kissd them baith, an sent them hame,
3 An he's taen his true love him behind,
2 And through the green-wood they are gane.

8A.10
1 They hada ridden in the bonnie green-wood
2 Na not a mile but barely ane,
3 When there came fifteen o the boldest knights
4 That ever bare flesh, blood, or bane.

8A.11
4 The foremost was an aged knight,
3 He wore the grey hair on his chin;
2 Says, 'Yield to me thy lady bright,'
1 'An thou shalt walk the woods within.'

8A.12
4 'For me to yield my lady bright
3 To such an aged knight as thee,
2 People wad think I war gane mad,
1 'Or a' the courage flown frae me.'

8A.13
4 But up then spake the second knight,
3 I wate he spake right boustouslie:
2 'Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,
1 Ye'll only fight me ane by ane.'

8A.14
4 'My lady is my warld's meed;
3 My life I winna yield to nane;
2 But if ye be men of your manhead,
1 Ye'LL only fight me ane by ane.'

8A.15
4 He lichted aft his milk-white steed,
3 An gae his lady him by the head,
2 Sayn, 'See ye dina change your cheer,
1 'Till up started Tammas, her ain true lover.'

8A.16
4 They hadna waukd in the bonnie greenwood
3 And through the green-wood they are gane.
2 He kissd them baik, an sent them hame,
1 'For me to yield my lady bright
3 'Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
2 He kissd them baik, an sent them hame,
1 He lift her on a milk-white steed,
2 And on her breast a siller pin'en,
3 She lift her on a milk-white steed,
2 And on her breast a siller pin'en,
3 And on her breast a siller pin'en.
8C.24

1 'Stand backe, stand backe, my pretty maide,
2 Stand backe and let me fight;
3 By sweete St. James be not afraide
4 But I will it requite.'

3 By sweete St. James be no[t] afraide
2 Stand backe and let me fight;
1 'Stand backe, stand backe, my pretty maide,
3 But Robin did them both refell,
2 And it was one to two;
1 The red blood ran from Robins brow,
2 The first blow that he gave so free
3 The youngest cried, and aimd a blow
4 Cleft one man to the bone.
2 'Ile force thy cruell brothers both
3 To bend the knee to thee.
1 'With us, false maiden, come away,
4 As sure as they were borne.'
2 'I was not made their scorne;
4 This favour shalI have to boote.
1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,
2 Having wife and children in thy countrie?
3 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
2 To me they shall pay toll.
1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,
2 For thee, the faire flower of Northumberland.
1 'Faire Sir, how should I take pity on thee,
2 For long I cannot stay for thee,
3 Then was he cast in prison strong,
1 'I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,
2 For me they shall play toll.
1 'This favour shalt thou have to boote,
2 Or ill may thee betide;
1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,
3 But harm not this young forrester,
2 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
1 'Feare not the foord, faire lady,' quoth he,
2 The salt teares standing in his eye,
3 The prisoner had of her a sight,
1 'Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,
4 To me they shall pay toll.
3 The red blood ran from Robins brow,
2 The king may not control;
1 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
4 And all to help this forlorn knight
1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,
3 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
3 To where they Robin Hood espied,
4 To me they shall play toll.
1 'I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,
4 Theyle finde Ile play their game.
3 The red blood ran from Robins brow,
2 The oldest brothers head it cleft,
4 Right through unto his braine.

8C.17

1 He stood before, she stoode behinde,
2 With ye Ile freely wend,
1 Then cried the maide, 'My brethren deare,
1 He set his backe against a tree,
3 And passing by, like an angell bright,
2 The salt teares standing in his eye,
3 To where they Robin Hood espied,
2 The knight from prison forth to bring,
1 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
4 To bend the knee to thee.
1 'With us, false maiden, come away,
1 Then Robin leand against the tree,
3 His eyes did swim, he could not see
4 To wend from her father to faire Scotland.
8A.3

1 'With us, false maiden, come away,
2 And leave that outlawe bolde;
1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,
3 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
2 The knight from prison forth to bring,
3 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
1 'With us, false maiden, come away,
4 Theyle finde Ile play their game.
1 'With us, false maiden, come away,
2 The king may not control;
2 'I was not made their scorne;
2 The salt teares standing in his eye,
2 The knight from prison forth to bring,
1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,
4 As sure as they were borne.'
2 'I was not made their scorne;
1 'With us, false maiden, come away,
2 The knight from prison forth to bring,
4 To me they shall pay toll.
1 'I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,
2 For thee, the faire flower of Northumberland.
1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,
2 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
1 'I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,
2 The knight from prison forth to bring,
2 'I was not made their scorne;
2 The salt teares standing in his eye,
4 To wend from her father to faire Scotland.
8A.27

1 'Away, for I would scorne to owe,
2 My life to the[c], false maid!’
3 The youngest cried, and aimd a blow
4 That lit on Robin’s head.
3 'Away, for I would scorne to owe,
4 To me they shall pay toll.
2 'I was not made their scorne;
2 The salt teares standing in his eye,
2 The knight from prison forth to bring,
1 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,
3 'Ile fight whiles I am left alive;
2 The salt teares standing in his eye,
4 The Text of
The Child Ballads

9A.28
1  'O false and faithlesse knight,' quoth shee,
2  'And canst thou deale so bad with me,
9A.28r
2  And I the faire flower of Northumberland?
9A.29
1  'Dishonour not a ladie's name,
2  But draw thy sword and end my shame,
9A.29r
2  And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
9A.30
1  He tooke her from her stately steed,
2  And left her there in extreme need,
9A.30r
2  And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
9A.31
1  Then sate she downe full heavily;
2  At length two knights came riding by,
9A.31r
2  Two gallant knights of faire England.
9A.32
1  She fell downe humbly on her knee,
2  Saying, 'Courteous knights, take pittie on me,
9A.32r
2  And I the faire flower of Northumberland.
9A.33
1  'I have offended my father deere,
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9A.33r
2  From the good Earle of Northumberland.'
9A.34
1  They tooke her up behind them then,
2  And brought her to her father's againe,
9A.34r
2  And he the good Earle of Northumberland.
9A.35
1  All you faire maidens be warned by me,
2  Scots were never true, nor never will be,
9A.35r
2  To lord, nor lady, nor faire England.
9B.1
1  THE provost's daughter went out a walking,
9B.1r
2  And she was the fair flower of Northumberland.
9B.2
1  'If any lady would borrow me
9B.2r
2  Out into the prison strong,
9B.2
1  I would make her a lady of high degree,
9B.2r
2  For I am a great lord in fair Scotland.'
9B.3
1  She's done her to her father's bed-stock,
9B.3r
2  A may's love whiles is easy won
9B.4
1  She heard a poor prisoner making his moan,
9B.4r
2  And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
9B.5
1  She fell downe humbly on her knee,
9B.5r
2  She's done her to her father's stable,
9B.6
1  'O false and faithlesse knight,' quoth shee,
9B.6r
2  'And canst thou deale so bad with me,
9B.7
1  'O pity on me, O pity,' said she,
9B.7r
2  'That lives at home in fair Scotland.'
9B.8
1  'I wish I were home in fair Scotland.
9B.9
1  'Cook in your kitchen I will be,
9B.9r
2  More worthy than a' Northumberland.'
9B.10
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.10r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.11
1  'Fair maid, will you pity me?
9B.11r
2  So get you back to Northumberland.'
9B.12
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.12r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.13
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.13r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.14
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.14r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.15
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.15r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.16
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.16r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.17
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.17r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.18
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.18r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere.
9B.19
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.19r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.20
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.20r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.21
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.21r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.22
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.22r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.23
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.23r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.24
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.24r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.25
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.25r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.26
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.26r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.27
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.27r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.28
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.28r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.29
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.29r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
9B.30
1  'I have offended my father deere,
9B.30r
2  And by a false knight that brought me heere,
O why was my love so easily won!

Or carry me up by the middle sae sma,' But I may not go back to Northumberland.

A slave in your kitchen I'm willing to be, A young maid's love is easily won

O why was my love so easily won! Have pity on me as I had it on thee,

She looked to his face, and it kythed so unkind, She is the flower of Northumberland.

When they first took the way, it was darling an d dear; She has stolen away a suit of the best,

She rode till they came to a fair Scottish corse; And she was heir o Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a fair Scottish corse; They're not the first that false Scots have beguiled,

'Yonder view my castle,' said he; And she was heir o Northumberland.

She's gane to her father's stable, And she's gone to her father's chest,

And she the was the flower of Northumberland. She has stolen the key of the dungeon-lock,

And she said, etc. And under the heir o Northumberland.'

She stole from her father's pillow the key, And she was heir o Northumberland.

And she the was the flower of Northumberland. She has stolen away a suit of the best,

'Take me by the body so small, And under the heir o Northumberland.'

And she was the flower of Northumberland. She has stolen away a suit of the best,

And she the was the flower of Northumberland. She has stolen away a suit of the best,
Binnorie, O Binnorie

1 The lasten tune that he playd then,
2 'O sister, O sister, that may not be,
1 The nextin tune that he playd syne,
2 An by there came a harper fine,
1 The miller runne hastily downe the cliffe,
2 An there he found a drownd woman.
1 When he did look that lady upon,
2 He brought it to her father's hall,
1 You could na see her yallow hair
2 And gowd and pearls that were sae rare.
1 You could not see her middle sma,
2 And I'm mack you heir to a' my lan.
1 She tooke her by the middle sma,
2 An see our father's ships come to lan.'
The Text of

10D.1 2 There lived three sisters in a bower,
10D.1r Stirling for aye
10D.1 3 There lived three sisters in a bower,
10D.2 The youngest was the sweetest flow'r.
10D.1 3 Bonnie St Johnston stands upon Tay
10D.2 1 There cam a knicht to see them a',
10D.3 And on the youngest his love did fa.
10D.3 1 He brought the eldest ring and glove,
10D.4 But the youngest was his ain true-love.
10D.4 1 He brought the second sheath and knife,
10D.5 2 But the youngest was to be his wife.
10D.5 1 The eldest sister said to the youngest ane,
10D.6 2 'Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?'
10D.6 1 And as they walked by the linn,
10D.7 2 The eldest sang the youngest in.
10D.7 1 'O sister, sister, lend me your hand,
10D.8 2 'O sister, sister, will ye go to the sea?
10D.8 2 But he loed the youngest aboon a' thing.
10D.8 1 He gied the eldest a gay gold ring,
10D.9 2 He loed them baith, but the youngest best.
10D.9 1 He brought the eldest daughter was baking bread,
10D.10 2 She went for water, as she had need.
10D.10 1 'The millär's daughter was baking bread,
10D.11 2 Wi diamond rings they were covered all.
10D.11 1 They could nae see her fingers small,
10D.12 2 'Wi a gay and a gridding O
10D.12 1 They could nae see her yellow hair,
10D.13 2 Sae mony knots and platts were there.
10D.13 1 They could nae see her lily feet,
10D.14 2 Her gowden fringes war sae deep.
10D.14 1 Bye there cam a fiddler fair,
10D.15 2 And he's taen three taits o her yellow hair.
10F.1 1 THERE was two ladies livd in a bower,
10F.1r Hey with a gay and a gridding O
10F.1 2 Hey with a gay and a gridding O
10F.1r 2 The youngest o them was the fairest flower
10F.1 2 About a' the bonny bow o London.
10F.2 1 There was two ladies livd in a bower,
10F.3 2 An wooer unto the youngest did go.
10F.3 1 The eldest one to the youngest did say,
10F.4 2 'Will ye take a walk with me today,
10F.4 1 Thou'll set thy foot where I set mine,
10F.5 2 Thou'll set thy foot upon this stane.
10F.5 1 'I'll set my foot where thou sets thine:'
10F.6 2 The old sister dang the youngest in,
10F.6 2 At, etc.
10F.6 1 'O sister dear, come tak my hand,
10F.7 2 Take my life safe to dry land,'
10F.7 1 'It's neer by my hand thy hand sall come in,
10F.8 2 It's thy cherry cheeks and thy white briest bane
10F.8 1 'It's thy cherry cheeks and thy white briest bane
10F.9 2 To carry water to bake her bread.
10F.9 1 They have tane her out till yonder thorn,
10F.10 2 To be fiddle-pins that neer might fail.
10F.10 1 'For she drowned me in yonder sea,
10F.11 2 And the swan swims bonnie O
10F.11 2 At the bonny bows o London.
10F.12 1 'O sister, sister, lend me your hand,
10E.1 2 She went for water, as she had need.
10E.1 1 First she sank, and then she swam,
10E.2 2 Until she cam to Tweed mill-dam.
10E.2 1 'O father, father, in our mill-dam
10E.3 2 'There's nae a lady, or a milk-white swan.'
10E.3 1 They could nae see her fingers small,
10E.4 2 Wi diamond rings they were covered all.
10E.4 1 They could nae see her yellow hair,
10E.5 2 Sae mony knots and platts were there.
10E.5 1 They could nae see her lily feet,
10E.6 2 Her gowden fringes war sae deep.
10E.6 1 Bye there cam a fiddler fair,
10E.7 2 And he's taen three taits o her yellow hair.
10E.7 1 'O sister, sister, save my life,
10E.8 2 And ye shall be the squire's wife.'
10E.8 1 First she sank, and then she swam,
10E.9 2 Until she cam to Tweed mill-dam.
10E.9 1 'O father, father, in our mill-dam
10E.10 2 'There's nae a lady, or a milk-white swan.'
10E.10 1 They could nae see her fingers small,
10E.11 2 Wi diamond rings they were covered all.
10E.11 1 They could nae see her yellow hair,
10E.12 2 Sae mony knots and platts were there.
10E.12 1 They could nae see her lily feet,
10E.13 2 Her gowden fringes war sae deep.
10E.13 1 Bye there cam a fiddler fair,
10E.14 2 And he's taen three taits o her yellow hair.
10E.14 1 'O sister, sister, lend me your hand,
10E.15 2 And ye'll be heir to a' my land.'
10E.15 1 'O sister, sister, take my hand,
10E.16 2 And yese get Willie, my true-love.'
10E.16 1 'O sister, sister, take my hand,
10E.17 2 And ye'll be heir to a' my land.
10E.17 1 'O sister, sister, save my life,
10E.18 2 And ye shall be the squire's wife.'
10E.18 1 First she sank, and then she swam,
10E.19 2 Until she cam to Tweed mill-dam.
10E.19 1 'O father, father, in our mill-dam
10E.20 2 'There's nae a lady, or a milk-white swan.'
10E.20 1 They could nae see her fingers small,
10E.21 2 Wi diamond rings they were covered all.
10E.21 1 They could nae see her yellow hair,
10E.21r 2 Sae mony knots and platts were there.
10E.21r 1 They could nae see her lily feet,
10E.21r 2 Her gowden fringes war sae deep.
10E.21r 1 Bye there cam a fiddler fair,
10E.21r 2 And he's taen three taits o her yellow hair.
10E.21r 1 'O sister, sister, lend me your hand,
10E.22 2 And ye'll be heir to a' my land.'
10E.22 1 'O sister, sister, save my life,
10E.23 2 And ye shall be the squire's wife.'
10E.23 1 First she sank, and then she swam,
10E.24 2 Until she cam to Tweed mill-dam.
10E.24 1 'O father, father, in our mill-dam
10E.25 2 'There's nae a lady, or a milk-white swan.'
10E.25 1 They could nae see her fingers small,
10E.26 2 Wi diamond rings they were covered all.
10E.26 1 They could nae see her yellow hair,
10E.27 2 Sae mony knots and platts were there.
10E.27 1 They could nae see her lily feet,
10E.28 2 Her gowden fringes war sae deep.
10E.28 1 Bye there cam a fiddler fair,
10E.29 2 And he's taen three taits o her yellow hair.
10E.29 1 'O sister, sister, lend me your hand,
10E.30 2 And ye'll be heir to a' my land.'
10E.30 1 'O sister, sister, save my life,
10E.31 2 And ye shall be the squire's wife.'
10E.31 1 First she sank, and then she swam,
10E.32 2 Until she cam to Tweed mill-dam.
10E.32 1 'O father, father, in our mill-dam
10E.33 2 'There's nae a lady, or a milk-white swan.'
10E.33 1 They could nae see her fingers small,
10E.34 2 Wi diamond rings they were covered all.
10E.34 1 They could nae see her yellow hair,
10E.35 2 Sae mony knots and platts were there.
10E.35 1 They could nae see her lily feet,
10M.5 1 They hadna been an oor at the dams
2 Till they heard the blackbird thrashin o'er his songs.
10M.6 2 The swan she does swim bonnie o
10M.7 1 They fished up and they fished doon,
2 But they got nothing but a droonet woman,
10M.8 2 I the, etc.
10M.9 1 ‘O sister, O sister, will ye go to the dams,
2 To see oor father’s fish-boats come safe to dry lan?’
10M.10 2 ‘I the, etc.
10M.11 1 They hadna been an oor at the dams
2 Till they saw their father’s fish-boats come safe
to dry lan,
10M.12 2 Bat they sawna the bonnie miller laddie.
10M.13 1 ‘O sister, O sister, len me your han,
2 An ye’ll get a white fish or a swan,
10M.14 2 I the,’ etc.
10M.15 1 ‘I the, etc.
10M.16 2 She swam up, an she swam doon,
2 An she swam back to her sister again,
10M.17 2 ‘Hang my sister, Alison,’ it said,
10M.18 1 ‘O God bless my father the king,
2 The harp [and fiddle these words] spoke:
10M.19 1 ‘My sister Jane she tumbled me in,
2 ‘It was not a pheasant cock,
10M.20 2 ‘Nor eke a pheasant hen,
10M.21 1 ‘O sister, sister, gie me your hand,
2 And it began to play its lone.
10M.22 1 ‘O sister, sister, gie me your hand,
2 ‘But ye was fair and I was din,
10M.23 2 ‘An ye’ll get a white fish or a swan,
2 At the bonnie mill-dams o Binnorie.’
10M.24 2 ‘I the, etc.
10M.25 1 ‘It fell oot upon a day,
2 They hadna but ae lad atween them twa,
10M.26 2 ‘An the eldest ane dang the youngest in,
2 At the, etc.
10M.27 1 ‘O sister, sister, will ye go to the dams,
2 An ye’ll get a white fish or a swan,
10M.28 2 ‘I the,’ etc.
10M.29 1 ‘I the, etc.
10M.30 2 ‘I the, etc.
10M.31 1 ‘O sister, sister, gie me your hand,
2 An ye’ll get a white fish or a swan,
10M.32 2 ‘I the,’ etc.
10M.33 1 ‘O sister, sister, gie me your hand,
2 And ye sall hae my ain true love.’
10M.34 2 ‘And ye sall hae my ain true love.’
10M.35 2 ‘And ye sall hae my ain true love.’
10M.36 2 ‘And ye sall hae my ain true love.’
The Text of

10O.1 1 'You'll take three links of my yellow hair,  
    2 And play a spring for evermair.'
10Q.1 1 THERE dwelt twa sisters in a bower,  
10Q.1r 1 Oh and ohone, and ohone and aree!  
10Q.1 1 And the youngest she was the fairest flower.
10Q.2 1 There cam a knight to court the twa,  
    2 But on the youngest his love did fa.
10Q.3 1 He courted the eldest with ring and wi glove,  
    2 But he gave the youngest all his love.
10Q.4 1 He courted the eldest with brooch and wi knife,  
    2 But he loved the youngest as his life.
10Q.5 1 'O sister, O sister, will ye come to the stream,  
    2 To see our father's ships come in?'
10Q.6 1 The youngest stood upon a stane,  
    2 Her sister came and pushed her in.
10Q.7 1 'O sister, O sister, come reach me your hand,  
    2 And ye shall hae all our father's land.
10Q.8 1 'O sister, O sister, come reach me your glove,  
    2 And you shall hae William to be your true love .'
10Q.9 1 'I did not put you in with the design  
    2 Just for to pull you out again.'
10Q.10 1 Some time she sank, some time she swam,  
    2 Until she came to a miller's dam.
10Q.11 1 The miller's daughter dwelt on the Tweed,  
    2 She went for water to bake her bread.
10Q.12 1 'O fairer, fairer, come drag me your dam,  
    2 For there's aither a lady in't, or a milk-white  
    3 And the swan swims bonnie O  
    4 The old was black and the young ane fair.  
    5 Hey my bonnie Nannie O  
10Q.13 1 The miller went, and he dragged his dam,  
    2 And he brought her fair body to lan.
10Q.14 1 They couldna see her yallow hair  
    2 For the goud and silk about it a'.
10Q.15 1 They couldna see her yellow hair  
    2 For the pearls and jewels that were there.
10Q.16 1 Then up and spak her ghaist sae green,  
    2 'Do ye no ken the king's dochter Jean?'  
    3 And the youngest she was the fairest flower.
10Q.17 1 'Tak my respects to my father the king,  
    2 And likewise to my mother the queen.
10Q.18 1 'Tak my respects to my true love William,  
    2 Tell him I deid for the love of him.
10Q.19 1 'Carry him a lock of my yellow hair,  
    2 To bind his heart for evermair.'
10R.1 1 THERE was a king of the north countree,  
10R.1r 1 Bow down, bow down, bow down  
10R.1 1 There was a king of the north countree,  
    2 And he had daughters one, two, three.
10R.2r 1 I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true t o me  
10R.2 1 To the eldest he gave a beaver hat,  
    2 And the youngest she thought much of that.
10R.3 1 To the youngest he gave a gay gold chain,  
    2 And the eldest she thought much of the same.
10R.4 1 These sisters were walking on the bryn,  
    2 And the elder pushed the younger in.
In the merry milldams o Benorie  
The youngest o them was the fairest flower.  
Benorie, O Benorie  
The miller, with his rake and hook,  
He caught her by the petticot.  
There dwelt twa sisters in a bower,  
Benorie, O Benorie  
The youngest o them was the fairest flower.  
In the merry milldams o Benorie

1. 'Oh sister, oh sister, oh lend me your hand,  
And I will give you both houses and land.'
2. I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,  
Unless you give me your true love.'
3. Away she sank, away she swam,  
Until she came to a miller's dam.
4. The miller and daughter stood at the door,  
And watched her floating down the shore.
5. 'Oh father, oh father, I see a white swan,  
Or else it is a fair woman.'
6. The oldest pushed the youngest in.
7. 'I'll prove true to my true love,'  
Unless it be some dead woman.'
8. 'O FATHER, father, swims a swan,'  
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself.
9. The miller cam out wi his lang cleek,  
To clear the lady out by the feet.
10. 'Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your hand,  
And pull my poor body unto dry land.'
11. There was a king lived in the North Country,  
There was a king lived in the North Country,  
There was a king lived in the North Country.
12. The very first tune that the bonny harp played  
To make harp strings they were so rare.
13. He courted the aldest wi diamonds and rings,  
But he loved the youngest abune a' things.
14. 'O sister dear, I daurena gang,  
Because I'm feared ye throw me in.'
15. 'Take two of my fingers, sae lang and sae white,  
And make them pins to your fiddle sae rare.'
16. 'I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,  
And I will give you both houses and land.'
2 To give him a kiss ere she did go.
1 She leand her o'er the saddle-bow,
1 Her mother dear led her thro the closs,
2 And her sister twain they kiss'd her there.
1 Her father dear led her down the stair,
2 But wish'd himself bridegroom to be.
1 And there was nae man that did her see,
1 And many a lord and many a knight
2 The knight would take his bonny bride home.
1 Now, when the wedding day was come,
2 And likewise frae her sisters fair.
2 You maun get consent frae a' my kin.'
2 And I'll make you ladie of a' my land.'
1 The ladie blushd a rosy red,
2 The knight he woo'd her to be his bride.
1 The first o them was clad in green;
1 The niest ane she was cled in red:
2 He asked if she wad be his queen.
2 He asked if she wad be his bride.
1 One o them was clad in red:
2 He asked if she wad be his bride.
1 The last o them was clad in white:
2 He asked if she wad be his queen.
1 'What will you leave to your sister Anne?'
1 'What will you leave to your sister Anne?'
1 'What will you leave to your sister Anne?'
2 'Will ye fancy me, an be my bride?'
1 'What will you leave to your mother dear?
2 'Will ye fancy me, an be my queen?'
1 'What will you leave to your father, the king?
2 'Will ye fancy me, an be my marrow?’
1 'What will you leave to your brother John?
2 'Will ye fancy me, an be my bride?
1 'What will you leave to your brother John?
2 'Will ye fancy me, an be my bride?
1 'What will you leave to your brither’s wife?
1 'What will you leave to your brither’s bairns?'
2 'The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'
1 'What will you leave to your brither John?
2 'The gallows-pin to hang him on.'
1 'What will you leave to your brither John?
2 'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'
1 'What will you leave to your mother, the queen?
1 'The wilderness to end her life.'
1 'What will you leave to your mother, the queen?
2 'Grief and sorrow a’ the days o her life.'
1 'What will you leave to your mother, the queen?
2 'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'
1 'What will you leave to your mother, the queen?'
2 'The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'
1 'What will you leave to your mother, the queen?
2 'The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'
1 'What will you leave to your mother, the queen?'
2 'The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'
1 'What will you leave to your mother, the queen?'
2 'The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'
1 'What will you leave to your mother, the queen?'
2 'The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'
For there I would sit and bleed awhile.

'I wish I were on yonder stile,
Methinks your bride she looks wondrous wan.'

She stooped low to kiss him sweet,
There did they meet with her brother John.

Far on the road as they rode along,
And also of my sister Anne?

Then have you asked of my father dear,
Likewise thy mother that did thee bear.

I wish I were on yonder hill,
There I’d alight and make my will.’

What would you give to your father dear?
The gallant steed which doth me bear.

What would you give to your mother dear?
My wedding shift which I do wear.

But she must wash it very clean,
For my heart’s blood sticks in every seam.

What would you give to your sister Anne?
My gay gold ring and my feathered fan.

What would you give to your sister John?
A rope and gallows to hang him on.

What would you give to your brother John?
A widow’s weeds, and a quiet life.

The next o them was clad in yellow:
O lady fair, will you be my queen?

And the rose it smells so sweetly
The world wide for them to range.

The Child Ballads

1IC.14
1 Her father led her doon the close,
2 An her brither John set her on her horse.
3 'I wish I were on yonder hill,
4 There I’d alight and make my will.’

1IC.15
1 Up an spak our foremost man:
2 ‘I think our bonne bride’s pale an wan.’
3 ‘Grief and sorrow to end her life.’

1IC.16
1 ‘What will ye leave to your father dear?’
2 ‘My . . . . an my . . . . chair.’

1IC.17
1 ‘What will ye leave to your mither dear?’
2 ‘My silken screen I was wont to wear.’

1IC.18
1 ‘What will ye leave to your sister Anne?’
2 ‘My silken snood an my golden fan.’

1IC.19
1 ‘What will you leave to your brither John?’
2 ‘The gallows tree to hang him on.’

1ID.1
1 THERE were three ladies playing at ball,
2 There came a white knight, and he wooed them all.

1ID.1r
1 Far in-dan-dan and far-in-dan-dee
2 She louted down to give him a kiss;
3 He stuck his penknife thro her breest.

1ID.2
1 He courted the eldest with golden rings,
2 And the others with many fine things.

1ID.2r
2 And adieu, etc.

1IE
1 THERE were three sisters playing at the ba,
2 'The gallows pin to hang him on.'

1IE.r
1 Wi a hech hey an a lillie gay
2 'The world wide for them to range.'

1IF.1
1 WITH the high and the lily oh
2 And asked of her, if she’d be his queen.

1IF.1r
1 And these three knights courted one lady.
2 'The world wide for them to range.'

1IF.2
1 As the rose was so sweetly blown
2 'I have askt thy father dear,
3 'I have askt thy sister Ann.
4 'I have askt thy sister Ann, 
5 'I have askt thy sister Ann, 
6 'I have askt thy sister Ann, 
7 'I have askt thy sister Ann, 
8 'I have askt thy sister Ann.
9 ‘But I forgot thy brother John.’

1IF.3
1 The first knight came was clad in green:
2 'The gallant steed which doth me bear.
3 'The world wide for them to range.'

1IF.4
1 The third knight came was all in red,
2 'The world wide for them to range.'

1IF.5
1 'Then have you asked of my father dear,
2 Likewise of her who did me bear?
3 ‘Grief and sorrow to end her life.’

1IF.6
1 'And have you asked of my brother John?
2 And also of my sister Anne?
3 ‘Grief and sorrow to end her life.’

1IF.7
1 'Yes, I have asked of your father dear,
2 Likewise of her who did you bear.
3 ‘Grief and sorrow to end her life.’

1IF.8
1 'And I have asked of your sister Anne,
2 But I’ve not asked of your brother John.
3 ‘Grief and sorrow to end her life.’

1IF.9
1 Far on the road as they rode along,
2 There did they meet with her brother John.

1IF.10
1 'She stooped low to kiss him sweet,
2 To her heart did a dagger meet.

1IF.11
1 'Ride on, ride on,’ cried the serving man,
2 ‘Methinks your bride she looks wondrous wan.’

1IF.12
1 'I wish I were on yonder stile,
2 For there I would sit and bleed awhile.

1IF.13
1 'I wish I were on yonder hill,
2 There I’d alight and make my will.’

1IF.14
1 'What would you give to your father dear?
2 'The gallant steed which doth me bear.

1IF.15
1 'What would you give to your mother dear?’
2 'My wedding shift which I do wear.

1IF.16
1 'But she must wash it very clean,
2 For my heart’s blood sticks in everv seam.

1IF.17
1 'What would you give to your sister Anne?’
2 'My gay gold ring and my feathered fan.

1IF.18
1 'What would you give to your brother John?’
2 'A rope and gallows to hang him on.

1IF.19
1 'What would you give to your brother John’s wife?’
2 'Grief and sorrow to end her life.’

1IF.20
1 'What will ye leave to your brother John’s bairns?
2 ‘The world wide for them to range.’

1IH.1
1 SHE louted down to gie a kiss,
2 With a hech hey and a lillie gay
3 ‘Sorrow and trouble a her life.’

1IH.1r
1 With a hech hey and a lillie gay
2 The world wide for them to range.

1IH.2
3 'Ride up, ride up,’ cry’d the foremost man;
4 'I think our bride looks pale and wan.

1IH.1
1 THERE war three bonnie boys playing at the ba,
2 Likewise of her who did me bear?
3 ‘That milk-white steed that brought me here.’

1IH.5
1 ‘Ye maun gang to my father’s bower,
2 To see gin your bride he’ll let me be.
3 ‘I think my bride’s blude is rinnin down.’

1IH.10
1 ‘Ride on, ride on,’ says the merry bridegroom;
2 ‘I think my bride’s blude looks pale and wan.’

1IH.11
1 ‘O gin I war at yon bonnie kirk-yard,
2 I wad lie doun and bleed my fill!’

1IH.12
1 ‘O gin I war at yon bonnie kirk-yard,
2 I wad mak my testament there!’

1IH.13
1 ‘What will ye leave to your father dear?’
2 ‘The milk-white steed that brocht me here.’

1IH.14
1 ‘What will ye leave to your mother dear?’
2 ‘The bludie robes that I do wear.

1IH.15
1 ‘What will ye leave to your sister Ann?’
2 ‘My silken snood and gowden fan.

1IH.16
1 ‘What will ye leave to your sister Jess?’
2 ‘The bonnie lad that I loe best.’

1IH.17
1 ‘What will ye leave to your brother John?’
2 ‘The gallows pin to hang him on.’

1IH.18
1 ‘What will ye leave to your brother John’s wife?’
2 ‘Sorrow and trouble a her life.’

1IH.19
1 ‘What will ye leave to your brother’s bairns?’
2 ‘The world’s wide, and let them beg,’

1IJ.1
1 THERE were three sisters playing ball,
2 With the high and the lily O
3 ‘Sorrow and trouble a her life.’

1IJ.1r
1 With the high and the lily O
2 And there came three knights to court them all.
3 ‘Sorrow and trouble a her life.’

1IJ.2
3 ‘Ride up, ride up,’ cry’d the foremost man;
4 ‘I think our bride looks pale and wan.

1IJ.1
1 THERE war three bonnie boys playing at the ba,
2 Likewise of her who did me bear?
3 ‘That milk-white steed that brought me here.’

1IJ.5
1 ‘Ye maun gang to my father’s bower,
2 To see gin your bride he’ll let me be.
3 ‘I think my bride’s blude is rinnin down.’

1IJ.10
1 ‘Ride on, ride on,’ says the merry bridegroom;
2 ‘I think my bride’s blude looks pale and wan.’

1IJ.11
1 ‘O gin I war at yon bonnie kirk-yard,
2 I wad lie doun and bleed my fill!’

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1 ‘What will ye leave to your father dear?’
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1 ‘What will ye leave to your mother dear?’
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1 ‘What will ye leave to your sister Jess?’
2 ‘The bonnie lad that I loe best.’

1IJ.17
1 ‘What will ye leave to your brother John?’
2 ‘The gallows pin to hang him on.’

1IJ.18
1 ‘What will ye leave to your brother John’s wife?’
2 ‘Sorrow and trouble a her life.’

1IJ.19
1 ‘What will ye leave to your brother’s bairns?’
2 ‘The world’s wide, and let them beg,’

1IJ.1
1 THERE were three sisters playing ball,
2 With the high and the lily O
3 ‘Sorrow and trouble a her life.’

1IJ.1r
1 With the high and the lily O
2 And there came three knights to court them all.
3 ‘Sorrow and trouble a her life.’
And the roses they grow sweetlie
When the King o Fairies rode by them a'.

There were three ladies playing at the ba,
Singing, etc.

The three young knights then rode away,
And the ladies they laughed, and went back to their play.

Singing, etc.

There were three ladies playing at the ba,
With a hey and a lilly gay
When the King o Fairies rode by them a'.

And the roses they grow sweetlie

The foremost one was clad in blue;
He askt at her if she'd be his doo.

The second of them was clad in red;
He asked at her if she'd be his bride.

The next of them was clad in green;
He askt at her if she'd be his queen.

Go you askt at my father then,
And you may askt at my mother then.

You may askt at my sister Ann,
And not forget my brother John.

I have askt at your sister Ann,
And I have askt at your mother then.

And I have askt at your sister Ann,
But you've quite forgotten your brother John.

Her father led her down the stair,
Her mother comb'd down her yellow hair.

And with a penknife as sharp as a dart,
He gave her a deep wound and didna miss.

She's lootit down to gie him a kiss,
He gave her a deep wound and didna miss.

And with a penknife as sharp as a dart,
And he has stabbt her to the heart.

'Vell up, ride up,' says the foremost man,
And her brother John stabbd her on her horse.

She's lootit down to gie him a kiss,
And he gave her a deep wound and didna miss.

And with a penknife as sharp as a dart,
And he has stabbt her to the heart.

'O gin I was at yon red cross,
I wad curse the day that ere I was born.'

'O gin I was at yonder thorn,
Where my brother John put me on my horse.

'I wish I was at yonder cross,
And without his will I dare not move on.'

'O gin I was at yonder thorn,
Then I wad sit and bleed my fill.'

'I wish I was at yonder cross,
Then I wad sit and bleed my fill.'

'O an I were at yon kirk-style,
I think the bride be bleeding.'

When she came to yon green hill,
Then she lay down and bleed a while.

And when she cam to yon green hill,
Then she lighted and corned her horse.

What will ye leave to your sister Pegg?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your mother dear?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your brother John?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your brother John?
What will ye leave your brother John?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your brother John?
What will ye leave your mother dear?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your brother John?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your brother John?
What will ye leave your mother dear?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your brother John?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your mother dear?
What will ye leave your sister Ann?
What will ye leave your brother John?'

'I have asked yer sister Ann,
And I have asked yer mother dear.
I have asked yer sister Ann,
But I've quite forgotten your brother John.'

Her sister Ann led her thro the closs,
And her John stabbd her on her horse.

The Text of
The Child Ballads

12A.3
1 'And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
2 And what did she give you, my handsome young man?
3 'Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'

12A.4
1 'And wha gat your leavings, Lord Randal, my son?
2 And wha gat your leavings, your handsome young man?
3 'My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'

12A.5
1 'And what became of them, Lord Randal, my son?
2 And what became of them, my handsome young man?
3 'They stretched their legs out an died; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lie down.'

12A.6
1 'O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
2 I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!
3 'O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12A.7
1 'What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?
2 What d'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?
3 'Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12A.8
1 'What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?
2 What d'ye leave to your sister, your handsome young man?
3 'My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12A.9
1 'What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?
2 What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?
3 'My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12A.10
1 'What d'ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?
2 What d'ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?
3 'I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.1
1 'O WHERE hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son?
2 O whare hae ye been a' day, my jollie young man?
3 'I've been awa courtin; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.2
1 'What wad ye hae for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
2 What wad ye hae for your supper, my jollie young man?
3 'I've gotten my supper; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.3
1 'What did ye get for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
2 What did ye get for your supper, my jollie young man?
3 'A dish of sma fishes; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.4
1 'Whare gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
2 Whare gat ye the fishes, my jollie young man?
3 'In my father's black ditches; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.5
1 'What like were your fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
2 What like were your fishes, my jollie young man?
3 'Black backs and spreekld bellies; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.6
1 'O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Donald, my son!
2 O I fear ye are poisoned, my jollie young man!
3 'O yes! I am poisoned; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.7
1 'What will ye leave to your father, Lord Donald, my son?
2 What will ye leave to your father, my jollie young man?
3 'Baith my houses and land; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.8
1 'What will ye leave to your brother, Lord Donald, my son?
2 What will ye leave to your brother, my jollie young man?
3 'My horse and the saddle; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.9
1 'What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord Donald, my son?
2 What will ye leave to your true-love, my jollie young man?
3 'Baith my gold box and rings; mither, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12B.10
1 'What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord Donald, my son?
2 What will ye leave to your true-love, my jollie young man?
3 'The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon tree,
4 And lat her hang there for the poisoning o me.'

12C.1
1 'WHAT'S become of your hounds, King Henrie, my son?
2 What's become of your hounds, my pretty little one?
3 'They all died on the way; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

12C.2
1 'What gat ye to your supper, King Henry, my son?
2 What gat ye to your supper, my pretty little one?
3 'I gat fish boiled in broo; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

12C.3
1 'What like were the fish, King Henry, my son?
2 What like were the fish, my pretty little one?
3 'They were sprinkled on the back and white on the belly; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

12C.4
1 'What leave ye to your father, King Henry, my son?
2 What leave ye to your father, my pretty little one?
3 'The keys of Old Ireland, and all that's therein; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

12C.5
1 'What leave ye to your brother, King Henry, my son?
2 What leave ye to your brother, my pretty little one?
3 'The keys of my coffers and all that's therein; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

12C.6
1 'What leave ye to your sister, King Henry, my son?
2 What leave ye to your sister, my pretty little one?
3 'The world's wide, she may go beg; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

12C.7
1 'What leave ye to your trew-love, King Henry, my son?
2 What leave ye to your trew-love, my pretty little one?
3 'The highest hill to hang her on, for she's poisoned me and my hounds all; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 Oh I'm sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

12D.1
1 'O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
2 O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?
3 'I hae been to the wild wood; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

12D.2
1 'Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
2 Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?
3 'I din'd wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

12D.3
1 'What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
2 What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?
3 'I gat fish boiled in broo; mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I'm weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'
12G.1
1 What have you ate today, Billy, my son?
2 What have you ate today, my only man?
3 I've ate eel-pie; mother, make my bed soon,
4 For I'm sick at heart, and shall die before noon.

12G.2
1 'What will you leave to your wife, my own pretty boy?
2 What will you leave to your wife, my comfort and joy?
3 I'll leave her the gallows, and plenty to hang her; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.1
1 'WHERE was you all day, my own pretty boy?
2 Where was you all day, my comfort and joy?
3 I was fishing and flowing; mother, make my bed soon
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.2
1 'What did you have for your breakfast, my own pretty boy?'
2 What did you have for your breakfast, my comfort and joy?
3 'A cup of strong poison; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.3
1 'I fear you are poisoned, my own pretty boy.
2 I fear you are poisoned, my comfort and joy!
3 'O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.4
1 'What will you leave to your father, my own pretty boy?
2 What will you leave to your father, my comfort and joy?
3 'I'll leave him my house and my property; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.5
1 'What will you leave to your wife, my own pretty boy?
2 What will you leave to your wife, my comfort and joy?
3 'I'll leave her the gallows, and plenty to hang her; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.6
1 'What will you leave to your brother, my own pretty boy?
2 What will you leave to your brother, my comfort and joy?
3 'I'll leave him my bow and my fiddle; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.7
1 'What will you leave to your sister, my own pretty boy?
2 What will you leave to your sister, my comfort and joy?
3 'I'll leave her the key of my small silver box; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.8
1 'What will you leave to your servant, my own pretty boy?
2 What will you leave to your servant, my comfort and joy?
3 'I'll leave him the key of my small silver box; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

12H.9
1 'What will you leave to your children, my own pretty boy?
2 What will you leave to your children, my comfort and joy?
3 'The world is wide all round for to beg; mother, make my bed soon.
4 There's a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'
12J.1 | 1 ‘O WARE hae ye been a’ day, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘O whare hae ye been a’ day, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?’
      | 3 ‘I’ve been at my step-mother’s; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!’
      | 4 ‘I’ve been at my step-mother’s; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!’

12J.2 | 1 ‘O what did ye get at your step-mother’s, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?’ [Twice.]
      | 2 ‘I got a wee wee fishie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!’ [Twice.]

12J.3 | 1 ‘O whare gat she the wee fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘In a dub before the door; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!’

12J.4 | 1 ‘What did ye wi the wee fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘I boldly in it in a wee pannie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!’

12J.5 | 1 ‘O what did she boil the wee fishie in?’
      | 2 ‘She gied to me a wee wee fish,’ etc.
      | 3 ‘O what did yere step-mammie gie to you?’ etc.

12K.1 | 1 ‘O WHAUR hae ye been a’ the day, my little wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘O I’ve been at my grandmother’s; mak my bed, mammie, now!’

12K.2 | 1 ‘O what gat ye at your grandmother’s, my little wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘I got a bonnie wee fishie; mak my bed, mammie, now!’

12K.3 | 1 ‘O whaur did she catch the fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘In a dub before the door; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!’

12K.4 | 1 ‘And what did she do wi the fish, my little wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘She boild it in a brass pan; Oh mak my bed, mammie, now!’

12K.5 | 1 ‘And what did ye do wi the banes o’ t, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘I gied them to my little dog; mak my bed, mammie, now!’

12K.6 | 1 ‘And what did your little doggie do, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘He stretched out his head, his feet, and deed; and so will I, mammie, now!’

12L.1 | 1 ‘WHAR hae ye been a’ the day, Willie doo, Willie doo?’
      | 2 ‘What hae ye been a’ the day, Willie, my doo?’

12L.2 | 1 ‘I’ve been to see my step-mother; make my bed, lay me down;
      | 2 Make my bed, lay me down, die shall I now!’

12L.3 | 1 ‘What got ye frae your step-mother, Willie doo, Willie doo?’
      | 2 What got ye frae your step-mother, Willie, my doo?’

12L.4 | 1 ‘She gae me a speckled trout; make my bed, la y me down;
      | 2 She gae me a speckled trout, die shall I now!’

12L.5 | 1 ‘What got she the speckled trout, Willie doo, Willie doo?’
      | 2 ‘She gied it amang the heather hills; die shall I now.’

12L.6 | 1 ‘What did she boil it in, Willie doo, Willie doo?’
      | 2 ‘She build it in the billy-pot; die shall I now!’

12L.7 | 1 ‘What gaed she you for to drink, Willie, my doo?’
      | 2 ‘What gaed she you for to drink, Willie, my doo?’

12L.8 | 1 ‘She gied me hemlock stocks; make my bed, lay me down;
      | 2 Made in the brewing pot; die shall I now!’

12L.9 | 1 They made his bed, laid him down, poor Willie doo, Willie doo;
      | 2 He turnd his face to the wa; he’s dead now!

12M.1 | 1 ‘WHERE hae ye been a’ the day, my bonny wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘O I hae been at my stepmother’s house; make my bed, mammie, now, now,
      | 3 Make my bed, mammie, now!’

12M.2 | 1 ‘Where did ye get your dinner?’ my, etc.
      | 2 ‘I got it at my stepmother’s; make, etc.

12M.3 | 1 ‘What did she gie ye to your dinner?’
      | 2 ‘She gae me a little four-footed fish.’

12M.4 | 1 ‘Where got she the four-footed fish?’
      | 2 ‘She got it down in youn well strand;’ O make, etc.

12M.5 | 1 ‘What did she do with the banes o’ t?’
      | 2 ‘She gae them to the little dog.’

12M.6 | 1 ‘O what became o the little dog?’
      | 2 ‘She gied them to a wee wee dog;’ mak, etc.

12M.7 | 1 ‘Where hae ye been a’ day, my bonny wee croodlin dow?’
      | 2 ‘O it shot out its feet and died;’ O make, etc.

12M.8 | 1 ‘O where did you dine, my handsome young one?’
      | 2 ‘I got eels boiled in water that in heather doth run,
      | 3 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.9 | 1 ‘O where did you dine, Lord Ronald, my son?’
      | 2 ‘Where hae ye been a’ day, my handsome young one?’
      | 3 ‘I dined with my sweetheer; mother, make my bed soon,
      | 4 For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.10 | 1 ‘O what got you to dine on, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘What got you to dine on, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘I got eels boiled in water that in heather doth run,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.11 | 1 ‘What will you leave your mother, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘What will you leave your sister, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘She gave it to my hounds for to live upon,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.12 | 1 ‘Where are your hounds now, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘Where are your hounds now, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘They are a’ swelled and bursted, and sae will I soon,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.13 | 1 ‘What will you leave your brother, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘What will you leave your brother, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘I’ll leave him my lands for to live upon,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.14 | 1 ‘What will you leave your father, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘What will you leave your father, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘I’ll leave him my gallant steed for to ride upon,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.15 | 1 ‘What will you leave your friend, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘What will you leave your friend, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘I’ll leave her my Bible for to read upon,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.16 | 1 ‘What will you leave your brother, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘What will you leave your brother, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘I’ll leave him my lands for to live upon,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.17 | 1 ‘What will you leave your father, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘What will you leave your father, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘I’ll leave him my gallant steed for to ride upon,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

12M.18 | 1 ‘What will you leave your friend, Lord Ronald, my son?’
       | 2 ‘What will you leave your friend, my handsome young one?’
       | 3 ‘I’ll leave her my Bible for to read upon,
       | 4 ‘And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain woul d lie doun.’

The Child Ballads
The Text of

12[P.10]
1 "What wilt you leave your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
2 What will you leave your sweetheart, my handsome young man?"
3 I’ll leave her the gallowstree for to hang upon,
4 It was her that poisoned me: and so he fell down.

12[Q.1]
1 ‘O whare hae ye been, Lord Randall, my son?
2 ‘O whare hae ye been, my handsome young man?
3 ‘Oer the peat moss mang the heather, mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I’m weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.

12[Q.6]
1 ‘What leave ye to your father, Lord Randall, my son?
2 ‘What leave ye to your father, my handsome young man?
3 ‘I leave my houses and land, mother, mak my bed soon,
4 For I’m weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.

12[R.7]
1 ‘What leave ye to your brother, Lord Randall, my son?
2 ‘What leave ye to your brother, my handsome young man?
3 ‘O the guid milk-white steed that I rode upon,
4 For I’m weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.

12[R.8]
1 ‘What leave ye to your true-love, Lord Randall, my son?
2 ‘What leave ye to your true-love, my handsome young man?
3 ‘O a high, high gallowes, to hang her upon,
4 For I’m weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.

12[R.1]
1 ‘Whare hae ye been a’ day, my little wee toorin doon?
2 ‘It’s I’ve been at my grandmammy’s; mak my bed, mammy, now.

12[R.2]
1 ‘And what did ye get frae your grandmammy, my little wee toorin doon?
2 ‘It’s I got a wee bit fishy to eat; mak my bed, mammy, now.

12[R.3]
1 ‘An what did ye do wi the banes o it, my little wee toorin dow?
2 ‘I gied it to my black doggy to eat; mak my bed, mammy, now.

12[R.4]
1 ‘An what did your little black doggy do syne, my little wee toorin doon?
2 ‘He shot out his head, and his feet, and he died; as I do, mammy, now.

12[S.1]
1 ‘Where have you been today, Randall, my son?
2 Where have you been today, my only man?
3 ‘I have been a hunting, mother, make my bed soon.
4 For I’m sick at the heart, fain would lie down.
5 Dear sister, hold my head, dear mother, make my bed.
6 I am sick at the heart, fain would lie down.

12[S.2]
1 ‘What have you eat today, Randall, my son?
2 What have you eat today, my only man?
3 ‘I have eat an eel; mother, make, etc.

12[S.3]
1 ‘What was the colour of it, Randall, my son?
2 What was the colour of it, my only man?
3 ‘It was neither green, grey, blue nor black,
4 But speckled on the back; make, etc.

12[S.4]
1 ‘Who gave you eels today, Randall, my son?
2 Who gave you eels today, my only man?
3 ‘My own sweetheart; mother, make, etc.

12[S.5]
1 ‘Where shall I make your bed, Randall, my son?
2 Where shall I make your bed, my only man?
3 ‘In the churchyard; mother, make, etc.

12[S.6]
1 ‘What will you leave her then, Randall, my son?
2 What will you leave her then, my only man?’
3 ‘A halter to hang herself; make,’ etc.

12[U.1]
1 ‘Where were ye the lea lang day,
2 ‘My wee crooing doo, doo?’

12[U.1r]
1 ‘I’ve been at my step-dame’s;
2 ‘Mammy, mak my bed noo, noo!’

12[U.2]
1 ‘Where gat she the wee, wee fish?’
2 ‘She gat it neist the edder-flower.

12[U.3]
1 ‘What did she wi the fishie’s banes?’
2 ‘The wee black dog gat them to eat.’

12[U.4]
1 ‘What did the wee black doggie then?’
2 ‘He shot out his litte an deed;
3 ‘And the truth come tell to me.’

13A.1
1 ‘What bluid’s that on thy coat lap,
2 Son Davie, son Davie?’
3 ‘What bluid’s that on thy coat lap?
4 And the truth come tell to me.’

13A.2
1 ‘It is the bluid of my great hawk,
2 Mother lady, mother lady;
3 It is the bluid of my great hawk,
4 And the truth I have told to thee.’

13A.3
1 ‘Hawk’s bluid was neer sae red,
2 Son Davie, son Davie;
3 Hawk’s bluid was neer sae red,
4 And the truth come tell to me.’

13A.4
1 ‘It is the bluid of my greyhound,
2 Mother lady, mother lady;
3 It is the bluid of my greyhound,
4 And it wadna rin for me.’

13A.5
1 ‘Hound’s bluid was neer sae red,
2 Son Davie, son Davie;
3 Hound’s bluid was neer sae red,
4 And the truth come tell to me.’

13A.6
1 ‘It is the bluid o my brither John,
2 Mother lady, mother lady;
3 It is the bluid o my brither John,
4 And the truth I have told to thee.’

13A.7
1 ‘What about did the plea begin,
2 Son Davie, son Davie;
3 ‘It began about the cutting of a willow wand
4 That would never been a tree.’

13A.8
1 ‘What death dost thou desire to die,
2 Son Davie, son Davie?’
3 What death dost thou desire to die,
4 And the truth come tell to me.’

13A.9
1 ‘I’ll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
2 Mother lady, mother lady;
3 I’ll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
4 And ye’ll never see mair o me.’

13A.10
1 ‘What wilt thou leave to thy poor wife,
2 Son Davie, son Davie?’
3 ‘Grief and sorrow all her life,
4 And she’ll never see mair o me.’

13A.11
1 ‘What wilt thou leave to thy old son,
2 Son Davie, son Davie?’
3 ‘I’ll leave him the weary world to wander up and down,
4 And he’ll never get mair o me.’

13A.12
1 ‘What wilt thou leave to thy mother dear,
2 Son Davie, son Davie?’
3 ‘A fire o coals to burn her, wi hearty cheer,
4 And she’ll never get mair o me.’

13B.1
1 ‘WHY does your brand seel drap wi bluid,
2 Edward, Edward,
3 Why does your brand seel drap wi bluid,
4 And why seel gang yee O?’

13B.2
1 ‘O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
2 Mither, mither,
3 ‘O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
4 And I had nae mair bot hee O.’

13B.3
1 ‘Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
2 Edward, Edward,
3 Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,
4 Sum othre dule ye drie O.’

13B.4
1 ‘O I hae killed my fadir deir,
2 Mither, mither,
3 ‘O I hae killed my fadir deir,
4 Alas, and wae is mee O!’

13B.5
1 ‘And whetten penance wur ye drie, for that,
2 Edward, Edward,
3 And whetten penance will ye drie for that?
4 My deir son, now tell me O.’

13A.6
1 ‘And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
2 Edward, Edward
3 ‘I’ll set my feit in yonder boat,
4 Mither, mither,
5 Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
6 And Ile fare ove the sea O.’

13B.6
1 ‘And what wur ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
2 Edward, Edward,
3 And what wur ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
4 That were sae fair to see O?’

13B.7
1 ‘And what wur ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,
2 Edward, Edward
3 ‘Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
4 Mither, mither,
5 Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,
6 For here nevir mair maun I bee O.’

13B.8
1 ‘And what wur ye leve to your bairns and your wife,
2 Edward, Edward
3 And what wur ye leve to your bairns and your wife,
4 Whan ye gang ove the sea O?’

13B.9
1 ‘The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
2 Mither, mither,
3 The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
4 For thame nevir mair wur I see O.’

13B.10
1 ‘And what wur ye leve to your ain mither deir,
2 Edward, Edward
3 And what wur ye leve to your ain mither deir?
4 My deir son, now tell me O.’

13B.11
1 ‘The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
2 Mither, mither,
3 ‘Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
4 Mither, mither,
5 Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
6 ‘And Ile fare ove the sea O.’

13C.1
1 ‘O WHAT did the fray begin about?
2 My son, come tell to me:’
3 ‘It began about the breaking o the bonny hazel wand,
4 And a penny wad hae bought the tree.’

14A.1
1 THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,
2 Edward, Edward,
3 And they went out to pull a flower.

14A.1r
1 Oh vow bonnie
2 And they went out to pull a flower.

14A.2
1 On the bonnie banks o Fordie
2 They hadna pu’ed a flower but ane,
3 When up started to them a banishit man.

14A.3
1 He’s taen the first sister by her hand,
2 And he’s turned her round and made her stand.
2 Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?
2 He has turned her about and he bad her stand.
2 And frae this lady he has taen the life.
2 I'll rather be sticked wi your pen-knife.'
1 'I will na be ca'd a banished man's wife;
2 Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'
2 He has turned her about and he bad her stand.
2 And the dew it lyes on the wood, gay ladie
2 And they have gane out to pu a flower.
1 Annet and Margret and Marjorie
1 THERE wond three ladies in a bower,
2 And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.
1 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
2 Good sall never be seen o me.'
1 'O since I've done this evil deed,
2 Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.
1 'I'll rather consent to lose my life
2 Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'
1 'O will ye consent to lose your life,
2 And there she met with the banished lord.
2 And the more he wiped, the redder it grew.
2 And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.
1 'Istow a maid, or istow a wife?
2 But the more he wiped, the redder it grew.
2 Whan up and started a Loudon lord,
2 He ploughs the land for his livelihood.
2 The second sister was on the road,
2 To seek her two sisters, and to bring them hame.
1 'My eldest brother's a belted knight,
2 Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
2 Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'
2 Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
1 He flang her in amang the broom,
1 'I will nae be called a banished man's wife,
2 Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.
2 And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.
1 He's taken the second by the hand,
2 Nor yet will I be sticked wi your pen-knife.
1 But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'
1 'Will ye be called a banister mar's wife,
2 To seek her old sister, and to bring her hame.
2 And there she met with a banished lord.
2 And there they met a banished lord.
2 The second sister was on the road,
2 And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.
2 Saying, 'Lie ye there till another ane come.'
1 'What are your three brethren, altho they were
2 And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.
1 'What's thy brother's name? come tell to me.'
2 'My brother's name is Baby Lon.'
1 'Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?
2 I'll twinn with my life, keep my maidenhead
2 But the more he wiped, the redder it grew.
1 Annet and Marjret and Marjorie
1 THERE wond three ladies in a bower,
2 And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.
1 He flang her in amang the broom,
1 'My eldest brother's a belted knight,
2 Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
1 'O since I've done this evil deed,
2 Good sall never be seen o me.'
1 'Before I'll be called a robber's wife,
2 Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.
1 'I'll rather consent to lose my life
2 Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'
1 'I'll rather consent to lose my life
2 Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
2 He's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.
1 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
2 Good sall never be seen o me.'
1 'Before I'll be called a robber's wife,
2 Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.
1 'I'll rather consent to lose my life
2 Or will ye be a banished lord's wife?'
1 'I'll rather consent to lose my life
2 Before I'll be a banished lord's wife.'
2 He has turned her about and made her stand.
2 And he's twyned her round and made her stand.
1 'I will na be ca'd a banished man's wife;
2 Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'
2 He has turned her about and bade her stand.
2 He has taen the second by the hand,
1 'Will ye be called a banister mar's wife,
2 To seek her two sisters, and to bring them hame.
2 And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.
1 'What's thy brother's name? come tell to me.'
The Text of

14E.5
1 Then out he’s tane his little pen-knife,
2 And he’s parted her and her sweet life,
3 And thrown her oer a bank of brume,
4 There never more for to be found.

14E.6
1 The Duke o Perth had three daughters,
2 And Margaret’s to the greenwud gane,
2 To pu the rose and the fair lillie.

14E.7
1 She hadn’ pu’d a rose, a rose,
2 A double rose, but barely three,
2 When up and started a Loudon lord,
2 Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.

14E.8
1 ‘Will ye be called a robber’s wife?’
2 Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife?
2 For pu’in,’ etc.

14E.9
1 ‘Before I’ll be called a robber’s wife,’
2 I’ll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,
2 For pu’in,’ etc.

14E.10
1 ‘Then out he’s tane his little pen-knife,
2 And he’s parted her and her sweet life,
2 Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.

14E.11
1 The Duke o Perth had three daughters,
1 Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;
1 ‘Ye do you to my mother’s coffer,
1 To Leesome Brand she then did say.

14E.12
1 ‘My boy was scarcely ten years auld,
2 I have killed my sisters, all but one.
2 ‘Oh, what is this that I have done?
2 ‘If my two brothers had been here,
2 I’ll do for you what man can dee.’

14E.13
1 ‘O will ye be called a robber’s wife?’
2 Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife?
2 ‘Oh, what is this that I have done?
2 ‘I have killed my sisters, all but one.
2 ‘Before I’ll be called a robber’s wife,’
2 I’ll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,
2 ‘For pu’in,’ etc.

14E.14
1 ‘Be sure ye touch not the white hynde,
2 ‘Ye’ll take your arrow and your bow,
2 ‘And ease me o my misery,
2 ‘O gin I had but a gude midwife,
2 ‘O dear, how happy I would be!’

14E.15
1 ‘Be sure ye touch not the white hynde,
2 ‘Ye’ll take your arrow and your bow,
2 ‘And ease me o my misery,
2 ‘O gin I had but a gude midwife,
2 ‘O wae’s me,’ said that gay ladye,
2 ‘And he’s parted her and her sweet life,
2 ‘For no, for no, this maunna be,’
2 ‘I’ll do for you what man can dee.’

14E.16
1 ‘Wee minstrels to play, mother,
2 And dancers to dance in your room;
2 ‘There is nae midwife to be foun.
2 ‘O dear, how happy I would be!’
2 ‘There is nae midwife to be foun.
2 ‘O dear, how happy I would be!’

14E.17
1 ‘My sisters twa that are dead and gane,
2 For whom we made a heavy maene,
3 It’s you that’s twain them o their life,
4 And wi your cruel bloody knife.

14E.18
1 ‘Then for their life ye sair shall dree;
2 Ye saill be hangit on a tree,
3 Or thrown into the poisond lake,
4 To feed the toads and rattle-snake.’

14E.19
1 There were three sisters going from home,
1 All in a lea and alony, oh
2 Neer'll bring such a sheath and a knife to me.

1 'Hold thy tongue, and mak nae din;
2 But I have lost a far better thing,
1 'Oh,' said he, 'Father, I've lost my knife
2 At our braw meeting you micht be glad.
1 'Oh,' said his father, 'Son, but thou'rt sad!
2 When he shooled the mools in her yellow hair.
4 He buried his auld son doun by her side.
3 He houkit a grave, long, large and wide,
2 When he shot his auld son at her head.
1 It was nae wonder his heart was sad
1 When he saw she was lying still,
2 He shot his bow and he let her lye.
1 'And when that ye see I am lying dead,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'And when ye hear me loud, loud cry,
2 Throw away your bow and come running me.
2 And his auld son in his coat lap.
2 Take your bow and your arrow wi thee.'
1 'You will go to yon hill so hie,
2 And we'll never gang up to the broom nae mair
2 It becomes you and me to be very douce.

2 That I loed dearer than my life.'

1 'It's I hae broken my little pen-knife
2 O bend your bow, let your arrow fly.
1 The hawk had nae lure, and the horse had nae
2 And a wide grave was houkit whare nane suld
1 Bonnie Lady Ann sat doun be the tree,
2 For I maun na ride, and I downa walk.
1 'Wi hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,
2 And they hunted and hawket in the valley the
2 And the faithless hounds thro the woods ran
1 Bonnie Lady Ann lay in the deed-thraw.
2 For I dare na,' etc.
1 'And when ye see me lying still,
2 That will bring as good a sheath and a knife
2 Brume blumes bonnie an grows sae fair
2 'We'll gae ride like sister and brither.
1 'And when ye hear me loud, loud cry,
2 Shoot frae thy bow an arrow and there let me lye.
1 'Then he drap pd twa on his ladye,
2 And ane upo your little young son;
3 And now they do as lively be,
4 As the first day he brought them hame.'
1 'And when ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'And when ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Shoot frae thy bow an arrow and there let me lye.
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make a sheath to Leesome Brand?'
1 'There are nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,  
2 Orland to be so much forlorn.
1 'There were three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blude,
4 That hae been there sin he was born.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is a feast in your father's house,
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,  
2 Orland to be so much forlorn.
1 'There were three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blude,
4 That hae been there sin he was born.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
1 'There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea
2 But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept
2 And I daur na, etc.
1 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,
1 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,
2 Can make me sic a godwen knife;
2 And they'll never, etc.
1 'When ye hear me loud loud cry,
2 Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
The Text of

16[F.3]
1 He’s tane his lady on his back,
2 And his auld son in his coat-lap.
16[F.4]
1 ‘When ye hear me give a cry,
2 Ye’ll shoot your bow and let me ly.
16[F.5]
1 ‘When ye see me lying still,
2 Throw awa your bow and come running me till.’
16[F.6]
1 When he heard her gie a cry,
2 He shot his bow and he let her lye.
16[F.7]
1 When he saw she was lying still,
2 He threw awa his bow and came running her till.
16[F.8]
1 It was nae wonder his heart was sad,
2 When he shot his auld son at her head.
16[F.9]
1 He hokwit a grave lang, large and wide,
2 He buried his auld son down by her side.
16[F.10]
1 It was nae wonder his heart was sair,
2 When he skulleth the moons on her yellow hair.
16[F.11]
1 ‘Oh,’ said his father, ‘Son, but thou’st sad,
2 At our braw meeting ye might be glad.
16[F.12]
1 ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘Father, I’ve lost my knife,
2 I loved as dear almost as my own life.
16[F.13]
1 ‘But I have lost a far better thing,
2 I lost the sheathe that the knife was in.’
16[F.14]
1 ‘Hold thy tongue and mak nae din,
2 I’ll buy thee a sheath and a knife therein.’
16[F.15]
1 ‘A’ the ships ere saild the sea
2 Neer’ll bring such a sheathe and knife to me.
16[F.16]
1 ‘At the smiths that lives on land
2 Will neer bring such a sheathe and knife to my hand.’
17A.1
1 IN Scotland there was a babie born,
17A.1r
1 Little lal, etc.
17A.2
1 And his name it was called young Hind Horn.
17A.1r
1 With a fal lal, etc.
17A.2
1 He sent a letter to our king
2 That he was in love with his daughter Jean.
17A.3
1 He’s gien to her a silver wand,
2 With seven living lavors on siting thereon.
17A.4
1 She’s gien to him a diamond ring,
2 With seven bright diamonds set therein.
17A.5
1 ‘When this ring grows pale and wan,
2 You may know by it my love is gane.’
17A.6
1 One day as he lookt his ring upon,
2 He saw the diamonds pale and wan.
17A.7
1 He left the sea and came to land,
2 And the first that he met was an old beggar man.
17A.8
1 ‘What news, what news?’ said young Hind Horn;
2 ‘No news, no news,’ said the old beggar man.
17A.9
1 ‘No news,’ said the beggar, ‘No news at a’,
2 But there is a wedding in the king’s ha.
17A.10
1 ‘But there is a wedding in the king’s ha,
2 That has halden these forty days and twa.’
17A.11
1 ‘Will ye lend me your beggar’s coat?
2 And I’ll lend you my scarlet cloak.
17A.12
1 ‘Will you lend me your beggar’s rung?
2 And I’ll gie you my steed to ride upon.
17A.13
1 ‘Will you lend me your wig o hair,
2 To cover mine, because it is fair?’
17A.14
1 The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
2 But young Hind Horn for the king’s hall.
17A.15
1 The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
2 But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.
17A.16
1 When he came to the king’s gate,
2 He sought a drink for Hind Horn’s sake.
17A.17
1 The bride came down with a glass of wine,
2 When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring.
17A.18
1 ‘O got ye this by sea or land?
2 Or got ye it off a dead man’s hand?’
17A.19
1 ‘I got not it by sea, I got it by land,
2 And I got it, madam, out of your own hand.’
17A.20
1 ‘I’ll cast off my gowns of brown,
2 And beg wi you fraw town to town.
17A.21
1 ‘I’ll cast off my gowns of red,
2 And I’ll beg wi you to win my bread.’
17A.22
1 ‘Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,
2 For I’ll make you lady o many a town.
17A.23
1 ‘Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,
2 It’s only a sham, the begging o my bread.’
17A.24
1 The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride wed.
2 But Young Hyn Horn took the bride to bed.
17C.1
1 ‘O Hyn Horn’s to the king’s court gone,
2 Hoch hey and an ey O
17C.1r
1 He’s fallen in love with his little daughter Jean.
17C.2
1 ‘Thou need not cast off th’ gowns of brown,
2 For I can make thee lady of many a town.
17C.3
1 ‘Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,
2 For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread.’
17C.4
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.5
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.6
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.7
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.8
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.9
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.10
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.11
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.12
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.13
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.14
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
17C.15
1 ‘When you see it losing its comely hue,
2 So will I my love to you.’
The Child Ballads

17D.1
1 'When you come before the gate,
2 You'll ask for a drink for the highman's sake.'

17D.1r
1 'Got ye this by sea or land?
2 Or took ye't aff a dead man's hand?'

17D.2
1 'I got na it by sea nor land,
2 But I got it aff your own hand.'

17D.22
1 The bridegroom cam tripping down the stair,
2 To see whaten a bold beggar was there.

17D.19
1 She gave him a drink with her own hand;
2 He loot the ring drop in the can.

17D.20
1 'Got ye this by sea or land?
2 Or took ye't aff a drownd man's hand?'

17D.3
1 The king an angry man was he;
2 He saught meat for St Peter, he askd for St Paul,
3 'Which is the gate that ye used to gae?
4 Ye'll let your bent bow low fall down.
5 Till ye get frae the bonnie bride hersel O.'

17D.8
1 'As lang as that ring keeps new in hue,
2 Ye may ken that your love loves you.
3 'But whan that ring turns pale and wan,
4 Ye may ken that your love loves another man.'

17D.18
1 He hoisted up his sails, and away sailed he,
2 Till that he cam to a foreign countrey.

17D.6
1 'But whan that ring turns pale and wan,
2 Ye may ken that your love loves another man.'

17D.7
1 He hoisted up his sails, and hame sailed he,
2 Until that he came to his ain countrey.

17D.5
1 'As lang as that ring keeps new in hue,
2 Ye may ken that your love loves you.
3 'But whan that ring turns pale and wan,
4 Ye may ken that your love loves another man.'

17G.1
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.
6 'For it is seven years syne I have seen land.'

17G.5
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.6
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.7
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.8
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.9
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.10
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.11
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.12
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.13
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.14
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.15
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.16
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.17
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.18
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.19
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.20
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.21
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.22
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.23
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.24
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.25
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.26
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.27
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.28
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.29
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.30
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.31
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'

17G.32
1 'HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,
2 And it was baith black and blue,
3 And she is either dead or she's married.
4 'There is a king's dochter in the east,
5 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.'
17H.22
1 And frae them all he would take nane,
2 Nokia frae the high nor low o them all.
1 He took nane frae Peter nor frae Paul,
2 Nil take the red gowd frae my head,
1 And follow you, and beg my bread.
17H.32
2 'Till we come near by the yett,
1 'But whan ye come near by the yett,
1 'What news, what news, hae ye to me?
2 'For I am not ashamed with you to be seen.'
A KNIGHT had two sons o sma fame,
He tooke with him a little page,
He gave to him good yeomans wage.

And as he rode by one hawthorne,
He sett his bugle to his mouth,
And as he rode back through the wood o Tore,
He blew his bugle lowde and shrill;
And till thou come to me againe,
When 40 dayes been at an end,
And the wild boar soon will come to thee.'

Hey nien nanny

And bidds me of good cheere be,
And to the youngest he did say,
And the, etc.

It is the wild boar that has drove me here.'

Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword again,
Then they fought four hours in a long summer's day,
And he fairly cut his head off quite.

And till thou come to me againe,
When my wounds heal, I'll come to thee.'

18B.9
1 Then he rode through the wood o Tore, 2 And up it started the grisly boar.
18B.9r
2 When the, etc.
18B.10
1 The firsten bout that he did ride, 2 The boar he wounded in the left side.
18B.10r
2 When the, etc.
18B.11
1 The nexten bout at the boar he gaed, 2 He from the boar took aff his head.
18B.11r
2 And the, etc.
18B.12
1 As he rode back through the wood o Tore, 2 Up started the giant him before.
18B.12r
2 And the, etc.
18B.13
1 'O cam you through the wood o Tore, 2 Or did you see my good wild boar?'
18B.13r
2 And the, etc.
18B.14
1 'Icam now through the wood o Tore, 2 But woe be to your grisly boar.
18B.14r
2 And the, etc.
18B.15
1 The firsten bout that I did ride, 2 I wounded your wild boar in the side.
18B.15r
2 And the, etc.
18B.16
1 The nexten bout at him I gaed, 2 From your wild boar I took aff his head.
18B.16r
2 And the, etc.
18B.17
1 'Gin you have cut aff the head o my boar, 2 It's your head shall be taen therfore.
18B.17r
2 And the, etc.
18B.18
1 'I'll gie you thirty days and three, 2 To heal your wounds, then come to me.'
18B.18r
2 While the, etc.
18B.19
1 'It's after thirty days and three, 2 While the, etc.
18B.20
1 So Graeme is back to the wood o Tore, 2 And he's killd the giant, as he killd the boar.
18B.20r
2 And the, etc.
18C.1
1 SIR ROBERT BOLTON had three sons, 2 Wind well thy horn, good hunter
18C.1r
2 And one of them was called Sir Ryalas.
18C.1r
2 For he was a jovial hunter
18C.2
1 He rang'd all round down by the woodsise, 2 Till up it in the top of a tree a gay lady he spy'd.
18C.2r
2 For he was, etc.
18C.3
1 O what dost thou want of me?' said he; 2 'It is the wild boar that has drove me here.'
18C.3r
2 As thou beest, etc.
18C.4
1 'O what shall I do this wild boar to see? 2 'O thee blow a blast, and he'll come unto thee.'
18C.4r
2 As thou beest, etc.
18C.5
1 [Then he put his horn unto his mouth], 2 Then he blowd a blast full north, east, west and south.
18C.5r
2 As he was, etc.
18C.6
1 And the wild boar heard him full into his den; 2 Then he made the best of his speed unto him.
18C.6r
2 To Sir Ryalas, etc.
18C.7
1 Then the wild boar, being so stout and so strong, 2 He thrashd down the trees as he came along.
18C.7r
2 To Sir Ryalas, etc.
18C.8
1 'O what dost thou want of me?' the wild boar said he; 2 'O I think in my heart I can do enough for thee.'
18C.8r
2 For I am, etc.
18C.9
1 Then they fought four hours in a long summer's day, 2 Till the wild boar fain would have gotten away.
18C.9r
2 From Sir Ryalas, etc.
18C.10
1 Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword with might, 2 And he fairly cut his head off quithe.
18C.10r
2 For he was, etc.
18C.11
1 Then out of the wood the wild woman flew: 2 'Oh thou hast killed my pretty spotted pig!
18C.11r
2 As thou beest, etc.
18C.12
1 'There are three things I do demand of thee, 2 As thou beest, etc.
18C.12r
2 For I am, etc.
18C.13
1 'If these three things thou dost demand of me, 2 As he was, etc.
18C.13r
2 For he was, etc.
18C.14
1 Then into his locks the wild woman flew, 2 As he was, etc.
18C.15
1 Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword again, 2 And he fairly split her head in twain.
18C.15r
2 For he was, etc.
18C.16
1 In Bromsgrove church they both do lie; 2 Where the, etc.
18C.16r
2 Sir Ryalas, etc.
18D.1
1 AS I went up one brook, one brook, 2 AS I went up one brook, one brook,
18D.1r
2 As thou art the jovial hunter
18D.2
1 I said, 'Fair maiden, what brings you here?' 2 'It is the wild boar that has drove me here.'
18D.2r
2 As thou art, etc.
18D.3
1 'I wish I could that wild boar see.' 2 'I wish I could that wild boar see.'
18D.3r
2 As thou art, etc.
There was an old man and sons he had three;  
1 AND there she’s leand her back to a thorn,  
2 An noo he’s king ower a’ his ain.  
1 She’s taen her mantle her about,  
2 And there she has her baby born.  
20A.1r 1 HE’s taen his lady, an he’s gaen hame,  
2 An noo he’s king ower a’ his ain.  
1 She’s taen her mantle her about,  
2 And there she has her baby born.  
20A.1r 1 SHE sat down below a thorn,  
20B.1r 1 Fine flowers in the valley  
20B.1 1 And there she has her sweet babe born.  
20B.1r 1 And the green leaves they grow rarely  
20B.2 1 ‘Smile na sae sweet, my bonie babe,  
2 And ye smile sae sweet, ye’ll smyle me dead.’  
20B.3 1 She’s taen out her little pen-knife,  
2 And twind the sweet babe o its life.  
20B.4 1 She’s howket a grave by the light o the moon,  
2 And there she’s buried her sweet babe in.
You'll never suck by my side mair.'

'O bonny babies, gin ye were mine,
I'd cleathe you in the silks sae fine.'

'Thoughkit a grave forenent the sun,
And there thou got thy two babes born.

I wald feed ye wi flour-bread an wine.'

'Though kit a grave forenent the sun,
And there thou got thy two babes born.

The Child Ballads

The minister's daughter of New York,
1 Hey wi the rose and the lindie, O
2 Has faen in love wi her father's clerk.

Along by the green burn sidie, O
1 She courted him six years and a day,
2 At length her belly did her betray.

'So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay
1 Edinburgh, Edinburgh
2 Stirling for aye

1 'O mother dear, but hell's for thee.
2 'Twill cause thee bitterlie to weep.'

There was her baby born.
1 'O mother dear, but hell's for thee.
2 That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.

They had two babies born.
1 'O mother dear, but hell's for thee.
2 'Twill cause thee bitterlie to weep.'

1 She leaned her back unto the wa,
2 And there began her sad misery.

1 'Welcome, welcome, to be a church bell,
2 Seven years to be a church bell,
2 Seven years a porter in hell.'

2 It fell ance upon a day,
2 Selwood for aye

1 'I wald feed you with the white bread and wine.
2 'I wald feed ye wi the ferra cow's milk,
2 And dress you in the finest silk.'

1 'I wald feed ye wi the ferra cow's milk,
2 And dress you in the finest silk.'

1 She's riven the muslin frae her head,
2 Tied the baby hand and feet.

1 She's riven the muslin frae her head,
2 Tied the baby hand and feet.

1 'O mother dear, but heaven's high;
2 That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.

1 'We were at our father's house,
2 Preparing a place for thee and us.'

1 'We were at our father's house,
2 Preparing a place for thee and us.'

1 'O mother dear, but heaven's high;
2 That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.

1 'We were at our father's house,
2 Preparing a place for thee and us.'

1 'O mother dear, but heaven's high;
2 That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.

1 'We were at our father's house,
2 Preparing a place for thee and us.'

1 'O mother dear, but heaven's high;
2 That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.

1 'We were at our father's house,
2 Preparing a place for thee and us.'

1 'O mother dear, but heaven's high;
2 That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.

1 'We were at our father's house,
2 Preparing a place for thee and us.'

1 'O mother dear, but heaven's high;
2 That is the place thou'll ne'er come nigh.

1 'We were at our father's house,
2 Preparing a place for thee and us.'
And see sic sights as ye darna tell.'

Ye never cam that gate for fear.'

Ye happit the hole wi mossy stanes,
And there ye laid our bodies down.

But ye took out yere little pen-knife,
Ye didna cleed us i the scarlet sae fine.

O mither dear, when we were thine,
And watch ye morning, night and noon.'

I would cleed ye i the scarlet sae fine.

O mother dear, when we were thine,
And there she had two pretty babes born.

She set her back against a thorn,
Till at last she came big-bellied away.

She loved him seven long years and a day,
For a night and a lilly O

But we are in the heavens high,'
21A.1  Nine children you have borne.
21A.2  She sware by God & good St. John,
21A.3  Be still, leve soster, thinke the tobreke!
21A.4  Sone so Judas of slepe was awake,
21A.5  I nul sulde my lovred [for] nones cunes eithe,
21A.6  Wolte sulle thi lord Crist for enes cunnes golde?
21A.7  Wou sette ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?
21A.8  'Wolte sulle thi lord Crist for enes cunnes eihte,
21A.9  'I nas never othe stude ther me the evel spec.'
21A.10  Thou wolt fursake me thriene thri me the evel spec.'
21A.11  Up him stod Peter, and speke wid al is mihte,
21A.12  In him com ur lord Crist gon, as is postles sete
21A.13  'Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?'
21A.14  'I nul sulde my loverd for nones cunnes eihte,
21A.15  Foret hym com the riche Jeu that hethe Pilatus:
21A.16  'Thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred
21A.17  'Judas, thou were wrte me stende the wid Ston.;
21A.18  The Child Ballads
21A.19  And then I'll take you to mysell.'
21A.20  'HE kyst adoun þe boris hed and went in to þe halle;
21A.21  'I forsak þe, kyng Herowdes, and þi werkes alle.
21A.22  'Quat eylyt þe, Steuene? quat is þe beffale?
21A.23  'Judas, thou were wrte me stende the wid Ston.
21A.24  The Jewes out of Jurselem awenden he were
21A.25  Wiste min loveld Crist, ful wel he wolde be
21A.26  Thritti platen of selver thou bere up othi rugge.
21A.27  'Judas, thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred
21A.28  'I nas never othe stude ther me the evel spec.'
21A.29  'Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?
21A.30  'I forsak þe, kyng Herowdes, and þi werkes alle.
21A.31  'Judas, thou were wrte me stende the wid Ston.
21A.32  He fell a-courting in her own father's park.
21A.33  And she had nothing to lap 'em in,
21A.34  She saw two pretty babs playing with a ball.
21A.35  'Three were buryed vnder thy bed's head,'
1 For ye never kent what a woman did for you.
2 'O haud your tongue, foolish man, dinna talk for me.
1 She hadna sailed far till the young thing cried
2 And she's awa ower to a braw Irish ladie.
1 She gade to her father, brought down gowd and money,
2 And I'll take ye ower to a braw Irish ladie.'
2 Baith father and mither will think naething o you.
1 'Oh what shall I do! oh what shall come o me!
2 He wooed her until he had got her wi' bairie.
1 There cam a rich squire, intending to woo her,
2 Sing fal lal de deedle, fal lal de deedle lair, O a lady.
3 And he had nae family but ae only dochter.
1 DOWN in Dumbarton there wonnd a rich merchant,
2 And they launchd out their sma boat till he came there,
1 The captain took gowd, O sailors tak money,
2 And threw her out ower board, your ain dear Annie.
1 They make her a coffin o the gowd sae yellow,
2 And bury my love on the high banks o Yarrow.'
1 'Mak my love a coffin o the gowd sae yellow,
2 'I have loved a lady these seven years and mair
1 And the sun shines over the valley
2 'O Willie, Annie, I'll learn you a wile,'
25C.6
1 When that she came to her true lover’s gate,
2 She dealt the red gold and all for his sake.

25C.7
1 And when that she came to her true lover’s bower,
2 She had not been there for the space of half an hour.

25C.8
1 Till that she cam to her true lover’s bed,
2 And she lifted the winding-sheet to look at the dead.

25C.9
1 He took her by the hand so meek and sma,
2 And he cast her over between him and the wa.

25C.10
1 ‘Tho all your friends were in the bower,
2 I would not let you go for the space of half an hour.

25C.11
1 ‘You came to me without either horse or boy,
2 But I will send you home with a merry convoy.’

25D.1
1 To JOHNIE, dear Johnie, what makes ye say sad?

25D.1r
1 As the sun shines over the valley
2 I ‘think nace music will mak ye glad.’

25D.2
1 Among the blue flowers and the yellow
2 ‘I will write a broad letter,
3 And write it sae perfite,
4 It shall neu be the worse done.’

25D.3
1 ‘O lang think I, and very lang,
2 That is a dowie chance;
3 ‘I wish that I the same could do,
4 Or my love o me rue.

25D.4
1 ‘If my love loves me, she lets me not know,
2 ‘I think nae music will mak ye glad.’
3 For word is come to me this night,
4 ‘I thinke thou be not true.’

25E.1
1 ‘Shee curst the weauer and the walker
2 and bore the worst hue;
3 another while was itt wadded;
4 between two nut-shells.

25E.2
1 ‘If my love loves me, she lets me not know,
2 ‘I think nae music will mak ye glad.’
3 Except you be the more surer,
4 shee hath once done amisse.’

25E.3
1 ‘Shee streamed up the green covering,
2 And gae him kisses three;
3 Then he looked up into her face,
4 Tho all your friends were in the bower,
5 Shee rice down the mantle.

25E.4
1 ‘Shee throw down the mantle,
2 and longe wold not dwell,
3 Shee curst the weauer and the walker
4 full richelye bedone.

25E.5
1 ‘Shee curst the weauer and the walker
2 and bore the worst hue;
3 another while was itt wadded;
4 between two nut-shells.

25E.6
1 ‘Shee curst the weauer and the walker
2 and bore the worst hue;
3 another while was itt wadded;
4 between two nut-shells.

25E.7
1 ‘Shee streamed up the green covering,
2 And gae him kisses three;
3 Then he looked up into her face,
4 Tho all your friends were in the bower,
5 Shee rice down the mantle.

25E.8
1 ‘Shee throw down the mantle,
2 and longe wold not dwell,
3 Shee curst the weauer and the walker
4 full richelye bedone.

25E.9
1 ‘Shee streamed up the green covering,
2 And gae him kisses three;
3 Then he looked up into her face,
4 Tho all your friends were in the bower,
5 Shee rice down the mantle.

25E.10
1 ‘Shee throw down the mantle,
2 and longe wold not dwell,
3 Shee curst the weauer and the walker
4 full richelye bedone.

25E.11
1 ‘Shee streamed up the green covering,
2 And gae him kisses three;
3 Then he looked up into her face,
4 Tho all your friends were in the bower,
5 Shee rice down the mantle.

28.1
1 With a double laddy double, and for the double dow
2 Twisting the red silk and the blue.

28.1r
1 As the sun shines ower the valley
2 ‘I think nace music will mak ye glad.’

28.2
1 ‘O saddle to me a steed, father,
2 ‘I tell you lords in this hall,
3 ‘It shall neu be the worse done.’
4 ‘I think thou be not true.’

28.3
1 ‘O saddle to me a steed, father,
2 ‘I tell you lords in this hall,
3 ‘It shall neu be the worse done.’
4 ‘I think thou be not true.’

28.4
1 ‘O saddle to me a steed, father,
2 ‘I tell you lords in this hall,
3 ‘It shall neu be the worse done.’
4 ‘I think thou be not true.’

28.5
1 ‘O saddle to me a steed, father,
2 ‘I tell you lords in this hall,
3 ‘It shall neu be the worse done.’
4 ‘I think thou be not true.’

29.1
1 ‘O saddle to me a steed, father,
2 ‘I tell you lords in this hall,
3 ‘It shall neu be the worse done.’
4 ‘I think thou be not true.’
29.15 1 'I had rather be in a wood,
2 vnder a greene tree,
3 Then in King Arthurs court
4 shame'd for to bee.'

29.16 1 Kay calleth forth his ladye,
2 and bade hir come neere;
3 Saires, Madam, and though ye guiltye,
4 I pray thee hold thee there.'

29.17 1 Forth came his ladie
2 shortlye and anon,
3 Boldlye to the mantle
4 then is shee gone.

29.18 1 When she had tane the mantle,
2 and cast it her about,
3 Then was shee bare
4 all about the buttocckes.

29.19 1 Then every knight
2 that was in the kings court
3 Talked, laughed, and showted,
4 fall off att that sport.

29.20 1 Shee threw doone the mantle,
2 that bright was of blee,
3 Flat with a redd radd
4 to her chamber can shee flee.

29.21 1 Forth came an old knight,
2 patterne ore a creede,
3 And hee proffered to this little boy
4 twenty markes to his meede,

29.22 1 And all the time of the Christmasse
2 willinglye to fryde;
3 For why, this mantle might
4 doe his wiffe some need.

29.23 1 When shee had tane the mantle,
2 of cloth that was made,
3 Shee had no more left on her
4 but a tassell and a threed:
5 Then every knight in the kings court
6 bade euill might shee speed.

29.24 1 Shee threw doone the mantle,
2 that bright was of blee,
3 And fast with a redd radd
4 to her chamber can shee flee.

29.25 1 Craddoccke calleth forth his ladye,
2 and hir home in;
3 Saith, 'Winne this mantle, ladye,
4 with a little dinnne.

29.26 1 'Winne this mantle, ladye,
2 and it shalfe thine
3 If thou neuer did amisse
4 since thou want mine.'

29.27 1 Forth came Craddoccke ladye
2 shortlye and anon,
3 But boldlye to the mantle
4 then is shee gone.

29.28 1 When shee had tane the mantle,
2 and cast it her about,
3 Ypp at her great toe
4 itt began to crinkle and crowte;
5 Shee said, 'Bowre downe, mantle,
6 and shame me no more for nought.'

29.29 1 'Once I did amisse,
2 I tell you certainteilye,
3 When I kist Craddoccke mouth
4 vnder a greene tree,
5 When I kist Craddoccke mouth
6 before he married mee.'

29.30 1 When shee had her shreueen,
2 and her sines shee had tolde,
3 The mantle stooed about her
4 right as shee wold;

29.31 1 Seemelye of coulour,
2 glittering like gold;
3 Then every knight in Arthurs court
4 did her behold.

29.32 1 Then spake dame Gueneuer
2 to Arthurs our king:
3 'She hath tane yonder mantle,
4 not with wright but with wronge!

29.33 1 'See you not yonder woman
2 that maketh her selfe soe clene?
3 I have seene tane out of her bedd
4 of men flueteene;

29.34 1 'Preists, clarkes, and wedded men,
2 from her by-deene;
3 Yett she taketh the mantle,
4 and maketh her-selfe cleane!'

29.35 1 Then spake the little boy
2 that kept the mantle in hold;
3 Sayes 'King, chashten thy wiffe;
4 of her words shee is to bold.

29.36 1 'Shee is a bitch and a witch,
2 and a whore bold;
3 King, in thine owne hall
4 thou art a cuckold.'

29.37 1 The little boy stooed
2 looking ouer a dore;
3 He was ware of a wyld bore
4 and quitted him like a man.

29.38 1 He pulld forth a wood kniffe,
2 fast thitthe that he ran;
3 He brought in the bores head,
4 and quitted him as a man.

29.39 1 He brought in the bores head,
2 and was wonderous bold;
3 He said there was neuer a cuckolds kniffe
4 came ither that bold.

29.40 1 Some rubbed their kniues
2 vpon a whetstone;
3 Some threw them vnder the table,
4 and said they had none.

29.41 1 King Arthurs and the child
2 stood looking them vpon;
3 All their kniues edges
4 turned backe againe.

29.42 1 Craddoccke had a little kniue
2 of iron and of steele;
3 He birtled the bores head
4 wonderous weele,
5 That euery knight in the kings court
6 had a morssell.

29.43 1 The little boy had a home,
2 of red gold that ronge;
3 He said, 'There was noe cuckolde
4 shamed for to bee.'

29.44 1 Some shedd on their shoulder,
2 and some on their knee;
3 He that cold not hitt his mouth
4 put it in his eye;
5 And he that was a cuckold,
6 every man might him see.

29.45 1 Craddoccke warne the home
2 the bores head;
3 His ladye was the mantle
4 vnto her meede;
5 Euerye such a lovelie ladye,
6 God send her well to speede!

30.1 1 I, . . . , . .
2 3 For you shall see one of the fairest round tables
4 That euer you see with your eye.'

30.2 1 Then bespake Lady Queen Gueneuer,
2 And these were the words said shee:
3 'I know where a round table is, thou noble king,
4 Is worth thy round table and other such three.

30.3 1 'The trestle that stands vnder this round table,'
2 she said,
3 'Love doone to the mould,
3 It is worth thy round table, thou worthy king,
4 Thy halls, and all thy gold.

30.4 1 'The place where this round table stands in,
2 . . .
3 It is worth thy castle, thy gold, thy fee,
4 And all good Little Britaine.'

30.5 1 'Where may that table be, lady?' quoth hee,
2 'Or where may all that goodly building be?'
3 'You shall it seeke,' shee says, 'Till you it find,
4 For you shall never get touch of me.'

30.6 1 Then bespake him noble King Arthurs,
2 These were the words said hee:
3 'Ile make mine avow to God,
4 And alsose to the Trinity,

30.7 1 'Ile never sleepe one night there as I doe
2 another,
3 Till that round table I see:
4 Sir Marmamiles and Sir Tristeram,
5 Fellowes that ye shall bee.

30.8 1 . . .
2 . . .
3 'Weele be clad in palmers weede,
4 Frie palmers we will bee;

30.9 1 'There is noe outlandish man will vs abide,
2 Nor will vs come nye,
3 Then they riuod east and th' riuod west,
4 In many a strange country.

30.10 1 Then they trankled a little further,
2 They saw a battle new sett:
3 'Now, by my faith,' saies noble King Arthurs,
4 . . . . . . well . . .
5 . . .

30.11 1 But when he cam to this . . . c . .
2 To and the palace gate,
3 Soc ready was ther a proud porter,
4 And met him soone therat.

30.12 1 Shooes of gold the porter had on,
2 And all his other rayment was vnto the same:
3 'Now, by my faith,' saies noble King Arthurs,
4 'Yonder is a minson swaine.'

30.13 1 Then bespake noble King Arthurs,
2 These were the words says hee:
3 'Come hither, thou proud porter,
4 I pray thee come hither to me.

30.14 1 'I haue two poore rings of my finger,
2 The better of them Ile giue thee,
3 Neither in christendome, nor yet in heathennest,
4 For you shall neuer gett more of me.'

30.15 1 'Cornwall King,' the porter sayes,
2 'There is none soe rich as hee;
3 Tell who may be lord of this castle,' he sayes,
4 'Or where may all that goodly building be?'

30.16 1 And then bespake him noble King Arthurs,
2 These were the words sayes hee:
3 'I haue two poore rings of my finger,
4 The better of them Ile giue thee,
5 If thou wilt greete him well, Cornwall King,
6 And greete him well from me.'
30.17
1 Pray for him one nights lodging and two
meales meete,
2 For his love that dyed vppon a tree;
3 Of one ghesting and two meales meete,
4 For his loute that dyed vppon a tree.

30.18
1 Of one ghesting, of two meales meete,
2 For his love that was of virgin borne, 
3 And in the morning that we may scape away,
4 Either without scath or scorne.'

30.19
1 Then forth is gone this proud porter,
2 As fast as he cold hye,
3 And when he came befor Cornewall King,
4 He kneeldowne on his knee.

30.20
1 Sayes, 'I haue beene porter-man, at thy gate,
2 This thirty winter and three . . .
3 . . . . .
4 . . . . .
5 . . . . .

30.21
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 Our Lady was borne; then thought Cornewall King
4 These palmers had beene in Britaine.

30.22
1 Then bespake him Cornwal King,
2 These were the words he said there:
3 'Did you euer know a comely k
4 His name was King Arthur?'

30.23
1 And then bespake him noble King Arthur,
2 These were the words said he:
3 'I do not know that comely k
4 But once my selfe I did him see.'
5 Then bespake Cornwalle King againe,
6 These were the words said he:

30.24
1 Sayes, 'Seene yeere I was clad and fed,
2 In Little Britaine, in a bowre;
3 I had a daughter by King Arthur's wife,
4 That now is called my flower;
5 For King Arthur, that kindly cockward,
6 Hath none such in his bowre.

30.25
1 'For I durst sweare, and saue my othe,
2 That same lady soe bright,
3 That a man that were laid on his death bed
4 Wold open his eyes on her to hauie sight.
5 Now, by my faith,' says noble King Arthur,
6 'And that's a full faire wight!'

30.26
1 And then bespake Cornwalle [King] againe,
2 And these were the words he said:
3 'Come hither, fiue or three of my knights,
4 And fetch me downe my steed;
5 King Arthur, that foule cockward,
6 Hath none such, if he had need.

30.27
1 'For I can ryde him as far on a day
2 As King Arthur can doe any of his on three;
3 And is it not a pleasure for a king
4 When he shall ryde forth on his journey?

30.28
1 'For the eyes that beeene in his head,
2 The glister as doth the gleed:
3 'Now, by my faith,' says noble King Arthur,
4 'Thou is a well faire steed.'

30.29
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 'Nobody say . . . .
4 But one that's learned to speake.'

30.30
1 Then King Arthur to his bed was brought,
2 A greeeted man was hee;
3 And soe were all his fellowes with him,
4 From him the thought neuer to flie.

30.31
1 Then take they did that lodly groome,
2 And under the rub-chadler closed was hee,
3 And he was set by King Arthurs bed-side,
4 To heere theire talke and theire commune;

30.32
1 Thert he might come forth, and make
Proclamation,
2 Long before it was day:
3 It was more for King Cornwalls pleasure,
4 Then it was for King Arthurs pay.

30.33
1 And when King Arthur in his bed was laid,
2 These were the words said hee:
3 'Ile make mine awow to God,
4 And alse to the Trinity,
5 That Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge,
6 Little Britaine or euer I see!'

30.34
1 'It is an unaduised vow,' says Gaiwaine the gay,
2 'As ever King hard make I;
3 But wee that beeene five christian men,
4 Of the christen faith are we,
5 And we shall fight against anonyed king
6 And all his armorie.'

30.35
1 And then bespake him noble Arthur,
2 And these were the words said he:
3 'Now, by my faith,' says noble King Arthur,
4 'For the eyes that beene in his head,
5 'Why, if thou be afraid, Sir Gaiwaine the gay,
6 Goe home, and drinke wine in thine owne country.'

30.36
1 And then bespake Sir Gaiwaine the gay,
2 And these were the words said he:
3 'Nay, seeing you have made such a hearty vow,
4 Heere another vow make will I.
5 Then bespake Cornwall King,
6 That Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge,
7 Of the christen faith are wee,
8 And alsoe to the Trinity,
9 'If we stand not stiffly in this batal lion,
10 We are worthy to be hanged all on a tree.'

30.37
1 'Ile make mine awow to God,
2 And alse to the Trinity,
3 Thert I will haue yonder faire lady
4 To Little Britaine with mee.

30.38
1 'Ile hose her hourly to my heart,
2 And with her Ile worke my will;
3 . . . . .
4 . . . . .
5 . . . . .

30.39
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 These were the words sayd hee:
4 'Befor I wold wrestle with yonder feend,
5 'Why, if thou be afraid, Sir Gaiwaine the gay
6 God, my gouernor thou wilt bee!'

30.40
1 Then bespake him noble Arthur,
2 And these were the words said he:
3 'If youe stand stifflie in the battell stronge,
4 For I haue won all the victory.'

30.41
1 Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddle,
2 And these were the words said he:
3 'What weapons wilt thou haue, thou gentle k
4 Pray thee tell to me.'

30.42
1 He sayes, 'Collen brand Ile haue in my hand,
2 And a Millaine knife fast by me knee,
3 And a Danish axe fast in my hands,
4 That a sure weapon I thinke wilbe.'

30.43
1 Then with his Collen brand that he had in his hand
2 The bunge of that rub-chandler he burst in three;
3 With that start out a lodly feend,
4 Of the Christen faith are we.

30.44
1 The fyer towards the element flew,
2 Out of his mouth, where was great plenty;
3 The knight stood in the middle p . . .
4 Till I haue beene with noble King Arthur,
5 All his armorie.'

30.45
1 Then its for King Arthur to his bed was brought,
2 A greeeted man was hee;
3 And soe were all his fellowes with him,
4 Then bespake Cornwall King.

30.46
1 But now is the knight left without any weapons,
2 And alack! It was the more pitty
3 But a surer weapon then he had one,
4 Had neuer lord in Christentye;
30.63
1 He laid vpon him with heele and hand,
2 With yard that was soe felle,
3 'Helpe! brother Bredebeddie,' says Marramile,
4 For I think he be the devill of hell.

30.64
1 'Helpe! brother Bredebeddie,' says Marramile,
2 'Helpe! for Christes pitty,
3 For without thy help, brother Bredebeddie,
4 He will neuer be rydden for me.'

30.65
1 Then bespake him Sir Bredebeddie,
2 These were the words said he:
3 'I conjure thee, thou Burtle-beanie,
4 Thou tell me how this steed was riddin in his country.

30.66
1 He saith, 'There is a gold wand
2 Stands in King Cornwalls study windowe;
3 4 . . . . . .

30.67
1 'Let him take that wand in that window,
2 And strike three strokes on that steed;
3 And then he will spring forth of his hand
4 As sparke doth out of gleede.'

30.68
1 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,
2 3 . . . . . .
3 4 . . . . . .

30.69
1 4 . . . . . .
2 . . . . . .
3 4 . . . . . .

30.70
1 And then bespake Sir Bredebeddie,
2 To the f'rend these words said hee:
3 Says, 'I conjure thee, thou Burtle-beanie,
4 The powder-box thou fetch me.'

30.71
1 Then forth is gone Burtle-beanie,
2 As fast as he cold hie,
3 And fetch he did the powder-box,
4 And came againe by and by.

30.72
1 Then Sir Tristeram tooke powder forthe of that box,
2 And blent it with warme sweete milke,
3 And there put it vnto that horne,
4 And swilled it about in that ilke.

30.73
1 Then he took the horne in his hand,
2 And a lowd blast he blew;
3 He rent the horne vp to the midst,
4 And all his fellows this th' knew.

30.74
1 Then bespake him the Greene Knight,
2 These were the words said he:
3 Saides, 'Conjure thee, thou Burtle-beanie,
4 That thou fetch me the sword that I see.'

30.75
1 Then forth is gone Burtle-beanie,
2 As fast as he cold hie,
3 And fetch he did that faire sword,
4 And came againe by and by.

30.76
1 Then bespake him Sir Bredebeddie,
2 To the king these words said he:
3 'Take this sword in thy hand, thou noble King Arthur,
4 For the vowes sake that thou made Ile giue it thee-
5 And get strike off King Cornwalls head,
6 In bed were he doth lye.'

30.77
1 Then forth is gone noble King Arthur,
2 As fast as he cold hie,
3 And strucken he hath off King Cornwalls head,
4 And came againe by and by.

30.78
1 He put the head vpon a swords point,
2 3 . . . . . .

30.79
1 4 . . . . . .
2 . . . . . .

31.0
1 KINGE ARTHUR liues in merry Carleile,
2 And seelely is to see,
3 And there he hath with him Queene Genever,
4 That bride soe bright of ble.

31.1
1 And there he hath with [him] Queene Genever,
2 That bride soe bright in bower,
3 And all his barons about him stooede,
4 That were both stiffe and stowe.

31.2
1 The king kept a roayll Christmassa,
2 Of mirth and great honor,
3 And when . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .
5 . . . . . .
6 And bring me word what thing it is
7 That a woman [will] most desire;
8 This shalbe thy ransom, Arthur,' he says,
9 For Ile haue noe other hier.

31.3
1 Then bespake him Sir Tristeram,
2 To the king these words said he:
3 Says, 'I conjure thee, thou Burtle-beanie,
4 The powder-box thou fetch me.'

31.4
1 O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,
2 That faire may thee befall!
3 For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,
4 Thou wold not meruaile at all.

31.5
1 King Arthur then held vp his hand,
2 According thence as was the law;
3 He took his leaue of the baron there,
4 And hornward can he draw.

31.6
1 And when he came to merry Carlile,
2 To his chamber he is gone,
3 And ther came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
4 As he did make his mone.

31.7
1 And there came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
2 That was a curteous knigt;
3 'Why sigh you sore, vuckle Arthur,' he said,
4 'Or who hath done thee vnright?'

31.8
1 'And I must bring him word what thing it is
2 That a woman [will] most desire;
3 This shalbe thy ransom, Arthur,' he says,
4 'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

31.9
1 Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde,
2 To the baron there cold he finde,
3 With a great weapon on his backe,
4 Standing stiffe and strong.

31.10
1 And bring me word what thing it is
2 That a woman [will] most desire;
3 This shalbe thy ransom, Arthur,' he says,
4 'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

31.11
1 Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,
2 I ought to him to pay;
3 Or from him I shold begone,
4 Standing stiffe and strong.

31.12
1 And bring me word what thing it is
2 That a woman [will] most desire;
3 This shalbe thy ransom, Arthur,' he says,
4 'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

31.13
1 And I must bring him word what thing it is
2 That a woman [will] most desire;
3 This shalbe thy ransom, Arthur,' he says,
4 'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

31.14
1 Then as he rode over a more,
2 And at the formost of the company
3 They rode with them that day,
4 And the formost of the company
5 rode the steward Kay.

31.15
1 And as he rode over a more,
2 She see a lady where shee sate
3 Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen;
4 She was clad in red scarlett.

31.16
1 Then there as shold haue stood her mouth,
2 Then ther came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
3 The other was in her forhead fast,
4 The way that she might see.
31.33
1 And when he came to the greene forest,
2 Vunderneath a greene holly tree,
3 Their sate that lady in red scarlet
4 That vnseemly was to see.

31.34
1 Sir Kay beheld this ladys face,
2 And looked uppon her swire;
3 Whoseonwer kisses this lady," he sayses,
4 Of his kisse he stands in feare.

31.35
1 Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,
2 And looked uppon her snout;
3 Whoseonwer kisses this lady," he saies,
4 Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

31.36
1 Peace, cozen Kay," then said Sir Gawaine,
2 Amend thee of thy life;
3 For there is a knight amongst vs all
4 That must marry her to his wife.

31.37
1 What! wedd her to wiffe!" then said Sir Kay,
2 In the diewells name anon!
3 Get me a wiffe where-ere I may,
4 For I had rather be slaine!

31.38
1 Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,
2 And some tooke vp their hounds,
3 And some swearthy wold not marry her
4 For citty nor for towne.

31.39
1 And then be-spake him noble King Arthur,
2 And swear there by this day,
3 For a litle foule sight and misliking
4 Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,

31.40
1 Then shee said, Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,
2 Truth as I doe say,
3 Wether thou wilt have me in this liknesse
4 That must marry her to his wife.

31.41
1 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
2 Was one soe mild of moode,
3 Sayes, Well I know what I wold say,
4 God grant it may be good.

31.42
1 To haue thee fowle in the night
2 When I with thee shold play—
3 Yet I had rather, if I might,
4 Haue thee fowle in the day.

31.43
1 What! wedd her to wiffe!" shee said,
2 Both to the ale and wine,
3 Alas! then I must hyde my selfe,
4 I must not goe withinne.

31.44
1 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
2 Said, Lady, that's but skill;
3 And because thou art my owne lady,
4 Thou shalt haue all thy will.

31.45
1 Then she said, Blessd be thou, gentle Gawain,
2 This day that I thee see,
3 For as thou seest me at this time,
4 From hencethforth I wilbe.

31.46
1 My father was an old knight,
2 And yet it chanced soe
3 That he married a younge lady
4 That brought me to this woe.

31.47
1 Shee witched me, being a faire young lady,
2 To the greene forest to dwell,
3 And there I must walke in womans liknesse,
4 Most like a feend of hell.

31.48
1 She witched my brother to a carlish b...
2 . . .
3 . . .
4 . . .
5 . . .
33A.11
1 Itka eye intil his head
2 War a rotten plumme,
3 And down browed was the queyne,
4 And saftily did she glosem.

33A.12
1 Ilka nail anuer his hand
2 Was like an iron rake,
3 And ilka tooth intil his head
4 Was like a tetter-stake.

33A.13
1 She gied to him a gravat,
2 O the auld horse’s sheete,
3 And he gied her a gay gold ring,
4 O the auld couple-root.

33B.1
1 KEMPY KAYE is a wooing gane,
2 Far ayont the sea,
3 And there he met wi Drearylane,
4 KEMPY KAYE’s a wooing gane.

33B.2
1 ’What are ye gaun, O Kempy Kaye,’
2 What are ye gaun sae sake? 
3 ‘O I am gau to court a wife,
4 And think na ye that’s a weel dune?’

33B.3
1 ‘An ye be gaun to court a wife,
2 As ye do tell to me,
3 ‘Tis ye sall hae my Fusome Fug,
4 Your ae wife for to be.’

33B.4
1 Whan auld Goling cam to the house,
2 He lookit thro a hole,
3 And there he saw the dirty drab
4 Just whisking oure the coal.

33B.5
1 ’Rise up, rise up my Fusome Fug,
2 And mak your foul face clean,
3 For the bravest wooer that ere ye saw
4 Is come deavellin doun the green.’

33B.6
1 Up then rose the Fusome Fug,
2 To mak her foule face clean;
3 And aye she cursed her mither
4 She had na water in.

33B.7
1 She rampit out, and she rampit in,
2 She rampit but and ben;
3 The tittles and tattles that hang frae her tail
4 Wad muck an acre o land.

33B.8
1 She had a neis upon her face
2 War like a twa rottan plums;
3 The heavy brows hung doun her face,
4 And O I vow she glooms!

33B.9
1 She had twa een intil her head
2 War like o an auld horse-brat;
3 ‘I neer wore a gowd ring in a my life,
4 But now I wot Ise wear ane.’

33B.10
1 He gied to her a braw silk napkin,
2 Was made o’an auld brass pan;
3 ‘I neer wore a gowd ring in a my life,
4 But weel I wot Ise wear a.’

33B.11
1 Whan thir twa lovers had met thegither,
2 O kissing to get their fill,
3 The slaver that hang atween their twa gabs
4 Wad hae tetherd a ten year auld bill.

33C.1
1 KEMPY KAYE’s a wooing gane,
2 And far beyon the sea, a wee
3 And there he met wi Drecrylane,
4 His gudefather to be.

33C.2
1 ‘Gude een, gude een,’ quo Drecrylane,
2 ‘Gude een, gude een,’ quo he, a wee
3 ‘I’ve come your dochter’s love to win,
4 I kenna how it will do.’ a wee.

33C.3
1 ‘My dochter she’s a thrifty lass,
2 She’s spun this gay seven year,
3 I’m sure you was once the fairest creature
4 And O I vow she glooms!

33C.4
1 ‘Get up, get up, ye dirty bitch,
2 Wash yer foul face clean,
3 And wrung your hands!’ a wee.
4 And dried it wi a huggar.

33D.1
1 He’s gien her a gay gold ring.
2 Just like a cable-rope,
3 And she’s gien him a gay gravat,
4 Made out o the tail o a sark.

33D.2
1 ‘GUD een, gud een,’ says Chickmakin,
2 ‘Ye’re welcome here,’ says Drowsy Lane;
3 ‘I’m comd to court your daughter Jean,
4 And marry her wi yer will, a wee.’

33D.3
1 My dochter Jean’s a thrifty lass,
2 She’s spun these seven lang years to me,
3 And gin she spin another seven,
4 She’ll munt a half an heir, a wee.

33D.4
1 Drowsy Lane, it’s he’s gane hame,
2 And keekit through the hole, a wee.
3 And there he saw his daughter Jean
4 A reekin oer the coal, a wee.

33D.5
1 ’Get up, get up, ye dirty bitch,
2 Wash yer foul face clean,
3 For they are to be here the night
4 That should hae been here yestreen.’

33D.6
1 Up she rose, pat on her clothes,
2 She’s washen her foul face clean;
3 She cursed the hands, she ban’d the feet,
4 That wadna bring the water in.

33D.7
1 She rubbit hersel, she scrubbit hersel,
2 Wi the side of a rustit pan, a wee.
3 And in a little came Chickmakin,
4 A braw young lad indeed was he.

33D.8
1 His teeth they were like tether-stekes,
2 His nose was five feet lang;
3 Between his shoulders was nine yards broad,
4 And between his een a span.

33D.9
1 Ilka hair into his head
2 Was like a heathe-cower,
3 And ilka louse anunder it
2 Was made frae an auld brass pan:

33D.10
1 Whan she spak her auld mither
2 She span seven year to me,
3 She span seven year to me;
4 She span seven year to me.
33F.1r
1 And bar ay er yer bower door weel weel,  
2 And bar ay yer bower door weel weel.
33F.2
1 I lookit in at her window,  
2 And in at her hove hole,  
3 And there I saw a fousome fag,  
4 Cowering oer a coal.
33F.3
1 'Get up, get up, ye fousome fag,  
2 And make yer face fou clean;  
3 For the woewers will be here the night,  
4 And your body will be seen.'
33F.4
1 He gave her a gay cravat,  
2 'Twas of an auld horse-sheet;  
3 He gave her a gay goud ring,  
4 'Twas of an auld tree root.
33F.5
1 He laid his arms about her neck,  
2 They were like kipple-roots;  
3 And aye he kissed her wi his lips,  
4 They were like meller’s hoops.
33F.6
1 When they were laid in marriage bed,  
2 And covered oer wi fail;  
3 The knocking mel below their heads  
4 Did serve them wondrous weel.
33F.7
1 Ilka pap into her breasts  
2 Was like a saffron bag,  
3 And aye he kisses her a...e  
4 Was tearing up the scabs.
33F.8
1 Ilka hair into her head  
2 Was like a heather-cow,  
3 And ilka louse that lookit out  
4 Was like a brookit ewe.
33G.1
1 KING KNAPPERTY he’s a hunting gane,  
2 Oer hills and mountains high, high, high,  
3 He gave her a gay goud ring,  
4 Was like a linsteed-bow.
33G.2
1 HER mother died when she was young,  
2 Which gave her cause to make great moan;  
3 Her father married the worst woman  
4 That ever lived in Christendom.
33G.3
1 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,  
2 Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
3 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,  
4 On Eastmuir craigs, or they them clim.
33G.4
1 For the wicked beast she'll sure gae mad,  
2 And releived sall ye never be  
3 For the fiery beast she'll sure gae mad,  
4 An set fire to the land an mair.'
33G.5
1 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,  
2 That I have found in the green sea;  
3 And while your body it is,  
4 Drawn shall your blood never be;  
5 But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
6 I swear my brand your death shall be.'
33G.6
1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
2 The royal brand he brought him wi;  
3 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
4 And twisted ane about the tree,  
5 And with a swing she came about;  
6 'Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss with me.'
33G.7
1 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,  
2 'That I have found in the green sea;  
3 And while your body it is,  
4 Drawn shall your blood never be;  
5 But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
6 I swear my brand your death shall be.'
33G.8
1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
2 The royal brand he brought him wi;  
3 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
4 And twisted ane about the tree,  
5 And with a swing she came about;  
6 'Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss with me.'
33G.9
1 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,  
2 'That I have found in the green sea;  
3 And while your body it is,  
4 Drawn shall your blood never be;  
5 But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
6 I swear my brand your death shall be.'
33G.10
1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
2 The royal brand he brought him wi;  
3 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
4 And twisted ane about the tree,  
5 And with a swing she came about;  
6 'Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss with me.'
33G.11
1 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,  
2 'That I have found in the green sea;  
3 And while your body it is,  
4 Drawn shall your blood never be;  
5 But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
6 I swear my brand your death shall be.'
34A.1
1 'O meilek dollour dollay yee dree,  
2 An ay the sat seas oer yee’s[s] swim;  
3 An far mair dollour dollay yee dree  
4 On Eastmuir craigs, or ye them clim.
34A.2
1 'I wot ye’s be a weary wight,  
2 An relieved sail ye never be  
3 Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
4 Come to the craig and thrice kiss thee.'
34A.3
1 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,  
2 'That I have found in the green sea;  
3 And while your body it is,  
4 Drawn shall your blood never be;  
5 But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
6 I swear my brand your death shall be.'
34A.4
1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
2 The royal brand he brought him wi;  
3 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
4 And twisted ane about the tree,  
5 And with a swing she came about;  
6 'Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss with me.'
34A.5
1 HER mother died when she was young,  
2 Which gave her cause to make great moan;  
3 Her father married the worst woman  
4 That ever lived in Christendom.
34A.6
1 'Get up, get up, ye filthy foul flag,  
2 'Twas of an auld horse-sheet;  
3 And ilka louse that lookit out  
4 Was like a brookit ewe.
34A.7
1 KING KNAPPERTY he’s a hunting gane,  
2 Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
3 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,  
4 On Eastmuir craigs, or them they them.
34A.8
1 'O Segramour, keep my boat afloat,  
2 That sich a beast was in his lan,  
3 For the wicked beast she'll sure gae mad,  
4 Gin she gat nae help frae his han.
34A.9
1 'O Segramour, keep my boat afloat,  
2 An the sat seas oer yee swam;  
3 An Kempion an Segramour  
4 On Eastmuir craigs, or ye them clim.
34A.10
1 'I wot ye’s be a weary wight,  
2 An relieved sail ye never be  
3 Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
4 Come to the craig and thrice kiss thee.'
I'd rather a toddled about the tree.

To kemb my heady upon her knee;

Wi silver bason an silver kemb,

My sister Maisry came to me,

And gard me toddle about the tree;

Then out has she taen a silver wand,

That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

An she sware by the meen and the stars abeen,

For a' the gifts that ye coud gi.'

I woudna ance kiss your ugly mouth

This goodly gift I will you gi.

Says, Gin you will be my lemman sae true,

Wi jewls sae fair to see;

She showd me a cup of the good red gold,

An relieved sall she never be,

And my daughter, Lady Masery?'

She has taen a small horn,

That lies at the fit o the tree,

And my sister Masery she's made

The machrel of the sea.

Seven knights haef I slain,

When my mither she did die;

My father married the ae warst woman

When my mither she did die;

And every Saturday at noon

An seven knights hae I slain,

That lies at the fit o the tree,

And my sister Masery

To the machrel o the sea.

Sing on your song, ye laily worm,

That ye did sing to me:

I never sung that song but what

I would it sing to thee.

I was but seven year auld,

An ye wa war my ain father,

For she has made me the laily worm,

An my sister Masery she's made

The machrel of the sea.

Seven knights haef I slain,

Sin I lay at the fit o the tree,

An every Saturday at noon

An seven knights hae I slain,

That lies at the fit o the tree,

An my sister Masery

To the machrel of the sea.

An every Saturday at noon

The machrel comes to me,

And my sister Masery

To the machrel of the sea.

Seven knights haef I slain,

Sin I lay at the fit o the tree,

An ye war na my ain father,

The eighth ane ye should be.'

He sent for his lady,

As fast as send could he:

Your son is at our king's court,

Your son is at our king's court,

Your son is at our queen's court,

Ye lie, ye ill woman,

Sae loud as I hear ye lie;

My son's the laily worm,

That lies at the fit o the tree,

And my daughter, Lady Masery,

Is the machrel of the sea!

She has sene a siller wan,

An gien him strokes three,

She has tane a siller wan,

An she takes my laily head

An she kembed my hair,

An a' the fish came her untill

An gien him kisses three,

An she kems to me

An she kems to me

An she kems to me

An she kems to me

An she kems to me

Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,

An she set me down safely on her knee;

Says, Gin ye will be my lennan sae true,

Says, Gin ye will be my lennan sae true,

Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,

Hand far awa, an lat me be;

I will show you fairlies three.

I would not be served by thee.

I will show you fairlies three.

I would not be served by thee.

I would not be served by thee.
The Child Ballads
The Text of

38C.2
1 His legs were skant a shathmont lang,
2 Yet umber was his thie;
3 Between his brows there was ae span,
4 And between his shoulders three.

38C.3
1 He’s tuen and flung a meikle stane,
2 As far as I could see;
3 I could na, had I been Wallace wight,
4 Hae lifted it to my knee.

38C.4
1 ‘O wee wee man, but ye be strang!’
2 Where may thy dwelling be?’
3 ‘It’s down beside yon bonny bower;
4 Fair lady, come and see.’

38C.5
1 On we lap, and awa we rade,
2 Down to a bonny green;
3 We lighted down to bair our steed,
4 And we saw the fair queen.

38C.6
1 With four and twenty at her back,
2 Of ladies clad in green;
3 Tho the King of Scotland had been there,
4 The worst might hae been his queen.

38C.7
1 On we lap, and awa we rade,
2 Down to a bonny ha;
3 The roof was o the beaten goud,
4 The reef was o the proseyla.

38C.8
1 And there were dancing on the floor,
2 Fair ladies jimp and sma;
3 But in the twinkling o an eye,
4 They painted clean awa.

38D.1
1 AS I gaed out to tak a walk,
2 Atween the water and the wa,
3 There I met wi a wee wee man,
4 I could na lift it to my knee.

38D.2
1 ‘O, quo I, ’but ye be strong!’
2 And O where may your dwelling be?’
3 ‘It’s down in to yon bonny glen;
4 Gin ye dinna believe ye can come and see.’

38D.3
1 And we rade on, and we sped on,
2 Till we cam to yon bonny glen,
3 And there we lichted and louted in,
4 And there we saw a dainty dame.

38D.4
1 There was four and twenty wating on her,
2 And ilka ane was clad in green,
3 And he had been the king of fair Scotland,
4 The warst o them might hae been his queen.

38D.5
1 There were pipers playing in every neuk,
2 And ladies dancing, jimp and sma,
3 And aye the owre-turn o their tune
4 Was ‘Our wee wee man has been lang awa.’

38F.1
1 AS I was walking mine alone,
2 Between the water and the wa,
3 And oh there I spy’d a d wee wee mannie,
4 The weest man that ere I saw.

38F.2
1 His legs they were na a gude inch lang,
2 And thick and nimble was his thie;
3 Between his een there was a span,
4 And between his shouthers there were ells three.

38F.3
1 I asked at this wee wee mannie
2 Where his dwelling place might be;
3 The answer that he gied to me
4 Was, Cumn alang, and ye shall see.

38F.4
1 So we’ll awa, and on we rade,
2 Till we cam to yon bonny green;
3 We lichted down to bair our horse,
4 And up and started a lady syne.

38F.5
1 Wi four and twenty at her back,
2 And they were a’ weel clad in green;
3 Tho I had been a crowned king,
4 The warst o them might hae been my queen.

38F.6
1 So we’ll awa, and on we rade,
2 Till we cam to yon bonny hall;
3 The rafteres were o the beaten gold,
4 And silver wire were the kebars all.

38F.7
1 And there was mirth in every end,
2 And ladies dancing, ane and a,
3 And aye the owre-turn o their sang
4 Was ‘The wee wee mannie’s been lang awa.’

38G.1
1 AS I gaed out to tak the air,
2 Between Midmar and bonny Craigha,
3 There I met a little wee man,
4 The less o him I never saw.

38G.2
1 His legs were but a finger lang,
2 And thick and nimble was his knee;
3 Between his brows there was a span,
4 Between his shouthers ells three.

38G.3
1 He lifted a stane sax feet in hight,
2 He lifted it up till his right knee,
3 And fifty yards and mair, I’m sure,
4 I wyte he made the stane to flee.

38G.4
1 ‘O little wee man, but ye be bight!’
2 Tell me whar your dwelling be;
3 ‘I hae a bower, compactly built,
4 Madam, gin ye’ll cum and see.’

38G.5
1 Sae on we lap, and awa we rade,
2 Till we come to yon little ha;
3 The kipples were o the gude red gowd,
4 The reef was o the proseyla.

38G.6
1 Pipers were playing, ladies dancing,
2 The ladies dancing, jimp and sma;
3 At ilka turning o the spring
4 The little man was wearin’s wa.

38G.7
1 Out gat the lights, on cam the mist,
2 Ladies nor mannie mair could see
3 I turned about, and gae a look,
4 Just at the foot o Benachie.

38A.1
1 Haud your tongue, ye auld fac’d knight,
2 Some ill death may ye die!
3 ‘Haud your tongue, ye auld fac’d knight,
4 As green as onie glass.

38A.2
1 ‘Out then spak an auld grey knight,
2 Were playing at the ba,
3 A little a bove her knee,
4 Or else their maidenhead.

38A.3
1 And up and started a lady syne.
2 As green as onie glass.
3 Till up then started young Tam Lin,
4 Says, Lady, thou’s pu nae mae.

38A.4
1 ‘Carterhaugh, it is my ain,
2 My daddie gave it me;
3 I’ll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
4 And ask nae leave at thee.’

38A.5
1 ‘Janet has kilted her green kirtle’
2 A little aboon her knee,
3 And she has snooded her yellow hair
4 A little aboon her bree.
5 And she’s awa to Carterhaugh,
6 As fast as she can hie.

38A.6
1 Why pu’s thou the rose, Janet,
2 And why breaks thou the wand?
3 Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
4 Withouten my command?

38A.7
1 ‘Carterhaugh, it is my ain,
2 Where is your dwelling, or where may’t be?
3 ‘Come or gae by Carterhaugh,
4 And out then cam the fair Janet,
5 Ance the flower amang them a’.

38A.8
1 ‘Janet has kilted her green kirtle’
2 A little aboon her knee,
3 And she has snooded her yellow hair
4 A little aboon her bree.
5 And she is to her father’s ha,
6 As fast as she can hie.

38A.9
1 Four and twenty lairds fair
2 Were playing at the ba,
3 And out then cam the fair Janet,
4 As green as onie glass.

38A.10
1 Out then spak an auld grey knight,
2 Lay oer the castle wa,
3 And says, Alas, fair Janet, for thee
4 But we’ll be blamed a’.

38A.11
1 ‘Haud your tongue, ye auld fac’d knight,
2 Some ill death may ye die!
3 Father my bairn on whom I will,
4 I’ll father nane on thee.’

38A.12
1 Out then spak her father dear,
2 And he spak meek and mild;
3 ‘And ever alas, says he, says he,
4 ‘I think thou gae wis child.’

38A.13
1 ‘If that I gae wi child, father,
2 My daddie gave it me;
3 I’ll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
4 And ask nae leave at thee.’

38A.14
1 ‘Janet has kilted her green kirtle’
2 A little aboon her knee,
3 And she has snooded her yellow hair
4 A little aboon her bree.
5 And she is to her father’s ha,
6 As fast as she can hie.

38A.15
1 ‘If my love were an earthly knight, 
2 As he’s an elfin grey,
3 I wad na gie my ain true-love
4 For nae lord that ye hae.'
39A.16
1 ‘The stead that my true-love rides on
2 Is lighter than the wind;
3 Wi siller he is shod before,
4 Wi burning gowd behind.’

39A.17
1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle
2 A little aboon her knee,
3 And she has snooded her yellow hair
4 A little aboon her bree,
5 And she’s awa to Carterhaugh,
6 As fast as she can hie.

39A.18
1 When she cam to Carterhaugh,
2 Tam Lin was at the well,
3 And there she fand his steed standing,
4 But away was himself.

39A.19
1 She has na pu’d a double rose,
2 A rose but only twa,
3 Till up then started young Tam Lin,
4 Says Lady, thou pu’s nae mae.

39A.20
1 Why pu’s thou the rose, Janet,
2 Among the groves sae green,
3 And a’ to kill the bonie babe
4 That we gat us between?

39A.21
1 ‘O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,’ she says,
2 ‘For’s sake that died on tree,
3 If e’r ye was in holy chapel,
4 Or christendom did see?’

39A.22
1 Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,
2 Took me with him to bide,
3 And ance it fell upon a day
4 That wae did me betide.

39A.23
1 ‘And ance it fell upon a day,
2 A cauld day and a snell,
3 When we were frae the hunting come,
4 That frae my horse I fell;
5 The Queen o Fairies she caught me,
6 In yon green hill to dwell.

39A.24
1 ‘And pleasant is the fairy land,
2 But, an eerie tale to tell,
3 Ay at the end of seven years
4 We pay a tiend to hell;
5 I am sae fair and fu o flesh,
6 I’m feared it be mysel.

39A.25
1 ‘But the night is Halloween, lady,
2 The morn is Hallowday;
3 Then win me, win me, an ye will,
4 For weel I wat ye may.

39A.26
1 ‘Just at the mirk and midnight hour
2 The fairy folk will ride,
3 And they that wad their true-love win,
4 At Miles Cross they mairn bide.’

39A.27
1 ‘But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
2 Or how my true-love know,
3 Among sae mony unco knights
4 Tha like I never saw?’

39A.28
1 ‘O first let pass the black, lady,
2 And syne let pass the brown,
3 But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
4 Pu ye his rider down.

39A.29
1 ‘For I’ll ride on the milk-white steed,
2 And ay nearest the town;
3 Because I was an earthly knight
4 They gie me that renown.

39A.30
1 ‘My right hand will be glovid, lady,
2 My left hand will be bare,
3 Cockit up shall my bonnet be,
4 And kaimd down shall my hair,
5 And that’s the takens I gie thee,
6 Naeb doubt I will be there.

39A.31
1 ‘They’ll turn me in your arms, lady,
2 Into an esk and adder;
3 But hold me fast, and fear me not,
4 I am your bairn’s father.

39A.32
1 ‘They’ll turn me to a bear sae grim,
2 And then a lion bold;
3 But hold me fast, and fear me not,
4 As ye shall love your child.

39A.33
1 ‘Again they’ll turn me in your arms
2 To a red head of airm;
3 But hold me fast, and fear me not,
4 I’ll do to you nae harm.

39A.34
1 ‘And last they’ll turn me in your arms
2 Into the burning gleed;
3 Then throw me into well water,
4 O throw me in wi speed.

39A.35
1 ‘And then I’ll be your ain true-love,
2 I’ll turn a naked knight;
3 Then cover me wi your green mantle,
4 And cover me out o sight.’

39A.36
1 Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
2 And eerie was the way,
3 As fair Jenny in her green mantle
4 To Miles Cross she did gae.

39A.37
1 About the middle o the night
2 She heard the briddles ring;
3 This lady was as glad at that
4 As any earthly thing.

39A.38
1 First she let the black pass by,
2 And syne she let the brown;
3 But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
4 And pu’d the rider down.

39A.39
1 Sae weel she minded whae he did say,
2 Young Tam Lin did win;
3 Syne coverd him wi her green mantle,
4 As blythe’s a bird in spring.

39A.40
1 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,
2 Out of a bush o tree.
3 ‘Them that has gotten young Tam Lin
4 Has gotten a stately groom.’

39A.41
1 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,
2 And an angry woman was she:
3 ‘Shame beit her ill-fa’r face,
4 And an ill death may she die,
5 For she’s taen awa the boniest knight
6 In a’ my company.

39A.42
1 ‘But had I knoud, Tam Lin,’ she says,
2 ‘What now this night I see,
3 I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,
4 I’ll do to you nae harm.’

39B.1
1 I FORBID ye, maidens a’,
2 That wear goud on your gear,
3 To come and gae by Carterhaugh,
4 For young Tom Line is there.

39B.2
1 There’s nane that gae by Carterhaugh
2 But they leave him a wad.
3 Either their things or green mantles,
4 Or else their maidenhead.

39B.3
1 But Janet has kilted her green kirtle
2 A little above her knee,
3 And she has brooded her yellow hair
4 A little above her bree,
5 And she has gaen for Carterhaugh,
6 As fast as she can hie.

39B.4
1 When she came to Carterhaugh
2 Tom Line was at the well,
3 And there she fand his steed standing,
4 But away was himself.

39B.5
1 She hadna pu’d a double rose,
2 A rose but only twae,
3 Till up then started young Tom Line,
4 Says, Lady, thou pu’s nae mae.

39B.6
1 Why pu’s thou the rose, Janet?
2 Why breaks thou the wand?
3 Why comest thou to Carterhaugh
4 Withothen my command?

39B.7
1 ‘Fair Carterhaugh it is my ain,
2 My daddy gave it me;
3 I’ll come and gae by Carterhaugh,
4 And ask nae leave at thee.’

39B.8
1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle
2 A little aboon her knee,
3 And she has snooded her yellow hair
4 A little aboon her bree,
5 And she is on to her father’s ha,
6 As fast as she can hie.

39B.9
1 Four and twenty ladies fair
2 Were playing at the chess,
3 And out then came fair Janet,
4 As green as ony glass.

39B.10
1 Out spak an auld grey-headed knight,
2 Lay owre the castle wa,
3 And says, Alas, fair Janet,
4 For thee we’ll be blam’d a’.

39B.11
1 ‘Had your tongue, you auld grey knight,
2 Some ill dead may ye die!
3 Father my bairn on whom I will,
4 I’ll father nane on thee.’

39B.12
1 ‘O tell me, tell me, Tom,’ she says,
2 ‘For’s sake who died on tree,
3 If ever ye were in holy chapel,
4 Or christendom did see.’

39B.13
1 ‘If that I gae wi child, father,
2 Mysell bears a’ the blame;
3 And says, Alas, fair Janet,
4 ‘I think ye gae wi childe.’

39B.14
1 ‘If my lord were an earthly knight,
2 Some ill dead may ye die!
3 Father my bairn on whom I will,
4 For thee we’ll be blam’d a’.

39B.15
1 ‘If my lord were an earthly knight,
2 As he’s an elfish grey,
3 I wad na gie my ain true-love
4 For nae lord that ye ha’e.

39B.16
1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle
2 A little aboon her knee,
3 And she has snooded her yellow hair
4 A little aboon her bree,
5 And she’s awa to Carterhaugh,
6 As fast as she can hie.

39B.17
1 When she came to Carterhaugh,
2 Tom Line was at the well,
3 And there she fand his steed standing,
4 But away was himself.

39B.18
1 She hadna pu’d a double rose,
2 A rose but only twae,
3 Till up then started young Tom Line,
4 Says, Lady, thou pu’s nae mae.

39B.19
1 Why pu’s thou the rose, Janet?
2 Out owr yon groves sae green,
3 And a’ to kill your bonny babe
4 Some ill dead may ye die!
5 Father my bairn on whom I will,
6 As fast as she can hie.

39B.20
1 ‘O tell me, tell me, Tom,’ she says,
2 ‘For’s sake who died on tree,
3 If e’r ye were in holy chapel,
4 Or christendom did see.’
O ALL you ladies young and gay,
2 Who are so sweet and fair,
3 Do not go into Chaster's wood,
4 For Tomlin will be there.

Fair Margret sat in her bonny bower,
2 Sewing her silken seam,
3 And wished to be in Chaster's wood,
4 Among the leaves so green.

She let her seam fall to her foot,
2 The needle to her toe,
3 And she has gone to Chaster's wood,
4 As fast as she could go.

When she began to pull the flowers,
2 She pulled both red and green;
3 Then by did come, and by did go,
4 Said, Fair maid, let aleene.

'O why pluck you the flowers, lady,
2 Or why climb you the tree?
3 Or why come ye to Chaster's wood
4 Without the leave of me?'

'O I will pull the flowers,' she said,
2 'Or I will break the tree,
3 For Chaster's wood it is my own,
4 I'll no ask leave at thee.'

He took her by the milk-white hand,
2 And by the grass green sleeve,
3 And laid her low down on the flowers,
4 At her he asked no leave.

The lady blushed, and sourly frowned,
2 And she did think great shame;
3 Says, 'if you are a gentleman,
4 You will tell me your name.'

First they did call me Jack,' he said,
2 'And then they called me John,
3 But since I lived in the fairy court
4 Tomlin has always been my name.

'So do not pluck that flower, lady,
2 That has these pimples gray;
3 They would destroy the bonny babe
4 That we've got in our play.'

So do not pluck that flower, lady,
2 That has these pimples gray;
3 They would destroy the bonny babe
4 That we've got in our play.'

'O tell it to me soon,
2 'Or I will break the tree,
3 For Chaster's wood it is my own,
4 I'll no ask leave at thee.'

'O I have been at good church-door,
2 And aff her yetts within;
3 I was the Laird of Foulis's son,
4 The heir of all this land.

But it fell once upon a day,
2 As hunting I did ride,
3 As I rode east and west yon hill
4 There woe did me betide.

So do not pluck that flower, lady,
2 That has these pimples gray;
3 They would destroy the bonny babe
4 That we've got in our play.'

But first ye'll let the black gae by,
2 And our court a'll ride;
3 As hunting I did ride,
4 In which I love to dwell.

I am the Laird of Foulis's son,
2 The heir of all this land.
3 Do not go into Chaster's wood,
4 And took me to hersell.

First they did call me Jack,' he said,
2 'And then they called me John,
3 But since I lived in the fairy court
4 Tomlin has always been my name.

First they did call me Jack,' he said,
2 'And then they called me John,
3 But since I lived in the fairy court
4 Tomlin has always been my name.

If ony maiden wins her man,
2 And our court a'll ride;
3 As hunting I did ride,
4 In which I love to dwell.

The Elfins is a pretty place,
2 In which I love to dwell,
3 But yet at every seven years' end
4 The last here goes to hell;
5 And as I am o' flesh and blood,
6 I fear the next be mysell.

The Thumbelina is a pretty place,
2 In which I love to dwell,
3 But yet at every seven years' end
4 The last here goes to hell;
5 And as I am o' flesh and blood,
6 I fear the next be mysell.
The Child Ballads

39D.17
1 'You may go into the Miles Moss,
2 Between twelve hours and one;
3 Take holy water in your hand,
4 And cast a compass round.

39D.18
1 'The first court that comes along,
2 You'll let them all pass by;
3 The next court that comes along,
4 Salute them reverently.

39D.19
1 'The next court that comes along
2 Is clad in robes of green
3 And it's the head court of them all,
4 For in it rides the queen.

39D.20
1 And I upon a milk-white steed,
2 With a gold star in my crown;
3 Because I am an earthly man
4 I'm next to the queen in renown.

39D.21
1 Then seize upon me with a spring,
2 Then to the ground I'll fall,
3 And then you'll hear a rueful cry
That Tomlin is awa.

39D.22
1 Then I'll grow into your arms two
Like a red-het gaud o'airn;
3 But hold me fast, let me not go,
4 I'm father of your child.

39D.23
1 I'll grow into your arms two
Like an adder or a snake;
3 But hold me fast, let me not go,
4 I'll be your earthly maick.

39D.24
1 I'll grow into your arms two
Like iron in strong fire;
3 But hold me fast, let me not go
4 Then you'll have your desire. '

39D.25
1 She rid down to Miles Cross,
2 Between twelve hours and one,
3 Took holy water in her hand,
4 And cast a compass round.

39D.26
1 The first court that came along,
2 She let them all pass by;
3 The next court that came along
4 Saluted reverently.

39D.27
1 The next court that came along
2 Were clad in robes of green,
3 When Tomlin, on a milk-white steed,
4 She saw ride with the queen.

39D.28
1 She seized him in her arms two,
2 He to the ground did fall,
3 And then she heard a rueful cry
'Tomlin is now awa.'

39D.29
1 He grew into her arms two
Like to a savage wild;
3 She held him fast, let him not go,
4 The father of her child.

39D.30
1 He grew into her arms two
Like an adder or a snake;
3 She held him fast, let him not go,
4 He was her earthly maick.

39D.31
1 He grew into her arms two
Like iron in hot fire;
3 She held him fast, let him not go,
4 He was her heart's desire.

39D.32
1 Then sounded out throw elphin court,
2 With a loud shout and a cry
3 That the pretty maid of Chaster's wood
4 That day had caught her prey.

39D.33
1 'O stay, Tomlin,' cried Elphin Queen,
2 'Till I pay you your fee;
3 'His father has lands and rents enough,
4 He wants no fee from thee.'

39D.34
1 'O had I known at early morn
2 Tomlin would from me go,
3 I would have taken out his heart of flesh
4 Put in a heart of stone.'

39E.1
1 LADY MARGARET is over gravel green,
2 And over gravel grey,
3 And she's awa to Charteris ha,
4 Lang lang three hour or day.

39E.2
1 She hadna pu'd a flower, a flower,
2 A flower but only twa,
3 Till up and started young Tamlin,
4 Says, Lady, let alone.

39E.3
1 She hadna pu'd a flower, a flower,
2 A flower but only twa,
3 Till up and started young Tamline,
4 Atween her and the wa.

39E.4
1 'How daur you pu my flower, madam?
2 How daur ye break my tree?
3 How daur ye come to Charter's ha,
4 Without the leave of me?'

39E.5
1 'Weel I may pu the rose,' she said,
2 'But I daurna break the tree;
3 And Charter's ha is my father's,
4 And I'm his heir to be.'

39E.6
1 'If Charteris ha be thy father's,
2 I was ance as gude myself;
3 But as I came in by Lady Kirk,
4 And in by Lady Well,

39E.7
1 'Deep and drowsy was the sleep
2 On my poor body fell;
3 By came the Queen of Faery,
4 Made me with her to dwell.

39E.8
1 'But the morn at een is Halloween,
2 Our fairy foks a' do ride;
3 But as I came in by Lady Kirk,
4 At Blackstock she must bide.

39E.9
1 'First let by the black,' he said,
2 'And syne let by the brown;
3 But when ye meet the milk-white steed,
4 You'll pull his rider down.

39E.10
1 'You'll pull him into thy arms,
2 Let his bright bridle fa',
3 And he'll fa low into your arms
4 For he'll be your heart's delight.

39E.11
1 'They'll first shape him into your arms
2 An adder or a snake;
3 But hold him fast, let him not go,
4 He'll be your world's make.

39E.12
1 'They'll next shape him into your arms
2 Like a wood black dog to bite;
3 Hold him fast, let him not go,
4 For he'll be your heart's delight.

39E.13
1 'They'll next shape [him] into your arms
2 Like a red-het gaud o'airn;
3 But hold him fast, let him not go,
4 He's the father o'your bairn.

39E.14
1 'They'll next shape him into your arms
2 Like the laidiest worm of Ind;
3 But hold him fast, let him not go,
4 And cry aye 'Young Tamlin.'

39E.15
1 Lady Margaret first let by the black,
2 And syne let by the brown,
3 But when she saw the milk-white steed
4 She pulled the rider down.

39E.16
1 She pulled him into her arms,
2 Let his bright bridle fa'
3 And he fell low into her arms,
4 Like stone in castle's wa.

39E.17
1 They first shaped him into arms
2 An adder or a snake;
3 But she held him fast, let him not go,
4 For he'd be her world's make.

39E.18
1 They next shaped him into her arms
2 Like a wood black dog to bite;
3 But she held him fast, let him not go,
4 For he'd be her heart's delight.

39E.19
1 They next shaped him into her arms
2 Like a red-het gaud o'airn;
3 But she held him fast, let him not go,
4 He'd be father o'her bairm.

39E.20
1 They next shaped him into her arms
2 Like the laidiest worm of Ind;
3 But she held him fast, let him not go,
4 And cried aye 'Young Tamlin.'

39E.21
1 The Queen of Faery turned her horse about,
2 Says, Adieu to thee, Tamline!
3 For if I had kent what I ken this night,
4 If I had kent it yestreen,
5 I wad haen taen out thy heart o' flesh,
6 And put in a heart o' stone.

39F.1
1 . . .
2 SHE'S taen her petticoat by the band,
3 Her mantle owre her arm,
4 And she's awa to Chester wood,
5 As fast as she could run.

39F.2
1 She scarcely pulled a rose, a rose,
2 She scarce pulled two or three,
3 Till up there starts Thomas
4 On the Lady Margaret's knee.

39F.3
1 She's taen her petticoat by the band,
2 Her mantle owre her arm,
3 And Lady Margaret's gane hame agen,
4 As fast as she could run.

39F.4
1 Up starts Lady Margaret's sister,
2 An angry woman was she:
3 'If there ever was a woman wi child,
4 Margaret, you are wi!'

39F.5
1 Up starts Lady Margaret's mother,
2 An angry woman was she:
3 'There grows ane herb in yon kirk-yard
4 That will scathe the babe away.'

39F.6
1 She took her petticoats by the band,
2 Her mantle owre her arm,
3 And she's gane to yon kirk-yard
4 As fast as she could run.

39F.7
1 She scarcely pulled an herb, an herb,
2 She scarce pulled two or three,
3 Till up there starts Thomas
4 Upon this Lady Margaret's knee.

39F.8
1 'How dare ye pull a rose?' he says,
2 'How dare ye break the tree?'
3 'How dare ye pull this herb,' he says,
4 'To scathe my babe away?'

39F.9
1 'This night is Halloweave,' he said,
2 'Our court is going to waste,
3 And them that loves their true-love best
4 At Chester bridge they'll meet.

39F.10
1 'First let pass the black,' he says,
2 'And then let pass the brown,
3 But when ye meet the milk-white steed,
4 Pull ye the rider down.

39F.11
1 'They'll turn me to an eagle,' he says,
2 'But I daurna break the tree;
3 How daur ye come to Charter's ha,
4 Without the leave of me?'

39F.12
1 'How daur ye break the tree?
2 'How dare ye pull a rose?' he says,
3 Till up there starts Thomas
4 As fast as she could run.

39F.13
1 'How dare ye pull a rose?' he says,
2 'How dare ye break the tree?'
3 'How dare ye pull this herb,' he says,
4 'To scathe my babe away?'

39F.14
1 'This night is Halloweave,' he said,
2 'Our court is going to waste,
3 And them that loves their true-love best
4 At Chester bridge they'll meet.
The Text of

39G.12 1 ‘Then out it speaks an earthen knight,
2 As he stood at the yet:
3 ‘O my king’s daughter, she gaes wi bairn,
4 And we’ll get a’ the wyte.’

39G.13 1 ‘O had your tongue, ye elden man,
2 And bring me that shame;
3 Although that I do gang wi bairn,
4 Yese naeeways get the blame.

39G.14 1 ‘Were my love but an earthly man,
2 As he’s an elfin knight,
3 I woudna gie my ain true love
4 For a’ that’s in my sight.’

39G.15 1 ‘Then out it speaks her brither dear,
2 He meant to do her harm:
3 ‘There is an herb in Charter wood
4 Will twine you an the bairn.’

39G.16 1 She’s taen her mantle her about,
2 Her coffer by the band;
3 And she is of Charter wood,
4 As fast as she could gang.

39G.17 1 She hadna poud a rose, a rose,
2 Nor broken a branch but ane,
3 Till by it came him Tam-a-Line,
4 Says, Ladye, lat alane.

39G.18 1 O why pou ye the pile, Margaret,
2 The pile o the gravil green,
3 For to destroy the bonny bain
4 That we got us between?

39G.19 1 O why pou ye the pile, Margaret,
2 The pile o the gravil gray,
3 For to destroy the bonny bain
4 That we got in our play?

39G.20 1 For if it be a knave-bairn,
2 He’s heir o a’ my land;
3 But if it be a lass-bairn,
4 In red gowd she shall gang.

39G.21 1 ‘If my luve were an earthly man,
2 As he’s an elfin rae,
3 I could gan bound, love, for your sake,
4 An twalmonth and a day.’

39G.22 1 ‘Indeed your love’s an earthly man,
2 The same as well as thee,
3 And lang I’ve haunted Charter woods,
4 A’ for your fair bodie.’

39G.23 1 ‘O tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line,
2 O tell, an tell me true,
3 Tell me this night, an mak nae lie,
4 What pedigree are you?’

39G.24 1 ‘I ha been at gude church-door,
2 An I’ve got christendom;
3 I’m the Earl o’ Forbes’ eldest son,
4 An heir ower a’ his land.

39G.25 1 ‘When I was young, o three years old,
2 Muckle was made o me;
3 My step-mother put on my claes,
4 An ill, sained she me.

39G.26 1 ‘Ae fatal morning I went out,
2 Dreading nae injury;
3 And thinking lang, fell soon asleep
4 Beneath an apple tree.

39G.27 1 ‘Then by it came the Elfin Queen,
2 And laid her hand on me;
3 And from that time since ever I mind,
4 I’ve been in her company.

39G.28 1 ‘O Elfin it’s a bonny place,
2 In it fain woud I dwell;
3 For to destroy the bonny bairn
4 You’ll have me won.’

39G.29 1 ‘O tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line,
2 O tell, an tell me true;
3 Tell me this night, an mak nae lie,
4 What way I’ll bror you?’

39G.30 1 ‘The morn is Halloweven night,
2 The elfin court will ride,
3 Through England, and thro a’ Scotland
4 And through the world wide.

39G.31 1 ‘O they begin at sky setting,
2 Rides a’ the evening tide;
3 And she that will her true-love borrow,
4 [At Miles-corse] will him bide.

39G.32 1 ‘Ye’ll do you down to Miles-corse,
2 Between twall hours and ane,
3 And pull your hands o holy water,
4 And cast your compass round.

39G.33 1 ‘Then the first an court that comes you till
2 Is published king and queen;
3 The next an court that comes you till,
4 It is maidens mony ane.

39G.34 1 ‘The next an court that comes you till
2 Is footmen, grooms and squires;
3 The next an court that comes you till
4 Is knights, and I’ll be there.

39G.35 1 ‘I Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,
2 A goud star on my crown;
3 Because I was an earthly knight,
4 Got that for a renown.

39G.36 1 ‘And out at my steed’s right nostril,
2 He’ll breathe a fiery flame;
3 Ye’ll loot you low, and sain yourself,
4 And ye’ll be busy then.

39G.37 1 ‘Ye’ll take my horse then by the head,
2 And lat the bridal fa;
3 The Queen o’ Elfin she’ll cry out,
4 True Tam-a-Line’s awa.

39G.38 1 ‘Then I’ll appear in your arms
2 Like the wolf that neer woud tame;
3 Ye’ll ha me fast, lat me not go,
4 Case we neer meet again.

39G.39 1 ‘Then I’ll appear in your arms
2 Like the fire that burns sae baud;
3 Ye’ll ha me fast, lat me not go,
4 I’ll be as iron cauld.

39G.40 1 ‘Then I’ll appear in your arms
2 Like the adder an the snake;
3 Ye’ll ha me fast, lat me not go,
4 I am your world’s make.

39G.41 1 ‘Then I’ll appear in your arms
2 Like to the deer sae wild;
3 Ye’ll ha me fast, lat me not go,
4 And I’ll father your child.

39G.42 1 ‘And I’ll appear in your arms
2 Like to a naked man;
3 Ye’ll ha me fast, lat me not go,
4 Till ye see the fair morning.

39G.43 1 ‘And I’ll appear in your arms
2 Like to a naked man;
3 Ye’ll ha me fast, lat me not go,
4 And wi you I’ll gae home.’

39G.44 1 ‘Then she has done her to Miles-corse,
2 Between twall hours an ane,
3 And filled her hands o holy water,
4 And kist her compass round.

39G.45 1 ‘The first an court that came her till
2 Was published king and queen;
3 The niest an court that came her till
4 Was maidens mony ane.
4 And flower mysel the gown.
3 And I'll away to Carterhaugh,
2 That wears gowd in your green,
1 I forbid ye, maidens a',
4 For young Tam Lane is there.

4 Ye'll nae find sic a may.

That night had gain'd her prey.

Like to a naked man;
1 And he appeared in her arms
2 Like to a silken string;
3 She held him fast, let him not go,
4 He was her warld's make.

She held him fast, let him not go,
2 Like the fire burning bauld;
4 Case they ne'er meet again.

She held him fast, let him not go,
2 Like the fire burning bauld;
4 Case they ne'er meet again.

She loots her low, an sains hersell,
2 He breath'd a fiery flame;
1 And out at the steed's right nostril,
4 Got that for a renown.

Because he was an earthly man,
4 Was knights, and he was there.
3 The niest an court that came her till
2 Were playing at the chess;
1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
4 The green leaves were between.

And footmen, grooms and squires;
3 She thought she'd dreed some sair sickness,
2 As it is to a wild buck rae,
3 She held him fast, let him not go,
2 Like the deer sae wild;
1 And he appeared in her arms
4 He was her warld's make.

Why put you back the bonny babe
2 And why breaks thou the tree?
1 'Why pullst thou the herb, Janet,
3 They thought she'd dreed some sair sickness,
4 And nae lord that ye hae.'
The Text of

39I.22 1 She prinked hersell and prinmd hersell,  
By the ae light of the moon,  
And she’s away to Carterhaugh,  
To spek wi young Tamblane.
39I.23 1 And when she cam to Carterhaugh,  
She gaed besid the weel,  
And there she saw the steed standing,  
But away was himself.
39I.24 1 She hadna pu’d double rose,  
A rose but only twae,  
When up and started young Tamblane,  
Says, Lady, thu pu’nae mae.
39I.25 1 Why pu ye the rose, Janet,  
Within this garden green,  
And a’ to kill the bonny babe  
That we got us between?
39I.26 1 The truth ye’ll tell to me, Tamblane,  
A word ye maun lie;  
Gin eer ye was in haly chapel,  
Or sained in Christentie?'
39I.27 1 'The truth I’ll tell to thee, Janet,  
A word I winna lie;  
A mother-naked man,  
My uncle sent for me.
39I.28 1 'Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,  
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine;  
We loved when we were children small,  
And frae my horse I fell.
39I.29 1 'When I was a boy just turnd of nine,  
My uncle sent for me,  
And held me fast in every shape,  
Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
39I.30 1 'Here came a wind out of the north,  
A sharp wind and a snell,  
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,  
'And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,'
39I.31 1 'The Queen o Fairies keppt me  
In yon green hill to dwell,  
And I’ll stand up before thee then  
To hunt and hauk, and ride with him,
39I.32 1 'This night is Halloween, Janet,  
The morn is Hallowday,  
And Janet was as glad o that  
For flowers to flower her hat.
39I.33 1 'The Queen of Fairies keppt me  
In yon garden gone,  
And Janet was as glad o that  
For I'll be ane o thae.'
39I.34 1 'The night it is good Halloween,  
When fairy folk will ride,  
And they that wad their true-love win,  
And gin ye dare your true love win,
39I.35 1 'The night it is good Halloween,  
When fairy folk will ride,  
And they that wad their true-love win,  
For I'll be ane o thae.'
39I.36 1 'The first company that passes by,  
Say na, and let them gae;  
The like I never saw?'  
And she’s away to Carterhaugh.
39I.37 1 'First let pass the black, Janet,  
And syne let pass the brown,  
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,  
She has to yon garden gone,
39I.38 1 'I ride on the milk-white steed,  
And aye nearest the town;  
I wad taen out your heart o flesh,  
'And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,'
39I.39 1 'My right hand will be gloved, Janet,  
My left hand will be bare;  
They shaped him in fair Janet's arms  
For I'll be father to yer chiel.
39I.40 1 'They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
And a adder and a snake;  
They shaped him in fair Janet's arms  
And I'll be neist the queen.
39I.41 1 'They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
And a adder and an ask;  
They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
And I'll be your bairn’s father.
39I.42 1 'First dip me in a stand o milk,  
And then in a stand o water;  
We loved when we were children small,  
'Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,
39I.43 1 'And next they’ll shape me in your arms  
A tod but and an eel;  
'Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,
39I.44 1 'They’ll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
A dove but and a swan;  
'Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,
39I.45 1 'They’ll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
A red-hot gad o airn;  
'Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,
39I.46 1 Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,  
And dry was the way,  
And Janet was as glad o that  
'And Janet was as glad o that,'
39I.47 1 About the dead hour o the night  
She heard the bridles ring,  
And Janet was as glad o that  
'Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,
39I.48 1 And first gaed by the black black steed,  
And then gaed by the brown;  
'Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,
39I.49 1 She pu’d him frae the milk-white steed,  
And loot the bridie fa,  
'Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,
39I.50 1 They shaped him in fair Janet’s arms  
An esk but and an adder;  
She has to yon garden gone,
39I.51 1 They shaped him in fair Janet’s arms  
An esk but and an adder;  
She wrapped in her green mantle,  
And gin ye dare your true love win,
39I.52 1 They shaped him in her arms at last  
A mother-naked man;  
She has to yon garden gone,
39I.53 1 Up then spake the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush o broom;  
She has to yon garden gone,
39I.54 1 Up then spake the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush o eye;  
She has to yon garden gone,
39I.55 1 'Had I but kennd, Tamblane,' she says,  
'They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
'Had I but kennd, Tamblane,' she says,
This night has gotten her prey.
And she's pulled Earl Thomas doun.
But she's taen a fast hold o the milk-white
And then she has letten the brown,
First she has letten the black pass by,
A cane into her hand,
She's taen her mantle her about,
And throw it on every side.'
Take holy water in thy left hand,
With God for to be your guide,
'Take the Bible in your right hand,
That you will find me there.
And that's a token good enough
My left hand shall be bare,
'My right hand shall be covered, lady,
And I aye nearest the toun.
But I myself on a milk-white steed,
A sudden sleep me overtook,
And by yon grass-green well,
With the queen of the fairies I dwell.
'I'll tell to you, fair lady,' he said,
What before you never told;
'Come tell to me, kind sir,' she said,
And every one was reed and whyte,
It ould destroy the boney young bern
It grows on gravel greay,
'There grows a flower in Charters Woods,
Or why come ye to Charters Woods
Or why break ye the tree?
Said, Leady, let alone.
She had not puld a rose, a rose,
'She held him fast; why should she not?
They turned him in this lady's arms
And clothed him in armour bright.
Leady Margat stands in her boor-door,
Clead in the robs of green;
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And I'l ask no leave of the.'
For Charters Woods is all my own,
Or why come ye to Charters Woods
Or why shall I thee ken, though, sir?
Some rides upon a black horse, lady,
And every one was reed and whyte,
Our king's daughter she gos we bern,
As he stood in the gate,
And therein read the queen,
Me upon a milk-white steed,
And therein read the queen,
Like to a naked knight;
And I ask no leave of the.
'They turned him in this lady's arms
And therein read the queen,
Our king's daughter she gos we bern,
And I ask no leave of the.
And laid her lo at the foot of the tree,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And she longed to go to Charters Woods,
To pull the flowers her lean.
She had not puld a pile, a pile,
And laid her lo at the foot of the tree,
And laid her lo at the foot of the tree,
Out it speaks an elder man,
Geen him a right sore fa;
And therein read the queen,
Me upon a milk-white steed,
And therein read the queen,
Like to all things that was vile;
She held him fast; why should she not?
They turned him in this lady's arms
And therein read the queen,
Our king's daughter she gos we bern,
And I ask no leave of the.
And I ay nearest the toun.
'My right hand shall be covered, lady,
My left hand shall be bare,
And that's a token good enough
That you will find me there.
'Take the Bible in your right hand,
With God for to be your guide,
Take holy water in thy left hand,
And throw it on every side.'
'She's taen her mantle her about,
As hard as she can gang.
First she has letten the black pass by,
And then she has letten the brown,
But she's taen a fast hold o the milk-white
And she's pulled Earl Thomas doun.
The queen of the fairies being there,
Sae loud she's letten a cry,
'The maid that sits in Katherine's Hall
This night has gotten her prey.
But how shall I thee ken, though, sir?
And beautiful was she,
That grows on gravel green,
For to destroy the boney young bern
That we got us between?'
For to destroy the boney young bern
That grows on gravel green,
'The Child Ballads
The queen of Elphan she cried out,
True Thomas is awa!
Next I'll be in your arms
The fire burning so bold;
Ye hold me fast, let me no pass
I'm the father of your child.'
The nex an court that ye come till,
I'm so full of flesh and blood
I'm sae fear for mysel.
'The nex an court that ye come till,
Ye hold me fast, let me no pass
I'm the father of your child.'
The queen of Elphan she cried out,
True Thomas is awa!
Next I'll be in your arms
The fire burning so bold;
Ye hold me fast, let me no pass
I'm the father of your child.'
'The queen of Elphan she cried out,
True Thomas is awa!
Next I'll be in your arms
The fire burning so bold;
Ye hold me fast, let me no pass
I'm the father of your child.'
It leads him to the heavens hie.

Down by yon lillie lee?

'O dinna ye see yon road, Tamas,
Beguil'd man and woman in your country.

'O let that evil fruit now be!

'O had your hand, Tamas!' she said,
For want of food I thought to tine.

'I put my hand to pu down ane,
Out-our that wa sa fine;
The apples hung like stars of goud
Upon a mountain's bree.

Till we came to a hie, hie wa,
And fleeter than the wind.

His feet were shot wi beaten goud,
'Twas o the elfin kind;
And by the queen of fairies came,
And layd me down to sleep,
He rowd me in his hunting-coat
And I myself a bonny boy,
My father was a noble knight,
And of a' the pages that were there
They askd him questions ane and a',
But if ye speak to nane but me, Tamas,
A fairie ye maun ever bide;
But see ye answer nane but me.

And when he came to Fairie Ha,
I wot a wee-leand boy was he;
They askd him questions ane and a',
But he answerd nane but his ladie.

There was four-and-twenty gude knights'-sons
In fairie land obliged to bide,
And of a ' the pages that were there
Fair Tamas was his ladie's pride.

There was four-and-twenty earthly boys,
Wha all played at the ba,
And by the queen of fairies came,
And layd me down to sleep,
There was four-and-twenty gude knights'-sons
In fairie land obliged to bide,
And of a ' the pages that were there
Fair Tamas was his ladie's pride.

And pleasant are our fairie sports,
We fleie o'er hill and dale;
But at the end of seven years
They pay the teen to hell.

And now's the time, at Hallowmess,
He's pu'd it by the reet,
She that has gotten young Tamlane
Out o a shot o wheat,
Out and spak the queen o fairies,
I'll neer get that again.'

Or his mither take him frae cauld.
Lang, lang will my young son greet
An a cow low down in yon fauld;
I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,
'And now's the time, at Hallowmess,
He's built a bower, made it secure
And theekit wi the beaten goud?
What need I speir leave o thee,
'I moan na for my meat,
Nor yet for my fee,
And the seventh she's brought home.

The apples hung like stars of goud
Out-our that wa sa fine;
It's there I fain would be.'

'O nurse my bairn, nourice,' she says,
'Till he stan at your knee,
An ye's win hame to Christland,
What fain it's ye wad be.

'O keep my bairn, nourice,
Till he gang by the hauld,
An ye's win hame to your young son
Ye left in four nights auld.'

'an see na ye that braid road,
Down by yon sunny fell?
Yon's the road the wicked gae,
An that's the road to hell.'

There was four-and-twenty earthly boys,
Wha all played at the ba,
And by the queen of fairies came,
And layd me down to sleep,
There was four-and-twenty gude knights'-sons
In fairie land obliged to bide,
And of a ' the pages that were there
Fair Tamas was his ladie's pride.

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In fairie land obliged to bide,
And of a ' the pages that were there
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But at the end of seven years
They pay the teen to hell.

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He's pu'd it by the reet,
She that has gotten young Tamlane
Out o a shot o wheat,
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I'll neer get that again.'

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'And now's the time, at Hallowmess,
He's built a bower, made it secure
And theekit wi the beaten goud?
What need I speir leave o thee,
'I moan na for my meat,
Nor yet for my fee,
And the seventh she's brought home.

The apples hung like stars of goud
Out-our that wa sa fine;
It's there I fain would be.'

'O nurse my bairn, nourice,' she says,
'Till he stan at your knee,
An ye's win hame to Christland,
What fain it's ye wad be.

'O keep my bairn, nourice,
Till he gang by the hauld,
An ye's win hame to your young son
Ye left in four nights auld.'

'an see na ye that braid road,
Down by yon sunny fell?
Yon's the road the wicked gae,
An that's the road to hell.'

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Wha all played at the ba,
And by the queen of fairies came,
And layd me down to sleep,
There was four-and-twenty gude knights'-sons
In fairie land obliged to bide,
And of a ' the pages that were there
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He's pu'd it by the reet,
She that has gotten young Tamlane
Out o a shot o wheat,
Out and spak the queen o fairies,
I'll neer get that again.'

Or his mither take him frae cauld.
Lang, lang will my young son greet
An a cow low down in yon fauld;
I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,
'And now's the time, at Hallowmess,
He's built a bower, made it secure
And theekit wi the beaten goud?
What need I speir leave o thee,
'I moan na for my meat,
Nor yet for my fee,
And the seventh she's brought home.

The apples hung like stars of goud
Out-our that wa sa fine;
It's there I fain would be.'

'O nurse my bairn, nourice,' she says,
'Till he stan at your knee,
An ye's win hame to Christland,
What fain it's ye wad be.

'O keep my bairn, nourice,
Till he gang by the hauld,
An ye's win hame to your young son
Ye left in four nights auld.'
And put May Margaret there.

And he howkit a cave monie fathoms deep,
2 The biggest that was there,
3 And said, For slichting my commands,
2 Na thinking o' the skaith,
1 But he has tane her by the yellow locks,
4 I wad be unco laith.
3 And said, To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,
2 Na thinking o' the skaith,
1 And ae she pu'd the tither berrie,
4 And they sall na be tane by thee.'
3 To sport and play when I thought lang;
6 As fast as she could gae.
5 And she's aff to Mulberry wud,
4 A little below her knee,
3 'Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
4 This day ye’se dine wi me.'
3 'She's just now standing at your yates,
2 Where may my Margaret be?'
4 'I am her eldest son.'
3 'Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And a sweet smile gae he:
1 Then out it speaks the parish priest,
2 And a sweet smile gae he:
1 'Com ben, come ben, my lily flower,'
2 'I wish we were in the good church,
4 Which was his father's name.
1 'If I look like your dear daughter,
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,
1 'Ae bit I canno eat, father,
4 'I hope ye'll nae him see.
3 'She's just now standing at your yates,
2 Where may my Margaret be?'
4 'I am her eldest son.'
3 'Win up, win up, my sister dear,
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,
1 'Ae bit I canno eat, sister,
4 'I am her eldest son.'
3 'Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
2 When she came before the queen,
3 'Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
4 This day ye’se dine wi me.'
3 'Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
2 And likewise James and John;
3 'She’s just now standing at your yates,
2 Where may my Margaret be?'
4 'I am her eldest son.'
3 'Win up, win up, my sister dear,
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,
1 'Ae bit I canno eat, sister,
4 'I hope ye’ll nae him see.
3 'Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,'
2 'I wish we were in the good church,
4 Which was his father's name.
1 'If I look like your dear daughter,
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,
1 'Ae bit I canno eat, father,
4 'I hope ye'll nae him see.
3 'Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,'
2 'I wish we were in the good church,
4 Which was his father's name.
1 'If I look like your dear daughter,
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,
1 'Ae bit I canno eat, sister,
4 'I hope ye’ll nae him see.
3 'Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,'
2 'I wish we were in the good church,
4 Which was his father's name.
1 'If I look like your dear daughter,
2 Nor ae drop can I drink,
The Text of

41B.8
1 'Now rest ye there, ye saucie may;
2 My wuds are free for thee;
3 And gig I tak ye to myself,
4 The better ye’ll like me.'

41B.9
1 Na rest, na rest May Margret took,
2 Sleep she got never nane;
3 Her back lay on the caul’d, caul’d floor,
4 Her head upon a stane.

41B.10
1 'O tak me out,' May Margret cried,
2 'O tak me hame to thee,
3 And I sall be your bounden page
4 Until the day I dee.'

41B.11
1 He took her ou t’the dungeon deep,
2 And awa wi him she’s gane;
3 But sad was the day an earl’s dochter
4 Gaed hame wi Hynde Etin.

41B.12
1 It fell out ance upon a day
2 Hynde Etin’s to the hunting gane,
3 And he has tane wi him his eldest son,
4 For to carry his game.

41B.13
1 'O I wad ask ye something, father,
2 An ye wadna angry be;
3 'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
4 Ask onie thing at me.'

41B.14
1 'My mother’s cheeks are aft times weet,
2 Alas! they are seldom dry;
3 'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
4 Ask onie thing at me.'

41B.15
1 'For your mother was an earl’s dochter,
2 Of noble birth and fame,
3 And now she’s wife o Hynde Etin,
4 Wha neer got christendame.'

41B.16
1 'But we’ll shoot the lavercok in the lift,
2 The buntlin on the tree,
3 And ye’ll tak them hame to your mother,
4 Ask on, ask on, my bonny maid.'

41B.17
1 'I wad ask ye something, mother,
2 An ye wadna angry be;
3 'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,
4 Ask onie thing at me.'

41B.18
1 'Your cheeks they are aft times weet,
2 Alas! they’re seldom dry;
3 'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,
4 Tho she should brast and die.'

41B.19
1 'For I was ance an earl’s dochter,
2 Of noble birth and fame,
3 And now I am the wife of Hynde Etin,
4 Wha neer got christendame.'

41C.1
1 'O WELL like I to ride in a mist,
2 And shot in in a northern win,
3 And far better a lady to steal,
4 That’s come of a noble kin.'

41C.2
1 Four an twenty fair ladies
2 Put on this lady’s sheen,
3 As mony young gentlemen
4 Did lead her ower the green.

41C.3
1 Yet she preferred before them all
2 Him, young Hastings the Groom;
3 He’s cooisten a mist before them all,
4 And awa this lady has tane.

41C.4
1 He’s takn the lady on him behind,
2 Spared neither grass nor corn,
3 Till they came to the wood o Am nonshaw,
4 Where again their loves were sworn.

41C.5
1 And they hae lived in that wood
2 Full mony a year and day,
3 And were supported from time to time
4 By what he made of prey.

41C.6
1 And seven bairns, fair and fine,
2 There she has born to him,
3 And never was in gude church-door,
4 Nor ever got gude Kirking.

41C.7
1 Ancie she took harp into her hand,
2 And harped them a’ asleep,
3 Then she sat down at their couch-side,
4 And biitterly did weep.

41C.8
1 Said, Seven bairns hae I born now
2 To my lord in the ha;
3 I wish they were seven greedy rats,
4 To run upon the wa,
5 And I mysel a great grey cat,
6 To eat them ane and a’.

41C.9
1 For ten lang years now I hae lived
2 Within this cage of stane,
3 And never was at gude church-door,
4 Nor got no gude churching.

41C.10
1 O then out spake her eldest child,
2 And a fine boy was he:
3 O hold your tongue, my mother dear;
4 ‘T’ll tell you what to dee.

41C.11
1 Take you the youngest in your lap,
2 The next youngest by the hand,
3 Put all the rest of us you before,
4 As you learnt us to gang.

41C.12
1 And go with us unto some kirk—
2 You say they are built of stane—
3 And let us all be christened,
4 And you get gude Kirking.

41C.13
1 She took the youngest in her lap,
2 The next youngest by the hand,
3 Set all the rest of them her before,
4 As she learnt them to gang.

41C.14
1 And she has left the wood with them,
2 And to the kirk has gane,
3 Where the gude priest them christened,
4 And gave her gude Kirking.

42A.1
1 CLARK COLVILL and his lusty dame
2 Were walking in the garden green;
3 The belt around her stately waist
4 Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

42A.2
1 'O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,
2 Or it will cost ye muckle strife,
3 Ride never by the wells of Slane,
4 If ye wad live and brook your life.'

42A.3
1 'Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,
2 Now speak nae mair of that to me;
3 Did I neer see a fair woman,
4 But I wad sin with her body?'

42A.4
1 He’s taen leave o his gay lady,
2 His gentle ladie laid him down,
3 His brither he has unbent his bow,
4 'Twill never be bent by me again.'

42A.10
1 'Oh, mither, mither, mak my bed,
2 And, gentle ladie, lay me down;
3 Oh, brither, brither, unbend your bow,
4 And merrily sprang into the fleed.'

42A.11
1 'O tak me out,' May Margret cried,
2 Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,
3 Row that about your lovely head,
4 Nor ever got gude Kirking.

42A.7
1 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colvlen,
2 'And aye sae sair’s I mean my head!'
3 And merrily laughe the mermaiden,
4 'O win on till you be dead.'
42B.10
1 ‘O mother, mother, braed my hair;
2 My lusty lady, make my bed;
3 O brother, take my sword and spear,
4 For I have seen the false mermaid.’

42C.1
1 CLERK COLIN and his mother dear
2 Were in the garden green;
3 The bar that was about her neck
4 Cost Colin pounds fifteen;
5 The belt about her middle aye sma
6 Cost twice as much again.

42C.2
1 ‘Forbidden gin ye wad be, love Colin,
2 Forbidden gin ye wad be,
3 And gang nae mair to Clyde’s water,
4 To court your gay lady.’

42C.3
1 ‘Forbid me frae your ha, mother,
2 Forbid me frae your bower,
3 But forbid me not frae yon lady;
4 She’s fair as any flour.

42C.4
1 ‘Forbidden I winna be, mother,
2 Forbidden I winna be,
3 For I maun gang to Clyde’s water,
4 To court your gay lady.’

42C.5
1 An he is on his saddle set,
2 As fast as he could win,
3 An he is on to Clyde’s water,
4 By the lee licht o the moon.

42C.6
1 An he when he cam to the Clyde’s water
2 He lighted lowly down,
3 An there he saw the mermaid,
4 Washin silk upon a stane.

42C.7
1 ‘Come down, come down, now, Clerk Colin,
2 Come down an [fish] wi me;
3 That I hae coft sae dear,
4 And aye my bells I rang.

42C.8
1 ‘And wae betide ye, my milk-white steed,
2 That I hae loed sae dear?
3 That ye shall not go to Broomfield Hills,
4 That’s true love’s come and gane.

42C.9
1 ‘I scraped wi my foot, master,
2 And gard my bridle ring,
3 That I hae loed sae dear,
4 Till she was past and gane.’

42C.10
1 ‘I stamped wi my foot, master,
2 And gard my bridle ring,
3 But na kin thing wald waken ye,
4 That’s true love’s come and gane.

42C.11
1 ‘And wae betide ye, my goss-hawk,
2 That I hae loed sae dear,
3 That wadna watch and waken me
4 When there was maiden here?’

42C.12
1 ‘I clapped wi my wings, master,
2 And aye my bells I rang,
3 That wadna watch and waken me
4 When there was maiden here.’

42C.13
1 ‘But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
2 To come the maiden till,
3 Or a’ the birds of gude green wood
4 Of your flesh shall have their fill.’

42C.14
1 ‘Ye need na burst your gude white steed
2 Wi racing oer the howm;
3 Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
4 Than she fled through the broom.’

43A.5
1 ‘For when ye gang to Broomfield Hill,
2 Ye’ll find your love asleep,
3 With a silvert haid about his head,
4 And a broom-cow at his feet.’

43A.6
1 ‘Take ye the blossom of the broom,
2 The blossom it smells sweet,
3 And strew it at your true-love’s head,
4 And likewise at his feet.’

43A.7
1 ‘Take ye the rings off your fingers,
2 Put them on his right hand,
3 To let him know, when he doth awake,
4 His love was at his command.’

43A.8
1 She pu’d the brome flower on Hive Hill,
2 And strew’d on ’s white hals-bane,
3 And that was to be wittering true
4 That maiden she had gane.

43A.9
1 ‘O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
2 That I hae coft sae dear,
3 That wadna watch and waken me
4 When there was maiden here?’

43A.10
1 ‘I stamped wi my foot, master,
2 And gard my bridle ring,
3 That I hae loed sae dear,
4 That’s true love’s come and gane.

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4 Of your flesh shall have their fill.’

43A.14
1 ‘Ye need na burst your gude white steed
2 Wi racing oer the howm;
3 Nae bird flies faster through the wood,
4 Than she fled through the broom.’

43B.1
1 ‘I’LL wager, I’LL wager, I’LL wager with you
2 Five hundred merks and ten,
3 That a maid shanae go to yon bonny green wood,
4 And a maiden return agen.’

43B.2
1 ‘I’LL wager, I’LL wager, I’LL wager with you
2 Five hundred merks and ten,
3 That a maid shall go to yon bonny green wood,
4 And a broom-cow at his feet.

43B.3
1 She’s pu’d the blooms aff the broom-bush,
2 And strewed them on’s white hals-bane:
3 ‘This is a sign whereby ye may know
4 That a maiden was here, but she’s gane.’

43B.4
1 ‘O where was ye, my good gray steed,
2 That I ha’e loed sae dear?
3 O why did you not awaken me
4 When my true love was here?’

43B.5
1 ‘I stamped with my foot, master,
2 And gard my bridle ring,
3 But you wadnae waken from your sleep
4 Till your love was past and gane.’

43B.6
1 ‘Now I may sing as dreyre a sang
2 As the bird sung on the brier,
3 For my true love is far remov’d,
4 And I’ll neer see her mair.’

43C.1
1 THERE was a knight and lady bright
2 Set tryst o’ the mornin,
3 The one to come at morning ear,
4 The other at afternoon.

43C.2
1 ‘I’LL wager a wager wi you,’ he said,
2 ‘An hundred merks and ten,
3 That ye shall not go to Broomfield Hills,
4 Return a maiden again.’

43C.3
1 ‘I’LL wager a wager wi you,’ she said,
2 ‘A hundred pounds and ten,
3 That I will gang to Broomfield Hills,
4 A maiden return again.’

43C.4
1 The lady stands in her bower door,
2 And thus she made her mane:
3 ‘O shall I gang to Broomfield Hills,
4 Or shall I stay at hame?’

43C.5
1 ‘If I do gang to Broomfield Hills,
2 A maid I’ll not return;
3 But if I stay from Broomfield Hills,
4 I’ll be a maid mis-worn.’

43C.6
1 Then out it speaks an auld witch-wife,
2 Sat in the bower aboon:
3 ‘O ye shall gang to Broomfield Hills,
4 Ye shall not stay at hame.’

43C.7
1 ‘But when ye gang to Broomfield Hills,
2 Walk nine times round and round;
3 Down below a bonny burn bank,
4 Ye’ll find your love sleeping sound.

43C.8
1 ‘Ye’ll pu the bloom frae aff the brome,
2 Strew’t at his head and feet,
3 And aye the thicker that ye do strew,
4 The sounder he will sleep.

43C.9
1 ‘The brouch that is on your napkin,
2 Lay them down on a stane,
3 To let him know, when he do does wake,
4 That’s true love’s come and gane.

43C.10
1 ‘The rings that are on your fingers,
2 Lay them down on a stane,
3 To let him know, when he does does wake,
4 That’s true love’s come and gane.

43C.11
1 ‘And when ye hae your work all done,
2 Ye’ll gang to a bush o’ brome,
3 And then you’ll hear what he will say,
4 When he sees ye are gane.’

43C.12
1 When she came to Broomfield Hills,
2 She walkd it nine times round,
3 And down below yon burn bank,
4 She found him sleeping sound.

43C.13
1 She pu’d the bloom frae aff the brome,
2 Strew’d it at’s head and feet,
3 And aye the thicker that she strewed,
4 The sounder he did sleep.

43C.14
1 The broach that was on her napkin,
2 She put on his breast bane,
3 And aye the thicker that ye do strew,
4 When he sees ye are gane.’

43C.15
1 The rings that were on her fingers,
2 She laid upon a stane,
3 To let him know, when he did wake,
4 His love was come and gane.

43C.16
1 Now when she had her work all done,
2 She went to a bush o’ brome,
3 That she might hear what he did say,
4 When he saw she was gane.

43C.17
1 ‘O where were ye, my guid grey hound,
2 That I hae coft sae dear,
3 That ye shall not go to Broomfield Hills,
4 When my true love was sae near?’

43C.18
1 ‘I scraped wi my foot, master,
2 Till a’ my collars rang,
3 But still the mair that I did scrape,
4 Waken woud ye nane.’

The Child Ballads
63
That his love had been there and was gane.

The rustling leaves flew round his head,
As a taiken that she'd been there.

Threw her mantle on the brier,
For he slept till it was noon,

And I'll lay my head aneath this rose sae red,
My lady will soon be here,

That I'll gae alane to the bonnie broom-fields,
A' your merks oure again,

But I'll lay a wager wi you, Lord John,
I'll wager, I'll wager wi you, kin' sir,

I flapped wi my wings, master,
If I had seen any armed men

I patted wi my foot, master,
When I had found her in bonnie broomfields,

I stampit wi my fit, maister,
And made my bridle ring,

I pautit wi my foot, master,
And his hound wi his bells sae bricht,

I pautit wi my foot, master,
That I coft ye sae dear,

I pautit wi my foot, master,
That ye didna waken your master,

I pautit wi my foot, master,
That ye didna waken your master,

I pautit wi my foot, master,
That I coft ye sae dear,

I pautit wi my foot, master,
That ye didna waken your master,

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That ye didna waken your master,

I pautit wi my foot, master,
That ye didna waken your master,

I pautit wi my foot, master,
That ye didna waken your master,
44.6
1 OFF an ancient story I tell you anon,
2 Of a notable prince that was called King Iohn,
3 In England was borne, with maime and with might;
4 Hee did much wrong and maintained little right.

45A.1
1 The child ballads
2 By which ye shall know, and wherefore ye may begin
3 Of what sort of bondage ye may know;
4 That ye may know what is a thing.

45A.2
1 The first question was, to tell him in that stead,
2 With the crowne of gold upon his head,
3 Amongst his nobility, with joy and much mirth,
4 To let him know within one penye what he is worth.

45A.3
1 And secondlye, to tell him with-out any doubt
2 How soone he may goe the whole world about;
3 And thridlye, to tell him, or ere I stint,
4 What is the thing that he does think.

45A.4
1 A brother, quoth the shepard, 'you have heard it,
2 That a foule may teach a wise man;
3 Say me therefore whatsoever you will;
4 And if I do you noe good, lie do ye noe ill.'

45A.5
1 And thridlye, to tell him, or ere I stint,
2 What is the thing that he does think.

45A.6
1 Then he became a dog, a dog,
2 To puddle in a pool,
3 And he became a rose-kained drake,
4 To give the duck a dreele.

45A.7
1 FIRST, quoth the king, 'Tell me in this steade,
2 With this crowne of gold heere upon my head,
3 Amongst my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
4 Let me know within one penye what I am worth.

45A.8
1 Secondelye, tell me without any dowhy
2 How soone I may goe the whole world about;
3 And thirdly, tell mee or euer I stinte,
4 What is the thing, bishop, that I doe think.
5 Twenty dayes pardon thoust haue truley,
6 And come againe and answer mee.'

45A.9
1 The bishoppe bade the king god night at a word;
2 He rode betwixt Cambridge and Oxenford,
3 But neuer a doctor there was soe wise
4 Cold shew him these questions or enterprise.

45A.10
1 Therewith the bishoppe was nothing gladd,
2 But in his hart was heauye and sadd,
3 And heyled him home to a house in the countrie,
4 To ease some part of his melancholye.

45A.11
1 His halfe-brother dwelt there, was feirc and fell,
2 Noe better but a shepard to the bishoppe himself;
3 The shepard came to the bishoppe anon,
4 Saying, My lord, you are welcome home!

45A.12
1 What ayles you, quoth the shepard, 'that you are soe sadd;
2 And had wonte to haue beene soe merry and gladd?'
3 Nothing, quoth the bishoppe, 'I aylee at this time;
4 Will not thee availe to know, brother mine.'

45A.13
1 'Brother,' quoth the shepard, 'you haue heard it,
2 That a foule may teach a wise man;
3 Say me therefore whatsoever you will;
4 And if I do you noe good, lie do ye noe ill.'

45A.14
1 Quoth the bishoppe: I haue beene at the court anon,
2 Before my prince is called King Iohn,
3 And there he hath charged mee
4 Against his crowne with traitoreye.

45A.15
1 If I cannot answer his misterye,
2 Three questions he hath propoended to mee,
3 He will haue my land soe faire and free,
4 Will not thee availe to know, brother mine.'

45A.16
1 The shepard came to the bishoppe anon,
2 But in his hart was heauye and sadd,
3 Before his prince was called King Iohn,
4 And thridlye, to tell him, or ere I stint,
5 What is the thing that he does think.

45A.17
1 And secondaye, to tell him with-out any doubt
2 How soone he may goe the whole world about;
3 And thridlye, to tell him, or ere I stint,
4 What is the thing that he does think.

45A.18
1 A brother, quoth the shepard, 'you are a man of learninge;
2 What neede you stand in doubt of soe small a thinge?
3 Lend me, quoth the shepard, 'your ministers apperall,
4 By ryde to the court and answeres your quarrell.

45A.19
1 'Lend me your serving men, say me not nay,
2 With all your best horses that ryd on the way;
3 Ile to the court, this matter to stay;
4 Ile speake with King Iohn and heare what heele say.'

45A.20
1 The bishoppe with speed prepared then
2 To sett forthe the shepard with horsee and man;
3 The shepard was lively without any doubt;
4 I wott a royall companye came to the court.

45A.21
1 The shepard hee came to the court anon
2 Before [his] prince that was called King Iohn.
3 As soone as the king the shepard did see,
4 'O, quoth the king, 'Bishoppe thou art welcome to me.'
The Text of

45A.22 1 Quoth the king, Bishopp, thou art welcome to me
2 If thou can answer me my questions three,
3 Said the shepheard, If it please your grace,
4 Show mee what the first quest<ion> was.

45A.23 1 'First,' quoth the king, 'Tell mee in this stead,
2 With the crowne of gold upon my head,
3 Amongst my nobilitie, with joy and much mirth,
4 Within one penny what I am worth.'

45A.24 1 Quoth the shepheard, To make your grace noe offence,
2 I thinke you are worth nine and twenty pence;
3 For our L<ord> Jesus, that bought vs all,
4 For this into thine thrall
5 Amongst the cursed lewes, as I to you doe showe;
6 But I know Christ was one penye better then you.

45A.25 1 Then the king laught, and swore by St Andrew
2 He was not thought to bee of such a small value.
3 'Secondlye, tell mee with out any doubt
4 How soone I may goe the world round about.'

45A.26 1 Saies the shepheard, It is noe time with your grac<e> to scone,
2 But rise betime with the sun in the morn,
3 And follow your course till his vprisesing,
4 And then you may know without any leasinge.

45A.27 1 And this to your grace shall proue the same,
2 You are come to the same place from whence you came;
3 [In] twenty-four houres, with-out any doubt,
4 Your grace may the world goe round about;
5 The world about, euene as I do say,
6 If with the sun you can goe the next way.

45A.28 1 'And thirldy tell me or eu' I stint,
2 What is the thing, bishopp, that I doe thinke.
3 'Thou shalt I doe,' quoth the shepheard; 'For vereteely,
4 You thinke I am the bishopp of Canterbury.'

45A.29 1 'Why, art not thou? the truth tell to me;
2 For I doe thinke soe,' quoth the king, 'By St Marye.'
3 'Noe, sio,' quoth the shepheard; 'The truth shalb knowne,
4 I am his poore shepheard; my brother is at home.'

45A.30 1 'Why,' quoth the king, 'if itt soe bee,
2 Ile make thee bishopp here to mee.'
3 'Noe, Sir,' quoth the shepheard, 'I pray you bee
4 For Ile not bee bishopp but against my will;
5 For I am not fit for any such deede,
6 For I can neither write nor reede.'

45A.31 1 'Why then,' quoth the king, 'Ile gee thee cleere
2 A patern of three hundred pound a yeere;
3 That I will gee thee franke and free;
4 Take thee that, shepheard, for coming to me.'

45A.32 1 'Free pardon Ile gee,' the kings grace said,
2 'To saue the bishopp, his land and his<;head;
3 With him nor thee lle be nothing wrath;
4 Here is the pardon for him and thee both.'

45A.33 1 Then the shepheard he had noe more to say,
2 But tooke the pardon and rode his way:
3 When he came to the bishoppes place,
4 The bishopp asket anon how all things was.

45A.34 1 'Brother,' quoth the shepheard, 'I haue well sped,
2 For I haue saued both your land and your head;
3 The king with you is nothing wrath,
4 For heere is the pardon for you and mee both.'

45A.35 1 Then the bishoppes hart was of a merry cheere:
2 'Brother, thy paines Ile quitt them cleare;
3 For I will giue thee a patent to thee and to thine
4 Of fifty pound a yeere, land good and fine.'

45A.36 1 . . . .
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45A.37 1 Whereuere wist you shepheard before,
2 That had in his head witt such store
3 To pleasure a bishopp in such a like case,
4 To answer three questions to the kings grace?
5 Whereuere wist you shepheard gett cleare
6 Three hundred and fifty pound a yeere?

45A.38 1 I neuer hard of his fellow before.
2 Nor neuer shall: now I need to say noe more.
3 I neuer knew shepheard that got such a liuinge
4 But David, the shepheard, that was a king.

45B.11 1 'When he is set so high on his steed,
2 With his crown of gold upon his head,
3 Amongst all his nobility, with joy and much mirth,
4 I must tell him to one penny what he is worth.'

45B.12 1 'And the next question I must not flout,
2 How long he shall be riding the world about;
3 And the third question I must not shrink,
4 But tell him truly what he does think.'

45B.13 1 'O master, did you never hear it yet,
2 That a fool may learn a wiseman wit?
3 Lend me but your horse and your apparel,
4 I'll ride to fair London and answer the quarrel.'

45B.14 1 'Now I am set so high on my steed,
2 With my crown of gold upon my head,
3 Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
4 Now tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

45B.15 1 'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,
2 Amongst the false Jews, as you have been told,
3 And nine and twenty's the worte of thee,
4 For I think thou are one penny worse than he.'

45B.16 1 'And the next question thou mast not flout;
2 How long I shall be riding the world about.
3 'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
4 Until the next morning he rises again,
5 And then I am sure you will make no doubt,
6 But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.'

45B.17 1 'And the third question you must not shrink,
2 But tell me truly what I do think.
3 'All that I can do, and 'twill make you merry;
4 For you think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury,
5 But I'm his poor shepheard, as you may see,
6 And am come to beg pardon for he and for me.'

45B.18 1 The king he turned him about and did smile,
2 Saying, Thou shalt be the abbot the other while:
3 'O no, my grace, there is no such need,
4 For I can neither write nor read.'

45B.19 1 'Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee
2 For this merry jest thou hast told unto me;
3 And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
4 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.'

46A.1 1 THE laird of Bristol's daughter was in the woods walking,
2 And by came Captain Wetherbourn, a servant to the king;
3 And he said to his livery man, Wer't not against the law,
4 I would tak her to mine ain bed, and lay her neist the wa.

46A.2 1 'I'm into my father's woods, amongst my father's trees,
2 O kind sir, let me walk alane, O kind sir, if you please;
3 The butler's bell it will be rung, and I'll be mis;t awa;
4 I'll lye into mine ain bed, neither at stock nor wa.'

46A.3 1 'O my bonny lady, the bed it's not be mine,
2 For I'll command my servants for to call it thine;
3 The hangings are silk satin, the sheets are holland sma,
4 And we's buith ly in ae bed, but you's ly neist the wa.
46A.4
1 'And so, my bonny lady, —I do not know your name,—
2 But my name's Captain Wetherburn, and I'm a
3 Tho your father and a' his men were here, I
4 To tak you to mine ain bed, and lay you neist the wa.

46A.5
1 'O my name is Captain Wedderburn, my name
2 And I command ten thousand men, upo yon
3 Tho your father and his men were here, of the
4 'But should tak ye to my ain bed, and lay ye

46A.6
1 He's mounted her upon a steid, behind his
2 And he himself did walk afoot, to had his lady
3 With his hand about her middle sacle jimp, for fea
4 And wullie's baith lye in aed, but you's lye

46A.7
1 He's taen her into Edinburgh, his landlady cam ben:
2 'And monny bonny ladys in Edinburgh hae I seen,
3 But the like of this fine creature my eyes they
4 'O dame bring ben a down-bed, for she's

46A.8
1 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, and dinna trouble me,
2 Unless you get to my supper, and that is dishes three;
3 Dishes three to my supper, tho I eat nane at a’,
4 Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist the wa.

46A.9
1 'You maun get to my supper a cherry but a stane;
2 And you man get to my supper a capon but a bane,
3 And you man get a gentle bird that flies wantin
4 Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not lye neist the wa.'

46A.10
1 'A cherry whan in blossom is a cherry but a stane;
2 A capon when he's in the egg kannae hae a bane;
3 The dow it is a gentle bird that flies wanting th
4 And ye man lye in my bed, between me and th e wa.'

46A.11
1 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, and dinna me perplex,
2 Unless you tell me questions, and that is questions six;
3 Tell me them as I shall ask them, and that is tw
4 Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not lye neist the wa.'

46A.12
1 'What is greener than the grass, what's higher than the tree?
2 What's war than a woman’s wiss, what's deeper than the sea?
3 What bird sings first, and whereupon the daw down first does fa?
4 Before I lye in your bed, but I'll lye neist the wa.'

46A.13
1 'Virgis is greener than the grass, heaven's
2 The dell’s war than a woman's wish, hell's
3 The cock sings first, on the Sugar Loaf the daw
4 And ye man lye in my bed, between me and th e wa.'

46A.14
1 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, 'I pray you give it oer,
2 Unless you tell me questions, and that is questions four;
3 Tell me them as I shall ask them, and that is tw
4 Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist the wa.

46A.15
1 'You man get to me a plumb that does in winte
2 And likewise a silk mantle that never waft gae
d thro;
3 A sparrow’s horn, a priest unborn, this night to
4 Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist the wa.

46A.16
1 There’s a plumb in my father’s yeard that doe
2 For I'll na lie in your bed till I get dishes three;
3 Likewise he has a silk mantle that never waft gaed thro;
4 Before I lye in your bed, but I willna lye neist the wa.

46A.17
1 'The priest is standing at the door, just ready to come in;
2 Nae man could sae that he was born, to lie it is a sin;
3 For a wild boar bored him mother’s side, he ou
4 There’s aine upo the mouth of him, perhaps there may be twa.

46A.18
1 Little kent Grizey Sinclair, that morning when she raise,
2 'Twas to be the hindermost of a’ her single days;
3 For now she’s Captain Wetherburn’s wife, a man she never saw,
4 And she man lye in his bed, but she'll not lye neist the wa.

46B.1
1 THE Lord of Rosslyn’s daughter gaed through the wad her lane.
2 And there she met Captain Wedderburn, a servant to the king.
3 He said unto his livery-man, Werte'na agen th e law,
4 I wad tak her to my ain bed, and lay her at the wa.

46B.2
1 'I'm walking here my lane,' she says, amang my father's trees;
2 And ye may lat me walk my lane, kind sir, now gin ye please.
3 The supper-bell it will be rung, and I'll be missd awa;
4 Sae I'll na lye in your bed, at neither stock nor wa.'

46B.3
1 He said, My pretty lady, I pray lend me your hand,
2 And ye'll hae drums and trumpets always at your command;
3 And fifty men to guard ye wi, that weel their swords can draw;
4 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll lie at the wa.

46B.4
1 'Haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray let go my hand;
2 The supper-bell it will be rung, nae langer maun I stand.
3 My father he'll na supper tak, gif I be missd awa;
4 Sae I'll na lye in your bed, at neither stock nor wa.'

46B.5
1 'O my name is Captain Wedderburn, my name
2 And I command ten thousand men, upo yon
3 Tho your father and his men were here, of the
4 'But should tak ye to my ain bed, and lay ye

46B.6
1 Then he lap aff his milk-white steed, and set th e lady on,
2 And a’ the way he walkd on foot, he held her
3 He held her by the middle jimp, for fear that
4 Saying, I'll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay thee a t the wa.

46B.7
1 He took her to his quartering-house, his landlady looked ben,
2 Saying, Monte a pretty ladie in Edinbruch I've seen;
3 But sic 'na prettty ladie is not into it a';
4 Gae, mak for her a fine down-bed, and lay her at the wa.

46B.8
1 'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye lat me be,
2 For I'll na lie in your bed till I get dishes three;
3 Dishes three maun be dressd for me, gif I should eat them a';
4 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

46B.9
1 'Tis I maun hae to my supper a chicken without a bane;
2 And I maun hae to my supper a cherry without a stane;
3 And I maun hae to my supper a bird without a gaw;
4 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

46B.10
1 'When the chicken’s in the shell, I am sure it has na bane;
2 And when the cherry’s in the bloom, I wat it has na stane;
3 The dove she is a genty bird, she flees without a gaw;
4 Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll be at the wa.'

46B.11
1 'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye give me owre,
2 For I'll na lie in your bed till I get presents four;
3 Presents four ye maun gie me, and that is twa and twa,
4 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

46B.12
1 'Tis I maun hae some winter fruit that in December grew;
2 And I maun hae a silk mantil that waft gae never through;
3 A sparrow’s horn, a priest unborn, this night to
4 Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

46B.13
1 'My father has some winter fruit that in December grew;
2 My mither has a silk mantil the waft gaed neve r through;
3 The Dove it is a genty bird that flies wanting th
4 And twa upo the gab o it, and ye shall get them a.
There was a knight, in a summer’s night,

46C.5
1 'Now hold away from me, kind sir, I pray let me be!
2 I wont be lady of your ha till you answer questions three:
3 Questions three you must answer me, and that is one and two,
4 Before I gae to Woodland’s house, and be lady o your ha.

46C.6
1 'You must get me to my supper a chicken without a bone;
2 You must get me to my supper a cherry without a stone;
3 You must get me to my supper a bird without a ga;
4 Before I go to Woodland’s house and be lady o your ha.

46C.7
1 'When the cherry is in the bloom, I’m sure it has no stone;
2 When the chicken’s in the shell, I’m sure it has no bone;
3 The dove she is a gentle bird, and flies without a ga;
4 So I’ve answered you your questions three, and you’re lady of my ha.’

46C.8
1 'Questions three you must answer me: What’s higher than the trees?
2 And what is worse than woman’s voice? What’s deeper than the seas?
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

46C.9
1 He answered then so readily: Heaven’s higher
2 The devil’s worse than woman’s voice; hell’s deeper than the seas;
3 . . . . . .

46C.10
1 'One question still you must answer me, or you laugh to scorn;
2 Go seek me out an English priest, of woman never born;’
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

46C.11
1 'Oh then,’ quo he, ‘My young brother from mother’s side was torn,
2 And he’s a gentil English priest, of woman never born;’
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

46C.12
1 Little did his lady think, that morning when she raise,
2 It was to be the very last of all her maiden days;
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

46C.13
1 'My father was lord of nine castles,
2 My mother was lady of three;
3 My father was lord of nine castles,
4 Of love frae my father’s heir.

46C.14
1 'TWAS on a night, an evening bright,
2 When the dew began to fa,
3 Looking oer her castle wa.

46C.15
1 'Again I hear you lie;
2 'Again I hear you lie;
3 And when the stormy winds do blow,
4 My body lies and sleeps.’

46C.16
1 'The sparrow shall toot on his horn, gif . . . . . .
2 . . . . . .
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

5 ' ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘

46C.17
1 'Death is greener than the grass, heaven higher than the trees;
2 The devil’s waur than women’s wish, hell’s deeper than the seas;
3 The cock cleans first, the cedar buds first, dew first on them does fa;
4 Sae we’ll baith lie in ae bed, and ye’se lie at th e wa.’

46C.18
1 Little did this lady think, that morning when she raise,
2 That this was for to be the last o a’ her maiden days.
3 But there’s na into the king’s realm to be found
4 . . . . . .
5 . . . . . .

46C.19
1 'Oh then,’ quo he, ‘My young brother from mother’s side was torn,
2 And he’s a gentil English priest, of woman never born;’
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

46C.20
1 'If you should die for me, sir knight,
2 ‘If you should die for me, sir knight,
3 And if you do not grant me love,
4 This night for thee I’ll die.’

46C.21
1 'Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
2 Springs either on moor or dale?
3 And what is the bird, the bonnie bonnie bird,
4 Sings on the evening gale?’

46C.22
1 'The primrose is the ae first flower
2 Springs either on moor or dale,
3 And the thistlecock is the bonniest bird
4 Sings on the evening gale.’

46C.23
1 'But what’s the little coin,’ she said,
2 ‘Wald buy my castle bound?’
3 And what’s the little boat,’ she said,
4 ‘Can sail the world all round?’

46C.24
1 'O hey, how mony small pennies
2 Make thrice three thousand pound?
3 Or hey, how mony salt fishes
4 Swim a’ the salt sea round?’

46C.25
1 'I think you maun be my match,’ she said,
2 ‘My match and something mair;
3 You are the first eer got the grant
4 Of love frae my father’s heir.

46C.26
1 'My father was lord of nine castles,
2 My mother was lady of three;
3 My father was lord of nine castles,
4 And there’s nae heir but me.

46C.27
1 'And round about a’ theae castles
2 You may baith plow and saw,
3 And on the fifteenth day of May
4 The meadows they will maw.’

46C.28
1 'O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret,’ he said,
2 ‘For loud I hear you lie;
3 Your father was lord of nine castles,
4 Your mother was lady of three;
5 Your father was lord of nine castles,
6 But ye fa heir to but three.

46C.29
1 'And round about a’ theae castles
2 You may baith plow and saw,
3 But on the fifteenth day of May
4 The meadows will not maw.

46C.30
1 'I am your brother Willie,’ he said,
2 ‘I trow ye ken na me;
3 I came to humble your haughty heart,
4 Has gard sae mony die.’

46C.31
1 'If ye be my brother Willie,’ she said,
2 ‘As I trow weel ye be,
3 This night I’ll neither eat nor drink,
4 But gae alang wi thee.’

46C.32
1 'O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret,’ he said,
2 ‘Again I hear you lie;
3 For ye’e unwashen hands and ye’e unwashe n feet,
4 To gae to clay wi me.

46C.33
1 'For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
2 And could clay is my sheets,
3 And when the stormy winds do blow,
4 My body lies and sleeps.’

46C.34
1 THERE was a knight, in a summer’s night,
2 Appeared in a lady’s hall,
3 As she was walking up and down,
4 Looking oer her castle wall.

46C.35
1 'God make you safe and free, fair maid,
2 God make you safe and free!
3 ‘O sae fa you, ye courteous knight,
4 What are your wills wi me?’

46C.36
1 ‘My wills wi you are not sma, lady,
2 My wills wi you nae sma,
3 And since there’s nane your bower within,
4 Ye’se hae my secrets a’.
47B.4
1 'For here am I a courtier,
2 A courtier come to thee,
3 And if ye winna grant your love,
4 All for your sake I'll dec.'

47B.5
1 'If th'ye dey for me, sir knight,
2 Few for you will make meen;
3 For mony gude lord's done the same,
4 Their graves are growing green.'

47B.6
1 'O winna ye pite me, fair maid,
2 O winna ye pity a courteous knight,
3 Whose love is laid on thee?'

47B.7
1 'Ye say ye are a courteous knight,
2 But I think ye're but a millar bred,
3 By the colour o your clathing.

47B.8
1 'You seem to be some false young man,
2 You wear your hat sae wide;
3 You seem to be some false young man,
4 You wear your boots sae side.'

47B.9
1 'Indeed I am a courteous knight,
2 And of great pedigree;
3 Nae knight did mair for a lady bright
4 Than I will do for thee.'

47B.10
1 'O I'll put smiths in your smithy,
2 To shoe for you a steed,
3 And I'll put tailors in your bower,
4 To make for you a weed.'

47B.11
1 'I will put cooks in your kitchen,
2 And butlers in your ha,
3 And on the tap o your father's castle
4 I'll big gude corn and saw.'

47B.12
1 'If ye be a courteous knight,
2 As I trust not ye be,
3 Ye'll answer some o the sma questions
4 That I will ask at thee.

47B.13
1 'What is the fairest flower, tell me,
2 That springs in mire or dale;
3 Likewise, which is the sweetest bird
4 Next to the nightingale;'

47B.14
1 'The primrose is the fairest flower
2 That grows in mire or dale;
3 The mavis is the sweetest bird
4 That grows in mire or dale?

47B.15
1 'Ye hae asked many questions, lady,
2 I've you as many told;
3 'But how many pennies round
4 Make a hundred pounds in gold?'

47B.16
1 'How many of the small fishes
2 Make a hundred pounds in gold?
3 'But how many pennies round
4 That king or queen can wile.

47B.17
1 'The sheets are sma.
2 Looks gay in a May morning.'

47B.18
1 'Ye're a match and more;
2 And wine in a horn green;
3 'I'll I gang wi thee.'

47B.19
1 'What's the seemliest sight you'll see
2 Or what's the seemliest sight you'll see
3 Ask on, ask on, lady,' he said,
4 What's the finest thing,' she says,
5 'What may your asking be?'

47B.20
1 'My father's lord o nine castles,
2 My mother she's lady ower three,
3 And there is nane to heir them all,
4 No never a ane but me;
5 Unless it be Willie, my ae brother,
6 But he's far a-yont the sea.'

47B.21
1 'If your father's laird o nine castles,
2 Your mother lady ower three,
3 I am Willie your ae brother,
4 Was far beyond the sea.'

47B.22
1 'If ye be Willie, my ae brother,
2 As I doubt sair ye be,
3 But if it's true ye tell me now,
4 This night I'll gang wi thee.'

47B.23
1 'Ye've ower ill washen feet, Janet,
2 And ower ill washen hands,
3 And ower coarse robes on your body
4 Alang wi me to gang.

47B.24
1 'The worms they are my bed-fellows,
2 And the cauld clay my sheet,
3 And the higher that the wind does blaw,
4 The sounder I do sleep.

47B.25
1 'My body's buried in Dundermeline,
2 And far beyond the sea,
3 But day nor night nae rest could get,
4 All for the pride o thee.

47B.26
1 'Leave aff your pride, lady Janet,' he says,
2 'Use it not ony mair;
3 Or when ye come where I hae been
4 You will repent it sair.

47B.27
1 'Cast aff, cast aff, sister,' he says,
2 'The gowd lace frae your crown;
3 For if ye gang where I hae been
4 You will repent it sair.'

47B.28
1 'When ye're in the gude church set,
2 The red gold on your crown;
3 Ye take mair delight in your feckless dress
4 Than ye do in your morning prayer.'

47B.29
1 'And when ye walk in the church-yard,
2 And in your dress are seen,
3 There ne'er was one came such a length
4 With my father's heir before.

47B.30
1 'You wear your hat so wide;
2 You wear your hat so wide;
3 Ye'll answer some o the sma questions
4 That I will ask at thee.'

47B.31
1 'In Pirie's chair you'll sit, I say,
2 The gowd lace frae your crown;
3 For if ye gang where I hae been
4 You will repent it sair.'

47B.32
1 'Wi that he vanish'd frae her sight,
2 Wi the twinkling o an eye;
3 Naething mair the lady saw
4 But the gloomy clouds and sky.

47C.1
1 ONCE there was a jolly hind squire
2 Appeard in a lady's ha,
3 And aye she walked up and down,
4 Looking oer her castle wa.'

47C.2
1 'What is your wills wi me, kind sir?
2 What is your wills wi me?
3 'My wills are [not] sma wi thee, lady,
4 My wills are [not] sma wi thee.'

47C.3
1 'For here I stand a courtier,
2 And a courtier come to thee,
3 And if ye will not grant me your love,
4 For your sake I will die.'

47C.4
1 'If you die for my sake,' she says,
2 'Few for you will make moan;
3 Many better's died for my sake,
4 Their graves are growing green.'

47C.5
1 'You appear to be some false young man,
2 Your hat so wide;
3 You appear to be some false young man,
4 Your boots so side.'

47C.6
1 'An asking, asking, sir,' she said,
2 'An asking ye'll grant me?
3 'Ask on, ask on, lady,' he said,
4 'What may your asking be?'

47C.7
1 'What's the first thing in flower,' she said,
2 'That springs in mire or dale?
3 What's the next bird that sings,' she says,
4 'Unto the nightingale?'
5 Or what is the finest thing,' she says,
6 'That king or queen can wile.'

47C.8
1 'The primrose is the first in flower
2 That springs in mire or dale;
3 The throttle-throat is the next that sings
4 Unto the nightingale;
5 And yellow gold is the finest thing
6 That king or queen can wile.

47C.9
1 'You have asked many questions, lady,
2 I've you as many told;
3 'But how many pennies round
4 Make a hundred pounds in gold?'

47C.10
1 'How many small fishes
2 Do swim the salt seas round?
3 Or what's the seemliest sight you'll see
4 Into a May morning?'

47C.11
1 'There's ale into the birken scale,
2 Wine in the horn green;
3 There's gold in the king's banner
4 When he is fighting keen.'

47C.12
1 'You may be my match, kind sir,' she said,
2 'You may be my match and more;
3 There ne'er was one came such a length
4 With my father's heir before.

47C.13
1 'My father's lord of nine castles,
2 No body heir but me.
3 'Your father's lord of nine castles,
4 Your mother's lady of three;

47C.14
1 'Your father's heir of nine castles,
2 And you are heir to three;
3 For I am William, thy ae brother,
4 That died beyond the sea.'

47C.15
1 'If ye be William, my ae brother,
2 This night, O well is me!
3 If ye be William, my ae brother,
4 This night I'll go with thee.'

47C.16
1 'For no, for no, lady Janet,' he says,
2 'For no, that cannot be;
3 You've o'er foule feet and ill washen hands
4 To be in my company.'

47C.17
1 'For the wee wee worms are my bedfellows,
2 And the cold clay is my sheet,
3 And the higher that the winds do blow,
4 The sounder I do sleep.

47C.18
1 'Leave off your pride, lady Janet,' he says,
2 'Use it not any more;
3 Or when you come where I have been
4 You will repent it sore.

47C.19
1 'When you go in at you church door,
2 The red gold on your hair;
3 More will look at you yellow locks
4 Than look on the Lord's prayer.'

47C.20
1 'When you go in at you church door,
2 The red gold on your crown;
3 When you come where I have been,
4 You'll wear it laigher down.'
47D.1 1 THE jolly hindo squire, he went away
2 In the twinkling of an eye,
3 Left the lady sorrowful behind,
4 With many bitter cry.
47D.2 1 THERE cam a kniht to Archerdale,
2 His steed was winder sma,
3 An there he spied a lady bricht,
4 Luikin owre her caile wa.
47D.3 1 ‘Ye dinna seem a gentle kniht,
2 Though ye be bound wi pride;
3 Else I’d gane bye your father’s gate
4 But either taunt or gibe.’
47D.4 1 He turned about his hie horse head,
2 An awa he was boun to ride,
3 But neithly wi her mouth she spak:
4 Oh bide, fine squire, oh bide.
47D.5 1 ‘Bide, oh bide, ye hindy squire,
2 Tell me mair o your tale;
3 Tell me some o that wondrous lied
4 Ye’ve learnt in Archerdale.
47D.6 1 ‘What gaeis in a speal?’ she said,
2 ‘What in a horn green?
3 An silk gaes on a lady’s head,
4 Whan it is washen clean?’
47D.7 1 ‘Ale gaeis in a speal,’ he said,
2 ‘Wine in a horn green;
3 An silks gaes on a lady’s head,
4 Whan it is washen clean.’
47D.8 1 Abooth he turned his hie horse head,
2 An awa he was boun to ride,
3 When neatly wi her mouth she spak:
4 Oh bide, fine squire, oh bide.
47D.9 1 ‘Bide, oh bide, ye hindy squire,
2 Tell me mair o your tale;
3 Tell me some o that wondrous lied
4 Ye’ve learnt in Archerdale.
47D.10 1 ‘Ye are as like my ae brither
2 As ever I did see;
3 But he’s been buried in yon kirkyard
4 It’s mair than years is three.’
47D.11 1 ‘I am as like your ae brither
2 As ever ye did see;
3 But I canna get peace into my grave
4 As ever ye did see;
47D.12 1 ‘Ye come in by yonder kirk
2 Wi the goud plaits in your sleeve;
3 When you’re bracht hame to yon kirkyard,
4 You’ll gie them a’ thair leave.
47D.13 1 ‘Ye come in by yonder kirk
2 Wi the goud plaits in your hair;
3 When you’re bracht hame to yon kirkyard,
4 You will them a’ forbear.’
47D.14 1 ‘Ye come in to yonder kirk
2 Wi the goud plaits in your hair;
3 When you’re bracht hame to yon kirkyard,
4 You will them a’ forbear.’
47D.15 1 He got her in her mither’s bower,
2 Puttin goud plaits in her hair;
3 He left her in her father’s gairden,
4 Mournin her sins sae sair.
47E.1 1 FAIR MARGRET was a young ladye,
2 An come of high dege;
3 Fair Margret was a young ladye,
4 An proud as proud could be.
47E.2 1 Fair Margret was a rich ladye,
2 The king’s cousin was she;
3 Fair Margaret was a rich ladye,
4 An sair as sair could be.
47E.3 1 She war’d her wealth on the gay cleedin
2 That comes frae yont the sea,
3 She spent her time flae morn till night
4 Adorning her fair bodye.
47E.4 1 Ae night she sate in her stately ha,
2 Kaimin her yellow hair,
3 When in there cum like a gentle kniht,
4 An a white scaf she did wear.
47E.5 1 ‘What’s your will wi me, sir knight,
2 O what’s your will wi me?
3 You’re the liket to my ae brother
4 That ever I did see.’
47E.6 1 ‘You’re the liket to my ae brother
2 That ever I hae seen;
3 But I canna get rest into my grave,
4 A’ for the pride o thee.
47E.7 1 ‘Leave pride, Margret, leave pride, Margret,
2 Leave pride an vanity;
3 Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,
4 Sair altered ye maun be.’
47E.8 1 ‘O ye come in at the kirk-door
2 Wi the gowd plaits in your hair;
3 But wud ye see what I hae seen,
4 Ye maun gie them a’ forbear.’
47E.9 1 ‘O ye come in at the kirk-door
2 Wi the gowd prins i your sleeve;
3 But wud ye see what I hae seen,
4 Ye maun gie them a’ thair leave.
47E.10 1 ‘O ye come in at the kirk-door
2 Wi the gowd prins i your sleeve;
3 But wad ye see what I hae seen,
4 Ye maun gie them a’ thair leave.
47E.11 1 Leave pride, Margret, leave pride, Margret,
2 Leave pride an vanity;
3 Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,
4 Sair altered ye maun be.’
47E.12 1 He got her in her stately ha,
2 Kaimin her yellow hair,
3 He left her on her sick sick bed,
4 Sheding the saut sart tear.
48.1 1 AS I was cast in my owne ladye
2 The hayre that comes frae yont the sea,
3 She spent her time frae morn till night
4 Adorning her fair bodye.
48.2 1 The mooine shone bright, and itt cast a fayre light,
2 Sayes shew, Welcome, my honey, my hart, and my sware;
3 For I haue seuen brethren,’ she sayes,
4 Before they tow did pover a gallow tree.
48.3 1 Then he took her in his armes two,
2 And kissed her both cheeke and chin,
3 And twise or thrise he pleased this may
4 You must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold.’
48.4 1 ‘Liffe is sweet,’ then, ‘Says shew,
2 Therfore I pray you leaue mee
3 Whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords point,
4 Or thow wilt goe nacked home again?’
48.5 1 ‘Liffe is sweet,’ then, ‘Says shew,
2 Therfore I pray you leaue mee
3 Before I wold dye on your swords point,
4 I had rather goe naked home again.
48.6 1 ‘My fatter,’ she sayes, ‘is a right good erle
2 As any remaines in his owne countrye;
3 If euery he doe your bode take,
4 You will not be thow thes in the world.’
48.7 1 It was well counted vpon his knee;
2 And brought it all to younge Andrew,
3 Then he took her by the lilly white hand,
4 He took her by the lilly white hand,
5 And led her vp to an hill soe hye.
48.8 1 Shee had put of her gowne of blawcke velvet,
2 (A pitifull sight after yee shall see);’
3 Pat of thy clothes, bonny wenche,’ he says,
4 ‘For noe gijote furth thoust gang with mee.’
48.9 1 But then shee put of her gowne of velvett,
2 With many a salt teare from her eye;
3 In a kirtle of fine brent silke
4 Shee stood before young Andrewes eye.
48.10 1 Sais, O put off thy kirtle of silke,
2 For some and all shall goe with mee;
3 And to my owne lady I must itt beare,
4 Who I must needs louse better then thee.
48.11 1 Then shee put of her kirtle of silke,
2 With many a salt teare still from her eye;
3 In a peticote of scarlett red
4 Shee stood before young Andrewes eye.
48.12 1 Sais, O put of thy peticote,
2 For some and all shall goe with mee;
3 And to my owne lady I will itt beare,
4 Which dwells soe fayre in a strange countrye
48.13 1 But then shee put of her peticote,
2 With many a salt teare still from her eye,
3 And in a smocke of braue white silke
4 Shee stood before young Andrewes eye.
48.14 1 Sais, O put of thy smocke of silke,
2 For some and all shall goe with mee;
3 Vnto my owne lady I will itt beare,
4 That dwells soe fayre in a strange countrye.
48.15 1 Sayes, O remember, young Andrew,
2 Once of a woman you were borne;
3 And for that birth that Mary bore,
4 I pray you let my smocke be vpon!’
48.16 1 ‘Yes, fayre ladye, I know itt well,
2 Once of a woman I was borne;
3 Yett for noe birth that Mary bore,
4 Thy smocke shall not be left here vpon.’
48.17 1 But then shee put of her head-geere fine;
2 Shee hadd billaments worth a hundred pound;
3 The hayre that was vpon this bony wenche head
4 Couered her bodey downe to the ground.
48.18 1 Then he pulled forth a Scottish brand,
2 And held itt there in his owne right hand;
3 Sais, Whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords point,
4 Or thow wilt goe nacked home again?
48.19 1 ‘Liffe is sweet,’ then, ‘Says shew,
2 Therfore I pray you leaue mee with mine;
3 Before I wold dye on your swords point,
4 I had rather goe nacked home again.
48.20 1 ‘My fatter,’ she sayes, ‘is a right good erle
2 As any remaines in his owne countrye;
3 If euery he doe your bode take,
4 You will not be thow thes in the world.’
48.21 1 ‘And I haue seuen brethren,’ she sayes,
2 ‘And they are all hardy men and bold;
3 Giff euer thel doe your bode take,
4 You must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold.’
48.22 1 ‘If your fatter be a right good erle
2 As any remaines in his owne countrye;
3 Tush! he shall neuer by body take,
4 I’ll gang soe fast ouer the sea.’
48.23 1 ‘If you have seuen brethren,’ he sayes,
2 ‘If they be neuer soe hardy or bold,
3 Tush! they shall neuer my swords point,
4 I’ll gang soe fast into the Scottish mold.’
The Child Ballads

48.24
1 Now this ladye is gone to her fathers hall,
2 When every body their rest did take;
3 But the Erle which was her father
4 Lay waken for his deere daughters sake.

48.25
1 'But who is that,' her father can say,
2 That soe priulye knowes the pinn?'
3 'It's Hellen, your owne deere daughter, father,
4 I pray you rise and lett me in.'

48.26
1 'Nay, your gold is gone, father!' said shee,
2 . . . .
3 Then naked thou came into this world,
4 And naked thou shalt returne againe.'

48.27
1 'Nay! God forgaue his death, father,' shee says,
2 And see I hope you will doe mee;
3 'Away, away, thou cursed woman,
4 I pray God an ill death thou may dye!'

48.28
1 Shee stood soe long quacking on the ground
2 Till her hart it burst in three;
3 And then shee fell dead downe in a swoond,
4 And this was the end of this bonny ladye.

48.30
1 The morning, when her father got vpp,
2 A pittyffull sight there he might see;
3 'Oh tell her I lie in Kirk-land fair,
4 To buy her a wedding ring.'

48.31
1 'And what will I say to my sister dear,
2 Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar's John?'
3 'And what will I say to my sister dear,
4 To buy her a new silk gown.'

48.32
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in grave laid,
2 This nicht when I gae hame?'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in grave laid,
4 But ay it bled the mair.'

48.33
1 But let vs leaue talking of this ladye,
2 And talke some more of young Andrew;
3 'Ffor if false he was to this bonny ladye,
4 More pitty that he had not beene true.

48.34
1 He was not gone a mile into the wild forrest,
2 Or halfe a mile into the hart of Wales,
3 There he caught him by such a braue wyle,
4 That hee must come to tell noe more tales.

48.35
1 And buried in Sausaff toun.'
2 When euery body their rest did take;
3 'Tell me, the Cause she was soe fast
4 That I might neer gae hame.'

48.36
1 'But who is that,' her father can say,
2 That soe priulye knowes the pinn?'
3 'It's Hellen, your owne deere daughter, father,
4 And laid his body there.'

48.37
1 'When you go home, brother,' he says,
2 'And carry me to yon kirk-yard,
3 And dig a grave baith wide and deep,
4 That will be long and large.'

48.38
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 'And bear me hence away,
3 And tell him no to murn.'
4 They'll aiblins bleed noe more.'

48.39
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And take me to yon kirk-yard,
3 And carry me to yon burn clear,
4 That's all I want of thee.'

48.40
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And carry me to yon burn clear,
3 And dig a grave baith wide and deep,
4 That I might neer gae hame.'

48.41
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 This midst when I gae home?'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 That I might neer gae hame.'

48.42
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And rive it frae gare to gare,
3 And stab it in my bleeding wounds,
4 That I might neer gae hame.'

48.43
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And rive it frae gare to gare,
3 And stab it in my bleeding wounds,
4 That she was her owne deere daughter,
5 And dug a grave baith deep and wide,
6 And laid his body there.

48.44
1 'But what will I say to my father dear,
2 Gin he chance to say, Willie, what's John?'
3 'Oh say that he's to England gone,
4 To buy her a new silk gown.'

48.45
1 'And what will I say to my mother dear,
2 Gin she chance to say, Willie, what's John?'
3 'Oh say that he's to England gone,
4 To buy her a new silk gown.'

48.46
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in Kirk-land fair,
2 To buy her a wedding ring.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 That I might neer gae hame.'

48.47
1 'But what will I say to my sister dear,
2 Gin she chance to say, Willie, what's John?'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 To buy her a new silk gown.'

48.48
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 And laid him in the clay.'

48.49
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.50
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.51
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.52
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 And laid him in the clay.'

48.53
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.54
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.55
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.56
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.57
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.58
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'

48.59
1 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
2 And tell him no to murn.'
3 'Tell her I'm dead and in my grave,
4 For her dear sake alane.'
The Text of

49D.11
1 'When ye gae hame to my sister,
2 She'll speer for her John:
3 'It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
4 Learning the school alone.'

49D.12
1 'Whan ye gae hame to my true-love,
2 She'll speer for her Lord John;
3 Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
4 But hame ye fear he'll never come.'

49D.13
1 He's gane hame to his father;
2 He speered for his son John;
3 'It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
4 Learning the school alone.'

49D.14
1 And whan he gaed hame to his sister,
2 She spérred for her brother John;
3 'It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
4 The green grass growin aboon.'

49D.15
1 And whan he gaed hame to his true-love,
2 She spérred for her lord John:
3 'It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
4 And hame I fear he'll never come.'

49D.16
1 'But whant bluid's that on your sword, Willie?
2 Sweet Willie, tell to me;
3 'It is the bluid of my grey hounds,
4 They wadna rin for me.'

49D.17
1 'It's nae the bluid o your hounds, Willie,
2 Their bluid was never so red;
3 But it is the bluid o my true-love,
4 That ye hae slain indeed.'

49D.18
1 That fair may weep, that fair may wroun,
2 That fair may mouraud and pin'd:
3 'When every lady looks for her love,
4 I neer need look for mine.'

49D.19
1 'O what a death will ye die, Willie?
2 Now, Willie, tell to me;
3 'Ye'll put me in a bottomless boat,
4 And I'll gae sail the sea.'

49D.20
1 'What will ye come hame again, Willie?
2 Now, Willie, tell to me;
3 'When the warm and moon dances on the green,
4 And that will never be.'

49E.1
1 THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
2 And when they got awa,
3 'It's will ye play at the stane-chucking,
4 Or will ye play at the ba,'

49E.2
1 'I winna play at the stane-chucking,
2 Nor will I play at the ba;
3 But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
4 And that will never be.'

49E.3
1 They wadna rin for me.'
2 'O dear son, tell to me;
3 'It is the bluid of my greyhound,
4 He wadna fle for me.'

49E.4
1 'O what will ye say to your father?
2 Dear Willie, tell to me;
3 'I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride,
4 To dwell in some far countrie.'

49E.5
1 'O what will ye say to your father?
2 Dear Willie, tell to me;
3 'I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk-style,
4 Whare nae man does me know.'

49E.6
1 'What will ye say to your father dear,
2 When ye gae hame at e'en;
3 'I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk-style,
4 Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

49E.7
1 'O no, O no, my brother dear,
2 Or you must not say so;
3 But say that I'm gane to a foreign land,
4 Whare nae man does me know.'

49E.8
1 'When ye gae hame to your father,
2 He'll speer for his son John;
3 Say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
4 Learning the school alone.'

49E.9
1 'He's takèn aff the green cleiding,
2 And rowed him saftly in;
3 He's laid him down by yon kirk-style,
4 Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

49F.1
1 THERE were twa brothers in the east,
2 With every lady looks for her love,
3 But say that I'm gane to a foreign land,
4 And that will never be.'

49F.2
1 'Tak me to Kirkland fair,
2 He speered for his son John;
3 'It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
4 Learning the school alone.'

49F.3
1 'O thy hawk's bluid was neer sae red,
2 Nor eer sae dear to me:
3 'O what bluid's that upon your dirk,
4 O dear son, tell to me.'

49F.4
1 'O thy steed's bluid was neer sae red,
2 Nor eer sae dear to me:
3 'O what bluid's that upon your hand?
4 O dear son, tell to me.'

49F.5
1 'It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
2 He speered for his son John;
3 'It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
4 Learning the school alone.'

49F.6
1 'When ye gae hame to your father,
2 He'll speer for his son John;
3 Say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,
4 Learning the school alone.'

49F.7
1 'He's takèn aff his holland sark,
2 And torn it gair by gair;
3 'Nor for your wite monie;
4 'Nor for your white monie.'

49F.8
1 'I'll gae up to yon kirk-style,
2 Nor will I gae to the ba;
3 'O will ye gae to the scule, brother?
4 And 'twill gie peace to me.'

49F.9
1 'O the green grass growin aboon.
2 She'll speer for her brother John:
3 'Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,
4 And lay my body there.'

49F.10
1 'Nor will I gae to the ba;
2 Nor will I play at the ba;
3 'It's I left him into Kirkland fair,
4 And they'll neer bleed nae mair.'

49F.11
1 'O is it for my gold, brother?
2 O is it for my white monie?
3 'O is it for my lands sae braid,
4 That ye hae killed me?'

49F.12
1 'When he sat in his father's chair,
2 He gae baith pale and wan:
3 'O what bluid's that upon your bow?
4 O dear son, tell to me.'

49F.13
1 'When every lady looks for her love,
2 And heavy was her moan;
3 Then next came up his true-lover dear,
4 That I hae killed thee.'

49F.14
1 'O thy hawk's bluid is neer sae red,
2 Nor eer sae dear to me:
3 'O what bluid's this upon your hand?
4 O dear son, tell to me.'
The Child Ballads

49F.6  1 He’s taen the shirt was on his back,  
2 Reave it frae gare to gare,  
3 And tried to stop his bleeding wounds,  
4 But still they bled the mair.

49F.7  1 ‘Ye’ll take me up upon your back,  
2 Carry me to yon water clear,  
3 And tried to stop his bleeding wounds,  
4 But still they bled the mair.

49F.9  1 ‘Ye’ll take me up upon your back,  
2 Carry me to yon church-yard;  
3 Ye’ll dig a grave baith wide and deep,  
4 And then ye’ll lay me there.

49F.12  1 ‘Ye’ll put a head-stane at my head,  
2 Another at my feet,  
3 Likewise a sod on my breast-hane,  
4 The souner I may sleep.

49F.13  1 ‘And when my sister asks of thee,  
2 Saying, What’s become of John?  
3 Ye’ll tell frae me, I’m ower the sea,  
4 To buy a wedding gown.

49F.14  1 ‘And when my mother asks of thee,  
2 Saying, William, where is John?  
3 Ye’ll tell frae me, I’m ower the sea,  
4 To learn some merry sang.

49F.15  1 He’s taen him up upon his back,  
2 Carried him to yon church-yard,  
3 And dug a grave baith wide and deep,  
4 And he was buried there.

49F.16  1 He laid a head-stane at his head,  
2 Another at his feet,  
3 And laid a green sod on his breast,  
4 The souner he might sleep.

49F.17  1 His father asked when he came hame,  
2 Saying, ‘William, where is John?’  
3 Then John said, ‘He is ower the sea,  
4 To bring you hame some wine.’

49F.18  1 ‘What blood is this upon you, William,  
2 And looks sae red on thee?  
3 ‘It is the blood o my grey-hound,  
4 He woudna run for me.’

49F.19  1 ‘O that’s nae like your grey-hound’s blude,  
2 William, that I do see;  
3 I fear it is your own brother’s blude  
4 That looks sae red on thee.’

49F.20  1 ‘That is not my own brother’s blude,  
2 Father, that ye do see;  
3 It is the blood o my grey good steed,  
4 He woudna carry me.’

49F.21  1 ‘O that is nae your grey steed’s blude,  
2 William, that I do see;  
3 It is the blood o your brother John,  
4 That looks sae red on thee.’

49F.22  1 ‘It’s nae the blood o my brother John,  
2 Father, that ye do see;  
3 It is the blude o my grey good hawk,  
4 Because he woudna flee.’

49F.23  1 ‘O that is nae your grey hawk’s blude,  
2 William, that I do see;  
3 ‘Well, it’s the blude o my brother,  
4 This country I maun flee.’

49F.24  1 ‘O when will ye come back again,  
2 My dear son, tell me?’  
3 ‘When sun and moon gae three times round,  
4 And this will never be.’

49F.25  1 ‘Ohoon, alas! now William, my son,  
2 This is bad news to me:  
3 Your brother’s death I’ll aye bewail,  
4 And the absence o thee.’

49G.1  1 AS John and William were coming home one day,  
2 One Saturday afternoon,  
3 Says John to William, Come and try a fight,  
4 Or will you throw a stone?

49G.2  1 Says William to John, I will not try a fight,  
2 Nor will I throw a stone,  
3 Nor will I come down to yonder town,  
4 Where the maids are all playing ball.

49G.3  1 So John took out of his pocket  
2 A knife both long and sharp,  
3 And stuck it through his brother’s heart,  
4 The blood and the blood came pouring down.

49G.4  1 Says John to William, Take off thy shirt,  
2 And tear it from gore to gore,  
3 And wrap it round your bleeding heart,  
4 And the blood will pour no more.’

49G.5  1 So John took off his shirt,  
2 And tore it from gore to gore,  
3 And wrapped it round his bleeding heart,  
4 And the blood came pouring more.

49G.6  1 ‘What shall I tell your dear father,  
2 When I go home to-night?  
3 ‘You’ll tell him I’m dead and in my grave,  
4 For the truth must be told.’

49G.7  1 ‘What shall I tell your dear mother,  
2 When I go home to-night?  
3 ‘You’ll tell her I’m dead and in my grave,  
4 For the truth must be told.’

49G.8  1 ‘How came this blood upon your knife?  
2 My son, come tell to me;  
3 ‘It is the blood of a rabbit I have killed,  
4 O mother, pardon me.’

49G.9  1 ‘The blood of a rabbit couldnt be so pure,  
2 My son, come tell to me;  
3 ‘It is the blood of a squirrel I have killed,  
4 O mother, pardon me.’

49G.10  1 ‘The blood of a squirrel couldnt be so pure,  
2 My son, come tell to me;  
3 ‘It is the blood of a brother I have killed,  
4 O mother, pardon me.’

49H.1  1 Two pretty boys lived in the North,  
2 And softly laid her down,  
3 ‘If ye winna gie me your green manteel,  
4 Give me your maidenhead.’

49H.2  1 And may she comes, and may she goes,  
2 Down by yon hollin tree,  
3 But if you be a courtier,  
4 And may she comes, and may she goes,  
5 ‘O may she comes, and may she goes.’

49H.3  1 ‘O is it for my gold?’ he said,  
2 ‘Or for my rich monie,  
3 Or is it for my land sa broad,  
4 That you have killed me?’

49H.4  1 ‘It’s neither for your gold,’ he said,  
2 ‘Or for your rich monie,  
3 But it is for tell lane,  
4 That I have killed thee.’

49H.5  1 ‘You’ll take [me] up upon your back,  
2 Carry me to Wastlen kirk-yard;  
3 ‘You’ll houk a hole large and deep,  
4 And lay my body there.

49H.6  1 ‘You’ll put a good stone on my head,  
2 Another at me feet,  
3 A good green turf upon my breast,  
4 That the sounder I maun gae sleep.

49H.7  1 ‘And if my father chance to ask  
2 What’s come of your brother John,  
3 . . . . . . . .  
4 . . . . . . . .

49H.8  1 ‘What blood is this upon your coat?  
2 I pray come tell to me;  
3 ‘It is the blood of my black hound,  
4 It would not run for me.’

49H.9  1 ‘The blood of your black horse was near so red,  
2 I pray come tell to me;  
3 ‘It is the blood of my black horse,  
4 Since better canna be.’

49H.10  1 ‘The blood of your greyhound was near so red,  
2 I pray come tell to me;  
3 ‘It is the blood of my brother John,  
4 Since better canna be.’

49H.12  1 ‘When the sun and the moon passes over the broom,  
2 That’s the day you’ll never see.’

50.1  1 O MAY she comes, and may she goes,  
2 Down by yon gardens green,  
3 And there she spied a gallant squire  
4 As squire had ever been.

50.2  1 And may she comes, and may she goes,  
2 Down by yon hollin tree,  
3 And there she spied a brisk young squire,  
4 A brisk young squire was he.

50.3  1 ‘Give me your green manteel, fair maid,  
2 Give me your maidenhead;  
3 Gif ye winna gie me your green manteel,  
4 Gi me your maidenhead.’

50.4  1 He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And softly laid her down,  
3 And when he’s lifted her up again  
4 Given her a silver kaim.

50.5  1 ‘Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir,  
2 Perhaps there may be nane;  
3 But if you be a courtier,  
4 You’ll tell to me your name.’

50.6  1 ‘I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
2 But new come frae the sea;  
3 I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
4 But when I court’ith thee.’

50.7  1 ‘They call me Jack when I’m abroad,  
2 This is bad news to me;  
3 ‘How come this blood upon your knife?  
4 I pray come tell to me.’

50.8  1 ‘What’s become of your brother John,  
2 I pray come tell to me;  
3 ‘And if my father chance to ask  
4 That I have killed thee.’

50.9  1 ‘Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir,  
2 Perhaps there may be nane;  
3 But if you be a courtier,  
4 You’ll tell to me your name.’

50.10  1 ‘I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
2 But new come frae the sea;  
3 I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
4 But when I court’ith thee.’

50.11  1 ‘When the sun and the moon passes over the broom,  
2 That’s the day you’ll never see.’
Some fallow's deed thou hast done.'

For I see by thy ill colour
What ails thee sae fast to rin?

What ails thee, Geordy Wan?

And sair aghast was he.

And he's awa to his mothers bower,

And her fair body in three,

And he has cutted aff Lizie Wan's head,

That hung down by his knee.

And he has drawn his gude braid sword,

Between my dear billy and I.'

And there came her father dear:

And wha cam doun but her fause, fause brither,

And ye hae tauld sister, a' three;

For there lyes a little babe in my side,

For there lyes a little babe in my side,

For there lyes a little babe in my side,

And she has putn't in her heart's bluid,

She's putten her hand down by her spare,

And out she's taen a knife,

And she has putt's in her heart's bluid,

And taen awa her life.

And he's taen up his bonny sister,

And he's taen over the dale,

Amang the hollins green.

And he's hyed him oer the dale,

Beneath the hollin tree.

And he's hyed him o'er the dale,

Beneath yon hollin tree!

And she has taen up her bonny sister,

And taen away her life.

And she has cutted aff Lizie Wan's head,

And she has putt's in her heart's bluid,

And taen awa her life.

And she has cutted aff Lizie Wan's head,

And she has putt's in her heart's bluid,

And taen awa her life.

And she has cutted aff Lizie Wan's head,

And she has putt's in her heart's bluid,

And taen awa her life.
52A.11
1 She put her hand down by her side,
2 And down into her spaire,
3 And she pou’t out a wee pen-knife,
4 And she wounded herself in sair.

52A.12
1 Hooily, hooily raise she up,
2 And hooily she gade hame,
3 Until she came to her father’s parlour,
4 And there she did sick and mane.

52A.13
1 ‘O sister, sister, mak my bed,
2 O the clean sheets and sair.
3 O sister, sister, mak my bed,
4 Down in the parlour below.’

52A.14
1 Her father he came tripping down the stair,
2 His steps they were fu slow;
3 ‘I think, I think, Lady Jean,’ he said,
4 ‘Ye’re lying far owre low.’

52A.15
1 ‘O late yestreen, as I came hame,
2 Down by yon castil wa,
3 O heavy, heavy was the stane
4 That on my breast did fa!’

52A.16
1 Her mother she came tripping down the stair,
2 Her steps they were fu slow;
3 ‘I think, I think, Lady Jean,’ she said,
4 ‘Ye’re lying far owre low.’

52A.17
1 ‘O late yestreen, as I came hame,
2 Down by yon castil wa,
3 O heavy, heavy was the stane
4 That on my breast did fa!’

52A.18
1 Her sister came tripping down the stair,
2 Her steps they were fu slow;
3 ‘I think, I think, Lady Jean,’ she said,
4 ‘Ye’re lying far owre low.’

52A.19
1 Her brither he cam trippin doun the stair,
2 His steps they were fu slow;
3 She hadna pu’d a flower, a flower,
4 To see the leaves grow green.

52B.3
1 She had sciences bowered a branch,
2 Or plucked a nut frae the tree,
3 Till up and starts a fair young man,
4 And a fair young man was he.

52B.4
1 ‘How dare ye shake the leaves?’ he said,
2 ‘How dare ye break the tree?
3 How dare ye pluck the nuts?’ he said,
4 ‘Without the leave of me?’

52B.5
1 ‘Oh I know the merry green wood’s my ain,
2 Till up and starts a fair young man,
3 She said, If you rightly knew my birth,
4 Ye’d better letten alane.

52B.6
1 He gript her by the middle sae sma,
2 He gently sat her down,
3 While the grass grew up on every side,
4 And the apple trees hang down.

52B.7
1 She says, Young man, what is your name?
2 For ye’ve brought me to meikle shame;
3 For I am the king’s youngest daughter,
4 And how shall I gae hame?

52B.8
1 ‘If you’re the king’s youngest daughter,
2 It’s I’m in his lastest son,
3 And heavy heavy is the deed, sister,
4 That you and I have done.’

52B.9
1 He had a penknife in his hand,
2 Hang low down by his gair,
3 And between the long rib and the short one
4 He woundit her deep and sair.

52B.10
1 . . . .
2 . . . .
3 And fast and fast her ruddy bright blood
4 Fell dripping on the ground.

52B.11
1 She took the glove off her right hand,
2 And slowly slit it in the wound,
3 And slowly has she risen up,
4 And slowly slipped home.

52B.12
1 ‘O sister dear, when thou gaes hame
2 Unto thy father’s ha,
3 It’s make my bed baith braid and lang,
4 Wi the sheets as white as snaw.’

52B.13
1 ‘When I came by the high church-yard
2 Heavy was the stain that bruised my heel,
3 . . . . . . . that bruised my heart,
4 I’m afraid it shall never heal.’

52B.14
1 AS Annie sat into her bower,
2 A thought came in her head,
3 That she would gang to gude greenwood,
4 Across the flowery mead.

52B.15
1 ‘My mantle’s o the finest silk,
2 Nor broken a branch but twa,
3 That she would gang to gude greenwood,
4 Across the flowery mead.

52B.16
1 ‘O ye hae ha’s, and ye hae bowers,
2 And towers, and mony a town,
3 But nought will cure my bonny foot,
4 Gar you gae hale and sound?’

52B.17
1 ‘I think, I think, Lady Jean,’ he said,
2 His steps they were fu slow;
3 ‘Win up, win up, now fair Annie,
4 What makes your lying here?’

52B.18
1 ‘This morning fair, as I went out,
2 Near by yon castle wa,
3 Great and heavy was the stane
4 That on my foot did fa.’

52B.19
1 ‘Hae I nae ha’s, hae I nae bowers,
2 Or baron o high degree?
3 Will not these cure your bonny foot,
4 Gar you gang hale and sound?’

52B.20
1 ‘O ye hae ha’s, and ye hae bowers,
2 And towers, and mony a town,
3 But nought will cure my bonny foot,
4 Gar me gang hale and sound.’

52B.21
1 ‘This morning fair, as I went out,
2 Near by yon castle wa,
3 Great and heavy was the stane
4 That on my foot did fa.’

52B.22
1 Then in it came her sister Grace;
2 As she steps in the fleer,
3 ‘Win up, win up, now fair Annie,
4 What makes your lying here?’

52B.23
1 ‘Win up, and see your ae brother,
2 That’s new come ower the sea;
3 ‘Ohoon, alais!’ says fair Annie,
4 ‘He spake ower soon wi me.’

52B.24
1 To her room her brother’s gane,
2 Stroked back her yellow hair,
3 To her lips his ain did press,
4 But words spake never mair.

52D.1
1 THE lady’s taen her mantle her middle about,
2 Into the woods she’s gane,
3 . . . .
4 . . . .
52D.4 1 'My mantle is of gude green silk,
2 Another I can card an spinn,
3 But gin ye tak my maidenhead,
4 The like I'll never fin.'

52D.5 1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,
3 And laid her low at the foot o a tree,
4 At her high kin spierd nae leave.

52D.6 1 'I am bold Burnet's ae daughter,
2 You might ha' let me be;'
3 'And I'm bold Burnet's ae dear son,
4 Then dear! how can this dee?'

52D.7 1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye jolly hindre squire,
2 So loud's I hear you lie!
3 Bold Burnet has but ae dear son,
4 He's sailing on the sea.'

52D.8 1 'Yesterday, about this same time,
2 My bonny ship came to land;
3 I wish she'd sunken in the sea,
4 And never seen the strand!

52D.9 1 'Heal well this deed on me, lady,
2 Heal well this deed on me!'
3 'Although I would heal it nere sae well,
4 Our God above does see.'

52D.10 1 She's taen her mantle her middle about,
2 And mourning went she hame,
3 And a' the way she sighd full sair,
4 Crying, A'm I to blame!

52D.11 1 Ben it came her father dear,
2 Stout stepping on the flear:
3 'Take back your daughter, madam,' he says,
4 'And hae you quite forsaken me?'

52D.12 1 Up she's taen her milk-white hand,
2 Streak'd by his yellow hair,
3 Then turned about her bonny face,
4 And word spake never mair.

53A.1 1 IN London city was Bicham born,
2 He long'd strange countries for to see,
3 But he was taen by a savage Moor,
4 Who handld him right cruely.

53A.2 1 For thro his shoulder he put a bore,
2 An thro the bore has pitten a tree,
3 An he's hand him draw the carts o wine,
4 Where horse and oxen had wont to be.

53A.3 1 He's casten [him] in a dungeon deep,
2 Where he could neither hear nor see;
3 He's shut him up in a prison strong,
4 An he's hand him right cruely.

53A.4 1 O this Moor he had but ae daughter,
2 I wot her name was Shusy Pye;
3 She's doen her to the prison-house,
4 And she's cailed Young Bicham one word by.

53A.5 1 'O hae ye ony lands or rents,
2 Or cities in your ain country,
3 Could free you out of prison strong,
4 An could maintain a lady free?'

53A.6 1 'O London city is my own,
2 An other cities twa or three,
3 Could he me out or prison strong,
4 An could maintain a lady free.'

53A.7 1 O she has bribed her father's men
2 Wi meikle goud and white money,
3 She's gotten the key o the prison doors,
4 An she has set Young Bicham free.

53A.8 1 She's gi' him a loaf o good white bread,
2 But an a flask o Spanish wine,
3 An she bad him mind on the ladie's love
4 That sae kindly freed him out o pine.

53A.9 1 'Go set your foot on good ship-board,
2 An haste ye back to your ain country,
3 An before that seven years has an end,
4 Come back again, love, and marry me.'

53A.10 1 It was long or seven years had an end
2 She long'd fu sair her love to see;
3 She's set her foot on good ship-board,
4 An turned her back on her ain country.

53A.11 1 She's sauld up, so has she doun,
2 Till she came to the other side;
3 She's landed at Young Bicham's gates,
4 An I hop this day she sal be his bride.

53A.12 1 'Is this Young Bicham's gates?' says she,
2 'Or is that noble prince within?'
3 'He's up the stairs wi his bonny bride,
4 An monny a lord and lady wi him.'

53A.13 1 'O has he taen a bonny bride,
2 An has he clean forgotten me!
3 An sighing said that gay lady,
4 I wish I were in my ain country!

53A.14 1 But she's pitten her han in her pocket,
2 An gin the porter guineas three;
3 Says, Take ye that, ye proud porter,
4 An bid the bridegroom speak to me.

53A.15 1 O whan the porter came up the stair,
2 He's fa'n low down upon his knee:
3 'Wen up, wen up, ye proud porter,
4 What makes a' this courtesie?'

53A.16 5 'O I've been porter at your gates
6 This mair nor seven years an three,
7 But there is a lady at them now,
8 The like of whom I never did see.

53A.17 1 'For on every finger she has a ring,
2 An on the mid-finger she has three,
3 An there's as meikle goud aboon her brow
4 As woud buy an earldome o land to me.'

53A.18 1 Then up it started Young Bicham,
2 An aar so sair by Our Lady,
3 'It can be nane but Shusy Pye,
4 That has come oer the sea to me.'

53A.19 1 O quickly ran he down the stair,
2 O fifteen steps he has made but three;
3 He's tane his bonny love in his arms,
4 An a wot he kissd her tenderly.

53A.20 1 'O hae you tane a bonny bride?
2 An hae you quite forsaken me?
3 An hae ye quite forgotten her
4 That gae you life an liberty?'

53A.21 1 'Take back your daughter, madam,' he says,
2 'An a double dowry I'll gi her wi;
3 For I maun marry my first true love,
4 That's done and suffered so much for me.'

53A.22 1 'She's lookit oer her left shoulder
2 To hide the tears stood in her ee;
3 'Now fare thee well, Young Bicham,' she says,
4 'I'll strive to think nae mair on thee.'

53A.23 1 'He's take his bonny love by the han,
2 And led her to yon fountain stane;
3 He's changed her name frae Shusy Pye,
4 An he's cauld her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

53B.1 1 IN England was Young Brechin born,
2 Of parents of a high degree,
3 The sold him to the savage Moor,
4 Where they abused him maist cruelly.

53B.2 1 Thro evy shoulder they bord a bore,
2 An thro evy eare they put a tree;
3 They made him draw the carts o wine,
4 Which horse and owens were wont to drie.

53B.3 1 The pat him into prison strong,
2 Where he could neither hear nor see;
3 They pat him in a dark dungeon,
4 Where he was sick and like to die.

53B.4 1 'Is there neer an auld wife in this town
2 That'll borrow me to be her son?
3 Is there neer a young maid in this town
4 Will take me for her chiefest one?'

53B.5 1 A Savoyen has an only daughter,
2 I wot she's cauled Young Brichen by;
3 'O sleepest thou, wakest thou, Brichen!' she says,
4 'Or who is't that does on me cry?'

53B.6 1 'O hast thou any house or lands,
2 Or hast thou any castles free,
3 That thou wadst gi to a lady fair
4 That out o prison wad bring thee?'

53B.7 1 'O lady, Lundin it is mine,
2 And other castles twa or three;
3 These I wad gie to a lady fair
4 That out of prison wad set me free.'

53B.8 1 She's taen him by the milk-white hand,
2 And led him to a towre sae hie;
3 She's made him drink the wine sae reid,
4 An sung to him like a mavosie.

53B.9 1 O these two luvers made a bond,
2 For seven years, and that is lang,
3 That he was to marry no other wife,
4 And she's to marry no other man.

53B.10 1 O he's taen his bonny love in his arms,
2 An before that seven years has an end,
3 An haste you back to your ain country,
4 Will take me for her chiefest one?

53B.11 1 When she came to Young Brechin's yett,
2 She chappit gently at the gin;
3 'Is this Young Brechin's yett?' she says,
4 'Or is this lusty lord within?'

53B.12 1 'Is this Young Brechin's gates?' says she,
2 'Or is that noble prince within?'
3 'Is this Young Bicham's gates?' he says,
4 'And bid the bridegroom speak to me.'

53B.13 1 'For on every finger she has a ring,
2 An on the mid-finger she has three,
3 An there's as meikle goud aboon her brow
4 As woud buy an earldome o land to me.'

53B.14 1 Then up it started Young Bicham,
2 An aar so sair by Our Lady,
3 'It can be nane but Shusy Pye,
4 That has come oer the sea to me.'

53B.15 1 'O I hae been porter at your yett
2 She's landed at Young Bicham's gates,
3 'Take back your daughter, madam,' he says,
4 'And bid your master come down to me.'

53B.16 1 'Bid him bring a bite o his ae best bread,
2 An bottle o his ae best wine,
3 An neer forget that lady fair
4 That did him out o prison bring.'

53B.17 1 The porter tripped up the stair,
2 And fell low down upon his knee:
3 'Rise up, rise up, ye proud porter,
4 What mean you by this courtesie?'

53B.18 1 'O I have been porter at your yett
2 This thirty years and a' but three;
3 There stands the fairest lady thereat
4 That ever my twa een did see.

53B.19 1 'On every finger she has a ring,
2 On her mid-finger she has three;
3 She's as much gold on her horse's neck
4 As wad by a earldome o land to me.'

53B.20 1 'She bids you send o your ae best bread,
2 And a bottle o your ae best wine,
3 And neer forget that lady fair
4 That out o prison you did bring.'
53C.13
1 'Ohon, alas!' says Young Beckie,
2 'I know not what to do;
3 For I cannot win to Burd Isbel,
4 And she kensnae to come to me.'

53C.14
1 O it fell once upon a day
2 Burd Isbel fell asleep,
3 An up it starts the Bely Blin,
4 An stood at her bed-feet.

53C.15
1 'O waken, waken, Burd Isbel,
2 How can you sleep so sound,
3 What is this Bekie's wedding day,
4 An the marriage gain on?

53C.16
1 'Ye do ye to your mother's bow'r,
2 Think neither sin nor shame;
3 An ye tak twa o your mother's marys,
4 To keep ye true thinking lang.

53C.17
1 'Ye dress yoursel in the red scarlet,
2 An your marys in dainty green,
3 An ye pit girdles about your middles
4 Woud buy an earldome.

53C.18
1 'O ye gang down by yeon sea-side,
2 An down by yeon sea-stran;
3 Sae bonny will the Hollans boats
4 Come rowin till your han.

53C.19
1 'Ye set your milk-white foot aboord,
2 Cry, Hail ye, Domine!
3 An I shal be the steerer o',
4 To row you oer the sea.'

53C.20
1 She's tane her till her mother's bow'r,
2 Thought neither sin nor shame,
3 An she took o her mother's marys,
4 To keep her frae thinking lang.

53C.21
1 She dressed hersel i the red scarlet,
2 Her marys i dainty green,
3 And they pat girdles about their middles
4 Woud buy an earldome.

53C.22
1 An they gid down by yeon sea-side,
2 An down by yeon sea-stran;
3 Sae bonny did the Hollans boats
4 Come rowin to their han.

53C.23
1 She set her milk-white foot on board,
2 Cried, Hail ye, Domine!
3 An the Bely Blin was the steerer o',
4 To row her oer the sea.

53C.24
1 When she came to Young Bekie's gate,
2 She heard the music play;
3 Sae well she kent frae a she heard,
4 It was her wedding day.

53C.25
1 She's pitten her han in her pocket,
2 Gin the porter guineas three;
3 'Hae, tak ye that, ye proud porter,
4 Bid the bride-groom speake to me.'

53C.26
1 O whan that he cam up the stair,
2 He fell low down on his knee:
3 He hald the king, an he hald the queen,
4 An he hald him, Young Bekie.

53C.27
1 'O I've been porter at your gates
2 This thirty years an three;
3 But there's three ladies at them now,
4 Their like I never did see.

53C.28
1 'There's ane o them dressed in red scarlet,
2 And twa in dainty green,
3 An they hae girdles about their middles
4 Woud buy an earlidge.'

53C.29
1 Then out it spake the bierly bride,
2 'Tak hame, tak hame your daughter dear,
3 But it wasnae a lee,
4 For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,
5 To marry a maid in a May mornin,
6 An send her back at even?'

53D.1
1 YOUNG BEACHEN was born in fair London,
2 And foreign lands he langued to see;
3 He was taen by the savage Moor,
4 An the used him most cruellie.

53D.2
1 Through his shoulder they pat a bore,
2 And through the bore the pat a tree;
3 They made him trail his osen carts,
4 And they used him most cruellie.

53D.3
1 The savage Moor had ae daughter,
2 I at her foot wad run;
3 An the used him most cruellie.
4 An he haild him, Young Bekie.

53D.4
1 He made na his moan to a stocke,
2 I wad make her lady of haas and bowers,
3 Bit it was to the Queen of Heaven
4 That he made his moan.

53D.5
1 'Gin a lady woud borrow me,
2 I at her foot wad run;
3 An a widow woud borrow me,
4 I woud become her son.

53D.6
1 'But an a maid woud borrow me,
2 I wad wed her wi a ring;
3 An I wad make her lady of haas and bowers,
4 An of the high towers of Line.'

53D.7
1 'Sing oer yer sang, Young Beachen,' she says,
2 'Sing oer yer sang to me;'\n3 'I never sang that sang, lady,
4 But I wad sing to thee.'

53D.8
1 'Gin a lady woud borrow me,
2 I at her foot wad run;
3 An a widow woud borrow me,
4 I woud become her son.

53D.9
1 'But an a maid woud borrow me,
2 I wad wed her wi a ring;
3 An I wad make her lady of haas and bowers,
4 An of the high towers of Line.'

53D.10
1 Safly, [saftly] gaed she but,
2 An saftly gaed she ben,
3 It was nae for want of hose nor shoon,
4 Nor time to pet them on.
She's name the war o' me.'

She's changed her name frae Susie Pay,

That freed ye out of pine?'

She took her in his arms twa:

He took her . . . .

And she has staen the keys of the prison,

She's gien him to drink the blood-red wine,

She's put her hand in her pocket,

She's put her ring from her finger,

She's broken a ring from her finger,

She's broken the fashion o' our country,

She's broken the fashion o' my country,

She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,

She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,

She's opend the prison doors,

She's set Young Beichan free.

She's set Young Beichan free.

She's gone the keys of the prison strong,

She's broken a ring from her finger.

She's gathered him a leesh of guid grayhounds,

She's gathered him a leesh of guid grayhounds,
The Child Ballads

53E.33 1 'O well-a-day!' said Beichan then, 2 'That I so soon have married thee!' 3 For it can be none but Susie Pye, 4 That sailed the sea for love of me.'

53E.34 1 And quickly hied he down the stair; 2 Of fifteen steps he made but three; 3 He's tane his bonny love in his arms, 4 And kist and kist her tenderlie.

53E.35 1 'O hae ye taen another bride? 2 And hae ye quite forgotten me? 3 And hae ye quite forgotten her 4 That gave your life and libertine?'

53E.36 1 She looked o'er her left shoulder, 2 To hide the tears stood in her ee: 3 'Now fare thee well, Young Beichan,' she says, 4 'Tl' try to think no more on thee.'

53E.37 1 'O never, never, Susie Pye, 2 For surely this can never be, 3 Nor ever shall I wed but her 4 That's done and dreed so much for me.'

53E.38 1 Then out and spak the forenoon bride: 2 'My lord, your love it changeth soon; 3 This morning I was made your bride, 4 And another chose e'er it be noon.'

53E.39 1 Hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride, 2 Ye're neer a whit the worse for me, 3 And whan ye return to your own country, 4 A double dower I'll send with thee.'

53E.40 1 He's taen Susie Pye by the white hand, 2 And gently led her up and down, 3 And ay as he kist her red rosy lips, 4 'Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own.'

53E.41 1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand, 2 And led her to yon fountain stane; 3 He's changed her name from Susie Pye, 4 And he's call'd her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

53F.1 1 IN the lands whre Lord Beichan was born, 2 Among the stately steps of stane, 3 He wore the goud at his left shoulder, 4 But to the Holy Land he's gane.

53F.2 1 He was na lang in the Holy Land, 2 Among the Prudents that was black, 3 He was na lang in the Holy Land, 4 Till the Prudent did Lord Beichan tak.

53F.3 1 The gard him draw baith pleugh and harrow, 2 And horse and oxen twa or three; 3 They cast him in a dark dungeon, 4 Where he coude neither hear nor see.

53F.4 1 The Prudent had a fair daughter, 2 I wot they ca'd her Susie Pye, 3 And all the keys in that city 4 Hang at that lady by and bye.

53F.5 1 It once fell out upon a day 2 That into the prison she did gae, 3 And when she cam to the prison door, 4 She kneeld low down on her knee.

53F.6 1 'O hae ye ony lands, Beichan, 2 Or hae ye ony castles hie, 3 What I wad tak a young thing to, 4 If out of prison I wad let thee?'

53F.7 1 'Fair London's mine, dear lady,' he said, 2 And other places twa or three, 3 What I wad tak a young thing to, 4 If out of prison ye wad let me.'

53F.8 1 'O she has opened the prison door, 2 And other places twa or three, 3 And gien him bread, and wine to drink, 4 In her own chamber privately.
53H.8
1 But it fell ance upon a day,
2 As she was walking, she heard him sing;
3 She listened to his tale of woe,
4 A happy day for Young Beichan!

53H.9
1 'My hounds they all go masterless,
2 My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
3 My youngest brother will heir my lands,
4 My native land I'll never see.'

53H.10
1 'O were I but the prison-keeper,
2 As I'm a lady o hie degree,
3 I soon wad set this youth at large,
4 And send him to his ain countrie.'

53H.11
1 She went away into her chamber,
2 All night she never closed her ee;
3 And when the morning begoud to dawn,
4 At the prison door alane was she.

53H.12
1 She gied the keeper a piece of gowd,
2 And monie pieces o white monie,
3 To tak her thro the bolts and bars,
4 The lord frae Scotland she langd to see.

53H.13
1 'O hae ye got onie lands,' she says,
2 'Or castles in your ain countrie?
3 It's what wad ye gie to the lady fair
4 Wha out o prison wad set you free?'

53H.14
1 'It's sae houses, and I hae lands,
2 Wi monie castles fair to see,
3 And I wad gie a' to that lady gae,
4 Wha out o prison wad set me free.'

53H.15
1 The keeper synne brak aff his chains,
2 And set Lord Beichan at libertie;
3 She filleth his pockets baith wi gowd,
4 To tak him till his ain countrie.

53H.16
1 She took him frae her father's prison,
2 And gied to him the best o wine,
3 And a brave health she drank to him:
4 'I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine!'

53H.17
1 'It's seven lang years I'll mak a vow,
2 And seven lang years I'll keep it true;
3 If ye'll wad wi naither woman,
4 This is the day of my wedding.'

53H.18
1 She's tane him to her father's port,
2 And gien to him a ship o fame;
3 'Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,
4 I fear I'll ne'er see you again.'

53H.19
1 Lord Beichan turnd him round about,
2 And lovelie, lowly loutit he:
3 'Ee seven lang years come to an end,
4 I'll tak you to mine ain countrie.'

53H.20
1 Then when he cam to Glasgow town,
2 A ladie a' happy man was he;
3 The ladies a' around him thrand,
4 To see him come frae slaverie.

53H.21
1 His mother she had died o sorrow,
2 And a' his brothers were dead but he;
3 His lands they a' were lying waste,
4 In ruins were his castles free.

53H.22
1 Na porter there stood at his yett,
2 Na human creature he could see,
3 Except the screeching owls and bats,
4 Had he to bear him companie.

53H.23
1 But gowd will gar the castles grow,
2 And he had gowd and jewells free;
3 And soon the pages around him thrand,
4 To serve him on their bended knee.

53H.24
1 His hall was hung wi silk and satin,
2 His table rung wi mirth and glee,
3 He soon forgot the lady fair
4 That lowsd him out o slaverie.

53H.25
1 Lord Beichan courted a lady gae,
2 To heir wi him his lands sae free,
3 Neer thinking that a lady fair
4 Was on her way frae Grand Turkie.

53H.26
1 For Susie Pye could get na rest,
2 Nor day nor night could happy be,
3 Still thinking on the Scottish lord,
4 Till she was sick and like to dee.

53H.27
1 But she has buildit a bonnie ship,
2 Weel mannd wi seamen o hie degree,
3 And secretly she stept on board,
4 And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

53H.28
1 But when she cam to the Scottish shore,
2 The bells were ringing sae merrilie;
3 It was Lord Beichan's wedding day,
4 Wi a lady fair o hie degree.

53H.29
1 But sic a vessel was never seen;
2 The very masts were tappit wi gold,
3 Her sails were made o the satin fine,
4 Mist beautiful for to behold.

53H.30
1 But when the lady cam on shore,
2 Attended wi her pages three,
3 Her shoon was of the beaten gowd,
4 And she a lady of great beautie.

53H.31
1 Then to the skipper she did say,
2 'Can ye this answer gie to me?
3 Where are Lord Beichan's lands sae braid,
4 He surely lives in this countrie.'

53H.32
1 Then up bespak the skipper bold,
2 For he could speak the Turkish tongue:
3 'Lord Beichan lives not far away;
4 This is the day of his wedding.'

53H.33
1 'If ye will guide me to Beichan's yetts,
2 I will ye well reward,' said she;
3 Then she and all her pages went,
4 A very gallant companie.

53H.34
1 When she cam to Lord Beichan's yetts,
2 She tird gently at the pin;
3 She filld his pockets baith wi gowd,
4 Till she was sick and like to die.

53H.35
1 'Is this Lord Beichan's house,' she says,
2 'Or is that noble lord within?'
3 'Yes, he is gane into the hall,
4 With his brave bride and monie ane.'

53H.36
1 'Ye'll bid him send me a piece of bread,
2 Bot and a cup o your best wine;
3 And bid adieu to her ain countrie.
4 Tho Susie Pye has crossd the sea.'

53H.37
1 'Fy! gar a' our cooks mak ready,
2 And fy! gar a' our pipers play,
3 And fy! gar trumpets gae thro the toun,
4 To let the wedding guests come in.'

53H.38
1 'Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam,
2 Weel mannd wi seamen o hie degree,
3 For Susie Pye could get na rest,
4 Tho she'd been three times as fair as she.'

53H.39
1 'My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
2 I wat an angry woman was she:
3 Till she Young Bechin could find out,
4 That once did lose him out o pyne.'

53H.40
1 'Ye'll no forsake me yee dochter,
2 The like of her I neer did see.
3 And thrice ye're welcome unto me.'

53H.41
1 Lord Beichan preparid for another wedding,
2 Wi bath their hearts sae fu o glee;
3 Says, 'I'll range na mair in foreign lands,
4 Sin Susie Pye has crossd the sea.

53H.42
1 'Fy! gar a' our cooks mak ready,
2 And fy! gar a' our pipers play,
3 And fy! gar trumpets gae thro the toun,
4 That Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day!'

53H.43
1 IN London was Young Bechin born,
2 Foreign nations he longed to see;
3 He passed through many kingdoms great,
4 At length he came unto Turkie.

53H.44
1 He viewed the fashions of that land,
2 The ways of worship viewed he,
3 But unto any of their gods
4 He would not so much as bow the knee.

53H.45
1 On every shoulder they made a bore,
2 In every bore they put a tree,
3 And fy! gar trumpets gae thro the toun,
4 That Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day!

53H.46
1 Stephen, their king, had a daughter fair,
2 Yet never a man to her came nigh;
3 And every day she took the air,
4 Near to his prison she passed by.

53H.47
1 One day she heard Young Bechin sing
2 A song that pleased her so well,
3 No rest she got till she came to him,
4 All in his lonely prison cell.

53H.48
1 'I have a hall in London town,
2 With other buildings two or three,
3 And I'll give them all to the lady fair
4 That from this dungeon shall set me free.'

53H.49
1 She stole the keys from her dad's hand,
2 And for seven years they kept him there,
3 Till for hunger he was like to die.
4 She was never heard to speak sae free:

53H.50
1 'My lord, she begs some o your bread,
2 Bot and a cup o your best wine,
3 And bids you mind the lady's love
4 That ance did lowse ye out o pyne.'

53H.51
1 Then up and started Lord Beichan,
2 I wot he made the table flee:
3 'Wad gie a' my yearlie rent
4 'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea.'

53H.52
1 'Syne up bespak the bride's mother,
2 She was never heard to speak sae free:
3 'Ye'll no forsake me yee dochter,
4 Tho Susie Pye has crossd the sea!'
53M.1
1 He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 He gently led her through the green;
3 He changed her name from Susie Pie,
4 And he’s called her lovely Lady Jean.

53M.2
1 He sailed east, he sailed west,
2 Until he came to famed Turkey,
3 Where he was taken and put to prison,
4 And set Young Beichan at libertie.

53M.3
1 She’s put her han till her purse,
2 And gave the porter guineas three;
3 Says, ‘Tak ye that, ye proud porter,
4 And tell your master to speak wi me.

53M.4
1 ‘I’ll your fadder’s wrath be turned from thee.’
2 ‘Who never was heard to speak so free;
3 ‘If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.
4 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’

53M.5
1 ‘I’ve got houses and I’ve got land,
2 And half Northumberland belongs to me;
3 And I will give it all to the fair young lady
4 As out of prison would let you go free?’

53M.6
1 ‘O I’ve got houses and I’ve got land,
2 And does Northumberland belong to thee?
3 And what would you give to the fair young lady
4 As out of prison would let you go free?’

53M.7
1 ‘O in seven long years, I’ll make a vow
2 For seven long years, and keep it strong,
3 That if you’ll wed no other woman,
4 O I will Wed no other man.’

53M.8
1 ‘O in seven long years is gone and past,
2 And fourteen days, well known to me;
3 She packed up all her gay clothing,
4 And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

53M.9
1 ‘O when she arrived at Lord Bateman’s castle,
2 How boldly then she rang the bell!
3 ‘Who’s there? who’s there?’ cries the proud young porter,
4 ‘I’d swear to be her son.

53M.10
1 ‘O gin an earl would borrow me,
2 At hame in his ain country,
3 ‘I never sang the song, lady,
4 But I would waur on you.

53M.11
1 ‘Sing on, sing on, my bonny Bondwell,
2 The song ye sang just now;
3 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’
4 ‘I’d swear to be her son.

53M.12
1 ‘She’s stole the keys o the jail-house door,
2 Where under the bed they lay;
3 She’s opend to him the jail-house door,
4 And set Young Bondwell free.

53M.13
1 ‘She’s got rings on every finger,
2 At his bridle I woud rin;
3 ‘O gin an earl would borrow me,
4 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’

53M.14
1 ‘Sing on, sing on, my bonny Bondwell,
2 The song ye sang just now;
3 ‘I never sang the song, lady,
4 But I would waur on you.

53M.15
1 ‘She’s got rings on every finger,
2 At his bridle I woud rin;
3 ‘O gin an earl would borrow me,
4 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’

53M.16
1 ‘She’s got rings on every finger,
2 And on one finger she has got three;
3 With as much gay gold about her middle
4 As would buy half Northumberland.

53M.17
1 ‘She bids you to send her a slice of bread,
2 And a bottle of the very best wine,
3 Or gin a widow would borrow me,
4 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’

53M.18
1 Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
2 With both their hearts so full of glee,
3 Saying, ‘I will give half my father’s land,
4 As out of prison would let you go free.’

53M.19
1 Then up and spoke this young bride’s mother,
2 ‘O gin an earl would borrow me,
3 ‘She’s stole the keys o the jail-house door,
4 And set Young Bondwell free.

53M.20
1 ‘O gin an earl would borrow me,
2 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’
3 ‘She’s stole the keys o the jail-house door,
4 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’

53M.21
1 Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
2 With both their hearts so full of glee,
3 Saying, ‘I will give half my father’s land,
4 As out of prison would let you go free.’

53M.22
1 ‘O gin an earl would borrow me,
2 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’
3 ‘She’s stole the keys o the jail-house door,
4 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’

53M.23
1 Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
2 With both their hearts so full of glee,
3 Saying, ‘I will give half my father’s land,
4 As out of prison would let you go free.’

53M.24
1 ‘O gin an earl would borrow me,
2 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’
3 ‘She’s stole the keys o the jail-house door,
4 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’

53M.25
1 Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
2 With both their hearts so full of glee,
3 Saying, ‘I will give half my father’s land,
4 As out of prison would let you go free.’

53M.26
1 ‘O gin an earl would borrow me,
2 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’
3 ‘She’s stole the keys o the jail-house door,
4 ‘I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.’

53M.27
1 Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
2 With both their hearts so full of glee,
3 Saying, ‘I will give half my father’s land,
4 As out of prison would let you go free.’
The Text of

53M.16
1 'Win up, win up, Dame Essels,' she says,
2 'This day ye sleep ower lang;
3 The morn is the squire's wedding day,
4 In the bonny towers of Linne.'

53M.17
1 'Ye'll dress yourself in the robes o green,
2 Your maids in robes sae fair,
3 And ye'll put girdles about their middles,
4 Sae costly, rich and rare.'

53M.18
1 'Ye'll take your maries alang wi you,
2 Till ye come to yon strand;
3 There ye'll see a ship, wi sails all up,
4 Come sailing to dry land.'

53M.19
1 'Ye'll take a wand into your hand,
2 Ye'll stroke her round about,
3 And ye'll take God your pilot to be,
4 To drown ye'll take nae doubt.'

53M.20
1 Then up it raise her Dame Essels,
2 Sought water to wash her hands,
3 But aye the faster that she washed,
4 The tears they trickling ran.

53M.21
1 Then in it came her father dear,
2 And in the floor steps he:
3 'What ails Dame Essels, my daughter dear,
4 Ye weep sae bitterlie?'

53M.22
1 'Went ye a small fish frae the flood,
2 Or turtle frae the sea?
3 Or is there man in a' my realm
4 That wishes his face to see.'

53M.23
1 'I want nace small fish frae the flood,
2 Nor turtle frae the sea;
3 But Young Bondwell, your ain prisoner,
4 This day has offended thee.'

53M.24
1 Her father turned round about,
2 A solemn oath sware he:
3 'If this be true ye tell me now
4 High hanged he shall be.

53M.25
1 'To-morrow morning he shall be
2 Hung high upon a tree.'
3 Dame Essels whispered to herself,
4 'Father, ye've made a lie.'

53M.26
1 She dressed herself in robes o' green,
2 Her maids in robes sae fair,
3 Wi gowden girdles round their middles,
4 Sae costly, rich and rare.

53M.27
1 She's taen her mantle about her,
2 A maiden in every hand;
3 They saw a ship, wi sails a' up,
4 Come sailing to dry land.

53M.28
1 She's taen a wand intill her hand,
2 And stroked her round about,
3 And she's taen God her pilot to be,
4 To drown she took nae doubt.

53M.29
1 So they sailed on, and further on,
2 Till to the water o Tay;
3 There they spied a bonny little boy,
4 Was watering his steeds sae gay.

53M.30
1 'What news, what news, my little boy,
2 What news hae ye to me?
3 Are there any weddings in this place,
4 Or any gaun to be?'

53M.31
1 'There is a wedding in this place,
2 A wedding very soon;
3 The morn's the young squire's wedding day,
4 In the bonny towers of Linne.'

53M.32
1 O then she walked alang the way
2 To see what could be seen,
3 And there she saw the proud porter,
4 Drest in a mantle green.

53M.33
1 'What news, what news, porter?' she said,
2 'What news hae ye to me?
3 Are there any weddings in this place,
4 Or any gaun to be?'

53M.34
1 'There is a wedding in this place,
2 A wedding very soon;
3 The morn is Young Bondwell's wedding day,
4 The bonny squire o Linne.'

53M.35
1 'Gae to your master, porter,' she said,
2 'Gae ye right speedily,
3 Bid him come and speak wi a maid
4 That wishes his face to see.'

53M.36
1 The porter's up to his master gane,
2 Fell low down on his knee;
3 'Win up, win up, my porter,' he said,
4 'Why bow ye low to me?'

53M.37
1 'I hae been porter at your yetts
2 These thirty years and three,
3 But fairer maids than's at them now
4 My eyes did never see.

53M.38
1 'The foremost she is drest in green,
2 The rest in fine attire,
3 Wi gowden girdles round their middles,
4 Well worth a sheriff's hire.'

53M.39
1 Then out it speaks Bondwell's own bride,
2 'Was a' gowd to the chin;
3 'They canno be fairer thereout,' she says,
4 'That we are therein.'

53M.40
1 'There is a difference, my dame,' he said,
2 'Between that ladye's colour and yours;
3 They can no be fairer thereout,' she says,
4 'Your asking I may see.'

53M.41
1 Then out it speaks Bondwell's own bride,
2 'An angry man was he:
3 'Cast up the yetts baith wide and braid,
4 These ladies I may see.'

53M.42
1 Quickly up stairs Dame Essel's gane,
2 And haild her courteouslie:
3 Then said the bride, This lady's face
4 Shows the porter's tauld nae lie.

53M.43
1 The lady unto Bondwell spake,
2 These words pronounced she:
3 'O hearken, hearken, fause Bondwell,
4 These words that I tell thee.'

53M.44
1 Is this the way ye keep your vows
2 That ye did make to me,
3 When your feet were in iron fetters,
4 Ae foot ye coudna flee?

53M.45
1 I stole the keys o the jail-house door
2 Frae under the bed they lay,
3 And opend up the jail-house door,
4 Set thee safe upon the sea.'

53M.46
1 Gae you a steed was swift in need,
2 A saddle o royal ben,
3 When your feet were in iron fetters,
4 Like horse and oxen in his country.

53M.47
1 A couple o hounds o ae litter,
2 As many merry day I have been,
3 Or have you any revenues,
4 No more to see a strange land.

53M.48
1 The morn is Young Bondwell's wedding day,
2 A wedding very soon;
3 The morn is Young Bondwell's wedding day,
4 The bonny squire o Linne.'

53M.49
1 'Gae ye right speedily,
2 That wishes his face to see.
3 Bid him come and speak wi a maid
4 That wishes his face to see.'

53M.50
1 'What news, what news, my little boy,
2 What news hae ye to me?
3 Are there any weddings in this place,
4 Or any gaun to be?'

53M.51
1 'There is a wedding in this place,
2 A wedding very soon;
3 The morn is Young Bondwell's wedding day,
4 The bonny squire o Linne.'

53M.52
1 'I hae been porter at your yetts
2 These thirty years and three,
3 But fairer maids than's at them now
4 My eyes did never see.'

53M.53
1 In very shoulder they put a pin,
2 To every pin they put a tree;
3 They made him draw the plow and cart,
4 And they used him most cruelly.

53M.54
1 He had not served the savage Moor
2 A week, nay scarcely but three,
3 Till he has cast him in prison strong,
4 Till he with hunger was like to die.

53M.55
1 An I were again in fair England,
2 As many merry day I have been,
3 Then I would curb my roving youth
4 To maintain a lady like thee.'

53M.56
1 Five hundred pounds to you I'll gie,
2 Of good an white monie,
3 If ye'll wed John, my ain cousin;
4 And he looks as fair as me.'

53M.57
1 He's to his bride wi hat in hand,
2 And haild her courteouslie:
3 'Ask on, ask on, my bonny Bondwell,
4 What may your askings be?'

53M.58
1 'Five hundred pounds to you I'll gie,
2 Of good an white monie,
3 If ye'll wed John, my ain cousin;
4 And he looks as fair as me.'

53M.59
1 'Keep well your monie, Bondwell,' she said,
2 'Nae monie I ask o thee;
3 Your cousin John was my first love,
4 My husband now he's be.'

53M.60
1 Bondwell was married at morning ear,
2 John in the afternoon;
3 Dame Essels is lady ower a' the bowers
4 And the high towers o Linne.

53M.61
1 IN London was Young Bichen born,
2 He longed strange lands to see;
3 He set his foot on good ship-board,
4 And he sailed over the sea.

53M.62
1 He had not been in a foreign land
2 A day but only three,
3 Till he was taken by a savage Moor,
4 And they used him most cruelly.

53M.63
1 In every shoulder they put a pin,
2 To every pin they put a tree;
3 They made him draw the plow and cart,
4 Like horse and oxen in his country.

53M.64
1 He had not served the savage Moor
2 A week, nay scarcely but three,
3 Till he has cast him in prison strong,
4 Till he with hunger was like to die.

53M.65
1 It fell out once upon a day
2 That Young Bichen he made his moan,
3 As he lay bound in irons strong,
4 In a dark and deep dungeon.

53M.66
1 'An I were again in fair England,
2 As many merry day I have been,
3 Then I would curb my roving youth
4 To maintain a lady like thee.'

53M.67
1 'Oan I were free again now,
2 And my feet well set on the sea,
3 I would live in peace in my own country,
4 And a foreign land I no more would see.'

53M.68
1 The savage Moor had but one daughter,
2 I wot her name was Susan Py;
3 She heard Young Bichen make his moan,
4 At the prison-door as she past by.

53M.69
1 'O have ye any lands,' she said,
2 'Or have you any money free,
3 Or have you any revenues,
4 To maintain a lady like me?'

53M.70
1 'I have land in fair England,
2 And I have estates two or three,
3 And likewise I have revenues,
4 To maintain a lady like thee.'

53M.71
1 'O will you promise, Young Bichen,' she says,
2 'And keep your vow faithful to me,
3 Till he has cast him in prison strong,
4 In fair England you'll marry me?

53M.72
1 'I'll steal the keys from my father dear,
2 'Tho he keeps them most secretly;
3 'I'll risk my life for to save thine,
4 And set thee safe upon the sea.'
53N.13
1 She's stolen the keys from her father,
2 From under the bed where they lay;
3 She opened the prison strong,
4 And set Young Bichen at liberty.
53N.14
1 She's gone to her father's coffer,
2 Where the gold was red and fair to see;
3 She filled his pockets with good red gold,
4 And she set him far upon the sea.
53N.15
1 'O mind you well, Young Bichen,' she says,
2 'The vow and oath you made to me;
3 When you are come to your native land,
4 O then remember Susan Py!' 
53N.16
1 But when her father came home
2 He missed the keys there where they lay;
3 He went into the prison strong,
4 But he saw Young Bichen was away.
53N.17
1 'Go bring your daughter, madam,' he says,
2 'And bring her here unto me;
3 Altho I have no more but her,
4 Tomorrow I'll gar hang her high.'
53N.18
1 The lady calld on the maiden fair
2 To come to her most speedily:
3 'Go up the country, my child,' she says,
4 Stay with my brother two years or three.
53N.19
1 'I have a brother, he lives in the isles,
2 He will keep thee most courteously
3 And stay with him, my child,' she says,
4 Till thy father's wraith be turnd from thee.
53N.20
1 Now will we leave young Susan Py
2 A while in her own country,
3 As I have no more but her,
4 For I am with child.
53N.21
1 He has not been in fair England
2 Above years scarcely three,
3 And will return to Young Bichen,
4 The marriage-day it did draw on.
53N.22
1 The youth being young and in his prime,
2 Of Susan Py thought not upon,
3 But his love was laid on another maid,
4 And the marriage-day it did draw on.
53N.23
1 But eer the seven years were run,
2 Susan Py she thought full long;
3 She set her foot on good ship-board,
4 And she has said for fair England.
53N.24
1 On every finger she put a ring,
2 On her mid-finger she put three,
3 She filled her pockets with good red gold,
4 And she has sailed o'er the sea.
53N.25
1 She had not been in fair England
2 A day, a day, but only three,
3 Till she heard Young Bichen was a bridegroom,
4 And the morrow to be the wedding-day.
53N.26
1 Since it is so,' said young Susan,
2 'That he has prov'd so false to me,
3 I'll lie me to Young Bichen's gate,
4 And see if he minds Susan Py.'
53N.27
1 She has gone up thro London town,
2 Where many a lady she there did spy;
3 There was not a lady in all London
4 Young Susan that could outvie.
53N.28
1 She has call'd upon a waiting-man,
2 A waiting-man who stood near by;
3 'Convey me to Young Bichen's gate,
4 And well rewarded shal thou be.'
53N.29
1 When she came to Young Bichen's gate
2 She chappared loudly at the pin,
3 Till down there came the proud porter;
4 'Who's there,' he says, 'That would be in?'
53N.30
1 'Open the gates, porter,' she says,
2 'Open them to a lady gay,
3 And tell your master, porter,' she says,
4 'To speak a word or two with me.'
53N.31
1 The porter he has open'd the gates;
2 His eyes were dazzled to see
3 A lady dressed in gold and jewels;
4 No page nor waiting-man had she.
53N.32
1 'O pardon me, madam,' he cri'd,
2 'This day it is his wedding-day;
3 He's up the stairs with his lovely bride,
4 And a sight of him you cannot see.'
53N.33
1 She put her hand in her pocket,
2 And therefrom took out guineas three,
3 And gave to him, saying, Please, kind sir,
4 Bring down your master straight to me.
53N.34
1 The porter up again has gone,
2 And he fell low down on his knee,
3 Saying, Master, you will please come down
4 To a lady who wants you to see.
53N.35
1 A lady gay stands at your gates,
2 The like of her I neer did see;
3 She has more gold above her eye
4 Nor would buy a baron's land to me.
53N.36
1 Out then spake the bride's mother,
2 I'm sure sae loud as I hear you lie;
3 'You're impudent and insolent,
4 For ye might excepted the bride and me.'
53N.37
1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye proud woman,
2 I'm sure an angry woman was she:
3 You're impudent and insolent,
4 For I am with child.'
53N.38
1 'Go down, go down, porter,' he says,
2 'And tell the lady gay from me;
3 That I'm up-stairs wi my lovely bride,
4 And a sight of her I cannot see.'
53N.39
1 The porter he goes down again,
2 The lady waited patiently:
3 'My master's with his lovely bride,
4 And he'll not win down my dame to see.'
53N.40
1 From off her finger she's taen a ring;
2 'Give that your master,' she says, 'From me,
3 And tell him now, young man,' she says,
4 'To send down a cup of wine to me.'
53N.41
1 'Here's ring for you, master,' he says,
2 'On her mid-finger she has three,
3 And you are desird, my lord,' he says,
4 'To send down a cup of wine with me.'
53N.42
1 He hit the table with his foot,
2 He kep't it with his right knee:
3 'I'll wed my life and all my land
4 With thee that brought thee with child.'
53N.43
1 He has gone unto the stair-head,
2 He kepd it with his right knee:
3 'Is this the way you've guided me?
4 Is this the way, Young Bichen,' she says,
5 Is this the way you've guided me?
6 Is this the way you've guided me?
7 When ye lay bound in prison strong,
8 In a deep dungeon of misery?'
53N.44
1 'O mind ye, Young Bichen,' she says,
2 'The vows and oaths that ye made to me,
3 I relieved you from prison strong,
4 Nor would buy the lands, the bride, and thee!'
53N.45
1 'O I shall be as dead, mother,
2 as the stones in the wall;
3 O the stones in the streets, mother,
4 Shall mourn for me all.
53N.46
1 'Upon Easter-day, mother,
2 my rising shall be;
3 'O the sun and the moon, mother,
4 That shall both rise with me.'
54A.1
1 JOSEPH was an old man,
2 and an old man was he,
3 When he wedded Mary,
4 in the land of Galilee.
54A.2
1 Joseph and Mary walked
2 through an orchard green,
3 Where was cherries and berries,
4 so red as any blood.
54A.3
1 Joseph and Mary walked
2 through an orchard green,
3 Where was cherries and berries,
4 as thick as might be seen.
54A.4
1 O then bespoke Mary,
2 so meek and so mild:
3 'Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
4 For I am with child.'
54A.5
1 O then bespoke Joseph,
2 with words most unkind:
3 'Let him pluck thee a cherry
4 That brought thee with child.'
54A.6
1 Then bowed down the highest tree
2 unto his mother's hand;
3 Then she cried, See, Joseph,
4 I have cherries at command.
54A.7
1 Then Mary plucked a cherry,
2 as red as the blood,
3 Then Mary went home
4 with her heavy load.
54A.8
1 Then Mary took her babe,
2 and sat him on her knee,
3 Saying, My dear son, tell me
4 what this world will be.
54A.9
1 'O I shall be as dead, mother,
2 as the stones in the wall;
3 O the stones in the streets, mother,
4 shall mourn for me all.
54A.10
1 'Upon Easter-day, mother,
2 my rising shall be;
3 'O the sun and the moon, mother,
4 That shall both rise with me.'
54B.1
1 JOSEPH was an old man,
2 and an old man was he,
3 And he married Mary,
4 the Queen of Galilee.
54B.2
1 When Joseph was married,
2 and Mary home had brought,
3 Mary proved with child,
4 and Joseph knew it not.
54B.3
1 Joseph and Mary walked
2 through a garden gay,
3 Where the cherries they grew
4 upon every tree.
54B.4
1 O then bespoke Mary,
2 with words both meek and mild:
3 'O gather me cherries, Joseph,
4 they run so in my mind.'
54C.3
1 And then replied Joseph,  
2 with words so unkind:  
3 'Let him gather thee cherries  
4 that get thee with child.'

54C.4
1 O then replied Joseph,  
2 with words so unkind,  
3 'I will pluck no cherries  
4 for to give to thy child.'

54C.5
1 Mary said to cherry-tree,  
2 'Bow down to my knee,  
3 That I may pluck cherries,  
4 by one, two, and three.'

54C.6
1 The uppermost spring then  
2 bowred down to her knee;  
3 'Thus you may see, Joseph,  
4 these cherries are for me.'

54C.7
1 'O eat your cherries, Mary,  
2 O eat your cherries now;  
3 O eat your cherries, Mary,  
4 that grow upon the bough.'

54C.8
1 As Joseph was a walking,  
2 he heard angels sing,  
3 'This night shall be born  
4 our heavenly king.'

54C.9
1 'He neither shall be born  
2 in house nor in hall,  
3 Nor in the place of Paradise,  
4 but in an ox-stall.'

54C.10
1 'He shall not be rocked  
2 in milk nor in wine,  
3 But in pure spring-well water,  
4 that rocks on the mould.'

54C.11
1 'He shall not be clothed  
2 in purple nor pall,  
3 But all in fair linen,  
4 as wear babies all.'

54C.12
1 'He neither shall be rocked  
2 in silver nor in gold,  
3 But in a wooden cradle,  
4 that rocks on the mould.'

54C.13
1 'He neither shall be christened  
2 in milk nor in wine,  
3 But in pure spring-well water,  
4 fresh sprung from Bethine.'

54C.14
1 As she stood over him  
2 she heard angels sing,  
3 'Oh bless our dear Saviour,  
4 our heavenly king.'

54C.15
1 O JOSEPH was an old man,  
2 and an old man was he,  
3 He married sweet Mary,  
4 the Queen of Galilee.

54C.16
1 'And upon a Wednesday  
2 my vow I will make,  
3 And upon Good Friday  
4 my death I will take.'

54C.17
1 'Upon Easter-day, mother,  
2 my rising shall be;  
3 O that sun and the moon  
4 shall uprise with me.'

54C.18
1 'The people shall rejoice,  
2 and the birds they shall sing,  
3 To see the uprisings  
4 of the heavenly king.'

54C.1
1 JOSEPH was an old man,  
2 an old man was he,  
3 He married sweet Mary,  
4 the Queen of Galilee.

54C.2
1 As they went a walking  
2 in the garden so gay,  
3 Maid Mary spied cherries,  
4 hanging on yon tree.

54C.3
1 Mary said to Joseph,  
2 with her sweet lips so mild,  
3 'Pluck those cherries, Joseph,  
4 for to give to my child.'

54C.4
1 They went a little further,  
2 and heard a great din:  
3 'God bless our sweet Saviour,  
4 our heaven's love in.'

54C.5
1 Our Saviour was not rocked  
2 in silver or in gold,  
3 But in a wooden cradle,  
4 like other babes all.

54C.6
1 Our Saviour was not christend  
2 in white wine or red,  
3 But in some spring water,  
4 like other babes all.

55.1
1 AS I passed by a river side,  
2 And there as I did reign,  
3 In argument I chanced to hear  
4 A Carmal and a Crane.

55.2
1 The Carnal said unto the Crane,  
2 If all the world should turn,  
3 Before we had the Father,  
4 But now we have the Son!

55.3
1 'From whence does the Son come,  
2 From where and from what place?'  
3 He said, In a manger,  
4 Between an ox and ass.

55.4
1 'I pray thee,' said the Carnal,  
2 'Tell me before thou go,  
3 Was not the mother of Jesus  
4 Conceiv'd by the Holy Ghost?'

55.5
1 She was the purest virgin,  
2 And the cleanest from sin;  
3 She was the handmaid of our Lord  
4 And mother of our king.

55.6
1 'Where is the golden cradle  
2 That Christ was rocked in?  
3 Where are the silken sheets  
4 That Jesus was wrapt in?'

55.7
1 A manger was the cradle  
2 That Christ was rocked in:  
3 The provender the asses left  
4 So sweetly he slept on.

55.8
1 There was a star in the east land,  
2 So bright it did appear,  
3 Into King Herod's chamber,  
4 And where King Herod were.

55.9
1 The Wise Men soon espied it,  
2 And told the king on high  
3 A princely babe was born that night  
4 No king could eer destroy.

55.10
1 'If this be true,' King Herod said,  
2 'As thou tellest unto me,  
3 This roasted cock that lies in the dish  
4 Shall crown full fences three.'

55.11
1 The cock soon freshly featherd was,  
2 By the work of God's own hand,  
3 And then three fences crowded he,  
4 In the dish where he did stand.

55.12
1 'Rise up, rise up, you merry men all,  
2 She steptit to the neck;  
3 The pretty babe within her sides,  
4 The cauld it garrd it squake.'

63C.9
1 'Lie still my babe, lie still my babe,  
2 She sat doun on a stane;  
3 'Cares little for us twae.'  
4 It's whan she cam to the other side,

63C.10
1 It's whan she cam to the other side,  
2 She steptit to the neck;  
3 The provender the asses left  
4 So sweetly he slept on.
And a woman's heavy moan.'

3 For I've heard a bairn loud greet,
   And a woman's heavy moan.

2 Nor was he weel laid doun,
   In ae bour they were laid.

3 Lord John, mither, and sister gay
   And a' men boun for bed,

2 Sat dining in the ha,
   Met Lord John on the green,

3 But the bonniest boy amang them a'
   Was standing by, him leen.

2 'O that I will, my dear master,
   As fast as I can gae.'

3 'O yes, will I, Lord John,' she says,
   But the red flits fast frae his cheek,

1 She took the hay aneath her arm,
   O up bespak Lord John's mither,

3 'Hoo mony miles is't to my castle?
   For if I wair in the wide Hielands,

2 Whan he cam to the porter's yett
   For yese get na mair o me.'

2 'I'll na open it to thee,
   They sall be all in ane.'

1 'Though your hounds do eat the blude-o wheat,
   An me the water wan,

2 'I'll na open it to thee,
   They sal be both in ane,

1 'Whan they cam to the wide Hielands,
   They sal bear you company.

2 As it sat on the tree,
   The very best bed in a' the place

1 Lord John rise, put on his clothes,
   His like I neer did see;

3 Lord John rose, put on his claise,
   The meanest servant in a' the place,

2 He has tane his ain young son,
   O open an let me in:'

4 In splinders soon to flee.
   We'll see I yon bonnie castle,

1 'My brither has brought a bonnie young page,
   He's taen the door wi his foot,

3 Lang, lang ere he was at the middle,
   Though your steed does drink the blude-red wine,

2 He's taen the narrow ford,
   She spak wi meikle scorn:

1 Lord John raise, put on his claise,
   Lord John rose, put on his clothes,

2 Lord John, mither, and sister gay
   For if I wair in the wide Hielands,

4 As fast as I can gae.
   And as fish or eel.'

3 That ever I loed a man.'

2 As it sat on the tree,
   That I could swim this wan water

2 'I'll na open it to thee,
   To wait on him and me.'

1 'Though your steed does drink the blude-red wine,
   Whan they cam to that water

3 But the bonniest face that was there
   Whan they cam to the porter's yett

4 They shall be his and thine;
   Lord John raise, put on his claise,

3 They sal be yours an mine.'

4 As it sat on the tree,
   They sal be all in ane.'

2 'O hold your tongue, Burd Ellen,' he said,
   That ever I loed a man.'

4 'Sae loud as I hear ye lee.
   As weel as fish or eel.'

3 'Hoo mony miles is't to a' the place
   He turned aboot his high horse head,

1 'I grant, I grant, Lady Margaret,' he said,
   That Iculd swim this wan water

2 He's taen the narrow ford,
4 That ever you loed Lord John!'
4  Sae loud as I hear you lie!
3 'Sae loud, sae loud, ye fause, fause knight,
2 That sat upon the tree:
1 But up and spak the wily pyot,
6 'It will never be run by me.'
4 Is thirty miles and three:'
3 For to my castle where it stands
2 'Shall now be granted thee;
1 'An asking, an asking, Lord Thomas,
5 ' ' ' ' '
4 Tho your lands lay far frae hame.'
3 But I'll gae to the rank highlands,
2 And sew your silver seam?
1 'O will ye stay at hame, Ellen,
4 Sewing her silver seam.
4 Sall baith be on one day.'
3 Your kirken an your fair weddin
2 For, be it as it may,
1 'But cheer up your heart noo, Fair Margaret,
4 That ye wald gie to me.'
3 For the warst ale in a' your hoose,
2 'Or the best bed in a' my hoose
1 'I winna stay at hame, Lord Thomas,
4 For my lands lay far frae hame.'
3 Margaret set at a bye-table,
2 Wi clean blankets an sheets,
1 She has made Lord John his bed,
5 ' ' ' ' ' '
4 Whatever may betide.'
3 And slowly gaed she doon the stair,
2 An slowly put she on,
1 Whan they waur at table set,
4 But neer a wink culd he sleep.
3 An laid his futeboy at his feet,
2 Wi clean blankets an sheets,
1 She has made Lord John his bed,
5 ' ' ' ' ' '
4 The sounder I may sleep.'
3 Margaret set at a bye-table,
2 And sitting at their dine,
1 When they waur at table set,
4 And ran low by his side.
2 Says he, I will go ride;
1 THE knight he stands in stable-door,
5 ' ' ' ' '
4 Whatever may betide.'
3 And slowly gaed she doon the stair,
2 Wi clean blankets an sheets,
1 She has made Lord John his bed,
5 ' ' ' ' ' '
4 The sounder I may sleep.'
3 Margaret set at a bye-table,
63I.2
'I'll rather choose to ride.

3 'O no! O no! kind sir,' she said,
2 Said, Lady, will ye ride?

1 The first an step that she wade in,
3 Until she came to wan water,
2 A livelang summer's tide,
1 Then Willie lap on his white steed,
4 That eer our loves began.'

3 But yet I'll sing, and say, well's me,
2 And you the water wan;
1 'Your horse may drink the gude red wine,
3 And every town that ye come to,
4 To follow knights frae town.
3 In virtue leave your lammas beds,
2 'I wish nae ill to your lady,
4 To wait on your yong son and me.'
1 'I will saddle to you your horse,
3 And every town that we come to,
4 And that of my old son.'

1 They hadna been well lain down,
2 And a' man bound for bed.
1 'I dreamd a dreary dream this night,
2 And every town that ye come to,
3 'O where got ye this fine foot-page
4 Ye've brought alang wi thee?'

3 But the fairest lady amo them a'
1 'Sometimes his colour waxes red,
2 A skilly dame was she:
1 'I wish nae ill to your lady,
2 And gowd towers stand sae hie?
1 'O see ye not yon goodly towers,
3 But the fairest lady amo them a'
4 And set that lady on,
2 'At my bidding to be,
1 'Win up, win up, my boy,' he says,
2 'And they hadna been well lain down,
3 And ye'll gae to my stable-door.
2 'I will saddle to you your horse,
3 And every town that we come to,
4 And set that lady on,
3 There he leant him ower his saddle-bow,
2 'At my bidding to be,
1 'Win up, win up, my boy,' he says,
2 'And they hadna been well lain down,
3 And ye'll gae to my stable-door.
2 'I will saddle to you your horse,
3 And every town that we come to,
4 And set that lady on,
3 There he leant him ower his saddle-bow,
2 'At my bidding to be,'
4 And a good woman is she.
3 And that's my sister Dow Isbel,
2 To wait on him and thee,
4 To wait on him and me.'
3 The warst an woman about your bower,
2 An asking ye'll grant me;
1 'An asking, asking, sweet Willie,
4 For my young son and thee.'
2 But granted it shall be;
1 'Your asking's nae sae great, Burd Helen,
3 The warst in bower in a' your towers,
1 'An asking, asking, sweet Willie,
3 Till doors o deal, and locks o steel,
2 Sae did he wi his knee,
1 He hit the door then wi his foot,
4 Your young son on my knee?'
3 When lying amang your great steed's feet,
2 How can I open to thee,
4 I'll gar it gang in three.'
3 For as my sword hangs by my gair,
1 'O open the door, Burd Helen,' he says,
4 When she drees a' her pine.'
2 And hope it's never be mine,
1 'That was never my mother's custom,
3 'O open, O open, Burd Helen,' he says,
2 As fast as gang he;
1 'That was never my mother's custom,
3 'I thought I heard a bairn greet,
2 I heard a grievous groan;
1 'As I gaed to your stable, Willie,
4 Ye brought alang wi thee.
4 The lady was in the eather side.
3 Or the knight was in the middell of the water,
4 To sume as dos the ell.'
63[K.30]
1 'Ask on, Fair Ellen,'
2 Ye're sure your asken is free;
3 The best bed in my hour;
4 To yer young son an ye.'

63[K.31]
1 'The best bear in my house
2 Is the black bear an the wine,
3 An ye sall ha ha that Fair Ellen,
4 To you an yer young son.'

63[K.32]
1 'A[sk] ent, Willie,' she says,
2 An ye will grant [it] me;
3 The warst maid in yer house
4 To wait on yer young son an me.'

63[K.33]
1 The best maid in my house
2 Is my sister Meggie,
3 An ye sall ha her, Fair Ellen,
4 To wait on yer young son an ye.

64A.1
1 'Chire up, Fair Ellen,'
2 Chire up, gin ye may;
3 Yer kirking an yer fair weding
4 Sall baith stand in ae day.'

64A.2
1 'Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
2 Ye maun gang to him soon;
3 Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
4 In case that his days are dune.'

64A.3
1 'My will wi you, Fair Janet,' he said,
2 It is both bed and board;
3 Some say that he loe Sweet Willie,
4 But ye maun wed a French lord.'

64A.4
1 'A French lord maun I wed, father?
2 A French lord maun I wed?
3 Then, by my sooth,' quo Fair Janet,
4 'He's neer enter my bed.'

64A.5
1 Janet's awa to her chamber,
2 As fast as she could go;
3 Wha's the first ane that tapped there,
4 But Sweet Willie her jo?

64A.6
1 'O we maun part this love, Willie,
2 That has been lang between;
3 There's a French lord coming oer the sea,
4 To wed me wi a ring.'

64A.7
1 'If we maun part this love, Janet,
2 It causeth millce woe;
3 If we maun part this love, Janet,
4 It makes me into mourning go.'

64A.8
1 'But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
2 Meg, Marion, and Jean;
3 Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
4 In case that her days are dune.'

64A.9
1 Willie's awa to his three sisters,
2 Meg, Marion, and Jean;
3 'O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,
4 I fear that their days are dune.'

64A.10
1 Some drew to them their silk hose,
2 Some drew to them their shoon,
3 Some drew to them their silk manteils,
4 Their covering to put on,
5 And they're awa to Fair Janet,
6 By the hie light o the moon.

64A.11
1 'O I have born this babe, Willie,
2 Wi mickle toil and pain;
3 Take hame, take hame, your babe, Willie,
4 For nurse I dare be nane.'

64A.12
1 He's tane his young son in his arms,
2 And kisst him cheek and chin,
3 And he's awa to his mother's bow'er,
4 By the hie light o the moon.

64A.13
1 'O open, open, mother,' he says,
2 'O open, and let me in;
3 The rain rains on my yellow hair,
4 And the dew drops oer my chin,
5 And I hae my young son in my arms,
6 I fear that his days are dune.'

64A.14
1 With her fingers lang and sma
2 She liftit up the pin,
3 And with her arms lang and sma
4 Received the baby in.

64A.15
1 'Gae back, gae back now, Sweet Willie,
2 And tarry in this fair lady;
3 For where ye had but ae naurice,
4 Your young son shall hae three.'

64A.16
1 Willie he was scarce awa,
2 And the lady put to bed,
3 Whan in and came her father dear:
4 'Make haste, and bussk the bride.'

64A.17
1 'There's a sair pain in my head, father,
2 There's a sair pain in my side;
3 And ill, O ill, am I, father,
4 This day for to be a bride.'

64A.18
1 'O ye maun buk this bonny bride,
2 And put a gane destroy;
3 For she shall wed this auld French lord,
4 Gin she should die the morn.'

64A.19
1 Some put on the gay green robes,
2 And some put on the brown;
3 But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
4 To shine foremost throw the town.

64A.20
1 And some they mounted the black steed,
2 And some mounted the brown;
3 But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
4 To ride foremost throw the town.

64A.21
1 'O wha will guide your horse, Janet?
2 O wha will guide him best?
3 'O wha but Willie, my true-love?
4 He kens I loe him best.'

64A.22
1 And when they cam to Marie's kirk,
2 To tye the haly ban,
3 Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
4 And her colour gaed an cam.

64A.23
1 When dinner it was past and done,
2 And dancing to begin,
3 'O we'll go tak the bride's maidens,
4 And we'll go fill the ring.'

64A.24
1 O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
2 He cam with ane advance;
3 'O'il go tak the bride's maidens,
4 And we'll go tak a dance.'

64A.25
1 I've seen ither days wi you, Willie,
2 And so has mone mae,
3 Ye would hae dance din wi me mysel,
4 Let a' my maidens gae.'

64A.26
1 I feel that his days are dune.
2 And let your folly be,
3 For I'm sae fair and full of hair
4 Sma busking will serve me.

64A.27
1 'O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
2 Saying, Bride, will ye dance wi me?
3 'Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,
4 Gin my back should break in three.'

64A.28
1 She had nae turnt her through the dance,
2 Throw that the dance but thrice,
3 When she fell doun at Willie's feet,
4 And up did never rise.

64A.29
1 Willie's taen the key of his coffar,
2 And gien it to his man;
3 'Gae hame, and tell my mother dear
4 My horse he has me slan;
5 Bid her be kind to my young son,
6 For father he has nane.'

64A.30
1 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
2 And the tither in Marie's quire;
3 Out of the tane there grew a birk,
4 And the tither a bonny brier.

64B.1
1 'If ye do love me weel, Willie,
2 Ye'll shew to me truele;
3 Ye'll build to me a bonnie ship,
4 And set her on the sea.'

64B.2
1 He did love her very weel,
2 He shewed to her truele;
3 He buildied her a bonnie ship,
4 And set her on the sea.

64B.3
1 They had not sailed one league, one league,
2 One league but only three,
3 Till sharp, sharp showers fair Janet took,
4 She grew sick and like to die.

64B.4
1 'If ye do love me weel, Willie,
2 Ye'll shew to me truele;
3 Ye'll take to my mother's bow'er,
4 Where I was wont to be.'

64B.5
1 He did love her very weel,
2 He shewed to her truele;
3 He took her to her mother's bow'er,
4 Where she was wont to be.

64B.6
1 'It's ye'll stand up at my richt side,
2 You will on tiptaes stand,
3 Until ye hear your auld son weep,
4 But an you Janet mourn.

64B.7
1 'Come take your auld son in your arms,
2 He is both large and lang;
3 Come take your auld son in your arms,
4 And for a nourice gang.'

64B.8
1 He is to his mother's bowers,
2 An hour or it struck nine:
3 'I have a babe in my arms,
4 He'll die nor nouricing.'

64B.9
1 'Goe home, goe home, my son,' she says,
2 'And mak thy Jenny blythe;
3 If ae nurse winne sere her son,
4 It's I'll provide him five.'

64B.10
1 Fair Janet was nae weel lichter,
2 Nor weel doun on her side,
3 Till ben an her father dear,
4 Saying, Wha will busk our bride?

64B.11
1 Ben and cam her brethren dear,
2 Saying, Wha will busk our bride?
3 And who will saddle our bride's horse?
4 Whom ahint will she ride?

64B.12
1 'Hold your tongue, my brethren dear,
2 And let your folly be,
3 For I'm sae fair and full of hair
4 Sma busking will serve me.

64B.13
1 'Hold your tongue, my brethren dear,
2 And let your folly be,
3 For I will ride behint William,
4 He will best wait on me.

64B.14
1 'Willie, lay the saddle saft,
2 Saying, Bride, will ye dance wi me?
3 'Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,
4 Gin my back should break in three.'

64B.15
1 Supper scarce was owre,
2 Nor musick weel fa' to,
3 Till ben and cam the bride's brethren,
4 Saying, Bride, ye'll dance wi me:

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64B.15
5 'Awa, awa, my brethren dear,
6 For dancing’s no for me.'

64B.16
1 Ben and came her ain bridegroom,
2 Saying, Bride, ye’ll dance wi me;
3 She says, Awa, aye, ye southland dog,
4 Your face I downea see.

64B.17
1 Ben and cam then Sweet Willie,
2 Saying, Bride, ye’ll dance wi me;
3 'Oh I will dance the floor once owre,
4 Tho my heart should break in three.'

64B.18
1 'Oh no, oh no,' said Sweet William,
2 'Let no such things eet be;
3 But I will cut my glove in two,
4 And I’ll dance for thee and me.'

64B.19
1 She hadna danced the floor once owre,
2 I’m sure she hadna thriee,
3 Till she fell in a deadly swound,
4 And from it neer did rise.

64B.20
1 Out and spak her ain bridegroom,
2 And an angry man was he:
3 'This day she has gien me the gecks,
4 Yet she must bear the scorn;
5 There’s not a bell in merry Linlkum
6 Shall ring for her the morn.'

64B.21
1 Out and spoke then Sweet William,
2 And a sorry man was he:
3 'Ather she has has gien you the gecks,
4 She will not bear the scorn;
5 There’s not a bell in merry Linlkum
6 But shall ring for her the morn.'

64B.22
1 There was not a bell in merry Linlkum
2 But they tinkled and they rang,
3 And a’ the birds that flew above,
4 They changed their notes and sang.

64C.1
1 LIVD ance twa luvurs in yon dale,
2 And they luvd ither weel;
3 Frae evning late to morning aire
4 They changed their notes and sang.

64C.2
1 'Now, Willie, gil ye luve me weel,
2 As sae it seems to me,
3 Gar build, gar build a bonny schip,
4 Gar build it speedilie.

64C.3
1 'An we wll saal, the sea sae g-een,
2 Unto some far countrie,
3 Or we’ll sail to some bonie isle,
4 Stands lanely midst the sea.

64C.4
1 But lang or ere the schip was built,
2 Or deckld, or riggd out,
3 Came sick a pain in Annet’s back
4 And her back unto the wa:

64C.5
1 'Now, Willie, gil ye luve me weel,
2 As sae it seems to me,
3 O haste, haste, bring me to my bowr,
4 And my bowr-maidens thee.'

64C.6
1 He’s taen his young son in his arms,
2 He’s kissd him, cheik and chin;
3 He’s bid him to his mother’s bower,
4 By th’ ae light of the moon.

64C.7
1 And with him came the bold barone,
2 And he spake up wi pride:
3 ‘Gar seek, gar seek the bower-maidens,
4 Gar busk, gar busk the bryde.'

64C.8
1 'My maidens, easy with my back,
2 And easy with my side:
3 O set my saddle saft, Willie,
4 I am a tender bryde.'

64C.9
1 When she came to the burrow-town,
2 They gied her a brooch and ring,
3 And when she came to . . .
4 They had a fair wedding.

64C.10
1 O up then spake the norland lord,
2 And blinkit wi his ee:
3 'I trow this lady’s born a bairn,
4 Then laucht loud lauchters three.

64C.11
1 But up then spake the brisk bridegroom,
2 And he spake up wi pride:
3 'Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,
4 I will dance wi the bryde.'

64C.12
1 'Now had your tongue, my lord,' she said,
2 'Wi dancing let me be;
3 I am sae thin flesh and blude,
4 Sma dancing will serve me.'

64C.13
1 But she’s taen Willie be the hand,
2 'Wi dancing will I do for thee?
3 ‘Surely I will dee.'
4 But shall ring for her the morn.'

64C.14
1 She’s taen her bracelet frae her arm,
2 Her garter frae her knee:
3 'Gie that, gie that to my young son,
4 He’ll neer his mother see.'

64C.15
1 'Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
2 'Take thy auld son in thy coat-neuk,
3 She hadna danced the floor once owre,
4 And his lady a heavy maen.

64D.7
1 And Janet she took sair pains,
2 That naething I may see,
3 And what can a woman do, Janet,
4 And now it’s very sair.'

64D.8
1 Out then spoke a southern lord,
2 And oh but he spak bauld:
3 'She is the likest that bore a child
4 That eer my eyes did see.'

64D.9
1 'Be hooly wi my head, maidens,
2 Be hooly wi my hair,
3 For it was washen late last night,
4 And now it’s very sair.'

64D.10
1 Out then spoke a southern lord:
2 'It’s bride, will ye dance wi me?’
3 'Oh no, oh no, you northland lord,
4 It’s dancing’s no for me.'

64D.11
1 Out then spoke a southern lord:
2 'It’s bride, will ye dance wi me?’
3 'Oh no, oh no , you northland lord,
4 I would as lief chuse to die.'

64D.12
1 Out then spoke her ain bridegroom:
2 'O bride, will ye dance wi me?’
3 'Oh no, oh no, my ain bridegroom,
4 It’s dancing’s no for me.'

64D.13
1 Out then spoke her ain bridegroom:
2 'O bride, will ye dance wi me?’
3 'Oh no, oh no, you northland lord,
4 I would as lief chuse to die.'

64D.14
1 Out then spoke her ain bridegroom:
2 'O bride, will ye dance wi me?’
3 'Oh no, oh no, my ain bridegroom,
4 It’s dancing’s no for me.'

64D.15
1 'Oh yes, I’ll dance, dear Willie,’ she said,
2 Out then spoke her ain Willy,
3 And oh he spoke fu fine:
4 ‘O bride, O bride, will ye dance wi me,’
5 . . . . .

64D.16
1 'Oh yes, oh yes, Willie,’ she said,
2 'It’s I will dance with thee;
3 Yes, oh, I’ll dance, dear Willie,’ she said,
4 ‘Tho my back it goes in three.'

64D.17
1 She leaned her head on Willie’s breast,
2 And her back unto the wa:
3 ‘O there’s the key of my coffer,
4 And pay weel the nouriss fee,
5 And aye when ye look on your auld son,
6 Ye may aye think on me.'

64E.1
1 WILLIE and Fair Janet
2 Sat a’ day on yon hill,
3 And Janet she took sair pains,
4 And O but she grew ill.

64E.2
1 Fetch a woman to me, Willie,
2 O fetch a woman to me,
3 For without the help of woman, Willie,
4 Surely I will dee.’

64E.3
1 ‘O tie a napkin on my face,
2 That naething I may see,
3 And what can a woman do, Janet,
4 But I will do for thee?’

64E.4
1 She was na scarcely brought to bed,
2 Nor yet laid on her side,
3 Till in and cam her father there,
4 Crying, Fy, gae busk the bride.

64E.5
1 ‘A wearyed bride am I, father,
2 A wearyed bride am I;
3 Must I gae wed that southlan lord,
4 And let Sweet Willie aye?’
5 . . . . .

64E.6
1 ‘Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,
2 What shall your clee着 be;
3 Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,
4 And I will gie it to thee.
Before that it was day.

He had her on to gude greenwood,

He mounted her upon a steed,

Before that it be day.'

And carry me on to gude greenwood,

A milk-white steed or gray,

They’re thinking to sinder our lang love, Willie;

Hey, love Willie, and how, love Willie,

They were all there by the brook-side,

Willie was buried in Mary’s kirk,

Shall ring for her the morn.'

And his heart was almost gane:

There’s not a bell in Merrytown kirk

‘There’s not a bell in Merrytown kirk

For I will dance wi thee, Willie,

I’ll lay my gloves in the bride’s han,

Dance on, my father,’ she replied,

Dance on, dance on, bridegroom,’ she says,

If eer I was wi bairn in my life,

I fear our bride was wi bairn.

They’re thinking to sinder our lang love, Willie;

Hey, love Willie, and how, love Willie,

‘Whether will you ha’e it of the berry brown,

The fairest knight amang them a’,

The bride’s father he took the cup,

And deeply has she sworn;

As fast as he could gang.

As fast as he could gang.

‘Whether will you ha’e it of the berry brown,

And brake three ribs o the bridegroom’s side,

And brake three ribs o the bridegroom’s side,

And he has on to his mother,

And deeply has she sworn;

And deeply has she sworn;

As fast as he could gang.

As fast as he could gang.

And deeply has she sworn;

And deeply has she sworn;

‘Whether will you ha’e it of the berry brown,

And deeply has she sworn;

As fast as he could gang.

As fast as he could gang.

And deeply has she sworn;

As fast as he could gang.

As fast as he could gang.
The Text of

65A.4
1 'O go, O go now, my bower-wife, 2 O go now hostile, 3 O go to Sweet Willie’s bower, 4 And bid him cum speak to me.’ 5 65A.5
1 'O had your tongues, young men,’ she says, 2 ‘An think nae mair o me; 3 For I’ve gien my love to an English lord, 4 An think nae mair o me.’

65A.6
1 Her father’s kitchy-boy heard that, 2 An ill death may he dee! 3 An he is on to her brother, 4 As fast as gang could he.

65A.7
1 ‘O is my father an my mother well, 2 But an my brothers three? 3 Gin my sister Lady Maisry be well, 4 There’s naething can all me.’

65A.8
1 ‘Your father and your mother is well, 2 But an your brothers three; 3 Your sister Lady Maisry’s well, 4 So big wi bairn gang she.’

65A.9
1 ‘Gin this be true you tell to me, 2 My maillison light on thee! 3 But gin it be a lie you tell, 4 You sal be hanged hit.’

65A.10
1 He’s done him to his sister’s bower, 2 Wi meikle doole an care; 3 An thre Lady Maisry, 4 Kembing her yellow hair.

65A.11
1 ‘O wha is aught that bairn,’ he says, 2 ‘That ye sae big are wi’ 3 And gin ye winna own the truth, 4 This moment ye sall dee.’

65A.12
1 She turnd her right an roun about, 2 An the kem fell frae her han; 3 A trembling seizd her fair body, 4 And her rosy cheek grew wan.

65A.13
1 ‘O pardon me, my brother dear, 2 An the truth I’ll tell to thee; 3 My bairn it is to Lord William, 4 An he is betrothd to me.’

65A.14
1 ‘O coud na ye gotten dukes, or lords, 2 Intill your ain country, 3 That ye draw up wi an English dog, 4 To bring this shame on me?’

65A.15
1 ‘But ye maun gi up the English lord, 2 Whan youre young babe is born; 3 For, gin you keep by him an hour langer, 4 Your life sall be forlorn.’

65A.16
1 ‘I will gi up this English blood, 2 Till my young bae be born; 3 But the never a day nor hour langer, 4 Your sister an your brother.

65A.17
1 ‘O whare is a’ my merry young men, 2 Whom I gi meat and fee, 3 To pu the thistle and the thorn, 4 To burn this wife whore wi’

65A.18
1 ‘O whare will I get a bonny boy, 2 To help me in my need, 3 To rin wi hast to Lord William, 4 And bid him come wi speed? 5 65A.19
1 O out it spake a bonny boy, 2 Stood by her brother’s side: 3 ‘O I would rin your errand, lady, 4 O er a’ the world wide.

65A.20
1 ‘Aft haive I run your errands, lady, 2 Whan blawn baith win and weet; 3 But now I’ll rin your errand, lady, 4 Wi sat tears on my cheek.’

65A.21
1 O whan he came to broken briggs, 2 He bent his bow and swam, 3 An whan he came to the green grass growin, 4 He slackd his shoone and ran.

65A.22
1 O whan he came to Lord William’s gates, 2 He baed na to chapp or ca, 3 But set his bent bow till his breast, 4 An lightly lap the wa;

65A.23
1 ‘O is my biggins broken, boy? 2 Or is my towers won? 3 Or is my lady lighter yet, 4 Of a dear daughter or son?’

65A.24
1 ‘Your biggin is na broken, sir, 2 Nor is your towers won; 3 But the fairest lady in a’ the lan 4 For you this day maun burn.’

65A.25
1 ‘O saddle me the black, the black, 2 Or saddle me the brown, 3 O saddle me the swiftest steed 4 That ever rade frae a town.’

65A.26
1 ‘O was he near a mile awa, 2 She heard his wild horse sneeze: 3 ‘Mend up the fire, my false brother, 4 It’s na come to my knees.’

65A.27
1 O whan he lighted at the gate, 2 She heard his bridle ring: 3 ‘Mend up the fire, my false brother, 4 It’s far yet frae my chin.

65A.28
1 ‘Mend up the fire to me, brother, 2 Mend up the fire to me; 3 For I see him comin hard an fast 4 Will soon men’t up to thee.

65A.29
1 ‘O gin my hands had been loose, Willy, 2 Sae hooly as they are boun, 3 I would have turnd me froe the gleed, 4 And castin out your young son.

65A.30
1 ‘O I’ll gar burn for you, Maisry, 2 Your father an your mother; 3 An I’ll gar burn for you, Maisry, 4 Your sister an your brother.

65A.31
1 ‘An I’ll gar burn for you, Maisry, 2 The chief o a’ your kin; 3 An the last bonfire that I come to, 4 Myself I will cast in.’

65B.1
1 ‘A whore, sister, a whore, sister? 2 That’s what I’ll never be; 3 I’m no so great a whore, sister, 4 As liars does on me lee.

65B.2
1 ‘A whore, brother, a whore, brother? 2 That’s what I’ll never be; 3 I’m no so bad a woman, brother, 4 As liars does on me lee.

65B.3
1 ‘A whore, brother, a whore, brother? 2 A whore I’ll never be; 3 I’m no so bad a woman, brother, 4 As liars does on me lee.

65B.4
1 ‘A whore, sister, a whore, sister? 2 That’s what I’ll never be; 3 I’m no so great a whore, sister, 4 As liars does on me lee.

65B.5
1 ‘A whore, brother, a whore, brother? 2 A whore I’ll never be; 3 I’m no so bad a woman, brother, 4 As liars does on me lee.

65B.6
1 ‘A whore, mother, a whore, mother? 2 A whore I’ll never be; 3 I’m no so great a whore, mother, 4 As liars does on me lee.

65B.7
1 ‘A whore, father, a whore, father? 2 A whore I’ll never be; 3 I’m but with child to an English lord, 4 Who promised to marry me.’

65B.8
1 ‘A whore, father, a whore, father? 2 A whore I’ll never be; 3 I’m but with child to an English lord, 4 Who promised to marry me.’
1 Then in it came an old woman,
2 The lady’s nurse was she,
3 And ere she could get out a word
4 The tear blinded her ee.

1 ‘Your father’s to the fire, Janet,
2 Your brother’s to the whin;
3 All for to kindle a bold bonfire,
4 To burn your body in.’

1 ‘Where will I get a boy,’ she said,
2 ‘Will gain gold for his fee,
3 For he will run to fair England
4 For thy good lord to thee.’

1 ‘Now when he found a bridge broken,
2 He bent his bow and swarm,
3 And when he got where grass did grow,
4 He slacked it and ran.

1 And when he came to that lord’s gate,
2 Stopt not to knock or call,
3 But set his bent bow to his breast
4 He slacked it and ran.

1 ‘Go saddle to me the black,’ he cried,
2 ‘Your building is not broke,’ he said,
3 ‘Your biggins are not broken,’ he said,
4 ‘That ever I saw this day!’

1 ‘Her body for to burn?’
2 ‘This bonfire to set on?’
3 ‘Or who has been so bold,’ he said,
4 ‘Her body for to burn?’

1 ‘Oh here am I, your waiting-boy,
2 ‘A whore, father, a whore?
3 ‘Or will ye burn in fire strang,
4 Your sister and your mother.’

1 ‘A staff made of the wand,
2 ‘This bonfire to set on?
3 ‘Or who has been so bold,’ he said,
4 ‘My true-love for to burn?’

1 ‘Oh shall hang for you, Janet,
2 ‘For your father’s to the fire, Janet,
3 ‘For your sister and your brother;
4 ‘Be sure she will be gone.

1 ‘Where will I get a boy,’ she said,
2 ‘Will gain gold for his fee,
3 For he will run to fair England
4 For thy good lord to thee.’

1 ‘Then in it came an old woman,
2 ‘Who will build a bale-fire,
3 ‘Nor is your towers won,
4 ‘That ever rade from the town.’

1 ‘Go saddle to me the black,’ he cried,
2 ‘Your building is not broke,’ he said,
3 ‘Your biggins are not broken,’ he said,
4 ‘That ever I saw this day!’

1 ‘Oh woe is me, my lady fair,
2 And sorely did she cry:
3 ‘Oh woe is me, my lady fair,
4 That ever I saw this day!’

1 ‘O I have here a boy,’ she said,
2 ‘Will gain gold for his fee,
3 For he will run to fair England
4 For thy good lord to thee.’

1 ‘Her father is gone to the fire,
2 Your brother’s to the whin,
3 And mony wife be made a widow,
4 Their sister and their mother.

1 ‘For your father’s to the fire, Janet,
2 ‘Your brother’s to the whin;
3 ‘Your sister and your mother.
4 ‘Unto some English loon.

1 ‘Oh I shall hang for you, Janet,
2 ‘Your father and your brother;
3 And I shall burn for you, Janet,
4 ‘Your sister and your mother.

1 ‘Then I shall take a cloak of cloth,
2 ‘A staff made of the wand,
3 ‘And the boy who did your errand run
4 ‘Shall be heir of my land.’

1 ‘A whore, father, a whore?
2 ‘Will win gold to his fee,
3 ‘That ever I saw this day!’
4 ‘That ever rade from the town.’

1 ‘O I have here a boy,’ she said,
2 ‘Who will build a bale-fire,
3 ‘Nor is your towers won,
4 ‘That ever rade from the town.’

1 ‘Go saddle to me the black,’ he cried,
2 ‘Your building is not broke,’ he said,
3 ‘Your biggins are not broken,’ he said,
4 ‘That ever I saw this day!’

1 ‘Oh here am I, your waiting-boy,
2 ‘Would win gold to my fee,
3 And will carry any message for you,
4 By land or yet by sea.’

1 ‘Her father is gone to the fire,
2 Her brother to the whin,
3 To kindle up a bold bonfire,
4 To burn her body in.’

1 ‘Her father is gone to the fire,
2 Her brother to the whin,
3 To kindle up a bold bonfire,
4 To burn her body in.’

1 ‘Her father is gone to the fire,
2 Her brother to the whin,
3 To kindle up a bold bonfire,
4 To burn her body in.’

1 ‘The first steed that he rode on,
2 He was as milk so white;
3 ‘Will gain gold for his fee,
4 For thy good lord to me?’

1 ‘Ben came to her father dear,
2 ‘And sorely did she cry:
3 ‘Oh woe is me, my lady fair,
4 ‘That ever I saw this day!’

1 ‘Oh here am I, your waiting-boy,
2 ‘Would win gold to my fee,
3 And will carry any message for you,
4 By land or yet by sea.’

1 ‘Your building is not broke,’ he cried,
2 ‘Nor is your towers won,
3 ‘Or will ye burn in fire strang,
4 ‘To be your worldly make?’

1 ‘Ben came to her father dear,
2 ‘Stepping upon the floor;
3 ‘It’s told me, my daughter Janet,
4 ‘That you’re now become a whore.

1 ‘Ben came to her father dear,
2 ‘Stepping upon the floor;
3 ‘It’s told me, my daughter Janet,
4 ‘That you’re now become a whore.

1 ‘Go saddle for me in haste,’ he cried,
2 ‘This bonfire to set on?
3 ‘Or who has been so bold,’ he said,
4 ‘To burn her body in.’
'O where will I get a bony boy
That will run my errand soon?
That will run to Strawberry Castle,
And tell my love to come soon?'

But then started up a little boy,
Near to that lady's kin;
'Often have I gone your errands, madam,
But now it is time to rin.'

When he came to Strawberry Castle,
He tied at the pin;
There was none sae ready as that lord himself
To let the young body in.

'Is my towers broken?
Or is my castle wone?
Or is my lady Margery lighter
Of a daughter or a son?'

'Your towers are not broken,
Nor is your castle wone;
But the fairest lady of the land
For thee this day does burn.'

They saddled to him the black horse,
They saddled to him the brown;
They've saddled to him as swift a steed
As ever man ride on.

He put his foot into the stirrup,
He bounded for to ride;
The silver buttons lap of his breast,
And his nose began to bleed.

He bursted fifteen gude stout steeds,
As ever man rade on.
They've saddled to him as swift a steed
As ever man rade on.

'O where will I get a bony boy,
That will run quick to Strawberry Castle?
And bid thy lord come doun.'

'O is there any of thy towers burnt?
Or any of my castles broken?
None was so ready as the gay lord himself
To open and let him in.

'O is there any of thy towers burnt?
Nor any of thy castles broken?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed?
Of a daughter or a son?'

'O there is nane of thy towers burnt,
Or of any of my castles broken?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed?
Of a daughter or a son?'

'O is there any of thy towers burnt?
Nor is any of thy castles broken,
But Lady Marjorie is condemned to die,
To be burnt in a fire of oaken.'

'O gar saddle to me the black,' he said,
'Gar saddle to me the brown;
That will go quickly to Strawberry Castle
And ye're sure buncem a hure.'

'O wha will put on the pot?' they said,
'Or wha will put on the pan?
Or wha will put on a baudl, baudl fire,
To burn Lady Marjorie in?
Her father he put on the pot,
Her sister put on the pan,
And her brother he put on a baudl, baudl fire,
To burn Lady Marjorie in;
And her mother she sat in a golden chair,
To see her daughter burn.

But when he came into the place,
He thirled at the pin;
He bent his bow and swam,
He bursted fifteen gude stout steeds,
As ever man rade on.

'Ye're wulecam back, young Marjory,
But ye're sune buncem a hure.'

'O is there any of thy towers burnt?
Or any of my castles broken?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed?
Of a daughter or a son?'

'O wha will put on the pot?' they said,
'Or wha will put on the pan?
Or wha will put on a baudl, baudl fire,
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To see her daughter burn.

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'Or wha will put on the pan?
Or wha will put on a baudl, baudl fire,
To burn Lady Marjorie in?'

'O is there any of thy towers burnt?
Or any of my castles broken?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed?
Of a daughter or a son?

O is there any of thy towers burnt,
Nor is any of thy castles broken,
But Lady Marjorie is condemned to die,
To be burnt in a fire of oaken.'

'O gar saddle to me the black,' he said,
'Gar saddle to me the brown;
That will run quick to Strawberry Castle
And ye're sure buncem a hure.'

'But when he came into the place,
He thirled at the pin;
He bent his bow and swam,
He bursted fifteen gude stout steeds,
As ever man rade on.

'Ye're wulecam back, young Marjory,
But ye're sune buncem a hure.'

'O is there any of thy towers burnt?
Or any of my castles broken?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed?
Of a daughter or a son?'

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

'O is there any of thy towers burnt?
Or any of my castles broken?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed?
Of a daughter or a son?'

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

'O is there any of thy towers burnt?
Or any of my castles broken?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed?
Of a daughter or a son?'
65G.9
1 ‘But she has sent you a gay gold ring,
2 With a posy round the rim,
3 To know, if you have any love for her,
4 You’ll come to her burning.’

65G.11
1 He called down his merry men all,
2 By one, by two, by three;
3 He mounted on his milk-white steed,
4 To go to Margery.

65G.12
1 They blew the fire, they kindled the fire,
2 Till it did reach her head:
3 ‘O mother, mother, quench the fire!
4 For I am nearly dead.’

65G.13
1 She turned her head on her left shoulder,
2 Saw her girdle hang on the tree:
3 ‘O God bless them that gave me that!
4 They’ll never give more to me.’

65G.14
1 She turned her head on her right shoulder,
2 Saw her lord come riding home:
3 ‘O quench the fire, my dear mother!
4 For I am nearly gone.’

65G.15
1 He mounted off his milk-white steed,
2 And into the fire he ran,
3 Thinking to save his gay ladye,
4 But he had stood too long.

65H.1
1 THERE stands a stane in wan water,
2 It’s lank ere it grew green;
3 Lady Maisry sits in her bower door,
4 Sewing at her silken seam.

65H.2
1 Word’s gane to her mother’s kitchen,
2 Sewing at her silken seam.
3 Lady Maisry sits in her bower door,
4 Sewing at her silken seam.

65H.3
1 When her brother got word of this,
2 Then fiercely looked he:
3 ‘Betide me life, betide me death,
4 To hae me to the town.’

65H.4
1 ‘Gae saddle to me the black, the black,
2 Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,
3 Gae saddle to me the black, the black,
4 To hae me to the town.’

65H.5
1 When he came to Maisry’s bower,
2 He turned him round about,
3 And at a little shott-window,
4 He saw her peeping out.

65H.6
1 ‘Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
2 Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
3 Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
4 What are your wills wi me?’

65H.7
1 ‘What’s come o a’ your green claithing,
2 Was ance for you too side?
3 And what’s become o your lang stays,
4 Was ance for you too wide?’

65H.8
1 ‘O he that made my claithing short,
2 I hope he’ll make them side;
3 And he that made my stays narrow,
4 I hope he’ll make them wide.’

65H.9
1 ‘O is it to a lord o might,
2 Or baron o high degree?
3 Or is it to any o your father’s boys,
4 Rides in the chase him wi?’

65H.10
1 ‘It’s no to any Scottish lord,
2 Nor baron o high degree,
3 But English James, that little prince,
4 That has beguiled me.’

65H.11
1 ‘O was there not a Scots baron
2 That could hae fittit thee,
3 That thus you’ve lovd an Englishman,
4 And has affronted me?’

65H.12
1 She turned her right and round about,
2 The tear blinded her ee:
3 ‘What is the wrung I’ve done, brother,
4 Ye look sae fierce at me?’

65H.13
1 ‘Will ye forsake that English blude,
2 When your young babe is born?’
3 ‘I’ll nae do that, my brother dear,
4 Tho I should be forlorn.’

65H.14
1 ‘Tse cause a man put up the fire,
2 Another ca’d in the stake;
3 And on the head o yon high hill
4 I’ll burn you for his sake.

65H.15
1 ‘O where are all my wall-wight men,
2 That I pay meat and fee,
3 For to hew down baith thistle and thorn,
4 To burn that lady wi?’

65H.16
1 Then he has tae her, Lady Maisry,
2 And fast he has her bound;
3 And he caused the fiercest o his men
4 Drag her frae town to town.

65H.17
1 Then he has caused ane of his men
2 Hew down baith thistle and thorn;
3 She carried the peats in her petticoat-lap,
4 Her asinsell for to burn.

65H.18
1 Then ane put up this big bauld fire,
2 Another ca’d in the stake;
3 It was to burn her Lady Maisry,
4 All for her true-love’s sake.

65H.19
1 But it fell ance upon a day,
2 Prince James he thought full lang;
3 He minded on the lady gay
4 He left in fair Scotland.

65H.20
1 ‘O where will I get a little wee boy,
2 Will win gowd to his fee,
3 That will rin on to Adam’s high tower,
4 Bring tidings back to me?’

65H.21
1 ‘O here am I, a little wee boy,
2 Will win gowd to his fee,
3 That will rin on to Adam’s high tower,
4 Bring tidings back to thee.’

65H.22
1 Then he is on to Adam’s high tower,
2 As fast as gang could he,
3 And he but only wan in time
4 The fatal sight to see.

65H.23
1 He sat his bent bow to his breast,
2 And ran right speedilie,
3 And he is back to his master,
4 As fast as gang could he.

65H.24
1 ‘What news, what news, my little wee boy?
2 What news hae ye to me?’
3 ‘Bad news, bad news, my master dear,
4 Bad news, as ye will see.’

65H.25
1 ‘Are ony o my biggens brunt, my boy?
2 Or ony o my towers won?
3 Or is my lady lighter yet,
4 O dear daughter or son?’

65H.26
1 ‘There’s nane o my biggens brunt, master,
2 Nor nane o your towers won,
3 Nor is your lady lighter yet,
4 O dear daughter nor son.

65H.27
1 ‘There’s an has been [put up] a big bauld fire,
2 Another ca’d in the stake,
3 And on the head o yon high hill,
4 ‘They’re to burn her for your sake.’

65H.28
1 ‘Gae saddle to me the black, the black,
2 Gae saddle to me the brown;
3 Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,
4 To hae me to the town.’
O where will I get a pretty little boy,
Who dearly loves me

2. Who will carry tidings to my joy?
Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Who dearly loves thee

3. Who dearly loves me
2. Who will carry tidings to thy joy.

4. Give to him this right-hand glove,
Who dearly loves thee

5. Tell him to get another love.

6. For, etc.

7. Give to him this little penknife,
Who dearly loves me

8. Tell him I'm going to my burning.

9. Give to him this gay gold ring;

10. Who dearly loves me

11. Tell him I'm going to my burning.'

12. An, etc.

13. The brother did the stake make,
Who dearly loved me

14. The father did the fire set.

15. An bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Dundee.

16. Lady Margery was the king's ae daughter,
But an the prince's heir; O

17. Her father's to the cutting of the birks,
Her mother to the broom,
And a' for to get a bundle o sticks
To burn that fair lady in.

18. 'O hold your hand now, father dear,
O hold a little while,
For if my true-love be yet alive
I'll hear his bridle ring.

19. 'Where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoes and shoon,
That will win to Strawberry Castle
And tell my love to come?'

20. She's called on her waiting-maid
To bring out bread and wine:
And a' for to get a bundle o sticks
To rise and let the boy in!

21. 'Then will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoes and shoon,
And when he came where brigs were broken
He bent his bow and swim;

22. And when he cam where brigs were broken
He bent his bow and swim;

23. And when he cam where brigs were broken
He bent his bow and swim;

24. I will burn; for my love's sake,

25. I will burn; for my love's sake,

26. I will burn; for my love's sake,

27. I will burn; for my love's sake,

28. I will burn; for my love's sake,
Your wedding must be done.
For Lord Ingram he will be here,
Put on your wedding gown;
Wearing the gold so red.
That ben did come her father dear,
She was dressing her head,
Now it fell out upon a day,
Chiel Wyet wood her Lady Maisery
But she said no to him.
And every one gave full consent,
Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery
The worse did them befall.
Laid baith their hearts on one lady,
Was baith born in one hall;
The less was their honour.
Laid baith their hearts on one lady,
Was baith born in one bower;
An monie ane's be fatherless
Your sister an your brother.
'Tbut I'll gar burn for you, Marjorie,
As he was for her yong son.
He was na sae wae for the lady
2 But she was dead an gane;
1 He thought his love wad hae datit him,
4 Through that bale-fire he went.
4 I'll hear my love's bridle ring.'
2 For you I cound nae friend;
3 But for fifteen well mete mile
2 The grey unto the brae,
4 That eer carried man to town.'
3 Gar saddle me the swiftest stead
2 Gar saddle me the brown,
1 'Gar saddle me the black, black horse,
4 This day for you will burn.'
2 Or ony o my castle win?
1 'Is there ony o my brigs broken?
1 Between Mary Kirk and that castle
4 But Lady Maisery she was neen.
3 And all was blythe, and all was glad,
1 There was not a groom about that castle
4 But Lady Maisery she was neen.
3 And all was blythe, and all was glad,
1 There was no cook about that kitchen
4 But Lady Maisery she was neen.
3 And all was blythe, and all was glad,
4 But Lady Maisery she was neen.
2 There was no cook about that kitchen
4 But Lady Maisery she was neen.
3 And all was blythe, and all was glad,
4 But Lady Maisery she was neen.
2 But set his bent bow to his breast,
2 He bent his bow and swam;
1 And when he found the grass growing,
4 To Chiel Wyet from thee.'
1 'Get up, my daughter dear,
2 Among the company a';
1 Lord Ingram courted her Lady Maisery
2 From father and frae mither;
3 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery
2 From sister and from brother.
2 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery
2 With leave of a' her kin;
3 And every one gave full consent,
But she said no to him.
2 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery
2 Into her father's ha;
3 Chiel Wyet wood her Lady Maisery
4 Among the sheets so sma.
1 Now it fell out upon a day,
2 She was dressing her head,
3 That ben did come her father dear,
4 Wearing the gold so red.
1 He said, Get up now, Lady Maisery,
2 Put on your wedding gown;
3 For Lord Ingram he will be here,
4 Your wedding must be done.
The Text of

66B.10
1 'There is a brotch on a breast-bane,
2 An roses on ane's sheen;
3 Gin she kend what war under that,
4 Your love wad soon be deen.'

66B.11
1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
2 And a man boun to bed,
3 Lord Ingram and Lady Masery
4 In ae chamier were laid.

66B.12
1 He put his hand out oure his bonnie bride,
2 The bawe between her sides did quake:
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

66B.13
1 'O father your babe on me, Lady Masery,
2 O father your babe on me.'
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

66B.14
1 'I may father my babe on a stock,
2 Sae may I on a stane,
3 But my babe shall never hae
4 A father but its ain.'

66B.15
1 He took out a brand,
2 And laid it awteen them twa;
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

66B.16
1 Gill Viett took out a long brand,
2 And stroakd it oor a stro,
3 An thro and thro Lord Ingram's bodie
4 He made it come and go.

66B.17
1 'Wae mat worth ye, Gill Viett,
2 An ill died mat ye die!
3 For I had the cup in my hand
4 That lay blabbering in her bleed.

66B.18
1 '[For] ae mile [I wad gae] for Gil Viett,
2 For Lord Ingram I wad hae gae three;
3 An a' for that in good kirk-door
4 Fair wedding he gave me.'

66B.19
1 Gil Viett took a long brand,
2 And stroakd it oor a stro,
3 An through and thro his own body
4 He made it come and go.

66B.20
1 There was nac mean made for that gond lords,
2 In bower what they lay slain,
3 But a' was for that lady,
4 In bower what she gaed brain.

66B.21
1 There was nac mean made for that lady,
2 In bower what she lay dead,
3 But a' was for the bonnie babie
4 That lay blabbering in her bleed.

66C.1
1 LADY MAISDRY was a lady fair,
2 She maid her mither's bed;
3 But a' was for that lady,
4 They got a goud garland.

66C.2
1 'The robs will be pit mee down!
2 Wad fain wun hoes and shoon,
3 That wud rin on to your Wayets,
4 And quickly come again.'

66C.3
1 'Here am I, a bonny boy,
2 Wad fain wun hoes and shoon,
3 Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,
4 And quickly come again.'

66C.4
1 'Ye’l bid him, and ye’l pray him baith,
2 Gir ony prayer can dee,
3 To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,
4 My weary wadding to see.'

66C.5
1 Lord Wayets lay our his castle wa,
2 Beheld baith dale and down,
3 And laid it atween them twa;
4 What news ye hae to mee?'

66C.6
1 And he has bought to this lady
2 The chrysal and the lammers,
3 Sae hee has hee bought to her mither
4 The eurches of the cummer.

66C.7
1 Every ane o her se'n brethren
2 They had a hawk in hand,
3 And every lady the place
4 They got a good garland.

66C.8
1 Every cuk in that kitchen
2 They got a meted clath;
3 'A' was blyth at Auld Ingram's cuming,
4 But Lady Maisdrey was wrath.

66C.9
1 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,
2 Wha was hee bought to her mither
3 That wud rin on to your Wayets,
4 And quickly come again?'

66C.10
1 'Here am I, a bonny boy,
2 Wad fain wun hoes and shoon,
3 Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,
4 And quickly come again.'

66C.11
1 'Ye’l bid him, and ye’l pray him baith,
2 Gir ony prayer can dee,
3 To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,
4 My weary wadding to see.'

66C.12
1 'Your ladie’s faulds they are not brunt,
2 Nor yet are her towrs wun,
3 Or is Maisdrey lighter yet
4 A dearn dochter or sun?

66C.13
1 'What news, what news, ye bonny boy?
2 What news ye hae to mee?
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

66C.14
1 'O is my ladie’s fauldus brunt?
2 Or is her towrs wun?
3 Or is my Maisdrey lighter yet
4 A dearn dochter or sun?

66C.15
1 'Your ladie’s faulds they are not brunt,
2 Nor yet are her towrs wun,
3 Or is my Maisdrey lighter yet
4 A dearn dochter or sun?

66C.16
1 'But she bids ye and she prays ye baith,
2 Gir ony prayer can dee,
3 To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,
4 Her weary wadding to see.'

66C.17
1 He dung the boord up wi his fit,
2 And sound he fell asleep;
3 Lady Maisdrey like the moten goud,
4 That’s gane to marry me?

66C.18
1 'What aileth thee, my lady dear?
2 Ever alas and wae’s me,
3 There is a baube betwixt thy sides!
4 O sae sair’s it grieves me.'

66C.19
1 'Did I tell ye that, Auld Ingram,
2 Ye saught me to wed,
3 That Lord Wayets, your sister’s son,
4 Haf been into my bed?'

66C.20
1 'O father that bairn on me, Lady Masery,
2 'O what na a lord in a’ Scotland
3 To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,
4 That’s gane to marry me?'

66C.21
1 'To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,
2 Mang the mids o his men:
3 To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,
4 And quickly cume again.'

66C.22
1 'O laugh ye at my men, Wayets?
2 Or do ye laugh at me?
3 Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,
4 And quickly cume again?'

66C.23
1 'O laugh na at your men, uncle,
2 Nor yet Ie for I that
3 Bit I laugh at your lands sae braid,
4 Sae weel’s I do them see.'

66C.24
1 'O I laugh at your men, Wayets?
2 Or do ye laugh at me?
3 Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,
4 And quickly cume again?'

66C.25
1 'Here am I, a bonny boy,
2 Wad fain wun hoes and shoon,
3 Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,
4 And quickly come again.'

66C.26
1 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,
2 Wad fain wun hoes and shoon,
3 That wud rin on to your Wayets,
4 And quickly come again?'

66C.27
1 'What aileth thee, my lady dear?
2 Ever alas and wae’s me,
3 There is a baube betwixt thy sides!
4 O sae sair’s it grieves me.'

66C.28
1 'What aileth thee, my lady dear?
2 Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,
3 To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,
4 And quickly cume again?'

66C.29
1 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,
2 'Did I tell ye that, Auld Ingram,
3 You mornin’s gift to bee.'

66C.30
1 'I laugh na at your men, uncle,
2 Nor yet Ie for I that
3 Bit I laugh at your lands sae braid,
4 Sae weel’s I do them see.'

66C.31
1 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,
2 'Did I tell ye that, Auld Ingram,
3 You mornin’s gift to bee.'

66C.32
1 'O father that bairn on me, Lady Masery,
2 O father it on me,
3 An ye saught me to wed,
4 Your mornin’s gift to bee.'

66C.33
1 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,
2 'That ever the like me belfa,
3 To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,
4 An Lord Wayets beside!'

66C.34
1 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,
2 'That ever the like me belfa,
3 To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,
4 An Lord Wayets beside!'

66D.1
1 LORD INGRAM and Childe Viat
2 Were both bred in one ha;
3 They laid their luves on one ladie,
4 And frae they could na fa.

66D.2
1 Lord Ingram courted Lady Masery,
2 He courted her frae ha to bower;
3 And even sae did Childe Viat,
4 Among the summer flowers.

66D.3
1 Lord Ingram courted Lady Masery,
2 He courted her frae ha to bower;
3 And even sae did Childe Viat,
4 Among the sheets sae sma.

66D.4
1 Sir Ingram bought her Ladye Masery
2 The steed that paid him well;
3 She wads hee were ayont the sea,
4 Gin she had her true love.
66E.1  Lord Ingram bought her Lady Maisry
1 The knives hafted wi' steel;
2 She wad they were in his heart's bluid,
3 Gin Childe Viat was weel.

66E.2  Lord Ingram bought her Lady Maisry
2 The golden knobbled gloves;
3 She wad they were ayone the sea,
4 Gin she had her true love.

66E.3  There’s two swords in one scabbard,
2 They cost me many a pound;
3 But all was for this fair ladie,
4 In boower where she gaed brain.

66E.4  Tha may the father be?
3 'There is a bairn within your sides,
2 And thus pronounced he:
3 For keeping o her snaw-white feet
4 And let tears down fa.

66E.5  Lord Ingram and his merry young men
1 When they had eaten and well drunken,
2 Nor do I laugh at thee;
3 For keeping o her snaw-white feet
4 And let the tears down pour.

66E.6  Lord Ingram bought to Lady Maisry
1 There was no mane made for these two lords,
2 In boower where they lay slaen;
3 But all was for this fair ladie,
4 And you bridegroom shall be.

66E.7  Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisry
1 Sweetly played the harp sae fine,
2 'O laugh ye at my men, brother?
3 And lightly leugh him Childe Vyet
4 That cost me mony pound;

66E.8  Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisry
1 Tween Marykirk and her mother's boower,
2 'Ye'll take frae me my silk attire,
3 But still and dum stood Lady Maisry,
4 That gaes in mournfu' weed.

66E.9  Lord Ingram bought to Lady Maisry
2 The siller knapped gloves;
3 She wad they might pierce my heart,
4 Gin Childe Vyet were weel.

66E.10 Child Vyet bought to Lady Maisry
2 The fancy ribbons sma;
3 She had mair delight in her sma fancy
4 Than o Lord Ingram, gowd and a'.

66E.11 Lord Ingram's gane to her father,
1 And thus he did complain;
2 'O am I doom'd to die for love,
3 And nae be loved again?

66E.12 I ha'e sent to you daughter
1 The steed paced fu' well,
2 She wishes I were ower the sea,
3 Gin Childe Vyet were well.

66E.13 I ha'e bought to your daughter
2 The brands garnished wi' steel;
3 She wished my hands might swell in them,
4 Had she her ain true love.

66E.14 I ha'e bought to your daughter
3 The fancy ribbons sma;
4 Gin Childe Vyet were well.

66E.15 Childe Vyet bought to your daughter
2 The fancy ribbons sma;
3 She's mair delight in her sma fancy
4 Nor o me, gowd and a'.

66E.16 Her father turnd him round about,
2 A solemn oath sware he,
3 Saying, She shall be the bride this night,
4 And you bridegroom shall be.

66E.17 'O had your tongue, my father dear,
2 Let a' your sorrows be;
3 That you and I the quarrel try,
4 Ye ken ye forced me.'

66E.18 Sweetly played the merry organs,
2 Intill her mother's bower;
3 But still and dum stood Lady Maisry,
4 And let the tears down pour.

66E.19 Sweetly played the harp sae fine,
2 Intill her fathers ha;
3 But still and dum stood Lady Maisry,
4 And let tears down fa.

66E.20 Tween Marykirk and her mother's bower,
2 But still and dum stood Lady Maisry,
3 Says, 'Lye ye there, ye ill woman,
4 That I saw wi' my ee.

66E.21 Lord Ingram gaed in at ae church-door,
2 Child Vyet at another,
3 And lightly leugh him Childe Vyet
4 He wounded Ingram sair.

66E.22 Child Vyet bought to Lady Maisry
1 Him single self alane.
2 Whan they were lying dead,
3 The fairest castle o Snowdown
2 Ye will father it on me;

66E.23 I laugh na at your men, brother
2 Nor do I laugh at thee;
3 Or laugh ye at young Lady Maisry,
4 That I saw wi' my ee.

66E.24 'It is a ring on ae finger,
2 A brooch on ae breast-bane;
3 And if ye kent what's under that,
4 That gaes in mournfu' weed.

66E.25 Lord Ingram and his merry young men
2 Out over the plains are gane,
3 And pensive walked him Childe Vyet,
4 Him single self alane.

66E.26 When they had eaten and well drunken,
2 And a' men bound for bed.
3 Lord Ingram and Lady Maisry
4 In ac chamber were laid.

66E.27 He laid his hand upon her breast,
2 And thus pronounced he:
3 'There is a bairn within your sides,
4 Wha may the father be?'

66E.28 'What ever be your bairn's father,
2 Ye will father it on me;
3 The fairest castle o Snowdown
4 Your morning gift shall be.'

66E.29 'What ever be your bairn's father,
2 I'll neer father it on thee;
3 For better love I hae my bairn's father
4 Nor ever I'll love thee.'

66E.30 Then he's taen out a trusty brand,
2 Laid it between them tway;
3 Says, Lye ye there, ye ill woman,
4 A maid for me till day.

66E.31 Next morning her father came,
2 Well belted wi' a brand;
3 Then up it starts him Lord Ingram,
4 He was an angry man.

66E.32 If your daughter had been a gude woman,
2 As I thought she had been,
3 Could iron should hae never lien
4 The lang night us between.'

66E.33 'O had your tongue, my father dear,
2 Let a' your sorrows be;
3 I never liked Lord Ingram,
4 Ye ken ye forced me.'

66E.34 Then in it came him Childe Vyet,
2 Well belted wi' a brand;
3 Then up it raise him Lord Ingram,
4 He was an angry man.

66E.36 'Win up, win up, now Lord Ingram,
2 Rise up immediately,
3 That you and I the quarrel try,
4 Who gains the victory.

66E.37 'Hae tae brands in ac scabbard,
2 That cost me mony pound;
3 Take ye the best, leave me the worst,
4 That I saw wi' my ee.

66E.38 Then up it starts him Childe Vyet,
2 Shook back his yellow hair;
3 The first an stroke Childe Vyet drew,
4 Nor ever I'll love thee.'

66E.39 Then up it starts him Lord Ingram,
2 Shed back his coal-black hair
3 The first an stroke Lord Ingram drew,
4 Childe Vyet needed nae mair.

66E.40 Nae meen was made for these twa knights,
2 Whan they were lying dead,
3 But a' for her Lady Maisry,
4 That gaes in mournfu' weed.

66E.41 Says, 'If I hae been an ill woman,
2 Alas and wae is me!
3 And if I've been an ill woman,
4 A gude woman I'll be!

66E.42 'Ye'll take free me my silk attire,
2 Bring me a palmer's weed,
3 And thro' the world, for their sakes,
4 I'll gang and beg my bread.

66E.43 'If I gang a step for Childe Vyet,
2 For Lord Ingram I'll gang three;
3 All for the honour that he paid
4 At Marykirk to me.

66E.44 'I'll gang a step for Childe Vyet,
2 For Lord Ingram I'll gang three;
3 It was into my mother's bower
4 Childe Vyet wronged me.'
67A.1 1 GLASGERRION was a king's own sonne,
2 And a harper he was good;
3 He harped in the king's chamber,
4 Where cuppe and candle stooed,
5 And soe did hee in the queens chamber,
6 Till ladies waxed wood.

67A.2 1 And then bespake the kings daughter,
2 And these words thus sayd shee:
3 . . . .
4 . . . .
5 . . . .
6 . . . .

67A.3 1 'Faire might ye fall, lady!' quoth hee;
2 'Who taught you now to speake?
3 I have loued you, lady, seuen yeer;
4 My hart I durst neere breake.'

67A.4 1 'But come you hither mister,' quoth hee;
2 'Lay yoforc a harp upon your hand,
3 For, an ye tell him Gib, your man,
4 O wha is this,' says that lady,
5 'That ever sic shame betide,
6 That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
7 'Won up, won up, my good master,
8 'That ever such a harper gude,
9 'That I haue not killed a man to-night,
10 'For I haue sadled yo
11 'For the king,' says that lady,
12 'That, oacke and ashe and thorne,
13 'Where is that lady's bower?
14 'That ever harpd on a string.
15 'I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
16 'O ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
17 'O ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
18 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
19 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
20 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
21 'That ever harped on a string.
22 'That lady was true of her promise,
23 'I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
24 'The stockings they are Gib, my man's,
25 'The moon shone like the gleed.

67B.8 1 'O who is this,' says that lady,
2 'That opens nae and comes in?'
3 'It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
4 'O open and lat me in!'

67B.9 1 'I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
2 'That ever such a harper gude,
3 'I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
4 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
5 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
6 'That ever harpd on a string.
7 'That ever harpd on a string.
8 'That ever harpd on a string.
9 'That ever harpd on a string.
10 'That ever harpd on a string.
11 'That ever harpd on a string.
12 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
13 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
14 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
15 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
16 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
17 'I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
18 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
19 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
20 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
21 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
22 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
23 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
24 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
25 'Thoward that falseness of that lither ladd,
26 'That ever harpd on a string.
27 'That ever harpd on a string.
28 'That ever harpd on a string.
29 'That ever harpd on a string.
30 'That ever harpd on a string.
31 'That ever harpd on a string.
32 'That ever harpd on a string.
33 'That ever harpd on a string.
34 'That ever harpd on a string.
35 'That ever harpd on a string.
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100 'That ever harpd on a string.
67B.26
1 He's taen his harp intill his hand,
2 He harpit and he sang,
3 And he is hame to Gib, his man,
4 As fast as he could gang.

67B.27
1 'Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,
2 Till I pay you your fee.
3 'Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,
4 Weel payit sall ye be.'

67B.28
1 And he has taen him Gib, his man,
2 And he has hanged him hee,
3 And he's hangit him oer his ain yate,
4 As high as high could be.

67B.29
1 There was nae pity for that lady,
2 For she lay calm and dead,
3 But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
4 In bower he must go mad.

67C.1
1 GLENKINNIE was as good a harper
2 As ever harpet tone;
3 He harpet fish out o the sea-flood,
4 And water out o a dry loan,
5 And milk out o the maiden's breast
That barn had never seen.

67C.2
1 He harpit the king's palace,
2 He harpit them a' asleep,
3 Unless it were Burd Bell alone,
4 And she staid on her feet.

67C.3
1 'Ye will do ye home, Glenkinnie,
2 And ye will take a sleep,
3 And ye will come to my bower-door
4 Before the cock's crowing.'

67C.4
1 He's taen out his milk-white steed,
2 And fast away rode he,
3 Till he came to his ain castle,
4 Where gold glanced never so hie.

67C.5
1 'Might I tell ye, Jeck, my man,
2 Gin I had slain a man?
3 Till he came to Burd Bell's door,
4 Before the cock's crowing.'

67C.6
1 'I've faun in love wi a gay ladie,
2 She's daughter to the Queen,
3 And every month into the year,
4 As high as high could be.

67C.7
1 'It fears me sair in Clyde Water
2 She sware now by the corn,
3 And she has had him to her bed,
4 As any wild-wood steer.

67C.8
1 'Whan he was in her arms laid,
2 The good ale and the wine,
3 And where that sakeless knight lay slain,
4 As ye done to Young Hunting.'

67C.9
1 'Ye were welcome here, my Young Redin,
2 And they hay put that lady in;
3 That they might get a great bonefire
4 To hold that good lord down.

67C.10
1 O thay ha sent for the king's duckers,
2 Thay had tane aff men to the wood
3 And slawly daws the day;
4 They ducked in at the tae water-bank,

67C.11
1 'It fears me sair in Clyde Water
2 She sware now by the corn,
3 And where that sakeless knight lay slain,
4 As ye done to Young Hunting.'

68A.1
1 0 LADY, rock never your young son young
2 One hour longer for me,
3 For I have a sweetheart in Garlick's Wells
4 I love thrice better than thee.

68A.2
1 'The very soilds of my love's feet
2 Is whiter then thy face;
3 'But nevertheless na, Young Hunting,
4 Ye'll stay wi me all night.'

68A.3
1 She has birl'd in him Young Hunting
2 The good ale and the beer,
3 Till he was as fou drunken
4 As any wild-wood steere.

68A.4
1 She has birl'd in him Young Hunting
2 The good ale and the wine,
3 Till he was as fou drunken
4 As any wild-wood swine.

68A.5
1 0 LADY, rock never your young son young
2 When you sit at the wine,
3 'Ye will do ye home, Glenkinnie,
4 As fast as he could gang.'

68A.6
1 'Ye will do ye home, Glenkinnie,
2 And ye will take a sleep,
3 And ye will come to my bower-door
4 Before the cock's crowing.'

68A.7
1 She's daughter to the Queen,
2 As ever harpet tone;
3 He harpet and he sang,
4 And they were welcome here, my Young Redin,

68A.8
1 'I've faun in love wi a gay ladie,
2 She's daughter to the Queen,
3 And she has gin him Young Hunting
4 An' it took upon her chin,' she says,

68A.9
1 'I winna light on thy hand;
2 Fra that good lord's blood
3 An every month into the year,
4 As any wild-wood steere.

68A.10
1 'I winna light down, I shanna light down,
2 Fra that good lord's blood
3 An every month into the year,
4 As any wild-wood steere.

68A.11
1 'I winna light down, I shanna light down,
2 Fra that good lord's blood
3 An every month into the year,
4 As any wild-wood steere.

68A.12
1 She has been ane spirit him Young Hunting
2 As he had been gan to ride,
3 A hunting-horn about his neck,
4 As any wild-wood steere.

68A.13
1 She has had him to yon wan water,
2 He is slain and put therein;
3 The lady that lives in yon castil
4 As any wild-wood steere.

68A.14
1 'Ye're welcome here, my Young Redin,
2 For coal and candle-licht;
3 And sae are ye, my Young Redin,
4 To bide wi me the night.'

68A.15
1 'Ye're welcome here, my Young Redin,
2 For coal and candle-licht;
3 And sae are ye, my Young Redin,
4 To bide wi me the night.'

68A.16
1 'Ye're welcome here, my Young Redin,
2 For coal and candle-licht;
3 And sae are ye, my Young Redin,
4 To bide wi me the night.'

68A.17
1 'Ye're welcome here, my Young Redin,
2 For coal and candle-licht;
3 And sae are ye, my Young Redin,
4 To bide wi me the night.'

68A.18
1 'I wish he war away.'
2 And slawly daws the day;
3 Till he was as fou drunken
4 Ye'll stay wi me all night.'

68A.19
1 They ducked in at the tae water-bank,
2 They ducked out at the thither:
3 'We'll duck no more for Young Hunting,
4 All tho we wear our brother.'

68A.20
1 Out an speke the bonny bird,
2 And a dowie man was he;
3 This ladie has tane a sair sickness,
4 The candles shone full bright.

68A.21
1 'O he's na drownd in Clyde Water,
2 He is slain and put therein;
3 That lady that lives in yon castil
4 To burn that lady in.

68A.22
1 'Leave aff your ducking on the day,
2 And duck upon the night;
3 'Heir over that sakeless knight lys slain,
4 The candles will shine bright.'

68A.23
1 They left off their ducking o the day,
2 And ducked upon the night,
3 'Wear that sakeless knight lay slain,
4 The candles shone full bright.

68A.24
1 O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
2 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
3 It was na take upon her cheek,
4 As any wild-wood steere.

68A.25
1 'O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
2 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
3 'It fears me sair in Clyde Water
4 As fast as he could gang.'

68A.26
1 'I winna light on thy hand;
2 Fra that good lord's blood
3 Nor thou can keep thy flattering toung,
4 As any wild-wood steere.

68A.27
1 'O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
2 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
3 That they might get a great bonefire
4 To burn that lady in.

68A.28
1 'O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
2 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
3 That they might get a great bonefire
4 To burn that lady in.

68A.29
1 'O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
2 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
3 That they might get a great bonefire
4 To burn that lady in.

68A.30
1 'O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
2 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
3 That they might get a great bonefire
4 To burn that lady in.

68A.31
1 'O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
2 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
3 That they might get a great bonefire
4 To burn that lady in.

68A.32
1 'O thay ha sent aff men to the wood
2 To hew down baith thorn an fern,
3 That they might get a great bonefire
4 To burn that lady in.
That pat Young Redin in.

But it tuke on the cruel hands

It tuke not on her cheek, her cheek,

The bouer-woman to brin;

Then they've made a big bane-fire,

And thrown him in the Clyde.

I neer wad slain him Young Redin,

O ill may her betide!

'It's surely been my bouer-woman,

His wounds they gushit out.

But as the traitor she cam near,

O white, white war his wounds washen,

They've sought it out and in,

They've sought Clyde's Water up and doun,

But my son wad gae throw.

There's na a place in Clyde's Water

Sin yesterday at noon.

I hae na seen him Young Redin

'But ye'll seek Clyde's Water,

An till his true-love gane,

An the deepest place in Clyde's Water

They've sought Clyde's Water up and doun,

And hied him throw the toun.

He turnd his stately steed about,

Sin yesterday at noon;

And they've come tow to thee.

'Is thare a dead man in my bower, Meggy?

Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,

Sae wald you do to mee.'
68G.1 1 'I will not light, I cannot light,
2 I cannot light at all,
3 A fairer lady than ten of thee
4 Is waiting at Richard’s Wall.'
68G.5 1 He stopted from his milk-white steed,
2 To kiss her rosy cheek.
3 She had a pen-knife in her hand,
4 And wounded him so deep.
68G.6 1 'O lie ye there, Earl Richard,' she says,
2 'O lie ye there till morn;
3 A fairer lady than ten of me
4 Will think lang of your coming home.'
68G.7 1 She called her servants ane by ane,
2 She called them twa by twa:
3 'I have got a dead man in my bower,
4 I wish he were awa.'
68G.8 1 The one has taen [him] by the hand,
2 And the other by the feet,
3 And they’ve thrown him in a deep draw-well,
4 Full fifty fathom deep.
68G.9 1 Then up bespake a little bird,
2 That sat upon a tree:
3 'Gae hame, gae hame, ye false lady,
4 And pay your maids their fee.'
68G.10 1 'Come down, come down, my pretty bird,
2 That sits upon the tree:
3 I have a cage of beaten gold,
4 I’ll gie it unto thee.'
68G.11 1 'Gae hame, gae hame, ye false lady,
2 And pay your maids their fee;
3 As ye have done to Earl Richard,
4 Sae wud ye do to me.'
68G.12 1 'If I had an arrow in my hand,
2 And a bow bent on a string,
3 I’d shoot a dart at thy proud heart,
4 Among the leaves sae green.'
68G.1 1 SHE has calld to her her bower-maidens,
2 She has calld them one by one:
3 'There is a dead man in my bower,
4 I wish that he was gone.'
68G.1 1 They have stopt him, and spurred him,
2 As he was wont to ride,
3 A hunting-horn about his waist,
4 A sharp sword by his side.
68G.2 1 Then up and spake a bonie bird,
2 That sat upon the tree:
3 'What hae ye done wi Earl Richard?
4 Ye was his gay lady.'
68G.9 1 'Cum down, cum down, my bonie bird,
2 Cum sit upon my hand;
3 And ye sall hae a cage o the gowd,
4 Where ye hae but the wand.'
68G.5 1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 Nae ill woman for me;
3 What ye hae done to Earl Richard,
4 Sae wad ye do to mee.'
68G.6 1 'O there’s a bird intill your bowir
2 That sings sae sad and sweet;
3 O there’s a bird intill your bowir
4 Kept me frae my night’s sleep.'
68G.7 1 And she swarre by the grass sae greene,
2 Sae did she by the corn,
3 That she had not seen Earl Richard
4 Sen yesterday at morn.
68H.1 1 'HAIL, well, hail well, my little foot-page,
2 Hail well this deed on me,
3 I saw her swarre by the grass sae greene,
4 Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid.'

2 That flew aboun her head:
3 A living man he laid him down,
2 As they sat down to sup:
3 'But, nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,
1 'The very sole o that ladye's foot
4 I love far better than thee.
3 For I have a sweetheart in Garlioch Wells
2 One hour langer for me;
1 'O lady, rock never your young son young
4 Telling ill tales on thee.'

2 And an ill death may thou die!
4 And not of hazel wand.'
2 Sit low upon my hand,
1 'Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,
4 Ye was his gaye ladye.'
3 'What hae ye down wi Erl Richard?
2 And sit upon my hand;
1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
4 Ye were his gaye ladye.'

1 'And ever I live my life to brook,
3 'I se phee weel thy fee.'
1 I'se pay thee well thy fee.'
3 And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,
2 And douk upon the night;
1 'Leave aff your douking on the day,
4 Or wha will douk for me?'
2 He'll ride them ane by ane;
3 We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
4 Came riding all alane.
2 As gin he had been gain to ride,
1 They hae booted him, and spurred him,
2 Nor yet upon her chin,
4 To burn that maiden in.

3 'It fears me sair o Clyde water,
2 Wi mickle mournfu din:
1 The ladye turnd her round about,
4 That trattles in thy head.'
3 As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
2 Nae cage o gowd for me;
3 And thou sall hae a cage o gowd,
2 And sit upon my hand;
1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
4 Ye were his gaye ladye.'

2 A rigg but barely ane,
2 Nor to a tavern fine;
4 And birl baith beer and wine.'
3 But I will gang to a table forebye,
2 'Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
4 And birl baith beer and wine?'
3 Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
2 And stood on her tower-head;
3 She thought she heard a bridle ring,
2 And stand at thy ee.
1 'Before thou bend thy bow, lady,
4 And not of hazel wand.'
2 And set it to thy ee,
1 'Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,
4 Ye will bide in my bow'er a' night?'

1 'And ever I live my life to brook,
3 'I se phee weel thy fee.'
1 I'se pay thee well thy fee.'
3 And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,
2 And douk upon the night;
1 'Leave aff your douking on the day,
4 Or wha will douk for me?'
2 He'll ride them ane by ane;
3 We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
4 Came riding all alane.
2 As gin he had been gain to ride,
1 They hae booted him, and spurred him,
2 Nor yet upon her chin,
4 To burn that maiden in.

3 'It fears me sair o Clyde water,
2 Wi mickle mournfu din:
1 The ladye turnd her round about,
4 That trattles in thy head.'
3 As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
2 Nae cage o gowd for me;
3 And thou sall hae a cage o gowd,
2 And sit upon my hand;
1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
4 Ye were his gaye ladye.'

2 A rigg but barely ane,
2 Nor to a tavern fine;
4 And birl baith beer and wine.'
3 But I will gang to a table forebye,
2 'Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
4 And birl baith beer and wine?'
3 Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
2 And stood on her tower-head;
3 She thought she heard a bridle ring,
2 And stand at thy ee.
1 'Before thou bend thy bow, lady,
4 And not of hazel wand.'
2 And set it to thy ee,
1 'Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,
4 Ye will bide in my bow'er a' night?'

1 'And ever I live my life to brook,
3 'I se phee weel thy fee.'
1 I'se pay thee well thy fee.'
3 And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,
2 And douk upon the night;
1 'Leave aff your douking on the day,
4 Or wha will douk for me?'
2 He'll ride them ane by ane;
3 We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
4 Came riding all alane.
2 As gin he had been gain to ride,
1 They hae booted him, and spurred him,
2 Nor yet upon her chin,
4 To burn that maiden in.

3 'It fears me sair o Clyde water,
2 Wi mickle mournfu din:
1 The ladye turnd her round about,
4 That trattles in thy head.'
3 As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
2 Nae cage o gowd for me;
3 And thou sall hae a cage o gowd,
2 And sit upon my hand;
1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
4 Ye were his gaye ladye.'

2 A rigg but barely ane,
2 Nor to a tavern fine;
4 And birl baith beer and wine.'
3 But I will gang to a table forebye,
2 'Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
4 And birl baith beer and wine?'
3 Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
2 And stood on her tower-head;
3 She thought she heard a bridle ring,
2 And stand at thy ee.
1 'Before thou bend thy bow, lady,
4 And not of hazel wand.'
2 And set it to thy ee,
1 'Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,
4 Ye will bide in my bow'er a' night?'

1 'And ever I live my life to brook,
3 'I se phee weel thy fee.'
1 I'se pay thee well thy fee.'
3 And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,
2 And douk upon the night;
1 'Leave aff your douking on the day,
4 Or wha will douk for me?'
2 He'll ride them ane by ane;
3 We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
4 Came riding all alane.
2 As gin he had been gain to ride,
1 They hae booted him, and spurred him,
2 Nor yet upon her chin,
4 To burn that maiden in.

3 'It fears me sair o Clyde water,
2 Wi mickle mournfu din:
1 The ladye turnd her round about,
4 That trattles in thy head.'
3 As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
2 Nae cage o gowd for me;
3 And thou sall hae a cage o gowd,
2 And sit upon my hand;
1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
4 Ye were his gaye ladye.'

2 A rigg but barely ane,
2 Nor to a tavern fine;
4 And birl baith beer and wine.'
3 But I will gang to a table forebye,
2 'Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
4 And birl baith beer and wine?'
3 Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
2 And stood on her tower-head;
3 She thought she heard a bridle ring,
2 And stand at thy ee.
1 'Before thou bend thy bow, lady,
4 And not of hazel wand.'
2 And set it to thy ee,
1 'Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,
4 Ye will bide in my bow'er a' night?'

1 'And ever I live my life to brook,
3 'I se phee weel thy fee.'
1 I'se pay thee well thy fee.'
3 And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,
2 And douk upon the night;
1 'Leave aff your douking on the day,
4 Or wha will douk for me?'
2 He'll ride them ane by ane;
3 We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
4 Came riding all alane.
2 As gin he had been gain to ride,
1 They hae booted him, and spurred him,
2 Nor yet upon her chin,
4 To burn that maiden in.

3 'It fears me sair o Clyde water,
2 Wi mickle mournfu din:
1 The ladye turnd her round about,
4 That trattles in thy head.'
3 As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
2 Nae cage o gowd for me;
3 And thou sall hae a cage o gowd,
2 And sit upon my hand;
1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
4 Ye were his gaye ladye.'

2 A rigg but barely ane,
2 Nor to a tavern fine;
4 And birl baith beer and wine.'
3 But I will gang to a table forebye,
2 'Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
4 And birl baith beer and wine?'
3 Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
2 And stood on her tower-head;
3 She thought she heard a bridle ring,
2 And stand at thy ee.
1 'Before thou bend thy bow, lady,
4 And not of hazel wand.'
2 And set it to thy ee,
1 'Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,
4 Ye will bide in my bow'er a' night?'

1 'And ever I live my life to brook,
3 'I se phee weel thy fee.'
1 I'se pay thee well thy fee.'
3 And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,
2 And douk upon the night;
1 'Leave aff your douking on the day,
4 Or wha will douk for me?'
2 He'll ride them ane by ane;
3 We hae been seeking Erl Richard,
4 Came riding all alane.
2 As gin he had been gain to ride,
1 They hae booted him, and spurred him,
2 Nor yet upon her chin,
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2 Wi mickle mournfu din:
1 The ladye turnd her round about,
4 That trattles in thy head.'
3 As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,
2 Nae cage o gowd for me;
3 And thou sall hae a cage o gowd,
2 And sit upon my hand;
1 'Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
4 Ye were his gaye ladye.'

2 A rigg but barely ane,
2 Nor to a tavern fine;
4 And birl baith beer and wine.'
3 But I will gang to a table forebye,
2 'Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
4 And birl baith beer and wine?'
3 Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
The Child Ballads

68K.10
1 Then she has drawn for Young Hunting
2 The beer but and the wine,
3 Till she got him as deadly drunk
4 As only unhallowed swine.

68K.11
1 Then she’s taen out a trusty brand,
2 That hang below her gare,
3 Then she’s wounded him Young Hunting,
4 A deep wound and a sair.

68K.12
1 Then out it speaks her comrade,
2 Being in the companie;
3 ‘Alas! this deed that ye hae done
4 Will ruin baith you and me.’

68K.13
1 ‘He’s in bower wi yon ladie.’
2 The king was going to ride,
3 ‘They shall be severed for thee.’
4 ‘He’s in bower wi yon ladie.’

68K.14
1 ‘Thro I would heal it never sae well,
2 And never sae well,’ said she,
3 ‘There is a God above us baith
4 That can baith hear and see.’

68K.15
1 ‘How shall I come down to thee?
2 Frae a’ drop o his bluid,
3 ‘Keep well, keep well your green claithing
4 A sharp sword by his side.

68K.16
1 And they rode on, and farther on,
2 All the lang summer’s tide,
3 Until they came to win water,
4 Where an’ man ca’ s it Clyde.

68K.17
1 And the deepest pot in Clyde’s water,
2 And there they flung him in,
3 ‘Keep well, keep well your green claithing
4 A sharp sword by his side.

68K.18
1 O out it speaks a little wee bird,
2 ‘How shall I come down, how can I come
3 ‘In your bower-floor I never tread.’
4 ‘And ye’ll ty up baith your een,

68K.19
1 ‘O I will pay my maiden’s hire,
2 And hire I’ll gie to thee;
3 ‘Ye’re hae gowd for your fee.’
4 ‘Ye’re hae gowd for your fee.’

68K.20
1 Then out it speaks a bonny bird,
2 That flew aboon their head:
3 ‘O Sanders, I’le do for your sake
4 ‘Ye’re hae gowd for your fee.’

68K.21
1 ‘O I’ ll keep well my green claithing
2 ‘I’ ll keep well my green claithing
3 ‘When seven years is come and gone,
4 ‘In your bower-floor I never tread.’

68K.22
1 ‘Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
2 ‘I’ ll keep well my green claithing
3 ‘Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
4 ‘Come down, come down, my bonny bird.

68K.23
1 ‘How shall I come down, how can I come down,
2 ‘How shall I come down to thee?
3 The things ye said to Young Hunting,
4 The same ye’re saying to me.’

68K.24
1 But it fell out on that same day
2 The king was going to ride,
3 Then he called for Young Hunting,
4 To for to ride by his side.

68K.25
1 Then out it speaks the little young son,
2 Sat on the nurse’s knee:
3 ‘I fear the wert,’ said that young babe,
4 ‘He’s in bower wi yon ladie.’

68K.26
1 Then they hae called her Lady Katharine,
2 That see not him Young Hunting
3 ‘Ye’re take the sourde fray my scabbard,
4 ‘Ye’re take the sourde fray my scabbard.

68K.27
1 Then they hae calld her Lady Maisry,
2 And she sware by the moon
3 ‘That ye saw not him Young Hunting
4 ‘That ye saw not him Young Hunting.

68K.28
1 ‘He was playing at the Clyde’s Water,
2 Perhaps he has fa’en in
3 ‘The king he calld his divers all,
4 To dive for his young son.

68K.29
1 They div’d in thro the wan burn-bank,
2 Sae did they thorth the other;
3 ‘We’ll dive nae mair,’ said these young men,
4 ‘Suppose he were our brother.’

68K.30
1 Then out it speaks a little young son,
2 That flew aboon their head:
3 ‘Dive on, dive on, ye divers all,
4 For there he lies indeed.

68K.31
1 ‘But ye’ll leave aff your day diving,
2 And ye’ll dive in the night;
3 The pot where Young Hunting lies in,
4 The candles they’ll burn bright.

68K.32
1 ‘There are twa ladies in yon bower,
2 And even in yon ha,
3 And they hae killd him Young Hunting,
4 And casten him awa.

68K.33
1 ‘They booted him, and spurred him,
2 As he’d been gaun to ride,
3 ‘That ye saw na Sandy sen late yestreen.
4 ‘That ye saw na Sandy sen late yestreen.

68K.34
1 ‘The deepest pot o Clyde’s Water,
2 There they flung him in,
3 ‘A hunting-horn tied round his neck,
4 To had Young Hunting down.

68K.35
1 ‘They booted him, and spurred him,
2 As he’d been gaun to ride,
3 ‘Dive on, dive on, ye divers all,
4 ‘Dive on, dive on, ye divers all.

68K.36
1 The king he calld his hewers all,
2 ‘A hunting-horn tied round his neck,
3 ‘To hew down wood and thorn,
4 ‘To hew down wood and thorn.

68K.37
1 ‘A bed, a bed for you and I;’
2 ‘A bed, a bed for you and I;’
3 ‘For there he lies indeed.
4 ‘For there he lies indeed.

68K.38
1 Then they hae taen her Lady Maisry,
2 And they hae put her in:
3 ‘It wear a sin to kill a sleeping man.’
4 ‘It wear a sin to kill a sleeping man.’
4 Shall quickly help to gar him die.'
3 'I bear the brand into my hand
2 A wat an ill death mat he die!
4 His father has nae mair but he.'
4 Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'
2 A wat an ill death mat he die!
4 And behold, she's lying wi you this night.
2 "A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
2 "And ay a bed for you and me;"
3 "'Never a one,' said the gay lady,
4 "'Till ane we twa marry be.'
4 'I'm sure it was neither rogue nor loun
2 'That ever my twa eyes did see;
3 'Hay lyen by me, and sweat the sheets;'
2 And dull and drowsie was his een.
3 She drew the curtains a wee bit,
4 'It's time, my dear, ye were awa.'
5 'Ye are the sleepiest young man,' she said,
2 'That ever my twa een did see;
3 'Ye've lain a' night into my arms,
4 I'm sure it is a shame to be.'
6 She turned the blankets to the foot,
2 And turned the sheets unto the wall,
3 And there she saw his bluddy wound,
4 . . . . . .
6 There would come a' my seven brethren,
2 And a' their torches burning bright,
3 And say, We hae but ae sister,
4 Her board-floor Sandy never tread.'
6 'For I am sae weet and sae wearie
2 'A bed, a bed, let me lie doun;
4 They were in the fields sae broun.
6 'I,' bespake the seventh of them,
2 'O wae be to my seventhen brother,
4 "It's time, my dear, ye were awa."
6 'We'll carry Clerk Saunders to his grave,
2 And syne come back and comfort thee:'
6 'I wat he garrd cauld iron go.
4 'O brother dear, I say the same.'
6 Then in and cam her second brother,
2 Says, Twa lovers are ill to twin;
3 And in and cam her thirteenth brother,
4 'O brother dear, I say the same.'
6 Then in and cam her fourth brother,
2 'It's a sin to kill a sleepin man,'
3 And in and cam her fifteenth brother,
4 'O brother dear, I say the same.'
6 Then in and cam her sixteenth brother,
2 'I wat he's neer be steerd by me;
3 But in and cam her seventh brother,
4 'I bear the hand that salt gar him dec.'
6 Then he out drew a nut-brown sword,
2 I wat he stript it to the stroe,
3 And thro and thro Clerk Saunders' body
4 I wat he garrd cauld iron go.
6 Then they lay there in iither's arms
2 Until the day began to daw;
3 Then kindly to him she did say,
4 'It's time, my dear, ye were awa.'
6 'Ye are the sleepiest young man,' she said,
2 'That ever my twa een did see;
3 Ye've lain a' night into my arms,
4 I'm sure it is a shame to be.'
6 She turned the blankets to the foot,
2 And turned the sheets unto the wall,
3 And there she saw his bluddy wound,
4 . . . . . .
6 We hae only but ae sister alive,
2 For I hae seven bauld brethren,
4 . . . . . .
6 'A bed, a bed,' his lady cried,
4 That fell this twa lovers between.
6 That was in bower last night wi mee.'
6 'Never a ane,' said the gay lady,
2 For it was neither lord nor loune
3 'Come here, come here, see what I see!
2 Bauldly he cam steppin in:
1 Then in there cam her firsten brother,
2 Nor scarse fa'n owre asleep,
3 But they were scarsley gone to bed,
1 In an come her father dear,
2 Stout steping on the floor;
1 Then in and cam her second brother,
2 'That ever my twa een did see;
3 Then you may swear, and save your aith,
2 And then you'll carry me to your bed;
1 'Ye'll tak a lang claith in your hand,
3 And syne come back and comfort thee:
4 They winna care to spill your blude.'
6 And if they find ye in bower wi me,
2 Bauld are they, and very rude;
1 'For I hae seven bauld brethren,
4 That on her bour-floor he never gaed.'
6 She has taen him in her arms twa,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That she saw na Sandy sin yestreen.
6 'A bed, a bed,' his lady cried,
2 'That ever my twa een did see;
3 Then kindly to him she did say,
4 'Then take me up into your arms,
1 'Tie a handkerchief round your face,
3 And dull and drowsie was his een.
2 And they are all valiant men,
2 And they were nae weel into the room,
3 That was in bower last night wi mee.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 She turnd the blankets to the foot,
2 And in and cam her thirden brother,
1 Then they lay there in iither's arms
2 Until the day began to daw;
3 Then kindly to him she did say,
4 'It's time, my dear, ye were awa.'
6 'Ye are the sleepiest young man,' she said,
2 'That ever my twa een did see;
3 Ye've lain a' night into my arms,
4 I'm sure it is a shame to be.'
6 Then they lay there in iither's arms
2 Until the day began to daw;
3 Then kindly to him she did say,
4 'It's time, my dear, ye were awa.'
6 'Ye are the sleepiest young man,' she said,
2 'That ever my twa een did see;
3 Ye've lain a' night into my arms,
4 I'm sure it is a shame to be.'
6 They turned the blankets to the foot,
2 And turned the sheets unto the wall,
3 And there she saw his bluddy wound,
4 . . . . . .
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
2 She's hauden't up afore her een,
4 That in your bour-floor I never gaed.'
6 They were nae weel into the room,
3 That she might swear, and save her aith,
It’s a sin to kill a sleeping man.',

'Oh it is long since this love began;'

'Said the first one to the second,'

'Nor were they scarce fell asleep,

'And with it blinded baith his een,'

'O she’s taen a napkin from her pocket,

'O she’s taen him upon her back,

'And carried him to her chamber-bed,

'O she’s taen a napkin from her pocket,

'O you may take me on your back,

'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret, And dinna to us len;

'O wha is that at my bower-door,'

'O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,

'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret, And dinna to us len;

'O the hawk is mine, and it may be thine,

'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret, And dinna to us len;

'O the steed is mine, and it may be thine,'
69G.1
Then out it speaks the fifth o them,
1 'It were a sin to do them ill;'
2 Then out it speak the sixth o them,
3 'It's hard a sleeping man to kill.'
69G.16
2 But out it speaks the seventh o them,
1 I wish an ill death mat he dee;
3 'I wear the sharp brand by my side
4 That soon shall gar Clerk Sandy die.'
69G.17
1 Then he's taen out his trusty brand,
2 And he has stroakd it ower a strae;
3 And thro and thro Clerk Sandy's middle
4 I wat he's gart it come and gae.
69G.18
1 The lady slept by her love's side
2 Until the dawning o the day,
3 But what was dune she naething knew,
4 For when she wak'd these words did say:
69G.19
1 'Awake, awake, now Clerk Sandy,
2 Awake, and turn you unto me;
3 Ye're nae sae keen's ye were at night,
4 When you and I met on the lee.'
69G.20
1 O then she calld her chamber-maid
2 To bring her coal and candle seen;
3 'I fear Clerk Sandy's dead eneuch,
4 I had a living man yestreen.'
69G.21
1 They have lifted his body up,
2 They have searched it round and round,
3 And even anent his bonny heart
4 Discovered the deadly wound.
69G.22
1 'But I will do for my love's sake
2 Would nae be done by ladies rare;
3 For seven years shall hae an end
4 Or eer a kame gang in my hair.'
69G.23
1 'O I will do for my love's sake
2 What other ladies woudna thole;
3 For seven years shall hae an end
4 Or I wear but dowie black.'
69G.24
1 'And I will do for my love's sake
2 What other ladies woudna thole;
3 Seven years shall hae an end
4 Or eer a shoe gang on my sole.'
69G.25
1 In it came her father dear,
2 And he was belted in a brand;
3 Sae softly as he trad the floor,
4 And in her bower did stately stand.
69G.26
1 Says, Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
2 And ye'll lait a' your mourning be;
3 'This is my fause brothers, I fear,
4 That is come seeking ony make;'
69G.27
1 'I am not thief nor bauld robber,
2 Nor biggin come to burn nor brake;
3 Nor am I my masterful man,
4 That is come seeking ony make?'
4 And let her father in.  
2 She rowd her true-love then,  
1 Between the curtains and the wa...
71.22
1  'O mourn ye for my coming, love?
2  Or for my short staying?
3  Or mourn ye for our safe sinding,
4  Case we never meet again?'  
71.23
1  'I mourn nac for your here coming,
2  Nor for your staying lang;
3  Nor mourn I for our safe sinding,
4  I hope we'll meet again.

71.24
1  'I wish ye may won safe away,
2  And safely from the town;
3  For ken you not my brothers three
4  Are mang the bent sae brown?'

71.25
1  'If I were on my berrry-brown steed,
2  And three miles frae the town,
3  I woudna fear your three bauld brothers,
4  Amang the bent sae brown.'

71.26
1  He leint him ower his saddle-bow,
2  And kissd her lips sae sweet;
3  The tears that fell between these twa,
4  They wat his great steed's feet.

71.27
1  But he wasna on his berry-brown steed,
2  Nor twa miles frae the town,
3  Till up it starts these three fierce men,
4  Amang the bent sae brown.

71.28
1  Then up they came like three fierce men,
2  Wi mony shout and cry:
3  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
4  'And if ye canna get William,
2  Nor twa miles frae the town,
3  And safely frae the town;
4  Last night hae robbed me.'

71.29
1  'For I must know before you go,
2  Tell me, and make nae lie;
3  If ye've been in my sister's bower,
4  'Well spoke, well spoke,' the king replied,
3  'If ye our words do not obey,
2  Unto us gie a wad;
1  'Now I entreat you for to stay,
2  Wi his twa daughters lay.'

71.30
1  'Then two o them slept in behind,
2  All in a furious meed;
3  'And I'll stand my ground, and fiercely fight,
2  An learn to act the feel.'
4  'But they had na been in Blomsbury
3  Nor twa miles frae the town,
4  Nor yet lie here for kye,
3  An there she saw her ain gude lord
2  An there she saw her ain gude lord
1  His lady sits on yon castle-wa,
2  Beholding dale an doun,
3  And he's bidden the clerk o Owsenford
4  'Ye'll see them hangit hie.'

71.31
1  'Now I entertain you for to stay,
2  Unto us gie a wad;
3  If ye our words do not obey,
4  'I'll no grant ye yere twa sons' lives,
2  Nor for gold or fee,
3  Nor will I be sae gude a man
4  Come walkin to the toun.'

71.32
1  'I have nae wad, says Sweet Willie,
2  Unless it be my brand,
3  And that shall guard my fair body,
4  Ye'll set a fit on ground.'

71.33
1  Then he drew his trusty brand,
2  That hang down by his gare,
3  And he has slain these three fierce men,
4  He then set her behind her love,
3  She stood by the king's knee:
2  'That very man is he.'

71.34
1  O then he drew his trusty brand,
2  That hang down by his gare,
3  And he has slain these three fierce men,
4  She's taen the king in her arms,
3  She then set her behind her love,
2  'And I'll stand my ground, and fiercely fight,
1  His lady sits on yon castle-wa,'
2  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
3  'And he spoke powerfully:
2  Wi the mayor's twa dauthrers lay.
3  'And by my sooth,' says the auld woman,
2  'And kiss him cheek and chin;
1  His lady sits on yon castle-wa,'
2  'That very man is he.'

71.35
1  Then word has gane to the clerk's ladye,
2  As he sat drinkin wine,
3  That Willie had killd her three bauld sons,
4  He then set her behind her love,
3  'That was not all he did to me,
2  'And by my sooth,' says the auld woman,
1  'O he's gane to the mighty mayor,
2  'That very man is he.'

71.36
1  Then she has cut the locks that hung
2  Sae low down on her knee;
3  She's taen the king in her arms,
4  And if ye canna get William,
3  She then set her behind her love,
2  And kissd her lips sae sweet;
1  'We lie not here for owsen, dear father,
2  And she spak powrfully:
3  'That was not all he did to me,
2  'That was not all he did to me.'

71.37
1  And she has on to the king's court,
2  As fast as gang could she;
3  And he has slain these three fierce men,
4  'That was not all he did to me.'

71.38
1  Her mother, when before the king,
2  Fell low down on her knee;
3  'Win up, win up, my dame,' he said,
4  Then out bespak the auld base mayr,
3  'Win up, win up, my dame,' he said,
2  'And if ye canna get William,
1  'Win up, win up, my dame,' he said,
2  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
3  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
2  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
1  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
2  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
3  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
4  'Bring Andrew hame to me.'
Then he's gane to the wicked mayor,  
And hailed him courteouslie;  
'Good day, good day, O Billsbury,  
God make you safe and free!'  
'Come sit you down, brave Oxenford,  
God make you safe and free!'  
'Come sit you down, brave Oxenford,  
What are your wills with me?'  
'Will ye gie me my sons again,  
For gold or yet for fee?'  
'Will ye gie me my sons again,  
For's sake that died on tree?'  
'Will I winna gie you your sons again,  
For gold nor yet for fee;  
But if ye'll stay a little while,  
Ye’se see them hanged hie.'

Then out it speaks old Oxenford,  
And ten and ten to tell them wi,  
'She'll take twenty pounds in your pocket,  
And love, as I gae thee?'  
And they were looking out.  
‘Till ye are putten down.’

The Child Ballads

72B.5 4 She let the tears doun fa.
72B.6 1 Your sons are weel, an verra weel,  
2 An learnin at the squell;  
3 But I fear ye winna see your sons  
At the holy days o Yule.
72B.7 1 Their father he went to Bloomsbury,  
2 He turnit him roun about,  
3 An there he saw his twa braw sons,  
4 In the prison, leakin out.
72B.8 1 'O lie ye there for owsen, my sons,  
2 Or lie ye there for kye?  
3 Or lie ye there for dear fond love,  
4 Si clos as ye de lie?'
72B.9 1 'We lie na here for owsen, father,  
2 We lie na here for kye,  
3 But we lie here for dear fond love,  
4 An we're condemned to die.'
72B.10 1 Then out bespak the clerks’ fader,  
2 An a sorry man was he:  
3 'Gae to your bowers, ye lillie-flowers,  
4 For a’ this winna dee.'
72B.11 1 Then out bespak the aul base mayar,  
2 An an angry man was he:  
3 'Gae to your bowers, ye vile base whores,  
4 Ye’ll see them hanged hie.'
72C.1 1 I'll tell you a tale, or I'll sing you a song,  
2 Will grieve your heart full sair;  
3 How the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford  
4 To learn deeper lair.
72C.2 1 Their father loved them very weel,  
2 Their mother muckle mair,  
3 And sent them on to Billsbury,  
4 To learn deeper lair.
72C.3 1 Then out it spake their mother dear:  
2 'Do weel, my sons, do weel,  
3 As these twa clerks they sat and wrote,  
4 Wi them to play the fiel.'
72C.4 1 Their father sware them on their souls,  
2 Their mother on their life,  
3 Never to lie to the auld mayor’s daughters,  
4 Nor kiss the young mayor’s wife.
72C.5 1 But they hadna been in Billsbury  
2 A twalmoon and a day,  
3 Till the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford  
4 With the mayor’s twa daughters lay.
72C.6 1 As these twa clerks they sat and wrote,  
2 The ladies sewed and sang;  
3 There was mair mirth in that chamber  
4 Than all fair Ferrol’s land.
72C.7 1 But word’s gane to the wicked mayor,  
2 As he sat at the wine,  
3 That the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford  
4 With his twa daughters had layne.
72C.8 1 ‘O have they lain with my daughters dear,  
2 Heirs out ower a’ my land,  
3 The moor, ere I eat or drink,  
4 ‘I ll hang them with my hand.’
72C.9 1 Then he has taen the twa bonny clerks,  
2 Bound them frae tae to tae,  
3 Till the richest blood in their body  
4 Out over their nails did gae.
72C.10 1 'Where will I get a little wee boy,  
2 Will win gowd to his fee,  
3 That will rin on to Oxenford,  
4 And that right speedillie?'  
72C.11 1 Then up it starts a bonny boy,  
2 Gold yellow was his hair,  
3 I wish his father and mother joy,  
4 His true-love muckle mair.
72C.12 1 Says, Here am I, a little wee boy,  
2 Will win gowd to my fee,  
3 That will rin on to Oxenford,  
4 And that right speedillie.
72C.13 1 'Where ye find the grass green growing,  
2 Set down your heel and rin,  
3 And where ye find the brigs broken,  
4 Ye'll bend your bow and swim.
72C.14 1 'But when ye come to Oxenford,  
2 Bide neither to chop nor ca,  
3 But set your bent bow to your breast,  
4 And lightly loup the wa.'
72C.15 1 Where he found the grass green growing,  
2 He slacked his shoes and ran,  
3 And the brigs broken,  
4 He bent his bow and swam.
72C.16 1 And when he came to Oxenford,  
2 Did neither to chop nor ca,  
3 But set his bent bow to his breast,  
4 And lightly leapt the wa.
72C.17 1 'What news, what news, my little wee boy?  
2 What news hae ye to me?  
3 How are my sons in Billsbury,  
4 Since they went far frae me?'
72C.18 1 'Your sons are well, and learning well,  
2 But at a higher school,  
3 And ye’ll never see your sons again.  
4 On the holy days o Yule.'
72C.19 1 ‘Wi sorrow now gae make my bed,  
2 Wi care and caution lay me down;  
3 That man on earth shall neer be born  
4 Shall see me mair gang on the ground.
72C.20 1 'Take twenty pounds in your pocket,  
2 And ten and ten to tell them wi,  
3 And gin ye getna hynde Henry,  
4 Shall see me mair gang on the ground.
72C.21 1 'Out it speaks old Oxenford,  
2 A sorry, sorry man, was he:  
3 Your strange wish does me surprise,  
4 They are baith there like to me.
72C.22 1 ‘Sorrow now will I saddle my horse,  
2 And I will gar my bridle ring,  
3 And I shall be at Billsbury  
4 Before the small birds sweetly sing.’
72C.23 1 Then sweetly sang the nightingale,  
2 As she sat on the wa,  
3 But sair, sair, mourd Oxenford,  
4 As he gaed in the strand.
72C.24 1 When he came to Billsbury,  
2 He rade it round about,  
3 And at a little shott-window  
4 His sons were looking out.
72C.25 1 ‘O lye ye there, my sons,’ he said,  
2 ‘For oxen, or for kye?  
3 Or is it for a little o deep dear love,  
4 Sae sair bound as we lye.
72C.26 1 ‘O lye ye there for owsen, my sons,  
2 ‘For the love we bear to thee!’
72C.27 1 ‘O borrow’s, borrow’s, father,’ they said,  
2 ‘For the love we bear to thee!’
72C.28 1 Then he's gane to the wicked mayor,  
2 And hailed him courteouslie;  
3 ‘Good day, good day, O Billsbury,  
4 God make you safe and free!’
72C.29 1 ‘Come sit you down, brave Oxenford,  
2 God make you safe and free!’  
72C.30 1 ‘I winna gie you your sons again,  
2 For gold nor yet for fee;  
3 But if ye’ll stay a little while,  
4 Ye’se see them hanged hie.'
72C.31 1 Ben it came the mayor’s daughters,  
2 Wi kirtle, coat alone;  
3 Their eyes did sparkle like the gold,  
4 As they tript on the stone.
72C.32 1 ‘Will ye gie us our loves, father,  
2 For gold or yet for fee?  
3 Or will ye take our own sweet life,  
4 And let our true-loves be?’
72C.33 1 He’s taen a whip into his hand,  
2 And lashed them wondrous sair:  
3 Gae to your bowers, ye vile rank whores,  
4 Ye’se never see them mair.
72C.34 1 Then out it speaks old Oxenford,  
2 A sorry man was he:  
3 ‘Gang to your bowers, ye lily-flowers,  
4 For a’ this mauna be.’
72C.35 1 Out it speaks him hynde Henry:  
2 ‘Come here, Janet, to me;  
3 Will ye gie me my faith and troth,  
4 And love, as I gae thee?’
72C.36 1 ‘Ye shall hae your faith and troth,  
2 Wi God’s blessing and mine;’  
3 And twenty times she kissed his mouth,  
4 ‘Her father looking on."
72C.37 1 Then out it speaks him gay Gilbert:  
2 ‘Come here, Margaret, to me;  
3 Will ye gie me my faith and troth,  
4 And love, as I gae thee?’
72C.38 1 ‘Yes, ye shall get your faith and troth,  
2 Wi God’s blessing and mine;’  
3 And twenty times she kissed his mouth,  
4 ‘Her father looking on.’
72C.39 1 ‘Ye’ll take aff your twa black hats,  
2 Lay them down on a stone,  
3 That nane may ken that ye are clerks  
4 Till ye are putten down.’
72C.40 1 The bonny clerks they died that morn,  
2 Their loves died lang ere noon;  
3 Their father and mother for sorrow died,  
4 They all died very soon.
72D.1 1 OH I will tell a tale of woe,  
2 Which makes my heart richt sair;  
3 The Clerk’s two sons of Oxenford  
4 Are too soon gone to lair.
72D.2 1 They thought their father’s service mean,  
2 Their mother’s no great affair;  
3 But they would go to fair Berwick,  
4 To learn [some] unco lair.
4 O! it will soon be gone.'

2 Fair Annet she has nane;

3 O! shall I take the nut-browne bride,

1 'O! rede, O! rede, mither,' he says,

4 And knelt upon his knee.

3 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,

2 A wife will neir wed yee:

4 Against my ain friends' will.'

3 'A! I will nevir wed a wife

1 Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

4 They had not talkt their fill.

3 Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,

4 Shall hear my bridle ring.'

1 'And I will spend my days in grief,

3 You will not see your bonnie sons

4 Dead hanging on the tree!'

3 All the whole comfort of my life

2 'This dismal sight to see,

1 He turned his horse's head about,

4 Dead hanging on the tree!'

1 'O saddle a horse to me,' he cried,

2 As he hunted the raie,

1 'And I will spend my days in grief,

4 With the mayor's two daughters lay.

1 'And I will spend my days in grief,

3 'This word came to the mighty mayor,

1 This word has come to Oxenfoord's clerk,

2 Word it has come to Oxenfoord's clerk,

1 'If they have lain with my daughters,

3 O! shall I take the nut-browne bride,

4 With his two daughters lay.

2 'This dismal sight to see,

1 'And I will spend my days in grief,

2 As he hunted the raie,

1 'If they have lain with my daughters,

4 They had not talkt their fill.

2 'This dismal sight to see,

1 'And I will spend my days in grief,

3 When that he saw his two bonnie sons

2 'This dismal sight to see,

3 All the whole comfort of my life

1 This word has come to Oxenfoord's clerk,

2 Word it has come to Oxenfoord's clerk,

1 'If they have lain with my daughters,

3 O! shall I take the nut-browne bride,

4 With his two daughters lay.

2 'This dismal sight to see,

1 'And I will spend my days in grief,

3 When that he saw his two bonnie sons

2 'This dismal sight to see,

3 All the whole comfort of my life

1 This word has come to Oxenfoord's clerk,

2 Word it has come to Oxenfoord's clerk,
73B.9
1 'The brown bride she has gowd and gear,
2 Fair Annie she has none,
3 And for my blessing, my auld son,
4 Bring ye Brown Bride hame.'

73B.10
1 Then he is to his sister’s bower,
2 And tirled at the pin;
3 And wha sae ready as her sister dear
4 To let her brither in.

73B.11
1 Come riddle us, riddle us, sister fair,
2 Us baith yea into ane;
3 Whether saul I marry Fair Annie,
4 Or bring the brown bride hame?'

73B.12
1 ‘The brown bride she has horse and kye,
2 And Annie she has none;
3 But for my love, my brither dear,
4 Bringe hame the fair woman.

73B.13
1 ‘Your horse may axe into the staw,
2 The kye into the byre,
3 And ye’ll hae nocht but a howther o dirt,
4 To feed about your fire.’

73B.14
1 Then he is to Fair Annie’s bower,
2 And tirled at the pin;
3 And wha sae ready as Fair Annie
4 To let Sweet Willie in.

73B.15
1 ‘You’re welcome here to me, Willie,
2 You’re welcome here to me;
3 I’m na welcome to thee, Annie,
4 I’m na welcome to me.
5 For I’m na come to bide ye to my wedding,
6 It’s gey sad news to thee.’

73B.16
1 ‘It’s gey sad news to me, Willie,
2 The saddest ye could tell;
3 It’s gey sad news to me, Willie,
4 That should been bride mysel.’

73B.17
1 Then she is to her father gone,
2 And bowed low on her knee:
3 . . . . .
4 . . . . .

73B.18
1 ‘Come riddle us, riddle us, father dear,
2 Us baith yea into ane;
3 Whether saul I gang to Willie’s wedding,
4 Or sall I stay at hame?’

73B.19
1 ‘Whare am I gane to bide for warld’s gear
2 Below an olive tree,
3 For happy is that bonny, bonny lad
4 Brasted and brak in twa.

73B.20
1 ‘Here am I, a pretty little boy,
2 That’ll rin my errands soon,
3 That will rin to Fair Annie’s bower,
4 And bid her to my wedding?’

73B.21
1 ‘Here am I, a pretty little boy,
2 That’ll rin my errands soon,
3 That will rin to Fair Annie’s bower,
4 And bid her to your wedding.’

73B.22
1 ‘Here am I, a pretty little boy,
2 That’ll rin my errands soon,
3 That will rin to Fair Annie’s bower,
4 And bid her to her wedding.’

73B.23
1 ‘Here am I, a pretty little boy,
2 That’ll rin my errands soon,
3 That will rin to Fair Annie’s bower,
4 And bid her to your wedding.’

73B.24
1 ‘Here am I, a pretty little boy,
2 That’ll rin my errands soon,
3 That will rin to Fair Annie’s bower,
4 And bid her to your wedding.’

73B.25
1 ‘Here am I, a pretty little boy,
2 That’ll rin my errands soon,
3 That will rin to Fair Annie’s bower,
4 And bid her to your wedding.’
The Text of

73D.15
1 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,
2 That wad fain win hose and shoon,
3 That will rin to Fair Annie's bower,
4 Wi the lei light o the moon?

73E.20
1 'It's I will come to Willie's weddin,
2 The morn at twal at noon;
3 Ye'll come to Willie's weddin,
4 The heir o Duplin town.

73E.21
1 'Maidens, to my bower come,
2 And lay gold on my hair;
3 And whare ye laid ae plait before,
4 Ye'll now lay ten times mair.

73E.22
1 'Taylors, to my bower come,
2 And mak to me a weed;
3 And smiths, unto my stable come,
4 And shoe to me a steed.'

73E.23
1 At every tate o Annie's horse mane
2 There hang a silverill,
3 And there came a wind out frae the south,
4 Which made them a' to knell.

73E.24
1 And when she came to Mary-kirk,
2 And sat down in the deas,
3 The light that came frae Annie
4 Enlightend a' the place.

73E.25
1 But up and stands the nut-brown bide,
2 Just at her father's knee:
3 'O wha is this, my father dear,
4 That blinks in Willie's ee?'
5 'O this is Willie's first true-love,
6 Before he loved thee.'

73E.26
1 'If that be Willie's first true-love,
2 He micht hae latten me be;
3 She has as much gold on ae finger
4 As I'll wear till I die.

73E.27
1 'O whare got ye that water, Annie,
2 That washes ye sae white?
3 'I got it in my mither's wambie,
4 Whare ye'll neer get the like.

73E.28
1 'For ye've been washed in Dunny's well,
2 And dried on Dunny's dyke,
3 And a' the water in the sea
4 Will never wash ye white.'

73E.29
1 Willie's taen a rose out o his hat,
2 Laid it in Annie's lap.
3 ,
4 'Hae, wear it for my sake.'
That's my heart for aye?' Wi her oxen and her kye?

Oh will I merry the nut-brown maid,
As fast as gang could he:
Willie's dune him hame again,
They hed no talked their fill.

If they hed sat frae morn till even,
As they sat on yon hill,
SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annie,
And every ane that past them by
Untill they twa did meet,

And I will kiss your clay-cald lip,
'IT's I will kiss your bonny cheek,
And ye will merry the nut-brown maid,
Wi her oxen and her kye:

Oh will I merry the nut-brown maid,
Wi her oxen and her kye:
Or will I merry my Fair Annie,
That hes my heart for aye?
73G.1 1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Anne,
2 They sat on yon hill,
3 And frae the morning till night
4 This twa neer talked their fill.

73G.2 1 Willie spak a word in jest,
2 And Ann took it too,
3 'We’s court na mare maidens,
4 Against our parent’s will.'

73G.3 1 "It’s na against our parent’s will,"
2 Fair Annie she did say,
3 . . . . .
4 . . . . .

73G.4 1 Willie is hame to hisbower,
2 To his book all alane,
3 And Fair Annie is to her bower,
4 To her book and her seam.

73G.5 1 Sweet Willie is to his mother dear,
2 Fell low down on his knee:
3 'An asking, my father dear,
4 And ye grant it to me;'
5 O will I marry the nut-brown may,
6 An lat Fair Annie gae?'

73G.6 1 The nut-brown may has owsen, Willie,
2 The nut-brown may has key;
3 An ye will win my blessing, Willie,
4 And laft Fair Annie be.'

73G.7 1 He did him to his father dear,
2 Fell low down on his knee:
3 'An asking, my father,
4 And ye grant it to me;'
5 O will I marry the nut-brown may,
6 An lat Fair Annie gae?'

73G.8 1 'Ask on, my ae son Willie,
2 Ye’s sur yer askin’s free;
3 Except it is to marry her Fair Annie,
4 And that manna be.'

73G.9 1 Out spak his little sister,
2 As she [sat] by the fire:
3 'That Fair Annies bower was full of gentlemen,
4 And bid her come to Willie’s weddin,
5 Than . . Annie ged on her horse back,
6 A deep wound and a sare.

73G.10 1 'An Willie will ha nathing
2 But the dam to sit by the fire;
3 Fair Annie will sit in her beagly bower,
4 For I think ye’ll neer be fite.'
5 'For ye ha been christned wi moss-water,
6 Whar ye’s never get the like.
7 Aneth a marbell stane;
8 Whan they came to Mary kirk,
9 The owsen may hang in the plough,
10 O sic a bride as me.
11 'Thick, thick lie your lands, Willie,
12 An thin, thin lie mine;
13 If you would be a good woman, Annie,
14 They wad na hae talked their fill.
15 Though they had talked a lang summer day,
16 They were twa lovers dear.
17 The ane was buried at Mary kirk,
18 Ye’s dee the like at mine.'

73G.11 1 'Fair faa ye, my little sister,
2 A guid dead mat ye die!
3 An ever I hae goud,
4 Well tochered sall ye be.'

73G.12 1 He’s awa to Fair Annie,
2 As fast as gan could he:
3 'O will ye come to my marriage?
4 And he’ll hae naething but a dirty drab
5 For I think ye’ll neer be fite.'
6 'You’re neither to put on the dowie black,
7 On Monday in good time.
8 It’s I will rin your errands, Willie,
9 Wi the saut tears in my een.'

73G.13 1 'Tell her neither to put on the dowie black,
2 Nor yet the mournfu brown,
3 But if ye marry the nut-brown may,
4 I’ll make your heart as sore.
5 It’s I will rin your errands, Willie,
6 Wi the saut tears in my een.'

73G.14 1 'Tell her neither to put on the dowie black,
2 Nor yet the mournfu brown,
3 But the gowd sae reed, and the silver white,
4 An her hair weel combed down.
5 'Tell her to get a tailor to her bower,
6 To shape for her a weend,
7 To shoe for her a steed.
8 To be shod wi silver clear afore,
9 An gold graithed behind,
10 An every foot the foal sets down,
11 The gold lie on the ground.'
An swift she rode away.

But she turned her horse head to the hill,

'If you will neither eat nor drink,

Than I'll hae for you till I dee.'

'I've mair love for Fair Annie this day

Than I'll wear till I die!'
But never more did come there.

She went her way forth of her bower,

And up she bound her hair;

Down she laid her ivory comb,

As they were riding near.

And there she spy’d Sweet William and his bride,

A rich wedding shall you see.’

Nor you see none by me;

Two lovers they sat on a hill;

For or the morn at ten o clock

She wad na there lain.’

‘Stand by, stand by now, Willie,’ they said,

An when he cam to Annie’s bower,

He withe at the pin;

Nane was sae ready as her father

To rise an let him in.

There was her father a’-en her se’en brethren

A makin to her a bier,

Wi ae stamp o the melten goud,

Wi the ae light o the moon.’

An we’ll awae to Annie’s bower,

And to rise an pit on their shoon;

And who so ready as Lady Margaret

To rise and to let him in.

‘I dreamd a dream, my dear lady;

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured lord,

They never do prove good;

To dream thy bower was full of swine,

And [thy] braid-bed full of blood.’

He called up his merry men all,

To rise and let him in.

He turned up the covering-sheet:

‘Pray let me see the dead;

Methinks she does look pale and wan,

Has lost her cherry red.’

To dream thy bower was full of swine,

And my bride-bed full of blood.’

And when he came to Fair Margaret’s bower,

He knocked at the ring;

So ready was her seventh brethren

To let Sweet William in.

I dream’d a dream, my wedded lord,

That seldom comes to good;

I dreamd that our bowr was lin’d with white swine,

And our brid-chamber of blood.’

He called up his merry men all,

By one, by two, by three,

We will go to Lady Margaret’s bower,

And stood at William’s feet.

When night was come, and night was gone,

All people were awake,

The lady waket out of her sleep,

And thus to her lord she spake.

I dream’d a dream, my wedded lord,

I dreamd a dream, my dear lady;

How do ye like your sheet?

‘I dreamd a dream, my dear lady;

She used to look so red.’

That I may kiss her pale and wan

And to rise and let him in.

‘Open the winding sheet,’ he cry’d,

And they grew in a true lover’s knot,

‘I'll do more for thee, Margaret,

To let Sweet William in.’

I dreamd a dream, my dear lady;

‘With that bespeak her seven brethren,

The lady waket out of her sleep,

And let our sister alone.’

She used to look so red.’

‘I'll do more for thee, Margaret,

And my bride-bed full of blood.’

And when he came to Lady Margaret’s bower,

She has lost her cherry red.

To let Sweet William in.

And who so ready as Lady Margaret

And stood at William’s feet.

When he came to Lady Margaret’s bower,

And all men wak’d from sleep,

To let Sweet William in.

To day or yet by night.

And let our sister alone.’

And who so ready as Lady Margaret

To let Sweet William in.

And all men wak’d from sleep,

With the leave of my wedded lady.’

And all men wak’d from sleep,

And stood at William’s feet.

And who so ready as Lady Margaret

And stood at William’s feet.

And all men wak’d from sleep,

And stood at William’s feet.

And all men wak’d from sleep,

And stood at William’s feet.

And all men wak’d from sleep,

And stood at William’s feet.
1 Lord Lovill died for sorrow.
2 He'd never kiss wowman again.
3 And he made a vow before them all
2 And her winding sheet undone,
1 He caused her corps to be set down,
4 Lord Lovill he was the same.'
2 'Lady Ouncebell was her name;
1 'One of the king's daughters are dead,' said he,
3 What made the bells of the high chapel ring,
2 That set there all alone,
3 But he heard the bells of the high chapel ring,
1 He had not been in fair London
3 I wish Lord Lovill good speed.
1 Dey down, dey down, dey down dery down,
1 He called up his stable-groom,
3 But a longin mind came into his head,
1 He had not been in fair Scotland
2 'To live in fair Scotland;'
1 'That is a long time, Lord Lovill,' said she,
4 Lord Lavel he died with sorrow.
2 Lord Lavel he died tomorrow;
1 Fair Nancybelle died, as it might be, this day,
4 Then I will die for thee.'
2 A month but barely three,
1 He rade, and he rade, alang the hieway,
4 And the ladies were mourning all.
2 Till he cam to yonder hall;
1 He asked what the bells rang for;
2 'I wish it prove for good;
3 My chamber was full of wild men's wine,
2 And by and cam Fair Nancybelle,
4 And wished Lord Lavel good speed.
3 'I am going a far journey,
2 And a blessing she did crave,
4 And buried them both in one grave.
2 An old wowman coming by that way,
4 Lord Lovill's a bunch of sweet brier.
4 And stood at his bed's feet.
2 Lord Lavel he died tomorrow;
1 Fair Nancybelle died on Tuesday's nicht,
4 And then they tyed both together.
3 'This night will I ride to Fair Margaret's bowr,
1 Then he calld up his stable-groom,
2 'To live in fair Scotland;
1 'That is a long time, Lord Lovill,' said she,
4 And the ladies were mourning all.
2 'I wish it prove for good;
3 My chamber was full of wild men's wine,
2 And by and cam Fair Nancybelle,
4 And wished Lord Lavel good speed.
3 'This night will I ride to Fair Margaret's bowr,
1 Then he calld up his stable-groom,
2 'To live in fair Scotland;
1 'That is a long time, Lord Lovill,' said she,
4 And the ladies were mourning all.
2 'I wish it prove for good;
3 My chamber was full of wild men's wine,
2 And by and cam Fair Nancybelle,
4 And wished Lord Lavel good speed.
3 'This night will I ride to Fair Margaret's bowr,
1 Then he calld up his stable-groom,
2 'To live in fair Scotland;
1 'That is a long time, Lord Lovill,' said she,
4 And the ladies were mourning all.
2 'I wish it prove for good;
3 My chamber was full of wild men's wine,
2 And by and cam Fair Nancybelle,
4 And wished Lord Lavel good speed.
3 'This night will I ride to Fair Margaret's bowr,
1 Then he calld up his stable-groom,
2 'To live in fair Scotland;
1 'That is a long time, Lord Lovill,' said she,
4 And the ladies were mourning all.
From Lord Lovel a bonny briar,
3 From Nancy Bell sprang a bonny red rose,
1 The very next town that he came to,
2 He heard the death-bell knell;
2 Till Nancy Bell grew sick and sad,
1 He had not been a twelvemonth away,
2 'How long to tarry from me?'
1 'O where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,
3 Who came by but poor Nancy Bell,
2 Mounting his milk-white steed,
1 AS LORD LOVEL was at the stable-door,
3 And they twined into a true lover’s knot,
2 They could not well grow any higher;
1 They grew, and they grew, to the height of the church,
2 To they met from either side,
3 And at the top a true lover’s knot
4 Shows that one for the other had died.
5 ' ' ' ' '
1 'Oh, the king’s fair daughter is dead,' said he;
2 'That the bells gie such a tone?'
3 Is there any fair lady dead,' said he,
4 That Isabell was gane.
3 When word was brought from Lonnon toun
2 The white bread and the wine,
1 'Deal well, deal well at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll deal them mair and mair.
3 An gainst the morn at that same time
2 The biscuit an the beer,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
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1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
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2 The white bread an the wine,
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3 And gainst the morn at that same time
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3 And gainst the morn at that same time
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1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
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1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
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1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
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3 And gainst the morn at that same time
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1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
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3 And gainst the morn at that same time
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1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
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3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell’s burial
4 You’ll aye deal mair and mair.
3 And gainst the morn at that same time
2 The white bread an the wine,
75I.10  
1 'Gar sadle me the black, black steed,
2 Gar sadle me the brown,
3 Gar sadle me the swiftest steed
4 Eer carried man to town.'

75I.11  
1 First he bursted the bonny black,
2 And then he bursted the brown,
3 And then he bursted the swiftest steed
4 Eer carried man to town.

75I.12  
1 He had ridden a mile, a mile,
2 A mile but barely three,
3 Then he met four and twenty gallant knights,
4 Carrying a dead coffin.

75I.13  
1 'Set down, set down Fair Helen's corps,
2 Let me look on the dead,'
3 And out he took a little pen-knife,
4 And he screwed the winding-sheet.

75I.14  
1 O first he kist her rosie cheek,
2 And then he kist her chin,
3 And then he kist her cora lips,
4 But there's nae life in within.

75I.15  
1 'Gar deal, gar deal the bread,' he says,
2 The bread bat an the wine,
3 And at the morn at twelve o'clock
4 Ye's gain as much as mine.'

75I.16  
1 The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
2 The tother in Mary's choir,
3 And out of the tane there sprang a birch,
4 And out of the tother a brier.

75I.17  
1 The tops of them grew far sundry,
2 But the roots of them grew near,
3 And ye may easy ken by that
4 They were two lovers dear.

75I.18  
1 'O where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,
2 'O where are you going?' said she:
3 'I'm going unto England,
4 And there a fair lady to see.'

75I.19  
1 'How long will you stay?' says she:
2 'How long will you stay?' said she:
3 'O three short years will soon go by,
4 And then I'll come back to thee.'

76A.6  
5 Or is this Fair Isabell of Roch Royall,
6 Banisht from kyth and kin.'

76A.7  
1 'O I am not the first young may,
2 That lighted and gaed in;
3 Nor neither am I the second young may,
4 That neer the sun shine on;

76A.8  
1 'But I'm Fair Isabell of Roch Royall
2 Banisht from kyth and kin;
3 I'm seeking my true-love Gregory,
4 And I would I had him in.'

76A.9  
1 'O go your way to yon castle,
2 And ride it round about,
3 And there you'll find Love Gregory;
4 He's within, without any doubt.'

76A.10  
1 O she's away to yon castle,
2 She's taird at the pin:
3 'O open, open, Love Gregory,
4 And let your true-love in.'

76A.11  
1 'If you be the lass of the Roch Royall,
2 As I trow not you be,
3 You want tell me some of our love-tokens,
4 That was betwixt you and me.'

76A.12  
1 'Have you not mind, Love Gregory,
2 Since we sat at the wine;
3 When we changed the rings off our fingers,
4 And ay the worst fell mine?

76A.13  
1 'Mine was of the massy gold,
2 And thine was of the tin;
3 Mine was true and trysty both,
4 And thine was false within.'

76A.14  
1 If you be [the] lass of the Roch Royall,
2 As I trow not you be,
3 You will tell me some other love-token
4 That was betwixt you and me.'

76A.15  
1 'Have you not mind, Love Gregory,
2 Since we sat at the wine,
3 We changed the smocks off our two backs,
4 And ay the worst fell mine?

76A.16  
1 'Mine was of the Holland fine,
2 And thine was course and thin;
3 So many blocks have we two made,
4 And ay the worst was mine.'

76A.17  
1 'Love Gregory, he is not at home,
2 But he is to the sea;
3 If you have any word to him,
4 I pray you leave't with me.'

76A.18  
1 'O who will shoe my bonny foot?
2 Or who will glove my hand?
3 Or who will bind my midle jimp
4 With the broad lilly band?

76A.19  
1 'Or who will comb my bonny head
2 With the red river comb?
3 Or who will be my bairn's father
4 Ere Gregory he come home?'

76A.20  
1 'O I's gar shoe thy bonny foot,
2 And I's gar glove thy hand,
3 And I's gar bind thy midle jimp
4 With the broad lilly band.

76A.21  
1 'And I's gar comb thy bonny head
2 With the red river comb;
3 But there is none to be thy bairn's father
4 Till Love Gregory he come home.

76A.22  
1 'Till I set my foot on the ship-board,
2 God send me wind and more!
3 For there's never a woman shall bear a son
4 Shall make my heart so sore.'

76A.23  
1 'I dreamed a dream now since yestreen,
2 That I never dreamed before;
3 I dreamt that the lass of the Roch Royall
4 Was knocking at the door.'

76A.24  
1 'Ly still, ly still, my dear son,
2 Ly still, and take a sleep;
3 For it's neither ane hour, nor yet a half,
4 Since she went from the gate.'

76A.25  
1 'O wo be to you, ill woman,
2 And aye ill death mott you die!
3 For you might have come to my bed-side,
4 And then have wakened me.

76A.26  
1 'Gar sadle me the black,' he says,
2 'Gar sadle me the brown;
3 Gar sadle me the swiftest steed
4 That ever rode the toun.'

76A.27  
1 'Gar shoe him with the beat silver,
2 Gar grind him with the gold;
3 Cause put two pensy on every side,
4 Till I come to some hold.'

76A.28  
1 They saddled him the black, the black,
2 So did they him the brown;
3 So did they him the swiftest steed
4 That ever rode to toun.

76A.29  
1 They shood him with the beat silver,
2 They grind him with the gold;
3 They put two bells on every side,
4 Till he came to some hold.

76A.30  
1 He had not rode a mile, a mile,
2 A mile but barely three,
3 Till that he spyped her comely corps
4 Come raking oere the lee.

76A.31  
1 'Set doun, set doun these comely corps,
2 Let me look on the dead:
3 And out he's ta'en his little pen-knife,
4 And slitted her winding sheet.

76A.32  
1 And first he kist her cheek,
2 And then he kist her chin;
3 And then he kist her rosie lips,
4 But there was no breath within.

76A.33  
1 'Gar deal, gar deal for my love sake
2 The spiced bread and the wine;
3 For ere the morn at this time
4 So shall you deal for mine.

76A.34  
1 'Gar deal, gar deal for my love sake
2 The pennys that are so small;
3 For ere the morn at this time
4 So shall you deal for all.'

76A.35  
1 The one was buried in Mary kirk,
2 The other in Mary quire;
3 Out of the one there sprung a birk,
4 Out of the other a brier;
5 So thys you may weell know by that
6 They were two lovers dear.

76B.1  
1 'O WHA will shoe thy bonny feet?
2 Or who will glove thy hand?
3 Or who will lace thy midle jimp
4 With a lang, lang London whang?

76B.2  
1 'And wha will kame thy bonny head,
2 With a tabaeun brienden kame?
3 And who will be my bairn's father,
4 Till Love Gregory come hame?'

76B.3  
1 'Thy father'Il shoe his bonny feet,
2 Thy mither'Il glove his hand,
3 Thy brither will lace his midle jimp
4 With a lang, lang London whang.

76B.4  
1 'Myself will kame his bonny head,
2 With a tabaeun brienden kame;
3 And the Lord will be the bairn's father,
4 Till Love Gregory come hame.'
The Text of

76B.5
1 Then she's gart build a bonny ship,
2 It's a' cored oer with pearl,
3 And at every needle-tack was in't,
4 There hang a siller bell.

76B.6
1 And she's awa...
2 To sail upon the sea;
3 She's gane to seek Love Gregory,
4 In lands wher'er he be.

76B.7
1 She hadna said a league but twa,
2 O scantily had she three,
3 Till she met with a rude rover,
4 Was sailing on the sea.

76B.8
1 'O whether is thou the Queen hersel,
2 Or ane o her maries three?
3 Or is thou the lass of Lochroyan,
4 Seeking Love Gregory?'

76B.9
1 'O I am not the Queen herself,
2 Nor ane o her maries three;
3 But I am the lass o Lochroyan,
4 Seeking Love Gregory.

76B.10
1 'O sees na thou yone bonny bower?
2 It's a' cored oer with tin;
3 When thou hast said it round about,
4 Love Gregory is within.'

76B.11
1 'When she had said it round about,
2 She t希尔ed at the pin;
3 'O open, open, Love Gregory,
4 Open, and let me in!'

76B.12
1 'I am the lass of Lochroyan,
2 Banisht frae a' my kin.,
3 'O open, open, Love Gregory,
4 Open, and let me in;'

76B.13
1 'Hast thou na mind, Love Gregory,
2 As we sat at the wine.
3 We changed the rings aff ither's hands,
4 And ay the best was mine!

76B.14
1 'For mine was o the gude red gould,
2 But thine was o the tin;
3 Mine was of the true and trusty goud,
4 But thine was fa'se within.'

76B.15
1 'If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
2 As I know na thou be,
3 Tell me some of the true tokens
4 That past between me and thee.'

76B.16
1 'Hast na thou mind, Love Gregory,
2 As we sat at the wine.
3 We changed the rings aff ither's hands,
4 And ay the best was mine!

76B.17
1 'For mine was o the gude red gould,
2 Thine was o the tin;
3 Mine was true and trusty baith,
4 But thine was fa'se within.'

76B.18
1 'If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
2 As I know na thou be,
3 Tell me some of the true tokens
4 That past between me and thee.'

76B.19
1 'And has na thou na mind, Love Gregory,
2 As we sat on you hill,
3 Thou twird me of my [maidenhead,]
4 Right sair against my will?'

76B.20
1 'Now open, open, Love Gregory,
2 Open, and let me in;
3 For the rain drops on my gouden hair,
4 Set down, and let me see

76B.21
1 'Do not you mind, Lord Gregory,
2 An ill death may you die!
3 'Awa, awa, ye fease thief,
4 I will not open to thee
5 Till you tell me the first token
6 By which I may know you be.'

76B.22
1 'Awa, awa, ye wicket woman,
2 And an ill death may ye die!
3 Ye might have i'er letter ten in,
4 Or else have wakened me.

76B.23
1 'Gar saddle to me the black,' he said,
2 'Gar saddle to me the brown;
3 Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
4 That is in a' the town.'

76B.24
1 Now the first town that he cam to,
2 The bells were ringing there;
3 And the neist town that he cam to,
4 Her corps was coming there.

76B.25
1 'Set down, set down that comely corp,
2 That hang down by his gare;
3 Gin that be the lass of Lochroyan,
4 That died for love o me.'

76B.26
1 And he took out the little penknife
2 That hang down by his gare,
3 And he's ripp'd up her winding-sheet
4 That there was nae breath within.

76B.27
1 And first he kist her cherry cheek,
2 And syne he kist her chin,
3 And neist he kist her rosy lips;
4 There was nae breath within.

76B.28
1 And he has taen his little penknife,
2 With a heart that was fou sair,
3 Until she cam to Lord Gregory's yett,
4 And she t希尔ed at the pin.

76C.1
1 SHE sailed west, she sailed east,
2 She sailed mony a mile,
3 Till landed has she her bonny ship,
4 And drops upon your son.'

76C.2
1 'It's open, open, Lord Gregory,
2 Open, and let me in;
3 For the rain drops on my gouden hair,
4 And drops upon your son.

76C.3
1 'Are you the Queen of Queensberry?
2 Or one of the maries three?
3 Or are you the lass of Ruchlaw hill,
4 Seeking Lord Gregory?'

76C.4
1 'I'm not the Queen of Queensberry,
2 Nor one of the maries three?
3 But I am the bonny lass of Ruchlawhill,
4 Seeking Lord Gregory.

76C.5
1 'Awa, awa, ye fease thief,
2 I will not open o the door;
3 Till you tell me the first token
4 That was tween you and me.'

76C.6
1 'Do not you mind, Lord Gregory,
2 When we bierled at the wine,
3 We changed the rings of our fingers,
4 And ay the best was mine?'

76C.7
1 'For mine was true and trusty goud,
2 But yours it was of tin;
3 Mine was of the true and trusty goud,
4 But yours was fausse within.'

76C.8
1 She turned about her bonny ship,
2 Awa then did she sail;
3 'The sun shall never shine on man
4 That made my heart so sair.'

76C.9
1 Then up the old mother she got,
2 And wakened Lord Gregory;
3 'Awa, awa, ye fausse gude son,'
4 A limmer was seeking thee.'

76C.10
1 'It's woe be to you, witch-mother,
2 An ill death may you die!
3 For you might hae set the yet open,
4 And then hae wakened me.'

76C.11
1 It's up he got, and put on his clothes,
2 And to the yet he ran;
3 The first sight of the ship he saw,
4 He whistled and he sang.

76C.12
1 But when the bonny ship was out o sight,
2 He clapped his hands and ran,
3 . . . . . . . .
4 . . . . . . . .

76C.13
1 The first kirkton he cam to,
2 He heard the death-bell ring,
3 The second kirkton he cam to,
4 He saw her corpse come in.

76C.14
1 'Set down, set down this bonny corpse,
2 That I may look upon;
3 If she died late for me last night,
4 I'll die for her the morn.

76C.15
1 'Be merry, merry, gentlemen,
2 Be merry at the bread and wine;
3 For by the morn at this time o day
4 You'll drink as much at mine.'

76C.16
1 The one was buried in Mary's isle,
2 The other in Mary's quire;
3 Out of the one there grew a thorn,
4 And out of the other a brier.

76C.17
1 And aye they grew, and aye they blew,
2 Till their twa taps did meet;
3 And every one that passed thereby
4 Might see they were lovers sweet.

76C.18
1 'O WHA will shoe my fu' fair foot?
2 An who will glove my han;
3 An who will lace my middle gimp
4 Wi' the new made London ban.

76C.19
1 'Or wha will kemb my yallow hair,
2 Wi' the new made silver kemb?
3 Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
4 Till Love Gregor come hame?'

76C.20
1 Her father shooed her fu' fair foot,
2 Her mother gloved her han,
3 Her sister la'd her middle gimp
4 Wi the new made London ban.

76C.21
1 Her brother kembed her yallow hair,
2 Wi' the new made silver kemb,
3 But the king o heaven maun father her bairn,
4 Till Love Gregor come hame.

76C.22
1 'O gin I had a bony ship,
2 An men to sail wi me,
3 It's I would gang to my true-love,
4 Since he winna come to me.'

76C.23
1 Her father's gien her a bonny ship,
2 An sent her to the stran;
3 She's tane her young son in her arms,
4 An turn'd her back to the lan.

76C.24
1 She had na been o the sea saillin
2 About a month or more,
3 Till landed has she her bonny ship
4 Near her true-love's door.

76C.25
1 The night was dark, an the win blew caul,
2 An her love was fast asleep,
3 An the bairn that was in her twa arms
4 Fu sair begin to weep.

76C.26
1 Long stood she at her true-love's door,
2 An lang tirled at the pin;
3 Till landed has she her bonny ship
4 An tur'd her back to the lan.
The Child Ballads

76D.1
1 Awa, awa, you ill woman,
2 You've na come here for guide,
3 You're but a witch, or wilie warlock,
4 Or mermaid o the fuid.

76D.2
1 I'm na a witch, or wilie warlock,
2 Nor mermaid,' said she;
3 I'm but Fair Auny o Roch-royal;
4 O open the door to me.'

76D.3
1 'O gin ye be Auny o Roch-royal,
2 As [I] trust not ye be;
3 What tak'en can ye gie that ever
4 I kept your company?'

76D.4
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our necks,
4 It's na sae lang sin syne?'

76D.5
1 An 'Heigh, Auny!' an 'Hou, Auny!
2 An fast ran to the strand,
3 Was standin mournin at my door,
4 That maks my heart right wae.

76D.6
1 Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
2 As 
3 For me you's never see mair.'
4 Sae ye may hye you hame.'

76D.7
1 'O yours was good, and good enneugh,
2 Yet nae sae good as mine;
3 For yours was of the cumbrik clear,
4 But mine o the diamonds fine.

76D.8
1 'Open the door now, Love Gregor,
2 An open it wi speed,
3 Or your young son that is in my arms
4 But ay the best was mine?

76D.9
1 An 'Heigh, Auny!' an 'Hou, Auny!
2 An ill dead may ye die!
3 Nor yet woud waken me.'
4 An his soul to heaven has flown.

76D.10
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
4 Wi but there was nae breath within.

76D.11
1 'O yours was good, and good enough,
2 But nae sae good as mine;
3 For yours was o the cumbrik clear,
4 But mine was silk sae fine.

76D.12
1 'An dina ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,
2 'As we twa sat at dine,
3 Or your young son that is in my arms
4 But ay the best was mine?'

76D.13
1 'An 'Heigh, Auny!' an 'Hou, Auny!
2 An fast ran to the strand,
3 Was standin mournin at my door,
4 That maks my heart right wae.

76D.14
1 Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
2 As [I] trust not ye be,
3 What tak'en can ye gie that ever
4 I kept your company?'

76D.15
1 'Gin it be for Annie of Rough Royal
2 That ye make a' this din,
3 She stood a' last night at this door,
4 But I trow she was no in.'

76D.16
1 'Gin ye be Annie of Rough Royal—
2 Nor mer-maid of the sea,
3 You'r but some witch, or wile warlock,
4 Or mermaid o the flood.'

76D.17
1 'O WAH will shoe my fu fair foot,
2 Wi the new made silver kaim;
3 And wha will father my bairn,
4 And his soul to heaven will father your bairn.

76D.18
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76D.19
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
4 Wi but there was nae breath within.

76D.20
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76D.21
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie floats on the raging sea,
4 Will be dead ere it be day.'

76D.22
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
4 Wi but there was nae breath within.

76D.23
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
4 Wi but there was nae breath within.

76D.24
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76D.25
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76D.26
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
4 Wi but there was nae breath within.

76D.27
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
4 Wi but there was nae breath within.

76D.28
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76D.29
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
4 Wi but there was nae breath within.

76D.30
1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
2 'When we sat at the wine;
3 How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
4 Wi but there was nae breath within.

76E.1
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.2
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.3
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.4
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.5
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.6
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.7
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.8
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.9
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.

76E.10
1 'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
2 And neist he's kissed her chin;
3 Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
4 But there was nae breath within.
The Text of

76F.2 1 'O sall I lace your stews, dochter,
2 O sall I glev your hand;
3 And God will be your bairn's father,
4 While your luve cum to land.'

76F.3 1 Now she's gerd build a bonie schip,
2 Forbidden she wad nae be;
3 She's gan wi four score mariners,
4 Sailed the salt, salt sea.

76F.4 1 They had nae salld but twenty legues,
2 Bot twenty legues and three,
3 When they met wi the ranke robbers,
4 And a' their companie.

76F.5 1 'Now whether are ye the Queen herself?
2 For so ye weel mich bee,
3 Or are ye the lass o the Ruch Royal,
4 Seekand Lord Gregorie?'

76F.6 1 'O I am neither the Queen,' she sed,
2 'Nor sick I seem to be;
3 But I am the lass o the Ruch Royal,
4 Seek and Lord Gregorie.'

76F.7 1 And when she saw the stately tower,
2 Shynand sae cleere and bricht,
3 Whilk proud defies the jawing wave,
4 Built on a rock a hicht.

76F.8 1 Sche sailed it round, and sailed it sound,
2 And loud, loud cried she,
3 'Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
4 And let the prisoner free.'

76G.1 1 IT fell on a Wedensday,
2 Love Gregory's taen the sea,
3 And he has left his lady Janet,
4 And a weary woman was she.

76G.2 1 But she had na been in child-bed
2 A day but barely three,
3 Till word has come to Lady Janet
4 Love Gregory she would never see.

76G.3 1 She's taen her mantle her middle about,
2 Her cane into her hand,
3 And she's awa to the salt-sea side,
4 As fast as she could gang.

76G.4 1 'Where will I get a curious carpenter,
2 Will make a boat for thee?
3 I'm going to seek him Love Gregory,
4 In's lands where eer he be.'

76G.5 1 'Here am I, a curious carpenter,
2 Will make a boat for thee,
3 And ye may seek him Love Gregory,
4 But him ye'll never see.'

76G.6 1 She sailed up, she sailed down,
2 Thro many a pretty stream,
3 Till she came to that stately castle,
4 Where Love Gregory lay in.

76G.7 1 'Open, open, Love Gregory,
2 O open, and let me in;
3 Your young son is in my arms,
4 And shivering cheek and chin.'

76G.8 1 'Had awa, ye ill woman,
2 Had far awa frae me;
3 Ye're but some witch, or some warlock,
4 Or the mermaid, troubling me.

76G.9 1 'My lady she's in Lochranline,
2 Down by Lochlearm's green;
3 This day she wadna sail the sea,
4 For goud nor wold's gain.

76G.10 1 'But if ye be my lady Janet,
2 As I trust not well ye be,
3 Come tell me oer some love-token
4 That past 'tween thee an me.'
The Child Ballads

77A.8
1 ‘Thy faith and troth thou’s never get,
2 Nor yet will I thee lend,
3 Till you take me to thy kirk,
4 And wed me with a ring.’

77A.9
1 ‘My bones are buried in thy kirk-yard,
2 Afar beyond the sea,
3 And it is but my spirit, Margret,
4 That’s now speaking to thee.’

77A.10
1 She stretched out her lily-white hand,
2 And, for to do her best,
3 ‘Hae, there’s your faith and troth, Willy,
4 God send your soul good rest.’

77A.11
1 Now she had kilted her robes of green
2 A piece below her knee.
3 And a’ the live-lang winter night
4 The dead corp followed she.

77A.12
1 ‘Is there any room at your head, Willy?
2 Or any room at your feet?
3 Or any room at your side, Willy,
4 Wherein that I may creep?’

77A.13
1 ‘There’s no room at my head, Margret,
2 There’s no room at my feet;
3 There’s no room at my side, Margret,
4 My coffin’s made so meet.’

77A.14
1 Then up and crew the red, red cock,
2 And up then crew the gray:
3 ‘Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
4 That you were going away.’

77A.15
1 No more the ghost to Margret said,
2 But, with a grievous groan,
3 Evanesihed in a cloud of mist,
4 And left her all alone.

77A.16
1 ‘O stay, my only true-love, stay,’
2 The constant Margret cry’d;
3 Wan grew her cheeks, she closd her een,
4 ‘Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
5 That you were going away.’

77B.1
WHAN bells war rung, an mass was sung,
With mony a sad sigh and groan.

77B.2
1 ‘Are ye sleeping, Margret,’ he says,
2 ‘Or are ye wakening, presentlie?’
3 ‘Are ye my father, the king?’ she says,
4 ‘Are ye my true-love, Sweet William,’
5 ‘That stands here at your feet?’

77B.3
1 ‘I’m nae your father, Philip,
2 Nor am I your brother John;
3 But I am your true-love, Willie,
4 An I’m nae a levin man.

77B.4
1 ‘O are ye my father Philip,
2 Or are ye my brother John?
3 Or are ye my true-love, Willie,
4 Frae London new come hame?’

77B.5
1 ‘O they gang till the high, high heaven,
2 Of the bells o heaven will be rung,
3 ‘Your faith and trouth ye shall na get,
4 ‘That stands here at your head?’
5 ‘It’s three maidens, Marjorie,’ he says,
6 ‘That I promised once to wed.’

77B.6
1 ‘What three things are these, Sweet William,’
2 ‘That stands here at your head?’
3 ‘It’s three maidens, Marjorie,’ he says,
4 ‘That I promised once to wed.’

77B.7
1 ‘What three things are these, Sweet William,’
2 ‘That stands here at your head?’
3 ‘It’s three maidens, Marjorie,’ he says,
4 ‘That I promised once to wed.’

77B.8
1 ‘O they gang till the high, high heaven,
2 ‘Thy faith and trouth thou’s never get,
3 ‘O they gang till the high, high heaven,
4 ‘That stands here at your head?’
5 ‘It’s three maidens, Marjorie,’ he says,
6 ‘That I promised once to wed.’

77B.9
1 ‘Up she has tain a bright longwand,
2 And she has straked her troth thereon;
3 She has given [it] him out at the shot-window,
4 Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.

77B.10
1 ‘I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,
2 And I thank you hartilie;
3 ‘I gave once to thee?’
4 ‘Thy faith and trouth I’ll not give thee,
5 ‘That stands here at your side?’
6 ‘It’s three maidens, Marjorie,’ he says,
7 ‘That I promised once to wed.’

77B.11
1 ‘That’s now speaking to thee.’
2 ‘O cocks are crowing a merry midd-larf,
3 ‘Their is na room at my head, Margret,
4 ‘That’s now speaking to thee.’

77B.12
1 ‘Their is na room at my head, Margret,
2 ‘Their is na room at my feet;
3 ‘Their is na room at my twa sides;
4 ‘Then ay it is full weet.’

77B.13
1 ‘Cold meal is my covering owre,
2 But an my winding sheet;
3 ‘Cold meal is my covering owre,
4 ‘That I promised once to wed.’

77B.14
1 ‘I’m not your father, the king,’ he says,
2 ‘No, no, nor your brother John;
3 ‘I’m not your father, the king,’ he says,
4 ‘I’m not your father, the king,’
5 ‘That stands here at your feet?’
6 ‘It’s three maidens, Marjorie,’ he says,
7 ‘That’s waiting my soul to keep.’

77B.15
1 ‘Cold meal is my covering owre,
2 But an my winding sheet;
3 ‘Cold meal is my covering owre,
4 ‘That stands here at your side?’

77C.1
LADY MARJORIE, Lady Marjorie,
2 Sat sewing her silken seam;
3 By her came a pale, pale ghost,
4 With many a sicht and mane.

77C.2
1 ‘Are ye my father, the king?’ she says,
2 ‘Or are ye my brother John?
3 ‘Are ye my father, the king?’ she says,
4 ‘Are ye my true-love, Sweet William,’
5 ‘That stands here at your feet?’

77C.3
1 ‘I’m not your father, the king,’ he says,
2 ‘No, no, nor your brother John;
3 ‘Thy faith and trouth you’s never get,
4 ‘Thy faith and trouth you’s never get.’

77C.4
1 ‘Have ye brought me any scarlets so red?
2 Or any silks so fine;
3 ‘Have ye brought me any precious things,
4 ‘Have ye brought me any precious things.’

77C.5
1 ‘I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
2 No, no, nor the silks sae fine;
3 ‘I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
4 ‘I have not brought you any scarlets sae red.’

77C.6
1 ‘O Lady Marjory, Lady Marjory,
2 For faith and charitie,
3 ‘O Lady Marjory, Lady Marjory,
4 ‘That I promised once to wed.’

77C.7
1 ‘Your days will not be long.
2 ‘Your days will not be long.
3 ‘Your days will not be long.
4 ‘Your days will not be long.’

77C.8
1 ‘My lips they are so bitter,’ he says,
2 ‘My breath it is so strong,
3 ‘My mouth it is full cold, Margret,
4 ‘My mouth it is full cold, Margret.’

77C.9
1 ‘The cocks they are crowing, Marjory,’ he says,
2 ‘The cocks they are crichting again;
3 ‘The cocks they are crichting again;
4 ‘The cocks they are crichting again.’

77C.10
1 ‘She followed him high, she followed him low,
2 ‘She followed him high, she followed him low;
3 ‘She followed him high, she followed him low;
4 ‘She followed him high, she followed him low.’

77C.11
1 ‘What three things are these, Sweet William,’
2 ‘What three things are these, Sweet William,’
3 ‘What three things are these, Sweet William,’
4 ‘What three things are these, Sweet William.’
The Text of

77D.13
1 Then she has taen a silver key,
2 Gien him three times on the breast;
3 Says, ‘There’s your faith and troth, Willie,
4 I hope your soul will rest.

77D.14
1 ‘But is there room at your head, Willie?
2 Or is there room at your feet?
3 Or is there room at any of your sides,
4 To let in a lover sweet?’

77D.15
1 ‘There is nae room at my head, Margrat,
2 There’s nae room at my feet,
3 But there is room at baith my sides,
4 To lat in a lover sweet.’

77E.1
1 ‘As May Margret sat in her bowerie,
2 In her bower all alone,
3 At the very parting o midnight
4 She heard a mournfu moan.

77E.2
1 ‘O is it my father? O is it my mother?
2 Or is it my brother John?
3 Or is it Sweet William, my ain true-love,
4 To Scotland new come home?’

77E.3
1 ‘It is na your father, it is na your mother,
2 It is na your brother John;
3 But it is Sweet William, your ain true-love,
4 To Scotland new come home.’

77E.4
1 ‘Hae ye brought me onie fine things,
2 Onie new thing for to wear?
3 Or hae ye brought me a braid o lace,
4 To snood up my gowden hair?

77E.5
1 ‘I’ve brought ye nae fine things at all,
2 Nor onie new thing to wear,
3 Nor hae I brought ye a braid o lace,
4 To snood up your gowden hair.

77E.6
1 ‘But Margaret, dear Margaret,
2 I pray ye speak to me;
3 O gie me back my faith and troth,
4 As dear as I gied it thee.

77E.7
1 ‘Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
2 Nor will I wi thee twin;
3 Till ye come within my bouer,
4 And kiss me, cheek and chin.’

77E.8
1 ‘O should I come within your bower,
2 I am na earthly man;
3 If I should kiss your red, red lips,
4 Your days wad na be lang.

77E.9
1 ‘O Margaret, dear Margaret,
2 I pray ye speak to me;
3 O gie me back my faith and troth,
4 As dear as I gied it thee.

77E.10
1 ‘Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
2 Nor will I wi ye twin,
3 Till ye take me to yonder kirk,
4 And wed me wi a ring.’

77E.11
1 ‘My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard,
2 It’s far ayont the sea;
3 And it is my spirit, Margaret,
4 That’s speakin unto thee.

77E.12
1 ‘Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
2 Nor will I wi ye thie,
3 Till ye tell me the pleasures o heaven,
4 And pains of hell how they be.’

77E.13
1 ‘The pleasures of heaven I wat not of,
2 But the pains of hell I dree;
3 ‘The pleasures of heaven I wat not of,
4 And the pains of hell how they be.’

77E.14
1 ‘Then Margaret took her milk-white hand,
2 And smothed it on his breast;
3 ‘Take your faith and troth, William,
4 God send your soul good rest!’

77E.15
1 ‘O are ye a man of mean,’ she says,
2 ‘Seekin ony o my meat? 
3 Or are you a rank robber,
4 Come in my bower to break?’

77F.1
1 WHEN seven years were come and gane,
2 Lady Margaret she thought lang;
3 And she is up to the hichest tower,
4 By the lee light o the moon.

77F.2
1 She was lookin oer her castle high,
2 To see what she might fa,
3 And there she saw a grieved ghost,
4 Comin wankin oer the wa.

77F.3
1 ‘O I’m Clerk Saunders, your true-love,
2 Behold, Margaret, and see,
3 And mind, for a’ your meikle pride,
4 Sae will become of thee.’

77F.4
1 ‘Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, your true-love,
2 This meikle marvels me;
3 O wherein is your bonny arms,
4 That woun’t to embrace thee?’

77F.5
1 ‘By worms they’re eaten, in mools they’re rotten,
2 Behold, Margaret, and see,
3 And mind, for a’ your meikle pride,
4 Sae will become of thee.’

77F.6
1 ‘Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
2 Is there ony room at your feet?
3 Is there ony room at your twa sides,
4 For a lady to lie and sleep?’

77F.7
1 ‘There is nae room at my head, Margaret,
2 As little at my feet;
3 There is nae room at my twa sides,
4 For a lady to lie and sleep.

77F.10
1 ‘But gae hame, gae hame now, May Margaret,
2 Gae hame and sew your seam;
3 For ye were laid in your weel made bed,
4 Your days wad na be lang.’

77G.1
1 1)
2 BUT plait a wand o bonny birk,
3 And lay it on my breast,
4 And wish my saul gude rest.

77G.2
1 ‘And fair Margret, and rare Margret,
2 And Margret o veritie,
3 Gin eer ye love another man,
4 Neer love him as ye did me.’

77G.3
1 Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
2 And up and crew the grey;
3 The lover vanisht in the air,
4 And she gaed weeping away.

78A.1
1 ‘THE wind doth blow today, my love,
2 And a few small drops of rain;
3 I never had but one true-love,
4 In cold grave she was lain.

78A.2
1 ‘I’ll do as much for my true-love
2 As any young man may;
3 I’ll sit and mourn all at her grave,
4 For a twelvemonth and a day.’

78A.3
1 ‘Then Margaret was buried in yon kirk-yard,
2 But is there room at any of your sides,
3 ‘Then Margaret was buried in yon kirk-yard,
4 And will not let me sleep?’

78A.4
1 ‘Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
2 And will not let you sleep;
3 For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
4 And that is all I seek.’

78A.5
1 ‘You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
2 But my breath smells earthy strong;
3 If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
4 Your time will not be long.

78A.6
1 ‘Tis down in yonder garden green,
2 Love, where we used to walk,
3 The finest flower that ere was seen
4 Is withered to a stalk.

78A.7
1 ‘The stalk is withered dry, my love,
2 So will our hearts decay;
3 So make yourself content, my love,
4 Till God calls you away.’

78B.1
1 ‘HOW cold the wind do blow, dear love,
2 And see the drops of rain!
3 I never had but one true-love,
4 In the green wood he was slain.

78B.2
1 ‘I would do as much for my own true-love
2 As in my power doth lay;
3 I would sit and mourn all on his grave
4 For you will not let me sleep.’

78B.4
1 ‘It is not your gold I want, dear love,
2 Nor yet your wealth I crave;
3 But one kiss from your lily-white lips
4 Is all I have to have.

78B.5
1 ‘Your lips are cold as clay, dear love,
2 Your breath doth smell so strong;
3 ‘I am afraid, my pretty, pretty maid,
4 Your time will not be long.’

78C.1
1 ‘COLD blows the wind oer my true-love,
2 Cold blows the drops of rain;
3 I never, never had but one sweetheart,
4 In the greenwood he was slain.

78C.2
1 ‘I did as much for my true-love
2 As ever did any maid;
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . .
5 . . . . .

78C.3
1 ‘One kiss from your lily-cold lips, true-love,
2 One kiss is all I pray,
3 And if I should kiss your lips, true-love,
4 For a twelvemonth and a day.’

78C.4
1 ‘My cheek is as cold as the clay, true-love,
2 My breath is earthy and strong;
3 And if I should kiss your lips, true-love,
4 Your life would not be long.

78D.1
1 ‘PROUD BOREAS makes a hideous noise,
2 Loud roars the fatal flood;
3 I loved never a love but one,
4 In church-yard she lies dead.

78D.2
1 ‘But I will do for my love’s sake
2 What other young men may;
3 I’ll sit and mourn all on her grave,
4 A twelvemonth and a day.’

78D.3
1 ‘One kiss from your lily-white lips
2 Is all that I do crave;
3 And one kiss of your lily-white lips
4 Is all that I would have.’
"The Child Ballads"
That their mother may take some rest.'

And immediately send them to far Scotland,

And clothing on their backs,

And put breath in their breast,

Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,

Crying, What, O what, does the good woman

And when he came to far Scotland,

And arose one morning betime,

Then Jesus arose one morning quite soon,

Sweet Jesus so meek and mild.

'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantel,

For gin my mother miss us away

'O eat an drink, my merry men a',

Wi their hats made o the bark.

The nights are lang an dark,

Fareweel to barn and byre!

Fareweel to barn and byre!

Gin we be mist out o our place,

And clappd his wings at a',

The cock he hadna crawd but once,

'Tis time we were away.

Sat down at the bed-side.

And she's made it saft an fine,

An she's made it saft an fine,

'The white cock he has crowed once,

And the widow-woman and her three sons

They went to bed to sleep.

Until they came to some far chaperine,

For the wicked from part from their dead.'

And put a steele cap vpon his head,

And about the middle of the night,

Cast light thorrow the hall.

Then they laid [ led] her along a green road,

Then she made up a supper so neat,

'The white cock he has crowed once,

And before, yo...

And then he opened the door so big,

And then he opened the door so big,

He called downe his head-kookes-man,

And thred one arm about his neck,

And cast his wing at a',

To S

They had not in their wed-bed laid,

They had not in their wed-bed laid,

He called downe his head-kookes-man,

And may beside of the night,

And then he laid her downe her about,

And she's taen her mantle her about,

'Go back, go back!' sweet Jesus replied,

'Go back, go back!' says he,

For the wicked that thou hast done.'

For the wickedness that thou hast done.'

'You shall haue a hott drinke made,

You shall haue a hott drinke made,

'So well he knew

'I am sick, fayre lady,

'I am sick, fayre lady,

I am sick, fayre lady,

I am sick, fayre lady,

Whether he shold wake or sleepe.

Was gilded with good red gold.

Was cladd all in purple and palle;

Was cladd all in purple and palle;

He mourned, sikt, and wept full sore;

As did Old Robin of Portingale;

As did Old Robin of Portingale;

And after, yo...

And after, yo...

Cast light thorrow the hall.

Cast light thorrow the hall.

What is yo...

What is yo...

What is yo...

What is yo...

Will goe and make yo...

Will goe and make yo...

Will goe and make yo...

Will goe and make yo...

I have neuer thye:

I have neuer thye:

I have neuer thye:

I have neuer thye:

Sore sicke, and like to dye.'

Sore sicke, and like to dye.'

Sore sicke, and like to dye.'

Sore sicke, and like to dye.'

Whether he shold wake or sleepe.

Whether he shold wake or sleepe.

Whether he shold wake or sleepe.

Whether he shold wake or sleepe.

Said he to her three sons, Walk in!

Said he to her three sons, Walk in!

Said he to her three sons, Walk in!

Said he to her three sons, Walk in!

'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo

'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo

'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo

'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo

'So well he knew

'So well he knew

'So well he knew

'So well he knew

'You shall haue a hott drinke made,

'You shall haue a hott drinke made,

'You shall haue a hott drinke made,

'You shall haue a hott drinke made,

'So well he knew

'So well he knew

'So well he knew

'So well he knew

'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo

'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo

'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo

'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo

Said he to her three sons, Walk in!

Said he to her three sons, Walk in!

Said he to her three sons, Walk in!

Said he to her three sons, Walk in!

'This night to supp w

'This night to supp w

'This night to supp w

'This night to supp w

'If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,

'If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,

'If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,

'If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,

If it be not true, my deare master,

If it be not true, my deare master,

If it be not true, my deare master,

If it be not true, my deare master,

4. Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

4. Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

4. Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

4. Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

'Four and twenty knights,' she sayes,

'Four and twenty knights,' she sayes,

'Four and twenty knights,' she sayes,

'Four and twenty knights,' she sayes,

2. Or be not you w

2. Or be not you w

2. Or be not you w

2. Or be not you w

3. Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,

3. Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,

3. Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,

3. Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,

4. Soe well he knew

4. Soe well he knew

4. Soe well he knew

4. Soe well he knew

4. Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

4. Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

4. Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

4. Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

Then he went and rose up her three sons,

Then he went and rose up her three sons,

Then he went and rose up her three sons,

Then he went and rose up her three sons,

For my twa sons the are come hame

For my twa sons the are come hame

For my twa sons the are come hame

For my twa sons the are come hame

I and then bespeaks the eldest son:

I and then bespeaks the eldest son:

I and then bespeaks the eldest son:

I and then bespeaks the eldest son:

1. 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,

1. 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,

1. 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,

1. 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,

2. Or is any of thy good friends dead,

2. Or is any of thy good friends dead,

2. Or is any of thy good friends dead,

2. Or is any of thy good friends dead,

4. Which makes thee shed such teares?

4. Which makes thee shed such teares?

4. Which makes thee shed such teares?

4. Which makes thee shed such teares?

1. And of that thanke your head-steward,

1. And of that thanke your head-steward,

1. And of that thanke your head-steward,

1. And of that thanke your head-steward,

And another att his

And another att his

And another att his

And another att his

1. And about the middle time of the night

1. And about the middle time of the night

1. And about the middle time of the night

1. And about the middle time of the night

9. With that beheld his deare master,

9. With that beheld his deare master,

9. With that beheld his deare master,

9. With that beheld his deare master,

2. As [he] in his garden sate;

2. As [he] in his garden sate;

2. As [he] in his garden sate;

2. As [he] in his garden sate;

3. Says, Euer alacke, my little page,

3. Says, Euer alacke, my little page,

3. Says, Euer alacke, my little page,

3. Says, Euer alacke, my little page,

4. What causes thee to weepe?

4. What causes thee to weepe?

4. What causes thee to weepe?

4. What causes thee to weepe?

1. 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,

1. 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,

1. 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,

1. 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,

2. With that beheld his deare master,

2. With that beheld his deare master,

2. With that beheld his deare master,

2. With that beheld his deare master,
The Child Ballads

80.26
1 Vpp then came that ladie light,
2 With torches burning bright;
3 She thought to haue brought Sir Gyles a drink,
4 But shee found her owne wedd knight.

80.27
1 And the first thinge that this ladie stumbled upon
2 Was of Sir Gyles his floote;
3 Sayes, Euer alacke, and woe is me,
4 Here lyes my sweete hart-roote!

80.28
1 And the second thing that this ladie stumbled on
2 Was of Sir Gyles his head;
3 Sayes, Euer alake, and woe is me,
4 Here lyes my true-loue deade dealde!

80.29
1 Her cutt the papps beside he<es> brest,
2 And had her wish her will;
3 And he cutt the eares beside her heade,
4 And bade her wish on still.

80.30
1 'Mickle is the mans blood I haue spent,
2 To doe thee and me some good;'
3 Sayes, Euer alacke, my fayre lady,
4 I think that I was woode!

81.1
1 AS it fell one holy-day,
2 Hay downe

81.3
1 As many be in the yeare,
2 When young men and maids together did goe,
3 And their mattins and masse to heare,
4 Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

81.1
1 AS it fell one holy-day,
2 Hay downe

81.4
1 She cast an eye on Little Musgrave,
2 As bright as the suum sun;
3 And then bethought this Little Musgrave,
4 This lady's heart have I woonn.

81.1.10
1 A sleepe or wake, thou Lord Barnard,
2 As thou art a man of life,
3 For Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry,
4 A bed with thy ownd wedded wife.'

81.1.11
1 If this be true, thou litle tinny page,
2 This thing thou telllest to me,
3 Then all the land in Bucklesfordberry
4 I freely will give to thee.

81.1.12
1 But if it be a ly, thou litle tinny page,
2 This thing thou telllest to me,
3 On the hyest tree in Bucklesfordberry
4 Then hanged shalt thou be.

81.1.13
1 He called up his merry men all:
2 'Come saddle me my steed;
3 This night must I to Bucklesfordberry,
4 For I never had greater need.

81.1.14
1 And some of them whistl, and some of them sung,
2 And some these words did say,
3 And ever when my lord Barnard's horn blew,
4 Away, Musgrave, away!'

81.1.15
1 Methinks I hear the threisel-cock,
2 Methinks I hear the jaye;
3 Methinks I hear thy lord Barnard,
4 And I would I were away.'

81.1.16
1 'Lye still, lye still, thou Little Musgrave,
2 And huggell me from the cold;
3 'Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy,
4 Driving his sheep to the fold.

81.1.17
1 'Is not thy hauke upon a perch?
2 Thy steed eats oats and hay;
3 And thou a fair lady in thine armes,
4 And wouldst thou bee away?'

81.1.18
1 With that my lord Barnard came to the dore,
2 And lit a stone upon;
3 He plucked out three silver keys,
4 And he open the dores each one.

81.1.19
1 He lifted up the coverlett,
2 He lifted up the sheet;
3 'How now, how now, thou Littell Musgreue?
4 Doest thou find my lady sweet?'

81.1.20
1 'I find her sweet,' quoth Little Musgrave,
2 'The more is my greefe and paine;'
3 'I would gladly give three hundred pounds,
4 That I were on yonder plaine.'

81.1.21
1 'Arisse, arisse, thou Littell Musgrave,
2 And put thy clothes on;
3 It shall ner be said in my country
4 I have killed a naked man.

81.1.22
1 I have two swords in one scabbard,
2 Full deere they cost my purse;
3 And thou shalt have the best of them,
4 And I will have the worse.'

81.1.23
1 The firste stroke that Little Musgrave stroke,
2 He hurt Lord Barnard sore;
3 The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,
4 Little Musgrave ner struck more.

81.1.24
1 With that bespace this faire lady,
2 In bed whereas she lay:
3 'Although thou'rt dead, thou Little Musgrave,
4 Yet I for thee will pray.'

81.1.25
1 'And wish well to thy soule will I,
2 So long as I have life;
3 So will I not for thee, Barnard,
4 Although I am thy wedded wife.'

81.1.26
1 He cut her paps from off her brest;
2 Great pitty it was to see
3 That some drops of this ladie's heart's blood
4 Ran trickling downe her knee.

81.2.7
1 Quoth he, I thank yee, faire lady,
2 'I have a bower at Bucklesfordbery,
3 But whether it be to my weal or woe,
4 To put these lovers in.

81.2.8
1 Quoth he, I thank yee, faire lady,
2 'If thou wilt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave,
3 And thou a fair lady in thine armes,
4 To doe thee and me some good;'

81.2.9
1 'The more 'tis to my paine;
2 Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,
3 Methinks I hear the jaye;
4 Away, Musgrave, away!'

81.2.10
1 And some they thus cold say,
2 And some they whistled, and some th'z sung,
3 For I must ride to Bucklesfordberry;
4 God wott I had neuer more need!

81.2.11
1 'Me thinks I heare the throstlecocke,
2 And I thinketh I heare the lay,
3 Me thinkes I heare Lord Barnets horne sung,
4 Away, Musgreue, away!'

81.2.12
1 'But lie still, lie still, Little Musgreue,
2 And huddle me from the cold,
3 For it is but some sheaperd's boy,
4 Is whistling sheope ore the mold.

81.2.13
1 'Is not thy hauke vpon a pearch,
2 Thy horse eating corne and hay;
3 And thou a gay lady in thine armes,
4 And ye'th thou wold goe awa'y!'
The Text of
"'How do ye like his bloudy cheeks?"
"Or do how do ye like me?"
"'It's weill do I like his bloudy cheeks, Mair than your haild bodie.'

"Then she has kissd his bloudy cheeks,"
"It's oure and oure again,'"
1 'Money shall be your hire, foot-page,
2 And gold shall be your fee;
3 And what a' I bee?' 
2 'Indeed I am the Lord Barlibas' lady:
3 I have a young fair dochter at hame,
4 And one came drest in brown,
3 Doun came one drest in black,
4 And into a basin of pure silver
2 Repeat them ower agane,
1 'Repeat these words, my fair ladie,
2 'And weel I like his chin;
1 'Oh weel I like his cheeks,' she said,
2 'And weel I like his chin;
3 And weel I like his fair bodie,
4 That there's nae life within,
5 And into a basin of pure silver
2 That was baith sharp and fine,
1 Syne he took up his gude braid sword,
2 That was baith sharp and fine,
3 And into a basin of pure silver
4 Her heart's bluid he gart rin.
1 'O wae be to my merrie men,
2 'The point o't to his breast,
1 He leand the halbert on the ground,
4 Her heart's bluid he gart rin.
2 The second stroke that Lord Barlibas gave
3 The second stroke that Lord Barlibas gave
2 I wot they cost me dear;
3 It's neer be said on no other day
2 Rise up, and put your clothes on;
1 'I know by the ring that's on your finger
2 That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady:
3 What fairer can I do, Messgrove,
1 'I'll gie you ae sword, Messgrove,
2 'I ween it cannot be;
3 'Indeed I am the Lord Barlibas' lady,' he said.
2 'That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady:
1 'I know by the ring that's on your finger
2 That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady:'
1 'I know by the ring that's on your finger
2 That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady:
3 Doun came one drest in brown,
2 Repeat them ower agane,
1 'Repeat these words, my fair ladie,
2 'And weel I like his chin;
1 'Oh weel I like his cheeks,' she said,
2 'And weel I like his chin;
3 And weel I like his fair bodie,
4 That there's nae life within,
5 And into a basin of pure silver
2 That was baith sharp and fine,
1 Syne he took up his gude braid sword,
2 That was baith sharp and fine,
3 And into a basin of pure silver
4 Her heart's bluid he gart rin.
1 'O wae be to my merrie men,
2 'The point o't to his breast,
1 He leand the halbert on the ground,
4 Her heart's bluid he gart rin.
2 The second stroke that Lord Barlibas gave
3 The second stroke that Lord Barlibas gave
2 I wot they cost me dear;
3 It's neer be said on no other day
2 Rise up, and put your clothes on;
1 'I know by the ring that's on your finger
2 That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady:
3 What fairer can I do, Messgrove,
1 'I'll gie you ae sword, Messgrove,
2 'I ween it cannot be;
3 'Indeed I am the Lord Barlibas' lady,' he said.
2 'That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady:
1 'I know by the ring that's on your finger
2 That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady:'
1 'I know by the ring that's on your finger
2 That you'r my Lord Barlibas' lady:
3 Doun came one drest in brown,
2 Repeat them ower agane,
The Child Ballads

81I.1 1 'Gar mak, gar mak a coffin,' he says,
2 'Gar mak it wide and long,
3 And lay my lady at the right hand,
4 For she's come of the noblest kin.'

81I.2 1 'IT'S gold shall be your hire,' she says,
2 'And silver shall be your fee,
3 If you will keep the secrets
4 Between Little Sir Grove and me.'

81I.3 1 'The gold should be my hire,' he says,
2 'And silver should be my fee,
3 It's I'll not keep the secret
4 Betwixt Little Sir Grove and thee.'

81I.4 1 He rose, and away he goes,
2 And along the plain he ran,
3 And when he came to Lord Bengwill's castle,
4 He tinkled at the pin;
5 And who was sae ready as Lord Bengwill himself
6 To let his little page in.

81I.5 1 'Is any of my towers burnt?' he said,
2 'Or any of my castles taen;
3 Or is Lady Bengwill brought to bed,
4 Of a daughter or a son?'

81I.6 1 'It's none of your towers are burnt,' he said,
2 'Nor none of your castles taen;
3 But Lady Bengwill and Little Sir Grove
4 To merry bed they are gone.'

81I.7 1 'If this be true that you tell me,
2 Rewarded you shall be;
3 And if it's a lie that you tell me,
4 You shall be hanged before your ladie's e'en.

81I.8 1 'Get saddled to me the black,' he says,
2 'Get saddled to me the brown;
3 Get saddled to me the swiftest steed
4 That ever man rode on.'

81I.9 1 The firsten town that he cam to,
2 He blew baith loud and long,
3 And he coost anither on her again,
4 Was, 'Sir Grove, I wish you well.'

81I.10 1 'Is yon the sound of the hounds?' he says,
2 'Or is yon the sound of the deer?
3 I think it's the sound of my brother's horn,
4 That sound sae schill in my ear.'

81I.11 1 'Lye still, lye still, Sir Grove,' she says,
2 'And keep me from the cold;
3 And set her on his knee,
4 And that is as fair I'm sure to day
5 One word she neer spak more.'

81I.12 1 'What would you think, Little Mossgrey,
2 To put these lovers in,
3 And put Lady Bengwill uppermost,
4 For she's come of the noblest kin.'

81I.13 1 Look well, look well, my brother
2 To lye wi me this nicht?
3 And how loves thou my master's lady,
4 Better than you do me?
5 But and his horse feet tread.'

81I.14 1 'Here's two swords,' Barnabas said,
2 'And silver shall be your fee,
3 You may get a mistress in every town,
4 Than you and all your kin.'

81I.15 1 'But and his horse feet tread.'
2 'You shall take the one sword,' he says,
3 And how likes thou my master's lady,
4 Better than you do me?'

81I.16 1 'He's lifted up Lady Bengwill,
2 And set her on his knee,
3 Saying, Whether do you love Little Sir Grove
4 Better than you do me?

81I.17 1 Full well I love your cherry cheeks,
2 Full well I love your chin,
3 But better I love Little Sir Grove, where he lies,
4 Than you and all your kin.'

81I.18 1 A grave, a grave,' Lord Bengwill cried,
2 To lye wi me this nicht?
3 And how loves thou my lady fair,
4 Lyes in my arms and sleeps!'

81I.19 1 She coost an ee on Little Mossgrey,
2 As brisk as any sun,
3 And he coost anither on her again,
4 And they thocht the play was won.

81I.20 1 'I wad they cost me dear;
2 'Or any of my young men slain?
3 Or is my lady brocht to bed,
4 Of a dochter or a son?'

81I.21 1 'How likes thou the bed, Mossgrey?
2 'And how likes thou my master's lady,
3 And that is as fair I'm sure to day
4 As that you are my born brother.'

81I.22 1 'If that be true, my bonnie boy,
2 'And far better the sheets;
3 Or is my lady brought to bed,
4 For she's come of the noblest kin.'

81I.23 1 'Hold thy tongue, fair lady,' he says,
2 'And silver shall be your fee,
3 Or any of your castles taen?
4 He tinkled at the pin;
5 One word she neer spak more.'

81I.24 1 'If this be true that you tell me,
2 Rewarded you shall be;
3 And if it's a lie that you tell me,
4 You shall be hanged before your ladie's e'en.

81I.25 1 'Lye still, lye still, Little Mossgrey,
2 'And keep a fair lady from cold;
3 Or how likes thou my master's lady,
4 Better than you do me?'

81I.26 1 'Here's two swords,' Barnabas said,
2 'And silver shall be your fee,
3 You may get a mistress in every town,
4 Than you and all your kin.'

81I.27 1 'There is none of your biggins brunt,
2 'Nor none of your young men slain;
3 But Little Moss grey and your lady
4 They are both in a bed within.'

81I.28 1 'If that be true, my bonnie boy,
2 'And far better the sheets;
3 Or is my lady brought to bed,
4 Of a dochter or a son?'

81I.29 1 'There was a man in the king's court
2 Had a love to Little Moss grey;
3 He took a horn out of his pocket,
4 And blew both loud and hie:
5 'He that's in bed wi Barnabas' lady,
6 'It's time he were away!'

81I.30 1 'Oh am I not the maddest man
2 Ere lay in a woman's bed!
3 And how likes thou my master's lady,
4 Better than you do me?'

81I.31 1 If that be true, my bonnie boy,
2 'And far better the sheets;
3 Or is my lady brought to bed,
4 For she's come of the noblest kin.'

81I.32 1 'Is yon the sound of the hounds?' he says,
2 'Or is yon the sound of the deer?
3 I think it's the sound of my brother's horn,
4 That sound sae schill in my ear.'

81I.33 1 'Hold thy tongue, fair lady,' he says,
2 'For that would cause much strife;
3 For I see by the rings on your fingers
4 That you're Lord Barnabas' wife.'

81I.34 1 'Lord Barnabas' lady indeed I am,
2 And that I'll let you ken,
3 But he's awa to the king's court
4 And I hope he'll neer come hame.'

81I.35 1 'Hold thy tongue, fair lady,' he says,
2 'For that would cause much strife;
3 For I see by the rings on your fingers
4 That you're Lord Barnabas' wife.'

81I.36 1 'What would you think, Little Moss grey,
2 To lye wi me this nicht?
3 Good beds I hae in Barnabey,
4 If they were ordered richt.'

81I.37 1 'Lye still, lye still, Little Mossgrey,
2 'And far better the sheets;
3 Or how likes thou the sheets?
4 Lyes in my arms and sleeps!'

81I.38 1 'Well I love your bed,' he says,
2 'And far better your sheets;
3 But foul may fa your lady fair,
4 Lyes in my arms and sleeps!'

81I.39 1 'Rise, O rise, Little Moss grey,
2 Put on your hose and shoon;
3 I'll neer ha' said in a far countrie
4 I killed a naked man.'

81I.40 1 Slowly, slowly rose he up,
2 And slowly put he on,
3 And slowly down the stairs he goes,
4 And thinking to be slain.

81I.41 1 'Here's two swords,' Barnabas said,
2 'I wad they cost me dear;
3 Tak thoo the best, I'll tak the warst,
4 We'll try the battle here.'

81I.42 1 'One word she neer spak more.'
2 'And far better your sheets;
3 But foul may fa your lady fair,
4 Lyes in my arms and sleeps!'

81I.43 1 'Rise, O rise, Little Moss grey,
2 Put on your hose and shoon;
3 I'll neer ha' said in a far countrie
4 I killed a naked man.'

81I.44 1 'If you'll neer tell no moe.'
2 'And far better the sheets;
3 Or how likes thou the sheets?
4 Lyes in thy arms and sleeps!'

81I.45 1 'Why likest thou the bed, Mossgrey?
2 'And far better the sheets;
3 But foul may fa your master's lady,
4 Lies in thy arms and sleeps!'

81I.46 1 'Weel I love the bed,' he said,
2 'And far better the sheets;
3 But foul may fa your master's lady,
4 Lies in thy arms and sleeps!'

81I.47 1 'Here's two swords,' Barnabas said,
2 'I wad they cost me dear;
3 Tak thoo the best, I'll tak the warst,
4 We'll try the battle here.'

81I.48 1 'One word she neer spak more.'
2 'And far better your sheets;
3 But foul may fa your lady fair,
4 Lyes in my arms and sleeps!'

81I.49 1 'Ye'll mak a coffin large and wide,
2 And lay this couple in;
3 And lay her head on his right hand,
4 She's come of the highest kin.'
And shin’d like ony queen.
And other some in green;
And four an twenty gay ladies
Till the noon-tide o the day,
At times he lost, at times he wan,
The flower out ower them a’.
When supper was over, and mass was sung,
And a’ man boun for bed,
It’s Little Mousgray and that lady
In ae chamber was laid.
Out it spaks it’s Little Mousgray:
‘I think I hear a horn blaw;
She blaws baith loud and shill at ilka turning of
The tune,
Mousgray, gae ye your wa!’
Lie still, lie still, it’s Little Mousgray,
Had the caul win frae my back;
It’s but my father’s proud shepherds,
The’re huntin their hogs to the fauld.’
‘Win up, win up, it’s Little Mousgray,
‘O what hire will ye gie your page,
I will stand to the same;
He’ll die in a burning fire.’
But if he speak ae word o this,
‘I darena for my life;
‘O what wad ye gie, it’s Little Mousgray,
As clear as any sun:
‘Why get ye up sae seen?’
‘I think I hear a horn blaw,
I saw him more.
Never saw him more.
She’s taen a sharp brand in her hand,
She’s prevailed on Little Munsgrove
And pictures round it sett,
To see as much o his heart’s blood
As twa brands coud let gae.
She’s taen a sharp brand in her hand,
She’s prevailed on Little Munsgrove
And pictures round it sett,
To see as much o his heart’s blood
As twa brands coud let gae.

THE TEXT OF

81L.1
1 IT’S four and twenty bonny boys
2 Were playin at the ba,
3 And out it cums Lord Barnet’s ladie,
4 And playit out ower them a’.

81L.2
1 And aye she shot it’s Little Mousgray,
2 As clear as any sun:
3 ‘O what wad ye gie, it’s Little Mousgray,
4 It’s in O my arms to won?’

81L.3
1 ‘For no, for no, my gay ladie,
2 For no, that maunna be;
3 For well ken I by the rings on your fingers,
4 Lord Barnet’s ladie are ye.’

81L.4
1 When supper was over, and mass was sung,
2 And a’ man boun for bed,
3 It’s Little Mousgray and that lady
4 In ae chamber was laid.

81L.5
1 It’s up and starts her little foot-page,
2 Just up at her bed-feet:
3 Hail weel, hail weel, my little foot-page,
4 Hail well this deed on me,
5 An ever I lee my life to brook,
6 I’se pay you well your fee.’

81L.6
1 ‘Win up, win up, it’s Little Mousgray,
2 ‘O what hire will ye gie your page,
3 I will stand to the same;
4 He’ll die in a burning fire.’

81L.7
1 ‘I darena for my lands, lady,
2 I darena for my life;
3 I ken by the rings on your fingers
4 Ye are Lord Burnett’s wife.’

81L.8
1 It would na touch my heart, Munsgrove,
2 Nae mair than ‘twoud my tae,
3 To see as much o his heart’s blood
4 As twa brands coud let gae.

81L.9
1 ‘I hae a bower in fair Strathdon,
2 And pictures round it sett,
3 And I haed ordered thee, Munsgrove,
4 In fair Strathdon to sleep.’

81L.10
1 Her flattering words and fair speeches,
2 They were for him too strong,
3 And she’s prevailed on Little Munsgrove
4 With her to gang along.

81L.11
1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
2 And a’ man bound for bed,
3 Little Munsgrove and that lady
4 In ae chamber were laid.

81L.12
1 ‘O what hire will ye gie your page,
2 If he the watch will keep,
3 In case that your gude lord come hame
4 When we’re fair fast asleep?’

81L.13
1 ‘Siller, siller’s be his wage,
2 And gowd shall be his hire;
3 But if he speak ae word o this,
4 He’ll die in a burning fire.’

81L.14
1 The promise that I make, Madam,
2 I will stand to the same;
3 I winna heal it an hour langer
4 Than any master comes hame.

81L.15
1 She’s taen a sharp brand in her hand,
2 Being in the tidive hour;
3 He ran between her and the door,
4 She never saw him more.

81L.16
1 Where he found the grass grow green,
2 He slacked his shoes an ran,
3 And where he found the brigs broken,
4 He bent his bow an swam.

81L.17
1 Lord Burnett ower a window lay,
2 Beheld baith dale and down;
3 And he beheld his ain foot-page
4 Come hastening to the town.

81L.18
1 ‘What news, what news, my lassie sae haste!
2 ‘Bad news, bad news, my master,’ he says,
3 ‘As ye will plainly see.’

81L.19
1 ‘Are any of my biggins brunt, my boy?
2 Or are my woods hewed down?
3 Or is my dear lady lighter yet,
4 O dear daughter or son?’

81L.20
1 ‘There are nane o your biggins brunt, master,
2 Nor are your woods hewn down;
3 Nor is your lady lighter yet,
4 O dear daughter nor son.

81L.21
1 ‘But ye’ve a bower in fair Strathdon,
2 And pictures round it sett,
3 Where your lady and Little Munsgrove
4 In fair Strathdon do sleep.’

81L.22
1 ‘O had your tongue! why talk you so
2 About my gay ladie?
3 She is a gude and chaste woman
4 As in the North Country.’

81L.23
1 ‘A word I dinna lie, my lord,
2 A word I dinna lie
3 And if ye winna believe my word,
4 Your ain twa e’en shall see.’

81L.24
1 ‘Gin this be a true tale ye tell,
2 That ye have tauld to me,
3 I’ll wed you to my eldest daughter,
4 And married you shall be.

81L.25
1 ‘But if it be a false story
2 That ye haed tauld to me,
3 A high gallows I’ll gar be built,
4 And hanged shall ye be.’

81L.26
1 He’s called upon his landlady,
2 The reckoning for to pay,
3 And pulled out twa hands fou o gowd;
4 Says, We’ll reckon another day.

81L.27
1 He called upon his stable-groom,
2 To saddle for him his steed,
3 And trimmed over ower rocks and hills
4 Till his horse hoofs did bleed.

81L.28
1 There was a man in Lord Burnett’s train
2 Was ane o Munsgrove’s kin,
3 And aye as fast as the horsemens rade,
4 Sae nimbly’s he din rin.

81L.29
1 He set a horn to his mouth,
2 And he blew loud and sma,
3 And aye at every sounding’s end,
4 ‘Awa, Munsgrove, awa!’

81L.30
1 Then up it raise him Little Munsgrove,
2 And drew to him his sheen;
3 ‘Lye still, lye still,’ the lady she cried,
4 ‘Why get ye up sae seen?’

81L.31
1 ‘I think I hear a horn blaw,
2 And it blaws loud and sma;
3 And aye at every sounding’s end,
4 Awa, Munsgrove, awa!’

81L.32
1 ‘Lye still, lye still, ye Little Munsgrove,
2 Had my back frae the wind;
3 It’s but my father’s proud shepherd,
4 Caing his hogs to town.’

81L.33
1 ‘I think I hear a horn blaw,
2 And it blaws loud and shrill,
3 And aye at every sounding’s end,
4 Bids Munsgrove take the hill.

81L.34
1 ‘Lye still, my boy, lye still, my sweet,
2 Had my back frae the cauld;
3 It’s but the sugh o the westlin wind,
4 Blawing ower the birks sae bauld.’

81L.35
1 He turned him right and round about,
2 And he fell fast asleep;
3 When up it started Lord Burnett,
4 And stood at their bed-feet.

81L.36
1 ‘Is’t for love o my blankets, Munsgrove?
2 Or is’t for love o my sheets?
3 Or is’t for love o my lady?
4 Sae souin in your arms she sleeps!’

81L.37
1 ‘It’s nae for love o your blankets, my lord,
2 Nor yet for love o your sheets;
3 But wae be to your gay ladie,
4 Sae souin in my arms she sleeps!’
The Child Ballads

81L.8
1 'Win up, win up, ye Little Munsgrove,
2 Put all your armour an;
3 It's never be said another day
4 I killed a naked man.'

81L.39
1 'I hae twa brands in ae scabbard,
2 Cost me merks twenty-nine;
3 Take ye the best, gie me the warst,
4 For ye're the weakest man.'

81L.40
1 The firs an stroke that Munsgrove drew
2 Wounded Lord Burnett sair;
3 The next an stroke Lord Burnett drew,
4 Munsgrove he spake nae mair.

81L.41
1 He turned him to his ladye then
2 And thus to her said he:
3 'All the time we've led our life
4 I neer thought this o thee.

81L.42
1 'How ye like now this well-faird face,
2 That stands straight by your side?
3 Or will ye hate this ill-faird face,
4 Lyes wetering in his blude?'

81L.43
1 'O better love I this well-faird face,
2 Lyes wetering in his blude;
3 Then eer I'll do this ill-faird face,
4 That stands straight by my side.'

81L.44
1 Then he's ta'en out a sharp dagger,
2 It was baith keen and smart,
3 And he has wounded that gay ladye
4 A deep wound to the heart.

81L.45
1 'A grave, a grave,' cried Lord Burnett,
2 'To bury these two in;
3 And lay my ladye in the highest flat,
4 She's chiefe o the kin.

81L.46
1 'A grave, a grave,' said Lord Burnett,
2 'To bury these two in;
3 Lay Munsgrove in the lowest flat,
4 He's deepest in the sin.

81L.47
1 'Ye'll darken my windows up secure,
2 Nor burning coal nor candle light
3 It's never be said anither day
4 He's deepest in the sin.

81L.48
1 'Nae mair fine clothes my body deck,
2 Nor kame gang in my hair,
3 Nor burning coal nor candle light
4 Shine in my bower mair.

81M.1
1 IT fell upon a Martinmas time,
2 When the nobles were a' drinking wine,
3 That Little Mushiegrove to the kirk he did go,
4 For to see the ladies come in.

81N.1
1 'HOW do you like my rug?' he said,
2 'And how do you like my sheets?
3 And how do you like my false ladie,
4 That lies in your arms asleep?'

81N.2
1 'Well I like your rug my lord,
2 And well I like your sheets;
3 But better than all your fair ladie,
4 That lies in my arms asleep.'

81O.1
1 There was four-and-twenty ladies
2 Assembled at a ball,
3 And who being there but the king's wife,
4 The fairest of them all.

81O.2
1 She put her eye on the Moss Groves,
2 Moss Groves put his eye upon she;
3 How would you like, my little Moss Groves,
4 One night to tarry with me?'

81O.3
1 'To sleep one night with you, fair lady,
2 It would cause a wonderful sight;
3 For I know by the ring upon your hand
4 You are the king's wife.'

81O.4
1 'If I am the king's wife,
2 I mean him to beguile;
3 For he has gone on a long distance,
4 And won't be back for a while.'

81O.5
1 Up spoke his brother,
2 An angry man was he;
3 'Another night I'll not stop in the castle
4 Till my brother I'll go see.'

81O.6
1 When he come to his brother,
2 He was in a hell of a fright;
3 'Get up, get up, brother dear!
4 There's a man in bed with your wife.'

81O.7
1 'If it's true you tell unto me,
2 A man I'll make of thee;
3 If it's a lie you tell unto me,
4 It's slain thou shalt be.'

81O.8
1 When he came to his hall,
2 The bells begun to ring,
3 And all the birds upon the bush
4 They began to sing.

81O.9
1 'How do you like my covering-cloths?
2 And how do you like my sheets?
3 How do you like my lady fair,
4 All night in her arms to sleep?'

81O.10
1 'Your covering-cloths I like right well,
2 Far better than your sheets;
3 Far better than all your lady fair,
4 All night in her arms to sleep.'

81O.11
1 'Get up, get up now, little Moss Groves,
2 Your clothing do put on;
3 It shall never be said in all England
4 That I drew on a naked man.

81O.12
1 'There is two swords all in the castle
2 That cost me very dear;
3 Far better than all your lady fair,
4 That lies in your arms asleep.'

81O.13
1 The very first blow Moss Groves he gave,
2 He wounded the king most sore;
3 The very first blow that Munsgrove gave,
4 That lies in my arms asleep?'

81O.14
1 She lifted up his dying head
2 And kissed his cheek and chin:
3 'T'd sooner have you now, little Moss Groves,
4 Than all their castles or kings.'

82.1
1 THERE was a knight, in a summer's night,
2 Was riding o'er the lee, diddle
3 An there he saw a bonny birdy,
4 Was singing upon a tree, diddle

82.1b
1 O wow for day! diddle
2 An dear gin it were day! diddle
3 Gin it were day, an gin I were away!
4 For I ha na lang time to stay. diddle

82.2
1 'Make hast, make hast, ye gentle knight,
2 What keeps you here so late?
3 Gin ye kent what was doing at hame,
4 I fear you would took blate.'

82.3
1 'O what needs I toil day an night,
2 My fair body to kill,
3 When I hae knights at my comman,
4 An ladys at my will?'

82.4
1 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye gentle knight,
2 Sa loud's he hear you lee;
3 Your lady's a knight in her arms twa
4 That she lees far better nor the.'

82.5
1 'Ye lee, you lee, you bonny birdy,
2 How you lee upo my sweet!
3 I will tak out my bonny bow,
4 An in troth I will you sheet.'

82.6
1 'But afore ye hae your bow well bent,
2 An a' your arrows yare,
3 I will flee till another tree,
4 Where I can better fare.'

82.7
1 'O where was ye gotten, and where was ye
2 Clecked?
3 My bonny birdy, tell me:
4 'O I was clecked in good green wood,
5 My bonny birdy, tell me:
6 'O I was clecked in good green wood,
7 A gentleman my nest herryed,
8 An ga me to his lady.'

82.8
1 'Wi good white bread an arrow-cow milk
2 He bade his feed me aft
3 An ga her a little wee simmer-dale nanny
4 To ding me sindle and saft.

82.10
1 The knight he rade, and the birdy flew,
2 The live-lang simmer's night,
3 Till he came till his lady's boww-door,
4 Then even down he did light.
5 The birdy sat on the crap of a tree,
6 An I wot it sang fu dight.

82.11b
1 'O wow for day! diddle
2 An dear gin it were day! diddle
3 Gin it were day, an gin I were away!
4 For I ha na lang time to stay.'

82.12
1 'What needs ye lang for day, diddle
2 An wish that you were away? diddle
3 Is no your hounds i my cellar,
4 Eating white meal an gray?'

82.12b
1 O wow, etc.

82.13
1 'Is nae your steed in my stable,
2 Eating good corn an hay?
3 An is nae your hawk i my perch-tree,
4 Just perching for his prey?
5 An is nae yoursel i my arms twa?
6 Then how can ye lang for day?'

82.14b
1 'O wow for day! diddle
2 An dear gin it were day! diddle
3 Gin it were day, an gin I were away!
4 For I ha na lang time to stay. diddle

82.15
1 Then out the knight has drawn his sword,
2 An straiked it oer a strae,
3 An thro and thro the fa'se knight's waste
4 To ding me sindle and saft.
5 Gin she had deen as ye her bade,
6 Intill a holly tree;
7 A gentleman my nest herryed,
8 And is nae yoursel i my arms twa?
9 Then how can ye lang for day?'

83A.1
1 CHILDE MAURICE hunted the siluer wood,
2 He hunted it round about,
3 And noobodye that he found therein,
4 Nor none there was with-out.

83A.2
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 And he took his siluer combe in his hand,
4 To kembe his yellow lockes.

83A.3
1 He sayses, Come hither, thou little foot-page,
2 That runtheth lowlye by my knee,
3 Foro shalt goe to John Stewards wiffe
4 And pray her speake with mee.
And there he sought all about,
And he rode to the silver wood,
And he cast a lease upon his backe,
"Make ready thou my weede!"
1 Iohn Steward stood vnder the castle-wall,
2 Ffor Christes sake, I pray thee!
1 'Now peace, now peace, thou litle child Maurice,' he said,
2 As greene as any grasse,
1 'And heere he sends a mantle of greene,
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole-house,
2 As any hart can thinke,
1 'And, as itt
4 Either to buy ware or sell.
3 Or merchant men gone to leeue London,
2 As knotts beene knitt on a kell,
1 'And, as itt
4 To hunt w
2 As greene as any grasse,
1 'And heere I send her a ring of gold,
3 And bidd her come to the siluer wood,
1 'Ffor thou hast sent her loue-tokens,
2 Alacke, how may this bee?
3 Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,
1 'Ffor thou hast sent her a ring of gold,
3 And bade her come to the siluer woode,
1 'Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,
2 As greene as any grasse,
1 'And heere I send her a mantle of greene,
2 As any hart can thinke,
1 'And, as itt
4 Either to buy ware or sell.
3 Or merchant men gone to leeue London,
2 As knotts beene knitt on a kell,
1 'And, as itt
4 To hunt w
2 As greene as any grasse,
1 'And heere I send her a ring of gold,
3 And bidd her come to the siluer wood,
1 'And there I send her a ring of gold,
2 A ring of precious stone,
And Dryed itt on the grasse,
But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
5 And soe
4 'And
1 'Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,
2 As greene as any grasse,
1 'And heere I send her a mantle of greene,
2 As any hart can thinke,
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2 A ring of precious stone,
And Dryed itt on the grasse,
But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
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But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
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2 A ring of precious stone,
And Dryed itt on the grasse,
But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
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2 As any hart can thinke,
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2 A ring of precious stone,
And Dryed itt on the grasse,
But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
5 And soe
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2 As greene as any grasse,
1 'And heere I send her a mantle of greene,
2 As any hart can thinke,
1 'And, as itt
4 Either to buy ware or sell.
3 Or merchant men gone to leeue London,
2 As knotts beene knitt on a kell,
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2 As greene as any grasse,
1 'And heere I send her a ring of gold,
3 And bidd her come to the siluer wood,
1 'And there I send her a ring of gold,
2 A ring of precious stone,
And Dryed itt on the grasse,
But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
5 And soe
4 'And
83C.13
1 'Here is a gay mantel to her,
2 It's a silk but the sleeve,
3 And she maun cum to the merrie green-wud,
4 And ask not Burnard's leive.'

83C.14
1 Then out bespack the yellow nurse,
2 Wi the babbie on her knee,
3 Sayand, Gif thay be cum frae Bob Norice,
4 They are welcum to me.
83E.9
1 For he did not ask the porter’s leave,
2 Tho he stood at the gate,
3 But straight he ran to the big hall,
4 Where great folk sat at meat.

83E.10
1 ‘Good hallow, gentle sir and dame,
2 My errand came we wait;
3 Dame, ye must go speak to Chield Morice,
4 Before it be too late.

83E.11
1 ‘And here it is a gay manteel,
2 It’s a’ good but the hem;
3 Ye must come speak to Chield Morice,
4 Bringing nay body but your lane.

83E.12
1 ‘And here it is a holland smock,
2 Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;
3 You must come speak to Chield Morice,
4 Ask not the baron’s leave.’

83E.13
1 O aye she stamped wi her foot,
2 And winked wi her ee,
3 ‘If this be come fra Chield Morice,
4 It’s surely to my bouir-woman.’

83E.14
1 ‘Thou lies, thou lies, thou wylie nurse,
2 Sae loud’s I hear thee lie;
3 I brought it to Lord Barnard’s lady,
4 And I trow that thou art she.’

83E.15
1 ‘O master dear, I love you weel,
2 And when he to the green-wood went,
3 And I'll awa to the good green-wood,
4 Where great folk sat at meat.

83E.16
1 ‘Then up and rose him the bold baron,
2 And an angry man was he;
3 He took the table wi his foot,
4 And kelped it wi his knee,
5 Till silver cup and ezar dish
6 In flinders they did flee.

83E.18
1 ‘Go gring me one of thy cleeding,
2 Wi the bairn just on her knee:
3 But Chield Morrice, on a milk-white steed,
4 On horseback ye sall ride.’

83E.20
1 ‘And when he to the green-wood went,
2 No body saw he there
3 But Chield Morrice, on a milk-white steed,
4 Combing down his yellow hair.

83E.21
1 Chield Morrice sat in the gay green-wood,
2 He whistled and he sang:
3 ‘O what means a’ thir folks coming?
4 That lived on Carron side.

83E.22
1 ‘No wonder, no wonder, Chield Morrice,’ he said,
2 ‘My lady loved thee weel;
3 For the whitest bit of my body
4 Is blacker than thy heel.

83E.23
1 ‘But nevertheless now, Chield Morrice,
2 For a’ thy gay beauty,
3 O nevertheless, Chield Morrice,
4 Thy head shall go with me.’

83E.24
1 He had a rapier by his side,
2 Hung low down by his knee;
3 He struck Chield Morrice on the neck,
4 Till aff his head did flee.
83F.5
1 My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
2 My dear Willie," he sayd,
3 How can ye strive against the stream?
4 For I shall be obeyd.

83F.6
1 Bot, O my master dear, he cry'd,
2 In grene-wod ye're your lain;
3 Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ye rede,
4 For fear ye should be tain.'
5 For fear ye should be tain.'
6 For fear ye should be tain.'
7 For fear ye should be tain.'

83F.7
1 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,
2 Bid hir cum here wi speid;
3 If ye refuse my heigh command,
4 I'll gar your body bleid.

83F.8
1 Gay bid hir take this gay mantel,
2 'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
3 And I'll gae to the gude grene-wode,
4 That head sall gae wi me.'
5 And I'll gae to the gude grene-wode,
6 That head sall gae wi me.'

83F.9
1 And there it is, a silken sarke,
2 Bot and that yellow hair,
3 And set it on a speir;
4 Than a' my kith and kin!

83F.10
1 Yes, I will gae your black errand,
2 Though it be to your cost;
3 Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
4 In it ye sall find frost.

83F.11
1 The baron he's a man of might,
2 He neir could bide to taunt;
3 Neir wyte a man for violence
4 Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.
5 That head sall gae wi me.'

83F.12
1 And sen I maun your errand rin,
2 Sae sair against my will,
3 And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
4 And be kind to Barbara Allan.'

83F.13
1 And when he came to broken brigue,
2 He whistled and he sang:
3 Neir wyte a man for violence
4 Than a' my kith and kin!

83F.14
1 And when he came to Barnard's ha,
2 Bot and that yellow hair,
3 To the place where he was lying:
4 That head sall gae wi me.'

83F.15
1 He would nae tell the man his errand,
2 To the place where she was dwelling:
3 And set it on a speir;
4 That head sall gae wi me.'

83F.16
1 Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame,
2 She had not gane a mile but twa,
3 And fast she followed him.
4 To the place where she was dwelling:

83F.17
1 Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
2 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
3 That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
4 That ye should be tain.'

83F.18
1 And there it is, a silken sarke,
2 Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
3 And I'll gae to the gude grene-wode,
4 And bring nane bot hir lain.

83F.19
1 The lady stamped wi hir foot,
2 And an il deith mait ye dee!
3 And gae unto Lord Barnard's ha,
4 And slighth his lady come.'

83F.20
1 It's surely to my bow-woman,
2 And slighted his lady come.'
3 I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady;
4 And I'll gae to the gude grene-wode,
5 And bring nane bot hir lain.

The Child Ballads
84B.1
1 IN SCARLET TOWN, where I was bound,
2 There was a fair maid dwelling,
3 Whom I had chosen to be my own,
4 And her name it was Barbara Allen.

84B.2
1 All in the merry month of May,
2 When green leaves they were springing,
3 This young man on his death-bed lay,
4 For the love of Barbara Allen.

84B.3
1 He sent his man unto her then,
2 To the town where she was dwelling:
3 'You must come to my master dear,
4 If your name be Barbara Allen.'

84B.4
1 'For death is printed in his face,
2 And sorrow's in him dwelling,
3 And you must come to my master dear,
4 If your name be Barbara Allen.'

84B.5
1 'If your name be Barbara Allen.'
2 'If death be printed in his face,
3 And sorrow's in him dwelling,
4 So loudly she lay laughing,
5 While all her friends cry'd [out] amain,
6 She heard the bell a ringing,
7 'O you must come my master to see,
8 If you be Barbara Allen.'

84B.6
1 So slowly, slowly she got up,
2 And so slowly she came to him,
3 Then little better shall he be
4 As on my death-bed I am lying.

84B.7
1 He turn'd his face unto her then:
2 'If you be Barbara Allen,
3 My dear,' said he, 'Come pity me,
4 As on my death-bed I am lying.'

84B.8
1 'If on your death-bed you be lying,
2 And death's within him dealing,
3 And it is all for the sake of her,
4 So farewell,' said Barbara Allen.

84B.9
1 He turn'd his face unto the wall,
2 And death came creeping to him:
3 Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,
4 And adieu to Barbara Allen!'

84B.10
1 And as she was walking on a day,
2 She heard the bell a ringing,
3 It did seem to ring to her
4 'Unworthy Barbara Allen.'

84B.11
1 She turn'd herself round about,
2 And she spy'd the corps a coming:
3 'Lay down, lay down the corps of clay,
4 That I may look upon him.'

84B.12
1 And all the while she looked on,
2 So loudly she lay laughing,
3 While all her friends cry'd [out] amain,
4 So loudly she lay laughing,
5 While all her friends cry'd [out] amain,
6 'Unworthy Barbara Allen!'

84B.13
1 When he was dead, and laid in grave,
2 Then death came creeping to she:
3 'O mother, mother, make me bed,
4 For his death hath quite undone me.

84B.14
1 'A hard-hearted creature that I was,
2 To slight one that lov'd me so dearly;
3 I wish I had been more kinder to him,
4 The time of his life when he was near.'

84B.15
1 So this maid she then did dye,
2 And desired to be buried by him,
3 And repented her self before she dy'd,
4 That ever she did deny him.

84C.1
1 IT fell about the Lammas time,
2 When the woods grow green and yellow,
3 There came a wooer out of the West
4 A wooing to Barbara Allan.

84C.2
1 'It is not for your bonny face,
2 Nor for your beauty bonny,
3 But it is all for your tocher good
4 Nor for your beauty bonny,
5 But it is all for your tocher good
6 I come so far about ye.'

84C.3
1 'If it be not for my comely face,
2 Nor for my beauty bonnie,
3 My tocher good ye'll never get paid
4 Down on the board before ye.

84C.4
1 'O will ye go to the Highland hills,
2 To see my white corn growing?
3 Or will ye go a-riding,
4 To see my boats a rowing?'

84C.5
1 O he's awa, and awa he's gone,
2 And death's within him dealing,
3 And it is all for the sake of her,
4 My bonnie Barbara Allan.

84C.6
1 O he sent his man unto the house,
2 Where that was a dwelling:
3 'O you must come my master to see,
4 If you be Barbara Allan.'

84C.7
1 So slowly aye as she put on,
2 And so stoutly as she gaed till him,
3 And so slowly as she could say,
4 'I think, young man, you're lying.'

84C.8
1 'O I am lying in my bed,
2 And death within me dwelling;
3 And it is all for the love of thee,
4 For the love of Barbara Allan!'

84C.9
1 She was not ae mile frae the town,
2 Till she heard the dead-bell ringing:
3 And it is all for the sake of her,
4 If your name be Barbara Allen.

85A.1
1 GILES COLLINS he said to his old mother,
2 The priest of the parish he chanced to pass,
3 'And bury me in Saint Mary's church,
4 An old and true lover of yours.'

85A.2
1 'And let me be buried in the west,
2 Lady Alice all in the higher;
3 There grew a lilly from Giles Collins
4 That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

85A.3
1 Giles Collin was laid in the lower chancel,
2 Giles Collins was buried in the west;
3 There grew a lilly from Giles Collins
4 That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

85A.4
1 'What be ye there, ye six strong men,
2 Upon your shoulders so high?
3 'What be ye there, ye six strong men,
4 Upon your shoulders so high?'

85A.5
1 'We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,
2 We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,
3 We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,
4 Who was a true lover of yourn.'

85A.6
1 'Oh, mother, oh, mother, if I should die,
2 And I am sure I shall,
3 I will not be buried in our churchyard,
4 But under Lady Alice's wall.'

85A.7
1 'Oh, mother, oh, mother, if I should die,
2 And I am sure I shall,
3 I will not be buried in our churchyard,
4 As ever she's seen in her life.

85A.8
1 'What be ye there, ye six tall men?
2 Upon your shoulders so high?
3 Upon your shoulders so high?
4 As ever she's seen in her life.

85A.9
1 'What be ye there, ye six tall men?
2 What be ye there on your shoulders?
3 'We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,
4 An old and true lover of yours.'

85A.10
1 'O lay him down gently, ye six men tall,
2 All on the grass so green,
3 And tomorrow, when the sun goes down,
4 Lady Alice a corpse shall be seen.

85A.11
1 'And bury me in Saint Mary's church,
2 All for my love so true,
3 And make me a garland of marjoram,
4 And of lemon-thyme, and rue.'

85A.12
1 Giles Collins was buried all in the east,
2 Lady Alice all in the west,
3 And the roses that grew on Giles Collins's
4 Grave,
5 They reached Lady Alice's breast.

85A.13
1 The priest of the parish he chanced to pass,
2 And he severed those roses in twain;
3 Sure never were seen such true lovers before,
4 Nor e'er will there be again.

85B.1
1 GILES COLLINS he said to his old mother,
2 Mother, come bind up my head,
3 And send to the parson of our parish,
4 For tomorrow I shall be dead, dead,
5 For tomorrow I shall be dead.

85B.2
1 His mother she made him some water-gruel,
2 And stirred it round with a spoon;
3 Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
4 And died before 'twas noon.

85B.3
1 Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
2 Mending her night-robe and coif;
3 She saw the very prettiest corpse
4 She'd seen in all her life.

85B.4
1 'What be ye there, ye six strong men,
2 Upon your shoulders so high?
3 'What be ye there, ye six strong men,
4 Upon your shoulders so high?'

85B.5
1 'We bear the body of Giles Collins,
2 Who for love of you did die.'

85B.6
1 'Set him down, set him down,' Lady Anna she cry'd,
2 'On the grass that grows so green;
3 Tomorrow, before the clock strikes ten,
4 My body shall lie by him.'

85B.7
1 Lady Anna was buried in the east,
2 Giles Collins was buried in the west;
3 There grew a lilly from Giles Collins
4 That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

85B.8
1 There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
2 And cut this lilly in twain,
3 Which never there was seen before,
4 And it never will again.

85C.1
1 Giles Collin he said to his mother one day,
2 Oh, mother, come bind up my head,
3 For tommorow morning before it is day
4 I'm sure I shall be dead.

85C.2
1 'Oh, mother, oh, mother, if I should die,
2 And I am sure I shall,
3 I will not be buried in our churchyard,
4 But under Lady Alice's wall.'

85C.3
1 His mother she made him some water-gruel,
2 And stirred it up with a spoon;
3 Giles Collin he ate but one spoonful,
4 And died before it was noon.

85C.4
1 Lady Alice was sitting in her window,
2 All dressed in her night-coif;
3 She saw as pretty a corpse go by
4 As ever she'd seen in her life.

85C.5
1 'What be ye there, ye six tall men?
2 What be ye on your shourns?
3 'We bear the body of Giles Collin,
4 Who was a true lover of yours.'

85C.6
1 'Down with him, down with him, upon the church-top,
2 The grass that grows so green;
3 For tomorrow morning before it is day
4 My body shall lie by him.'

85C.7
1 Her mother she made her some plum-gruel,
2 With spices all of the best;
3 Lady Alice she ate but one spoonful,
4 And the doctor he ate up the rest.

85C.8
1 Giles Collin was laid in the lower chancel,
2 Lady Alice all in the higher;
3 There grew up a rose from Lady Alice's breast,
4 And from Giles Collin's a briar.

85C.9
1 And they grew, and they grew, to the very church-top,
2 Until they could grow no higher,
3 And twisted and twined in a true-lover's knot,
4 Which made all the parish admire.

86A.1
1 'O' the maids o' fair Scotland
2 The fairest was Marjorie,
3 Of 'a' the maids o' fair Scotland
4 The fairest was Marjorie,
5 And young Benjie was her ae true-love,
6 And a dear true-love was he.
4 The corpse began to thraw.
3 And at the dead hour o the night
1 About the middle o the night
3 The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
2 And torches burning clear,
1 Wi doors ajar, and candle-light,
2 The morn her burial day,
1 'The night it is her low lykewake,
3 'O wha has killed our ae sister,
2 And laid it on the grund:
8 'There's a honey-mark on her chin.'
6 'There's a honey-mark on her chin.'
5 And out then spak her youngest brother,
4 'There's a honey-mark on her chin.'
3 But ere she wan the Lowden banks
2 The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
1 'Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
2 'I dare na open, Young Benjie,
3 And the best ae servant about your house
2 And lead him out and in,
1 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
1 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
3 But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
2 Into the water o Dee.'
4 Says, 'This water's nae for me.'
2 He stepped to the knee;
1 The eldest brother he stepped in,
4 Into the water o Dee.'
3 And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
2 Now come along wi me;
1 'And ay, at every seven year's end,
4 To wait Young Benjie on.
3 And the best ae servant about your house
2 And lead him out and in,
1 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
1 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
3 But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
2 Into the water o Dee.'
4 Says, 'This water's nae for me.'
2 He stepped to the knee;
1 The eldest brother he stepped in,
4 Into the water o Dee.'
3 And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
2 Now come along wi me;
1 'And ay, at every seven year's end,
4 To wait Young Benjie on.
3 And the best ae servant about your house
2 And lead him out and in,
1 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
1 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
3 But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
2 Into the water o Dee.'
4 Says, 'This water's nae for me.'
2 He stepped to the knee;
1 The eldest brother he stepped in,
4 Into the water o Dee.'
3 And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
2 Now come along wi me;
1 'And ay, at every seven year's end,
4 To wait Young Benjie on.
3 And the best ae servant about your house
2 And lead him out and in,
1 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
1 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
3 But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
2 Into the water o Dee.'
4 Says, 'This water's nae for me.'
2 He stepped to the knee;
1 The eldest brother he stepped in,
4 Into the water o Dee.'
3 And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
2 Now come along wi me;
1 'And ay, at every seven year's end,
4 To wait Young Benjie on.
3 And the best ae servant about your house
2 And lead him out and in,
1 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
1 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
3 But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
2 Into the water o Dee.'
4 Says, 'This water's nae for me.'
2 He stepped to the knee;
1 The eldest brother he stepped in,
4 Into the water o Dee.'
3 And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
2 Now come along wi me;
1 'And ay, at every seven year's end,
4 To wait Young Benjie on.
3 And the best ae servant about your house
2 And lead him out and in,
1 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
1 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
2 Ye mauna Benjie hang,
3 But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
2 Into the water o Dee.'
4 Says, 'This water's nae for me.'
2 He stepped to the knee;
1 The eldest brother he stepped in,
4 Into the water o Dee.'
3 And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
2 Now come along wi me;
1 'And ay, at every seven year's end,
4 To wait Young Benjie on.
87A.16
1 'I want none o his gobold, I want none o his gear,  
2 I want nane land frae thee;  
3 But I'll ha'e the ring that's on his finger,  
4 For them he did promise to me.'

87A.17
1 'Ye'se na get the ring that's on his finger,  
2 'Ye'se na get them frae mee;  
3 Ye'se na get the ring that's on his finger,  
4 An your heart sud burst in three.'

87A.18
1 She's turn'd her back unto the wa,  
2 And her face unto a rock,  
3 And there, before the mother's face,  
4 Her very heart it broke.

87A.19
1 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,  
2 The tother in Marie's quair,  
3 And out o the tane there sprang a birk,  
4 And out o the tother a brier.

87A.20
1 And that twa met, and that twa plat,  
2 The birk but and the brier,  
3 And by that ye may very weel ken  
4 They were twa lovers dear.

87B.1
1 IT'S fifty miles to Sittingen's Rocks,  
2 As eer was ridden or gane;  
3 And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,  
4 But he dare na bring her hame.

87B.2
1 His mother, she called to her waiting-maid,  
2 To bring her a pint o wine:  
3 'For I dinna weel ken what hour of the day  
4 That my son Earl Robert shalld hine.'

87B.3
1 She's put it to her fause, fause cheek,  
2 But an her fause, fause chin;  
3 She's put it to her fause, fause lips,  
4 But never a drop went in.

87B.4
1 But he's put it to his bonny cheek,  
2 Aye and his bonny chin;  
3 'A blessing, a blessing, dear mother,' he cries,  
4 That they loved each other dear.

87B.5
1 'O where will I get a bonny boy,  
2 That will win hose and shoon,  
3 That will gang quickly to Sittingen's Rocks,  
4 And bid my lady come?'

87B.6
1 It's out then speaks a bonny boy,  
2 To dress her swiftest steed;  
3 But my grandmother has prepared a feast,  
4 For she knew very weel by this pretty little boy

87B.7
1 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
2 As good as ever was rode or gane,  
3 And she lovd him above power;  
4 It was nineteen miles to Strawberry Castle.

87B.8
1 'I've come for none of his gold,' she said,  
2 'Nor none of his white monie;  
3 Excepting a ring of his smallest finger,  
4 If that you will grant me.'

87B.9
1 Thou'll not get none of his gold,' she said,  
2 'Nor none of his white monie;  
3 Thou'll not get a ring of his smallest finger,  
4 Tho thy heart should break in three.'

87B.10
1 'What news, what news, Mary Florence?' she says,  
2 'What news has thou to me?'  
3 'I came to see your son Lord Robert,  
4 And fain would I him see.'

87B.11
1 'I came not for his gude red gold,  
2 Nor for his white monie,  
3 But for the ring on his wee finger,  
4 And fain would I it see.'

87B.12
1 'That ring thou cannot see, Mary Florence,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;  
3 For death was so strong in Lord Robert's breast
4 That the gold ring burst in three.'

87C.1
1 PRINCE ROBERT he has wedded a wife,  
2 An he daurna bring her hame;  
3 The queen . . .  
4 His mither was much to blame.

87C.2
1 She called upon her best marie,  
2 To dress her swiftest steed;  
3 And so clever was her cursed fingers
4 'I want nane o his gowd, I want nane o his gear,
5 'Thou'll not get none of his gold,' she said,  
6 That the gold ring burst in three.'

87C.3
1 'I want nae land frae thee;  
2 I dinna ken what it is here,  
3 To like your wife better than your mither,  
4 That . . . bought you sae dear.'

87C.4
1 'I came to see your son Lord Robert,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;  
3 Excepting a ring of his wee finger,
4 And fain would I him see.

87C.5
1 'That ring thou cannot see, Mary Florence,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;  
3 For death was so strong in Lord Robert's breast
4 That the gold ring burst in three.'

87C.6
1 'I came not for his gude red gold,  
2 Nor for his white monie,  
3 But for the ring on his wee finger,  
4 And fain would I it see.'

87C.7
1 'That ring thou cannot see, Mary Florence,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;  
3 For death was so strong in Lord Robert's breast
4 That the gold ring burst in three.'

87C.13
1 And when she came to Knotingale Castle  
2 She tirlled at the pin,  
3 And so ready was Lord Robert's mother  
4 To open and let her in.

87C.14
1 'What news, what news, Mary Florence?' she says,  
2 'What news has thou to me?'  
3 'I came to see your son Lord Robert,  
4 And fain would I him see.'

87C.15
1 'That ring thou cannot see, Mary Florence,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;
3 For death was so strong in Lord Robert's breast
4 That the gold ring burst in three.'

87D.1
1-An drap gaed in.
2-I di'nna ken what it is here,  
3-To like your wife better than your mither,  
4-That . . . bought you sae dear.

87D.2
1 PRINCE ROBERT he has wedded a wife,  
2 An he daurna bring her hame;  
3 The queen . . .  
4 His mither was much to blame.

87D.3
1 She called upon her best marie,  
2 To dress her swiftest steed;  
3 And so clever was her cursed fingers
4 'I want nane o his gowd, I want nane o his gear,
5 'Thou'll not get none of his gold,' she said,  
6 That the gold ring burst in three.'

87D.4
1 'I came not for his gude red gold,  
2 Nor for his white monie,  
3 But for the ring on his wee finger,  
4 And fain would I it see.'

87D.5
1 'I came to see your son Lord Robert,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;
3 Excepting a ring of his wee finger,
4 And fain would I him see.

87D.6
1 'I came not for his gude red gold,  
2 Nor for his white monie,  
3 But for the ring on his wee finger,  
4 And fain would I it see.'

87D.7
1 'I came to see your son Lord Robert,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;
3 Excepting a ring of his wee finger,
4 And fain would I him see.'

87D.8
1 'I came to see your son Lord Robert,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;
3 Excepting a ring of his wee finger,
4 And fain would I him see.'

87D.9
1 'I came to see your son Lord Robert,  
2 That ring thou'll never see;
3 Excepting a ring of his wee finger,
4 And fain would I him see.'

87D.10
1-An drap gaed in.
2-I di'nna ken what it is here,  
3-To like your wife better than your mither,  
4-That . . . bought you sae dear.

87D.11
1-An drap gaed in.
2-I di'nna ken what it is here,  
3-To like your wife better than your mither,  
4-That . . . bought you sae dear.
8B.4 Young Johnstone had a little small sword,  
2 Hung low down by his gair,  
3 And he stabbed it through the young Colnel,  
4 That word he neer spak mair.

8B.5 But he’s awa to his sister’s bower,  
2 He’s tirled at the pin:  
3 ‘Where ha’ ye been, my dear brother,  
4 Sae late a coming in?’  
5 ‘I ha’ been at the school, sister,  
6 Learning young clerks to sing.’

8B.6 ‘I’ve dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
2 I wish it may be for good;  
3 They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
4 And the young Colnel was dead.’

8B.7 ‘Hawks and hounds they may seek me,  
2 As I trow well they be;  
3 For I have killed the young Colnel,  
4 And thy true-love was he.’

8B.8 ‘If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
2 O dule and wae is me!  
3 But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,  
4 And hae nae power to flee.’

8B.9 And he’s awa to his true-love’s bower,  
2 He’s tirled at the pin:  
3 ‘What hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,  
4 Sae late a coming in?’  
5 ‘It’s I ha’ been at the school,’ he says,  
6 ‘Learning young clerks to sing.’

8B.10 ‘I have dreamed a dreary dream,’ she says,  
2 ‘I wish it may be for good;  
3 They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
4 And the young Colnel was dead.’

8B.11 ‘Hawks and hounds they may seek me,  
2 As I trow well they be;  
3 For I hae killed the young Colnel,  
4 And thy ae brother was he.’

8B.12 ‘If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
2 O dule and wae is me!  
3 But I care the less for the young Colnel,  
4 If thy ain body be free.

8B.13 ‘Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,  
2 Come in and take a sleep;  
3 And I will go to my casement,  
4 And carefully I will thee keep.’

8B.14 He had not weel been in her bower-door,  
2 No not for half an hour,  
3 When four and twenty belted knights  
4 Came riding to the bower.

8B.15 Well may you sit and see, lady,  
2 Well may you sit and say;  
3 Did you not see a bloody squire  
4 Come riding by this way?’

8B.16 ‘What colour were his hawks?’ she says,  
2 ‘What colour were his hounds?  
3 What colour was the gallant steed,  
4 That bore him from the bounds?’

8B.17 ‘Bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
2 And bloody were his hounds;  
3 But milk-white was the gallant steed,  
4 That bore him from the bounds.

8B.18 ‘Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
2 And bloody were his hounds;  
3 But milk-white was the gallant steed,  
4 That bore him from the bounds.

8B.19 ‘Light down, light down then, gentlemen,  
2 And take some bread and wine;  
3 ‘Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,  
4 He’s tirled at the pin:  
5 ‘What aileth thee at me?’  
6 ‘I wish it may be for good;  
3 They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
4 And the young Colnel was dead.’

8B.20 ‘We thank you for your bread, fair lady,  
2 We thank you for your wine;  
3 But I wad gie thrice three thousand pound  
4 That bloody knight was taen.’

8B.21 ‘Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,  
2 Lie still and take a sleep;  
3 For thy enemies are past and gone,  
4 And carefully I will thee keep.’

8B.22 But Young Johnstone had a little wee sword,  
2 Hung low down by his gair,  
3 And he stabbed it in fair Annet’s breast,  
4 A deep wound and a sair.

8B.23 ‘What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?  
2 What aileth thee at me?  
3 Hast thou not got my father’s gold,  
4 Bot and my mither’s fee?’

8B.24 ‘Now live, now live, my dear ladye,  
2 Now live but half an hour,  
3 And there’s no a leech in a’ Scotland  
4 But shall be in thy bower.’

8B.25 ‘How can I live? how shall I live?  
2 Young Johnstone, do not you see  
3 The red, red drops o my bonny heart’s blood  
4 Rin trinkling down my knee?’

8B.26 ‘But take thy harp into thy hand,  
2 And harp out owre you plain,  
3 And neet think mair on thy true-love  
4 Than if she had never been.’

8C.1 SWEET WILLIAM and the young Colnel  
2 One day was drinking wine:  
3 ‘It’s I will marry young sister,  
4 If ye will marry mine.’

8C.2 ‘I will not marry your sister,  
2 Altho her hair be brown;  
3 But I’ll keep her for my liberty-wife,  
4 As I ride thro the town.’

8C.3 William, having his two-edged sword,  
2 He leaned quite low to the ground,  
3 And he has given the young Colnel  
4 A deep and a deadly wound.

8C.4 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,  
2 Till he came to his mother’s bower;  
3 ‘O open, open, mother,’ he says,  
4 ‘And let your auld son in.’

8C.5 ‘For the rain rains owre my yellow hair,  
2 And the dew draps on my chin,  
3 And trembling stands the gallant steed  
4 That carries me from the ground.’

8C.6 ‘What aileth thee, Sweet William?’ she says,  
2 ‘What harm now hast thou done?’  
3 ‘Oh I hae killed the young Colnel,  
4 And his heart’s blood sair does run.’

8C.7 ‘If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
2 Nae shelter ye’ll get frae me;  
3 May the two-edged sword be upon your heart,  
4 That never hath power to flee!’

8C.8 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,  
2 Till he came to his sister’s bower;  
3 ‘Oh open, open, sister,’ he says,  
4 ‘And let your brother in.’

8C.9 ‘For the rain rains on my yellow hair,  
2 And the dew draps on my chin,  
3 And trembling stands the gallant steed  
4 That carries me from the ground.’

8C.10 ‘What aileth thee, Sweet William?’ she says,  
2 ‘What harm now hast thou done?’  
3 ‘Oh I have killed the young Colnel,  
4 And his heart’s blood sair doth run.’
The Text of

88C.11
1 'If ye hae killed the young Colin,
2 Nae shelter ye'll get frae me;
3 May the two-edged sword be upon your heart,
4 That never hath power to fell!'  
88C.12
1 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,
2 Till he came to his true-love's bower;
3 'Oh open, open, my true-love,' he says,
4 'And let your sweetheart in.'  
88C.13
1 'For the rain rains on my yellow hair,
2 And the dew drops on my chin,
3 And trembling stands the gallant steed
4 That carries me from the ground.'  
88C.14
1 'What aileth thee, Sweet William?' she says,
2 'What harm now hast thou done?'
3 'Oh I hae killed thy brother dear,
4 And his heart's blood sair doth run.'  
88C.15
1 'If ye hae killed my brother dear,
2 It's oh and alace for me!
3 But between the blankets and the sheets
4 It's there I will hide thee!'  
88C.16
1 She's taen him by the milk-white hand,
2 She's led him thro chambers three,
3 Until she came to her own chamber:
4 'It's there I will hide thee.'  
88C.17
1 'Lye down, lye down, Sweet William,' she says,
2 'Lye down and take a sleep;
3 It's owre the chamber I will watch,
4 Thy fair bodie to keep.'  
88C.18
1 She had not watched at the chamber-door
2 An hour but only three,
3 Till four and twenty belted knights
4 Did seek his fair bodie.  
88C.19
1 'O did you see the hunt?' she says,
2 'Or did you see that hunt?'
3 Or did you see that gallant steed,
4 That last rade thro the town?'  
88C.20
1 'What colour was the fox?' they said,
2 'What colour was the hounds?
3 What colour was the gallant steed,
4 That's far yont London town?'  
88C.21
1 'O dark grey was the fox,' she said,
2 'And light grey was the hounds,
3 But milk-white was the gallant steed
4 That's far yont London town.'  
88C.22
1 'Rise up, rise up, Sweet William,' she says,
2 'Rise up, and go away,
3 For four and twenty belted knights
4 Were seeking thy bodie.'  
88C.23
1 William, having his two-edged sword,
2 He leaned it quite low to the ground,
3 And he has given his own bodie
4 A deep and deadly wound.  
88D.1
1 JOHNSTON HEY and Young Caldwell
2 Were drinking o the wine:
3 'O will ye marry my sister?
4 And I will marry thine.'  
88D.2
1 'I winna marry your sister,
2 Altho her locks are broun;
3 But I'll make her my concubine,
4 As I ride through the toun.'  
88D.3
1 Syne Johnston drew a gude braid sword,
2 That hang down by his knee,
3 And he has run the Young Caldwell
4 Out through the fair bodie.  
88D.4
1 Up he gat, and awa he rade,
2 By the clear light o the moon,
3 Until he came to his mother's door,
4 And there he lichtit doun.  
88D.5
1 'Whare hae ye been, son Willie,' she said,
2 'Sae late and far in the night?'
3 'O I hae been at yon new slate house,
4 Hearing the clergy speak.'  
88D.6
1 'I dreamt a dream, son Willie,' she said,
2 'I doubt it bodes nae gude;
3 That your ain room was fu o red swine,
4 And your bride's bed daubd wi blude.'  
88D.7
1 'To dream o blude, sister,' he said,
2 'I doubt it bodes meikle ill;
3 That your fair bodie is free frae skaith,
4 The easier I will be.'  
88D.8
1 'Gin ye hae slain a Young Caldwell,
2 Alace and wae is me!
3 But gin your fair bodie's free frae skaith,
4 The bludie knicht rade on!'  
88D.9
1 'What colour was his hawk?' she said,
2 'What colour was his hound?
3 What colour was the gudely steed
4 The bludie knicht rade on.'  
88D.10
1 'Gin hae I seen your sister
2 And yellow-fit was his hound,
3 And milk-white was the gudely steed
4 The easier I will be.'  
88D.11
1 'I dreamt a dream, brither,' she said,
2 'I doubt it bodes nae gude;
3 I dreamt the ravens eat your flesh,
4 And the lions drank your blude.'  
88D.12
1 'To dream o blude, sister,' he said,
2 'I doubt it bodes meikle ill;
3 And I hae slain a Young Caldwell,
4 And they're seeking me to kill.'  
88D.13
1 'Gin ye hae slain a Young Caldwell,
2 Alace and wae is me!
3 To be torn at the tail o wild horses
4 Is the death I weet ye'll die.'  
88D.14
1 Up he gat, and awa he rade,
2 By the clear light o the mune,
3 Until he cam to his sister's bower,
4 And there he lichtit doun.  
88D.15
1 'Whare hae ye been, Love Willie,' she said,
2 'Sae late and far in the night?
3 'O I hae been in yon new slate house,
4 Hearing the clergy speak.'  
88D.16
1 'I dreamt a dream, Willie,' she said,
2 'I doubt it bodes nae gude;
3 I dreamt the ravens ate your flesh,
4 And the lions drank your blude.'  
88D.17
1 'To dream o ravens, love,' he said,
2 'Is the loss o a near friend;
3 And I hae killed your brither dear
4 And for it I'll be slain.'  
88D.18
1 'Gin ye hae slain my ae brither,
2 Alace and wae is me!
3 But gin your fair bodie's free frae skaith,
4 The easier I will be.'  
88D.19
1 'Lye down, lye down, Love Willie,' she said,
2 'Lye down and tak a sleep;
3 And I will walk the castel wa,
4 Your fair bodie to keep.'  
88D.20
1 He laid him doun within her bower,
2 She happit him wi her plaid,
3 And she's awa to the castle-wa,
4 To see what would betide.  
88D.21
1 She hadna gane the castle round
2 A time but only three,
3 Till four and twenty beltil knichts
4 Cam riding ower the lea.  
88D.22
1 And when they came unto the gate,
2 They stude and thus did say:
3 'O did ye see yon bludie knicht,
4 As he rade out this way?'  
88D.23
1 'What colour was his hawk?' she said,
2 'What colour was his hound?
3 What colour was the gudely steed
4 The bludie knicht rade on?'  
88D.24
1 'Nut-brown was his hawk,' they said,
2 'And yellow-fit was his hound,
3 And milk-white was the gudely steed
4 The bludie knicht rade on.'  
88D.25
1 'Gin nut-brown was his hawk,' she said,
2 'And yellow-fit was his hound,
3 And milk-white was the gudely steed
4 He's up to London gone.'  
88D.26
1 They spurred their steeds ower the lea,
2 They being void o fear;
3 Syne up she gat, and awa she gade,
4 Wi tidings to her dear.  
88D.27
1 'O wae be to you, Love Willie,' she said,
2 'And an ill death may ye die!
3 For first ye slew my ae brither,
4 And now ye hae kild me.'  
88D.28
1 'Oh live, oh live, true-love,' he said,
2 'Oh live but ae half hour,
3 And there's not a doctor in a London
4 But sall be in your bower.'  
88D.29
1 'How can I live, Love Willie,' she said,
2 'For the space of half an hour?
3 Dinnae ye see my clear heart's blood
4 A rinnin down the floor?'  
88D.30
1 'Tak aff, tak aff my holland sark,
2 And rave't frae gare to gair,
3 And stappit it in her bleeding wounds,
4 They'll may be bleed nae mair.'  
88D.31
1 Syne he took aff her holland sark,
2 And rave'd his frae gare to gair,
3 And stappit it in her bleeding wounds,
4 But aye they bled the mair.  
88D.32
1 'Gae dress yourself in black,' she said,
2 'And gae whistling out the way;
3 And mourn nae mair for your true-love
4 When she's laid in the clay.'  
88D.34
1 He leaned his halbert on the ground,
2 The point o't to his breast,
3 Saying, Here three sauls [s'] gaun to heaven;
4 I hope they'll a' get rest.
4 It's right that I should die.
2 'Ae foot I winna flee;
1 'Ae foot I winna flee, lady,
4 My heart's blood by your knee.
3 Ye see my blood rin on the ground,
2 How can I live for thee?
1 'How can I live? how shall I live?
3 And nae a leech in a' the land
2 The space o' a half hour,
1 'O live, O live, my gay lady,
4 Ye had trysted into me.
3 I thought it was my deadly foe,
1 'Ohon, alas, my lady gay,
2 To wreak itself on me,
1 'What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire
2 Her ain gude lord to meet;
1 She has gane to her bigly bower,
4 The lighter that ye dine.'
4 'I'll be kind to your bonnie dow.'

3 'But 'Thou be kind to my boy,' she says,

2 They never durst avow,

1 At kirk or market, where'er they met,

4 Took awa her bonnie boy.

3 Wha gived to her her woman-child,

2 And word is to the town,

1 Word is to the city gone,

3 But if it be a bonnie boy,

2 If you please she'll get five; 

3 If it be of a lassie-bairn,

2 'As I trew well you be,

4 And weeping rode away.

3 She turnd her back against the court,

1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,

4 And that court ye'll never see.'

3 And come along with me, my dear,

2 'Hold your tongue, my pretty may,

4 As innocent as he was born.

3 And he has murdered the king of Onore,

2 Their sheets was made of dorn— 

4 At the king of Onore's head.

3 Up and started the Eastmure king

2 Wi the best half of his land,

3 Syne pierced him through the foul fa'se heart,

2 Frae me you shanno flee,'

1 'O hold your tongue now, Fa'se Footrage,

4 Wha loud for help gan ca.

1 She lighted aff her milk-white steed,

3 What will the court and council say

4 Bot and her good lord slain.

2 Was in a drowsy dream;

1 This maid she awak'd in the middle of the 

4 As innocent as he was born.

3 For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower,

2 'As quick as eer you may;

1 The boy he's buckled his belt about,

4 Before the break of day.'

3 For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower,

2 'O sleep ye, or wake ye, Lillie Flower?

1 'O sleep ye, or wake ye, Lillie Flower?

2 The red run's i the rain: 

1 The boy he's buckled his belt about,

2 And thro the green-wood ran,

3 That they rested them in Silver Wood,

4 And guess wha she micht be.

3 They have all courted a pretty maid,

2 And the king of Onorie,

1 THE Eastmure king, and the Westmure king,

4 They seek to murder thee.

3 Said, Stay at home, my daughter May,

2 A wise woman was she;

1 'You wonder that your mother dear 

2 Does never take me hame?

1 'Win up, my bonny boy,' he says,

3 To keep me still in banishment

3 'Tell me this now, Jellon Grame,

2 While the tear stood in his eye,

3 That they rested them in Silver Wood,

4 The deed that he had done.

2 Calld him his sister's son;

1 And he's brought up that bonny boy,

4 And three to go between.

3 Three to wake, and three to sleep,

2 As a hunting they did gay,

4 To make your love a shirt.'

3 'You are bid come to good green-wood,

2 My mellison you wi;

4 He's gard an arrow gang.

2 It was baith stout and lang,

3 But he felt some for the bonny boy,

1 He felt nae pity for that ladie,

2 Tho she was lying dead;

3 But he felt nae pity for that ladie,

2 Tho she for life did pray;

1 He has sent his bent bow till his breast,

4 'Woud be a piteous sight.'

3 For I do swear and do declare

2 Be aware this day of me;

1 'Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,

2 Maun shortly see the light;

2 Calld him his sister's son;

1 And he's brought up that bonny boy,

4 And three to go between.

3 Three to wake, and three to sleep,

2 As a hunting they did gay,

4 To make your love a shirt.'

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2 Tho she for life did pray;

1 He has sent his bent bow till his breast,

4 'Woud be a piteous sight.'

3 For I do swear and do declare

2 Be aware this day of me;

1 'Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,
90B.5  
1 'Go saddle my horseback,' she said,  
2 'It's quick as ever you may,  
3 And you will ride to good green-wood;  
4 It is a pleasant day.'

90B.6  
1 And when she came to good green-wood,  
2 It's through it they did ride;  
3 Then up did start him Hind Henry,  
4 Just at the lady's side.

90B.7  
1 Says, Stop, O stop, you May Margerie,  
2 Just stop I say to thee;  
3 The boy that leads your bridle reins  
4 Shall see you red and blue.

90B.8  
1 'It's out he drew a long, long brand,  
2 And stroked it ower a strae,  
3 The bishop that's your brand,  
4 And her not hurting thee.'

90B.9  
1 Then he's taen out a trusty brand,  
2 To go home he was fain,  
3 To pull a hollin wand,  
4 As what ye gae to me.'

90B.10  
1 There was less pity for that lady,  
2 When she was lying dead,  
3 As was for her bony infant boy,  
4 Lay swathed among her bleed.

90B.11  
1 The boy fled home with all his might,  
2 The tear into his ee:  
3 'They have slain my lady in the wood,  
4 Just fair by her right side.'

90B.12  
1 Her sister's ran into the wood,  
2 With greater grief and care,  
3 Sighing and sobbing all the way,  
4 To lay good on her seam.

90B.13  
1 Says, I'll take up that fair infant,  
2 And lull him on my sleeve;  
3 Altho his father should wish me woe,  
4 And never would love me.

90B.14  
1 Now she has taken the infant up,  
2 And she has brought him hame,  
3 And she has called him Brown Robin,  
4 That was his father's name.

90B.15  
1 And when he did grow up a bit,  
2 She put him to the lair,  
3 And of all the youths was at that school  
4 None could with him compare.

90B.16  
1 And it fell upon a day  
2 A playtime it was come,  
3 And when the rest went from the school,  
4 Each one to their own home,

90B.17  
1 He hied him unto good green-wood,  
2 And leapt from tree to tree;  
3 It was to pull a hollin wand,  
4 To play his ownself wi.

90B.18  
1 And when he thus had passed his time,  
2 To go home he was fain,  
3 He chanced to meet him Hind Henry,  
4 As where his mother was slain.

90B.19  
1 'O how is this,' the youth cried out,  
2 'If it to you is known,  
3 How all this wood is growing grass,  
4 And on that small spot grows none?'

90B.20  
1 'Since you do wonder, bonnie boy,  
2 I shall tell you ane,  
3 That is indeed the very spot  
4 I killed your mother in.'

90B.21  
1 He catched hold of Henry's brand,  
2 And stroked it ower a strae,  
3 And thro a and thro Hind Henry's sides  
4 He made the cauld metal gae.
The Text of

90C.34
1 'O, if ye slew my mother dear,
2 As I trust ye make nae lie,
3 I wis ye never did the deed
4 That better paid shall be.'

90C.35
1 'O mercy, mercy, little Robin,
2 O mercy hae on me!
3 'Sic mercy as ye pae my mother,
4 Sic mercy I'll gie thee.'

90C.36
1 'Prepare yourself, perfidious man,
2 For by my hand ye'se doe;
3 Now come's the that bludgy butcher's end
4 Took my mother frae me.'

90C.37
1 Then he hae chosen a sharp arrow,
2 That was baith keen and smart,
3 And let it fly at Hynde Henry,
4 And pierced him to the heart.

90C.38
1 These news hae gaen thro Stirling town,
2 Likewise thro Hunting-ha;
3 At last it reachd the king's own court,
4 Among the nobles a'.

90D.1
1 When the king got word o that,
2 A light laugh then gae he,
3 And he's sent for him little Robin,
4 To come right speedilie.

90D.2
1 'D'ye mind, d'ye mind, Lady Margerie,
2 As you sit in a chair of oak,
3 And to my sister Betty fair,
4 Or my merry lake-wake.]

90D.3
1 And he's taen the baby out of her womb
2 And thrown it upon a thorn:
3 'Tis a month,' he said, 'Since she
4 Till upon the ground she could not walk,
5 On the ground she could not walk,
6 The cradle will rock its lone.'

90D.4
1 But when brother Henry's cruel brand
2 Had done the bloody deed,
3 The silver-buttons flew off his coat,
4 And his nose began to bleed.

91A.5
1 When she came to Wallington,
2 and into Wallington hall,
3 There she spy'd her mother dear,
4 walking about the wall.

91A.6
1 'You're welcome, daughter dear,
2 to thy castle and thy bowers;
3 'I thank you kindly, mother,
4 I hope they'll soon be yours.'

91A.7
1 She had not been in Wallington
2 three quarters and a day,
3 Till upon the ground she could not walk,
4 she was a weary prey.

91A.8
1 She had not been in Wallington
2 three quarters and a night,
3 Till on the ground she could not walk,
4 she was a weary wight.

91A.9
1 'Is there neer a boy in this town,
2 who'll win hose and shun,
3 That will run to fair Pudlington,
4 and bid my mother come?'

91A.10
1 Up then spake a little boy,
2 near unto a-kin;
3 'Full oft I have your errands gone,
4 but now I will it run.'

91A.11
1 Then she call'd her waiting-maid
2 to bring up bread and wine:
3 'Eat and drink, my bonny boy,
4 thou'll neer eat more of mine.

91A.12
1 'Give my respects to my mother,
2 [as] she sits in her chair of oak,
3 And bid her come to my sickening,
4 or my merry lake-wake.'

91A.13
1 [ 'Give my respects to my mother,
2 as she sits in her chair of stone,
3 And ask her how she likes the news,
4 of seven to have but one.

91A.14
1 'Give my love to my brother
2 William, Ralph, and John,
3 And to my sister Betty fair,
4 and to her white as bone.

91A.15
1 'And bid her keep her maidenhead,
2 be sure make much on't,
3 For if e'er she come in man's bed,
4 the veins they are so red,
5 The silver plate into the fire,
6 She took her chambers from me.'

91A.16
1 Away this little boy is gone,
2 To bring up bread and wine:
3 'Eat and drink, my bonny boy,
4 I hope they'll soon be yours.'

91A.17
1 When they came to Wallington,
2 and into Wallington hall,
3 There she spy'd her son Fenwick,
4 walking about the wall.

91A.18
1 'WHEN we were sisters seven,
2 as you sit in a chair of oak,
3 And bid you come to my sickening,
4 or my merry lake-wake.'

91A.19
1 'Your daughter Mary orders me,
2 as she sits in her chair of stone,
3 And to her sister Betty fair,
4 And her waiting-maid;
5 The silver plate into the fire,
6 She bid thy castle and thy bowers;
7 To ask you how you like the news,
8 [as] she sits in her chair of stone,
9 Give my regards to my mother,
10 'O mercy, mercy, little Robin,
11 There she spy'd her mother dear,
12 Of seven to have but one.
13 She took her chambers from me.'

91A.20
1 'She commands to her brother
2 William, Ralph, and John,
3 [And] to her sister Betty fair,
4 and to her white as bone.

91A.21
1 'She bids her keep her maidenhead,
2 be sure make much on't,
3 For if e'er she came in man's bed,
4 The silver plate into the fire,
5 She took her chambers from me.'

91A.22
1 She kickt the table with her foot,
2 she kickit with her knee;
3 The silver plate into the fire,
4 so far she made it flee.

91A.23
1 Then she call'd her waiting-maid
2 to bring her riding-hood,
3 So did she on her stable-groom
4 to bring her riding-steed.

91A.24
1 'Go saddle to me the black [the black,]
2 go saddle to me the brown,
3 Go saddle to me the swiftest steed
4 that ever rid [to] Wallington.'

91A.25
1 When they came to Wallington,
2 and into Wallington hall,
3 There she spy'd her son Fenwick,
4 walking about the wall.

91A.26
1 'God save you, dear son,
2 Lord may your keeper be!
3 Where is my daughter fair,
4 that used to walk with thee?'

91A.27
1 He turnd his head round about,
2 as he sit in a chair of oak,
3 Tho the cradle it be full spread up,
4 The cradle will rock its lone.'

91A.28
1 'When we were sisters seven,
2 as you sit in a chair of stone,
3 And to your brother;[as] she sits in her chair of stone,
4 Till upon the ground she could not walk,
5 The silver plate into the fire,
6 She took her chambers from me.'

91A.29
1 Her daughter had a scope
2 into her cheek and into her chin,
3 All to keep her life
4 till her dear mother came.

91A.30
1 'Come take the rings off my fingers,
2 the veins they are so red,
3 'Tis a month,' he said, 'Since she
4 till your dear mother came.

91A.31
1 'Come take the rings off my fingers,
2 the veins they are so red,
3 T'is a month,' he said, 'Since she
4 till your dear mother came.

91A.32
1 She went on . . .
2 and there were in the hall
3 Four and twenty ladies,
4 letting the tears down fall.

91A.33
1 There is a race in Wallington,
2 and that I rue full sare;
3 The cradle it be full spread up,
4 the bride-bed is left bare.

91B.1
1 'WHEN we were sisters seven,
2 as you sit in a chair of oak,
3 And bid you come to my sickening,
4 or my merry lake-wake.'

91B.2
1 But there came knights, and there came squiers,
2 To bring her riding-hood,
3 The silver plate into the fire,
4 She took her chambers from me.'

91B.3
1 He has bought her rings for her fingers,
2 And garlands for her hair;
3 The broochis till her bosom braid;
4 What wad my love ha mair?
5 And he has brought her on to Livingston,
6 And made her lady thear.

91B.4
1 She had na been in Liveingston
2 A twelvemonth and a day,
3 Till she was as big wi bairn
4 As any lady could gae.

91B.5
1 The knight he knocked his white fingers,
2 The goode rings flew in twa:
3 'Halls and bowers they shall go wast
4 Ere my bonny love gie awa!'
91B.6
1 The knight he knocked his white fingers,
2 The goude rings flew in foure;
3 Hails and bowers they shall go waste
4 Eren my bonny lady gie it ome! 

91B.7
1 The knight he knocked his white fingers,
2 The lady's sewed and sung;
3 It was to come to Lady Mazery,
4 But her life-days wear na long. 

91B.8
1 'O whare will I get a bonny boy,
2 That will win both hoos and shoon,
3 That will win his way to Little Snoddown,
4 To my mother, the Queen.' 

91B.9
1 Up and stands a bonny boy,
2 Goude yellow was his hair;
3 I wish his mother mickle grace at him,
4 And his trew-love mickle mare. 

91B.10
1 'Here I am a bonny boy,
2 That will win baith hoos an shoon,
3 That will win my way to Little Snoddown,
4 To thy mother, the Queen.' 

91B.11
1 'Here is the rings frae my fingers,
2 The garlonds frae my hair,
3 'Here is the rings frae her fingers,
4 To thy mother, the Queen.' 

91B.12
1 'Here it is my weeding-goun,
2 It is a' goude but the hem;
3 Gi it to my sister Allen,
4 For she is left now bird her lane.' 

91B.13
1 'When you come where brigs is broken,
2 Ye'll bent your bow and swim;
3 An when ye come where green grass grows,
4 Ye'll slack your shoon and run.' 

91B.14
1 'But when you come to yon castle,
2 Bide neither to chap nor ca;
3 But you' set your bent bow to your breast,
4 And lightly loup the wa;
5 And gin the porter be half-gate,
6 Ye' ll be ben throw the ha!' 

91B.15
1 'When he came where brigs was broken,
2 He bent his bow and swam;
3 An when he came where green grass grows,
4 He slacked his shoon an ran.' 

91B.16
1 And when he came to yon castel,
2 He stayed neither to chap no ca',
3 But bent his bow unto his breast,
4 And lightly loup the wa';
5 And gin the porter was hafe-gate,
6 He was ben throw the ha.' 

91B.17
1 'O peace be to you, ladys a'!
2 As ye sit at your dine
3 Ye ha little word of Lady Mazere,
4 For she dreeses nickel pine. 

91B.18
1 'Here is the rings frae her fingers,
2 The garlonds frae her hair,
3 The broches frae her bosome brade;
4 Fray her ye' l lere get mare.' 

91B.19
1 'Here it is her weeding-goun,
2 It is a' goude but the hem;
3 Ye' ll ge it to her sister Allen,
4 For she is left bird her lane.' 

91B.20
1 She ca' d the table wi her foot,
2 And coped it wi her tan,
3 Till siller cups an siller cans
4 Unto the floor did gae. 

91B.21
1 'Ye wash, ye wash, ye bonny boy,
2 Ye wash, and come to dine;
3 It does not fit a bonny boy
4 His errant for to tine. 

91B.22
1 'Ge saddle to me the black, the black,
2 Ge saddle to me the brown,
3 Ge saddle to me the swiftest steed
4 That ever rid frae a town.' 

91B.23
1 The first steed they saddled to her,
2 He was the bonny black;
3 He was a good steed, an a very good steed,
4 But he tiyird ere he wan the slack. 

91B.24
1 The next steed they saddled to her,
2 He was the bonny brown,
3 He was a good steed, an a very good steed,
4 But he tiyird ere he wan the town. 

91B.25
1 The next steed they saddled to her,
2 He was the bonny white;
3 Fair fa the mair that fo'd the folle
4 That carried her to Mazeree's leer! 

91B.26
1 As she gaed in at Levingston,
2 Thair was na nickel pride;
3 The scobs was in her lovely mouth,
4 And the raizer in her side. 

91B.27
1 'O them that marrys your daughter, lady,
2 I think them but a fool;
3 A married man at Martimass,
4 An a widdow the next Yule!' 

91B.28
1 'O hold your toung now, Bird Allen,
2 Let all your folly abee;
3 I'de count him but a feel,
4 For a word she never spake mare.' 

91B.29
1 Out an speaks her Bird Allen,
2 For she spake ay through pride;
3 'That shall ly down by my side.'
4 Tho ye shoud live but rathes three.' 

91C.1
1 'O WE were sisters seven, Maisry,
2 And five are died wi child;
3 There is none but you and I, Maisry,
4 And we' ll be maidens mild.' 

91C.2
1 She hardly had the word spoken,
2 And turnd her round about;
3 When the bonny Earl of Livingston
4 Was calling Maisry out. 

91C.3
1 Upon a bonny milk-white steed,
2 That drank out o the Tyne,
3 And a' was for her Lady Maisry,
4 To take her hyne and hyne. 

91C.4
1 Upon a bonny milk-white steed,
2 That drank out o the Tay,
3 And a' was for her Lady Maisry,
4 To carry her away. 

91C.5
1 She had not been at Livingston
2 A twelvemonth and a day,
3 Until she was as big wai bairn
4 As any ladie could gae. 

91C.6
1 She caid upon her little foot-page,
2 Says, Ye maun run wi speed,
3 And bid my mother come to me,
4 For of her I'll soon have need. 

91C.7
1 'See, there is the broothie mae my house-bane,
2 It is of gowd sae Reid;
3 Gin she wanne when I'm alive,
4 Bid her come when I am dead.' 

91C.8
1 But ere she wan to Livingston,
2 As fast as she could ride,
3 The gags they were in Maisry's mouth,
4 And the sharp sheers in her side. 

91C.9
1 Her good lord wrang his milk-white hands,
2 Till the gowd rings flaw in three:
3 'Let ha's and bowers and a' gae waste,
4 My bonny love's taen frae me!' 

91C.10
1 'O hold your tongue, Lord Livingston,
2 Let a' your mourning be;
3 For I bare the bird between my sides,
4 Yet I maun thole her to die.' 

91C.11
1 Then out it spake her sister dear,
2 As she sat at her head;
3 'That man is not in Christendoom
4 Shall gar me die sicken dead.' 

91C.12
1 'O hold your tongue, my ae daughter,
2 Let a' your folly be,
3 For ye shall be married ere this day week
4 Tho the same death you should die.' 

91D.1
1 'HERE it is was sisters seven,
2 And five is died with child;
3 Was non but you and I, Hellen,
4 And we' se be maidens mild.' 

91D.2
1 They hadna been maidsen o bonny Snawdon
2 A twelvemonth and a day,
3 When lairds and lords a courting came,
4 Seeking Mary away. 

91D.3
1 The bonny laird of Livingston,
2 He liket Mary best;
3 He gae her a ring, a royal ring,
4 And he wedded her at last. 

91D.4
1 She hed na been lady o Livingston
2 A twelvemonth and a day,
3 When she did go as big wai bairn
4 As iever a woman could be. 

91D.7
1 The knights were wringin their white fingers,
2 And the ladys wer tearin their hair;
3 It was a' for the lady o Livingston,
4 For a word she never spake mare. 

91D.8
1 Out and spake her sister Hellen,
2 Where she sat by her side;
3 'The man shall never be born,' she said,
4 'Shall ever make me his bride.' 

91D.9
1 'The man,' she said, 'That would merry me,
2 I'de count him but a feel,
3 To merry me at Whitsunday,
4 And bury me at Yele.' 

91D.10
1 Out and spak her mother dear,
2 Where she sat by the fire;
3 'I bare this babe now from my side,
4 Maun suffer them to dee.' 

91D.11
1 'And I have six boys now to my oyes,
2 And none of them were born,
3 But a hole cut in their mother's side,
4 And they from it were shorne.' 

91D.12
1 . . . . . .
2 . . . . . .
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

91E.1
1 'ARISE, arise, dochter,' she said,
2 'My bidding to obey;
3 The bravest lord in all Scotland
4 This night asked you of me.' 

91E.2
1 'O hau your tongue, mother,' she said,
2 'These words they do me wrang;
3 For gin I lye in a man's bed,
4 My days will no be lang.' 

91E.3
1 'There were seven sisters o us a',
2 We were a' clad in white;
3 And five of them were married,
4 And in child-bed they died.' 

The Child Ballads
**The Text of**

91E.4  
1 Ye shall not be drest in black,  
2 Nor sail ye be in broun;  
3 But ye’s be drest in shining gowd,  
4 To gae gliterring thro the town.

91E.5  
1 Your father sall ride before you,' she said,  
2 And your brother sall ride ahi;  
3 Your hair fore-feet silver shod,  
4 And his hind anes wi gowd shall shine.

91E.6  
1 ‘Wii four and twenty bairdle men  
2 Arween ye and the wun,  
3 And four and twenty bonnie mays  
4 Arween ye and the sun.

91E.7  
1 ‘Four and twenty milk-white geese,  
2 Stretching their wings sae wise,  
3 Blawing the dust aff the high-way,  
4 That Mild Mary may ride.'

91E.8  
1 They took to them their milk-white steeds,  
2 Set her upon a grey,  
3 And wi a napkin in her hand  
4 Weeping she rade away.

91E.9  
1 O they rade on that lee-lang night,  
2 And part o the neist day also,  
3 And synhe she saw her auld good mother  
4 Stand in the gates below.

91E.10  
1 ‘You’r welcome, welcome, dochter,' she said,  
2 ‘To your biggens and your bowers;'  
3 ‘I thank ye kindly, mither,' she said,  
4 ‘But I doubt they’ll sune be yours.'

91E.11  
1 ‘O WE were seven brave sisters,  
2 Five of us died wi child,  
3 Except it be Lord Darlington,  
4 So we’ll gae maidens mild.'

91E.12  
1 ‘O had your tongue, Lord Darlington,  
2 I wish that I may drown.'

91E.13  
1 ‘That will gae on to Seaton’s yetts,  
2 Except it be Lord Darlington,  
3 That will gae on to Seaton’s yetts,  
4 To be att my leak-wake.

91E.14  
1 ‘I had seven ane in companie,  
2 This night I go my lane;  
3 And when I come to Clyde’s water,  
4 I wish that I may drown.'

91E.15  
1 ‘We was sisters, we was seven,  
2 Five of us dayed we child,  
3 An you an me, Burd Ellen,  
4 Sall live maidens mild.'

91E.16  
1 Ther came leards, and ther came lords,  
2 That dumped the water of Clide,  
3 An he stole the lady awaa.  
4 That day that she was Livenston’s bride.

91E.17  
1 ‘O had your tongue, now Lady Margaret,  
2 An knights of high degree,  
3 ‘Mukell meatt is on yer table, lady,  
4 ‘Hand me the bonny lady of Livenston  
5 ‘Fra her she’ll never gett mare.'

91E.18  
1 ‘Hear is her bridell-stand,  
2 The’r a gound to the heam;  
3 ‘Hear is the ribbings fra her hear,  
4 ‘Far will I gett a bonny boy  
5 ‘To my mother, the quin?'

91E.19  
1 ‘Hear is her bridell-stand,  
2 The’r a gound to the heam;  
3 ‘Hear am I, a bonny boy  
4 ‘To your midder, the quin.'

91E.20  
1 ‘Hear is the bruch fra her breast-bean,  
2 ‘Got saddel to me the broun,  
3 ‘Batt the bonny lady of Livenston  
4 ‘Gass never out of my thought.'

91E.21  
1 ‘Hear is the bruch fra her breast-bean,  
2 ‘Batt the bairns fra her hear;  
3 ‘I was bidden gie that to her mother,  
4 ‘Fra her she’r never gett mare.'

91E.22  
1 ‘Hear is her bridell-stand,  
2 The’r a gound to the heam;  
3 ‘Mukell meatt is on yer table, lady,  
4 ‘Hand me the bonny lady of Livenston  
5 ‘Fra her she’ll never gett mare.'

91E.23  
1 ‘Hear is the ribbings fra her hear,  
2 ‘Gass never out of my thought.'

91E.24  
1 ‘Hear is the bruch fra her breast-bean,  
2 ‘Batt the bairns fra her hear;  
3 ‘I was bidden gie that to her mother,  
4 ‘Fra her she’r never gett mare.'

91E.25  
1 ‘Hear is her bridell-stand,  
2 The’r a gound to the heam;  
3 ‘Mukell meatt is on yer table, lady,  
4 ‘Hand me the bonny lady of Livenston  
5 ‘Fra her she’ll never gett mare.'

91E.26  
1 ‘Hear is the ribbings fra her hear,  
2 ‘Gass never out of my thought.'

91E.27  
1 ‘Hear is the bruch fra her breast-bean,  
2 ‘Batt the bairns fra her hear;  
3 ‘I was bidden gie that to her mother,  
4 ‘Fra her she’r never gett mare.'

91E.28  
1 ‘Hear is her bridell-stand,  
2 The’r a gound to the heam;  
3 ‘Mukell meatt is on yer table, lady,  
4 ‘Hand me the bonny lady of Livenston  
5 ‘Fra her she’ll never gett mare.'
91. The stone grew dark and gray.
2 A twelve month and a day,
1 He had no been at Bonny Bee Hom
3 Be sure your love is dead and gone,
2 Or the stone shoud change its hue,
4 Your blude can never be drawn.
3 'As lang as this chain your body binds,
1 She has gien him a chain of the beaten gowd,
4 To Bee Hom for to go.'
1 'Be husht, be husht, my ladie dear,
4 Hearing his ladie's moan.
3 But he was in a quiet chamber,
2 Fast sailling to Bee Hom;
1 She thought her love had been on the sea,
3 Nor eer a coal nor candle-light
1 'There shall neither a shoe gang on my foot,
2 What ladies woud think sair;
1 'But I will do for my true-love
3 I never loved a love but ane,
1 'Ohon, alas! what shall I do,
3 I heard a ladie lammenting sair,
2 I heard a heavy moan;
4 Out of ther midder's sides shorn.'
3 Bat every ane of them
2 Ther was never ane of them born,
1 'I have five bonny oyes att heam,
4 I wad be dead or Yeull.'
1 'Hold yer toung, my mother,
2 Ye latt yer folly a be;
1 'Had your toung nou, Burd Ellen,
4 An the sharp shirrs in her side.
2 An latt yer folly be;
1 'Had yer toung nou, Livenston,
4 Afor my gay lady.'
3 'I had rader lost the lands of Livenston,
4 My dear thing has gine it our.'
3 'Latt haas an tours an a' doun fau!
2 The rings they flue in four:
1 The knights they wrang ther whit fingers,
4 And the stone was burst in three.
2 A month but scarcely three,
4 Pray to the King of Glore.'
3 I will gang to some holy place,
2 With you I'll fight no more;
1 'Fight on, fight on, you merry men all,
4 Till blood ran frae his knee.
3 For seven days and seven nights,
2 And knelt most piteouslie,
1 'Ye'll take my jewels that's in Bahome,
4 Till blood ran frae his knee.
3 For I'm deep sworn on a book,
2 Why make ye all this moan?
1 'Why make ye all this moan, lady?
3 But he has gien the bonny babe
2 that ca's me Lamkin?'
1 'O whare's the lady o this house,
2 that ca me Lamkin?'
3 'They're at the school reading;
2 that ca me Lamkin?'
1 'And whare's the women o this house,
4 and brought him to the ha.
3 'I hope she’s in the heavens high,
2 and the fause nourice sang,
1 'She's up in her bower sewing,
4 They landed in Bahome.
3 The wind was fair, the ship was rare,
2 When the servants were awa,
1 She laid a plot wi Lamkin,
3 'She's up in her bower sewing,
2 No tongue will eer declare;
1 But in what way the knight expir'd,
3 'The women that neer had children born,
2 The ladies tore their hair;
1 The knights they wrang their white fingers,
3 Before that ye come hame again,
2 I here sall mak a vow,
1 'O give maist to women in child-bed laid,
4 and brought him to the ha.
3 'I hope she’s in the heavens high,
2 I layd a plot wi Lamkin,
1 'Give maist to women in child-bed laid,
2 Can neither fecht nor flee;
1 I hope she’s in the heavens high,
4 That died for love of me.'
92.16
1 'Give maist to women in child-bed laid,
2 Can neither fecht nor flee;
1 I hope she’s in the heavens high,
4 That died for love of me.'
92.17
1 The knights they wrang their white fingers,
2 The ladies tore their hair;
3 The women that neer had children born,
4 In swoon they down fell there.
92.18
1 But in what way the knight expir’d,
2 No tongue will eer declare;
3 So this doth end my mournful song,
4 From me ye’ll get nae mair.
93.1
1 IT'S Lamkin was a mason good
2 As ever built wi stane;
3 He build Lord Wearie's castle,
4 But payment got he nane.
93.2
1 'O pay me, Lord Wearie,
2 come, pay me my fee:
3 'I canna pay you, Lamkin,
4 For I maun gang oer the sea.'
93.3
1 'O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
2 Come, pay me out o hand:'
3 'I canna pay you, Lamkin,
4 Unless I sell my land.'
93.4
1 'O gin ye winna pay me,
2 I here sall mak a vow,
3 Before that ye come hame again,
4 ye sall hae cause to rue.'
93.5
1 Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,
2 to sail the saut sea faem;
3 Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
4 ay till he should come hame.
93.6
1 But the nourice was a fause limmer
2 as ever hung on a tree;
3 She laid a plot wi Lamkin,
4 whan her lord was oer the sea.
93.7
1 I hope she’s in the heavens high,
2 And she has gien the bonny babe
3 In swoon they down fell there.
93.8
1 'I had rader lost the lands of Livenston,
4 And riven was the stone.
2 A month but scarcely three,
4 And riven was the stone.
1 But in that place they had not been
2 A month but barely one,
3 Till he looked on his gay gold ring,
4 And riven was the stone.
2 Time after this was not expir’d
2 A month but scarcely three,
3 Till black and ugly was the ring,
4 And the stone was burst in three.
1 'Fight on, fight on, you merry men all,
2 With you I’ll fight no more;
3 I will gang to some holy place,
4 Pray to the King of Glore.'
1 Then to the chapel he is gone,
2 And knelt most piteouslie,
3 For seven days and seven nights,
4 Till blood ran frae his knee.
1 'Ye’ll take my jewels that’s in Bahome,
2 And deal them liberallie,
3 To young that cannot, and old that mannott,
4 The blind that does not see.
1 The knights they wrang ther whit fingers,
2 The rings they flue in four:
3 'Lat haas an tours an a’ doun fau!'
"O where is your good lord?"

"He’s a’wa to New England,
and to meet with his king."

"O where is your lady?
and Lambert Linkin;"

"He’s awa to buy pearlings,
and Our lady lye in."

"Then she’ll never wear them,
and Lambert Linkin;"

"And that is nae pitty,
said the false nurse to him."

"O where is your good lord?"

"He’s awa to buy pearlings,
and Our lady lye in."

"I care not for Lamkin,
but entrance had nane."

"The gates they were locked,
and bolted within."

"I wish a’ may be weel
with my lady at hame;"

"I care not for Lamkin,
but entrance had nane."

"The gates they were locked,
and bolted within."

"I wish a’ may be weel
with my lady at hame;"

"I care not for Lamkin,
but entrance had nane."

"The gates they were locked,
and bolted within."

"I wish a’ may be weel
with my lady at hame;"
93C.12
1 Lamerlinkin did rock,
2 and the false nurse did sing;
3 Over the four-cornered cradle
4 the red blood did spring.

93C.13
1 'O please my babie, nurse,
2 'O please him wi wands!
3 'He'll no be pleased, madam,
4 for a' his father's lands.'

93C.14
1 'O please my babie, nurse,
2 'O please him wi keys!
3 'He'll no be pleased, madam,
4 let me do what I please.'

93C.15
1 'O please my babie, nurse,
2 'O please him with bells!
3 'He'll no be pleased, madam,
4 till you come down yourself.

93C.16
1 'How can I come doun
2 this cold frosty night,
3 Without coal or candle
4 for to shew me light?'

93C.17
1 'The gold rings on your finger
2 are bright as the sun;
3 You may see to doun doun the stair
4 with the light o them.'

93C.18
1 O then she came doun the stair,
2 stepping step by step;
3 So readily was Lamin
4 to grapple her in his lap.

93C.19
1 'Save my life, Lamkin,
2 till five minutes break,
3 And I'll give thee gold,
4 the fu o a peck.'

93C.20
1 I'll no save your life,
2 till five minutes break,
3 'Thou should give me gold,
4 the fu o a sack.'

93C.21
1 'O Jeany, O Jeany,
2 O scour the bason clean,
3 That your lady's noble blood
4 may be kepped clean.'

93C.22
1 'O no, no, no, Lamkin,
2 my heart will be sare;
3 'O take my life, Lamkin,
4 let my lady go.'

93C.23
1 He sent for the false nurse,
2 to grapple her fee;
3 All the fee that he gave her
4 was to hang her on a tree.

93C.24
1 He sent for Lamerlinkin,
2 to give him his hire;
3 All the hire that he gave him
4 was to burn him in the fire.

93C.25
1 SAID the lord to his lady,
2 Beware of Rankin;
3 For I am going to England,
4 to wait on the king.

93C.26
1 'No fears, no fears,' said the lady, said she,
2 'For the doors shall be bolted,
3 and the windows pinede.

93C.27
1 'Go bar all the windows,
2 both outside and in;
3 Don't leave a window open,
4 to let Bold Rankin in.'

93C.28
1 She has barred all the windows,
2 both outside and in;
3 But she left one of them open,
4 to let Bold Rankin in.

93D.5
1 'O where is the master of this house?'
2 said Bold Rankin;
3 'He's up in Old England,'
4 said the false nurse to him.

93D.6
1 'O where is the mistress of this house?'
2 said Bold Rankin;
3 'She's up in the chamber sleeping,'
4 said the false nurse to him.

93D.7
1 'How shall we get her down?'
2 said Bold Rankin;
3 'Why piercing the baby,'
4 said the false nurse to him.

93D.8
1 'Go please the baby, nurse,
2 go please it with a bell;
3 'It will not be pleased, madam,
4 till you come down yourself.'

93D.9
1 'How can I come down stairs,
2 so late into the night,
3 Without coal or candle,
4 to shew me the light?'

93D.10
1 'There is a silver bolt
2 lies on the chest-head;
3 Give it to the baby,
4 give it sweet milk and bread.'

93D.11
1 She rammed the silver bolt
2 up the baby's nose,
3 Till the blood it came trickling
4 down the baby's fine clothes.

93D.12
1 'Go please the baby, nurse,
2 go please it with the bell;
3 'It will not please, madam,
4 till you come down yourself.

93D.13
1 'It will neither please with breast-milk,
2 nor yet with pap;
3 But I pray, loving lady,
4 Come and roll it in your lap.'

93D.14
1 The first step she stepit,
2 and where are they gone?
3 'Where are the servants?
4 says Bold Rankin.

93D.15
1 'O kill her,' said the false nurse,
2 or let her abee?'
3 'O kill her,' said the false nurse,
4 'She was never good to me.'

93D.16
1 'I wish my wife and family
2 may be all well at home;
3 For the silver buttons of my coat
4 they will not stay on.'

93D.27
1 As Betsy was looking
2 o'er her window so high,
3 She saw her dear father
4 come riding by.

93D.28
1 'O father, dear father,
2 don't put the blame on me
3 It was false nurse and Rankin
4 that killed your lady.'

93D.29
1 'It will not please, madam,
2 without coal or candle,
3 To hold your lady's heart's blood,
4 sprung from a noble kin.'

93D.30
1 The false nurse was burnt
2 on the mountain hill-head,
3 And Rankin was boiled
4 in a pot full of lead.

93E.1
1 LAMBKIN was as good a mason
2 as ever laid stone;
3 He builded Lord Montgomery's castle,
4 but payment got none.

93E.2
1 He builded the castle
2 without and within,
3 But he left an open wake
4 for himself to get in.

93E.3
1 Lord Montgomery said to his lady,
2 when he went abroad,
3 Take care of Bold Lambkin,
4 for he is in the wood.

93E.4
1 'Gar bolt the gate, nourice,
2 without and within,
3 Leave not the wake open,
4 to let Bold Lambkin in.'

93E.5
1 She bolted the gates,
2 without and within,
3 But she left the wake open,
4 to let Bold Lambkin in.

93E.6
1 'Gude morrow, gude morrow,'
2 says Bold Lambkin then;
3 'Gude morrow, gude morrow,'
4 says the false nurse to him.

93E.7
1 'Where is Lord Montgomery?'
2 or where is he gone?'
3 'He is gone up to England,'
4 to wait on the king!

93E.8
1 'Where are the servants?'
2 and where are they gone?
3 'They are all up to England,
4 to wait upon him.'
93E.9
1 "Where is your lady?
2 or where is she gone?"
3 'She is in her bower sitting,
4 and sewing her seam.'

93E.10
1 'What shall we do
2 for to make her come down?'
3 'We'll kill the pretty baby,
4 that's sleeping so sound.'

93E.11
1 Lambkin he rocked,
2 and the false nurse she sung,
3 And she stabbed the babe to the heart
4 with a silver bodkin.

93E.12
1 'O still my babe, nourice,
2 O still him with the pap:"
3 'He'll no be stillled, madam,
4 for this nor for that."

93E.13
1 'O still my babe, nourice,
2 go still him with the keys:"
3 'He'll no be stillled, madam,
4 till you come down yourself.'

93E.14
1 'O still my babe, nourice,
2 go still him with the bell:"
3 'He'll no be stillled, madam,
4 till your lord comes back.'

93E.15
1 'How can I come down,
2 this cold winter night,
3 When there's neither coal burning,
4 nor yet candle-light?'

93E.16
1 'The sark on your back
2 is whiter than the swan;
3 Come down the stair, lady,
4 by the light of your hand.'

93E.17
1 The lady she cam down
2 the stair trip for trap;
3 Who so ready as Bold Lambkin
4 to meet her in the dark?

93E.18
1 'Gude morrow, gude morrow,'
2 said Bold Lambkin then;
3 'Gude morrow, gude morrow,'
4 to meet her in the dark?

93E.19
1 'O where is Lord Montgomery?
2 or where is he gone?'
3 'He is up to England,
4 to wait on the king.'

93E.20
1 'O where are your servants?
2 or where are they gone?'
3 'They all up to England,
4 to wait upon him.'

93E.21
1 'I'll give you as much gold, Lambkin,
2 as you'll put in a sack,
3 If you'll spare my life
4 till my lord comes back.'

93E.22
1 'Thou would [give] me as much
2 as I could put in a sack,
3 I would not spare thy life
4 till thy lord comes back.'

93E.23
1 Lord Montgomery sate in England,
2 drinking with the king;
3 The buttons flew off his coat,
4 all in a ring.

93E.24
1 'God prosper, God prosper
2 my lady and her son
3 For before I get home
4 they will all be undone.'

93F.1
1 SAID my lord to his ladye,
2 as he mounted his horse, (bis)
3 Take care of Long Lankyn,
4 who lies in the moss. (bis)

93F.2
1 Said my lord to his ladye,
2 as he rode away,
3 Take care of Long Lankyn,
4 who lies in the clay.

93F.3
1 Let the doors be all bolted,
2 and the windows all pinned,
3 And leave not a hole
4 for a mouse to creep in.

93F.4
1 Then he kissed his fair ladye,
2 and he rode away;
3 He must be in London
4 before break of day.

93F.5
1 The doors were all bolted,
2 and the windows were pinned,
3 All but one little window,
4 where Long Lankyn crept in.

93F.6
1 'Where is the lord of this house?'
2 said Long Lankyn:
3 'He is gone to fair London,'
4 said the false nurse to him.

93F.7
1 'Where is the lady of this house?'
2 said Long Lankyn:
3 'She's asleep in her chamber,'
4 said the false nurse to him.

93F.8
1 'Where is the heir of this house?'
2 said Long Lankyn:
3 'He's asleep in his cradle,'
4 said the false nurse to him.

93F.9
1 'We'll prick him, and prick him,
2 all over with a pin,
3 And that will make your ladye
4 to come down to him.'

93F.10
1 So she prickd him and prickd,
2 all over with a pin,
3 And the nurse held a basin
4 for the blood to run in.

93F.11
1 'Oh nurse, how you sleep!
2 Oh nurse, how you snore!
3 And you leave my little son Johnstone
4 to cry and to roar.'

93F.12
1 'I've tried him with suck,
2 and I've tried him with pap;
3 So come down, my fair ladye,
4 and nurse him in your lap.'

93F.13
1 'Oh nurse, how you sleep!
2 Oh nurse, how you snore!
3 And you leave my little son Johnstone
4 to cry and to roar.'

93F.14
1 'I've tried him with apples,
2 I've tried him with pears;
3 So come down, my fair ladye,
4 and rock him in your chair.'

93F.15
1 'How can I come down,
2 'tis so late in the night,
3 When there's no candle burning,
4 nor fire to give light?'

93F.16
1 'You have three silver mantles
2 as bright as the sun;
3 When there's neither coal burning,
4 this cold winter night,
5 'Tho you would [give] me as much
6 and sewing her seam.'

93F.17
1 'Oh spare me, Long Lankyn,
2 oh spare me till twelve o'clock,
3 You shall have as much gold
4 as you can carry on your back.'

93F.18
1 'If I had as much gold
2 as would build me a tower,'
3 4 . . . . .

93F.19
1 'Oh spare me, Long Lankyn,
2 oh spare me one hour,
3 You shall have my daughter Betsy,
4 she is a sweet flower.'

93F.20
1 'Where is your daughter Betsy?
2 she may do some good;
3 She can hold the silver basin,
4 to catch your heart's blood.'

93G.1
1 THE lord said to his ladie,
2 as he mounted his horse,
3 Beware of Long Lonkin,
4 that lies in the moss.

93G.2
1 The lord said to his ladie,
2 as he rode away,
3 Beware of Long Lonkin,
4 that lies in the clay.

93G.3
1 'What care I for Lonkin,
2 or any of his gang?
3 My doors are all shut,
4 and my windows penned in.'

93G.4
1 There were six little windows,
2 and they were all shut,
3 But one little window,
4 and that was forgot.

93G.5
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 And at that little window
4 long Lonkin crept in.

93G.6
1 'Where's the lord of the hall?'
2 says the Lonkin:
3 'He's gone up to London,'
4 says Orange to him.

93G.7
1 'Where's the men of the hall?'
2 says the Lonkin:
3 'They're at the field ploughing,'
4 says Orange to him.

93G.8
1 'Where's the maids of the hall?'
2 says the Lonkin:
3 'They're at the well washing,'
4 says Orange to him.

93G.9
1 'Where's the ladies of the hall?'
2 says the Lonkin:
3 'They're up in their chambers,'
4 says Orange to him.

93G.10
1 'How shall we get them down?'
2 says the Lonkin:
3 'Prick the babe in the cradle,'
4 says Orange to him.

93G.11
1 'Rock well my cradle,
2 and be-ee-ha my son;
3 You shall have a new gown
4 when the lord he comes home.'

93G.12
1 Still she did prick it,
2 and bee-ee-ha she cried:
3 'Come down, dearest mistress,
4 and still your own child.'
The Child Ballads

93H.14
1 ‘Oh still my child, Orange,
2 still him with a bell:’
3 ‘I can’t still him, ladie,
4 till you come down yourself.’

93H.15
1 ‘To hold the gold basin,
2 for your heart’s blood to run in,’
3 4

93H.1
1 BAULD RANKIN was as gude a mason
2 as eer biggit wi stane;
3 He has biggit a bonny castle,
4 but siller he gat nane.

93G.15
1 ‘Gae bar the gates,’ the lady said,
2 ‘gae bar them out and in;
3 Leave not a door open,
4 jest Rankin should come in.’

93G.1
1 They’ve baird them on the outer side,
2 sae hae they on the in;
3 But left the cellar-door open,
4 and Bauld Rankin crap in.

93I.1
1 ‘O wanted ye yer meat, nurice?
2 or wanted ye yer fee?
3 ‘O wanted ye yer meat, nurice?
4 she was never guid to me.’

93I.2
1 ‘O will I kill the lady, nurice,
2 still him wi the bell:
3 ‘He will not still, lady,
4 for you nor for I.’

93I.3
1 ‘O still my bairn, nurice,
2 still him wi the knife:
3 ‘He winna still, lady,
4 tho I should lay down my life.’

93I.4
1 ‘O still my bairn, nurice,
2 still him wi the bell:
3 ‘He winna still, lady,
4 till ye come down yersell.’

93I.5
1 ‘The firsten step that lady stepped,
2 she came on the marble stane;
3 The nexten step that lady stepped,
4 she met him Lankin.

93I.6
1 ‘Where’s the lady of this house,
2 that calls me Lammikin?
3 ‘She’s in her own child’s blood,
4 she’s never guid to me.’

93I.7
1 ‘How will we get her wakent?
2 how will we get her down?
3 ‘We’ll pierce the baby’s heart’s blood,
4 says the fause nurice to him.

93I.8
1 ‘Come, please the babe, nurse,
2 come please it wi the keys:
3 ‘It’ll no be pleased, madam,
4 tho I’ll down on my knees.’

93I.9
1 ‘Come, please the babe, nurse,
2 come please it wi the knife:
3 ‘It’ll no be pleased, madam,
4 should I lay down my life.’

93I.10
1 ‘Come, please the babe, nurse,
2 come, please it wi the bell:
3 ‘It’ll no be pleased, madam,
4 till ye come down yourself.’

93I.11
1 ‘How can I come down, how can I come,
2 sae late in the night,
3 And neither coal nor candle,
4 for to shew me light?’

93I.12
1 The firsten step she steppit,
2 she steppit on a stane;
3 The nexten step she steppit,
4 she met the Bauld Rankin.

93I.13
1 ‘O spare my life, Rankin,
2 O spare it most dear!
3 I’ll gie you as monie guineas
4 as birds in the air.

93I.14
1 ‘O spare my life, Rankin,
2 O save it most sweet!
3 I’ll gie you as monie guineas
4 as the caudron gan to boil.

93I.15
1 ‘O will I kill her, nurice,
2 or will I let her be? 
3 ‘O kill her, Lannkin,
4 she was never guid to me.’

93I.16
1 ‘Oh still my bairn, nurice,
2 or wanted ye yer keys?
3 ‘He’s bigget Lord Erley’s castle,
4 and the fause nurice burnt
5 in the caudron was she.

93J.1
1 O LAMMIKIN was as good a mason
2 as ever biggit stane;
3 He’s bigget Lord Erley’s castle,
4 but money he got nane.

93J.2
1 It fell out upon a time
2 Lord Erley went from home;
3 He left his lady in his castle,
4 but and his young son.

93J.3
1 ‘Where is the lord o this house,
2 that calls me Lammikin?’
3 ‘He’s on the sea sailing,
4 he will not come home.’

93J.4
1 ‘Where are the men o this house,
2 that call me Lammikin?’
3 ‘They are at the barn threshing,
4 they will not come in.’

93J.5
1 ‘Where is the lady o this house,
2 that call me Lammikin?’
3 ‘She’s in her room shewing,
4 she will not come down.’

93J.6
1 ‘How shall we contrive
2 for to make her come down?’
3 ‘We’ll stick her dear infant,
4 and make her come down.’

93J.7
1 ‘O spare my life, Lannkin,
2 tho I should lay down my life.
3 They are at the barn threshing,
4 they will not come in.’

93J.8
1 ‘O Lammikin he rocket,
2 and the fause nurice sang,
3 While out o the cradle
4 the infant’s blade sprung.

93J.9
1 ‘O still my bairn, nurice,’
2 the lady did cry
3 ‘He will not still, lady,
4 for you nor for I.’

93J.10
1 ‘O still my bairn, nurice,
2 still him wi the bell:
3 ‘He winna still, lady,
4 till ye come down yersell.’

93J.11
1 ‘O spare my life, Lannkin,
2 an I’ll gie ye a peck o goud;
3 An that dinna please ye;
4 I’ll heap it wi my hand.’

93J.12
1 ‘O still my bairn, nurice,
2 or wanted ye yer fee?
3 ‘O kill her, Lannkin,
4 they will not come in.’

93J.13
1 ‘Where is the lady o this house,
2 that call me Lammikin?’
3 ‘She’s in her room shewing,
4 she will not come down.’

93J.14
1 ‘O still my bairn, nurice,
2 so will I lat her be? 
3 ‘O kill her, Lannkin,
4 she was never guid to me.’

93J.15
1 ‘O still my bairn, nurice,
2 or wanted ye yer keys?
3 ‘He winna still, lady,
4 for a’ his father’s lan.’

93J.16
1 ‘Oh still my bairn, nurice,
2 or wanted ye yer keys?
3 ‘He winna still, lady,
4 for a’ his father’s keys.’

93J.17
1 ‘O still my bairn, nurice,
2 or wanted ye yer fee?
3 ‘O kill her, Lannkin,
4 she was never guid to me.’

93J.18
1 ‘Gae wash a basin, nurice,
2 an ye wash it clean,
3 To cape this ladie’s blood;
4 she is come o high kine.’

93J.19
1 ‘I winna wash a basin,
2 nor will I wash it clean,
3 To cape this ladie’s blood;
4 tho she’s come o high kine.’

93J.20
1 Bonny sang yon bird,
2 that sat upon the hill,
3 But siller he gat nane.
4 as the caudron gan to boil.

93J.21
1 ‘O will I kill her, nurice,
2 or will I let her be? 
3 ‘O kill her, Lannkin,
4 she was never guid to me.’
93J.1
1 'I wanted no meat, lady, 
2 nor wanted I fee, 
3 But I wanted mony a thing 
4 that a lady could gie.' 
5  
93K.1
1 MY lord said to my lady, 
2 when he went from home, 
3 Take care of Longk, 
4 he lies in the lone. 
93K.2
1 My lady said to my lord, 
2 when he went abroad, 
3 . . . . . . 
4  
93K.3
1 'I care not for Longk, 
2 nor none of his kin, 
3 For my gate’s fast bard, 
4 and my windows shut in.' 
93K.4
1 My lord was not gone 
2 many miles from the place, 
3 Until the false Longk 
4 came straight to the place. 
93K.5
1 'Pinch the bairn, Nury, 
2 pinch it very sore, 
3 Until the mother 
4 shall come down below.' 
93K.6
1 'Still the bairn, Nury, 
2 still it with the pap.' 
3 'It won’t be still, madam, 
4 till you cum down yoursell.' 
93K.7
1 'Still the bairn, Nury, 
2 still it with a bell.' 
3 'It won’t be still, madam, 
4 for this nor for that.' 
93K.8
1 'Come down, Lady Betty, 
2 the flower of all your kin, 
3 And see your mother’s heart’s blood, 
4 so freely running.' 
93K.9
1 Down came Lady Betty, 
2 her heart full of woe: 
3 'Oh take my life, Longkin, 
4 and let my mother go.' 
93K.10
1 'Come down, Lady Nelly, 
2 the flower of all your kin, 
3 And see your sister’s heart’s blood, 
4 so freely running.' 
93K.11
1 Down came Lady Nelly, 
2 her heart full of woe: 
3 'Oh take my life, Longkin, 
4 and let my sister go.' 
93K.12
1 'Come down, Lady Jenny, etc. 
93L.1
1 . . . . . . 
2 'O WHERE’SE the men of this house?’ 
3 quo the Lamkin; 
4 'They’re in the barn threshing,’ 
5 quo the false nurse within. 
93L.2
1 'O where’s the women of the house?’ 
2 quo the Lamkin; 
3 'They’re at the well washing,’ 
4 quo the false nurse within. 
93L.3
1 'O where’s the lord of this house?’ 
2 quo the Lamkin; 
3 'He’s in the wood hunting,’ 
4 quo the false nurse within. 
93L.4
1 'O where’s the lady of the house?’ 
2 quo the Lamkin; 
3 'She’s in her bower dressing,’ 
4 quo the false nurse within. 
93L.5
1 'O please my babbie, Nourrice, 
2 O please him with the keys:’ 
3 'He’ll no be pleased, madam, 
4 let me do what I please.’ 
93L.6
1 'O please my babbie, Nourrice, 
2 O please him with the bell:’ 
3 'He’ll no be pleased, madam, 
4 till ye come down yourself.’ 
93L.7
1 There was blood in the chaumer, 
2 and blood in the ha. 
3 And blood in his lady’s room, 
4 which he liked worst of a’. 
5  
93M.1
1 . . . . . . 
2 BUT it fell out upon a day 
3 Lord Wearie was to gae fré hame, 
4 And he has left his lady gay 
5 in his castell to stay her lane. 
93M.2
1 Lamkin rocked, 
2 and fausse nourrice sang, 
3 And a’ the four tors o the cradle 
4 red blood sprang. 
93M.3
1 'O still my babbie, Nourrice, 
2 Or still him wi the wi. 
3 ‘He winna still, lady, 
4 for a’ his father’s lan.’ 
93M.4
1 'O still my babbie, Nourrice, 
2 Or still him wi the keys: 
3 ‘He winna still, lady, 
4 for a’ his father’s keys.’ 
93M.5
1 'O still my babbie, Nourrice, 
2 Or still him wi the pap: 
3 ‘He winna still, lady, 
4 for this nor for that.’ 
93M.6
1 'O still my babbie, Nourrice, 
2 Or still him wi the bell: 
3 ‘He winna still, lady, 
4 until ye cum down yoursell.’ 
93M.7
1 The firsten step she steppet, 
2 she stepped on a stane, 
3 and she saw her young son’s red blood run on, 
4 she keppit him fause Lamkin. 
93M.8
1 The thirden step she steppit, 
2 she saw her young son’s red blood run on, 
3 . . . . . . 
4  
93M.9
1 'Ye’ve killed my babbie, Lamkin, 
2 but lat myself be; 
3 ‘Ye’se be as weel payit a mason 
4 as was ever payd a fee.’ 
93N.1
1 LAMKIN was as gude a mason 
2 as ever biggit stone; 
3 He biggit Laird Earie’s house, 
4 and payment he got none. 
93N.2
1 O it fell ance upon a day 
2 Laird Earie went from home, 
3 And Lamkin came cravin 
4 his lady alone. 
93N.3
1 'O far’s the laird o this place? 
2 O neerice, tell me:’ 
3 ‘He’s on the sea sailin, 
4 O Lamkin,’ said she. 
93N.4
1 'O far’s the lady o this place? 
2 neerice, tell me:’ 
3 ‘She’s up the stair dressin, 
4 O Lamkin,’ said she. 
93N.5
1 'O far’s the bairns o this place? 
2 neerice, tell me:’ 
3 ‘The’re at the school . . . 
4 O Lamkin,’ said she. 
5  
93N.6
1 The first step that lady steppet 
2 she stepp’d on a stone; 
3 The next step that lady stepet 
4 she met wi Lamkin. 
5  
93N.7
1 Ere the basin was washen, 
2 or haf made clean, 
3 The ladie’s heart-bleed 
4 was rinnin in the reem. 
93O.1
1 . . . . . . 
2 ‘YOU have two bright diamonds, 
3 as bright as the stars, 
4 Put one on each finger, 
5 they’ll show you down stairs.’ 
93O.2
1 The first step this lady took, 
2 she dreaded no harm; 
3 But the second step this lady took, 
4 she was in Lamkin’s arms. 
93O.3
1 ‘Will I kill her, nurrice, 
2 or will I let her be?’ 
3 ‘Oh yes, kill her, Lammin, 
4 she was never gude to me.’ 
93O.4
1 'How can [ye] say so, nurrice? 
2 or will I let her be?’ 
3 For your head neer did ache 
4 but my heart it was sore. 
93O.5
1 'Oh spare my life, nurrice, 
2 oh spare my life, spare; 
3 Ye’ll have as mony gowd guineas 
4 as there’s birds in the air. 
93O.6
1 'O spare my life, nurrice, 
2 till my lord comes back; 
3 Ye’ll have as mony gowd guineas 
4 as the fou of a sack.’ 
93O.7
1 'Oh yes kill her and . . . 
2 . . . . . . 
3  
93O.8
1 'Go scour the silver basin, 
2 go scour it fine, 
3 For our lady’s heart’s blade 
4 is gentle to tine. 
93O.9
1 'Go scour the silver skewer, 
2 or haf ricoch fine, 
3 For our lady’s heart’s blade 
4 is gentle to tine.’ 
93P.1
1 A BETTER mason than Lammin 
2 nevir builded wi the stane, 
3 Wha builded Lord Weire’s castill, 
4 but wages nevir gat nane. 
93P.2
1 They stecked doors, they stecked yates, 
2 close to the cheek and the chin; 
3 They stecked them a’ but a little wickit, 
4 and Lamkin crap in. 
93P.3
1 ‘Now where’s the lady of this castle? 
2 nurrice, tell to Lammin:’ 
3 ‘She’s sewing up intill her bowir, 
4 the fals nourrice she sung. 
5  
93P.4
1 'What sall we do, what sall we say, 
2 to gair her cum there down?’ 
3 ‘We’ll nip the baby in the cradle, 
4 the fals nourrice she sung.
93P.5
1 Lammikin nipped the bonie babe,
2 while loud fals nourice sings;
3 Lammikin nipped the bonny babe,
4 while hich the red blude springs.

93P.6
1 ‘O gentil nourice, please my babe,
2 O please him wi the keys;’
3 ‘He’ll no be pleased, lady lady,
4 gin I’d sit on my knees.’

93P.7
1 ‘Gude gentil nourice, please my babe,
2 O please him wi a knife;’
3 ‘He winna be pleased, mistress myne,
4 gin I wad lay down my lyfe.’

93P.8
1 ‘Sweet nourice, loud, loud cries my babe,
2 O please him wi the bell;’
3 ‘He winna be pleased, gay lady,
4 till ye cum down yourself.’

93Q.1
1 LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason
2 as ever hewed a stane;
3 He biggit Lord Weire’s castle,
4 till ye cum down yoursell.’

93Q.2
1 ‘Where are the lads o this castle?’
2 says the Lammikin:
3 ‘They are a’ wi Lord Weire, hunting,’
4 the false nourice did sing.

93Q.3
1 ‘Where are the lasses o this castle?’
2 says the Lammikin:
3 ‘They are a’ out at the washing,’
4 the false nourice did sing.

93Q.4
1 ‘But where’s the lady o this house?’
2 says the Lammikin:
3 ‘She is in her bower sewing,’
4 the false nourice did sing.

93Q.5
1 ‘Is this the bairn o this house?’
2 says the Lammikin:
3 ‘The only bairn Lord Weire aughts,’
4 the false nourice did sing.

93Q.6
1 ‘Still my bairn, nourrice,
2 O still him if ye can;’
3 ‘He will not still, madam,
4 for a’ his father’s lan.’

93Q.7
1 ‘O gentil nourice, still my bairn,
2 O still him wi the keys;’
3 ‘He will not still, fair lady,
4 let me do what I please.’

93Q.8
1 ‘O still my bairn, kind nourice,
2 O still him wi the ring;’
3 ‘He will not still, my lady,
4 let me do any thing.’

93Q.9
1 The first step she stepped,
2 she stepped on a stane;
3 The next step she stepped,
4 she met the Lammikin.

93Q.10
1 Lammikin, wanted ye your meat?
2 or wanted ye your fee?
3 Or wanted ye for any thing
4 a fair lady could gie?’

93Q.11
1 ‘I wanted for nae meat, ladie,
2 I wanted for nae fee;’
3 But I wanted for a hantle
4 a fair lady could gie.

93Q.12
1 ‘I wish a’ may be weel,’ he says,
2 ‘wi my ladie at hame;’
3 For the rings upon my fingers
4 are bursting in twain;’

93Q.13
1 ‘There’s bluid in my nursery,
2 there’s bluid in my ha,
3 There’s bluid in my fair lady’s bower,
4 an that’s worst of a.’

93Q.14
1 O sweet, sweet sang the birdie,
2 upon the bough sae hie;
3 But little cared false nourice for that,
4 for it was her gallows-tree.

93R.1
1 WHEN Sir Guy and his train
2 gaed to hunt the wild boar,
3 He gard bar up his castle,
4 behind and before.

93R.2
1 And he bade his fair lady
2 guard weel her young son,
3 For wicked Balcanqual
4 great mischief had done.

93R.3
1 So she closed a’ the windows,
2 without and within,
3 But forgot the wee wicket,
4 and Balcanqual crap in.

93R.4
1 Syne Balcanqual he rocked,
2 and fause nourice sang,
3 ‘He will not be pleased, madam,
4 tho I’d gie my life.’

93R.5
1 ‘O please the bairn, nourrice,
2 and please him wi the keys;’
3 ‘He’ll no be pleased, madam,
4 for a’ that he sees.’

93R.6
1 And Balcanqual ay rocked,
2 while fause nourice sang,
3 ‘The only bairn Lord Weire aughts,’
4 the false nourice did sing.

93R.7
1 ‘Please the bairn, nourrice,
2 and please him wi the knife;’
3 ‘He’ll no be pleased, madam,
4 the I’d gie my life.’

93R.8
1 And Balcanqual still rocked,
2 and fause nourice sang,
3 ‘He will not be pleased, madam,
4 till ye come yourself.’

93R.9
1 ‘Now please the bairn, nourrice,
2 and please him wi the bell;’
3 ‘He’ll no be pleased, madam,
4 without and within.

93R.10
1 Down came this fair lady,
2 tripping down the stair,
3 To see her sick bairn,
4 but returned never mair.

93R.11
1 ‘Now scour the bason, Jenny,
2 and scour’ very clean,
3 To haad this lady’s blood,
4 but returned never mair.

93S.1
1 LAMBKIN was as brave a builder
2 as ever hewed a stane;
3 He biggit Lord Cassillis house,
4 till ye cum down yoursell.’

93S.2
1 ‘He will not be pleased, gay lady,
2 O please him wi the bell:’
3 ‘He winna be pleased, madam,
4 gave to hunt the wild boar.’

93S.3
1 ‘He will not be pleased, madam,
2 O please him wi the knife:’
3 ‘He’ll no be pleased, madam,
4 till ye come yourself.’

93S.4
1 ‘Still my bairn, nourrice,
2 O please him wi the keys;’
3 ‘He’ll no be pleased, madam,
4 the I’d gie my life.’

93T.1
1 ‘WHERE is the lord?
2 or is he within?’
3 ‘He’s gone to New England,
4 to dine with the king.’

93T.2
1 ‘Where is his horses?
2 or where is his men?’
3 ‘They’re gone to New England,
4 to wait upon him.’

93T.3
1 ‘Where is his lady?
2 or is she within?’
3 ‘She’s in her bedchamber,
4 all in her lying in.’

93T.4
1 ‘Can I get at her,
2 with thousands of lands?
3 Can I get at her,
4 to make her understand?’

93T.5
1 ‘You cannot get at her,
2 with thousands of lands;
3 You cannot get at her,
4 to make her understand.’

93T.6
1 ‘Lady, come down,
2 and please your child.’
3 . . . . .

93T.7
1 ‘Can’t you please my child
2 with white bread and breast-wine?’
3 ‘O lady, come down,
4 and please him awhile.’

93T.8
1 ‘How can I go down,
2 this cold winter’s night,
3 Without a fire in the kitchen,
4 or candle to light?’

93T.9
1 ‘You’ve got nine bright lamps,
2 just as bright as the king;
3 Lady, come down,
4 and light one of them.’

93T.10
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 False Lantin he took her
4 so brave in his arms.

93T.11
1 Saying, Where is your friend,
2 or where is your foe,
3 That will hold the gold basin,
4 your heart’s blood to flow?

93T.12
1 ‘My nurse is not my friend,
2 my nurse is my foe;
3 She’ll hold the gold basin,
4 my heart’s blood to flow.

93T.13
1 ‘O spare my life
2 for one summer’s day,
3 And I’ll give you as much money
4 as there’s sand in the sea.’

93T.14
1 ‘I’ll not spare your life
2 for one summer’s day,
3 And I wont have as much money
4 as there’s sand in the sea.’

93T.15
1 ‘O spare me my life
2 until one o’clock,
3 And I’ll give you Queen Betsie,
4 the flower of the flock.’

93T.16
1 ‘O mama, dear mama,
2 then please him awhile;
3 My dada is coming,
4 he’s dressed in great style.’

93T.17
1 False Lantin he heard
2 the words from the high,
3 Saying, Your mama is dead,
4 and away I will fly.

93T.18
1 ‘O dada, dear dada,
2 do not blame me,
3 ‘Tis nurse and false Lantin
4 betrayed your lady.’

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93T.19
1 I'll bury my mama,
2 against the wall,
3 And I'll bury my baba,
4 white all, white all.

93U.1
1 AS my lord and my lady
2 were out walking one day,
3 Says my lady to my lord,
4 Beware of Lamkin.

93U.2
1 'O why should I fear him,
2 or any such man,
3 When my doors are well bard,
4 and my windows well pinnd?

93U.3
1 'O keep your gold and silver,
2 it will do you some good;
3 It will buy you a coffin,
4 when you are dead.

93U.4
1 There's blood in the kitchen,
2 and blood in the hall,
3 And the young Mayor of England
4 lies dead by the wall.

93V.1
1 I WALK be very sorry
2 to wash a basin clean,
3 To hau'd my mother's heart's-blude,
4 that's comin, an I ken.

93W.1
1 And it was well built,
2 without and within,
3 Except a little hole,
4 to let Bloody Lamkin come in.

93W.2
1 He stabbed her young son,
2 with the silver bodkin,
3 Till oot the cradle
4 and she will not come in.

93W.3
1 'O still my son, nourrice,
2 still him wi the keys:
3 'He'll no be still, madam,
4 let me do what I please,'

93W.4
1 'O still my babe, nourrice,
2 still him wi the knife:
3 'He'll no be still, madam,
4 na, no for my life.'

93W.5
1 'O still my babe, still my babe,
2 still him wi the bell:
3 'He'll no be still, madam,
4 till ye come down yourself.'

93W.6
1 'How can I come down,
2 his cold frosty night?
3 I have neither coal nor candle,
4 for to show me light!'

93W.7
1 'O hau'd your tongue, nourrice,
2 sae loud as ye lee;
3 Ye'd ne'er a cut finger
4 but I pitied thee.

93X.1
1 Lamkin was as good a mason
2 As ever lifit stane;
3 He built to the laird o Lariston,
4 But payment gat he nane.

93X.2
1 Oft he came, an ay he came,
2 To that good lord's yett,
3 But neither at dor nor window
4 Ony entrance could get.

93X.3
1 Till ae wae an weary day
2 Early he came,
3 An it fell out on that day
4 That good lord was frac hame.

93X.4
1 He bade steek dor an window,
2 An prick'em to the gin,
3 Nor leave a little wee hole,
4 Else Lamkin wad be in.

93X.5
1 Noorice steekit dor an window,
2 She steekit them to the gin;
3 But she left a little wee hole
4 That Lamkin might win in.

93X.6
1 'O where's the lady o this house?'
2 Said cruel Lamkin;
3 'She's up the stair sleepin,'
4 Said false noorice then.

93X.7
1 'How will we get her down the stair?'
2 Said cruel Lamkin;
3 'We'll stogg the baby i the cradle,'
4 Said false noorice then.

93X.8
1 He stoggit, and she rockit,
2 Till a' the floor swam,
3 An a' the tors o the cradle
4 Red wi blude ran.

93X.9
1 'O still my son, nourrice,
2 O still him wi the knife;
3 'I canna still him, madam,
4 if ye sude tak my life.'

93X.10
1 'O still my son, nourrice,
2 O still him wi the knife;
3 'I canna still him, madam,
4 Come see him yourself.'

93X.11
1 'O still my son, nourrice,
2 O still him wi the ball;
3 'He winna still, madam,
4 and my windows well pinnd?'

93X.12
1 Wae an weary rase she up,
2 Slowly pat her on
3 Her green caethin o the silk,
4 An slowly came she down.

93X.13
1 The first step she steppit,
2 It was on a stone;
3 The first body she saw
4 Was cruel Lamkin.

93X.14
1 'O pity, pity, Lamkin,
2 Hae pity on me!
3 'O kill her, kill her, Lamkin
4 If ye sude tak my life.'

93X.15
1 'I'll g' ye a peck o good red goud,
2 Sestreik wi the wand;
3 An if that winna please ye,
4 I'll hae it wi my hand.

93X.16
1 'An if that winna please ye,
2 O goud an o fee;
3 I'll g' ye my eldest daughter,
4 Your wedded wife to be.'

93X.17
1 'Gae wash the bason, lady,
2 Gae wash't an mak it clean,
3 To keep your mother's heart's-blude,
4 For she's o noble kin.'

93X.18
1 'To keep my mother's heart's-blude
2 I wad be right glad;
3 O tak myself, Lamkin,
4 An let my mother gae.'

93X.19
1 'Gae wash the bason, nourrice,
2 Gae wash't an mak it clean,
3 To keep your lady's heart's-blude,
4 For she's o noble kin.'

93X.20
1 'To wash the bason, Lamkin,
2 I will be right glad,
3 For mony, mony bursen day
4 About her house I've had.'
4.2 The queen luikt owre the castle-wa,  
1 Beheld baith dale and down,  
3 And then she saw Young Waters  
4 Cum riding to the town.

4.3 His footmen they did rin before,  
1 His hornemen rade behind;  
3 Ane manted of the burning gowd  
4 Did kep him frae the wind.

4.4 Gowden-graithd his horse before,  
2 And siller-shod behind;  
3 The horse Young Waters rade upon  
4 Was fleeter than the wind.

4.5 Out then spake a wylie lord,  
2 Unto the queen said he,  
3 'O tell me wha’s the fairest face  
4 Rides in the company?'

4.6 I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,  
2 And knights of high degree,  
3 But a fairer face than Young Waters  
4 Mine eyne did never see.'

4.7 Out then spack the jealous king,  
2 And an angry man was he:  
3 'O if he had been twice as fair,  
4 You micht have excepted me.'

4.8 'You’re neither laird nor lord,' she says,  
2 'Bot the king that wears the crown;  
3 There is not a knight in fair Scotland  
4 But to thee maun bow down.'

4.9 For a’ that she could do or say,  
2 Appeased he wad nae bee,  
3 Bot for the words which she had said,  
4 Young Waters he maun de.

4.10 They hae taen Young Waters,  
2 And put fetters to his feet;  
3 They hae taen Young Waters,  
4 And thrown him in dungeon deep.

4.11 'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town  
2 In the wind bot and the weit;  
3 Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town  
4 Wi fetters at my feet.

4.12 'Aft have I ridden thro Stirling town  
2 In the wind bot and the weit;  
3 Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town  
4 And thrown him in dungeon deep.

4.13 They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
2 His young son in his cradle,  
3 And they hae taen to the heiding-hill  
4 His horse bot and his saddle.

4.14 They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
2 His lady fair to see,  
3 And for the words the queen had spoke  
4 Young Waters he did de.

4.15 'I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,  
2 And knights of high degree,  
3 But a fairer face than Young Waters  
4 Mine eyne did never see.'

4.16 'I wish I were at hame again,  
2 The broom o the Cauthery Knowes!  
3 And I have got out of this prickly bush,  
4 Like a dog, upon a tree?'

4.17 If I could get out of this prickly bush,  
3 Or hast thou come to see me hung?  
4 For hanged thou shall not be.'

4.18 'It's I have brought thee silver and gold,  
2 Nor jewels, to set thee free;  
3 Or hast thou come to see me hung?  
4 Milking my ain daddie's ewes.

4.19 'Oh I have brought nor silver nor gold,  
2 Nor jewels, to set thee free;  
3 Or hast thou come to see me hung?  
4 For hanged I shall be.

4.20 'If I could get out of this prickly bush,  
2 That prickles my heart so sore,  
3 Or hast thou come to see me hung?  
4 For hanged thou shall not be.'

4.21 'I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,  
2 And knights of high degree,  
3 But a fairer face than Young Waters  
4 Mine eyne did never see.'

4.22 'None of my gold now you shall have,  
2 Nor likewise of my fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hanged you shall be.'

4.23 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
2 Nor likewise of your fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hanged you shall be.'

4.24 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
2 Nor likewise of your fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hanged you shall be.'

4.25 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
2 Nor likewise of your fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hanged you shall be.'

4.26 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
2 Nor likewise of your fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hanged you shall be.'

4.27 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
2 Nor likewise of your fee;  
3 For I am come to see you hangd,  
4 And hanged you shall be.'
4 Upon this gallows-tree?  
3 Or have you come to see me hanged,  
2 And have you come to set me free?  
3 Or have you come to see me hanged,  
4 Upon this gallows-tree?

4 . . . . .  
3 I think I see my father coming,  
2 . . . . .  
3 But I am come to set you free  
2 Nor your golden key,  
1 'I've neither brought thy golden ball,  
2 Nor come to set thee free,  
3 But I have come to see thee hung,  
4 Upon this gallows-tree.'  

4 . . . . .  
3 I think I see my father coming,  
2 . . . . .  
3 But I have come to see thee hung,  
4 Upon this gallows-tree.'  

4 . . . . .  
3 I think I see my father coming,  
2 . . . . .  
3 I wish that the needle-point may break,  
4 And the craws pyke out yer een.'  

1 'Hold up, hold up your hands so high!  
2 Hold up your hands so high!  
3 For I think I see my own father  
4 Coming over yonder stile to me.

1 'Oh, father, have you got any gold for me?  
2 Any money for to pay me free?  
3 To keep my body from the cold clay ground,  
4 And my neck from the gallows-tree!'  

1 'Oh no, I've got no gold for thee,  
2 No money for to pay thee free,  
3 For I've come to see thee hang'd this day,  
4 And hang'd thy shall be.'  

1 'Oh the briers, prickly briers,  
2 Come prick my heart so sore;  
3 I ever I get from the gallows-tree,  
4 I'll never get there any more.'

1 'Oh yes, I've got some gold for thee,  
2 Some money for to pay thee free;  
3 I'll save thy body from the cold clay ground,  
4 And thy neck from the gallows-tree.'

1 'Oh the briers, prickly briers,  
2 Don't prick my heart any more;  
3 For now I've got from the gallows' tree  
4 I'll never get there any more.'

1 'O hangman, hold thy hand,' he cried,  
2 'O hold thy hand awhile,  
3 For I can see my own dear father  
4 Coming over yonder stile.

1 'Oh, the prickly bush, the prickly bush,  
2 All on this high gallows-tree.'  

1 'Yes, I have brought thee gold,' she cried,  
2 'And I will not set thee free;  
3 But I am come to see thee hung,  
4 All on this high gallows-tree!'  

1 'No, I have not brought thee gold,  
2 And I will not set thee free;  
3 But I am come to see thee hung,  
4 All on this high gallows-tree.'  

1 'Oh, the prickly bush, the prickly bush,  
2 It pricked my heart full sore;  
3 If ever I get out of the prickly bush,  
4 I'll never get in any more.'

1 'Yes, I have brought thee gold,' she cried,  
2 'And I will set thee free,  
3 And I am come, but not to see thee hung  
4 All on this high gallows-tree.'  

1 'Oh, the prickly bush,' etc.

1 'O WELL'S me o my gay goss-hawk,  
2 That he can speak and flee  
3 He'll carry a letter to my love,  
4 Bring back another to me.'

1 'O how can I your true-love ken,  
2 Or how can I her know?  
3 Whan frae her mouth I never heard couth,  
4 Nor wi my eyes her saw.'

1 'O well sal ye my true-love ken,  
2 As soon as you her see;  
3 For, of a' the flowers in fair Englan,  
4 The fairest flowr is she.'

1 'At even at my love's bowr-door  
2 There grows a bowing birk,  
3 An sit ye down and sing thereon,  
4 As she gangs to the kirk.'

1 'An four-an-twenty ladies fair  
2 Will wash and go to kirk,  
3 But well shall ye my true-love ken,  
4 For she wears goud on her skirt.'
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96A.18
1 'The thing of my love's face is white
2 And the eyes that her never saw.'
3 I bear the lips to her never spake,
4 Until that they came to the king of Scotland,
1 Her mither an her sisters fair
2 To make for her a bier;
3 To make to her a smock;
4 And the other of the needle-work.

96A.17
1 'Call down, call down her sisters five,
2 To make to her a smock;
3 The one side of the bonny beaten gold,
4 And the other of the silver clear.'

96A.16
1 Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,
2 And you to have made her your own;
3 But now she is dead, and she's new come from
4 And she's ready to lay in the ground.'

96A.15
1 'Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
2 You may go blow your horn;
3 For ye can carry a love-letter
4 I suffering the burning lead.

96A.14
1 'Go home, go home, my brothers seven,
2 You may go blow your horn;
3 And you may tell it in merry England
4 That your sister has given you the scorn.

96A.13
1 Her mother went weeping round and round,
2 She dropped one on her toe;
3 'Och and alac,' her mother did say,
4 'There is no breath within!'

96A.12
1 Out then spoke an auld witch-wife,
2 And she spoke random indeed:
3 Honoured madam, I would have you to try
4 Three drops of the burning lead.

96A.11
1 'The only boon, my father dear,
2 That is, gin I die in southin lands,
3 In Scotland you will bury me.'
4 'Here is a gift, a very rare gift,
3 He says he will not wait any longer on you,
2 He says if your father and mother will not let,
1 'Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,
2 The king has sent you three;
3 He says he will not wait any longer on you,'
4 'To Scotland she must goe!

96A.10
1 'O ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,
2 And brew his bridal-ale,
3 An I'll meet him in fair Scotlan
4 For I ken by your sweet singin
3 'Och and alac,' her mother did say,
2 The song ye sang the streen,
1 Out then spoke the king of Scotland,
4 You're frae my true-love sen.'

96A.9
1 'The tither o silver clear,
2 Gard work for her a sark;
3 The tae half wad be o cambriek fine,
4 The tither o needle wark.

96A.8
1 'O eet and drink, my marys a',
2 The wine flows ye among,
3 Till I gang to my shot-window,
4 An hear you bonny bird's song.

96A.7
1 O even at that lady's bowr-door
2 There grows a bowin birk,
3 And she set down and sang the streen,
4 As she ged to the kirk.

96A.6
1 'An four and twenty gay ladies
2 Will to the mass repair,
3 And sit you there and sing our loves,
4 As she lay and smil'd on him.

96A.5
1 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
2 The song ye sang the streen,
3 For I ken by your sweet singin
4 'The only boon, my father dear,
2 'An four and twenty gay ladies
3 Till I gang to my shot-window,
1 Her mither an her sisters fair
2 Gard work for her a sark;
3 The tae half wad be o cambriek fine,
4 The tither o needle wark.

96A.4
1 'The tae half was o guide red gold,
2 And soon oer every tender limb
3 She's laid her down upon her bed,
4 You tarry there till night.'
3 An the fourthin kirk that ye come till,
4 In Scotland to bury me.
1 Her mither an her sisters fair
2 Gard work for her a sark;
3 The tae half wad be o cambriek fine,
4 The tither o needle wark.

96A.3
1 'Her father an her brothers dear
2 And one bit of your bread;
3 'Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,
2 'One glass of your wine,' she says,
3 'Three drops of the burning lead.'
4 'Och and alac,' her mother did say,
2 The wine flows ye among,
3 Till I gang to my shot-window,
1 Her mither an her sisters fair
2 Gard work for her a sark;
3 The tae half wad be o cambriek fine,
4 The tither o needle wark.

96A.2
1 'Go home, go home, my seven bold
2 You may tell it in merry England
3 'Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,
2 'One glass of your wine,' she says,
3 'Three drops of the burning lead.'
4 'Och and alac,' her mother did say,
2 She walked up and down,
1 'Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,
2 'One glass of your wine,' she says,
3 'Three drops of the burning lead.'
4 'Och and alac,' her mother did say,
2 She walked up and down,
1 'Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,
2 'One glass of your wine,' she says,
3 'Three drops of the burning lead.'
4 'Och and alac,' her mother did say,
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96C.15
1 'And when she goes into the house,
2 Sit ye upon the whin;
3 And sit you there and sing our loves,
4 As she goes out and in.'

96C.6
1 And when he flew to that castel,
2 He lighted on the ash;
3 And there he sat and sang their loves,
4 As she came from the mass.

96C.7
1 And when she went into the house,
2 He flew unto the whin;
3 And there he sat and sang their loves,
4 As she went out and in.

96C.8
1 'Come hither, come hither, my maidens all,
2 And sip red wine anon,
3 Till I go to my west window,
4 And hear a birdie's moan.'

96C.9
1 She's gone unto her west window,
2 And faintly aye it drew,
3 And soon into her white silk lap
4 The bird the letter threw.

96C.10
1 'Ye're bidden send your love a send,
2 For he has sent you twa;
3 And tell him where he can see you,
4 Or he cannot live ava.'

96C.11
1 'I send him the rings from my white fingers,
2 The garlands off my hair;
3 I send him the heart within her breast;
4 But they breathed none again.

96C.12
1 She hied her to her father dear,
2 As fast as gang could she:
3 'An asking, an asking, my father dear,
4 An asking ye grant me;
5 That, if I die in fair England
6 She's wallowit like a weed.'

96C.13
1 'At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
2 You cause the bells be rung;
3 At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
4 To Scotland ye bury me.

96C.14
1 'At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
2 You deal gold for my sake;
3 And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
4 In Scotland gar bury me.'

96C.15
1 'And now, my tender father dear,
2 This asking grant you me;
3 'Your asking is but small,' he said,
4 'Weel granted it shall be.'

96C.16
1 She hied her to her sister dear,
2 As fast as gang could she:
3 'An asking, an asking, my sister dear,
4 An asking ye grant me;
5 That if I die in fair England
6 She's gone unto her west window.'

96C.17
1 'And now, my tender sister dear,
2 This asking grant you me;
3 'Your asking is but small,' she said,
4 'Weel granted it shall be.'

96C.18
1 She hied her to her seven brothers,
2 As fast as gang could she:
3 'An asking, an asking, my brothers seven,
4 An asking ye grant me;
5 That if I die in fair England
6 In Scotland ye bury me.'

96C.19
1 'And now, my tender sister dear,
2 This asking grant you me;
3 'Your asking is but small,' she said,
4 'Weel granted it shall be.'

96C.20
1 'An asking, an asking, my brothers seven,
2 An asking ye grant me;
3 That if I die in fair England
4 In Scotland ye bury me.'

96C.21
1 'And now, my tender brothers dear,
2 This asking grant you me:'
3 'Your asking is but small,' they said,
4 'Weel granted it shall be.'

96C.22
1 Then down as dead that lady drapd,
2 Beside her mother's knee;
3 Then out it spoke an auld witch-wife
4 And the steeking silken wark.

96C.23
1 Says, Drag the hot lead on her cheek,
2 And drop it on her chin,
3 And drop it on her rose-red lips,
4 And she will speak again:
5 For I have fasted for your love
6 For I have fasted for your love.'

96C.24
1 They drapd the hot lead on her cheek,
2 So did they on her chin;
3 They drapit it on her red-rose lips,
4 But they breathed none again.

96C.25
1 Her sisters they went to a room,
2 To make to her a sark;
3 And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
4 To wear the gold so red.'

96C.26
1 Her sisters they went to a room,
2 To make to her a sark;
3 The cloth of it was satin fine,
4 That will fly to the Queen of England's daughter.

96C.27
1 'But well is me, my jolly goshawk,
2 That ye can speak and flee;
3 'Come shew to my any love-tokens
4 That you have brought to me.'

96C.28
1 'She sends you the rings from her fingers,
2 The garlands from her hair;
3 She sends you the heart within her breast;
4 That you have brought to me.'

96C.29
1 'Come hither, all my merry young men,
2 To make to her a bier;
3 And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
4 And the steeking silken wark.

96C.30
1 At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
2 They gart the bells be rung;
3 At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
4 In Scotland gar bury me.'

96C.31
1 At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
2 They dealt gold for her sake;
3 And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland
4 To free my love frae pine.'

96C.32
1 'Set down, set down the corpse,' he said,
2 'Till I look on the dead;
3 The last time that I saw her face,
4 She ruddy was and red;
5 But now, alas, and woe is me!
6 She’s wallowit like a weed.'

96C.33
1 He rent the sheet upon her face,
2 A little above her chin;
3 With lily-white cheeks, and lemin een,
4 She looked and laughed to him.

96C.34
1 'Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
2 A bottle of your wine;
3 For I have fasted for your love
4 These long days nine;
5 For I have fasted for your love
6 She ruddy was and red.'

96C.35
1 'Go home, go home, my seven brothers,
2 Go home and blow the horn;
3 For you can say in the south of England
4 Your sister gave you a scorn.

96C.36
1 'I came not here to fair Scotland
2 To ly amang the dead;
3 But I came here to fair Scotland
4 To wear the gold so red.'

96D.1
1 'O WHEREILL I get a pretty little bird
2 That'll go my errand soon,
3 That will fly to the Queen of England’s dochter,
4 And bid my trew-luve come?'

96D.2
1 'Here am I, a pretty little bird,
2 That’ll go your errands soon,
3 That will fly to the Queen of England’s dochter,
4 And bid your trew-luve come.'

96D.3
1 This wee birdie’s taken its flight,
2 And it’s flown owre the sea,
3 Until it cam to the Queen of England’s dochter;
4 She’s sitting in her bowser-windie.

96D.4
1 Then out bespoke these nine ladies,
2 As they sat in a ring:
3 'O we’ll awa to the west window,
4 To hear this birdie sing.'

96D.5
1 This wee birdie’s taken its flight,
2 And it’s flown owre them a’,
3 And at the lady’s left shoulder
4 It loot a letter fa.

96D.6
1 She has taken the letter up,
2 And read it speedilie:
3 'O mother, the queen, O mother, the queen,
4 Grant this request to me;
5 Whenever I do chance for to die,
6 In Scotland gar bury me.'

96D.7
1 'Bring to me the red, red lead,
2 And rub it on her chin;
3 It’s Oh and alace for my daughter Janet!
4 But there is not a breath within.

96D.8
1 'Bring to me the red, red lead,
2 And rub it on her toe;
3 It’s Oh and alace for my daughter Janet!
4 To Scotland she must go.'

96D.9
1 'Rise up, rise up, ye seven sisters,
2 And make her winding sheet,
3 With the one side of the beaten gold,
4 And the other o the needle-wark.

96D.10
1 'Rise up, rise up, ye seven brethren,
2 And make her carriage-bier,
3 With the one side of the beaten gold,
4 And the other o the silver clear.'

96D.11
1 'They’ve carried east, they’ve carried west,
2 They’ve carried her high and low,
3 Until that they came to the king of Scotland,
4 Was sitting in his bowser-window.

96D.12
1 'Here is a token come down,
2 To free my love frae pine.'

96D.13
1 He’s taen out his mickle knife,
2 And tore his winding sheet,
3 And there she lay like the crimson red,
4 And she smiled in his face so sweet.
The Child Ballads

96D.14
1 'Go home, go home, you seven brethren,
2 Go home and saw your corn,
3 For she fit for the queen of Scotland now,
4 And she's gien you the scorn.'

96D.15
1 'Go home, go home, you seven sisters,
2 Go home and sew your seam,
3 For she is fit for the queen of Scotland now,
4 And she's ready to be my queen.'

96E.1
1 'O Waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
2 Gin your feathering be shoon!
3 'And waly, waly, my master dear,
4 Gin ye look pale and lean!'

96E.2
1 'O have ye tint at tournament
2 Your sword, or yet your spear?
3 Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
4 Whom you may not win near?

96E.3
1 'I have not tint at tournament
2 My sword, nor yet my spear,
3 But sair I mourn for my true-love,
4 Wi mony a bitter tear.

96E.4
1 'But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
2 Ye can baith speak and flee;
3 Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
4 And sat him on a pin.

96E.5
1 'But how sall I your true-love find,
2 Or how sull I her know?
3 I bear a tongue neer wi her spake,
4 In an eye that neer her saw.'

96E.6
1 'O weel sall ye my true-love ken,
2 Sae sune as wings can gae.
3 And what is white o her is white
4 Nor my eyes her ever saw.'

96E.7
1 'The red that's on my true-love's cheek
2 Is like blood-drops on the snaw;
3 And every steek that they pat in
4 That was sae bright of blee.

96E.8
1 'And even at my love's bower-door
2 There grows a flowering birk,
3 And ye maun sit and sing thereon,
4 As she gangs to the kirk.

96E.9
1 'And four-and-twenty fair ladies
2 Will to the mass repair,
3 But weel may ye my ladye ken,
4 The fairest ladye there.'

96E.10
1 Lord William has written a love-letter,
2 Put it under his pinion gray,
3 And he is awa to southern land,
4 As fast as wings can gae.

96E.11
1 And even at that ladye's bower
2 There grew a flowering birk,
3 And he sat down and sang thereon,
4 'As she gaed to the kirk.

96E.12
1 And weel he kent that ladye feir
2 Amang her maidens free,
3 For the flower that springs in May morning
4 Was not sae sweet as she.

96E.13
1 [He lighted at the ladye's yate,
2 And sat him on a pin.
3 And sang, su sweet the notes o love,
4 Till a' was cosh within.]

96E.14
1 And first he sang a low, low note,
2 And syne he sang a clear,
3 And aye the oerword of the song
4 Was, Your love can no win here.

96E.15
1 'Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
2 The wine flows you amang,
3 While I gang to my shot-window,
4 And hear ye bonny bird's sang.

96E.16
1 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
2 The sang ye sung yestreen;
3 For weel I ken by your sweet singing
4 Ye are frae my true-love sen.'

96E.17
1 'I have there a letter from Lord William;
2 He says he's sent ye three;*
3 He canna wait your love langer,
4 And first he sang a merry sang.'

96E.18
1 'And even at my love's bouer-door
2 There grows a flowering birk,
3 And ye may sit and sing thereon,
4 'As milk, or the sea-maw.

96E.19
1 'Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
2 And brew his bridal ale,
3 And I sall meet him at Mary's kirke,
4 That was sae bright of blee.

96E.20
1 The lady's gane to her chamber,
2 And a moanfu woman was she,
3 As gin she had been a sudden brash,
4 And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek.

96E.21
1 'A boon, a boon, my father deir,
2 Ye's tarry there till night:'
3 As gin she had taen a sudden brash,
4 To the maid in South England.'

96E.22
1 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
2 The sang ye sung yestreen;
3 For weel I ken by your sweet singing
4 That she had mixed wi care.

96E.23
1 'O first he sang a merry sang,
2 And syne he sang a grave,
3 And syne he pecked his feathers gray,
4 And her colour began to come.

96E.24
1 'For him you neer shall see.
2 Gin you look pale and lean!
3 For weel I ken by your sweet singing
4 That she had mixed wi care.

96E.25
1 'And when ye come to St Mary's kirke,
2 Ye's gar the bells be rung.
3 'Our sister's dead and gane!'
4 'The red that's on my true-love's cheik
5 'O what is red of her is red
6 'Or how shall I her know?'

96E.26
1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,
2 Gae hame and blaw your horn;
3 And I sall meet him at Mary's kirke,
4 'As milk, or the sea-maw.

96E.27
1 'And ever alas,' her mother cried,
2 And dropped them on her hand:
3 'And waly, waly, my master dear,
4 'I fasted those days nine.'

96E.28
1 'Our sister's dead and gane!'
2 They drapt on her breast-bane;
3 She got three drops of boiling lead,
4 To her the letter gave.

96E.29
1 'Then even before that lady's yetts
2 They drapt it on her breast-bane;
3 She got three drops of boiling lead,
4 For them you may not win near?

96E.30
1 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
2 The sang ye sung yestreen;
3 For weel I ken by your sweet singing
4 To fair Scotland you must go!'

96E.31
1 'Ah woe to you, you light woman,
2 Gin your feathering be shoon!
3 'And even at my love's bower-door
4 And sat him on a pin.

96E.32
1 'Go home, go home, you seven bauld brothers,
2 Gin your feathering be shoon!
3 'And even at my love's yetts
4 And weel he kent that ladye feir

96E.33
1 'Tell me like a lily-flower,
2 Till her pale colour was gone;
3 With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
4 That she had mixed wi care.

96E.34
1 'Tell me like a lily-flower,
2 Till her pale colour was gone;
3 With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
4 That she had mixed wi care.

96G.1
1 WHEN grass grew green on Lanark plains,
2 And fruit and flowers did spring,
3 A Scottish squire in cheerfu strains,
4 Sae merrily thus did sing:

96G.2
1 'O well fails me o my parrot
2 That he can speak and flee;
3 For he will carry love-letters
4 Between my love and me.

96G.3
1 'O well fails me o my parrot
2 That he can speak and flee;
3 For he will carry love-letters
4 To the maid in South England.

96G.4
1 'O how shall I your love find out?
2 For I hae fasted these three lang days,
3 I trow you wad hae gien me the skaith,
4 Nor my eyes her ever saw.'

96G.5
1 'O what is red of her is red
2 As blude drapp'd on the snaw;
3 And what is white o her is white
4 'As milk, or the sea-maw.

96G.6
1 'Even before that lady's yette
2 You'll find a bowing birch;
3 And there ye'll sit, and sing thereon,
4 Till she goes to the kirk.

96G.7
1 'Then even before that lady's yette
2 You'll find a bowing birch;
3 And there ye'll sit, and sing thereon,
4 'As milk, or the sea-maw.

96G.8
1 'Set down, set down the bier,' he said,
2 'Tell me like a lily-flower,
3 But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,
4 And her colour began to come.

96G.9
1 'She brightened like the lily-flower,
2 Till her pale colour was gone;
3 With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
4 That she had mixed wi care.

96G.10
1 'A morsel of your bread, my lord,
2 And one glass of your wine,
3 For I hae fasted these three lang days,
4 All for your sake and mine.

96G.11
1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,
2 Gae hame and blaw your horn;
3 I trow you wad hae gien me the skaith,
4 But I've gien you the scorn.'

96G.12
1 'Go home, go home, you seven sisters,
2 Go home and sew your seam,
3 For she is fit for the queen of Scotland now,
4 And she's gien you the scorn.'
For death has nae remeid.'
1 'O down ye'll set this corpse o clay,
1 Than she flew high, an she flew leugh,
2 An' far aboon the wa;
3 Till I gae to my bower-window
3 And wi her sweet ruby lips
1 Lord William was walkin i the garden green,
2 Viewin the roses red,
3 An there he spied his bonnie spier-hawk,
4 To mix amang the clay;
4 Is like bluid drapt on the snaw.'
5 ' ' ' ' ' ' '
1 'Ye may tell my love I'll send her a kiss,
2 Sae did he by her chin;
3 The one half o 't was gude red gowd,
4 The other siller clear.
5 ' ' ' ' ' ' '
4 My errand is to you.'
1 'I came not here to fair Scotland
1 The asking's nae sae great, daughter,
2 'That I'll neer ask of thee;
3 Or how can I your true-love ken,
4 Atween my love an me.'
1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,
1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,
2 If I die in South England,
3 And tho ye die in South England,
4 Ye'll sit and sing therein.
2 There's fixd a siller pin;
1 Her father and her seven brithers,
2 Fell low down on her knee:
1 This hawk flew high, an she flew leugh,
2 An' there he spyed his bonnie spier-hawk,
1 'Sit in the hall, good ladies all,
1 'Sit still, sit still, my six sisters,
2 And we shall gie you anither;
3 'An asking, asking, mother dear,
4 ' ' ' ' ' ' '
1 'This little bird then took his flight,
1 'I am come frae your true-love,
2 If ye be my true-lovie's bird,
1 'Sit in the hall, good ladies all,
1 'I'll sing nae mair, ye lady fair,
1 'Ye may tell my love I'll send her a kiss,
2 Sae did he by her chin;
4 This day she is affronted.
1 'I'll bid him meet me there';
2 She has gone to her dear father,
1 'Ye'll bid him meet me there';
2 Ye'll bid him meet me there;
3 Or how can I her know?
2 We shall gie you anither;
4 ' ' ' ' ' ' '
2 An' there he spyed his bonnie spier-hawk,
3 'This hawk flew high, an she flew leugh,
1 I came not here to fair Scotland
1 'Ask what ye please, my lily-white dove,
2 On the sofa where she sat
1 I came not here to fair Scotland
1 'Sit in the hall, good ladies all,
2 An sew your silken seam,
3 'An asking, asking, mother dear,
3 'An asking, asking, mother dear,
1 'I am come frae your true-love,
1 'Sit in the hall, good ladies all,
5 ' ' ' ' ' ' '
2 An' there he spyed his bonnie spier-hawk,
1 This little bird then took his flight,
4 This day she is affronted.
1 'I'll bid him meet me there';
2 She has gone to her dear father,
96[H.11]  1 'What news, what news, my bonnie baird?
    2 An what word carry ye?
    3 An what are a' the love-tokens?
    4 My love has sent to me?'
96[H.12]  1 'O ye may send your love a kiss,
    2 For he has sent ye three;
    3 Ye haue the heart within his buik,
    4 What mair can he send thee?'
96[H.13]  1 'O I will send my love a kiss,
    2 A kiss, I will I three;
    3 If I can win to fair Scotland,
    4 His wedded wife I'll be.
96[H.14]  1 'O I will send my love a kiss,
    2 An the caiue out o my hair;
    3 He has the hart that's in my buik,
    4 What can I send him mair?
96[H.15]  1 'An gae yer ways, my bonnie baird,
    2 An tell my love frue me,
    3 If I he there gin Martinmas,
    4 Gin Yool Yollo there will be.'
96[H.16]  1 'Twas up an spak an her ill step-minnie,
    2 An wi drap o your wine,
    3 But nought say to my ill step-minnie,
    4 Gard burn me on the breist.
96[H.17]  1 'Twas up an spak her ill step-minnie,
    2 As fast as she can fare;
    3 'For wi ae wile I've got you in,
    4 To lat my true-love in.'
96[H.18]  1 'There's room enough in wide England
    2 To burry thee an me;
    3 But sould ye die, my dear daughter,
    4 I Scotland burry me.'
96[H.19]  1 'She's warn'd the wrights in lilly Londene,
    2 As fast as she could gang;
    3 For wi ae wile I've got you in,
    4 To rot amang the clay.
96[H.20]  1 'O will ye gae, my six sisters,
    2 An new to me a sheet,
    3 The tae half o the silk sae fine,
    4 The tother o cambrie white.'
96[H.21]  1 Then they haue askit the surgeon at, etc.
96[H.22]  1 Then said her cruel step-minnie,
    2 Take ye the boolin lead
    3 An some o 't drap on her bosom;
    4 We'll see gif she be dead.
96[H.23]  1 Then boolin lead than they haue taen
    2 An drapit on her breast;
    3 'Alas! alas!' than her father he cried,
    4 For 'she's dead without the priest!'
96[H.24]  1 She neither chetterd in her teeth
    2 Nor shivert wi her chin;
    3 'Alas! alas!' her father cried,
    4 'For there nae life within!'  
96[H.25]  1 'It's nine lang days, an nine lang nights,
    2 She's wanit meat for me;
    3 But for nine days, nine langer nights,
    4 Her face ye salna see.'
96[H.26]  1 He's taen the coffin wi his fit,
    2 Gur it in flinders flie, etc.
96[H.27]  1 'Fetch me,' she said, æ cake o yer bread
    2 An wi a drap o your wine,
    3 For luv ye an your sake
    4 I've fastit lang nights nine.'
96[H.28]  1 'Twas up then spak an eldrin knight,
    2 A grey-haird knight was he;
    3 'Now ye haue lert yer auld father,
    4 For you he's like to die.
96[H.29]  1 'An ye hae left yer sax sisters
    2 Lamentin a' for you;
    3 I wiss that this, my dear lady,
    4 Ye near may hae to rue.'
96[H.30]  1 'Commend me to my auld father,
    2 If eer ye come him niest;
    3 But nought say to my ill step-minnie,
    4 Gard burn me on the breist.
96[H.31]  1 'Commend me to my six sisters,
    2 If ye gang bak again;
    3 But nought say to my ill step-minnie,
    4 Gard burn me on the chin.
96[H.32]  1 'Commend me to my brethren baid,
    2 An a wi drap o your wine;
    3 If ever they come to fair Scotland
    4 They's fare nae war than me.
96[H.33]  1 'For I cam na to fair Scotland
    2 To lie amang the dead,
    3 But I cam down to fair Scotland
    4 To wear goud on my head.
96[H.34]  1 'Nor did I come to fair Scotland
    2 To rot amang the clay,
    3 But I cam to fair Scotland
    4 To wear goud ika day.'
97A.1  1 THE king but an his nobles a'
    2 Sat birling at the wine;
    3 He would ha nane but his ae daughter
    4 Whan wi my love I'll meet.'
97A.2  1 She's servd them butt, she's servd them ben,
    2 Intill a gown of green,
    3 An sew to me a sheet,
    4 To wait on them at dine.
97A.3  1 She's servd them butt, she's servd them ben,
    2 Intill a gown of green,
    3 An sew to me a sheet,
    4 To wait on them at dine.
97A.4  1 'There sits a bird i my father's garden,
    2 As fast as she could gang;
    3 An she has dresst him Brown Robin
    4 To rot amang the clay.
97A.5  1 'O gin that ye like me as well
    2 As your tongue tells to me,
    3 What hour o the night, my lady bright
    4 At your bowr sal I be?'
97A.6  1 'Whan my father an gay Gilbert
    2 Are baith set at the wine,
    3 But I cam down to fair Scotland
    4 To lie amang the dead,
97A.7  1 'O wae be to your wine, father,
    2 As fast as she could gang;
    3 She has gien to him Love Robbie
    4 Gard burn me on the breist.
97A.8  1 'I woud na gi that cup, daughter,
    2 O dear, but it sings sweet!
    3 There sits a bird i my father's garden,
    4 As ony wild-wood swine:
97A.9  1 'Commend me to my auld father,
    2 To lie amang the dead,
    3 But I cam down to fair Scotland
    4 To lie amang the dead,
97A.10 1 'Then out it spake the king himsel,
    2 'Whan my father an gay Gilbert
    3 What would I give, my father dear,
    4 That is a sturde dame.'
97A.11 1 'I woud na gi that cup, daughter,
    2 That ye hold i your han
    3 For a' the wines in my cellaar,
    4 An gantrees where the stan.'
97A.12 1 'O wae be to your wine, father,
    2 That ever' came oer the sea;
    3 'Tis pitten my head in sick a steer
    4 I my bowr I canna be.'
97A.13 1 'Gang out, gang out, my daughter dear,
    2 Gang out an tack the air;
    3 Gang out an walk i the good green wood,
    4 An a' your marys fair.
97A.14 1 Then out it spake the proud porter—
    2 Our lady wishd him shame—
    3 'We'll send the marys to the wood,
    4 But we'll keep our lady at hame.'
97A.15 1 'There's thirty marys i my bowr,
    2 There's thirty o them an thee;
    3 But there's nae ane amou them a'
    4 Cens what flowr gain for me.'
97A.16 1 She's doen her to her bigly bowr,
    2 As fast as she could gang;
    3 An she has dresst him Brown Robin
    4 Like ony bowr-woman.
97A.17 1 The gown she put upon her love
    2 Was o the dainty green,
    3 His hose was o the saft, saft silk,
    4 His shoon o the cordwain fine.
97A.18 1 She's pitten his bow in his bosom,
    2 His arrow in her sleeve,
    3 His sturdy bran her body next,
    4 Because he was her love.
97A.19 1 Then she is unto her bowr-door,
    2 As fast as she could gang;
    3 But out it spake the proud porter—
    4 Our lady wishd him shame—
    5 'We'll coul our marys to the wood,
    6 An we'll coul them back again.'
97A.20 1 The firsten she sent you out
    2 Was Brown Robin by name;
    3 Then out it spake the king himself,
    4 'This is a sturde dame.'
97A.21 1 O she went out in a May morning,
    2 In a May morning so gay,
    3 But she came never back again,
    4 Her auld father to see.
97B.1  1 A FEATHERD fowl's in your orchard, father,
    2 O dear, but it sings sweet!
    3 What would I give, my father dear,
    4 That bonnie bird to meet!'
    5 What would I give, etc.
97B.2  1 'O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,
    2 Let a' your folly be;
    3 There's six Scots lords tomorrow, child,
    4 That will a' dine wi me,
    5 And ye maun serve tham a', Mary,
    6 As 'twere for meat and fee.'
97B.3  1 She served them up, sae has she done,
    2 The footmen a' the same,
    3 But her mind was aye on Love Robbie,
    4 She's serve them up; we'll say nae.
97B.4  1 A hundred poun o pennies roun,
    2 Tied in a napkin white,
    3 She has gien to him Love Robbie,
    4 Stood out below the rain.
97B.5  1 A hundred poun o pennies roun,
    2 Tied in a napkin white,
    3 She has gien to him Love Robbie,
    4 Out oer the garden-dyke;
As fast as he could gang.
And he is on to good greenwood,
His cane into his han,
He's taen his mantle him about,
And cannot come away.

Lady Mary's sick in good greenwood,
In the chamber where he lay,
Now word has come to her father dear,
And shot him Love Robbie.

Pu'd a flower but only three,
There's seven o them and three,
They had not been in good greenwood,
'I'd fain see any woman or man,
To turn her in again.'

I would not care now very much
And by my sooth, said her father dear,
Then sighing says him Brown Robyn,
'Then sighing said he Love Robbie,
To lat Brown Robyn in.'

Says, Porter, let me know
And sae may they the slae,
But there's nane amo them a' that kens
And ye maun serve them a', Mally,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
And deerd, but it sings sweet!
I hope to live to see the day
This bird and I will meet.'

He served the nobles all as one,
The horsemen much the same;
But her mind was aye to Brown Robyn,
And ye maun serve them a', Mally,
And aye may they the slae.

I wish I were awa!'
Till the guards shot ower the way;
Nor whale out o the sea;
Said, Father, will ye drink more?
And wiles will lat him out.'

'Wae be to the wine, father,'
'There is a bird in my father's orchard,
What bird is that in my orchard
I shall be in your bigly bower
Than all my barrels full of wine,
If I getna the air o good greenwood
Said, Father, will ye drink more?

Till the birds sang on the ha;
'If ought ye ken about the same,
Or shall I let her go?
When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
'What will ye say if I reveal
Or whale out o the sea;
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
And lair may they the slae,
Or whale out o the sea;
O hold your tongue, ye proud porter,
And put his brand across his middle,
But woe be to your proud porter,
And better love I your fair body
Or is there any one alive
They hadna kissd nor love clapped
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
But they may pu the nut, the nut,
Or whale out o the sea;
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
They had not kissd nor love clapp
And sae may they the slae,
Till sighing said he Love Robbie,
And I'll send them to good greenwood,
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
They hadna kissd nor love clapped
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
Or whale out o the sea;
For they may pu the nut, the nut,
Till the guards shot ower the way;
Nor whale out o the sea;
O hold your tongue, ye proud porter,
And I'll send them to good greenwood,
'For they may pu the nut, the nut,
She servd the nobles all as one,
The morn shoud dine wi me;
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
To turn that marie in.
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
And I'll send them to good greenwood,
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
'If ought ye ken about the same,
Or shall I let her go?
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
'If ought ye ken about the same,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
And I'll send them to good greenwood,
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
'If ought ye ken about the same,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
And I'll send them to good greenwood,
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
'If ought ye ken about the same,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
And I'll send them to good greenwood,
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
'If ought ye ken about the same,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
'If ought ye ken about the same,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
And I'll send them to good greenwood,
'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'
97C.31. 1 If ye will promise,' the porter said, 2 To do nae injury, 3 I will find out your daughter dear, 4 And then that's gane her wi.'

97C.32. 1 Then he did swear a solemn oath, 2 By a' his gowd and hand, 3 Nae injury to them's be done, 4 Whether it be maid or man.

97C.33. 1 The porter then a letter wrote, 2 And seal'd it wi his hand, 3 And sent it to that lady fair, 4 For to return hame.

97C.34. 1 When she came to her father's ha, 2 He received her joyfullie, 3 And married her to Brown Robyn, 4 Now a happy man was he.

97C.35. 1 She hadna been in her father's ha 2 A day but barely three, 3 Till she settled the porter well for life, 4 Wi gowd and white monie.

98A.2. 1 His hammer's o the beaten gold, 2 His study's o the steel, 3 His fingers white are my delite, 4 By he blows his bellows well.

98A.3. 1 But they ha banished him Brown Adam 2 Frae father and frae mither, 3 An he's biggit a bower i the good green wood, 4 Between his lady an him.

98A.4. 1 O he's shot up, an he's shot down, 2 The birde upo the brier, 3 And he's sent it hame to his lady, 4 Bade he be of good cheer.

98A.5. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fou o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small;

98A.6. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 And that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o gude black silk, 4 Make ladyes for to shine.

98A.7. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 And that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98A.8. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98B.1. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98B.2. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98B.3. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98B.4. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98B.5. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98B.6. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.1. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.2. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.3. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.4. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.5. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.6. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.7. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.8. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.9. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.10. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.

98C.11. 1 Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be, 2 An the thing that's a hatefu thing; 3 It was as fu o shambo gluves, 4 It was a coffer small.
The Text of 

99A.20 1 Then out it spake his father dear, 
2 My son, you are to blame; 
3 An gin you’re catched on English groun, 
4 I fear you’ll neer win hame. 

99A.21 1 Then out it spake a valiant knight, 
2 Johny’s best friend was he; 
3 I can comman five hunder men, 
4 An I’ll his surety be. 

99A.22 1 The firstin town that they came till, 
2 They gard the bells be rung; 
3 An the nextin town that they came till, 
4 They gard the mess be sung. 

99A.23 1 The thirddin town that they came till, 
2 They gard the drums be roun; 
3 The king but an his nobles a’, 
4 Was startld at the soun. 

99A.24 1 Whan they came to the king’s palace 
2 They rade it roun about, 
3 An there they saw the king himsel, 
4 At the window looking out. 

99A.25 1 ’Is this the Duke o Albany, 
2 Or James, the Scottish king? 
3 Or are ye some great foreign lord, 
4 That’s a comin visitng?’ 

99A.26 1 ’I’m nae the Duke of Albany, 
2 Nor James, the Scottish king; 
3 But I’m a valiant Scottish knight, 
4 Pitnachton is my name.’ 

99A.27 1 ’O if Pitnachton be your name, 
2 As I trust well it be, 
3 The morn, or I tast meat or drink, 
4 You shall be hanged hi.’ 

99A.28 1 Then out it spake the valiant knight 
2 That came brave Johny wi; 
3 Behold five hunder bowmen bold, 
4 Will die to set him free. 

99A.29 1 Then out it spake the king again, 
2 An a scornaful laugh he; 
3 I have an Italian i my house 
4 Will fight you three by three. 

99A.30 1 ’O grant me a boon,’ brave Johny cried; 
2 ’Bring your Italian here; 
3 Then if he fall beneath my sword, 
4 I’ve won your daughter dear.’ 

99A.31 1 Then out it came that Italian, 
2 An a gurious ghost was he; 
3 Upo the point o Johny’s sword 
4 This Italian did die. 

99A.32 1 Out has he drawn his lang, lang bran, 
2 Struck it across the plain: 
3 ’Is there any more o your English dogs 
4 That you want to be slain?’ 

99A.33 1 ’A clark, a clark,’ the king then cried, 
2 ’To write her tocher free,’ 
3 ’A priest, a priest,’ says Love Johny, 
4 ’To marry my love and me.’ 

99A.34 1 ’I’m seeking nane o your gold,’ he says, 
2 ’Nor of your silver clear; 
3 I only seek your daughter fair, 
4 Whose love has cost her dear.’ 

99B.1 1 JOHNNY’S into England gane, 
2 Three quarters of a year; 
3 Johnny’s into England gane, 
4 The king’s banner to bear. 

99B.2 1 He had na been in England lang, 
2 But a little while, 
3 Until the king’s daughter 
4 To Johnny gae wi child.
Is this the brave Argyle,' he said,
And he spak all in time.
Johnie, if ye to England go,
I fear ye’ll never return.
Was like the links of gold.

Most pleasant to behold,

O if you to fair England go,

And he spoke well in time:

O out and spoke his father then,

Whatever me betide,

'O I must to fair England go,

Till the saut tear did blind his ee.

He had not read one line but two

A sorry man was he;

When Johnnie looked the letter upon

See what answer he sends to me.'

And thou must take that to Johnnie Scot,

And give it unto thee,

With fetters round about.

My breast plate's o the hard, hard iron,

How can I go to Johnnie Scot?

Unto the woods so green,

Then he saw her at a wee window,

'To him goes big with child!'
10 Ran prinkling down the field.
3 To open and let them in.
2 They knocked at the pin;
3 The hair that hung over Johnie's shoulders
1 They all were mounted on horseback,
3 I and three thousand of my guards
2 And he spoke manfully:
1 Then out bespoke our Scotish king,
4 The tears did blind his eye.
3 Some at high windows looked out,
2 Some gade unto the plain,
1 Some gade unto the high mountain,
6 To see poor Johnie slain.
5 To see the cruel fight begin,
9 Until the drops of red, red blood
8 Wi swords of tempered steel,
6 And see poor Johnnie slain.
5 To think of Johnie would retire,
2 Now he'll be Johnie's dead,
3 But, like unto a swallow swift,
2 Now he'll be Johnie's dead,
3 And being mounted on before,
2 We'll fight your men by three;
1 'I have a Talliant in my house
2 'As I trew well she be,
1 Word has to the kitchen gane,
3 And word has to the queen hersel,
2 And word has to the ha,
1 Word has to the kitchen gane,
3 And word has to the ha,
2 And word has to the queen herself,
2 Now she has written a letter,
2 And sealed it with her hand,
3 And sent it unto Johnie Scot,
4 To come at her command.
9 The first lang line that he looked to,
2 The haughty made their drums beat round,
2 They made their drums beat round,
3 And there he spied his own true-love,
4 At a window looking out.
9 The king and his gay armies
2 They made their drums beat round,
2 They made their bells to ring;
2 They made their music sing.
3 The sound is unto Scotland gane,
2 He blew it wondrous still;
2 'As I trew weel she be,
1 'O fain would I come down,' she says,
4 She goes to him with child.
1 'Are you the Duke [of York],' he says,
2 'Or are ye the King of Spain?
3 Or are ye one of the gay Scots boys,
4 From hunting now come hame.'
The Text of

99H.1
1 'WHERE will I get a bony boy,
2 That would win hose and shoon,
3 That will go on to yon palace,
4 And hast him back again?'

99H.2
1 'Here am I, a bony boy,
2 That would win hose and shoon,
3 That will go on to yon palace,
4 And haste me back again.'

99H.3
1 When you come to yon palace,
2 You’ll run it round about;
3 There you’ll see a gay lady,
4 At the window looking out.

99H.4
1 'Give him this shirt of silk,
2 His own hand sewed the slive;
3 She's wrote a braid letter,
4 And haste me back again.'

99H.5
1 'Give him this shirt of silk, boy,
2 His own hand sewed the gare;
3 You'd bid her come to good green woods,
4 Instead of beaten gold.

99H.6
1 When he came to yon palace,
2 He ran it round about,
3 And there he saw a gay lady,
4 At the window looking out.

99H.7
1 'Take here this shirt of silk, lady,
2 Your own hand sewed the slive;
3 You're bidden come to good green woods,
4 That Goold is very high.

99H.8
1 'Take here this shirt of silk, lady,
2 Your own hand sewed the gare;
3 You're bidden come to good green woods,
4 And haste me back again.'

99H.9
1 'The staunchens they are strong, boy,
2 Dear, vow but they are stout!
3 My feet they are in strong fetters,
4 And how shall I win out?'

99H.10
1 'My garters is of the cold iron,
2 Dear, vow but they are cold!
3 Nor James, our Scottish king;
4 They marvelled at the sound.

99H.11
1 'But I will write a braud letter,
2 And sign it with my hand,
3 I will send it to Love Johny,
4 'Twas Johny's best man.

99H.12
1 And she has wrote [a] braud letter,
2 And sign'd it with hir hand,
3 She has wrote it tenderly,
4 She laid last by my side.'

99H.13
1 When he got this letter,
2 A light laugh did he gie;
3 But or he read it til an end,
4 The salt tears blindet his ee.

99H.14
1 Says, I'll awa to fair England,
2 What ever may betide,
3 That will go on to yon palace,
4 That lay close by my side.

99H.15
1 Out it spoke Johny's mother,
2 And she spoke ay through pride;
3 Say's, If ye go to fair England,
4 Sir, better to you bide.

99H.16
1 When Johny was on his saddle set,
2 And seemly to behold,
3 Every t'et Love Johny's hair
4 Was like the threads of gold.

99H.17
1 When Johny was on his saddle set,
2 And seemly for to see,
3 There was not a married man
4 In a' Johny's company.

99H.18
1 The first town that they came till,
2 They gard the bells be rung;
3 The next town that they came till,
4 They gard the mess bee sung.

99H.19
1 When they came to the king's palace,
2 The drums they did beat round,
3 And the quen and hir marys all
4 Amased at the sound.

99H.20
1 'Is this the Duke of Mulbery,
2 Or James, our Scottish king?
3 Or is it any noble lord?
4 That's going a visiting?'

99H.21
1 'It's not the Duke of Mulbery,
2 Nor James, our Scottish king;
3 But it is that little Son;
4 And Auchney is his name.'

99H.22
1 'If Auchney bee your name,' he said,
2 'As I trust well it be,
3 The fairest lady in all my court
4 High hanged he shall be!'

99H.23
1 'If she be with bairn,' he said,
2 'As I doubt not nor she be;
3 I will make it heir o'er all my land,
4 And hir my gay lady.'

99H.24
1 The king he swore a solemn oath,
2 And a solemn oath swore he,
3 'The morn, before I eat or drink,
4 To see Love Johny slain.'

99H.25
1 The king and his nobles all
2 Went out into the plain,
3 The niest toun that he cam till,
4 They gard the mess bee sung.

99H.26
1 They fought up, and they fought down,
2 With swords of temperd steel,
3 But not a drop of Johny's blood
4 In that day he did spill.

99H.27
1 Out they brought the Itilian,
2 And a greedy ghost was he,
3 But by the edge o Love Johny's sword
4 That Itilian did die.

99H.28
1 Johny's taen his next drawn sword,
2 And stript it to the stran:
3 'Is there any more of your English dogs
4 That wants for to be slain?'

99H.29
1 'A clerk, a clerk,' now says the king,
2 'To sign her tocher free;'
3 'A clerck, a clerck,' now says the king,
4 'Here am I, a bony boy.

99H.30
1 'I fought not for your goold, your goold,
2 I fought not for your gear,
3 But I fought for my rose Mary,
4 And vow! I've bought hir dear.'

99I.1
1 JOHNIE is up to London gane,
2 Three quarters o the year,
3 And he is up to London gane,
4 She lay last by my side.'

99I.2
1 He had na been in fair London
2 A twalmouth and a day,
3 Till the king's ae daughter
4 To Johnie gangs wi child.

99I.3
1 O word is to the kitchen gane,
2 And word is to the ha,
3 And word is to the king himself
4 A mang his nobles a'.

99I.4
1 She has wrote a braud letter,
2 She has wrote it tenderly,
3 And she's wrote a braud letter,
4 To lat her Johnie see

99I.5
1 That her bower is very high,
2 It's aw veel walled about;
3 Her feet are in the fetters strang,
4 Her body looking out.

99I.6
1 Her garters are of cauld iron,
2 And they are very cold;
3 Her breist-plate is o the sturdy steel,
4 Instead o the beaten gold.

99I.7
1 When he lookit the letter on,
2 A light lauch gaed he;
3 But eer he read it til an end,
4 The tear blindit his ee.

99I.8
1 'Maun up to London gang,
2 Whatever me betide,
3 And louse that lady out o prison strang;
4 She lay last by my side.'

99I.9
1 Up spak Johnie's ae best man,
2 That stood by Johnie's knie:
3 Ye'll get twenty o my best men,
4 To bear ye companie.

99I.10
1 When Johnie was in his saddle set,
2 A pleasant sicht to see,
3 There was nae married man
4 In Johnie's companie.

99I.11
1 The first town that he cam till,
2 He made the mass be sung;
3 The niest town that he cam till,
4 He made the bells be rung.

99I.12
1 When he cam to fair London,
2 He made the drums gae round;
3 The king and his nobles aw
4 They marvelled at the sound.

99I.13
1 'Is this the Duke of Winesberry,
2 For James, the Scottish king;
3 Or is it a young gentleman,
4 That wants for to be in?'

99I.14
1 'It's na the Duke of Winesberry,
2 Nor James, the Scottish king;
3 But it is a young gentleman,
4 Bunfeatn is his name.'

99I.15
1 Up spak the king himself,
2 An angry man was he:
3 The morn e'er I eat or drink
4 He hangit sall he be.

99I.16
1 Up spak Johnie's ae best man,
2 That stood by Johnie's knie:
3 Afore our master he be slain
4 We'll aw fecht till we die.

99I.17
1 Up spak the king himself,
2 And up spak he:
3 I have an Italian in my court
4 That will fecht ye manfully.

99I.18
1 'If ye hae an Italian in your court,
2 Fu fain wed I him see;
3 If ye hae an Italian in your court,
4 Ye may bring him here to me.'

99I.19
1 The king and his nobles aw
2 Went tripping down the plain,
3 Wt the queen and her maries aw,
4 To see fair Johnie slain.

99I.20
1 Even anent the prison-door
2 The battle did begin;
3 . . . .
4 . . . .
Johnnie’s up to England gone,
To Johnnie wi child is gane.

A month ’twas barely ane,
The king’s banner to bear.

Johnnie’s up to England gone,
Three quarters o a year;

Johnnie
And he has blawn baith loud and shill;
He set the horn until his mouth,
That wants for to be slain?
Onie mae o your English dogs
He has wallowd it, he has wallowd it,
I’ll fecht for him till I dee.

And a pretty youth was he:
I fear your coming hame.

Says, I will put her in cold prison,
I’ll lock her up in strong prison,
I’ll make it heir of all my lands,
I’ll make the Italian die.

My feet are lockit in the iron fetters,
I am just a good Scotch lad,
But or he gat the hindmost read
And there he spied his own true-love,
And if you go to England, son,
And if you go to Scotland, to.

A priest, a priest,’ young Johnnie said,
‘A priest, a priest,’ then Johnnie cried,
A priest, a priest,’ young Johnnie said,
A priest, a priest,’ then Johnnie cried,

My breastplate is of the stubborn steel,
My feet are in the fetters strong,
My breastplate is of the stubborn steel,
My feet are in the fetters strong,

I fear your coming hame.
I fear your coming hame.
I fear your coming hame.
I fear your coming hame.

When Johnnie came to the king’s court
He rode it round about,
And when he cam to merry Carlisle,
He made the bells to ring,

And there he spied his own true-love,
And there he spied his own true-love,
And there he spied his own true-love,
And there he spied his own true-love,

And she has sent it to fair Scotland,
And she has sent it to fair Scotland,
And she has sent it to fair Scotland,
And she has sent it to fair Scotland,

But if she be wi child,’ he says,
‘As I trow weel she be,
I is the [the] King of France,’ he cried,
‘Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,’ he said,

And hunger her till she die.
And hunger her till she die.
And hunger her till she die.
And hunger her till she die.

And word’s gane to the ha;
And word’s gane to the ha;
And word’s gane to the ha;
And word’s gane to the ha;

And if you go to England, son,
And if you go to Scotland, to.
And if you go to England, son,
And if you go to Scotland, to.

I’ll put her into prison strong,
I’ll lock her up in strong prison,
I’ll put her into prison strong,
I’ll lock her up in strong prison,

The fairest flower of all England
The fairest flower of all England
The fairest flower of all England
The fairest flower of all England

O word is to the king himsel,
O word is to the king himsel,
O word is to the king himsel,
O word is to the king himsel,

And word’s gane to the ha;
And word’s gane to the ha;
And word’s gane to the ha;
And word’s gane to the ha;

When he cam to the king’s gates,
When he cam to the king’s gates,
When he cam to the king’s gates,
When he cam to the king’s gates,

Then she has wrote a long letter,
And sound is to the king is gane,
And sound is to the king is gane,
And sound is to the king is gane,

To Johnnie, the Little Scot.
To Johnnie, the Little Scot.
To Johnnie, the Little Scot.
To Johnnie, the Little Scot.

And if you go to Scotland, to.
And if you go to Scotland, to.
And if you go to Scotland, to.
And if you go to Scotland, to.

When Johnnie came to the king’s bower
He tinkled at the ring;
When Johnnie came to the king’s bower
He tinkled at the ring;
When Johnnie came to the king’s bower
He tinkled at the ring;
When Johnnie came to the king’s bower
He tinkled at the ring;

And she has sent it to fair Scotland,
And she has sent it to fair Scotland,
And she has sent it to fair Scotland,
And she has sent it to fair Scotland,

She foucht it oure again,
She foucht it oure again,
She foucht it oure again,
She foucht it oure again,

In parlour whare she sat,
In parlour whare she sat,
In parlour whare she sat,
In parlour whare she sat,

And she has wallowd it, she has wallowd it,
And she has wallowd it, she has wallowd it,
And she has wallowd it, she has wallowd it,
And she has wallowd it, she has wallowd it,

I only want your fair dochter,
I only want your fair dochter,
I only want your fair dochter,
I only want your fair dochter,

If you be Johnnie Scott,’ says he,
Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,’ he said,
Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,’ he said,
Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,’ he said,

As little o your gear;
As little o your gear;
As little o your gear;
As little o your gear;

‘I’ll have nane o your gowd,’ he says,
‘I’ll have nane o your gowd,’ he says,
‘I’ll have nane o your gowd,’ he says,
‘I’ll have nane o your gowd,’ he says,

‘Is this [the] King of France,’ he cried,
‘Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,’ he said,
‘Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,’ he said,
‘Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,’ he said,

Out then spoke our Scottish James,
The fairest flower in all England
The fairest flower in all England
The fairest flower in all England

When he cam to merry Carlisle,
For an ye gang to London, Johnnie,
For an ye gang to London, Johnnie,
For an ye gang to London, Johnnie,

She foucht it ance, she foucht it twice,
They foucht it oure again,
They foucht it oure again,
They foucht it oure again,

They soun’d at the sound.
They soun’d at the sound.
They soun’d at the sound.
They soun’d at the sound.

In laughter loud was he;
In laughter loud was he;
In laughter loud was he;
In laughter loud was he;

And word o’t to the king is gane,
And word o’t to the king is gane,
And word o’t to the king is gane,
And word o’t to the king is gane,

And word o’t to the king is gane,
And word o’t to the king is gane,
And word o’t to the king is gane,
And word o’t to the king is gane,

Til Johnnie wi his gude braidswerd
Wi swerds o tempered steel,
Til Johnnie wi his gude braidswerd
Wi swerds o tempered steel,
Til Johnnie wi his gude braidswerd
Wi swerds o tempered steel,
Til Johnnie wi his gude braidswerd
Wi swerds o tempered steel,

They foucht up, and they foucht doun,
They foucht up, and they foucht doun,
They foucht up, and they foucht doun,
They foucht up, and they foucht doun,

To Johnnie, wi child is gane.
And as good was his need.

Love John he's on to Scotland gone,
I wat he's on wi speed;

Love John he's on to Scotland gone,
And starve her till she die.

I'll put her in prison strong,

Out then spake the king himsell,
And that was warst of a'.

And word has gone to the high, high room,

And into fair Scotland,

And word has gaen to the king himsel,

And word is to the king's high court,
And word is to the ha,

And word's gone to the high, high room,

And word has to the kitchen gone,

And word has to the king himself,
In his chamber where he sat,
That his eldest daughter goes wi child
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

And word has to the high, high room,

And word's gone to the king himself,
In his chamber where he sat,
That his eldest daughter goes wi child
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

And word has to the kitchen gone,

And word has to the high, high room,

And word has to the king himself,
In his chamber where he sat,
That his eldest daughter goes wi child
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

And word has to the kitchen gone,

And word has to the high, high room,

And word has to the king himself,
In his chamber where he sat,
That his eldest daughter goes wi child
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

And word has to the kitchen gone,

And word has to the high, high room,

And word has to the king himself,
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That his eldest daughter goes wi child
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

And word has to the kitchen gone,

And word has to the high, high room,

And word has to the king himself,
In his chamber where he sat,
That his eldest daughter goes wi child
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

And word has to the kitchen gone,

And word has to the high, high room,

And word has to the king himself,
In his chamber where he sat,
That his eldest daughter goes wi child
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

And word has to the kitchen gone,
99 Q.1
1 The salt teer blind Johnie's ee.
4 When Johnie first the letter got,
1 That lay on yonder lee.

2 She has wrote a broad letter,
2 That will win her all down:
1 'Here am I a pretty little boy,
4 And tell young Johnie to come?'

2 That will win her all down,
1 'O where will I get a pretty little boy,
4 And O but she was cold!
2 In place of the beaten gold,
4 Instead of beaten gold.'

3 I'll put her in a strong castle,
1 'If this be true,' then sais the king,
4 To Johnie the little Scott.
3 That his eldest daughter goes with child
3 And before tomorrow at eight o'clock
1 'There is an Italian in this court;
2 This day he has slain knights three;
3 And before tomorrow at eight o'clock
The Italian will slay thee.'

4 The king's banner for to bear.
1 'I will go to fair England,' says he,
2 'What ever may betide,
3 For to releave that gay lady
4 Who last lay by my side.'

4 Up then spoke Johnie's father,
2 'What news have ye brought to me?
1 'What news, what news, my little boy?
3 Tell her to come to good greenwood,
4 And tell my love to come?'

1 'If that be true,' the king replied,
4 To Lord Jonnie Scott.
3 That his eldest daughter goes with child
3 And word unto the king himsell,
4 Goes with child to Lord Jonnie Scott.

4 To John that little Scot.
1 'Will you any more of your English dogs
2 And turned him on the plain:
3 'A priest, a priest!' the queen she cries,
4 'For weded they shall be.'

3 Young Johnie's up to England gane,
2 Three quarters of a year;
1 Young Johnie's up to England gane
3 And before tomorrow at eight o'clock
1 'I'll have none of your [gold],' says he,
2 'Nor any of your white money;
3 But I will have my ain true-love;
4 This day she has cost me dear.'

1 And word is up, and word is down,
3 And word is to the ha,
2 And word is to the king's ha,
4 Among the nobles a'.

1 He had been in fair England
2 A month but only three,
3 The king he had but one dochter,
4 And she fell in love with he.

1 Up then spoke Johnie's uncle,
3 'No news, no news, my master dear,
2 What news, what news, my little boy?
4 Not ask your parents' leave.'

1 He fought on, and Johnie fought on,
2 This champian soon was slain.
3 But upon the tope of Johnie's brodsword
1 When the champian came out of the bower,
2 Rode down unto the plain,
1 Up then spoke Johnie himself,
4 That will fight you three by three.'

1 'There is an Italian in this court;
2 This day he has slain knights three;
3 And before tomorrow at eight o'clock
The Italian will slay thee.'

4 Instead of beaten gold.'
I think I've bought her dear.'

But it was for my own true-love;

Nor for none of your world's gear;

'A priest, a priest!' Lord Jonnie [did] cry

And you'll fight you till you die.'

'There's some of your English dogs

He's taen a whistle out from his side,

The champion could fight no more.

To see Lord Jonnie slain.

To see the battle gained;

The king and all his nobles stood

With twa lang clasps between his eyes,

Then out and came that gurrly fellow,

Before I lose my ain true-love,

Got fetch him out to me;

As I suppose it be,

'If Lord Jonnie be your name,

Is this any English gentleman,

Or James the Scottish king?

And not go near to see,

'Is this the Duke of Morebattle?

Or James the Scotch king?

No, sire, I'm a Scotch lord,

McNaughten is my name.'

If Lord Jonnie be your name,

But is is a Scotch gentleman,

Lord Jonnie is my name.'

If Lord Jonnie be your name,

As I suppose it be,

'If Lord Jonnie be your name,

Is this the Duke of Morebattle?

Or James the Scotch king?

No, 'tis no English gentleman,

To England new come in?'

Whether may betide.'

When they gaed to London town

The trumpets loud were blown,

Which made the king and a' his court

To marvel at the sound.

If ye will gae to London, son,

Ye'll neer come back again.'

Then up and spoke Lord Jonnie's mother,

But she spake out of time;

'O if you go to fair England

I fear you will be slain.'

But up nd spoke a little boy.

Just at Lord Jonnie's knee,

Before you lose your ain true-love,

And you'll fight you till you die.'

The next church-town that they came to,

They made the bells be rung;

The next church-town that they came to,

They made the drums go through;

The next church-town that they came to,

2

They made the drums go through;

Then out and came that gurrly fellow,

Before I lose my ain true-love,

A noble lord was he;

When Johny he got wit o that,

An angry man was he:

'The champion could fight no more.

'An when the king got wit o that

An angry man was he:

'The champion could fight no more.

The queen and all her ladies came
100A.5
1. She’s coo-teen her berry-brown gown,
2. Stooden straight upon yon stone;
3. Her apron was short, and her haunches were round,
4. Her face it was pale and wan.

100A.6
1. ‘Is it to a man o might, Janet?
2. Or is it to a man of fame?
3. Or is it to any of the rank robbers?
4. That’s lately come out o Spain?’

100A.7
1. ‘It is not to a man of might,’ she said,
2. ‘Nor is it to man of fame;
3. But it is to William of Winsbury;
4. I could lye nae longer my lane.’

100A.8
1. The king’s called on his merry men all,
2. By thirty and by three;
3. ‘Go fetch me William of Winsbury,
4. For hanged he shall be.’

100A.9
1. But when he cam the king before,
2. He was clad o the red silk;
3. His hair was like to threes o gold.
4. And his skin was as white as milk.

100A.10
1. ‘It is nae wonder,’ said the king,
2. ‘That my daughter’s love ye did win;
3. Had I been a woman, as I am a man,
4. My bedfellow ye should have been.

100A.11
1. ‘Will ye marry my daughter Janet,
2. By the truth of thy right hand?
3. I'll gie ye gold. I’ll gie ye money,
4. And I’ll gie ye an earldom o land.’

100A.12
1. ‘Yes, I’ll marry yere daughter Janet,
2. By the truth of my right hand;
3. But I’ll hae nane o yer gold, I’ll hae nane o yer money,
4. Nor I winna hae an earldom o land.

100A.13
1. ‘For I hae eighteen corn-mills,
2. Runs all in water clear,
3. And there’s as much corn in each o them
4. As they can grind in a year.’

100B.1
1. ‘What aileth ye, my dochter Dysmill,
2. That wanteth to be slain?’
3. ‘Is there any more of your Italian dogs
4. That came frae France and Spain.’

100B.2
1. ‘Gin ye begin to hang, father,
2. The tear blinded her ee:
3. And word’s gane to the high, high court,
4. To John the little Scott.

100B.3
1. ‘O it’s nor to a man of micht,
2. ‘That my daughter’s love ye did win;
3. ‘That’s made o the silk sae fine;
4. And her fair colour was wan.

100B.4
1. ‘Now is it to a man of might, Janet?
2. Or James the Scottish king?
3. Or is it to the ranke robber
4. That I sent out o Spain?’

100B.5
1. ‘Is it to a man o might, Janet?
2. Or any lord of fame?
3. Or is it to the rank robbers
4. That I sent out o Spain?’

100B.6
1. ‘Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
2. By the truth o your right hand?
3. Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
4. And be a lord o the land?’

100B.10
1. ‘What aileth thee, my ae daughter,
2. Thou lookst so pale and wan?
3. Has thou had any sore sickness,
4. Or hast thou loved man?’

100B.11
1. ‘I have not had any sore sickness,
2. To make me look sae wan;
3. But it is for your own majesty,
4. You staid sae lang in Spain.’

100B.12
1. ‘Cast aff, cast aff thy silken gown,
2. ‘That’s made o the silk sae fine;
3. Her stays were sae strait she could na loot,
4. And her fair colour was wan.

100B.13
1. ‘Oh is it to any mighty man?
2. Or any lord of fame?
3. Or is it to the rank robbers
4. That I sent out o Spain?’

100B.14
1. ‘It is not to the rank robbers
2. That you sent out o Spain;
3. But it is to Thomas of Winsbury,
4. For I doubt na gie me my lane.’

100B.15
1. ‘It be to Lord Thomas,’ he says,
2. ‘It’s hanged shall he be:
3. If you hang Thomas of Winsbury,
4. You’ll get nae mair gude o me.’

100B.16
1. ‘The king’s called up his merry men all,
2. By one, by two, and three;
3. Lord Thomas should hae been the foremost man,
4. But the hindmost man was he.

100C.1
1. ‘Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
2. By the truth o your right hand?
3. Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
4. And be a lord o the land?’

100C.2
1. ‘The king has been long seven years away,
2. Long seven years away frae hame;
3. Our king has been long seven years away,

100C.3
1. ‘What aileth thee, my ae daughter,
2. Thou lookst so pale and wan?
3. Has thou had any sore sickness,
4. Or hast thou loved man?’

100C.4
1. ‘I have not had any sore sickness,
2. To make me look sae wan;
3. But it is for your own majesty,
4. You staid sae lang in Spain.’

100C.5
1. ‘Cast aff, cast aff thy silken gown,
2. ‘That’s made o the silk sae fine;
3. Her stays were sae strait she could na loot,
4. And her fair colour was wan.

100C.6
1. ‘Oh is it to any mighty man?
2. Or any lord of fame?
3. Or is it to the rank robbers
4. That I sent out o Spain?’

100C.7
1. ‘Is this the Duke o York?’ they said,
2. ‘Or James the Scottish king?
3. Or is it to the ranke robber
4. That came frae France and Spain.’

100C.8
1. ‘No wonder, no wonder,’ the king he said,
2. ‘That’s made o the silk sae fine;
3. Her stays were sae strait she could na loot,
4. And her fair colour was wan.

100C.9
1. ‘Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
2. By the truth o your right hand?
3. Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
4. And be a lord o the land?’

100C.10
1. ‘No wonder, no wonder,’ the king he said,
2. ‘My daughter loved thee;
3. For wert thou a woman, as thou art a man.
4. My bedfellow thou shouldst be.

100C.11
1. ‘Oh is it to any mighty man?
2. Or any lord of fame?
3. Or is it to the rank robbers
4. That I sent out o Spain?’

100C.12
1. ‘Is it to the rank robbers
2. That you sent out o Spain;
3. But it is to Thomas of Winsbury,
4. For I doubt na gie me my lane.’

100C.13
1. ‘If it be to Lord Thomas,’ he says,
2. ‘It’s hanged shall he be:
3. If you hang Thomas of Winsbury,
4. You’ll get nae mair gude o me.’

100C.14
1. ‘Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
2. By the truth o your right hand?
3. Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
4. And be a lord o the land?’

100C.15
1. ‘The king has been long seven years away,
2. Long seven years away frae hame;
3. Our king has been long seven years away,

100D.1
1. ‘I have an Italian in my bower,
2. This day he has eaten three;
3. And word’s gane to the high, high court,
4. To John the little Scott.

100D.2
1. ‘This day he has eaten three;
2. And word’s gane to the kitchen,
3. And word’s gane to the high, high court,
4. Among the nobles.’

100D.3
1. ‘No, I have had no long sickness,
2. Nor lain with no young man:
3. Her petticoats they were so short,
4. She was full nine months gone.

The Child Ballads
100D.4
1 'Oh is it by some nobleman?
   2 Or by some man of fame?
   3 Or is it by Johnny Barbary?
   4 That?s lately come from Spain?'

100D.5
1 'No, it is by no nobleman,
   2 Nor by no man of fame.
   3 But it is by Johnny Barbary,
   4 That?s lately come from Spain.'

100D.6
1 Then she calld down her merry men,
   2 By one, by two, by three;
   3 Johnny Barbary used to be the first,
   4 But now the last came he.

100D.7
1 'Oh will you take your dochter Janet,
   2 And wed her out of hand?
   3 And you shall dine and sup with me,
   4 And be heir of my land.'

100D.8
1 'Yes, I will take your dochter Janet,
   2 And wed her out of hand;
   3 And I will dine and sup with you,
   4 But I do not want your land.'

100D.9
1 Then she calld down her merry men,
   2 With a shrill and a pleasant voice:
   3 'Come, let us all now mey be
   4 Since she has made such a happy choice.'

100E.1
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 . . . . .
4 Or are you in love with any man?

100E.2
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 'But if it be one of my own sailor lads,
4 High hanged he shall be.'

100E.3
1 Johnnie Barbour he cam doun the stair,
   2 His shirt was of the silk;
   3 His two bonnie black een were rolling in his
   4 And his skin was as white as milk.

100E.4
1 'Oh are you ready to marry my daughter,
   2 And take her by the hand,
   3 And to eat and drink with me at the table,
   4 And be heir of all my land?'

100E.5
1 'Oh it?s I am ready to marry your daughter,
   2 And take her by the hand,
   3 And to eat and drink with her at the table,
   4 And to fight for all your land.'

100F.1
1 OUR king hath been a poor prisoner,
   2 And a poor prisoner in Spain; O
   3 When seven long years was past and gone,
   4 Our French king came hame: O

100F.2
1 As he was riding along the way,
   2 He met with his dear dochter:
   3 What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter dear,
   4 Thou looks so pale and wan?

100F.3
1 'Have ye had any sore sickness,
   2 Or have ye lovd a man?
   3 Or is it for me, my dochter dear,
   4 Thou've so long in Spain?'

100F.4
1 'I have had no sore sickness,
   2 Nor yet have I lovd a man:
   3 But it is for you, my father dear,
   4 Thou've been so long in Spain.'

100F.5
1 'Cast aff, cast aff thy brown silk gown,
   2 And spread it on yonder stone,
   3 And I will tell you by and by
   4 Whether thou art a maid or none.'

100F.6
1 She's coosten off her brown silk gown,
   2 And spread it on yonder stone,
   3 And her belly was big, and her face pale and
   4 And she was about half gone.

100F.7
1 'Is it to a man o mich,
   2 Or to a man of fame?
   3 Or is it to one of the rank rebels
   4 That I sent out of Spain?'

100F.8
1 'It is not to a man of mich,
   2 Nor to a man of fame,
   3 Nor yet to one of the rank rebels
   4 That ye sent out o Spain;
   5 But it is to Willie o Winsberry,
   6 Thy very own serving-man.'

100F.9
1 'If it be to Willie o Winsberry,
   2 As I saw well it be
   3 Gin the morn at ten o the clock
   4 It's hanged shall he be.'

100F.10
1 As the king was riding up the gate
   2 He met Willie clothed in scarlet red,
   3 And his hair was as yellow as the beam, beam
   4 And his breast as white as milk.

100F.11
1 'No wonder, no wonder,' quo the king,
   2 'My dochter luvt thee;
   3 For if thou was a woman, as thou'r a man,
   4 My bed-fellow thou should be.'

100F.12
1 The king called down his merry men all,
   2 By one, by two, and by three;
   3 Sweet Willie should ha been the foremost man,
   4 But the hindmost man drew he.

100F.13
1 'Will you take my dochter Jean,
   2 By the faith of her richt hand?
   3 And you shall sup and dine with me,
   4 And heir the third part of my land.'

100F.14
1 'I will take your dochter Jean,
   2 By the faith of her richt hand;
   3 And I will sup and dine with you,
   4 But a fig for all your land;
   5 For I've as much land in Winsberry
   6 As we'll ride in a long summer's day.'

100G.1
1 SEVEN years the king he staid
   2 Into the land of Spain,
   3 And seven years True Thomas was
   4 His daughter's chamberlain.

100G.2
1 But it fell ance upon a day
   2 The king he did come home;
   3 She baked and she benjed ben,
   4 And did him there welcome.

100G.3
1 'What aileth you, my dochter Janet,
   2 You look sae pale and wan?
   3 There is a dreder in your heart,
   4 Or else you love a man.'

100G.4
1 'There is no dreder in my heart,
   2 Nor do I love a man;
   3 But it is for your lang byding
   4 Into the land of Spain.'

100G.5
1 'Ye'll cast aff your bonny brown gown,
   2 And lay it on a stone,
   3 And I'll tell you, my jelly Janet,
   4 If ever ye lovd a man.'

100G.6
1 She's cast aff her bonny brown gown,
   2 And laid it on a stone;
   3 Her belly was big, her twa sides high,
   4 Her colour it was quite gane.

100G.7
1 'Is it to a man o the might, Janet,
   2 Or is it till a man o the main?
   3 Or is it to one o my poor soldiers,
   4 That I brought hame frae Spain?'

100G.8
1 'It's not till a man o the might,' she says,
   2 'Nor yet to a man o the main;
   3 But it's to Thomas o Winsbury,
   4 That cannot longer len.'

100G.9
1 'Where are all my wall-wight men,
   2 That I pay meat and fee,
   3 That will go for him True Thomas,
   4 And bring him to me?
   5 For the morn, ere I eat or drink,
   6 High hanged shall he be.'

100G.10
1 She's turnd her right and round about,
   2 The tear blinded her ee;
   3 'If ye do any ill to True Thomas,
   4 Ye'se never get gude o me.'

100G.11
1 When Thomas came before the king
   2 He glanced like the fire;
   3 His hair was like the threads o gold,
   4 His eyes like crystal clear.

100G.12
1 'It was nae wonder, my dochter Janet,
   2 Altho ye loved this man;
   3 If he were a woman, as he is a man,
   4 My bed-fellow he would been.'

100G.13
1 'O will ye marry my dochter Janet?
   2 The truth's in your right hand;
   3 Ye's hae some o my gold, and some o my gear,
   4 And the twalt part o my land.'

100G.14
1 'It's I will marry your dochter Janet;
   2 The truth's in my right hand;
   3 I'll hae nane o your gold, nor nane o your gear,
   4 I've enough in my own land.

100G.15
1 'But I will marry your dochter Janet
   2 With thirty ploughs and three,
   3 And four and twenty bonny breast-mills,
   4 And a' on the water o Dee.'

100H.1
1 'I'll fell upon a time, when the proud king of France
   2 Went a hunting for five months and more,
   3 That his dochter fell in love with Thomas of Winesberrie,
   4 From Scotland newly come oer.

100H.2
1 Whan her father cam hame frae hunting the deer,
   2 And his dochter before him cam,
   3 Her belly it was big, and her twa sides round,
   4 And her fair colour was wan.

100H.3
1 'What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter Janet?
   2 What makes thee to look sae wan?
   3 Ye've either been sick, and very, very sick,
   4 Or else ye hae lain wi a man.'

100H.4
1 'Ye're welcome hame to your ain,
   2 For I hae been sick, and very, very sick,
   3 And your fair colour was wan.

100H.5
1 'O pardon, O pardon, dear father,' she says,
   2 'A pardon ye'll grant me:'
   3 'Na pardon, na pardon, my dochter,' he says,
   4 'Na pardon I'll grant thee.'

100H.6
1 'It is to a man of mich,
   2 Or to a man of mean;
   3 Or it is to one of thae rank robbers
   4 That I sent hame frae Spain?'

100H.7
1 'It is not to a man of mich,
   2 Nor to a man of mean.
   3 But it is to Thomas o Winesberrie,
   4 And for him I suffer pain.'

100H.8
1 'If it be to Thomas o Winesberrie,
   2 As I trust well it be,
   3 Before I either eat or drink,
   4 Hie hangit sall he be.'
4 His skin was white as the milk.
2 His clathing was of the silk;
3 That I should be afraid to speak to your king?
2 Or what have I killed or slain, 
'0 what have I robb'd, or what have I stolen, 
4 That tomorrow is thy dying-day.'
3 For the king has sworn by his honoured crown 
'Get up, and bound your way; 
1 'Get up, get up, Lord Thomas,' they said, 
2 As fast as fast could be; 
4 And for I have done him no wrong.'
1 Lord Thomas came tripping up the stair, 
2 His clothing was of the silk; 
3 His fine yellow hair hang dangling down, 
4 And his skin was white as the milk.

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The Child Ballads
To her book and her seam.

To her book and her seam.

3 And Willie he gaed hame again,

3 For oft in my sleep have I thought on

4 That serves for meat an fee.'

3 I am but Willie o Douglass Dale,

2 Nor ever thinks to be;

1 ‘I am not the Scottish knight,

6 That beguiles young ladies free.

2 An angry maid was she,

4 The nearer he did creep.

3 And aye the sounder she did sleep

1 He's taen his bow his arm o'er,

4 As she came thro the wood.

3 There he beheld Dame Oliphant,

2 And as he thought it good,

1 As Willie stood in his chamber-door,

3 And she dreamt that fair Dame Oliphant

2 To loup the castle-wa;

4 Out oer the castle-dyke.

3 And the coats that were o'er side, Willie,

4 And carry my bonny young son?

101B.13

1 Till it fell ance upon a day

2 Dame Oliphant thought lang,

3 And she went on to Willie’s bower-yates,

4 As fast as she could gang.

101B.14

1 ‘Are ye asleep now, Squire Willie?

2 O are you asleep?’ said she;

3 O waken, waken, Squire Willie

4 And carry my bonny young son?

101B.29

1 The gowns that were shapen for my back,

2 They shall be sewd for thine;

3 And likewise I’ll gar Squire Willie

4 Gie you a braw Scotsman.

101B.30

1 When they came on to Willie’s bower-yates,

2 And far beyond the sea,

3 She was held the lady o Douglass Dale,

4 And Willie an earl to be:

5 Likewise the maid they brought awa,

6 She got a braw Scotsman.

101C.1

1 SWEET Sir William of Douglas Dale,

2 A knight’s ae son was he;

3 He dreamed of dear Dame Oliphant,

4 Lang ere he did her see.

101C.2

1 He dreamed a woman of great beauty

2 Gave him a red rose flower,

3 Well basket about wi the lillies white,

4 Just like the paramour.

101C.3

1 O sweet Sir William of Douglas Dale,

2 A knight’s ae son was he,

3 And he is on to the king’s high court,

4 To serve for meat and fee.

101C.4

1 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

2 Tied in a toal so white,

3 And that she has given her Lord William,

4 Out oer the castle-dyke.

101C.5

1 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

2 Tied in a towel sae sma,

3 And that she has given her own true-love,

4 Out oer the castle-wa.

101C.6

1 She rowed herself in a robe o silk,

2 To loup the castle-wa,

3 Ceppet her in his armes twa,

4 And he let not her get a fa.

101C.7

1 The cocks do crow, and the day does daw,

2 And the wild fowl bodes on hill;

3 The lassie she followed her Sweet William,

4 And let the tears down fall.

101C.8

1 ‘O want you ribbons to your hair?

2 Or roses to your sheen?

3 Or want ye chains about your neck?

4 As your heart can contain?’

101C.9

1 ‘I want nor ribbons to my hair,

2 Nor roses to my sheen,

3 That getting to her the fire,

4 As your heart can contain?’

101C.10

1 He carried a flint in his pocket,

2 And he struck to her a fire,

3 And he buskit it roun wi the leaves o aak,

4 And gart it burn wi ire.

101C.11

1 He’s taen his big coat him about,

4 Just like the paramour.

101C.12

1 He’s taen his big coat him about,

2 And his gun into his hand,

3 And he is on to fair England,

4 And he is on to fair England.

101C.13

1 He rowed her in his muckle coat,

2 To loup the castle-wa,

3 And he fed her wi the good goat-milk,

4 As fast as she could gan.

101B.9

1 He rowed her in his muckle coat,

2 But in his good night-gown,

3 And he is on to good green wood,

4 As fast as he could gan.

101B.8

1 He hadna been in fair England

2 A month but barely four,

3 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant

4 Then quickly hame came they.

101B.7

1 He’s taen his bow his arm o'er,

4 As your heart can contain.’

101B.6

1 As Willie stood in his chamber-door,

2 And as he thought it good,

3 There he beheld Dame Oliphant,

4 As he came thro the wood.

101B.5

1 It fell ance upon a day

2 Dame Oliphant thought lang,

3 And she went on to Willie’s bower-yates,

4 As fast as they could gang.

101B.4

1 He hadna been in fair England

2 A month but barely four.

3 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant

4 Out oer the castle-wa.

101B.3

1 He hadna been in fair England

2 A month but barely four.

3 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant

4 Out of his grass-green horn.

101B.2

1 But he is on to fair England,

2 To sair for meat an fee,

3 And all was for Dame Oliphant,

4 And carry my bonny young son?

101B.1

1 WILLIE was an earl’s ae son,

2 And an earl’s ae son was he,

3 But he thought his father lack to sair,

4 As your heart can contain?’

101A.3

1 ‘I want nor ribbons to my hair,

2 Nor roses to your sheen,

3 Nor roses to your sheen?

4 And the tears did twinkle still.

101A.1

1 ‘I want not ribbons to my hair,

2 Nor roses to my sheen,

3 And there’s mair chains about my neck

4 And he let not her get a fa.

101A.2

1 But when she wakend from her sleep

2 An angry maid was she,

3 Crying, Had far away frae me, young man,

4 As your heart can contain?’

101A.1

1 ‘I am not the Scottish knight,

2 Nor ever thinks to be;

3 I am but Willie o Douglass Dale,

4 And he let not her get a fa.

101A.11

1 ‘If ye be Willie o Douglass Dale,

2 Ye’re dearly welcome to me;’

3 For oft in my sleep have I thought on

4 As your heart can contain?’

101A.10

1 ‘I am not the Scottish knight,

2 Nor ever thinks to be;

3 I am but Willie o Douglass Dale,

4 And she dreamt that fair Dame Oliphant,

101A.9

1 But when she wake kend from her sleep

2 An angry maid was she,

3 Crying, Had far away frae me, young man,

4 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

101A.8

1 And there he found Dame Oliphant,

2 Was lying sound asleep,

3 And aye the sounder she did sleep

4 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

101A.7

1 He’s taen his bow his arm o'er,

2 His sword into his hand,

3 And he is on to good green wood,

4 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

101A.6

1 As Willie stood in his chamber-door,

2 And as he thought it good,

3 There he beheld Dame Oliphant,

4 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

101A.5

1 He hadna been in fair England

2 A month but barely four.

3 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant

4 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

101A.4

1 He hadna been in fair England

2 A month but barely four.

3 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant

4 Out of their grass-green horn.

101A.3

1 ‘O want ye ribbons to your hair?

2 Or roses to your sheen;

3 Or want ye chains about your neck?

4 As your heart can contain?’

101A.2

1 ‘I want not ribbons to my hair,

2 Nor roses to my sheen,

3 And there’s mair chains about my neck

4 As your heart can contain?’

101A.1
101C.14
1 He's taen his young son in his arm,
2 His lady in his hand,
3 And they are down thro good green wood,
4 As fast as they can gang.

101C.15
1 And they came to a shepherd's daughter,
2 Was feeding at her sheep;
3 Says, Will ye go to Douglass Dale,
4 Wi my yong son to keep?

101C.16
1 O I will gee you gold, maiden,
2 And I will gee you fee.
3 Gin ye will go to Douglass Dale,
4 Wi my yong son and me.

101C.17
1 She's taen his young son in her arm,
2 And kin'd her heart and chin;
3 Says, I will go to Douglass Dale,
4 As fast as I can win.

101C.18
1 He's taen his big coat him about,
2 And his lady in his hand,
3 And they are off to Douglass Dale,
4 As fast as they can gang.

101C.19
1 And when they came to Douglass Dale
2 A happy man was he,
3 For his lady, and his young son,
4 And his nurse, a' three.

101D.1
1 Willie was a rich man's son,
2 A rich man's son was he;
3 Hee thought his father lake to sair,
4 An his mother of mine degree,
5 An he is on to our English court,
6 To serve for meat and fee.

101D.2
1 He hadno ben in our king's court
2 A tuall-month an a day,
3 Till he fell in love we Mary, Dem [Elefond,
4 He hadno ben in our king's court
5 An he is on to our English court,
6 To serve for meat and fee.

101D.3
1 He hadno ben in our king's court
2 A tuall-month an a day,
3 Till he fell in love we Mary, Dem [Elefond,
4 He hadno ben in our king's court
5 An he is on to our English court,
6 To serve for meat and fee.

101D.4
1 The lady took her mantell her about,
2 Her gown-teall in her hand,
3 An she is on to good green wood,
4 As fast as she could gang.

101D.5
1 .
2 .
3 An ther she spayed a gallant knight,
4 Kamen her yellow hear.

101D.6
1 'What is yer name, sir knight?
2 For a knight I am sure ye be,'
3 'I am called Willie of Douglass Dall,
4 Did ye never hear of me?'
5 'Ye take your boue on yer shoulder,
6 Strong travileng came her tell,
7 'I cannot live my goats kepping,
8 Nor yet my brethren three;
9 'I cannot live my father, I canno live my
10 'I am called Willie of Douglass Dall,
11 And Willie was large o lith and limb,'
102A.14
1 They sought her back, they sought her fore,
2 They sought her up and down;
3 They got her in the gude green wood,
4 Nursing her bonny young son.

102A.15
1 He took the bonny boy in his arms,
2 And kist him tenderlie;
3 His father was the earl's own steward,
4 Thro mony a cold winter's shower.

102A.16
1 He kist him o'er and o'er again;
2 ‘My grandson I thee claim,
3 When this lady, being sair wearied out,
4 As fast as they could gang.

102A.17
1 And mony ane sings o grass, o grass,
2 And mony ane sings o corn,
3 And mony ane sings o Robin Hood
4 Kens little where he was born.

102A.18
1 It wasna in the ha, the ha,
2 Nor in the painted bower,
3 But it was in the gude green wood,
4 Amang the lily-flower.

102B.1
1 MONY ane talks o the grass, the grass,
2 And mony ane o the corn,
3 And mony ane talks o Robin Hood
4 Kens little what he was born.

102B.2
1 He was gotten in a earl's ha,
2 And in a lady's bower,
3 And born into gude greenwood,
4 Thro mony cauld irons winter's shiver.

102B.3
1 His father was the earl's own steward,
2 Sprung frae sma pedigree;
3 And born into gude greenwood,
4 Kens little where he was born.

102B.4
1 When nine months were near an end,
2 And eight months they were gone,
3 The lady's cheeks wi tears were wet,
4 For he had nane else but she.

102B.5
1 ‘What shall I say, my love Archibald,
2 Right lively seemed to be;
3 You know,' said she, 'I'm with child to thee,
4 Than ye will not be seen.

102B.6
1 ‘Will ye gae to your mother's bower,
2 To cheer my heart again,
3 Until yon white hind pass you by,
4 Then straight to me ye'll come.'

102B.10
1 With slowly steps these couple walkd,
2 About miles scarcely three;
3 Until this lady, being sair wearied out,
4 Lay down beneath a tree.

102B.11
1 'O for a few of yon junipers,
2 To cheer my heart again,
3 Then stopped ha they their loud, loud sang,
4 Than in a' their father's lan.

102B.12
1 'I'll bring to you yon junipers,
2 To cheer your heart again,
3 And I'll be to you a gude midwife,
4 To ease you of your pain.'

102B.13
1 'Had far awa frae me, Archibald,
2 For this will never dee;
3 You know,' said he, 'I'm with child to thee,
4 And it's nae be used by me.

102B.14
1 'Y'll take your small-smord by your side,
2 Your buckler and your bow,
3 And ye'll gae down thro gude greenwood,
4 And hunt the deer and roe.

102B.15
1 'You will stay in gude greenwood,
2 And with the chase go on,
3 Until yon white hind pass him by,
4 Then to his love he came.

102B.16
1 He girt his sword down by his side,
2 And mony ane talks o Robin Hood
3 And there he found his love lie dead,
4 To hunt the deer and roe.

102B.17
1 And in the greenwood he did stay,
2 And with the chase gaed on,
3 And there he saw his daughter dead,
4 And mony a man him wi.

102B.18
1 Fast thro greenwood went he,
2 And with the chase go on,
3 Until the white hind pass him by,
4 And mony ane sings o the grass.

102B.19
1 The sweet young babe that she had born
2 This day for you and me?
3 This is nae the fashion o our land,
4 Then ye ha been to me.'

102B.20
1 'Altho my sweet babe is alive,
2 This does increase my woe;
3 It's nae be used by me.
4 Then I do know.'

102B.21
1 He looked east, he looked west,
2 To see what he could see,
3 Then spied the Earl o Huntingdon,
4 To hunt the deer and roe.

102B.22
1 Then Archibald fled from the earl's face,
2 All in a mournful mood,
3 Until the white hind passd him by,
4 Than ye will not be seen.

102B.23
1 The earl straight thro the greenwood came,
2 Unto the green oak tree,
3 And there he saw his daughter dead,
4 Than in a' their father's lan.

102B.24
1 Then he's taen up the little boy,
2 Rowed him in his gown-sleeve;
3 And mony a man him wi,
4 And in a' their father's lan.

102B.25
1 And ye live until I die,
2 My bowers and lands ye see;
3 That's nae the fashion o our land,
4 Than ye ha been to me.'

102B.26
1 'Y'se hae all kinds of nourishment,
2 And likewise nurses three;
3 You are my only daughter's child;
4 That shall be your name.'

102B.27
1 His father was a knight's ae son,
2 And his mother a lady free.
3 His father was a knight's ae son,
4 Of our Lady.'

102B.28
1 He was born in good green wood,
2 At the fut o yon olive tree;
3 And his mother a lady free.
4 Of our Lady.'

103A.1
1 O ROSE the Red and White Lilly,
2 Their mother dear was dead,
3 And the tane of them loved her White Lilly,
4 An the tither lood Rose the Red.

103A.3
1 'O biggit ha they a bigly boww,
2 And strawn it oer wi san,
3 And there was mair mirth i the ladies' bowr
4 Than in a’ their father's lan.

103A.4
1 But let us spake their step-mother,
2 Wha stood a little forby;
3 I hope to live and play the prank
4 Sal gar your loud sang ly.

103A.5
1 She’s cauld upon her eldest son:
2 Come here, my son, to me;
3 It fears me sair, my eldest son,
4 That ye maun sail the sea.

103A.6
1 ‘Gin if you fear sair, my mither dear,
2 Your bidding I maun dee;
3 But never war to Rose the Red
4 Than ye ha been to me.'

103A.7
1 ‘O ha your tongue, my eldest son,
2 For sma sal be her part;
3 You’ll neer get a kiss o her comely mouth
4 Gin your very fair heart should break.

103A.8
1 She’s cauld upon her youngest son:
2 Come here, my son, to me;
3 It fears me sair, my youngest son,
4 That ye maun sail the sea.

103A.9
1 ‘Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,
2 Your bidding I maun dee;
3 But neer war to White Lily
4 Than ye ha been to me.'

103A.10
1 ‘O ha your tongue, my youngest son,
2 For sma sal be her part;
3 You’ll neer get a kiss o her comely mouth
4 Than ye ha been to me.'

103A.11
1 When Rose the Red and White Lilly
2 Saw their twa loves were gane,
3 Then stopped ha they their loud, loud sang,
4 And tune up the still mournin;
5 And their step-mother stood listnin by,
6 To hear the ladies' mean.

103A.12
1 Then out it spake her White Lilly:
2 My sister, we'll be gane;
3 Why should we stay in Barnsdale,
4 To waste our youth in pain?

103A.13
1 Then cutted ha they their green cloathing
2 A little below their knee,
3 An sae ha they there yallow hair,
4 A little aboon there bree;
5 An they'se doon them ca haely chapel,
6 Was christened by Our Lady.

103A.14
1 There ha they chang'd their ain twa names,
2 As eer brake manis bread,
3 An the tither o them Roge the Roun.
4 An the tither o them hailed Sweet Willy,
5 An the tither o them Roge the Roun.

103A.15
1 Between this twa a vow was made,
2 As they swore it to fulfill,
3 That at three blasts o a bugle-horn
4 She'd come her sister till.
103A.32
1 Then out it spake her White Lilly,
2 An a hearty laugh laugh she:
3 She's lived with you this year an mair,
4 Tho ye kentna it was she.

103A.33
1 O seven foot he lap a back;
2 Says, Alas, and wae is me!
3 I never wishit in a' my life,
4 A woman’s blude to see;
5 An a’ for the sake of ae fair maid
6 Whose name was White Lilly.

103A.34
1 Then out it spake her White Lilly,
2 An a hearty laugh laugh she:
3 She's lived with you this year an mair,
4 Tho ye kentna it was she.

103A.35
1 Now word has gane thro a’ the lan,
2 Before a month was done,
3 That Brown Robin's man, in good green wood,
4 Had born a bonny young son.

103A.36
1 The word has gane to the kings court,
2 An to his ROOM:
3 'Now, by my fay,' the king could say,
4 'The like was never heard tell!'
103B.8 1 ‘We maunna change our loud, loud song
2 For nae duke’s son ye’ll bear;
3 We wurna’ change our loud, loud song,
4 But aye we’ll sing the mair.

103B.9 1 ‘We never sung the sang, mither,
2 But we’ll sing ower again;
3 We’ll take our harps into our hands,
4 And we’ll harp, and we’ll sing.’

103B.10 1 She’s call’d upon her twa young sons,
2 Says, Boun ye for the sea;
3 Let Rose the Red and White Lillie
4 Stay in their bower wi me.

103B.11 1 ‘O God forbear,’ said her eldest son,
2 ‘Nor lat it ever be,
3 Unless ye were as kind to our luves
4 As gin we were them wi.’

103B.12 1 ‘Yet never the less, my pretty sons,
2 Ye’ll boun you for the faem;
3 Let Rose the Red and White Lillie
4 Stay in their bowers at hame.’

103B.13 1 ‘O when wi you we came alang,
2 We felt the stormy sea,
3 And where we go, ye neer shall know
4 Nor shall be known by thee.’

103B.14 1 Then wi her harsh and boisterous word
2 She for’d these lads away,
3 White Rose the Red and White Lillie
4 Still in their bower did stay.

103B.15 1 But there was not a quarter past,
2 A quarter past but ane,
3 Till Rose the Red in rags she gaed,
4 White Lillie’s claitthing grew thin.

103B.16 1 Wi bitter usage every day,
2 The ladys they thought lang;
3 ‘Ohon, alas!’ said Rose the Red,
4 ‘She’s gurd us change our sang.

103B.17 1 ‘But we will change our own fu names,
2 And we’ll gang fae the town,
3 Frae Rose the Red and White Lillie
4 To Nicholas and Roger Brown.

103B.18 1 ‘And we will cut our green claitthing
2 A little aboon our knee,
3 And we will on to gude greenwood,
4 Twa bauld bownen to be.’

103B.19 1 ‘Ohon, alas!’ said White Lillie,
2 ‘My fingers are but sma,
3 Tho my hands woud wield the bow,
4 They winna yield at a’. 

103B.20 1 ‘O had your han, young man, she said,
2 ‘I know not by your cherry cheeks,
3 Nor by your yellow hair;
4 But I know by your milk-white chin,
5 On it there grows nae hair.

103B.21 1 ‘Then out it speaks anither youth,
2 They sung right joyfullie,
3 Tho she proves fause to me.’
4 They bravely sat and sang.

103B.22 1 ‘Guide day, guide day, kind sir,’ they said,
2 ‘God make you safe and free;’
3 ‘Guide day, guide day,’ said Robin Hood,
4 ‘What is your wills wi me?’

103B.23 1 ‘Lo here we are, twa banishd knights,
2 Come fae our native hame;
3 We’re come to crave o thee service,
4 Our king will gie us none.’

103B.24 1 ‘If ye be twa young banishd knights,
2 Tell me frae what country;’
3 ‘Frae Anster town into Fifeshire;
4 Ye know it as well as we.’

The Text of 184
103C.18
1 The tale was wedded to Robin Hood,
2 And the tither to Little John;
3 And it was a’ owing to their stepmother,
4 That girded them leave their hame.

104A.1
1 LADY MARGERY MAY sits in her bower,
2 Sewing at her seem;
3 By there comes a heathen knight,
4 From her her maidenhead has tane.

104A.2
1 He has put her in a tower strong,
2 With double locks on fifty doors;
3 ‘Lady Margery May, will you go now?’
4 ‘O ye heathen knight, not yet for you.’

104A.3
1 ‘I am asking, you heathen knight;
2 What I am asking will you grant to me?
3 Will ye let one of your wairmen
4 A drink of your well bring to me?’

104A.4
1 ‘Meat nor drink you shall never get,
2 Nor out of that shall you never come;
3 Meat nor drink you shall never get,
4 Until you bear to me daughter or son.’

104A.5
1 Thus time drew on, and further on,
2 For travel came this young lady to;
3 She travailed up, so did she down,
4 But lighter could she never be.

104A.6
1 ‘An asking, an asking, you heathen knight;
2 An asking will you grant to me?
3 Will you give me a shred of silk,
4 For to row your young son wi?’

104A.7
1 He took the horse-sheet in his hand,
2 The tears came twinkling down:
3 ‘Lady Margaret May, will ye ga now?’
4 ‘O ye heathen knight, not yet for you.’

104A.8
1 ‘I’ll wash my young son with the milk,
2 I will dry my young son with the silk;
3 For hearts will break, and bands will bow;
4 So dear will I love my lady now!’

104B.1
1 LADY MARGERY sat in her bower-door,
2 Sewing at her silken seem,
3 When by it came Prince Heathen then,
4 An gae to her a gay gold ring.

104B.2
1 He turned about, an gied a bow;
2 She said, Begone, I love na you;
3 When he swar by his yellow hair
4 That he would gare her greet fu sair.

104B.3
1 But she swar by her milk-white skin
2 Prince Heathen shoud gar her greet nane;
3 But she swar by her milk-white skin
4 Prince Heathen shoud gar her greet nane.

104B.3r
1 ‘O bonny may, winna ye greet now?’
2 ‘Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.’

104B.4
1 He’s taen her in his arms twa,
2 Laid her between him an the wa,
3 An ere he let her free again,
4 Her maidenhead frae her he’s ta’en.

104B.4r
1 ‘O bonny may, winna ye greet now?’
2 ‘Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.’

104B.5
1 ‘I’ll kill your father in his bed,
2 And your gay mother by his side,
3 And your seven brothers, ane by ane,
4 And they were seven pretty men.

104B.5r
1 O bonny may, winna ye greet now?’
2 ‘Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.’

104B.6
1 ‘Till ye row up your bonny young son.’
2 ‘How can I row up my bonny young son.’
3 ‘Till ye row up your bonny young son.’
4 ‘How can I row up my bonny young son.’

104B.7
1 ‘He’s put her in a vault o stone,
2 Where five an thirty locks hing on;
3 Naobody there could eer her see;
4 Prince Heathen kept the keys him wi.

104B.7r
1 But ae she cried, What shall I do?
2 The heathenish dog has gart me rue.

104B.8
1 Prince heathen from the mountains came,
2 Attended by his armed men,
3 And he’s to the prison where she lay:
4 ‘O bonny may, what do you now?’
5 ‘Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.’

104B.9
1 ‘I’ll take you out upon the green,
2 Where women ye shall neer see ane,
3 But only me and my young men,
4 Till ye bring daughter hame or son.

104B.9r
1 ‘O bonny may, what do you now?’
2 ‘Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.’

104B.10
1 He’s taen her out upon the green,
2 Where she saw at any time she never ane;
3 But only him and his merry young men,
4 Till she brought hame a bonny young son.

104B.1r
1 ‘O bonny may, ye do greet now:
2 ‘Ye heathenish dog, but nae for you.’

104B.13
1 ‘But a’ is for my bonny young son;
2 Your sheets are rough to row him in;
3 Ohon, alas, sair may I rue
4 That eer I saw such rogues as you!’

104B.14
1 ‘Ye’ll row my young son in the silk,
2 An ye will wash him wi the milk,
3 An lay my lady very saft,
4 That I may see her very aft.
5 When hearts are broken, bands will bow;
6 Sae well’s he loved his lady now!’

105.1
1 THERE was a youth, and a well belovd youth,
2 And he was a esquire’s son,
3 He loved the bayliff’s daughter dear,
4 That lived in Islington.

105.2
1 She was coy, and she would not believe
2 That he did love her so,
3 No, nor at any time she would
4 Any countenance to him show.

105.3
1 But when his friends did understand
2 His fond and foolish mind,
3 They sent him up to fair London,
4 An apprentice to for bind.

105.4
1 And when he had been seven long years,
2 And his love he had not seen,
3 ‘Many a tear have I shed for her sake
4 When she little thought of me.’

105.5
1 All the maids of Islington
2 Went forth to sport and play;
3 All but the bayliff’s daughter dear;
4 She secretly stole away.
The Text of
107A.5
107A.6
107A.7
107A.8
107A.9
107A.10
107A.11
107A.12
107A.13
107A.14
107A.15
107A.16
107A.17
107A.18
107A.19
107A.20
107A.21
107A.22
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107A.44
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107A.49
107A.50
107A.51
107A.52
107A.53

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The Text of

107A.54
1 'O hold your peace,' then sayd the king,
2 'Cozen William, I doe bidd thee;
3 Infaith, cozen William, he loues you the worsse
4 Because you are a-kinn to me.

107A.55
1 'Tis theyr brother Kester shalte a knight,
2 Land and livings I will him giue,
3 And still hee shall liue in court with mee,
4 And I'lle maintaine him whilst he doth live.

107A.57
1 And when the parliament was done,
2 And all the folkes away were gone,
3 Wilye Stewart and Iohn his brother,
4 To Argyle Castle they be gone.

107A.60
1 But when they came to Argyle Castle,
2 That was soe gay.
3 He thought soe much then of his louse
4 That into care-bed then lope hee.

107A.65
1 Iohn Stewart did see his brother soo ill,
2 Lord in his heart hee was wo\e;
3 I will goe wooing for thy sake
4 Againe yonder gay ladye to.

107A.69
1 'But many a beggar he threw downe,
2 And made them all with weeping say,
3 He is the devill, hee is no beggar,
4 That is come forth of some strange countrye.

107A.70
1 'But if thou be Iohn Stewart,'
2 As I doe thinke that thou bee,
3 Avayle thy capp, avayle thy hooede,
4 And I will stand and speake to thee.

107A.71
1 'How doth thy brother, Iohn Stewart,
2 And all the lords in his countrye?
3 'O fay vpon thee, wicked woman!
4 My brother he doth the worsse for thee.'

107A.72
1 With that the teares stood in her eyes;
2 O lord, shee wept soe tenderlye!
3 Sais, I meane by the blame vnto my father;
4 I pray you, John Stewart, lay itt not to mee.

107A.73
1 Comend me to my owne true-loue,
2 That lues soe farre in the North countrye,
3 And bidd him meete me at Martingsdale,
4 That lues soe farre in the North countrye,
5 And bidd him mee me at Martingsdale,
6 Fluylye w\i>thin these dayes three.

107A.74
1 Hang them, sais the lady gay,
2 That lets their father witting bee!
3 'Tis proue a ladyf full of louse,
4 And be there by the sune be a quarter highe.

107A.75
1 And bidd him bring with him a hundred gunners,
2 And ranke riders lett them bee;
3 Let them be of the rankest ryders
4 That be to be found in that countrye.

107A.76
1 The best and worse, and all in like,
2 Bidd him clothem them in one liuerie;
3 And for his men, greene is the best,
4 And greene now lett their lyerseys bee.

107A.77
1 And cloth himselfe in scarlett redd,
2 That is soe seemelye for to see;
3 For scarlett is a faire coulor,
4 And pleasant in a woman's eye.

107A.78
1 What they lady sayd; Iohn Stewart writt,
2 To Argyle Castle sent itt hée;
3 His bagge and his dish and showing horne,
4 Unto three beggars he gave them all three.

107A.79
1 And when Willie Stewart saw the letter,
2 Fforth of care-bed then lope hee;
3 He thought himselfe as lustye and sound
4 As any man in that countrye.

107A.80
1 He mustered together his merrymen all,
2 He mustered them soo louinglye;
3 He thought he had had scarce halfe a hundred,
4 Then had hee eleven score and three.

107A.81
1 He chose forth a hundred of the best
2 That were to be found in that companye,
3 And presentlye they took their horses,
4 And to Martingsdale posted hée.

107A.82
1 And when he came to Martingsdale,
2 He found his louse staying there truely;
3 For shee was a ladye true of louse,
4 And there by [the] sune was a quarter highe.

107A.83
1 Shee kisst William Stewart and his brother Iohn,
2 Soe did shee part of his merry men;
3 'If the charle, thy father, bee here were,'
4 He shold not haue thee backe againe.'

107A.84
1 They sent for preist, they sent for clarke,
2 And they were married there with speed;
3 William tooke the lady home with him,
4 And they liued together long time indeed.

107A.85
1 And in twelve months theye wroght,
2 The lady shee was great with childe;
3 The sent Iohn Stewart to the Erle off Marr,
4 To come and christen the barne soe milde.

107A.86
1 'And if this be soe,' says the Erle of Marre,
2 'I am sent a messenger to thee.'
3 Hee'le know some time itt was her owne.'
4 Infaith, cozen Will

107A.87
1 'Nay, by my faith,' then saies John Stewart,
2 'Forget euer alas that shall not bee;
3 For now wee haue put her body to shame,
4 Thou'st haue her againe hame to thee.'

107A.88
1 'I had rather make thee Erle of Marre,
2 And marry my daughter vnto thee;
3 For by my faith,' sais the Erle of Marr,
4 'Her marriage is marr in our countrye.'

107A.89
1 'If this be soe,' then sais John Stewart,
2 'A marryage soone that shall see;
3 For my brother William, my ifather's heyre,
4 Shall marry thy daughter before thine eye.'

107A.90
1 They sent for preist, the sent for clarke,
2 And married there they were with speed;
3 And William Stewart is Erle of Marr,
4 And his father-in-law dwells with him indeed.

107A.91
1 'SPEAK for yourself, John Stewart,' he did say,
2 'Speak for yourself, John Stewart,' he did say,
3 'Speak for yourself, John Stewart,' he did say,
4 And soon an answer I will give to thee;
5 The highest service I can give thee
6 Is to wait on my daughter Ailly.

107B.2
1 .

107B.3
1 'I speak not for myself,' John Stewart he did say,
2 'I speak for a lord of a higher degree;
3 The message is from my brother William,
4 Your loving daughter's husband to be.'

107B.4
1 .

107B.5
2 .
3 .
4 If ever I gie a man a penny wage,
5 I'm sure, John Stewart, ye shall have thee.

107B.6
1 When william came to Mulbery Hall,
2 He kisst the ladies one and all;
3 But when he cam to fair Ailly,
4 She thought he might haue gane her twa or three.

107B.7
1 Between the kitchen and the garden
2 It is calld a measured mile;
3 That lady and that lord fell into discouerde,
4 And they thought they rode it in a short while.
5 Chorus: Tring dilly, tring dilly, tring ding dido,
6 Tring dilly, tring dilly, dolo deee.

107B.8
1 AS I walked forth one morning,
2 By one place that pleased mee,
3 Wherin I heard a wandering wight,
4 Sith, Christopher White is good companye.

108.2
1 I drew me neere, and very neere,
2 Till I was as neere as neere cold bee;
3 Loth I was her councell to discrete,
4 Because I wanted companye.

108.3
1 'Say on, say on, thou well faire mayd,
2 Why makest thou moane soe heavy;
3 Sith, All is for one wandering wight,
4 Is banished forth of his owne countrye.

108.4
1 'I am the burgesse of Edunberrow,'
2 Soe am I more of townes three;
3 I have money and gold great store,
4 Come, sweet wenche, and ligg thy louse on mee.'

108.5
1 The merchant pulled forth a bagg of gold
2 Which had hundreds two or three;
3 Sith, Every day throughout the weke
4 I'le comt as much downe on thy knee.
108.8

1 I the lady shee tooke this gold in her hand,
2 The teares th'effl flash from her eye;
3 Sais, Suller and gold makes my hart to turne,
4 And makes me leave good company.

108.14

1 They had not beene married
2 Not ouer moneths two or three,
3 But tydings came to Edenburrowe:
4 That all the merchants must to the sea.

108.18

1 Then as this lady sate in a deske,
2 Shee made a loue-letter full round;
3 She mad a letter to Christopher White,
4 And in itt shee put a hundred pound.

108.19

1 And when the merchants they came home,
2 'Och, what shall mine
3 Something t'o much you are to blame;
4 Chr.
5 For thou art hee
6 The Child Ballads
4 I know, can hinder mee of my bryde.'
3 I wott there's not a serving-man this day,
2 Thou seruing-man, stand thou a-side!
1 'Away, away, thou Tho
2 'Yee are a borne lo
4 A word or towe to talke w
2 I wott I ken itt soe readylye;
1 'S
5 And all the ladyes in thy cuntrye?'
4 How
2 How
1 'O thou art welcome, Tho
3 Lett him p
1 'But looke thou take w
3 Looke thou shedd no guiltlesse bloode,
2 Thou art well knowen and proued for a man;
1 'Why then, God be w
3 I wold not
2 And forty speres of the best I haue,
1 'Thou shalt haue fortye of thy fellowes
2 In gold and siluer thou shalt rowe,
1 'Thou shalt have forty pounds a weeke,
6 Thou'st neuer loose her throughe pouertye.
2 I doubt I must lose her through pouertye;
1 'But I haue a loue in Scottland
3 'S
1 Has thou slaine any of thy
4 Thou art allwayes full of thy curtesye.
3 Saies, Thou art welcome, Tho
2 He kneeled him low downe on his knee;
1 And when hee came Lo
4 And as well p
3 And forty speres of the best I haue,
2 And forty horsse to goe w
1 'Thou shalt haue halfe my land a yeere,
2 W
1 'Marry, m
4 Or thou man gange the ladye w
2 'And you are a lord of honor
3 And a hundred men att thy backe,
4 For to fight if neede shalbe.'
2 'Thou shalt haue that horsee with all my hart,
2 And my cote-plate of siluer Free,
And a hundred men att thy backe,
4 For to fight if neede shalbe.'
1 'I thanke you, master,' said Thomas Pott,
2 'Neither man nor boy shall goe with mee;
3 In her prayers good where shee can bee;
2 The bryde went vnmarryed home againe;
3 A speare or two I'le w
2 'And you are a lord of honor
3 And a hundred men att thy backe,
4 For to fight if neede shalbe.'
1 'I thanke you, master,' said Thomas Pott,
2 'Neither man nor boy shall goe with mee;
3 In her prayers good where shee can bee;
2 The bryde went vnmarryed home againe;
3 A speare or two I'le w
2 'And you are a lord of honor
3 And a hundred men att thy backe,
4 For to fight if neede shalbe.'
109A.77
1 And he bore him quite out of his saddle faire;  
2 Upon the ground there did he ley;  
3 He said, I pray thee, Lord Phenix, rise and fligt,  
4 Or else yeeld this ladye sweete to mee.

109A.78
1 To fligt with thee, quoth Phenix, I cannot stand;  
2 Nor flit to fligt, I cannot, sure;  
3 Thou hast run me through the brawne of the armes;  
4 Noe longer of thy sperre I cannot endure.

109A.79
1 Thou'st haue that ladye with all my hart,  
2 Sith it is like neuer better to proue,  
3 Nor neuer a noble-man this day,  
4 That will seeke to take a pore mans loue.

109A.80
1 Why then, be of good cheere, saies Thomas Pott,  
2 Indeed your bucher I'le neuer bee,  
3 For I'le come and stanche your bloode,  
4 Giff any thankes you'le giue to mee.

109A.81
1 As he was stanching the Phenix blood,  
2 These words Thomas a Pott cann to him proue:  
3 'I'le neuer take a ladye of thee thus,  
4 But here I'le giue you another choice.

109A.82
1 'Here is a lane of two miles lone;  
2 Att end either sett wee will bee;  
3 The ladye shall sitt vs betweene,  
4 And one of vs shall dye.

109A.83
1 'If thou do doe soe,' Lord Phenix sayes,  
2 Thomas a Pott, as thou dost tell mee,  
3 Whether I get her or goe without her,  
4 Heres forty pounds I'le giue itt thee.

109A.84
1 And when the ladye there can stand,  
2 A woman's mind that day to proue,  
3 Now, by my fart, said this ladye faire,  
4 This day Thomas a Pott shall have his owne loue.

109A.85
1 Toward Thomas a Pott the lady shee went,  
2 To leape behind him hastily;  
3 'Nay, abide a while,' saies Lord Phenix,  
4 Flor better yeett pouzed thou shalt bee.

109A.86
1 Thou shalt stay hearie with all thy maidens—  
2 In number with thee thou hast but three—  
3 Thomas a Pott and I'le goe beyonde wender wall,  
4 Where the one of vs shall dye.

109A.87
1 And when they came beyonde the wall,  
2 The one wold not the other nye;  
3 Lord Phenix he had giuen his word  
4 With Thomas a Pott neufer to fligt.

109A.88
1 Give me a choice,' Lord Phenix sayes,  
2 Thomas a Pott, I doe pray thee;  
3 Lett mee goe to yonder ladys faire,  
4 To see whether shee be true to thee.'

109A.89
1 And when hee came that ladie too,  
2 Yuto that likelihood some day seen he,  
3 Now God thee saue, thou ladys faire,  
4 The heyre of all my land thou'st bee.

109A.90
1 Flor this Thomas a Potts I haue slaine;  
2 He hath more than deadlye wounds two or three;  
3 Flor this Thomas a Potts I haue slaine;  
4 He hath more than deadlye wounds two or three;

109A.91
1 The ladye said, If Thomas a Potts this day thou haue slaine,  
2 Thou hast slaine a better man than euere was thee;  
3 And I'll seall all the state of my lande  
4 But thou'st be hanged on a gallow-tree.
109B.44
1 'On Guilford Green he will you meet;
2 He wishes you for him to pray;
3 For there he'll lose his life so sweet,
4 Or else the wedding he means to stay.'

109B.43
1 'If this be true, my little boy,
2 These tidings which thou tellest to me,
3 For thou didst I to thee promise,
4 Here is ten pounds I will give thee.'

109B.42
1 'My maidens all,' the lady said,
2 That never wish me well to prove,
3 Now let us all kneel down and pray
4 That Tommy Pots may win his love.

109B.41
1 'If it he fortune the better to win,
2 As I pray to Christ in Trinity,
3 'I'll make him the flower of all his kin,
4 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'

109B.39
1 Let's leave talking of this lady fair,
2 In prayers full good where she may be;
3 Now let us talk of Tommy Pots;
4 To his lord and master for aid went he.

109B.38
1 But when he came Lord Jockey before,
2 He knewed lowly on his knee:
3 'What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,
4 Thou art so full of courtesie?'

109B.36
1 I have slain none of my fellows fair,
2 Nor wrought to you no villany,
3 But I have a love in Scotland fair,
4 And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

109B.35
1 'If you're not believe me by word of mouth,
2 But read this letter, and you shall see,
3 Here by all these suspicions words
4 That she her own self hath sent to me.'

109B.34
1 He kneeled lowly on his knee:
2 'That ever wait on me this day,
3 'My maidens all,' the lady said,
4 And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

109B.33
1 'These are my men,' Lord Phenix said,
2 You said you would bring neither man nor boy,
3 An hundred men to stand at thy back,
4 'That horse is old, of stomach bold,
5 Of all the suspitious words
6 As I am a lord in Scotland fair,
7 'That horse is old, of stomach bold,
8 'That is an old horse with a cut tail,
9 'That horse is old, of stomach bold,'
10 'That horse is old, of stomach bold,
11 'That horse is old, of stomach bold,
12 'What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,
13 'What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,'
14 'What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots.'

109B.32
1 'My maidens all,' the lady said,
2 But when he came Lord Jockey before,
3 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
4 'And born a lord in Scotland free;
5 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
6 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
7 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
8 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
9 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
10 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
11 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
12 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
13 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
14 'You are a noble man,' said Tom.

109B.31
1 'Away, away, thou Tommy Pots;
2 To run the race so eagerly;
3 They turned their horses thrice about,
4 The other shall forgiven be.'

109B.30
1 He waited hours two or three;
2 'That ever wish me well to prove,
3 'That ever wish me well to prove,
4 'That ever wish me well to prove,'
5 'That ever wish me well to prove,
6 'That ever wish me well to prove,
7 'That ever wish me well to prove,'
8 'That ever wish me well to prove,
9 'That ever wish me well to prove,
10 'That ever wish me well to prove,'
11 'That ever wish me well to prove,
12 'That ever wish me well to prove,
13 'That ever wish me well to prove,'
14 'That ever wish me well to prove.'

109B.29
1 Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,
2 But never a word to her did say,
3 Until the Lord Phenix came before;
4 He gave him the right time of the day.
The Child Ballads

109B.80
1 He bord him out of the saddle fair,
2 Down to the ground so sorrowfully;
3 For the loss of my life I do not care,
4 But for the loss of my fair lady.

109B.81
1 'Now for the loss of my lady sweet,
2 Which once I thought to have been my wife,
3 I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ride not away,
4 For with thee I would end my life.'

109B.82
1 Tom Pots was but a serving-man,
2 But yet he was a doctor good;
3 He bound his handkerchief on his wound,
4 And with some kind of words he stanch'd his blood.

109B.83
1 He leapt into his saddle again,
2 The blood in his body began to warm;
3 He mist Lord Phenix body fare,
4 And ran him through the brawn of the arm.

109B.84
1 He bord him out of his saddle fair,
2 Down to the ground most sorrowfully;
3 Says, Prethee, Lord Phenix, rise up and fight,
4 Or yield my lady unto me.

109B.85
1 'Now for to fight I cannot tell,
2 And for to fight I am not sure;
3 Thou hast run me throw the brawn o'th arm,
4 That with a spear I may not endure.

109B.86
1 'Thou'st have the lady with all my heart;
2 It was never likely better to prove
3 With me, or any nobleman else,
4 That would hinder a poor man of his love.'

109B.87
1 'Seeing you say so much,' said Tommy Potts,
2 'I will not seem your butcher to be;
3 But I will come and stanch your blood,
4 If any thing you will give me.'

109B.88
1 As he did stanch Lord Phenix blood,
2 Lord, in his heart he did rejoice!
3 'I'll see this wedding,' Lord Arundel said,
4 Or else your wedding he will stay.'

109B.89
1 'Here is a lane of two miles long;
2 At either end we set will be;
3 The lady shall stand us among,
4 Her own choice shall set her free.'

109B.90
1 'If thou'do so,' Lord Phenix said,
2 'To lose her by her own choice it's honesty;
3 Chuse whether I get her or go her without,
4 Forty pounds I will give thee.'

109B.91
1 But when they in that lane was set,
2 The wit of the man was not sure;
3 'By the faith of my body,' the lady said,
4 'Thou'st have the lady with all my heart.'

109B.92
1 Towards Tom Pots the lady did hie,
2 To get on behind him hastily;
3 'Nay stay, nay stay,' Lord Phenix said,
4 'Better proved it shall be.'

109B.93
1 'Stay you with your maidens here—
2 In number fair they are but three—
3 Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,
4 And I will go to the lady fair,
5 That with Tom Pots he would never fight.

109B.94
1 O give me this choice,' Lord Phenix said,
2 To prove whether true or false she be,
3 And I will go to the lady fair,
4 And tell her Tom Pots slain is he.'

109B.95
1 When he came from behind the wall,
2 His blood is all bloody as it might be,
3 'O lady sweet, thou art my own,
4 For Tom Pots slain have I.'
The Text of
The Child Ballads

110A.25
1 'Accursed be the gold,' he said,
2 'If thou hast not bin true,
3 That should have parted thee from me,
4 To have chang'd thee for a new.'

110A.26
1 'I learned it in my father's hall,
2 'I learned it in my mother's bower,
3 That whan I come to deep water,
4 I can swim as it were an eel.'

110A.27
1 Their hearts being then so linked fast,
2 And joining hand in hand,
3 He had both purse and person too,
4 And all at his command.

110B.1
1 THERE was a shepherd's dochter
2 Kept sheep upon yon hill,
3 And by cam a gay braw gentleman,
4 And wad hae had his will.

110B.2
1 He took her by the milk-white hand,
2 And laid her on the ground,
3 And when he got his will o her
4 He lifted her up again.

110B.3
1 'O syne ye've got your will o me,
2 Your will wi me ye've taen,
3 'Tis all I ask o you, kind sir,
4 Is to tell me your name.'

110B.4
1 'Sometimes they call me Jack,' he said,
2 'Sometimes they call me John,
3 But when I am in the king's court,
4 My name is Wilfu Will.'

110B.5
1 Then he loup on his milk-white steed,
2 And straucht away he rade,
3 And she did kilt her petticoats,
4 And after him she gaed.

110B.6
1 He never was sae kind as say,
2 O laddie, will ye ride?
3 Nor ever had she the courage to say,
4 O laddie, will ye ride!

110B.7
1 Until they cam to a wan water,
2 Which was called Clyde,
3 And then he turned about his horse,
4 Said, Lassie, will ye ride?

110B.8
1 'I learned it in my father's hall,
2 I learned it for my weel,
3 That when I come to deep water,
4 I can swim like any otter.'

110B.9
1 He plunged his steed into the ford,
2 And straucht away tho he rade,
3 And she set in her lilly feet,
4 And thro the water wade.

110B.10
1 And whan she cam to the king's court,
2 She tirled on the pin,
3 And whan she cam to the king's court,
4 This day has robbed me.

110B.11
1 'What is your will wi me, fair maid?
2 What is your will wi me,
3 'There is a man into your court
4 That should have parted thee from me.'

110B.12
1 'O haud your tongue, young man,' she says,
2 'O whether will ye marry the bonny may,
3 Nor as little ony of your fee,
4 He lift her up again.

110B.13
1 'O haud your tongue, young man,' she says,
2 'O whether will ye marry the bonny may,
3 Nor as little ony of your fee,
4 He lift her up again.

110B.14
1 'O syne ye've got your will o me,
2 Your will wi me ye've taen,
3 'Tis all I ask o you, kind sir,
4 Is to tell me your name.'

110B.15
1 'O haud your tongue, young man,' she says,
2 'O whether will ye marry the bonny may,
3 Nor as little ony of your fee,
4 He lift her up again.

110B.16
1 'Sometimes they call him Jack,' she said,
2 'Sometimes they call him John,
3 But when he's in the king's court,
4 His name is Sweet William.'

110B.17
1 'There's not a William in a' my court,
2 Never a one but three,
3 And one of them is the Queen's brother;
4 I wad laugh gif it war he.'

110B.18
1 The king called on his merry men,
2 By thirty and by three;
3 Sweet Willie, wha used to be foremost man,
4 Was the hindmost a' but three.

110B.19
1 'O he cam cripple, and he cam blind,
2 Cam twa-fald oer a tree:
3 'O be he cripple, or be he blind,
4 This very same man is he.'

110B.20
1 'Sometimes they call him Jack,' she said,
2 'Sometimes they call him John,
3 But when he's in the king's court,
4 His name is Sweet William.'

110B.21
1 'Sometimes they call him John,
2 'Sometimes they call him Jack,' she said,
The Text of

110B.33 1 But yet I think a fitter match
2 Could scarcely gang thegither
3 Than the King of France's auld dochter
4 And the Queen of Scotland's brither.

110C.1 1 THERE was a shepherd's dochter
2 Kept sheep on yonther hill;
3 Bye came a knight frae the High College,
4 And he wad hae his will.

110C.2 1 When he had got his wills o her,
2 His will as he had taen;
3 'Wad ye be sae gude and kind
4 As tell to me your name?'

110C.3 1 'Some ca's me Jock, some ca's me John,
2 Some disna ken me my name,
3 But when I'm into the king's court,
4 Mitchcock is my name.

110C.4 1 'Mitchcock! hey!' the lady did say,
2 And spilt it oar again;
3 'If that's your name in the Latin tongue,
4 Earl Richard is your name!'

110C.5 1 O jumpt he upon his horse,
2 And said he wad go ride;
3 Kilted she her green claithing,
4 And said she wad na bide.

110C.6 1 The knight rade on, the lady ran,
2 A live-lang simmer's day;
3 'Whare gat ye that gay claithing
4 Wlie ye wad [na] lat me be.'

110C.7 1 'Jump on behind, ye well-faurd may,
2 Or do ye choose to ride?
3 'No thank ye, sir,' the lady said,
4 'And so did mine in yon bonny hill-side,
5 And sae did mine in yon bonny hill-side,
6 That I can soum this wan water
7 Of water o the Kirkcaldy side.'

110C.8 1 'Mitchcock! hey!' the lady did say,
2 And spilt it oar again;
3 'If that's your name in the Latin tongue,
4 Earl Richard is your name!'

110C.9 1 'Whare gat ye that gay claithing
2 This day I see on thee;
3 'O my auld mither she was here,
4 As tho I was ane otter.'

110C.10 1 When she cam to the king's court,
2 She raptit wi a ring;
3 Sae ready as the king himsell
4 We'll let the lady in!

110C.11 1 'There is a knight in your court
2 This day has robb'd me';
3 'There's a knight in aw our court
4 That ever a shepherd's dochter
5 Whan she cam to Tyne's water,
6 That I can soum this wan water
7 Of water o the Kirkcaldy side.'

110C.12 1 'He has na taen my gowd,' she says,
2 'Nor was he a bairn,'
3 But he has taen my maiden-head,
4 'Aft hae I waited at your father's yett,
5 Whan the marriage it was oure,
6 That Earl Richard's your gude-son.'

110C.13 1 'Then out bespok the queen hersel,
2 Wha set by the king's knee;
3 'There's a knight in aw our court
4 Whan she cam to yon water,
5 She nursed the Earl of Stockford's daughter,
6 'And gude-son mine in onie bonny hill-side,
7 As tho I was ane otter.'

110C.14 1 'Wad ye ken your love,
2 Amang a hunder men?
3 'I wad,' said the bonnie ladie,
4 'Amang five hunder and ten.'

110C.15 1 The king made aw his merry men pass,
2 By ane, by twa, and three;
3 Earl Richard us'd to be the first man,
4 But he was himmost man that day.

110C.16 1 He cam hauping on ae foot,
2 And winking with ae ee;
3 But 'Ha! ha!' said the bonnie ladie,
4 'That same young man are ye.'

110C.17 1 He's taen her up to a hie tow'r-head
2 And offered her hunder pundis in a glove;
3 'Gin ye be a courteous maid,
4 Ye'll choose anither love.'

110C.18 1 'What care I for your hunder pund?
2 Na mair than ye wad for mine;
3 What's a hunder pund to me,
4 To a marriage wi a king!'

110C.19 1 When the marriage it was oure,
2 And ilk ane took them horse,
3 'It never set a beggar's brat
4 At nae knicht's back to be.'

110C.20 1 The ladie met wi a beggar-wife,
2 And gied her half o crown;
3 'Tell aw your neeboors, whan ye gang hame,
4 That Earl Richard's your gude-son.'

110C.21 1 'O hold your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
2 My heart will brak in three;
3 'And sae did mine in yon bonny hill-side,
4 Whan ye wad na let me be.'

110C.22 1 When she cam to yon nettle-dyke,
2 . . . . .
3 'An my auld mither she was here,
4 Sae well as she wad ye pu.
5 I hae been best used in.'

110C.23 1 'She wad boil ye weill, and butter ye weill,
2 And sup till she war fu;
3 And lay her head upon her dish-doup,
4 And sleep like onie sow.'

110C.24 1 When she cam to Earl Richard's house,
2 The sheets war hollard fine:
3 'O haid awa thae linen sheets,
4 And bring to me the gude ram's horn,
5 The spoons I've been used wi.'

110C.25 1 ['Awa, awa wi your siller spoons,
2 Hand them awa frae me;
3 It would set me better to feed my flocks
4 Wi the brose-cap on my knee;
5 Sae bring to me the gude ram's horn,
6 The spoons I've been used wi.]

110C.26 1 'Hold your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
2 My heart will brak in three;
3 'And sae did mine in yon bonny hill-side,
4 Whan ye wadna let me be.'

110C.27 1 'I wish I had drank the well-water
2 Whan first I drank the wine!
3 Never a shepherd's dochter
4 Wad hae been a love o mine.

110C.28 1 'I wish I'd drank the well-water
2 Whan I first drank the beer,
3 That ever a shepherd's dochter
4 Should hae been my only dear!'
The Child Ballads
110E.51
1 'But if you are a carle’s daughter,
2 As I take you to be,
3 How did you get the gay clawthing
4 In greenwood ye had on thee?

110E.52
1 'My mother, she’s a poor woman,
2 She nursed earl’s children three;
3 And I got them from a foster-sister,
4 For to beguile such sparks as thee.'

110E.53
1 'But if you be a carle’s daughter,
2 As I believe you be,
3 How did you learn the good Latin
4 In greenwood ye spoke to me?'

110E.54
1 'My mother, she’s a mean woman,
2 She nursed earl’s children three;
3 I learnt it from their chaplain,
4 To beguile such sparks as ye.'

110E.55
1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
2 And all men bound for bed;
3 The Earl Richards and this ladye
4 In a bed they were laid.

110E.56
1 He turned his face unto the stock,
2 And she wept to her the stane;
3 And cauld and drearly was the love
4 That was these twa between.

110E.57
1 Great mirth was in the kitchen,
2 Likewise intill the ha,
3 But in his bed lay Earl Richard,
4 Wiping the tears awa.

110E.58
1 He wept till he fell fast asleep,
2 Then slept till light was come;
3 Then he did hear the gentlemen
4 That talked in the room.

110E.59
1 Said, Saw ye ever a fitter match,
2 Betwixt the ane and ither,
3 The king of Scotland’s fair dochter
4 And the queen of England’s brothr?

110E.60
1 'And is she the king o Scotland’s dochter?
2 This day, O weel is me!
3 For seven times has my steen been saddled,
4 To come to court with thee;
5 And with this witty lady fair,
6 How happy must I be!'

110F.1
1 EARL LITCHGOW he’s a hunting gane,
2 Upon a summer’s day,
3 And he’s fa’ em in with a weel-far’d maid,
4 Was gathering at the slaes.

110F.2
1 He’s tae her by the milk-white hand,
2 And by the grass-green sleeve;
3 He led her to the foot of a tree,
4 At her he spierd nae leave.

110F.3
1 The lassie being well learned,
2 She turned her right around;
3 Says, Will ye be as good, kind sir,
4 As tell to me your name?

110F.4
1 'Whiles they call me Jack,’ he says,
2 'And whiles they call me John;
3 But when I’m in the queen’s high court,
4 Earl Litchcock is my name.'

110F.5
1 The lassie being well learned,
2 She spelt it ower again;
3 Says, Litchcock is a Latin word,
4 But Litchgow is your name.

110F.6
1 The lassie being well learned,
2 She spelt it ower again;
3 Says, Lithgow is a gentle word,
4 But Richard is your name.

110F.7
1 She has kilted her green clawthing
2 A little aboon her knee;
3 The gentleman rode, and the lassie ran,
4 Till at the water o Dee.

110F.8
1 When they were at the water o Dee,
2 And at the narrow side,
3 He turned about his high horse head,
4 Says, Lassie, will ye ride?

110F.9
1 'I learnt it in my mother’s bower,
2 I wish I had learnt it better,
3 When I came to this wan water,
4 To swim like ony otter.'

110F.10
1 'I learnt it in my mother’s bower,
2 I wish I had learnt it well,
3 That when I came to a wan water,
4 To swim like ony eel.'

110F.11
1 She has kilted her green clawthing
2 A little aboon her knee;
3 The gentleman rode, the lassie swam,
4 Throo the water o Dee:
5 Before he was at the middle o the water,
6 At the other side was she.

110F.12
1 She sat there and drest hersell,
2 And sat upon a stone;
3 There she sat to rest hersell,
4 And see how he’d come on.

110F.13
1 'How mony miles hae ye to ride?
2 How mony hae I to gang?
3 'I’ve thirty miles to ride,’ he says,
4 'And ye’ve as mony to gang.'

110F.14
1 'I’ve thirty miles to ride,’ she says,
2 'And I’ve as mony to gae,
3 Ye’ll get leave to gang yourself;
4 It will never be gane by me.'

110F.15
1 She’s gane to the queen’s high court,
2 And knocked at the pin;
3 Who was sae ready as the proud porter,
4 To let this lady in!

110F.16
1 She’s put her hand in her pocket,
2 And gien him guineas three:
3 'Ye will gang to the queen hersell,
4 And tell her this frae me.'

110F.17
1 'There is a lady at your yetts
2 Can neither card nor spin,
3 But she can sit in a lady’s bower,
4 And lay gold on a seam.'

110F.18
1 He’s gane ben thro oie lang room,
2 And he’s gane ben thro twa,
3 Till he came to a lang, lang trance,
4 And then came to the ha.

110F.19
1 When he came before the queen,
2 Sat low down on his knee;
3 'Win up, win up, ye proud porter,
4 What makes this courtesie?'

110F.20
1 'There is a lady at your yetts
2 Can neither card nor spin;
3 But she can sit in a lady’s bower,
4 And lay gold on a seam.'

110F.21
1 'If there is a lady at my yetts
2 That cannot card nor spin;
3 Ye’ll open my yetts baith wide and braid,
4 Till she came to the ha.

110F.22
1 Now she has gane ben thro ae room,
2 And she’s gane ben thro twa,
3 And she gae ben a lang, lang trance,
4 Till she came to the ha.

110F.23
1 When she came before the queen,
2 Sat low down on her knee;
3 'Win up, win up, my fair woman,
4 What makes such courtesie?'

110F.24
1 'My errand it’s to thee, O queen,
2 My errand it’s to thee, O queen,
3 There is a man within your courts
4 This day has robbed me.'

110F.25
1 'O has he taen your purse, your purse,
2 Or taen your penny-fee?
3 Or has he taen your maidenhead,
4 The flower of your bodie?'

110F.26
1 He hasna taen my purse, my purse,
2 Nor yet my penny-fee,
3 But he has taen my maidenhead,
4 The flower of my bodi'

110F.27
1 'It is if he be a batchelor,
2 Your husband he shall be;
3 But if he be a married man,
4 High hanged he shall be.

110F.28
1 'Except it be my brother, Litchcock,
2 I hinnen will it be;’
3 Sighd and said that gay lady,
4 That very man is he.

110F.29
1 She’s calld on her merry men a’,
2 By ane, by twa, by three;
3 Earl Litchcock used to be the first,
4 But the hindmost man was he.

110F.30
1 He came cripple on the back,
2 And tauld it on a stane;
3 Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,
4 And ye’ll frac me gane.

110F.31
1 'I will hae nane o your purses o gold,
2 That ye tell on a stane;
3 But I will hae yourself,’ she says,
4 'Another I’ll hae nane.'

110F.32
1 He’s taen out a purse of gold,
2 And tauld it on a stane;
3 Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,
4 And ye’ll frae me gane.

110F.33
1 I will hae nane o your purses o[<s>] gold,
2 That ye tell on a stane;
3 But I will hae yourself,’ she says,
4 'Another I’ll hae nane.'

110F.34
1 He has taen out another purse,
2 And tauld it in a glove;
3 Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,
4 And choice another love.

110F.35
1 'I’ll hae nane o your purses o gold,
2 That ye tell in a glove;
3 But I will hae yourself,’ she says,
4 'I’ll hae nae ither love.'

110F.36
1 But he’s tae out another purse,
2 And tauld it on his knee;
3 Says, Take ye that, ye fair woman,
4 Ye’ll get nae mair frae me.

110F.37
1 'I’ll hae nane o your purses o gold,
2 That ye tell on your knee;
3 But I will hae yourself,’ she says,
4 'The queen has granted it me.'

110F.38
1 'O will ye hae the short clawthing,
2 Or will ye hae the side?
3 Or will ye gang to your wedding,
4 Or will ye to it ride?'

110F.39
1 'I winna gang to my wedding,
2 But I will hae the side;
3 Says, Take ye that, ye fair woman,
4 Ye’ll get nae mair frae me.

110F.40
1 The first town that they came till
2 They made the bells be rung.
3 And next laid down a brand, a brand,
4 But to it I will ride.'
110F.42
1. When they came to Mary-kirk,
2. The nettles grew on the dyke,
3. If my auld mither, the carlin, were here,
4. Sae well’s she would you pyke.

110F.43
1. ‘Sae well’s she would you pyke,’ says she,
2. ‘She would you pyke and pou,
3. And wi the dust lyes in the mill
4. Sae woud she mingle you.

110F.44
1. ‘She’d take a speen intill her hand,
2. And sup ere she be fou,
3. Syne lay her head upon a sod,
4. And snore like ony sowy.’

110F.45
1. When she came to your mill-dams,
2. Says, Well, may ye clap,
3. I wyte my minnie neer gaed by you
4. Wanting mony a l ack.

110F.46
1. ‘He’s drawn his hat ower his face,
2. Muckle shame thought he;
3. She’s driven her cap ower her locks,
4. And a light laugh gae she.

110F.47
1. When they were wedded, and well bedded,
2. And hame at dinner set,
3. Then out it spake our bride herself,
4. And she spake never blate.

110F.48
1. Put far awa your china plates,
2. Put them far awa frae me,
3. And bring to me my humble gockies,
4. That I was best used wi.

110F.49
1. Put far awa your siller spoons,
2. Had them far awa frae me,
3. And bring to me my horn cutties,
4. That I was best used wi.

110F.50
1. When they were dined and well served,
2. And to their dancing set,
3. Out it spake our bride again,
4. For she spake never blate.

110F.51
1. If the auld carlin, my mither were here,
2. As I trust she will be,
3. She’ll fear the dancing frae us a’,
4. And gar her meal-bags fee.

110F.52
1. When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
2. And a’s men bound for rest,
3. Earl Richard and the beggar’s daughter
4. In a chamber were placed.

110F.53
1. ‘Had far awa your fine clathing,
2. Had them far awa frae me,
3. And bring to me my plaid clouts,
4. That I was best used wi.

110F.54
1. ‘Had far awa your holland sheets,
2. Had them far awa frae me,
3. And bring to me my plaid clouts,
4. That I was best used wi.

110F.55
1. ‘Lay a pock o meal beneath my head,
2. Another aneath my feet,
3. A pock o seeds beneath my knees,
4. And soundly will I sleep.’

110F.56
1. ‘Had far awa, ye carlin’s get,
2. Had far awa frae me,
3. I disna set a carlin’s get
4. My bed-fellow to be.’

110F.57
1. ‘It’s may be I’m a carlin’s get,
2. And may be I am nae;
3. But when ye got me in good greenwood,
4. How letna ye me alane?’

110F.58
1. ‘It is if you be a carlin’s get,
2. As I trust well ye be,
3. Where got ye all the gay clathing
4. You brought to greenwood with thee?’
The Text of

110G.26
5 An bring to me a guid ramshorn,
6 The thing I’m best used wi.’

110G.27
1 An when they were at supper set,
2 An the ale-caup gaen about,
3 She took it in her arms twa,
4 An sae clean’s she lickit it oot.

110G.28
1 He drew his hat down ower his broos,
2 An a doun look gae he,
3 But she threw her locks out over her cocks,
4 An nae ways dung was she.

110G.29
1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
2 An a’ men boun to bed.
3 Earl Richard an Jo Janet
In ae bed they were laid.

110G.30
1 He turned his face unto the stock,
2 An sair did he weep;
3 She turned her face unto the wa,
4 An sound she fell asleep.

110G.31
The Billie Blin stood up at their bed-feet.

110G.32
1 Said, Saw ye ever a fitter match
2 Atween the tane and the tither,
3 The Earl Marshall’s ae dother
4 An the Queen o Scotland’s brither?

110G.33
1 ‘Wae be to you for an ill woman,
2 And maybe I am nane;
3 But sighand said that gay ladie,
4 But the hindmost man was he.

110G.34
1 . . . . . .
2 . . . . . .
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

110H.1
1 THERE was a shepherd’s daughter,
2 Kept sheep on yonder hill,
3 There came a knight o courage bright,
4 And he wad have his will. Diddle, ’C.

110H.2
1 He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 Gien her a gown o green;
3 I’m the Earl of Stampford’s ae daughter,
4 That he has granted me.’

110H.3
1 ‘Take you that, fair may,’ he says,
2 Not yer white monie,
3 But I will have the King’s grant,
4 Of her you took your will.’

110H.4
1 ‘I’ll neither have your gold,’ she says,
2 ‘Nor yet your white monie,
3 But I will have the King’s grant,
4 And choice for you a love.’

110H.5
1 ‘And or the laird was half water,
2 By thirty and by three,
3 Whanever I cam to any wide water,
4 That ever my een did see.’

110H.6
1 ‘Some ca’s me James, some ca’as me John,
2 I carena what they ca me,
3 But when I [am] at hame in my ain country,
4 It’s Lispcock that they ca me.’

110H.7
1 ‘I learned it in my mother’s bower,
2 I wish I’d learned it better,
3 Whenever I cam to any wide water,
4 To soum like ony otter.’

110H.8
1 ‘O gin he be a single man,
2 Weel married sells ye be,
3 But an he be a married man,
4 He’s hae a bonnie tree.’

110H.9
1 ‘Now Christ you save and see;
2 And maybe I am nane;
3 But sighand said that gay ladie,
4 But the hindmost man was he.

110H.10
1 The king’s called on his nobles all,
2 By thirty and by three;
3 Sweet William should have been the foremost man,
4 But the hindmost man was he.

110H.11
1 ‘Do you not mind yon shepherd’s daughter,
2 You met on yonder hill?
3 When a’ her flocks were feeding round,
4 Or of her you took your will.’

110H.12
1 And he’s taaen out a purse o gold,
2 And tied up in a glove;
3 ‘Take you that, fair may,’ he says,
4 ‘And choice for you a love.’

110H.13
1 ‘O he’s taaen out three hundred pounds,
2 Tied up in a purse;
3 ‘See, take you that, fair may,’ he says,
4 ‘And that will pay the nurse.’

110H.14
1 ‘I’ll never have your gold,’ she says,
2 ‘Nor yet your white monie,
3 But I will have the King’s grant,
4 Like sister and like brother.

110H.15
1 Then he’s taaen her on a milk-white steed,
2 Himsell upon another,
3 And to his castle they have rode,
4 Pilkit at your pow.’

110H.16
1 To lat this fair maid in!
2 She spelled it ower again;
3 The lassie was on dry lan.
4 The ladie was on dry lan.

110H.17
1 ’S ye cud ride in a lang simmer’s day.
2 She spelled it ower again;
3 The ladie was on dry lan.
4 To soum like ony otter.’

110H.18
1 ’S ye cud ride in a lang simmer’s day.
2 She spelled it ower again;
3 The ladie was on dry lan.
4 To soum like ony otter.’

110H.19
1 ’S ye cud ride in a lang simmer’s day.
2 She spelled it ower again;
3 The ladie was on dry lan.
4 To soum like ony otter.’

110H.20
1 ’O gin he be a single man,
2 Weel married sells ye be,
3 But an he be a married man,
4 He’s hae a bonnie tree.’

110I.1
1 THERE was a shepherd’s daughter,
2 Kept sheep on yonder hill,
3 There came a knight o courage bright,
4 And he wad have his will. Diddle, ’C.

110I.2
1 He ’s taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 Gien her a gown o green;
3 I’m the Earl of Stampford’s ae daughter,
4 That he has granted me.’

110I.3
1 ‘Take you that, fair may,’ he says,
2 Not yer white monie,
3 But I will have the King’s grant,
4 Of her you took your will.’

110I.4
1 ‘I’ll never have your gold,’ she says,
2 ‘Nor yet your white monie,
3 But I will have the King’s grant,
4 Like sister and like brother.

110I.5
1 ‘And or the laird was half water,
2 By thirty and by three,
3 Whanever I cam to any wide water,
4 That ever my een did see.’

110I.6
1 ‘Some ca’s me James, some ca’as me John,
2 I carena what they ca me,
3 But when I [am] at hame in my ain country,
4 It’s Lispcock that they ca me.’

110I.7
1 ‘I learned it in my mother’s bower,
2 I wish I’d learned it better,
3 Whenever I cam to any wide water,
4 To soum like ony otter.’

110I.8
1 ‘O gin he be a single man,
2 Weel married sells ye be,
3 But an he be a married man,
4 He’s hae a bonnie tree.’

110I.9
1 ‘Gin I had drunk the wan water,
2 When I did drink the wine,
3 A cairdman’s daughter
4 Should never be a true-love o mine.’

110I.10
1 ‘Maybe I’m a cairdman’s daughter,
2 And maybe I am nane;
3 But when ye did come to good green wood,
4 Ye sud hae latten me alane.’

110I.11
1 The flower of my bodie.’
2 But he’s robb’d me of the flowery branch,
3 ‘He has not robb’d me of my gold,’ she says,
4 The flower of your bodie?’

110I.12
1 ‘Has he robb’d me of your gold,’ he says,
2 ‘Or of your white monie?
3 Or robb’d you of the flowery branch,
4 The flower of your bodie?’

110I.13
1 ‘He has not robb’d me of my gold,’ she says,
2 ‘Nor o my white monie,
3 But he’s robb’d me of the flowery branch,
4 The flower of my bodie.’
110K.12
1 He's called down his merry men all,
2 By one, by two, by three;
3 John used to be the foremost man,
4 But the hindmost man was he.

110K.13
1 He took a long pursue of gold
2 And wrapped it in a glove:
3 'Here's to thee, my dearest dear,
4 Go seek some other love.'

110K.14
1 'I'll have none of your gold,' she says,
2 'Nor any of your white money,
3 But I'll just have your own bodie
4 The king has granted to me.'

110K.15
1 'I wish I was drinking the well-water
2 When I drank of the ale,
3 Then on a day,
4 This couple rode away.

110K.16
1 It's when they were coming by the nettle-bush,
2 She said, So well may you grow!
3 For many a day my mammy and me
4 Hae pickled at your pow.

110K.17
1 When they cam by the mill-door, she said,
2 So well may you clatter!
3 For many a day my mammy and me
4 Pickled at your happen.

110K.18
1 When they came to the king's court,
2 They reckoned up their kin;
3 She was a king's one dochter,
4 And he but a blacksmith's son.

110L.1
1 'I LEARNED it in my father's bowr,
2 And I learned it for the better,
3 That every water I coudna wade,
4 With my low silver ee.

110L.2
1 'I learned it in my father's bowr,
2 And I learned it for my weel,
3 That every water I coudna wade,
4 I learn it like an eel.'

110L.3
1 And he cam hirplin on a stick,
2 And leaning on a tree:
3 'Be he cripple, or be he blind,
4 The same man is he.'

110M.1
1 There was a shepherd's daughter,
2 Kept sheep on yonder hill;
3 O by comes a courtier,
4 And fain wud hae his will.

110M.2
1 When she came to the king's court,
2 She tinkled at the ring;
3 Who was so ready as the king himself
4 To let this fair maid in!

110M.3
1 And when she came before the king,
2 She kneeled low by his knee;
3 'What's this? what's this, fair maid,' he says,
4 'What's this you ask of me?'

110M.4
1 'If he robbed you of your gold,' he said,
2 'It's hanged he must be;
3 He's not robbed me of my gold,' she said,
4 The flower of my bodie.'

110M.5
1 'He's not robbed me of my gold,' she said,
2 Nor of your white monie;
3 But he's taen frae you your maidenhead,
4 The flower o your bodie.'

110M.6
1 'Turn back, turn back, ye carl's daughter,
2 And dinna follow me;
3 It sets na carl's daughters
4 Kings' courts for to see.'

110M.7
1 'Perhaps I am a carl's daughter,
2 Perhaps I am nane,
3 But whan ye gat me in free forest
4 Ye might ha latten's alane.'

110M.8
1 What they cam to yon wan water
2 That a man does call Clyde,
3 He looket oer his left shuder,
4 Says, Fair may, will ye ride?

110M.9
1 'I learnt it in my mother's bowr,
2 I wis I had learnt it better,
3 Whan I cam to wan water
4 To soom as does the otter.'

110M.10
1 Or the knight was i the middle o the water,
2 The lady she was oer;
3 She took out a came o gold,
4 To came down her yellow hair.

110M.11
1 'What gat ye that, ye carl's daughter?
2 I pray ye tell to me:'
3 'I got it fra my mither,' she says,
4 'To beguil sick chaps as thee.'

110M.12
1 Whan they cam to our king's court,
2 He rade it round about,
3 And he gade in at a shot-window,
4 And left the lady without.

110M.13
1 She gade to our king hersel,
2 She fell low down on her knee:
3 For many a day my mammy and me
4 Well wedded to him ye's be,
5 A' that was in our king's court
6 But she took up the ring;
7 She said, So well may you grow!
8 Or o yer well-won fee?
9 Or taen frae you your maidenhead,
10 The flower o yer body?'

110M.14
1 'Has he robb'd ye o your goud?
2 Or o yer well-won fee?
3 Or o yer maidenhead,
4 The flower o yer body?

110M.15
1 'He has na robb'd me o my goud,
2 For I ha nane to gee;
3 But he has robb'd me o my maidenhead,
4 The flower o my body.'

110M.16
1 'O wud ye ken the knight,' he says,
2 'If that ye did him see?'
3 'I wud him ken by his well-fared face
4 And the blyth blink o his ee.'

110M.17
1 'An he be a married man,
2 High hanged saill he be,
3 And an he be a free man,
4 Well wedded to him ye's be,
5 Altho it be my brother Richie,
6 And I wiss it be no he.'

110M.18
1 The king called on his merry young men,
2 By ane, by twa, by three;
3 Earl Richmond had used to be the first,
4 But the hindmost was he.

110M.19
1 By that ye mith ha well kent
2 That the quilty man was he;
3 She took him by the milk-white hand,
4 Says, This same ane is he.

110M.20
1 There was a brand laid down to her,
2 A brand but an a ring;
3 Three times she minted to the brand,
4 But she took up the ring;
5 'A' that was in our king's court
6 Countet her a wise woman.

110M.21
1 'I'll gi ye five hundred pounds,
2 To mak yer marriage we,
3 An ye'll turn back, ye carl's daughter,
4 And fash nae mere wi me.'
110[M.22] 1 'Gae keep yer five hundred pounds
2 To mak yer marriage we,
3 For I’ll hae naething but yerself
4 The king he promised me.'

110[M.23] 1 'I’ll gae ye one thousand pounds
2 To mak yer marriage we,
3 An ye’un turn back, ye cerl’s daughter,
4 And fash nae mere wi me.'

110[M.24] 1 'Gae keep yer one thousand pounds,
2 To mak yer marriage we,
3 For I’ll hae naething but yerself
4 The king he promised me.'

110[M.25] 1 He took her down to yon garden,
2 And clothed her in the green;
3 Whan she cam up again,
4 She was fairer than the queen.

110[M.26] 1 They gad on to Mary kirk, and on to Mary quire,
2 The nettles they grew by the dyke:
3 'O, an my mither wer her-ce,
4 So clean as she wud them pick!'

110[M.27] 1 'I wis I had drunk water,’ he says,
2 'When I drank the ale,
3 That ony cerl’s daughter
4 Sud tell me sick a tale.'

110[M.28] 1 'Perhaps I am a cerl’s daughter,
2 Perhaps I am nane;
3 But whan ye gat me in free forest
4 Ye might ha latten’s alane.

110[M.29] 1 'Well mat this mill be,
2 And well mat the gae!
3 Mony a day they ha filled me pock
4 O the white meal and the gray.'

110[M.30] 1 'I wis I had drunk water,’ he says,
2 'When I drank the ale,
3 That ony cerl’s daughter
4 Sud tell me sick a tale.'

110[M.31] 1 'Perhaps I am a cerl’s daughter,
2 Perhaps I am nane;
3 But whan ye gat me in free forest
4 Ye might ha latten’s alane.

110[M.32] 1 'Tak awa yer siller spoons,
2 Tak awa fra me,
3 An gae me the gude horn spoons,
4 Ye might ha latten’s alane.

110[M.33] 1 'O an my muke dish wer here,
2 And sine we hit were fu,
3 An gie me the gude horn spoons,
4 An fast folloued she.'

110[M.34] 1 'I wis I had drunk water,’ he says,
2 'When I drank the ale,
3 That ony cerl’s daughter
4 Sud tell me sick a tale.'

110[M.35] 1 'Perhaps I am a cerl’s daughter,
2 Perhaps I am nane;
3 But whan ye gat me in free forest
4 Ye might ha latten’s alane.

110[M.36] 1 He took his hat in oer his face,
2 The tear blindit his ee;
3 She threw back her yellow locks,
4 And a light laughter laugh she.

110[M.37] 1 'Bot an ye be a beggar geet,
2 As I trust well ye be,
3 Whan ye gat yer fine clothing
4 Yer body was covered we?'

110[M.38] 1 'My mother was an ill woman,
2 And an ill woman was she;
3 She gat them . . . .
4 Fra sic chaps as thee.'
110[O.4]  
1 'Oh, some they call me Jack, sweetheart,
2 And some they call me Will,
3 But when I ride the king's high-gate
4 My name is sweet William.'

110[O.4,j]  
4 But name,

110[P.1]  
1 'Tis said a shepherd's ae daughter
2 Kept sheep upon a hill,
3 An by there cam a courteous knight,
4 An he wad hae his will.

110[P.2]  
1 He's taen her by the lily-white hand
2 An by the grass-green sleeve,
3 He's laed her doon at the fit o a busk,
4 An neer ance spiered her leave.

111.1  
1 THROUGHGE a forest as I can ryde,
2 To take my sporte yn an mornynge,
3 I cast my eye on everie syde,
4 I was ware of a bryde synygynge.

111.2  
1 I sawe a faire mayde com rydyng;
2 To speake to hur of loue, I trowe;
3 She answered me all yn scornnyng,
4 And sayd, The crowe shalbe yow.

111.3  
1 'I praue yow, damexel, scorn me not;
2 To wyn your love ytt ys my wyll;
3 For your loue I haue daire buyd,
4 And I wyll take good hede thertyll.'

111.4  
1 'Nay, for God, ser, that I wyll;
2 I tell the, Jenken, as I trowe,
3 Thou shalt nott fynde me suche a gyll;
4 Therfore the crowe shalbe yow.'

111.5  
1 He toke then owt a good golde ryng,
2 Among the roses that be so red;
3 She scornyd hym, and callyd hym Hew;
4 Therfore the crowe shalbe yow.'

111.6  
1 Be Cryst, I dare nott, for my dame,
2 To dele wyth that ye wylbe lemman myn.'

111.7  
1 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,
2 That was soo faire of hyde and hewe;
3 I sawe a faire mayde com rydyng;
4 Therfore the crowe shalbe yow.'

111.8  
1 She scornyd hym, and callyd hym Hew;
2 As though they had been sister and brother.
3 I trust to recour my harte agayn,
4 As she came wandrind ouer the way.

111.9  
1 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,
2 And layd hur doone vpon the grene;
3 He kyssyd hur chexe as whyte as whall,
4 And sayd hur: 'I wolde vpon hym rewe.'

111.10  
1 'But sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,
2 Ye wyll wedde me now, as I trowe:'
3 Therfore the pye shalbe yow.'

111.11  
1 'But sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,
2 I haue a-nod hur soo wavy,
3 She yode in at the wicket-gate,
4 As though they had been sister and brother.

111.12  
1 'I wyll be aduysed,' he sayde;
2 To wyn yo, that I nyll;
3 Thou shalt nott fynde me suche a gyll;
4 Therfore the pye shalbe yow.'

111.13  
1 'Now sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,
2 A lyttle thyng ye wyll tell;
3 In case that I with chylde be,
4 What ys your name? Wher doo ye dwell?'

111.14  
1 'At Yorke, at London, at Clerkenwel,
2 Therfore the pye shalbe yow.'

111.15  
1 'But, all medoons, be ware be rewe,
2 And lett no man downe dowyw throwe;
3 For and yow doo, ye wyll ytt rewe,
4 For then ye wyll pecke yow.'

111.16  
1 'Farewell, cortee, ouer the medoo,
2 Pluke vp your helys, I yow beshrew!
3 Your trace, wher so euery ye ryde or goo,
4 And Crystes curse goo wythe yow!'

111.17  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 And ye wyll wedde me now, as I trowe:'
3 I trust to recour my harte agayn,
4 As she came wandrind ouer the way.

111.18  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.19  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.20  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.21  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.22  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.23  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.24  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.25  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.26  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.27  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.28  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.29  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.30  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.31  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.32  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.33  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.34  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.35  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.36  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.37  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.38  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.39  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.40  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.41  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.42  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.43  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.44  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.45  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'

111.46  
1 'Thoughe a knaue hathe by me layne,
2 For now the pye shalbe yow.'
112B.2 1 Quoth he, Shall you and I, lady, 2 Among the grass lie down a? 3 And I will have a special cure 4 Of rumpling of your gown a.

112B.3 1 'If you will go along with me 2 Unto my father's hall, sir, 3 You shall enjoy my maidenhead, 4 And my estate and all, sir.'

112B.4 1 So he mounted her on a milk-white steed, 2 Himself upon another, 3 And then they rid upon the road, 4 Like sister and like brother.

112B.5 1 And when she came to her father's house, 2 Which was moated round about, sir, 3 She stepped straight within the gate, 4 And shut this young knight out, sir.

112B.6 1 'Here is a purse of gold,' she said, 2 'Take if for your pains, sir; 3 And I will send my father's man 4 To go home with you again, sir.

112B.7 1 'And if you meet a lady fair, 2 As you go thro the next town, sir, 3 You must not fear the dew of the grass, 4 Nor the rumpling of her gown, sir.

112B.8 1 And if you meet a lady gay, 2 As you go by the hill, sir, 3 If you will not when you may, 4 For she will quickly lie still; sir.

112B.9 1 THERE was a knight was drunk with wine 2 A riding along the way, sir, 3 And there he did meet with a lady fine, 4 And among the cockes of hay, sir.

112B.10 1 One favour he did crave of her, 2 And askd her to lay her down, sir, 3 But he had neither cloth nor sheet, 4 To keep her from the ground, sir.

112B.11 1 'There is a great dew upon the grass, 2 Where rushes green were growing, 3 Yet now, before you further go, 4 For you will not when you will, sir.

112B.12 1 'I have a cloak of scarlet red, 2 I'll lay it under you, love, 3 So you will grant me my request 4 That I shall ask of you, love.'

112B.13 1 'And if you'll go to my father's hall, 2 That is moated all round about, sir, 3 There you shall have your will of me, 4 Within, sir, and without, sir.

112B.14 1 'Oh, yonder stands my milk-white steed, 2 Among the cockes of hay, sir, 3 If the king's pinner should chance to come 4 'I'll make my steed away, sir.'

112B.15 1 'I have a ring upon my finger, 2 It's made of the finest gold, love, 3 And it shall serve to fetch your steed 4 Out of the pinner's fold, love.'

112B.16 1 'And if you'll go to my father's house, 2 Round which there's many a tree, sir, 3 There you shall have your chamber free, 4 And your chamberlain I'll be, sir.'

112B.17 1 He sate on her a milk-white steed, 2 Himself upon another, 3 And then they rid along the way, 4 Like sister and like brother.

112B.18 1 But when she came to her father's house, 2 Which was moated all round about, sir, 3 She slipd herself within the gate, 4 And she locked the knight without, sir.

112C.11 1 'I thank you, kind knight, for seeing me here, 2 And bringing me home a maiden, sir, 3 But you shall have two of my father's men 4 For to set you as far back again, sir.'

112C.12 1 He drew his sword out of his scabbard, 2 And whet it upon his sleeve, sir, 3 Saying, Cursed be to evry man 4 That will a maid believe, sir!

112C.13 1 She drew her handkerchief out of her pocket, 2 And threw it upon the ground, sir, 3 Saying, Thrice cursed be to evry maid 4 That will make a capon of you, sir.

112C.14 1 We have a flower in our garden, 2 Some call it of rosemary, sir; 3 There's crowing-cocks in our town, 4 That will make a capon of you, sir.

112C.15 1 'And if you chance to meet a maid, 2 A little below the hill, sir, 3 You must not fear her gay clothing, 4 To go home with you again, sir.

112C.16 1 But if you chance to meet a maid, 2 A little below the town, sir, 3 You must not fear her gay clothing, 4 To keep her from the ground, sir.

112C.17 1 'And if you chance to meet a maid, 2 A little below the hill, sir, 3 You need not fear her screeking out, 4 For she quickly will lie still; sir.'

112C.18 1 'And if you chance to meet a maid, 2 A little below the town, sir, 3 You must not fear her gay clothing, 4 To go home with you again, sir.

112C.19 1 'And if you chance to meet a maid, 2 A little below the hill, sir, 3 You need not fear her screeking out, 4 For she quickly will lie still; sir.'

112C.20 1 He said, 'Thou didst serve me so, 2 And cunningly decoy me, 3 He met that lady fair again, 4 They talked a while together.

112C.21 1 'And if you'll go to my father's hall, 2 That is moated all round about, sir, 3 There you shall have your will of me, 4 Within, sir, and without, sir.

112C.22 1 'I mean to enjoy the pleasure.'

112C.23 1 He took the lady by the hand, 2 And asked her to lay her down, sir, 3 And cried, I am a noble knight, 4 'Take if for your pains, sir; 5 In boots, spurs, hat and feather, 6 He was all muck and mire. 7 Yet when he back returned again 8 He was all muck and mire. 9 And shut this young knight out, sir.'

112C.24 1 'I have a cloak of scarlet red, 2 I'll lay it under you, love, 3 So you will grant me my request 4 That I shall ask of you, love.'

112C.25 1 'I have a ring upon my finger, 2 It's made of the finest gold, love, 3 And it shall serve to fetch your steed 4 Out of the pinner's fold, love.'

112C.26 1 'Oh, yonder stands my milk-white steed, 2 Among the cockes of hay, sir, 3 If the king's pinner should chance to come 4 'I'll make my steed away, sir.'

112C.27 1 'I have a cloak of scarlet red, 2 I'll lay it under you, love, 3 So you will grant me my request 4 That I shall ask of you, love.'

112C.28 1 The knight, he standing on the brink 2 Of the deep floating river, 3 Thought she, Thou now shalt swim or sink; 4 Choose which you fancy rather.

112C.29 1 'Against his back the lady ran; 2 The waters strait he sounded; 3 How shall I be a fool forever?'

112C.30 1 'Love help me out, and I'll forgive 2 This fault which you've committed; 3 No, no,' says she, 'Sir, as I live, 4 I think you're finely fitted.'

112C.31 1 Methinks I do discover, 2 Against a young silly woman? 3 'What! do you count it mirth,' he cried, 4 For merry intrigues are common.'

112C.32 1 He took the lady by the hand, 2 And asked her to lay her down, sir, 3 And cried, I am a noble knight, 4 'Take if for your pains, sir; 5 In boots, spurs, hat and feather, 6 He was all muck and mire. 7 Yet when he back returned again 8 He was all muck and mire. 9 And shut this young knight out, sir.'

112C.33 1 'I thank you, kind knight, for seeing me here, 2 That evening to enjoy her, 3 How shall I guard my maidenhead 4 From this approaching danger!'

112C.34 1 'I have a ring upon my finger, 2 It's made of the finest gold, love, 3 And it shall serve to fetch your steed 4 Out of the pinner's fold, love.'

112C.35 1 'And if you'll go to my father's hall, 2 That is moated all round about, sir, 3 There you shall have your will of me, 4 Within, sir, and without, sir.

112C.36 1 'And the gay knight was soak'd like souce, 2 In a sad wet condition.

112C.37 1 'And the gay knight was soak'd like souce, 2 In a sad wet condition.

112C.38 1 'And the gay knight was soak'd like souce, 2 In a sad wet condition.

112C.39 1 'And the gay knight was soak'd like souce, 2 In a sad wet condition.

112C.40 1 'And the gay knight was soak'd like souce, 2 In a sad wet condition.

112C.41 1 'And the gay knight was soak'd like souce, 2 In a sad wet condition.

112C.42 1 'And the gay knight was soak'd like souce, 2 In a sad wet condition.

112C.43 1 'And the gay knight was soak'd like souce, 2 In a sad wet condition.
112C.44 1 He set him down upon the grass, 2 And violets so sweet and tender; 3 Now by this means it came to pass 4 That she did his purpose hinder.

112C.45 1 For having pulld his boots half-way, 2 She cry’d, I am now your betters; 3 You shall not make of me your prey; 4 Sit there, like a thief in fetters.

112C.46 1 Now finding she had servd him so, 2 He rose and began to grumble; 3 Yet he could neither stand nor go, 4 But did like a cripple stumble.

112C.47 1 The boots stuck fast, and would not stir; 2 His folly she soon did mention, 3 And laughing said, I pray, kind sir, 4 How like you my new invention?

112C.48 1 My laughing fit you must excuse; 2 You are but a stingless nettle; 3 You’d neer a stoen for boots or shoes; 4 Had you been a man of mettle.

112C.49 1 Farewel, sir knight, ’tis almost ten; 2 I fear neither wind nor weather; 3 I’ll send my father’s serving-men 4 To pull off your boots of leather.

112C.50 1 She laugh’d outright, as well she might, 2 With merry conceits of scorning, 3 And left him there to sit all night, 4 Until the approaching morning.

112C.51 1 The fourth part of the baffled knight 2 The lady hath fairly acted; 3 She did his love and kindness slight, 4 Which made him almost distracted.

112C.52 1 She left him in her father’s park, 2 Where nothing but deer could hear him; 3 While he lay roulign in the dark, 4 There’s never a soul came near him.

112C.53 1 Until the morning break of day, 2 And being warm summer weather, 3 A shepherd chanc’d to come that way, 4 Who pulld on his boots of leather.

112C.54 1 Then mounting on his milk-white steed, 2 He, shaking his ears, was ready, 3 And whip and spur he rid with speed 4 To find out this crafty lady.

112C.55 1 If once this lady I come nigh 2 She shall be released by no man: 3 Why should so brave a knight as I 4 Be fool’d by a silly woman?

112C.56 1 ‘Three times she has affronted me, 2 In crimes which I cannot pardon; 3 But if I an’t reveng’d,’ said he, 4 Let me not be worth a farthing.

112C.57 1 ‘I value not her beauty fair, 2 Tho once I did dote upon her; 3 This trusty sword shall now repair 4 To pull off your boots of leather.

112C.58 1 Unto her father’s house he came, 2 Which every side was moated; 3 Why shoud so brave a knight as I 4 Sit there, like a thief in fetters.

112C.59 1 Thought she, I’ll have the other bout, 2 And tumble him in the river; 3 And let the Devil help him out, 4 Or there he shall soak for ever.

112C.60 1 He will not let me live at rest, 2 Although I have often fool’d him; 3 Therefore once more, I do protest, 4 With flattering I’ll beguile him.

112C.61 1 The bridge was drawn, the gates locked fast, 2 So that he could no ways enter; 3 She smil’d to him, and cry’d at last, 4 Sir knight, if you please to venture.

112C.62 1 A plank lies over the moat hard by, 2 Full seven feet in measure; 3 There’s no body now at home but I; 4 Therefore we’ll take our pleasure.

112C.63 1 This word she had no sooner spoke, 2 But straight he was tripping over; 3 The plank was sawd, and snapping broke; 4 He prov’d an unhappy lover.

112D.1 1 THERE was a shepherd’s son 2 Kept sheep upon a hill; 3 He laid his pipe and crook aside, 4 And there he slept his fill.

112D.2 1 Sing, Fal deral, etc. 2 And let my feet gae bare, 3 But had you done what you should do, 4 To find out this crafty lady.

112D.3 1 ‘If you’ll not touch my mantle, 2 And I’ll let your clathes alone; 3 But I’ll tak you out of the clear water, 4 As you can carry hame.’

112D.4 1 ‘O I’ll cast aff my hose and shoon, 2 When they came to that sunny bank, 3 Where you and I may crack a while, 4 And never one may see, sir?’

112D.5 1 ‘What if I should lay thee down, 2 And tumble him in the river; 3 The fair sweet youthful charming dame, 4 To pull off your boots of leather.

112D.6 1 ‘There is a flower in my father’s garden, 2 And if that ye do lay me down, 3 Ye’ll ruffle all my gown, sir, 4 ’Twas many a mark and pound, sir;
Johnny Cock has gotten word of this,
And he is wondrous keen;
He's cast off the red scarlet,
And on the Linclud green.

And he is ridden o'er muir and muss,
And over mountains high,
Till he came to yon wan water,
And there Johnny Cock did lie.

They have ridden o'er muir and muss,
And over mountains high,
Till they met wi' an old palmer,
Was walking along the way.

What news, what news, old palmer?
What news have you to me?
'Yonder is one of the proudest wed sons
That ever my eyes did see.'

He's taen out a horn from his side,
And he blew both loud and shrill,
Till a' the fifteen foresters
Heard Johnny Cock blow his horn.

They have sworn a bluidy oath,
And they swore all in one,
That there was not a man among them a'
Would blaw such a blast as yon.

And they have ridden o'er muir and muss,
And over mountains high,
Till they came to yon wan water,
Where Johnny Cock did lie.

They have shotten little Johnny Cock,
A little above the ee:
For doing the like to me.

There's not a wolf in a' the wood
Woud ha' done the like to me;
'She'd ha' dipped her foot in coll water,
And strinkled above my ee,
And if I would not have waked for that,
'She'd ha' gane and let me be.'

'But fingers five, come here, [come here,]
And faint heart fail me nought,
And silver strings, value me sma things,
Till I get all this vengeance rowght!'

He has shot a' the fifteen foresters,
Left never a one but one,
And he broke the ribs a that ane's side,
And let him take tidying home.

A bird in a’ the wood
Could sing as I could say.
It would go in to my mother's bower,
And bid her kiss me, and take me away.'

JOHNNY COCK, in a May morning,
Sought water to wash his hands,
And he is awa to louse his dogs,
That's tied wi iron bans.
That's tied wi iron bans.

His coat is of the light Linclud green,
And his breiks are of the same;
His shoes are of the American leather,
And silver buckles tyin them.

Johnny Cock out-shot a’ the foresters,
And out-shot a' the three;
Out shot a’ the foresters,
Wounded Johnny abou the bree.
And his jerkin lac'd fu braw.

His sark was o the holland fine,
Lay sleepin amang his hunds.

And doun amang the whuns,

'As I cam in by Braidisbanks,
But what my een did see.

'I heard na news, I speird na news
As fast as he could dree.

By ther cam a silly auld man,
That Johnie and his twa gray hunds
They ate sae meikle o the venison,
And atween the water and the wud

And he's aff unto the Braidscaur hill,
His mither's counsel he wad na tak,
But Johnie has cast aff the black velvet,

'Oh wae befa thee, silly auld man,
For I'm gaing to the Broadspear hill,
'Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,
Ye'll busk and mak them boun,

Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray hunds,
And ha strinkled it on my bree,

Eneugh ye hae o the gude wheat-bread,
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,

Eneugh ye hae o the gude wheat-bread,
And he has woundit him in the side,
'Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And they laid her pride.

And be stränkled it on my breet.

Oh wae befa thee, silly auld man,
For there would not a wolf in a' the wood

Woe be to you, foresters,
And an ill death may you die!

Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,
The niest will gar him die.
Up bespak the uncle's son,

Woe be to you, foresters,
For I'm gaing to the Broadspear hill,
'Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,
Ye'll busk and mak them boun,

As I cam in by yon greenwud,
The Text of

114F.11
1 'As I came down by Merriemass,
2 And down amang the scroogs,
3 The bonniest childe that ever I saw
4 Lay sleeping among his dogs.

114F.12
1 'The shirt that was upon his back
2 Was o the holland fine;
3 The doublet which was over that
4 Was o the Lincome twine.

114F.13
1 'The buttons that were on his sleeve
2 Were o the gowd sae gude;
3 The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
4 Their mouths were dyed wi blude,'

114F.14
1 Then out and spak the first forester,
2 The heid man ower them a';
3 If this be Johnie o Breadislee,
4 Nae nearer will we draw.

114F.15
1 But up and spak the sixth forester,
2 His sister's son was he;
3 If this be Johnie o Breadislee,
4 We soon shall gar him die.

114F.16
1 The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
2 They wounded him on the knee;
3 And out and spak the seventh forester,
4 The next will gar him die.

114F.17
1 Johnie's set his back against an aik,
2 His sister's son was he:
3 If this be Johnie o Breadislee,
4 We soon shall gar him die.

114F.18
1 He has broke three ribs in that aine's side,
2 But and his collar bane;
3 He's laed him twa-fald ower his steed,
4 Bade him carry the tidings hame.

114F.19
1 'O is there na a bonnie bird
2 Can sing as I can say,
3 Could flee away to my mother'sbower,
4 And tell to fetch Johnie away?'

114F.20
1 The warlfling flew to his mother's window-stane,
2 It whistled and it sang,
3 And aye the ower-word o the tune
4 Was, Johnie tarries lang!

114F.21
1 They made a rod o the hazel-bush,
2 Another o the slae-thorn tree,
3 And mony, mony were the men
4 At fetching our Johnie.

114F.22
1 Then out and spak his auld mother,
2 And fast her teirs did fa;
3 If this be Johnie o Breadislee,
4 They made a rod o the hazel-bush.

114F.23
1 'A' hae I brought to Breadislee
2 The less gear and the mair,
3 But I neer brought to Breadislee
4 What grieved my heart sae sair.

114F.24
1 'But wae betyde that silly auld carle,
2 What grieved my heart sae sair.
3 'Aft hae I brought to Breadislee
4 They made a rod o the hazel-bush.

114G.1
1 JOHNNIE BRAD, on a May mornin,
2 Called for water to wash his hands,
3 An there he spied his twa blude-hounds,
4 An wis bind in iron bands, bands
5 Waur bind in iron bands

114G.2
1 Johnnie's taen his gude bent bow,
2 But an his arrows kene,
3 An stripit himsel o the scarlet red,
4 An put on the licht Lincoln green.

114G.3
1 Up it spak Johnnie's mither,
2 An' a wae, wae woman was she:
3 I beg you bide at hame, Johnnie,
4 I pray be ruled by me.

114G.4
1 Baken bread ye sall nae lack,
2 An wine you sall lack nae;
3 Oh Johnnie, for my benison,
4 I beg you bide at hame!

114G.5
1 He has made a solemn aith,
2 Atween the sun and the mune,
3 That he wald gae to the gude green wood,
4 The dun deer to ding doon

114G.6
1 He luiket east, he luiket wast,
2 An in below the sun,
3 An there he spied the dun deer,
4 Anneath a bush o brune.

114G.7
1 The firsten shot that Johnnie shot,
2 He wound him in the side;
3 The nexten shot Johnnie shot,
4 I wai he laid his pride.

114G.8
1 He's eaten o the venison,
2 An drunken o the blude,
3 Until he fell as sound asleep
4 As though he had been dead.

114G.9
1 Bye there cam a silly auld man,
2 And a silly auld man was he,
3 An he's on to the Seven Foresters,
4 As fast as he can flee.

114G.10
1 'As I cam in by yonder haugh,
2 An among the scroogs,
3 The bonniest childe that ere I saw
4 Lay sleepin atween his dogs.'

114G.11
1 The firsten shot that Johnnie shot,
2 He shoot them 'a but ane,
3 An he flang him thurw a milk-white steed,
4 Bade him bear tidings hame.

114H.1
1 JOHNNIE raise up in a May morning,
2 Call'd for water to wash his hands,
3 The belt that was around his middle
4 To the Bride's Braidmuir I'll go.

114H.2
1 'What news, what news, ye stane-auld man?
2 What news hae ye brought you wi?'
3 'Nae news, nae news, ye seven foresters
4 But what your eyes will see.

114H.3
1 'What news, what news, ye stane-auld man?
2 What news hae ye brought you wi?'
3 'Nae news, nae news, ye seven foresters
4 But what your eyes will see.

114H.4
1 'The shirt that was upon his back
2 Was o the cambric fine;
3 The fairest youth that ever I saw
4 Wi pearlins it did shine.'

114H.5
1 Then out it speaks the first forester:
2 Whether this be true or no,
3 If it's Johnie o Cocklesmuir,
4 Nae fader need we go.

114H.6
1 Out it spak the second forester,
2 A fierce fellow was he:
3 Betide me life, betide me death,
4 This youth we'll go and see.

114H.7
1 As they gaed in yon rough thick hedge,
2 And down yon forest gay,
3 They came to that very same place
4 Where John o Cockis he lay.

114H.8
1 The first an shot they shot at him,
2 They wounded him in the thigh;
3 Out spake the first forester's son:
4 By the next shot he maun die.

114H.9
1 'O stand ye true, my trusty bow,
2 And stout steel never fail!
3 Avenge me now on all my foes,
4 Who have my life i bail.'

114H.10
1 Then Johnnie killd six foresters,
2 And wounded the seventh sair;
3 Then drew a stroke at the stane-auld man,
4 That words he neer spake mair.

114H.11
1 His mother's parrot in window sat,
2 She whistled and she sang,
3 And aye the ower-turn o the note
4 'Young Johnnie's biding lang.'

114H.12
1 When this reached the king's own ears,
2 It grieved him wondrous sair;
3 Says, I'd rather they'd hurt my subjects all
4 Than Johnnie o Cocklesmuir.

114H.13
1 'But where are all my wall-wight men,
2 That I pay meat and fee,
3 Will gang the morn to Johnnie's castle,
4 See how the cause may be.'

114H.14
1 Then he's call'd Johnnie up to court,
2 Treated him handsome,
3 And now to hunt in the Bride's Braidmuir,
4 For life has license free.

114H.15
1 JOHNNIE rose up in a May mornin,
2 Called for water to wash his hands, hands
3 And turnd him round and round,
4 And there he saw the king's dun deer,
5 Was o the Lincome twine.
114L.3
1 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
2 And he’s wonsndit her in the side;
3 Out then spake his sister’s son,
4 ‘And the neist will lay her pride.’
5
114L.4
1 They’ve eaten sae meikle o the gude venison,
2 And they’ve drunken sae muckle o the blude,
3 That they’ve fallen into as sound a sleep
4 As gift that they were dead.

114L.5
1 ‘It’s doun, and it’s doun, and it’s doun,
2 It’s doun, and it’s doun, and it’s doun,
3 As gif that they were dead.
4’

114L.6
1 They waukened Johnie out o his sleep,
2 And he’s drawn to him his coat:
3 ‘My fingers five, save me alive,
4 And I but a man my lane.
5 You being seven sturdy men,
6 I wonder ye dinna think shame,
7 ‘O wae be to you seven foresters!
8 For there’s seven foresters in yon forest,
9 And them I want to see
10 And ye’ll espie twa homie boys lie,
11 Aspleam among their dogs.’

115A.1
1 Was yer non ower yngye.
2 Robyn hlyth in grene wode bowndyn
3 Al haundred of fat falyf der
4 But bowmone gode and hende;
5 He wentyn to wode to getyn hem fleych,
6 If God wolt it hem sende.

115A.2
1 Stronge theys wern y o chylderin non,
2 And fyleych fowndyn he non,
3 Til it were a-geyn eynyn;
4 ye chylderin wold gow hom.

115A.3
1 Al day wentyn y o chylderin too,
2 And fyleych fowndyn he non,
3 Til it were a-geyn eynyn;
4 ye herte he clef a to.
5

115A.4
1 Man a haundred of fat falyf der
2 He comyn a-son,
3 And alle he wern fayr and fat j-now,
4 But markyn non
5 ‘Be dere God,’ sayde gode Robyn,
6 ‘Here of we xul haue on.’

115A.5
1 Robyn bent his joly bowe,
2 per in he set a flo;
3 feistest der of alle
4 And set elle.
5

115A.6
1 He hadde not de i-flawe,
2 Ne half out of ye hyde,
3 There cam a schrevde arwe arwe out of pe west,
4 But felde Robertes pryde.

115A.7
1 Gandelney lokyd hym est and west,
2 Be euer ye syde:
3 ‘Hoo hat myn maister slayyn?
4 Ho hat dop yis dede?
5 Xal I neuer out of grene wode go
6 Til I se [his] sydys blede.’

115A.8
1 Gandelney lokyd hym est and lokyd west,
2 And sowt vnder ye sunne;
3 He saw a lytil boy
4 He clepy
5 ‘Hoo hat myn maister slayyn?’
6 ‘Be war ye, war ye, Gandeleyn,
7 Her-of yu xalt har summe.

115A.9
1 A good bowe in his hond,
2 A brod arwe
3 And fowre and twenti goode arwys,
4 Trusyd in a flo;
5 ‘Be war ye, war ye, Gandeleyn,
6 Her-of yu gyst plente:’
7 ‘Euer on for an oyer,’ sayde Gandeleyn;
8 ‘Mysaunter haue he xal fie.’

115A.11
1 ‘Wer-at xal our marke be?’
2 Seyde Gandeleyn;
3 ‘Eayerche at oeris herte,’
4 Seyde Wrennoke aygene.

115A.12
1 Ho xal ȝe ye ferste schote?’
2 Seyde Gandeleyn;
3 ‘And I xal ȝe ye on be-forn,’
4 Seyde Wrennoke aygene.

115A.13
1 Wrennoke schette a ful good schote,
2 And he schet not to hye,
3 ‘Jrow ȝe sanchois of his bryk;
4 It towchyd neyter thye.

115A.14
1 ‘Now hast yu gowyn on be-forn,’
2 Al jus to Wrennoke sayde he,
3 ‘And jrow yȝe my ost of our lady
4 A bettere I xal ȝe ye.’

115A.16
1 ‘Now xalt y u neuer ȝelepe, Wrennoke,
2 At ale nae at wyn
3 þut y u hast slawe gode Robyn,
4 And his knau Gandeleyn.

115A.17
1 ‘Now xalt y u neuer ȝelepe, Wrennoke,
2 At wyn ne at ale,
3 þut y u hast slawe gode Robyn,
4 And Gandeleyn his knauce,‘
5 Robyn hlyth in grene wode bowndyn

116A.1
1 MERY It was in grene forest,
2 Aramonge the leues grene,
3 Where that men walke both east and west,
4 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,
5

116A.2
1 To ryse the dere out of thye dener;
2 Suche sights as hath ofte bene sene,
3 As by thȝe yemen of the north country,
4 By them it is as I meane.

116A.3
1 The one of them hight Adam Bel,
2 The other Clym of the Clough,
3 The thyrst was William of Cloudesly,
4 An archer good ynoogh.

116A.4
1 They were outlawed for venyson,
2 These thȝe yemen euerechone;
3 They swore them brethen vpon a day,
4 To Englyshe-folw for to gone.

116A.5
1 Wyllyam was the wedded man,
2 Muche more then was hys care,
3 He sayde to hys brethen vpon a day,
4 To carelel he would fare,
5

116A.6
1 ‘For to speke with faye Alese his wife,
2 And with his children thre:
3 ‘By my trooth,’ sayde Adam Bel,
4 ‘Not by the counsell of me.

116A.7
1 ‘If that I come not to morowe, brother,
2 By pryme to you agayne,
3 Truste not els but that I am take,
4 Or else that I am slayne.’

116A.8
1 He toke hys leue of hys brethen two;
2 And to Carlel he is gone;
3 There he knocked at hys owne wyndowe,
4 Shortlye and anone.

116A.9
1 ‘When be you, fayre Alyce, my wyfe,
2 And my chyldren thre?’
3 Lyghtly let in thyne husbande,
4 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.

116A.10
1 ‘Alas!’ then sayde fayre Alyce,
2 And syghed wondrous sore,
3 ‘Thys place hath ben besette for you
4 Thys halfe yere and more.’

116A.11
1 ‘Now am I here,’ sayde Cloudesle,
2 ‘I woulde that I in were;
3 Now fache vs meate and drinkyngue,
4 And let vs make good cheere.’

116A.12
1 She feched him meat and drinkyngue plenty,
2 Lyke a true wedded wyfe,
3 And pleased hym with that she had,
4 Whome she loued as her lyfe.

116A.13
1 ‘Here of we xul haue on.’
2 ‘Now hast yu gowyn on be-forn,’
3 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.
4 ‘Here of we xul haue on.’

116A.14
1 There lay an old wyfe in that place,
2 A lytte bysede the fyre.
3 Wyllyam of Cloudesle.
4 More then seuen yere.

116A.15
1 ‘Up she rose, and walked full styll,
2 Euel mote she spede therefoore!’
3 ‘For she had not set no fote on ground
4 In seuen yere before.’
That the Text of

116A.17 1 She went unto the justice hall,
2 As fast as she could hye;
3 They nght is come vnto this towne
4 Wylyam of Cloudeles.

116A.18 1 Thereof the justice was full fayne,
2 And so as the shirifie alfo,
3 Thou shalt not traualle hether, dame, for
4 Nought;
5 Thy need thou shalt haue or thou goe.

116A.19 1 They gaue to her a righty good goone,
2 Of scarlet it was, as I heard sayne;
3 She toke the gyft, and home she wente,
4 And touched her donne agayne.

116A.20 1 They syed the towne of mery Carlell,
2 In all the hast that they can,
3 And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
4 As fast [as] they might gone.

116A.21 1 Theyr they besette that good yeman,
2 Round about on everys ye
de;
3 Wylym heard great noise of folkes,
4 That heytwarder they hyed.

116A.22 1 Alyce opened a shot-Window,
2 And loked all about;
3 She was ware of the justice and the shirifie
4 With a full great route.

116A.23 1 'Afas! treason,' cryed Alyce,
2 'Euer wo may thou be!
3 Go into my chambre, my husband,' she sayd,
4 'Swee Wylym of Cloudesles.'

116A.24 1 He toke hys hys sward and hys buckler,
2 Hys bow and hys-s<e> chyldren thre,
3 And wente into hys strongest chamber,
4 Where he thought surest to be.

116A.25 1 Fayre Alice folowed him as a louver true,
2 With a pollaxe in her hande:
3 'He shalbe deade that here cometh in
4 Thys dore, whyle I may stand.'

116A.26 1 Cloudesles bent a wel good bowe,
2 That was of trusty tre,
3 He smot the justise on the brest,
4 'Alas!' then sayde that lytle boye,
5 'One vow shal I make,' sayde the shirifie,
6 'A payre of new galowes shall I for the make,
7 We wyll say we haue the kynges seale,
8 Round about on euery syde.'

116A.27 1 God's curse on hys hart,' saide William,
2 'Thys day thye cote dyd on;
3 If it had ben no better then myne
4 It had gone nere thy bone.'

116A.28 1 'Yelde the, Cloudesle,' sayd the justise,
2 'And thy bowe and thy arrows the fro:'
3 'Gods curse on hys hart,' sayde fair Al<e>ce,
4 'That my husband councelth e.'

116A.29 1 'Set fyre on the house,' saide the shirifie,
2 'Syth it wyll no better be;
3 And brenne we therin William,' he saide,
4 'Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.'

116A.30 1 They fyred the house in many a place,
2 The fyre flew vpon hye;
3 'Alas!' than cryed fayr Alice,
4 'I se we shalbe heere dy.'

116A.31 1 William openyd hys backe wyndow,
2 That was in hys chambre on hye,
3 And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,
4 And hys chyldren thre.

116A.32 1 'Haue here my treasury,' sayde William,
2 'My wyfe and my chyldren thre;
3 For Christians loye do them no harme,
4 But wreke you all on me.'

116A.33 1 Wylyym shot so wonderous well,
2 Tyll hys arrowes were all go,
3 And the fyre so fast vpon hym fell,
4 That hys bow<e>breng byreng brest in two.
16A.85 1 But whan theyr arowes were all gone,  
2 Men presyd on them full fast;  
3 They drewe theyr swerdes than anone,  
4 And theyr bowes from them caste.

16A.86 1 They wente lyghtly on theyr waye,  
2 With swerdes and buckelers rounde;  
3 By that it was the myldyes of the daye,  
4 They had made many a wounde.

16A.87 1 There was many a noute-home in Carlyll blowne,  
2 And the belles backwarde dyd they rynge;  
3 Many a woman sayd alas,  
4 And many theyr handes dyd wrynge.

16A.88 1 The mayre of Carlyll forth come was,  
2 And with hym a full grete route;  
3 These thre yomen dreed hym full sore,  
4 For theyr lyues stode in doubte.

16A.89 1 The mayre came armed, a full great pace,  
2 With a polaxe in his hande;  
3 Many a stronge man with hym was,  
4 There in that stoure to stande.

16A.90 1 The mayre smote at Clowdesly with his hyll,  
2 His buckeler he brast in two;  
3 Full many a woman with grete yll,  
4 [A]\(\text{Ke}^{+}\)pe we the gates fast', they bad,  
5 [T]hat these traytours theroute not go.'

16A.91 1 But all for nought was that they wrought,  
2 For so fast they downe were layde  
3 Tyll they all thre, that so manfully fought,  
4 Were gotten without a brayde.

16A.92 1 'Haue here you\'s keys,' sayd Adam Bell,  
2 'Myne office I here forsake;  
3 Yf ye do by my councell,  
4 A newe porter ye make.'

16A.93 1 He threwe the keys there at theyr hedes,  
2 And bad them evyl to thryue,  
3 And all that letteth ony good yoman  
4 To come and comforte his wyue.

16A.94 1 Thus be these good yomen gone to the wode,  
2 As lyght as lefe on lynde;  
3 They sett them downe and made good chere,  
4 A new for to be hangde.

16A.95 1 He threwe the keys there at theyr hedes,  
2 And bad them evyl to thryue,  
3 And all that letteth ony good yoman  
4 To come and comforte his wyue.

16A.96 1 So helpe me God,' sayd Adam Bell,  
2 And Clymme of the Clowgh so fre,  
3 Theyr enemyes were farre behynde.  
4 They had made many a wounde.

16A.97 1 They set them downe and made good chere,  
2 And eate and dranke full well:  
3 As they sat in Inglyswode,  
4 To come and comforte his wyue.

16A.98 1 They set them downe and made good chere,  
2 And eate and dranke full well:  
3 As they sat in Inglyswode,  
4 To come and comforte his wyue.

16A.99 1 They set them downe and made good chere,  
2 And eate and dranke full well:  
3 As they sat in Inglyswode,  
4 To come and comforte his wyue.

16A.100 1 Myght I haue spoken wyth hys dere brethren,  
2 With eyther of them twayne,  
3 To shew to them what him befell  
4 My herte were out of payne.
And many an officer mo.

'And my sherife also?'

How fare my justice,' sayd the kyng,

And sayd, Lord, your offycers grete you wel,

And whan the came before the kynge,

With letters to our kyng.

Certayne without lesynge,

They had not setten but a whyle,

'I graunt you grace,' then said our ki

But, good lord, speke som mery word,

That true men shall they be.

I dare vndertake for them

And sayd, Lord, gramarcy;

Good market-town

But I had leuer haue geuen you

'None so pleasaunt to mi pay,' she said,

'Ye myght haue asked towres and towne[s],

Than, good lorde, I you beseche,

That were great pity,' sayd the quene,

Ye shall be hanged all thre:

'Ye speke proudly,' sayd the kynge,

With suche weapons as we haue here,

'Thy grace might be.

If any grace myght be.

'That any prycke might them stand.

That in the north haue wrought this wo.'
117A.16
1 'This worde shalbe holde,' sayde Lytell John,  
2 'And this lesson we shall here;  
3 Is it fere dayes? God sende vs a gest,  
4 That we were at oure dyner!'  

117A.17
1 'Take thy gode bowe in thy honde,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'Late Much wendte with the;  
3 And so shal Willtynn Scarlo<k>,  
4 And no man abyde with me.  

117A.18
1 'And walke vp to the Saylis,  
2 And so to Watling Stre<e>,  
3 And wayte after some vnkuth gest,  
4 Vp chaunce ye may them mete.  

117A.19
1 Be he erle, or ani baron,  
2 Abbot, or ani knyght,  
3 Bringhe hym to lodge to me;  
4 Welcomar ye to me.  

117A.20
1 They wenete vp to the Saylis,  
2 These yeman all thre;  
3 They loked est, they loke<d> weest;  
4 They myght mo no man see.  

117A.21
1 But as they loked in Bernysdale,  
2 Bi a dery strete;  
3 Than came a knyght ridinghe;  
4 Full sone they gan hym mete.  

117A.22
1 All drieri was his semblaunce,  
2 And lyttel was his pryde;  
3 His one fote in the styrop stode,  
4 That othere wa(y)d byside.  

117A.23
1 His hode hanged in his iyn two;  
2 He rode in symple aray;  
3 A soriar man than he was one  
4 Rode neuer in somer day.  

117A.24
1 Litell John was full curteyes,  
2 And sette hym on his kene;  
3 'Welcom be ye, gentyll knyght,  
4 Welcom ar ye to me.'  

117A.25
1 'Welcom be thou to grene wode,  
2 Hende knyght and fre;  
3 My maister hath abide you fastinge,  
4 Syr, al these ours thre.'  

117A.26
1 'Who is thy maister?' sayde the knyght;  
2 John, sayde, Robyn Hode;  
3 'He is [a] gode yeman, sayde the knyght,  
4 Of hym haue I herde moche gode.'  

117A.27
1 'I graunte,' he sayde, 'with you to wende,  
2 And counsel shal it be;  
3 My maister hath abide you fastinge,  
4 My dyner shall be dight.'  

117A.28
1 'Fyll of the best wine,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'My neghbours well it knowe,  
3 And all thy fayre meyn  
4 May amende his state.'  

117A.29
1 'Wyth wronge hast led thy lyfe.'  
2 An okerer, or ellis a lechoure,' sayde Robyn,  
3 'Or elles thou hast bene a sori baron,  
4 His name was Robyn Hode.'  

117A.30
1 'I trowe thou wart made a knyght of force,  
2 And Counsel shal it be;  
3 My maister hath abide you fastinge,  
4 My dyner shall be dight.'  

117A.31
1 'Take thy gode bowe in thy honde,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'Late Much wendte with the;  
3 And so shal Willtynn Scarlo<k>,  
4 And no man abyde with me.  

117A.32
1 'Welcom ar ye to me;  
2 And counsell shal it be;  
3 My maister hath abide you fastinge,  
4 My dyner shall be dight.'  

117A.33
1 Swannes and fessautes they had full gode,  
2 And foules of the ryuere;  
3 There sayde none so litell a birde  
4 That euer was bred on brye.  

117A.34
1 'Do gladly, sir knyght,' sayde Robyn;  
2 'Gramarcy, sir,' sayde he;  
3 'Sache a derynne and a hende-bast  
4 Of all these wekys thre.  

117A.35
1 'If I come ageyne, Robyn,  
2 Here by thys cort;  
3 As gode a dyner I shall the make  
4 As that thou haest made to me.'  

117A.36
1 'Gramarcy, knyght,' sayde Robyn;  
2 'My dyner whan that I it haue,  
3 I was never so gredy, bi dere worthi God,  
4 My dyner for to craue.  

117A.37
1 'Bye playe ye, wende,' sayde Robyn;  
2 'Me thynketh it is gode ryght;  
3 It was neuer the maner, by dere worthi God,  
4 A yeman to pay for a knyght.'  

117A.38
1 'I have nought in my cofferes,' sayde the knyght,  
2 'That I may profer for shame;  
3 'Litell John, go loke,' sayde Robyn,  
4 'Ne let nat for no blame.  

117A.39
1 'Tel me truth,' than said Robyn,  
2 'So God haue parte of the;  
3 'I haue no more but ten shelinges,' sayde the knyght,  
4 'So God haue parte of me.'  

117A.40
1 'If thou hast no more,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'I wol nat one peny;  
3 And yf thou haue neede of any more,  
4 More shall I lend the.  

117A.41
1 'Go nowe furth, Litell John,  
2 The truth tell thou me;  
3 If there be no more but ten shelinges,  
4 No peny that I se.'  

117A.42
1 'This worde shalbe holde,' sayde Lytell John,  
2 'Welcom be ye, gentyll knyght,  
3 'My maister hath abide you fastinge,  
4 Ne let nat for no blame.'  

117A.43
1 Lytell John spede downe hys mantell  
2 Full fayre vpon the grounde,  
3 And there he fonde in the knyghtes cofer  
4 But ouen halfe [a] pounde.  

117A.44
1 Lytell John let it lye full styll,  
2 And went to hys mayster [full] loe;  
3 What tidynes, sayde Robyn;  
4 'Syr, the knyght is true inow.'  

117A.45
1 'Fyll of the best wine,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'The knyght shall begynne;  
3 Moche wonder thinketh me  
4 Tho clotshyngy is so thin<n>e.  

117A.46
1 'Tell me [one] worde,' sayde Robyn,  
2 'And counsell shal it be;  
3 I trowe thou warde made a knyght of force,  
4 Or ellys of yemany.  

117A.47
1 'I am none of those,' sayde the knyght,  
2 'By God that made me;  
3 An hundred wyner here before  
4 Myn ametimes knyghtes hauue be.'  

117A.48
1 'But of it hath befal, Robyn,  
2 A man hath be disgrate;  
3 But God that sitteth in heuen aboue  
4 May amende his state.  

117A.49
1 'Withyn this two yere, Robyne,' he sayde,  
2 My leght cradle knowy,  
3 Foure hundred pounde of gode money  
4 Ful well than myght I spende.  

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The Child Ballads

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117A.50 1 'Nowe haue I no gode,' saide the knyght, 2 'God hath shaped suche an ende, 3 But my chyldren and my wyfe, 4 Tyll God yt may amende.'

117A.51 1 'In what maner,' than sayde Robyn, 2 'Hast thou lorne thy rycheesse?' 3 For 'my greate folly,' he sayde, 4 'And for my kynd-<e>nesse.'

117A.52 1 'I hade a sone, forsoth, Robyn, 2 That shulde haue<e> ben myn ayre, 3 Whanne he was twenty wynter olde, 4 In felde wolde iust full fayre.'

117A.53 1 'He slewe a knyght of Lancastere, 2 And a squyer bolde; 3 To saue hym in his ryght 4 My godes both sette and solde.

117A.54 1 'My londes both sette to wedde, Robyn, 2 Vonnyll a certayn day, 3 To a rych abbot here bysyde 4 Of Seynt Mari Abbey.'

117A.55 1 'What is the som?' sayde Robyn; 2 'Trouth than tell thou me;' 3 'Syr,' he sayde, 'Foure hundred ponde; 4 The abbot told it to me.'

117A.56 1 'Nowe and thou lese thy lond,' sayde Robyn, 2 'What wold fall of the?' 3 'Hastely I wol me buske,' sayd the knyght, 4 'On the sally see,'

117A.57 1 'And se<e>ere Criste was quycke and dede, 2 On the mount of Caluent; 3 Farewel, frende, and haue gode day; 4 It may no better be.'

117A.58 1 Teris fell out of his iyen two; 2 He wolde haue gone hys way: 3 While I was rych ynoome at home 4 Great boste than wolde they blowe.

117A.60 1 'And nowe they renne away fro me, 2 As bestis on a rowe; 3 They take no more hede of me 4 Thanne they had me neuer sawe.'

117A.61 1 For rute thanne wept Litell John, 2 Scarlok and Muche in fere; 3 'Fyl of the best wyne,' sayde Robyn, 4 'For here is a symple chere.'

117A.62 1 'Hast thou any frende,' sayde Robyn, 2 'Thy borowe that wolde be?' 3 'I haue none,' than sayde the knyght, 4 'But God that dyed on tree.'

117A.63 1 'Do away thy iapis,' than sayde Robyn, 2 Thereof wol I right none; 3 Wenasst thou iolde haue God to borowe, 4 Pet Poulle, or Johun?

117A.64 1 'Nay, by hym that me made, 2 And shope both somme and mone, 3 Fynde me a better borowe,' sayde Robyn, 4 'Or money getest thou none.'

117A.65 1 'I haue none other,' sayde the knyght, 2 'The thyte for to say;' 3 But yf yt be Our de<e>n Lady; 4 She sayled me neuer or thys day.'

117A.66 1 'By dere worthy God,' sayde Robyn, 2 To seche all Enqlonde thowere, 3 Yet fonde I neuer to my pay 4 A moche better borowe.
117A.101 1 'Lede them in to the stable,' he sayd, 2 'That eased myght they be; 3 'They shall not come therein,' sayd the knyght, 4 'By God that dyed on a tre.'

117A.102 1 Lordës were to mete isette 2 In that abbotes hall 3 The knyght went forth and knelled downe, 4 And salued them grete and small.

117A.103 1 'Do gladly, syr abbot,' sayd the knyght, 2 'I am come to holde my day.' 3 The fyrst word the abbot spake, 4 'Hast thou brought my fone?'

117A.104 1 'Not one peny,' sayd the knyght, 2 'By God that maked me.' 3 Thou art a shrewed dettour,' sayd the abbot; 4 'Thou art a shrewed dettour,' sayd the abbot;

117A.105 1 'What doost thou here,' sayd the abbot, 2 'By God that dyed on a tre.' 3 'Thou art a shrewed dettour,' sayd the abbot; 4 'Thou lyest,' then sayd the gentyll knyght,

117A.106 1 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 2 'Both with cloth and fee :' 3 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 4 And salued them grete and small.

117A.107 1 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 2 'With pecok wel idyght, 3 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 4 The hedys burneshed full bryght;

117A.108 1 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 2 'By hy thine hede, 3 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 4 It was a semely syght.

117A.109 1 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 2 'It was a semely syght. 3 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 4 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye,

117A.110 1 The abbot sware a full grete othe, 2 And trewely serue the, 3 And holde my londes in thy honde 4 Tyll I haue made the gree!

117A.111 1 'What doost thou here,' sayd the abbot, 2 'By hy thine hede, 3 'What doost thou here,' sayd the abbot, 4 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye,

117A.112 1 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 2 'With pecok wel idyght, 3 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 4 It was a semely syght.

117A.113 1 'I haue a maister,' sayde Litell John 2 Wolde thou dwell with me? 3 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 4 And clothed in whyte and rede.

117A.114 1 'I haue a maister,' sayde Litell John 2 Wolde thou dwell with me? 3 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 4 With golde burnyssht full bryght.

117A.115 1 Vp then stode that gentyll knyght, 2 To the abbot sayd he, 3 To suffer a knyght to knele so longe, 4 Thou canst no curtesyse.

117A.116 1 In joustës and in tourmenter 2 Full ferre than huie I be 3 And put my selfe as ferre in prees 4 As ony that euere I se.

117A.117 1 'What wyll ye gyue more,' sayd the iustice, 2 'And the knyght shall make a releyse? 3 And elles dare I sally swere 4 Ye holde neuer your londe in pees.'

117A.118 1 'An hondred pounde,' sayd the abbot; 2 The iustice sayd, Gyue hym two; 3 'Nay, be God,' sayd the knyght, 4 'Yit gete ye it not so.

117A.119 1 'Though ye wolde gyue a thousand more, 2 Yet were ye neuer the nere, 3 Shall there never be myn heyre 4 Abbot, iustice, ne freere.'

117A.120 1 He stert hym to a borde anone, 2 Tyll a table rounde, 3 And there shoke oute of a bagge 4 Euer four hundred pound.

117A.121 1 'Hawe here thi golde, sir abbot,' saide the knyght, 2 'Which thurt thou lerttest me; 3 Had thu ben curtes at my cmonyge, 4 And shamed shuldest thou haue be.'

117A.122 1 The abbot sat styll, ete no more, 2 For all his ryll farré 3 He cast his hede on his shulder, 4 And fast began to stare.

117A.123 1 'Take me my golde agayne,' said the abbot, 2 'Syr iustice, ye take the, 3 'Not a peni,' said the iustice, 4 'By Go<d>, that dyed on en tre.'

117A.124 1 'Syr [abbot], and ye me<n> of lawe, 2 Now haue I holde my daye; 3 Now shall I haue my londe agayne, 4 For ought that you can saye.'

117A.125 1 The knyght stert out of the dore, 2 Awaye was all his care, 3 And on he put his good clothynge, 4 For to sende that companye.

117A.126 1 He wente hym forth full mery syngynge, 2 As men haue tolde in tale; 3 His lady met hym at the gate, 4 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye,

117A.127 1 'Welcome, my lorde,' sayd his lady; 2 'Syr, lost is all your good? 3 'Be mery, dame,' sayd the knyght, 4 And pray for Robyn Hode,

117A.128 1 'That euer his soul 2 He holpe me out of tene; 3 That euer his soul 2 He is s

117A.130 1 This knight than dwelled fayre at home, 2 The sothe for to saye, 3 Tyll he had gete four hundred pound, 4 The pryce shall bere away.

117A.131 1 The knight had ruthe of this yoman, 2 He holpe me out of tene; 3 The kirke and the altar, 4 The pryce shall bere away.

117A.132 1 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 2 'With pecok wel idyght, 3 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye, 4 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye,

117A.133 1 He purueyed hire an hundreth bowes, 2 The stryng's well yddyth, 3 An hundreth sheer of arowe's gode, 4 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustye,

117A.134 1 He bare a launsgay in his honde, 2 And a man ledde his male, 3 And reden with a lyght songe 4 Vato Bernysdale.

117A.135 1 But as he went at a brydget ther was a wrastelyng, 2 And therat tayred was he, 3 And there was all the best yemen 4 Of all the west countree.

117A.136 1 A payre of gloues, a rede golde rynge, 2 A pype of wyne, in fay; 3 What man that bereth hym best i-wys 4 The pryce shall bere away.

117A.137 1 There was a yoman in that place, 2 In place where he stode; 3 He sayd that yoman shulde haue no harme, 4 For loue of Robyn Hode.

117A.138 1 'The knyght presed in to the place, 2 An hundreth folowed hym [free]. 3 With bowës bent and arowës sharpe, 4 For to shende that companye.

117A.139 1 They shulderd all and made hym rone, 2 To wete what he wolde say; 3 He toke the yeman bi the harde, 4 And gaue hym al the play .

117A.140 1 It was vpon a mery day 2 That yonge men wolde go shete; 3 Lytell Johno, that was the knyghtes man, 4 Goode myrth ye shall here.

117A.141 1 This longe taried this gentyll knyght, 2 Tyll that play was done; 3 So longe abode Robyn fastinge, 4 And hounest after the none.

117A.142 1 It he gaue hym fyne marke for his wyne, 2 There it lay on the molde, 3 And bad it shulde be set a broche, 4 Drynke who so wolde.

117A.143 1 'By hy thine hede, 2 He is s

117A.144 1 'The abbot and I accorded ben, 2 He is s

117A.145 1 'The abbot and I accorded ben, 2 He is s

117A.146 1 'The abbot and I accorded ben, 2 He is s

117A.147 1 'The abbot and I accorded ben, 2 He is s

117A.148 1 'The abbot and I accorded ben, 2 He is s

117A.149 1 'The abbot and I accorded ben, 2 He is s
4 The mountnaunce of an owre.
3 Myght neyther other harme done,
2 Two myl
1 There they faught sore togedere
4 But stifly for to stande.
2 The coke toke another in hande;
4 Assayed better shalt thou be.'
3 And or I pas fro this place
2 God<
4 For to ask
2 'Thou arte a shrewde hynde
1 'I make myn auowe to God,' saide the coke,
2 The whil
1 'Sith ye wol nat dyne,' sayde Litell John,
4 Bothe of ale and of wyne.
1 He sporned the dore w
4 The wors shuld he go.
2 His backe went nere in two;
4 And shet fast the dore.
2 There he stode on flore;
1 The boteler was full vncurteys,
3 'I  make myn auowe to God,' saide Litell John,
4 Mi dyner gif me.'
1 'It is longe for Gren
2 'And by my true leutye,
4 To quyte hym wele his mede.
2 God lende vs well to spede!
1 Nowe is Litell John the sherif
4 A gode hors and a wight.
2 Twelue moneth
1 The sherif gate Litell John
4 To drawe of his hosen and his shone;
1 And when they had dronkyn well,
4 Whan I was with you at home.'
117A.184
3 Gode brede, and full gode wyne;
4 And shet fast the dore.
2 There he stode on flore;
1 The boteler was full vncurteys,
3 'I  make myn auowe to God,' saide Litell John,
4 Mi dyner gif me.'
1 'It is longe for Gren
2 'And by my true leutye,
4 To quyte hym wele his mede.
2 God lende vs well to spede!
1 Nowe is Litell John the sherif
4 A gode hors and a wight.
2 Twelue moneth
1 The sherif gate Litell John
4 To drawe of his hosen and his shone;
1 And when they had dronkyn well,
4 Whan I was with you at home.'
The Child Ballads
117A.254 1 'Whether be ye away?' sayd Robyn:
2 'Syr, to maners in this londe,
3 Too reken with our reues,
4 That haue done mocch wronge.'
117A.255 1 ' Come now forth, Lytell Johon,
2 And harken to my tale;
3 A better yemen I knowe none,
4 To seke a monkes male.'
117A.256 1 ' How moch is in yonder other corser?' sayd Robyn,
2 'The soth must we see.'
3 'By Our Lady,' than sayd the monke,
4 'That were no curteysye.'
117A.257 1 'To bydye a man to dyner,
2 And syth hym bete and bynde.'
3 'It is our old manner,' sayd Robyn,
4 'To leue but lytell behynde.'
117A.258 1 'The monke toke the hors with spore,
2 No lenger wolde he abyde:
3 'Ask id to drynde,' sayd sayd Robyn,
4 'Or that ye forther ryde.'
117A.259 1 'Nay, for God,' sayd Robyn,
2 'Thou breke it well for ay;
3 'By God,' than sayd the knyght,
4 'A por present to the.'
117A.260 1 'Grete well your abbot,' sayd Robyn,
2 'And your pryour, I you pray,
3 And byd hym send me such a monke
4 To dyner euery day.'
117A.261 1 Now lete we that monke be styll,
2 And speke we of that knyght:
3 Yet he came to holde his day,
4 Whyle that it was lyght.
117A.262 1 He dyde hym streyt to Bernysdale,
2 Under the grene-wode tre,
3 And he founde there Robyn Hode,
4 Whyle that it was lyght.
117A.263 1 The knyght lyght doune of his good palfry,
2 Robyn whan he gan see,
3 So curteysly he dyde adoune his hode,
4 And set hym on his knee.
117A.264 1 'God the saule, Robyn Hode,
2 And all this company:
3 'Whan they had shot aboute,
4 The worste wolde they not be.'
117A.265 1 Than bespake hym Robyn Hode,
2 'To that knyght so fre:
3 What ned the to reken with our reves,
4 And the proudes sheryf.'
117A.266 1 'Nay, for God,' sayd Robyn,
2 'Syr knyght, that thanke I thee;
3 What man that helpeth a good yeman,
4 His frenche than will I be.'
117A.267 1 ' Haue here foure honderd pounde,' than sayd the knyght,
2 'The whiche ye lent to me;
3 And here is also twenty marke
4 For thy fayre pay.'
117A.270 1 'Nay, for God,' than sayd Robyn,
2 'Thou broke it well for ay:
3 For Our Lady, by her hy[i]el selere,
4 Hath sente to me thy pay.'
117A.271 1 'And if I toke it i-twysse,
2 A shame it were to me;
3 But trewe, gentilly knyght,
4 Welcom arte thou to me.'
117A.272 1 Than Robyn had tolde his tale,
2 He leugh and had good chere;
3 'By my trouthe,' then sayd the knyght,
4 'Your money is redy here.'
117A.274 1 'Break it well,' sayd Robyn,
2 'Thou gentilly knyght so fre;
3 And welcome be thou, ge[n]tyll knyght,
4 Under my trystell-tre.'
117A.275 1 'But what shall these bowes do?' sayd Robyn,
2 'And these arowes fedred fre';
3 'By God,' than sayd the knyght,
4 'A por present to the.'
117A.276 1 'Come now forth, Lytell Johon,
2 And go to my tresur
3 And brynge me there foure honderd pounde;
4 The monke ouer-tolde it me.'
117A.277 1 'Haue here foure honderd pounde,
2 Thou gentilly knyght and trewe,
3 And bye hors and harnes good,
4 And gytle thy spores all newe.'
117A.278 1 'And yf thou fayle ony spendynge,
2 Com to Robyn Hode,
3 And by my trouth thou shalt none fayle,
4 The whyles I haue any good.'
117A.279 1 'And broke well thy foure hondred pound,
2 Whiche I lent to me;
3 And make thy selfe no more so bare,
4 By the counsel of me.'
117A.280 1 Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,
2 The knyght all of his care:
3 'God, that syl in heuen hye,
4 Graunte vs well to fare!'
117A.281 1 Now hath the knyght his leue i-take,
2 And wente hym on his way;
3 Robyn Hode and his mery men
4 Dwelted styll full many a day.
117A.282 1 Lyth and lysten, gentil men,
2 And herken what I shall say,
3 That all the best archers of the north
4 That I be not desceyued.'
117A.283 1 Haue four hondred pounde,' than sayd the knyght,
2 'The whiche ye lent to me;
3 And here is also twenty marke
4 For our curteysye.'
117A.284 1 'Nay, for God,' than sayd Robyn,
2 'Thou broke it well for ay;
3 By God,' than sayd the knyght,
4 'A por present to the.'
117A.285 1 'And if I toke it i-twysse,
2 A shame it were to me;
3 But trewe, gentilly knyght,
4 Welcom arte thou to me.'
117A.286 1 'And broke well thy foure hondred pound,
2 Whiche I lent to the;
3 And make thy selfe no more so bare,
4 By the counsell of me.'
117A.287 1 'Buske you, my mery yonge men,
2 Ye shall go with me;
3 And I will wette the shryvys fayth,
4 Trewe and ye hy[t] be.'
117A.288 1 'There shall but sylx shote with me;
2 And the other shal kepe my he[ae]dc,
3 And stande with good bowes bent,
4 That I be not desceyued.'
117A.289 1 The fourth outlawe his bowe gan bende,
2 And that was Robyn Hode,
3 And that behelde the proud[e] sheryf,
4 All by the but [as] he stode.
117A.290 1 'Grete well your abbot,' sayd Robyn,
2 'And your pryour, I you pray,
3 And byd hym send me such a monke
4 To dyner euery day.'
117A.291 1 'Haue here foure honderd pounde,
2 Thou gentilly knyght and trewe,
3 And welcome be thou, ge[n]tyll knyght,
4 Under my trystell-tre.'
117A.292 1 'Break it well,' sayd Robyn,
2 'Thou gentilly knyght so fre;
3 And welcome be thou, ge[n]tyll knyght,
4 Under my trystell-tre.'
117A.293 1 'But what shall these bowes do?' sayd Robyn,
2 'And these arowes fedred fre';
3 'By God,' than sayd the knyght,
4 'A por present to the.'
117A.294 1 'Come now forth, Lytell Johon,
2 And go to my tresur
3 And brynge me there foure honderd pounde;
4 The monke ouer-tolde it me.'
117A.295 1 'Haue four hondred pounde,' than sayd the knyght,
2 'The whiche ye lent to me;
3 And make thy selfe no more so bare,
4 By the counsell of me.'
117A.296 1 Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,
2 The knyght all of his care:
3 'God, that syl in heuen hye,
4 Graunte us well to fare!'
117A.297 1 Now hath the knyght his leue i-take,
2 And wente hym on his way;
3 Robyn Hode and his mery men
4 Dwelted styll full many a day.
117A.298 1 'And we be thou! thou proud[e] sheryf,
2 Thus gladdynge thy gest;
3 Other wyse thou beho[e] me
4 In yonder wyldere forest.'
117A.299 1 'Buske you, my mery yonge men,
2 Ye shall go with me;
3 And I will wette the shryvys fayth,
4 Trewe and ye hy[t] be.'
117A.300 1 The outlawes shot was so stronge
2 That no man myght them dryue,
3 And the proud[e] sheryfes men,
4 They fled away full bluye.
117A.301 1 Robyn saw the buisnemt to-broke,
2 In grene wode he wolde haue be;
3 Many an arowe there was shot
4 Amonge that company.
117A.302 1 Lytell Johon was hurte full sore,
2 With an arowe in his kne,
3 That he myght neyther go nor ryde;
4 Trewe and yf he be.'
117A.303 1 'Buske you, my mery yonge men,
2 Ye shall go with me;
3 And I will wette the shryvys fayth,
4 Trewe and ye hy[t] be.'
117A.304
1 'And for the medes of my seuryce,
2 That I have seuered the,
3 Lete neuer the proud[e] sheryf
4 Alyue now fynde me.
117A.305
1 'But take out thy browne swerde,
2 And smyte all of my hede,
3 And gyue me wondes depe and wyde; and
4 No lyfe on me be lefte.'
117A.306
1 'I wolde not that,' sayd Robyn,
2 Johan, that thou were slawe,
3 For all the golde in mery Englonde,
4 Though it lay now on a rawe.'
117A.307
1 'God forbode,' sayd Lytell Much,
2 'That dyed on a tre,
3 That thou sholdst, Lytell Johan,
4 Parte our company.'
117A.308
1 Up the toke hym on his backe,
2 And bare hym well a myle; and
3 Many a tym[e] he laid hym downe,
4 And shot another whyle.
117A.310
5 Then was there a fayre castell,
6 A lytell within the wode;
7 Double-dyched it was about,
8蟠alled, by the rode.
117A.311
1 And there dwelld that gentyll knyght,
2 Syr Rychard at the Lee,
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.311
1 In he toke good Robyn,
2 And all his company.
3 Welcome be thou, Robyn Hode,
4 Welcome arte thou to me.
117A.312
1 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
2 Welcome are you to me;
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.313
1 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
2 Welcome are you to me;
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.314
1 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
2 Welcome are you to me;
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.315
1 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
2 Welcome are you to me;
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.316
1 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
2 Welcome are you to me;
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.317
1 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
2 Welcome are you to me;
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.318
1 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
2 Welcome are you to me;
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.319
1 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
2 Welcome are you to me;
3 That Robyn had lent his good,
4 Under the grene-wode tre.
117A.320
1 'Sy' I wyll auow that I have done,
2 Shamefallye slaye be;
3 He is fast browne to Notyngham ware,
4 For the loue of the.'
And hasted them thyder blyve.

Full hast<

Or ye come to Notyngham,

Myn hede then dare I lay,

And or ye come to Notyngham,

Than bespake a proude fostere,

And alway sleue the kyng

But alway went good Robyn

The kynge was wonder wroth withall,

All the passe of Lancasshyre

The knyght

Our kynge vnderstode ther tale,

And after that gentyll knyght,

That be in your lede,

Take fyue of the best knyght

Ye must do after me.

Yf ye wyll se good Robyn,

That was treue in his fay:

Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,

In all mery Englonde.'

To haue and holde for euer more,

He shall haue the knyght

And brynge it to me,

Herd

All the yere dwelled our comly kynge

The knyght

Our kynge understode ther tale,

And after that gentyll knyght,

That bare ony good horne.

That was so bolde and stout.

And after that gentyll knyght,

And hausted them thyder blyve.

Full hast<

So yf it be.

That may no better be,

And thou hens wende;

That bare ony good horne.

That bare ony good horne.

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117A.406
1 It falteith not for myn ordre, ’sayd sayr kyngyn,  
2 ’Robyn, by thy leye,  
3 For to smyte no good yeman,  
4 For doute I sholde hym grewe.’

117A.407
1 ’Smyte on boldly,’ ’sayd Robyn,  
2 ’I giue the largé leye.’

117A.408
1 A grene garment he dyde on,  
2 Another had full sone.

117A.410
1 ’I trewe, ayenst the Yole.’

117A.411
1 ’Or elles I were a fole;  
2 ’Yes, for God,’ then sayd Robyn.

117A.412
1 ’Thyrty yerd  
2 Ye, for God,’ sayd Robyn,  
3 ’That thou wylte sell nowe to me?’  
4 I trowe, ayenst the Yole.’

117A.413
1 ’Haste thou any grene cloth,’ ’sayd sayr kyngyn,  
2 ’That thou wyfle sell nowe to me?’  
3 ’Ye, for God,’ ’sayd Robyn,  
4 ’For thy verdés and thre.’

117A.414
1 ’Robyn,’ ’sayd sayr kyngyn,  
2 ’Now pray I thee,  
3 Sell me some of that cloth,  
4 To me and my meyn.’

117A.415
1 ’Yes, for God,’ then sayd Robyn,  
2 ’Or elles I were a fole;  
3 Another dyde wyll me cloth,  
4 I trowe, ayenst the Yole.’

117A.416
1 The kyngyne keste of his colthen,  
2 A grene garment he dyde on,  
3 And every knyght also, i-wys,  
4 Another had full sone.

117A.417
1 ’Somtyme I was an archere good,  
2 A styffe and eke a stronge;  
3 Was compt the best archere  
4 That was in mery Englonde.

117A.418
1 ’Alas!’ than sayd good Robyn,  
2 ’Alas and well a wo!’  
3 Yi I dwel lenger with the kyngyn,  
4 Sorowre wyll me sloo.’

117A.419
1 Forth than went Robyn Hode  
2 Tyll he came to our kyngyn:  
3 ’My lorde the kyngyne of Englonde,  
4 Graunte me myn askynge.’

117A.420
1 ’Made a chapell in Bernysdale,  
2 That semely is to se,  
3 It is of Mary Magdalene,  
4 And thereto wolle I be.

117A.421
1 ’Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,  
2 I may not be therfore,  
3 Barefote and wolwarde I haue hyght  
4 Thyder for to go.’

117A.422
1 ’If it be so,’ than sayd sayr kyngyn,  
2 ’It may no better be,  
3 Seuen nyght I gyue the leue,  
4 No lengre, to dwell fro me.’

117A.423
1 All the people of Notyngham  
2 They stode and behelde;  
3 They sawe nothynge but mantels of grene  
4 That couered all the felde.

117A.424
1 Full hast<e>ly they began to fle,  
2 Both yemen and knaues,  
3 And olde wyues that myght euyll goo,  
4 They kypped on theyr staues.

117A.425
1 Full hast<e>ly they began to fle,  
2 And commauded them agayne;  
3 When they so our comly kyngyn,  
4 I-wys they were full payne.

117A.426
1 They ete and dranke, and made them glad,  
2 And sange with notés lye;  
3 Than bespake our comly kyngyn  
4 To Syr Rycharde at the Lee.

117A.427
1 They ete and dranke, and made them glad,  
2 And sange with notés lye;  
3 Than bespake our comly kyngyn  
4 To Syr Rycharde at the Lee.

117A.428
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.429
1 ’Gramercy, lorde,’ then sayd Robyn,  
2 ’That I was last here;  
3 Me lyste a lytell for to shote  
4 At the domē dere.’

117A.430
1 ’If it be gone,’ ’sayd Robyn,  
2 ’That I was last here;  
3 Me lyste a lytell for to shote  
4 At the domē dere.’

117A.431
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.432
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.433
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.434
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.435
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.436
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.437
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.438
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.439
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.440
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.441
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.442
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.443
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.444
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.445
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.446
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.447
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.448
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.449
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.450
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.451
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.452
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.453
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.454
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.

117A.455
1 ’Graunte me myn askynge.
118A.1
1 WHEN shawes beene sheene, and shradds full
2 fayre,
3 And leaves both large and longe,
4 Itt is merry, walking in the fayre florest,
5 To heare the small birds songes.

118A.2
1 The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
2 Amongst the leaves a lyne,
3 And it is by two wight yeomen,
4 By deare God, that I meane.

118A.3
1 'Me thought they did mee beate and binde,
2 And tooke my bow mee froe;
3 If I bee Robin a-lue in this lande,
4 I'le be wroken on both them towse.'

118A.4
1 'Sweaunens are swift, master,' quoth John,
2 'As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
3 For if it be neuer soe lowde this night,
4 To-morrow it may be still.'

118A.5
1 Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
2 Ffor John shall goe with mee;
3 For I'le goe seeke yond wight yeoman
4 In greenwood where the bee.'

118A.6
1 Tho' cast on their gowne of greene,
2 A shooting gone are they,
3 Vantill they came to the merry Greenwood,
4 Where they had gladdest bee;
5 There were the ware of [a] wight yeoman,
6 Where they had gladdest bee;
7 Vntill they came to the merry greenwood,
8 In greenwood where the bee.'

118A.7
1 'Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
2 Had beene many a mans bane,
3 And Scarlett a flyeing thinge;
4 To heare the small birds songe.
1

118A.10
1 'It is noe cunning a knaue to ken,
2 How oft send I my men beffore,
3 And w
4 To know his meaning trulye.'

118A.11
1 'Leade on, good slave,' says Guye,
2 'And of my morning tyde:'
3 'I thinke it was newe mans destynee
4 To dye before his day.'

118A.12
1 'Leade on, good fellow,' says John,
2 Men call him Robin Hood;
3 And he hath slaine Robin Hoode,
4 'If itt be Christes owne will.'

118A.13
1 'Leade on, good fellow,' says Guye,
2 'And of my morning tyde:'
3 'I seeke an outlaw,' says John,
4 A good archer thou seems to bee.'

118A.14
1 'I dwell by dale and downe,' quoth the sheriffe,
2 'And I haue done many a curst turne;
3 If thou haue had the worse stroakes at my hand,
4 Thou shalt haue the better cloath.'

118A.15
1 'Ihaue seene how these yeomen together
2 Might haue seene a full fayre sight,
3 My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
4 Calles me Guye of good Gyborne.'

118A.16
1 'I'le make yond fellow
2 For the sheriffe w...


119A.57
1 'Til now am I weppynlesse,' seyd Robyn,
2 'Alasse! againy my wylle;
3 But if I may file these trawtos fro,
4 I wot ye wil me kyll.'

119A.30
1 Robyn to in to the churche ran,
2 Throuthe hem eurelikon,
3 . . .
4 . . .

119A.31
1 Sum fel in swonyng as ye were dede,
2 And lay stil as any stone;
3 Non of themyu were in her mynde
4 But only Litul Jon9

119A.32
1 'Let be your rule,' seyd Litul Jon,
2 'Ffor his fut yd tymo on tre,
3 ze yet shulde be duty men;
4 He is grete shame to se.

119A.33
1 'Oure maister has bende hard bystode
2 And set scaply away;
3 Puk vp yer hertis, and leve is mone,
4 An harkyn what I shal say.

119A.34
1 'He has seynd Our Lady many a day,
2 An get wil, secourly;
3 þerfor I trust in hur sçpeciali
4 No wyckud deth shal he dye.

119A.35
1 'þerfor be glad,' seyd Litul John,
2 'And let is mournyng be;
3 And I shal be þe munkis gyde,
4 With þe myght of mylde Mary.

119A.36
1 . . .
2 'We will go but we too;
3 And I mete hym,' seyd Litul John,
4 . . .

119A.37
1 'Loke þat ye kep wel owre tristil-tre,
2 Vder þe leves smale,
3 And spare non of þis venvusyn,
4 But gosse in þis vale.'

119A.38
1 'Ffor þen went these þemmen too,
2 Litul John and Moche on ferre,
3 And lokid on Moch emys hows,
4 þe hawe way lay full nere.

119A.39
1 Litul John stode at a wyndow in þe mornynge,
2 And lokid forþ at a stage;
3 He was war wher þe munkes came ridyng,
4 And with hym a lital page.

119A.40
1 'Be my feth,' seyd Litul John to Moch,
2 'I can þe tel thiynthynge gode;
3 I se whe þe munkes cumys rydying,
4 I know hym be his wyde hode.'

119A.41
1 They went in to the way, þese þemmen boje,
2 As curtes men and hende;
3 þei sprayrd thiynthynge þe munkes,
4 As they had bene his frende.

119A.42
1 'Efro whens come þe?' seyd Litul Jon,
2 'Tel vs thiynthynge, I yow pray,
3 Off a false owltay, [callid Robyn Hode,]
4 Was takyn jisterday.

119A.43
1 'He robbeyt me and my feloweys boe;
2 Of twenti marke in sertem,
3 If þat false owltay be takyn,
4 Ffor soþe we wolde be fayn.'

119A.10
1 'þou shall beyre þin own,' seid Litul Jon,
2 'Maister, and I wyl byrme yme,
3 And we well shete a penye,' seid Litul Jon,
4 'Vnder þe grene-wode lyne.'

119A.11
1 'I wil not shete a penye,' seyd Robyn Hode,
2 'In feith, Litul John, with the,
3 But euer for on as þou shetu,' seide Robyn,
4 'In feith I holde þe thre.'

119A.12
1 Thus shet þei forth, þese þemmen too,
2 Bothe at buske and bronke,
3 Til Litul John wan of his maister
4 Fiue shillinges to hose and shone.

119A.13
1 A ferly strife fel þen betwene,
2 As they went bi the wey;
3 Litul John seid he had won fiue shillinges,
4 And Robyn Hode seid shorthorly nay.

119A.14
1 With þat Robyn Hode leyd Litul Jon,
2 And smote hym with his hande;
3 Litul Jon waxed wroth seerwith,
4 And pulled out his brighte bronde.

119A.15
1 'Were þou not my maister,' seid Litul Jon,
2 'þou shuldis by hit ful sore;
3 Get þe a man wher þou wïlt,
4 For þou getis me no more.'

119A.16
1 þen Robyn goes to Notyngham,
2 Hym selfe moryng allone,
3 And Litul John to mery Scherwode,
4 The pathes he knew ilkone.

119A.17
1 When Robyn came to Notyngham,
2 Sertenly without layn,
3 He prayed to God and myld Mary
4 To bryng hym out saue agayn.

119A.18
1 He gos in to Seynt Mary chirch,
2 And kneled down before the rode;
3 Alle þat euer were þe church within
4 Beheld wel Robyn Hode.

119A.19
1 Beside hym stod a gret-heldid munke,
2 I pray to God woe be!
3 Ffial sone he knew gode Robyn,
4 As sone as he hym se.

119A.20
1 Out at þe dure he ran,
2 Ffial sone and anon;
3 Alle þat eatis of Notyngham
4 He made to be sparrow euerychon.

119A.21
1 'Rise vp,' he seid, 'þou provode schereff,
2 Buske þe and make þe bowne;
3 I haue spyd þe kynggis felon,
4 Ffor sothe he is in þis town.'

119A.22
1 'I haue spyd þe false felon,
2 As he stondis at his masse;
3 Hit is long of þe, seide þe munke,
4 And euer he fro vs passe.

119A.23
1 þis trauynge name is Robyn Hode,
2 Vder þe grene-wode lynde;
3 He robbeyt me onys of a hundry pound,
4 Hit shalle newer out of my mynde.'

119A.24
1 Vp þen rose þis provode schereff,
2 And raddyly made hym bare;
3 Many wath þe moder son
4 To þe kyrk with hym can fayse.

119A.25
1 In at þe durre þei throly thrast,
2 With staves ful gode wone
3 'Alas, alas!' seid Robyn Hode,
4 'Now myssse I Litul John.'

119A.26
1 But Robyn toke out a too-hord sword,
2 þot hangit down be his kne;
3 þer as þe schereff and his men stode thyckyst,
4 Theuderwade wolde he.

119A.27
1 Thryes thourrout þem he ran þen,
2 For seþe as I yow sey,
3 And woundyt mony a moder son,
4 And twelue he slew þat day.

119A.28
1 His sworde vpone þe schireff hed
2 Sertanly he brake in too;
3 þe mynyth þat he made,' seid Robyn,
4 'I pry to God wyrke hym woo!'
119A.44
1 To take, he
2 'Thorowout all mery Inglond.
3 And how
4 'In faith we will not flee.'
5 'I sey, be swete Seynt John,
6 He gaf hym wyne of the best;
7 At ny[e]e went to her bedde,
8 And eury man to his rest.

119A.45
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.46
1 'Ffor Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,
2 'Cu ther as
3 Litul John spyrred after ye schereff,
4 And some he hym fonde;
5 He oppyned ye kyngus prue seell,
6 And gaf hym in his honde.

119A.47
1 'I sey, be swete Seynt John,
2 'I seid oure kyng; oure kyng red
3 Than worde came to oure kyng
4 They filled in wyne, and made hem glad,
5 Vnder ye levys smale,
6 A gotte fowle
7 I make ye maister,' said Robyn Hode,
8 'Off alle my men and me.'

119A.48
1 'Nay, be my trouthe,' said Robyn Hode,
2 'So shalle hit neuer be;
3 I make ye maister,' said Robyn Hode,
4 'Off alle my men and me.'

119A.49
1 'Nay, be my trouthe,' said Litul John,
2 'So shalle hit neuer be;
3 But lat me be a felow,' said Litul John,
4 'No noder kepe I be.'

119A.50
1 Litul John was sorr[e] agreyved,
2 And drew owt his swerde in hye;
3 This munke saw he shulde be ded,
4 Loved mercy can he crye.

119A.51
1 'He was my maister,' said Litul John,
2 'but you be hawe broght in bale;
3 Shalle you neuer cume at our kyng,
4 Ffor to telle hym tale.'

119A.52
1 John smote of ye munke's hed,
2 No longer wolle he dwell;
3 So did Moch ye lunn page,
4 Ffor ferd lest he wolde tell.

119A.53
1 tere[ei] beryed hem boje,
2 In nouer messe nor kyng,
3 And Litul John and Much infere
4 Bare ye lettres to oure kyng.

119A.54
1 8 To take, he
2 'Gaw saue, my lege lorde,
3 theus yow saue and se!

119A.55
1 'Gaw yow saue, my lege kyng!
2 To speke John was full bolde;
3 He knelid down vpon his kne;
4 The porter rose anon s
5 He gaf hem ywne, and made hym glad,
6 And bade hym rise anon;
7 The porter rose anon:
8 And mey put vp by his wall;

119A.56
1 'I layde furst hande hym apon,
2 If I tell you in certen;
3 'Ffor Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,
4 We wil go w
5 'I pray God thanke you,' seid Litull John,
6 I layde furst hande hym apon,
7 As sone as he herd John calle;
8 The comyn bell made he ryng.

119A.57
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.58
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.59
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.60
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.61
1 8 To take, he
2 'Thorowout all mery Inglond.
3 And how
4 'In faith we will not flee.'
5 'I sey, be swete Seynt John,
6 He gaf hym wyne of the best;
7 At ny[e]e went to her bedde,
8 And eury man to his rest.

119A.62
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.63
1 'I sey, be swete Seynt John,
2 'I seid oure kyng; oure kyng red
3 Than worde came to oure kyng
4 They filled in wyne, and made hem glad,
5 Vnder ye levys smale,
6 A gotte fowle
7 I make ye maister,' said Robyn Hode,
8 'Off alle my men and me.'

119A.64
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.65
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.66
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.67
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.68
1 8 To take, he
2 'Thorowout all mery Inglond.
3 And how
4 'In faith we will not flee.'
5 'I sey, be swete Seynt John,
6 He gaf hym wyne of the best;
7 At ny[e]e went to her bedde,
8 And eury man to his rest.

119A.69
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.70
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.71
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.72
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.73
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.74
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.75
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.76
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.77
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.78
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.79
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.80
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.81
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.82
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.83
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'

119A.84
1 'What is ye cause,' said Litul Jon,
2 'yow sparist ye yates so fast?'
3 'Because of Robyn Hode,' said [se] porter,
4 'In depe prison is cast.'
The Child Ballads

4. ‘Thrust him through the milke-white side."

3. ‘Red Roger, w"

2. ‘Good Ro"

1. ‘And in my hand a bright browne brand"

2. ‘Is cut short by my knee;"

3. ‘And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,"

4. ‘One drop of blood would run down."

1. ‘She blooded him in a vein of the arm,"

2. ‘And locked him up in the room;"

3. ‘Then did he bleed all the live-long day,"

4. ‘Until the next day at noon.

1. ‘He then bethought him of a casement there,"

2. ‘Thinking for to get down;"

3. ‘But was so weak he could not leap,"

4. ‘He could not get him down.

1. ‘For there shall noe man w"

2. ‘You'st beare yo"

1. ‘And sett my bright sword at my head,"

2. ‘And beare me to yonder streete,"

3. ‘My houzle will me bestand.'

4. ‘My houzle will me bestand.'

1. ‘And she blooded bold Robin Hood,"

2. ‘And if you please to walk therein,"

3. ‘Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,"

4. ‘That boon I'll not grant thee;"

1. ‘What is that boon,' said Robin Hood,"

2. ‘Little John, [thou] begs of me?'

3. ‘It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,"

4. ‘And all their nonnery.'

1. ‘Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,"

2. ‘That boon I’ll not grant thee;"

3. ‘I never hurt woman in all my life,"

4. ‘Nor men in woman’s company.'

1. ‘I have length and breadth enough,"

2. ‘With a green sod under my head,"

3. ‘That they may say, when I am dead"

4. ‘Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

1. ‘These words they readily granted him,"

2. ‘Which did bold Robin please:"

3. ‘And there they buried bold Robin Hood,"

4. ‘Within the fair Kirkleys.'

1. ‘In schomer, when the leaves sprynge,"

2. ‘The blossoms on every bowe,"

3. ‘So mery doyt the berdes syng,"

4. ‘Yn wodys mery now.'

1. ‘Herkens, god yemen,"

2. ‘Comley, cortyes, and god,"

3. ‘On of the best yet yeuer bare bowe,"

4. ‘Hes name was Roben Hode.'

1. ‘Roben Hood was the yeman’s name,"

2. ‘That was boyt corteyes and ffe;"

3. ‘Ffor the loffe of owre ladey,"

4. ‘All wemen worscheped he.'

1. ‘Bot as the god yeman stod on a day,"

2. ‘Among hes mery maney,"

3. ‘He was ware of a proverd potter,"

4. ‘Cam dryfing owyr the ley.'

1. ‘Yonder cometh a fat cornet," sayde Roben,"

2. ‘That long hayt hantyd jis wey;"

3. ‘He was neuer so corteyes a man"

4. ‘On peney of paynge to pay.'

1. ‘Bot hem bot at Went-breg,' sayde Lytyll John,

2. ‘And therefore yeftell mot he the!'
Thow schalt neuer be let
And thow dreyffe
'Thow seys god yme<rey;
To let hem of hes gorney.'
'As y haffe harde weyse men saye,
Yeff they wer
Leytell John to hes mast<er] seyde,
To ther mast<er] they cam.

Let vs helpe owr
The pott
Smot the bokeler ou<nt of hes honde.
Yend pott
Het was a god seyt to se;
And seyde, Ffelow, let mey hors go.

The potter to hes cart he went,
Y well the tene eyls, be mey
Awey they honde
Nor pavag well y non pay;
'Wed well y non leffe,' seyde

Thow hast hantyd thes wey,
All thes thre yer, and mor
The pott
And bad the pott
Handys apon hes hors he leyde,
They toke het a yeman to kepe;

Her
A wed schall make hem ley.'

Thow seys god yme<rey;
Thow seys god yme<rey;
Yeff they wer
Yeff they wer
Leytell John to hes mast<er] seyde,
To ther mast<er] they cam.

Let vs helpe owr
The pott
Smot the bokeler ou<nt of hes honde.
Yend pott
Het was a god seyt to se;
And seyde, Ffellow, let mey hors go.

The potter to hes cart he went,
Y well the tene eyls, be mey
Awey they honde
Nor pavag well y non pay;
'Wed well y non leffe,' seyde

Thow se<nt hantyd thes wey,
All thes thre yer, and mor
The pott
And bad the pott
Handys apon hes hors he leyde,
They toke het a yeman to kepe;

Her
A wed schall make hem ley.'
121A.68 1 'Ye, be ye trewthe, Letfy-syll John, 2 Lokke thou take no care; 3 Yerdraw, on the treffe of Notynggym, 4 For all howre chaffare.'

121A.69 1 'He ys a fell wellcom,' seyde Leyttell John, 2 'Theys tydying ys a fell godde; 3 The treffe he had leuer nar a hundred ponde 4 He had [neuer seene Roben Hode.]'

121A.70 1 ['[Had ] west yl beffore, 2 At Notynggym when we werre, 3 Thow sohilde not com yn ye treffe forest 4 Of all thoes thosande eyre.'

121A.71 1 'That wot y well,' seyde Roben, 2 'Y thanke God that ye be her; 3 Therefor shchall ye leffe yowre hors with hos, 4 And all yowre hother gere.'

121A.72 1 'That fende I Godys forborb,' kod the treffe, 2 'So to lesey mey godde; 3 . . . . 4 . . . .'

121A.73 1 'Hether ye cam on hors ifoll hey, 2 And homb schall ye go on ifoll; 3 And gret well they wefeye at home, 4 The woman ys a fell godde.

121A.74 1 'Y schall her sende a whyet palfrey, 2 Het ambellet be mey ifey, 3 . . . . 4 . . . .'
122A.24
1 Robin sett a shrill horn to his mouth,  
2 And a loud blast he did blow,  
3 And then halfe a hundred bold archers  
4 Came reaking on a row.

122A.25
1 But when the came before bold Robin,  
2 Even there the stood all bare:  
3 You are welcome, master, from Notingham:  
4 How haue you sold your ware?

122A.26
1 'But I had a very good wife at home,  
2 Which made him gentleman,  
3 And thercfor, for my wives sake,  
4 I shoulde haue better favor here.'

122A.27
1 'Ye, he hath robbed me of all my gold  
2 And siluet that euer I had;  
3 But that I had a very good wife at home,  
4 I shoulde have lost my head.

122A.28
1 'I haue learned wisdome,' sayes the sherriffe,  
2 'That is very well done,' then dsays his wiffe,  
3 'That will rob a man of all he hath,  
4 It proues bold Robin Hood.

122A.29
1 'But such favor as he shewed me  
2 I might haue tarryed att Nottingham,  
3 And therfor, for my wifes sake,  
4 Than others could do for three.

122A.30
1 'This is a mad blade,' the butchers then said;  
2 To study as they did stand,  
3 But how for to sell he knew not well,  
4 Than others could do for three.

122B.1
1 COME, all you brave gallants, and listen a while,  
2 With hey down, down, an a down  
3 That are in the bowers within;  
4 For of Robin Hood, that archer good,

122B.2
1 Upon a time it chanc'd so  
2 Bold Robin in forest did spy  
3 A fayre sword and a broad buckeler  
4 And his to the sheriffe's portmantle

122B.3
1 'I have learned wisdome,' sayes the sherriffe,  
2 And, wife, I have learned of thee;  
3 But if Robin walke easte, or he walke west,

122B.4
1 The butcher he answered jolly Robin:  
2 No matter where I dwell;  
3 For Robin Hood, that archer good,  
4 A song I intend for to sing.

122B.5
1 'What is [the] price of thy flesh?' said jolly Robin,  
2 When other butchers they opened their meat,  
3 But how for to sell he knew not well,  
4 For a butcher he was but young.

122B.6
1 'The price of my flesh,' the butcher repli'd,  
2 I soon will tell unto thee;  
3 But he fat and fair for to see;  
4 For a butcher I fain would be.

122B.7
1 'Four mark I will give thee,' saith jolly Robin,  
2 His butcher's trade for to begin;  
3 With good intent, to the sherriff he went,  
4 And there he took up his inn.

122B.8
1 Now Robin is to Nottingham gone,  
2 For a butcher I fain would be.'

The Text of
123A.13
1 'I beshrew thy head,' said the curtal friar,
2 'Thou thinkes I shall be shente;
3 I thought thou had but a man or two,
4 And thou hast [a] whole conuent.

123A.14
1 'I lett thee haue a blast on thy horne,
2 Now give me leaue to whistle another;
3 I could not bide thee noe better play
4 And thou wert my owne borne brother.'

123A.15
1 'Now fute on, fute on, thou curtal fryar,
2 I pray God thou neere he be still;
3 It is not the futing in a friers fist
4 That can doe me any ill.'

123A.16
1 The friar sett his neave to his mouth,
2 A loud blast he did blow;
3 Then halfe a hundred good bandoggs
4 Came raking all on a rowe.

123A.17
1 . . .
2 . . .
3 'Every dogg to a man,' said the curtal fryar,
4 'And I my selfe to Robin Hood.'

123A.18
1 'Over God's forbott,' said Robin Hood,
2 'That euer that see holde be;
3 I had rather be matched with three of the tikes
4 Eor I wold be matched on thee.

123A.19
1 'But stay thy tikes, thou friar,' he said,
2 'And freindshipp I'le haue with thee;
3 But stay thy tikes, thou friar,' he said,
4 And saue good yeomanry.

123A.20
1 The friar he set his neave to his mouth,
2 A loud blast he did blow;
3 The dogs the coucht downe eiery one,
4 They couched downe on a rowe.

123A.21
1 'What is thy will, thou yeoman? he said,
2 'Haue done and tell it me';
3 'If that thou wille goe to merry greenwood,
4 Or it shall breed thy pain.

123B.1
1 IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
2 And flowers are fresh and gay,
3 Robin Hood and his merry men
4 Were disposed to play.

123B.2
1 Then some would leap, and some would run,
2 And some would use artillery;
3 'Which of you can a good bow draw,
4 A good archer to be?

123B.3
1 'Which of you can kill a buck?
2 Or who can kill a do?
3 Or who can kill a hart of greece,
4 Five hundred foot him fro?

123B.4
1 Will Scaddlock he kild a buck,
2 And midge he kild a do,
3 And Little John kild a hart of greece,
4 Five hundred foot him fro.

123B.5
1 'God's blessing on thy heart,' said Robin Hood,
2 'That hath [shot] such a shot for me;
3 I would ride my horse an hundred miles,
4 To finde one could match with thee.'

123B.6
1 That causd Will Scaddlock to laugh,
2 He laughed full heartly;
3 There lives a curtal frier in Fountain's Abbe
4 Will beat both him and thee.

123B.7
1 'That curtal frier in Fountain's Abby
2 Weil he can a strong bow draw;
3 He will beat you and your yeomen;
4 Set them all on a row.'

123B.8
1 Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
2 It was by Mary free,
3 That he would neither eat nor drink
4 Till the frier he did see.

123B.9
1 Robin Hood put on his harness good,
2 And on his head a cap of steel,
3 Broad sword and buckler by his side,
4 And they became him weel.

123B.10
1 He took his bow into his hand,
2 It was made of a trusty tree;
3 With a sheaf of arrows at his belt,
4 To the Fountains Dale went he.

123B.11
1 And comming unto Fountain[s]' Dale,
2 No further would he ride;
3 There was he aware of a curtal frier,
4 Walking by the water-side.

123B.12
1 The frier had on a harniss good,
2 And on his head a cap of steel,
3 Broad sword and buckler by his side,
4 And they became him weel.

123B.13
1 Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
2 And tied him to a thorn;
3 'Carry me over the water, thou curtal frier,
4 Or else thy life's forlorn.'

123B.14
1 The frier took Robin Hood on his back,
2 Deep water he did bestride,
3 And spake neither good word nor bad,
4 Till he came at the other side.

123B.15
1 Lightly leapt Robin Hood off the friers back;
2 The frier said to him again,
3 Carry me over this water, fine fellow,
4 Or it shall breed thy pain.

123B.16
1 Robin Hood took the frier on's back,
2 Deep water he did bestride,
3 And spake neither good word nor bad,
4 Till he came at the other side.

123B.17
1 Lightly leapt the frier off Robin Hoods back;
2 Robin Hood said to him again,
3 Carry me over this water, thou curtal frier,
4 Or it shall breed thy pain.

123B.18
1 The frier took Robin Hood on's back again,
2 And stept up to the knee;
3 Till he came at the middle stream,
4 Neither good nor bad spake he.

123B.19
1 And coming to the middle stream,
2 There he threw Robin in;
3 'And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
4 Whether thou wilt sink or swim.'

123B.20
1 Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
2 The frier to a wicker wand;
3 Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
4 And took his bow in hand.

123B.21
1 One of his best arrows under his belt
2 To the frier he let fye;
3 The curtal frier, with his steel buckler,
4 He put that arrow by.

123B.22
1 'Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
2 Shoot on as thou hast begun;
3 If thou shoot here a summers day,
4 Thy mark I will not shun.'

123B.23
1 Robin Hood shot passing well,
2 Till his arrows were all gone;
3 They took their swords and steel bucklers,
4 And fought with might and maine;

123B.24
1 From ten oth' clock that day,
2 Till four in 'th afternoon;
3 Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
4 Of the frier to beg a boon.

123B.25
1 A boon, a boon, thou curtal frier,
2 I beg it on my knee;
3 Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
4 And to blow blasts three.'

123B.26
1 'That will I do,' said the curtal frier,
2 'Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
3 I hope thou'lt blow so passing well
4 Till both thy eyes fall out.

123B.27
1 Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
2 He blew but blasts three;
3 Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,
4 Came raking over the lee.

123B.28
1 'Whose men are these,' said the frier,
2 'That come so hastily?
3 'These men are mine,' said Robin Hood;
4 'Frier, what is that to thee?'

123B.29
1 'A boon, a boon,' said the curtal frier,
2 'The like I gave to thee;
3 Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
4 And to whute whutes three.'

123B.30
1 'That will I do,' said Robin Hood,
2 'Or else I were to blame;
3 Three whutes in a friers fist
4 Would make me glad and fain.'

123B.31
1 The frier he set his fist to his mouth,
2 And whuted whutes three;
3 Half a hundred good ban-dogs
4 Came running the frier unto.

123B.32
1 'Here's for every man of thine a dog,
2 And I my self for thee:'
3 'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,
4 'Frier, that may not be:'

123B.33
1 Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,
2 The one behind, the other before;
3 Robin Hoods mantle of Lincoln green
4 Off from his back they tore.

123B.34
1 And whether his men shot east or west,
2 Or they shot north or south,
3 The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
4 They kept their arrows in their mouth.

123B.35
1 'Take up thy dogs,' said Little John,
2 'Frier, at my bidding be;
3 'Whose man art thou,' said the curtal frier,
4 'Comes here to prate with me?'

123B.36
1 'I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,
2 Frier, I will not lie;
3 If thou take not up thy dogs soon,
4 I'le take up them and thee.'

123B.37
1 Little John had a bow in his hand,
2 He shot with might and main;
3 Soon halfe a score of the friers dogs
4 Lay dead upon the plain.

123B.38
1 'Hold thy hand, good fellow,' said the curtal frier,
2 'Thy master and I will agree;
3 And we will have new orders taken,
4 With all the haste that may be.'

123B.39
1 'If thou wilt forsake fair Fountains Dale,
2 And Fountains Abby free,
3 The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
4 They kept their arrows in their mouth.

123B.40
1 'And every holy day throughout the year,
2 Changed shall thy garment be,
3 If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
4 And there remain with me.'

123B.41
1 This curtal frier had kept Fountains Dale
2 Seven long years or more;
3 There was neither knight, lord, nor earl
4 Could make him yield before.

124A.1
1 IN Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
2 In Wakefield, all on a green;
3 In Wakefield, all on a green;
For any such vnbidden guest.

That's cheere good enoughe,' said Robin,

But I haue bread and cheese,' sayes the pindar,

For this [is] one of the best pinders

If Michaelmas day were once come and gone

I have both bread and beef,' said the pinder,

And plod to the green wood with thee.'

I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,

For this is one of the best pinders

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood,

And with that they spyed the jolly pinder,

As he sate under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again,' said the pinder,

For a wrong way have you gone;

If Michaelmas day were once come and gone

I have both bread and beef,' said the pinder,

And plod to the green wood with thee.'

I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,

For this is one of the best pinders

There is neither knight nor squire,' said the

The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd;

Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin

O that were great shame,' said jolly Robin,

To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.

Quoth bold Robin Hood: 'I'll liquor thy hide,

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,

O that were great shame,' said jolly Robin,

To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.

Quoth bold Robin Hood: 'I'll liquor thy hide,

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,

O that were great shame,' said jolly Robin,

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To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.

Quoth bold Robin Hood: 'I'll liquor thy hide,

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,

O that were great shame,' said jolly Robin,

To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.

Quoth bold Robin Hood: 'I'll liquor thy hide,
The Child Ballads

126A.30
1 They presently fetched in a brace of fat does,
2 With humming strong liquor likewise;
3 They do what was good; so, in the greenwood;
4 This pretty sweet bane they baptize.

126A.31
1 He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
2 And may be, an ell in the waste;
A pretty sweet lad; much feasting they had;
4 Bold Robin the christning grac'd.

126A.32
1 With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
2 And were of the Nottn<o>gham breed;
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomens,
4 And did in this manner proceed.

126A.33
1 'This infant was called John Little,' quothe he,
2 'Which name shall be changed anon;
The words we'll transposte, so where-ever he goes,
4 His name shall be called Little John.'

126A.34
1 They all with a shout made the elements ring,
2 So soon as the office was ore;
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
4 And tippl'd strong liquor gillore.

126A.35
1 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet bane,
2 And cloathed him from top to the toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
4 This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

126A.36
1 'Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
2 And range in the greenwood with us;
And cloathed him from top to the toe
4 And tippl'd strong liquor gillore.

126A.37
1 'God a mercy, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,
2 'And give better terms to me;
Else I'le thee correct for thy neglect,
4 And make thee more mannerly.'

126A.38
1 'Marry gep with a venion!' quothe a Bland,
2 'Art thou such a goodly man?
Thou canst as well shite as shoote.
4 As thou hadst been staking of wood.

126A.39
1 'But let me measure,' said jolly Robin,
2 'For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
For that will be called foul play."
3 For I'le not have mine to be longer then thine,

126A.40
1 'I am a tanner,' bold Arthur reply'd,
2 'In Nottingham long have I wrought;
For as I do understand,
4 I fear all is not well.'

126A.41
1 'O, man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
2 The tanner that stands thee beside;
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
4 We twain will never depart.'

126A.42
1 'Now, what art thou, thou bold fellow,
2 That ranges so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,
4 That comes to steal our king's deer.'

126A.43
1 For I am a keeper in this forest;
2 The king puts me in trust
And as also me tell in what place thou dost dwell,
4 For both these fain would I know.'
And thus he made his moan.

He called then even for his host,
And saw that he was gone,
For the great shot to pay.

He made then haste away,
That while the Tinker fell asleep,
It fell so to his lot
That the Tinker he forgot
And they called for ale and wine,
There they both took one inn;
So they went both along.

Robin he had a good strong blade,
The Tinker had a crab-tree staff,
We shall find him I know.'

How then the game would go,
None with it I will trust;
To take him this night.'

'I have a warrant from the king,
I love it with all my heart.
Since that they all be true.

'I have a warrant from the king,
I have seen that warrant,' said Robin Hood;
'I hear, it is for good;
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a man.

'The king will give a hundred pound
That Tinker,' then said Little John,
'That friend you tell on,' said the host,
But Robin he then wish'd them both
And whatsoever we do get,
Should have made me so sad.

Now the stranger he made no mickle ado,
Now the stranger he made no mickle ado,
Wee shall find him I know.

The brave Tinker, then said Little John,
'I purpose now to begin.'
'For though I seem forlorn,
Just to give thee three good swords:
That shot it was shot in time;
And with them to go along,
And whatever we do get,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

And whatsoever we do get,
And whatsoever we do get,
And whatsoever we do get,
And whatever we do get,
And whatsoever we do get,
And whatever we do get,
And whatever we do get,
And whatever we do get,
And whatever we do get,
And whatever we do get,
128A.11
1 Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
2 To shoot, and that he would fain;
3 The stranger he bent a very good bow,
4 To shoot at bold Robin again.

128A.12
1 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' quoth Robin Hood,
2 'To shoot it would be in vain;
3 For if we should shoot the one at the other,
4 The one of us may be slain.

128A.13
1 'But let's take our swords and our broad bucklers,
2 And gang under yonder tree:'
3 'As I hope to be sav'd,' the stranger said,
4 'One foot I will not flee.'

128A.14
1 Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow
2 Most scar'd him out of his wit;
3 'Thou never felt blow,' the stranger he said,
4 'That shall be better quit.'

128A.15
1 The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,
2 And hit Robin on the crown,
3 That from every haire of bold Robin's head
4 The blood ran trickling down.

128A.16
1 'God a mercy, good fellow!' quoth Robin Hood
2 'And for this thou hast done;
3 Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
4 Tell me where thou dost woon.'

128A.17
1 The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
2 I'le tell thee where I did dwell;
3 In Maxfield was I bred and born,
4 My name is Young Gamswell.

128A.18
1 For killing of my own fathers steward,
2 I am forc'd to this English wood,
3 That from every haire of bold Robins head
4 The blood ran trickling down.

128A.19
1 'But art thou a cousin of Robin Hoods then?
2 The sooner we should have done:'
3 'As I hope to be sav'd,' the stranger said,
4 'I am his own sisters son.'

128A.20
1 But, Lord! what kissing and courting was there,
2 When these two cousins did meet
3 Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
4 So we shall be three to three.'

128A.21
2 I met with a stranger,' quoth Robin Hood then,
3 'Full sore he hath beaten me.'
2 Then 'Ile have a bout with him,' quoth Little John,
2 'I will go fight the giants all
3 But it is the poor distressed princess
4 Shall be welcomd unto the green wood.'

128A.22
2 'To find these champions forth.
3 To try whose fortune is so good
4 Or else to waste this land:
3 With serpents hissing on their helms,
3 To have the princess for his spouse,
3 Yet for all haste, ere they arriv'd,
4 For though my nephew me a breakfast gave,
2 'The danger is past and gone;
2 'Tell me this and no more:'
2 My liege, it must not be so;
2 Who in the list did stand,
2 'Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
2 'If I part with thy company.'
2 'I'le put on mothly gray,' quoth he.
2 'And kindly did imbrace.
2 'Within his arms he huggd them both,
2 All in this mournful plight?'
2 'Come, tell me the cause, thou pretty one,'
2 'Quoth Robin, and tell me aright,
2 From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,
2 All in this mournful plight?'
2 'From London I came,' the damsel reply'd,
2 'From London upon the thames,
2 Which circled is, O grief to tell!'
2 'Bersieg'd with forraign arms.
2 'By the proud Prince of Aragon,
2 Who swears by his martial hand
3 To have the princess for his spouse,
4 Or else to waste this land:
2 Except that champions can be found
3 Who swears by his martial hand
3 To have the princess for his spouse,
4 Or else to waste this land:
2 'Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
3 Strike terror where they come,
3 With serpents hissing on their helms,
4 Instead of feathered plume.
2 'The princess shall be the victors prize,
2 The king hath vow'd and said,
3 And he that shall the conquest win
4 Shall have her to his bride.
2 'Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
2 To the east, west, north, and south,
3 To try whose fortune is so good
4 To free a ladyfair.'
2 'When is the day?' quoth Robin Hood,
2 'Tell me this and no more:'
3 'On Midsummer next,' the damsel said,
2 'Which is June the twenty-four.'
2 With that the teares trickled down her cheeks,
2 And silent was her tongue;
2 With sighs and sobes she took her leave,
4 Away her palfrey sprung.
2 'This news struck Robin to the heart,
2 He fell down on the grass;
2 His actions and his troubled mind
4 Shewed he perplexed was.

128A.23
1 'Where lies your grief?' quoth Will Scadlock,
2 'O master, tell to me;
3 If the damsels eyes have pierced your heart,
4 I'll fetch her back to thee.'
1 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
2 'She doth not cause my smart;
3 But it is the poor distressed princess
4 That wounds me to the heart.
1 'I will go fight the giants all
2 To set the lady free:'
2 'The devil take my soul,' quoth Little John,
2 'If I part with thy company.'
2 'Must I stay behind?' quoth Will Scadlock;
2 'No, no, that must not be;
3 'I'le make the third man in the fight,
4 So we shall be three to three.'
2 These words cheerd Robin at the heart,
2 Joy shone within his face;
2 Within his arms he huggd them both,
4 And kindly did imbrace.
2 These words cheerd Robin at the heart,
2 Joy shone within his face;
2 Within his arms he huggd them both,
4 And kindly did imbrace.

128A.24
1 'Now they are on their journey gone,
2 As fast as they may speed,
3 Yet for all haste, ere they arriv'd.
4 The princess forth was led:
2 To be delivered to the prince,
2 Who in the list did stand,
3 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
4 His lady by the hand.
2 With that he walkt about the lists,
2 With giants by his side:
3 'Bring forth,' said he, 'your champions,
4 Or bring me forth my bride.'
2 'This is the four and twentieth day,
2 The day preftix upon;
3 'Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
4 I swear by Acoran.'
2 'Then cries the king, and queen likewise,
2 Both weeping as they speak.
3 Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
4 Whom we are forced to forsake.
2 'But all in vaine we have sought about;
2 Yet none so bold there are
3 That dare adventure life and blood,
4 To free a ladyfair.'
2 'What is the day?' quoth Robin Hoo,
2 'Tell me this and no more:
3 'On Midsummer next,' the damsel said,
2 'Which is June the twenty-four.'
2 With that the teares trickled down her cheeks,
2 And silent was her tongue;
2 With sighs and sobes she took her leave,
4 Away her palfrey sprung.
2 'This news struck Robin to the heart,
2 He fell down on the grass;
2 His actions and his troubled mind
4 Shewed he perplexed was.

128A.25
1 'Now they are on their journey gone,
2 As fast as they may speed,
3 Yet for all haste, ere they arriv'd.
4 The princess forth was led:
2 To be delivered to the prince,
2 Who in the list did stand,
3 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
4 His lady by the hand.
2 With that he walkt about the lists,
2 With giants by his side:
3 'Bring forth,' said he, 'your champions,
4 Or bring me forth my bride.'
2 'This is the four and twentieth day,
2 The day preftix upon;
3 'Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
4 I swear by Acoran.'
2 'Then cries the king, and queen likewise,
2 Both weeping as they speak.
3 Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
4 Whom we are forced to forsake.
2 'What is the day?' quoth Robin Hoo,
2 'Tell me this and no more:
3 'On Midsummer next,' the damsel said,
2 'Which is June the twenty-four.'
2 With that the teares trickled down her cheeks,
2 And silent was her tongue;
2 With sighs and sobes she took her leave,
4 Away her palfrey sprung.
2 'This news struck Robin to the heart,
2 He fell down on the grass;
2 His actions and his troubled mind
4 Shewed he perplexed was.
The Text of

129A.45
1 'This forest,' quoth Robin, 'I think is my own,
2 And so are the nimble deer too;
3 Without more ado, he presently drew,
4 His broad weapon, and thus they fell to it ding dong.'

130A.1
1 'I'm going,' quoth Robin, 'To kill a fat buck,
2 For me and my merry men all;
3 Besides, eer I go, I'll have a fat doe,
4 Or else it shall cost me a fall.'

131A.7
1 The prince he then began to storm;
2 Cyr, Fool, fanatick, baboon!
3 ‘Thou hast not bin true to sire nor cuz:"
4 ‘Thou hast not been true to sire or cuz:'

130A.4
1 Then Robin Hood turned his face to the east;
2 'Fight on my merry men stout,
3 Our cause is good, quoth brave Robin Hood,
4 And we shall not be beaten out.'

131A.3
1 We will both agree, and my man you shall be,
2 For a stouter I never have fought.'

130B.2
1 The first that he met was a jolly stout Scot,
2 His servant he said he would be;
3 'No,' quoth Robin Hood, 'it cannot be good,
4 For thou wilt prove false unto me.'

130A.46
1 So with his fauchion he run him through,
2 A deep and gashly wound;
3 Who damd and found, cursed and blasphemed,
4 And then fell to the ground.

131A.5
1 'These thirteen long summers,' quoth Robin, 'I'm sure,
2 My arrows I here have let fly,
3 Where freely I range; methinks it is strange,
4 You should have more power than I.'

130A.5
1 The battel grows hot on every side,
2 The Scotchman made great moan;
3 Quoth Jockey, Guide faith, they fight on each side;
4 Would I were with my wife lone!'

131A.6
1 The enemy compass brave Robin about,
2 'Tis long ere the battel ends;
3 'Tis never true, that mischief may cease,
4 And war may give place unto love.'

131A.7
1 This song was made in Robin Hoods days;
2 'Let's pray unto love above
3 To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
4 And war may give place unto love.'

130A.50
1 'A boon, a boon,' quoth Robin Hood,
2 'On my knees I beg and crave;
3 They frown I scorn, lo! here's my gage,
4 And thus I thee defie.'

130A.51
1 'Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
2 Which are within the green wood,
3 For Little John, and Will Scadlock,
4 And for me, bold Robin Hood,'
The Child Ballads

132A.4
1 If you have several suits of the gay green silk, 
2 And silken bow-strings two or three, 
3 Then it’s by my body, cries Little John, 
4 ‘One half your pack shall belong to me.’

132A.5
1 ‘O nay, o nay,’ says the pedlar bold, 
2 ‘O nay, o nay, that never can be; 
3 For there’s never a man from fair Nottingham 
4 Can take one half my pack from me.’

132A.6
1 Then the pedlar he pulled off his pack, 
2 And put it a little below his knee, 
3 Saying, If you do move me one perch from this, 
4 My pack and all shall gang with thee.

132A.7
1 Then Little John he drew his sword, 
2 The pedlar by his pack did stand, 
3 They fought until they both did sweat, 
4 Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your hand!

132A.8
1 Then Robin Hood he was standing by, 
2 And he did laugh most heartily; 
3 Saying, I could find a man, of a smaller scale, 
4 Could thrash the pedlar and also thee.

132A.9
1 ‘Go you try, master,’ says Little John, 
2 ‘Go you try, master, most speedilie, 
3 Or by my body,’ says Little John, 
4 ‘I am sure this night you will not know me.

132A.10
1 Then Robin Hood he drew his sword, 
2 And the pedlar by his pack did stand, 
3 They fought till the blood in streams did flow, 
4 Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your hand!

132A.11
1 Pedlar, pedlar, what is thy name? 
2 Come speedilie and tell to me: 
3 ‘My name! my name I neer will tell, 
4 Till both your names you have told to me.’

132A.12
1 ‘One of us is bold Robin Hood, 
2 And the other Little John so free.
3 ‘Now,’ says the pedlar, ‘it lays to my good will, 
4 Whether my name I chuse to tell to thee.

132A.13
1 ‘I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods, 
2 And travelled far beyond the sea; 
3 For killing a man in my father’s land 
4 Till both your names you have told to me.’

132A.14
1 ‘If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green woods, 
2 And travelled far beyond the sea; 
3 You are my mother’s own sister’s son; 
4 What nearer cousins then can we be?’

132A.15
1 They sheathed their swords with friendly words, 
2 So merrily they did agree; 
3 They went to a tavern, and there they dined, 
4 And bottles cracked most merrily.

132A.16
1 COME light and listen, you gentlemen all, 
2 Hey down, down, and a down 
3 That mirth do love for to hear, 
4 And a story true I’le tell unto you, 
5 If that you will but draw near.

132A.17
1 In elder times, when merriment was, 
2 And archery was helden good, 
3 There was an outlaw, as many did know, 
4 Which men called Robin Hood.

132A.18
1 Upon a time it chanced so 
2 Bold Robin was merry disposed, 
3 His time to spend he did intend, 
4 Either with friends or foes.

132A.19
1 ‘If that be true,’ the pedlar he said, 
2 ‘Thy mantle come give vnto me.’
3 ‘If you have several suits of the gay green silk, 
4 And silken bow-strings two or three.’

132A.20
1 He left all his merry men. 
2 With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen, 
3 ‘If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green woods, 
4 Either with friends or foes.’

132A.21
1 ‘The one of them was bold Robin Hood, 
2 And the other was Little John so free.
3 ‘I have no money,’ said Robin Hood then, 
4 ‘But, a ranger within the wood,
3 ‘Thy coat of gray, lay down I say, 
4 And my mantle of green shall lye by.’

132A.22
1 ‘Content, content,’ the beggar he cry’d, 
2 ‘This game well pleaseth me; 
3 For every blow that Robin did give, 
4 The beggar gave buffetts three.

132A.23
1 ‘O hold thy hand,’ said Robin Hood then, 
2 ‘This game well pleaseth me; 
3 For every blow that Robin did give, 
4 The blood came trickling down.

132A.24
1 ‘God speed, God speed,’ said Robin Hood, 
2 ‘As Robin he passed the streets along, 
3 ‘I am Yorkeshire, sir; but, ere you go far, 
4 And the have at thy purse.’

132A.25
1 ‘O hold thy hand,’ said Robin Hood then, 
2 ‘And thou and I will agree; 
3 ‘If that be true,’ the beggar he said, 
4 ‘Thy mantle come give vnto me.’

132A.26
1 ‘Nay a change, a change,’ cried Robin Hood; 
2 ‘Thy bags and coat give me, 
3 And this mantle of mine I’le to thee resign, 
4 My horse and my braverie.

132A.27
1 ‘If you have several suits of the gay green silk, 
2 And silken bow-strings two or three, 
3 Then it’s by my body, cries Little John, 
4 ‘One half your pack shall belong to me.’

132A.28
1 ‘O nay, o nay,’ says the pedlar bold, 
2 ‘O nay, o nay, that never can be; 
3 For there’s never a man from fair Nottingham 
4 Can take one half my pack from me.’

132A.29
1 ‘Go you try, master,’ says Little John, 
2 ‘Go you try, master, most speedilie, 
3 Or by my body,’ says Little John, 
4 ‘I am sure this night you will not know me.

132A.30
1 ‘The one of us is bold Robin Hood, 
2 And the other Little John so free.
3 ‘Now,’ says the pedlar, ‘it lays to my good will, 
4 Whether my name I chuse to tell to thee.

132A.31
1 ‘I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods, 
2 And travelled far beyond the sea; 
3 You are my mother’s own sister’s son; 
4 What nearer cousins then can we be?’

132A.32
1 They sheathed their swords with friendly words, 
2 So merrily they did agree; 
3 They went to a tavern, and there they dined, 
4 And bottles cracked most merrily.

132A.33
1 COME light and listen, you gentlemen all, 
2 Hey down, down, and a down 
3 That mirth do love for to hear, 
4 And a story true I’le tell unto you, 
5 If that you will but draw near.

132A.34
1 In elder times, when merriment was, 
2 And archery was helden good, 
3 There was an outlaw, as many did know, 
4 Which men called Robin Hood.

132A.35
1 Upon a time it chanced so 
2 Bold Robin was merry disposed, 
3 His time to spend he did intend, 
4 Either with friends or foes.

132A.36
1 ‘If you have several suits of the gay green silk, 
2 And silken bow-strings two or three, 
3 Then it’s by my body, cries Little John, 
4 ‘One half your pack shall belong to me.’

132A.37
1 ‘O nay, o nay,’ says the pedlar bold, 
2 ‘O nay, o nay, that never can be; 
3 For there’s never a man from fair Nottingham 
4 Can take one half my pack from me.’

132A.38
1 ‘Go you try, master,’ says Little John, 
2 ‘Go you try, master, most speedilie, 
3 Or by my body,’ says Little John, 
4 ‘I am sure this night you will not know me.

132A.39
1 ‘The one of us is bold Robin Hood, 
2 And the other Little John so free.
3 ‘Now,’ says the pedlar, ‘it lays to my good will, 
4 Whether my name I chuse to tell to thee.

132A.40
1 ‘I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods, 
2 And travelled far beyond the sea; 
3 You are my mother’s own sister’s son; 
4 What nearer cousins then can we be?’

132A.41
1 They sheathed their swords with friendly words, 
2 So merrily they did agree; 
3 They went to a tavern, and there they dined, 
4 And bottles cracked most merrily.

132A.42
1 COME light and listen, you gentlemen all, 
2 Hey down, down, and a down 
3 That mirth do love for to hear, 
4 And a story true I’le tell unto you, 
5 If that you will but draw near.

132A.43
1 In elder times, when merriment was, 
2 And archery was helden good, 
3 There was an outlaw, as many did know, 
4 Which men called Robin Hood.

132A.44
1 Upon a time it chanced so 
2 Bold Robin was merry disposed, 
3 His time to spend he did intend, 
4 Either with friends or foes.

132A.45
1 ‘If you have several suits of the gay green silk, 
2 And silken bow-strings two or three, 
3 Then it’s by my body, cries Little John, 
4 ‘One half your pack shall belong to me.’

132A.46
1 ‘O nay, o nay,’ says the pedlar bold, 
2 ‘O nay, o nay, that never can be; 
3 For there’s never a man from fair Nottingham 
4 Can take one half my pack from me.’

132A.47
1 ‘Go you try, master,’ says Little John, 
2 ‘Go you try, master, most speedilie, 
3 Or by my body,’ says Little John, 
4 ‘I am sure this night you will not know me.

132A.48
1 ‘The one of us is bold Robin Hood, 
2 And the other Little John so free.
3 ‘Now,’ says the pedlar, ‘it lays to my good will, 
4 Whether my name I chuse to tell to thee.

132A.49
1 ‘I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods, 
2 And travelled far beyond the sea; 
3 You are my mother’s own sister’s son; 
4 What nearer cousins then can we be?’

132A.50
1 They sheathed their swords with friendly words, 
2 So merrily they did agree; 
3 They went to a tavern, and there they dined, 
4 And bottles cracked most merrily.
He thought some part had he.

If any beggar had money,

Together stuck fast;

He had three hats upon his head,

His meal-pock hang about his neck,

Was more than twenty fold.

The thinnest bit of it, I guess,

He had a pike-staff in his hand,

And as he came from Barnesdale

That's come of high born blood;

To be of his yeomandrie.

And sung with a merry glee,

But the sheriff was crost, and many a man lost,

And away he had them tane;

Then they shot east, and they shot west;

'Vere here at your command:'

Till a hundred bold archers brave

But to beg the lives of yeomen three,

'Thus thou must lend me some money,

And if you may not bring him back,

Therefore, lay down thy clouted cloak,

If thou have but a small farthing,

'There is no meat, nor drink,' said Robin Hood then,

'Thou art as young a man as I,

'I wot he might not draw a sword

Good Robin could not speak a word,

For forty days and more;

'And if you may not bring him back,

'That is no meat, nor drink,' said Robin Hood then,

'I was an angry man——

Good Robin sighd ere he began

'And now to thee I make a vow,

Up have they taken good Robin,

And found their master in a trance,

Now three of Robin’s men, by chance,

'Three of Robin’s men, by chance,

And boldy bownd away;

Yet saw they no man there at whom

They might the matter spear.

There they thought he dead but fail,

And it is growing late;

If ever you lovd your master well,

If thou have but a small farthing,

Thou has been at a dale.'

Good Robin answerd never a word,

But by thy fare,

If thou have but a small farthing,

And it is growing late;

If thou have but a small farthing,

And loose the strings of all thy pocks:

I’ll give thee that with my hand.

I have no money to lend.

Of mine thou takes no care;

If thou have but a small farthing,

And in it set a broad arrow;

That I may see, before I die,

If I eschapt again.'

Go now revenge this deed.

If thou have but a small farthing,

He could not fight, he could not flee,
134.42
1 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,
2 'I trow there's enough said;
3 If he get scouth to wield his tree,
4 I fear you'll both be paid.'
134.43
1 'Be ye not feard, our good master,
2 That we two can be dung
3 With any blutter base beggar,
4 That hath nought but a rung.
134.44
1 His staff shall stand him in no stead;
2 That you shall shortly see;
3 But back again he shall be led,
4 And fast bound shall thou be,
5 To see if he will have thee slain,
6 Or hanged on a tree.'
134.45
1 'But cast you silly in his way,
2 Before be ye aware,
3 And on his pike-staff first lay hands;
4 You'll speed the better far.'
134.46
1 Now leave we Robin with his man,
2 Again to play the child,
3 And learn himself to stand and gang
4 By haulds, for all his eild.
134.47
1 Now pass we to the bold beggar,
2 That raked o'er the hill,
3 Who never mended his pace no more
4 Nor he had done no ill.
134.48
1 The young men knew the country well,
2 So soon where he would be,
3 And they had taken another way,
4 Was nearer by miles three.
134.49
1 They rudely ran with all their might,
2 'Spär'd neither dub nor mire;
3 They stirred neither at laigh nor hight,
4 No travel made them tire.
134.50
1 Till they before the beggar wan,
2 And coost them in his way;
3 A little wood lay in a glen,
4 And there they both did stay.
134.51
1 They stood up closely by a tree,
2 In ilk side of the gate,
3 Until the beggar came them to,
4 That thought not of such fate.
134.52
1 And as he was betwixt them past,
2 They leap't upon him baith;
3 The one his pike-staff gripped fast,
4 They feared for its scaith.
134.53
1 The other he held in his sight
2 A drawn dirk to his breast,
3 And said False carl, quit thy staff,
4 Or I shall be thy priest.
134.54
1 His pike-staff they have taken him frae,
2 And stuck it in the green;
3 He was full leath to let [it] gae,
4 If better might have been.
134.55
1 The beggar was the fearest man
2 Of one that ever might be;
3 To win away no way he can,
4 Nor help him with his tree.
134.56
1 He wist not wherefore he was tane,
2 Nor how many was there;
3 He thought his life-days had been gone,
4 And grew into despair.
134.57
1 'Grant me my life,' the beggar said,
2 'For him that died on tree,
3 And took away that ugly knife,
4 Or then for fear I'll die.
134.58
1 'I grieved you never in all my life,
2 By late nor yet by ayre;
3 Ye have great sin,if ye should slay
4 A silly poor beggar.'
134.59
1 'Thou lies, false lown,' they said again,
2 'By all that may be sworn;
3 Thou hast near slain the gentlest man
4 That ever yet was born.
134.60
1 'And back again thou shalt be led,
2 And fast bound shalt thou be,
3 To see if he will have thee slain,
4 Or hanged on a tree.'
134.61
1 The beggar then thought all was wrong;
2 They were set for his wrack;
3 He saw nothing appearing then
4 But ill upon worse back.
134.62
1 Were he out of their hands, he thought,
2 And had again his tree,
3 He should not be had back for nought,
4 With such as he did see.
134.63
1 Then he bethought him on a wile,
2 If it could take effect,
3 How he the young men might beguile,
4 And give them a begeck.
134.64
1 Thus for to do them shame or ill
2 His beastly breast was bent;
3 He found the wind grew something shril,
4 To further his intent.
134.65
1 He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,
2 And let the poor man be;
3 When ye have taken a beggar’s blood,
4 It helps you not a flee.
134.66
1 It was but in my own defence,
2 If he hath gotten skath;
3 But I will make a recompence,
4 Much better for you baith.
134.67
1 If ye will set me safe and free,
2 And do me no danger;
3 An hundred pounds I will you give,
4 And much more good silver.
134.68
1 That I have gathered these many years,
2 Under this clouted cloak,
3 And hid up wonder privately,
4 In bottom of my pock.
134.69
1 The young men to a council yeed,
2 And let the beggar gae;
3 They wist how well he had no speed
4 From them to run away.
134.70
1 They thought they would the money take,
2 Come after what so may,
3 And then they would not bring him back,
4 But in that part him slay.
134.71
1 By that good Robin would not know
2 That they had gotten coin;
3 It would content him for to show
4 That there they had him slain.
134.72
1 They said, False carl, soon have done
2 And tell forth that money;
3 For the ill turn thou hast done
4 'Tis but a simple fee.
134.73
1 And yet we will not have thee back,
2 Come after what so may,
3 If thou wilt do that which thou spake,
4 And make us present pay.
134.74
1 O then loosed his clouted cloak,
2 And spread it on the ground,
3 And thereon he laid many a pock,
4 Betwixt them and the wind.
134.75
1 He took a great bag from his hase;
2 It was near full of meal;
3 And thereon he laid many a pock,
4 If better might have been.
134.76
1 Upon his cloak he laid it down,
2 The mouth he opend wide;
3 To turn the same he made him bown,
4 The young men ready spy’d.
134.77
1 In every hand he took a nook
2 Of that great leathern meal,
3 And with a fling the meal he shook
4 Into their faces hail.
134.78
1 Wherewith he blinded them so close
2 A stime they could not see;
3 And then in heart he did rejoice,
4 And clapt his lusty tree.
134.79
1 He thought, if he had done them wrong
2 In mealing of their cloaths,
3 For to strike off the meal again
4 With his pike-staff he goes.
134.80
1 Or any one of them could red their eyne,
2 Or yet a glimmering could see,
3 Ilk ane of them a dozen had,
4 Well laid on with the tree.
134.81
1 The young men were right swift of foot,
2 And boldly ran away;
3 The beggar could them no more hit,
4 For all the haste he may.
134.82
1 'What ails this haste?" the beggar said,
2 'May ye not tarry still,
3 Until your money be receiv’d?
4 I’ll pay you with good will.
134.83
1 'The shaking of my pocks, I fear,
2 Hath blown into your eyne;
3 But I have a good pike-staff here
4 Will rip them out full clean.’
134.84
1 The young men answerd neer a word,
2 They were dumb as a stane;
3 Most like ye have been at that art,
4 Eer they ripped their eyne.
134.85
1 And syne the night became so late,
2 To seek him was but vain;
3 But judge ye, if they looked blate
4 When they came home again.
134.86
1 Good Robin speread how they had sped;
2 They answerd him. Full ill;
3 ‘That cannot be,’ good Robin says;
4 ‘Ye have been at the mill.
134.87
1 ‘The mill is a meartif place,
2 They may lick what they please;
3 Most like ye have been at that art,
4 Who would look to your cloaths.’
134.88
1 They hangd their heads, and dropped down,
2 A word they could not speak:
3 Ye have done with the bold beggar
4 I sent you for right now.
134.89
1 Tell on the matter, less and more,
2 And tell me what and how
3 Ye have done with the bold beggar
4 I sent you for right now.
134.90
1 And then they told him to an end,
2 As I have said before,
3 How that the beggar did them blind,
4 What misters process more.
134.91
1 And how he lin’d their shoulders broad
2 With his great trenchen tree,
3 And how in the thick wood he fled,
4 Eer they a stime could see.
134.92
1 And how they scarcely could win home,
2 Their bones were helt so sore:
3 Good Robin cry’d, Fy! out, for shame!
4 We’re sham’d for evermore.
135A.15
1 'A boon, a boon,' cried bold Robin;
2 'If that a man thou be,
3 Then let me take my beaugle-horn,
4 And blow but blasts three.'

135A.16
1 'To blow three times three,' the Shepherd said,
2 'I will not thee deny;
3 For if thou shouldst blow till to-morrow morn,
4 I scorn one foot to fly.'

135A.17
1 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
2 And blew with mickle main,
3 Until he espied Little John
4 Come tripping over the plain.

135A.18
1 'O who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
2 That comes down yonder hill?
3 'Yonder is Little John, bold Robin Hoods man
4 Shall fight with thee thy fill.'

135A.19
1 'What is the matter?' saies Little John,
2 'Master, come tell to me':
3 'My case is great,' saies Robin Hood,
4 For the Shepherd hath conquered me.

135A.20
1 'I am glad of that,' cries Little John,
2 'Shepherd, turn thou to me;
3 For a bout wott thou to have,
4 Either come fight or flee.'

135A.21
1 With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
2 For it never shall be said
3 That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look
4 Will one jot be dismaid.

135A.22
1 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,
2 Striving for victory;
3 'I will know,' saies John, ere we give ore,
4 Whether thou wilt fight or fye.

135A.23
1 The Shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
2 With his hook under the chin;
3 'Beshrew thy heart,' said Little John,
4 Thou basely dost begin.

135A.24
1 'Nay, that's nothing,' said the Shepherd;
2 'Either yield to me the day,
3 Or I will bang thee back and sides,
4 Before thou goest thy way.

135A.25
1 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
2 That thou canst conquer me?
3 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
4 I'll fight before I'll fye.'

135A.26
1 With that to thrust Little John like mad
2 The Shepherd he begun;
3 'Hold, hold,' cried bold Robin Hood,
4 And I'll yeeld the wager won.

135A.27
1 'With all my heart,' said Little John,
2 'To that I will agree;
3 For he is the flower of shepherd-swains,
4 The like I never did see.'

135A.28
1 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
2 Also of Little John,
3 How a shepherd-swain did conquer them;
4 The like did never none.

135A.29
1 THERE is some will talk of lords and knights,
2 Doun a doun a doun a doun
3 And some of you can good.
4 But I will tell you of Will Scarlet,
5 Little John and Robin Hoods,
6 Doun a doun a doun a doun.

135A.30
1 They were outlaws, as 'tis well known,
2 And men of a noble blood;
3 And many a time was their valour shown
4 In the forest of merry Sherwood.

135A.31
1 Upon a time it chanced so,
2 As Robin Hood would have it be,
3 They all three would a walking go,
4 Some pastime for to see.

135A.32
1 And as they walked the forest along,
2 Upon a midsummer day,
3 There was they aware of three keepers,
4 Clade all in green aray,

135A.33
1 'Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
2 Tell me as I do stand
3 What thou hast to do with my bag and bottle?
4 Let me see thy command.'

135A.34
1 'My sword, which hangeth by my side,
2 Is my command I know;
3 Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,
4 Or it may breake thee wo.'

135A.35
1 'Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
2 Thou stands too long to prate;
3 Here is twenty pounds in good red gold;
4 And you of a noble blood;

135A.36
1 'We will fight no more,' sayes bold Robin,
2 And with our names, one of them said,
3 Or we will transgress?'

135A.37
1 'There is some will talk of lords and knights,
2 And men of a noble blood;
3 And many a time was their valour shown
4 In the forest of merry Sherwood.

135A.38
1 'I am glad of that,' cries Little John,
2 That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look
3 Will one jot be dismaid.

135A.39
1 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
2 That thou canst conquer me?
3 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
4 I'll fight before I'll fye.'

135A.40
1 With that to thrust Little John like mad
2 The Shepherd he begun;
3 'Hold, hold,' cried bold Robin Hood,
4 And I'll yeeld the wager won.

135A.41
1 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
2 Also of Little John,
3 How a shepherd-swain did conquer them;
4 The like did never none.

136A.1
1 Allto good Robin would full fain
2 Of his wrong revenged be,
3 He smil'd to see his merry young men
4 Had gotten a taste of the tree.

136A.2
1 As Robin Hood walkt the forest along,
2 Some pastime for to spie,
3 There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,
4 That on the ground did lie.

136A.3
1 'Arise, arise,' cryed joly Robin,
2 'And now come let me see
3 What is in thy bag and bottle, I say;
4 Come tell it unto me.'

136A.4
1 'What's that to thee, thou proud fellow?
2 Tell me as I do stand
3 What thou hast to do with my bag and bottle?
4 Let me see thy command.'

136A.5
1 'My sword, which hangeth by my side,
2 Is my command I know;
3 Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,
4 Or it may breake thee wo.'

136A.6
1 'Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
2 Thou stands too long to prate;
3 Here is twenty pounds in good red gold;
4 And you of a noble blood;

136A.7
1 'I am glad of that,' cries Little John,
2 That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look
3 Will one jot be dismaid.

136A.8
1 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
2 That thou canst conquer me?
3 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
4 I'll fight before I'll fye.'

136A.9
1 'With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
2 For it never shall be said
3 That shepherds hook of thy sturdy look
4 Will one jot be dismaid.

136A.10
1 With that to thrust Little John like mad
2 The Shepherd he begun;
3 'Hold, hold,' cried bold Robin Hood,
4 And I'll yeeld the wager won.

136A.11
1 'My sword, which hangeth by my side,
2 Is my command I know;
3 Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,
4 Or it may breake thee wo.'

136A.12
1 'Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
2 Of thy hook thou shalt see,
3 Until thy valour here be tried,
4 Whether thou wilt fight or flee.'

136A.13
1 'My sword, which hangeth by my side,
2 Is my command I know;
3 Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,
4 Or it may breake thee wo.'

136A.14
1 'Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
2 Of thy hook thou shalt see,
3 Until thy valour here be tried,
4 Whether thou wilt fight or flee.'

136A.15
1 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
2 That thou canst conquer me?
3 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
4 I'll fight before I'll fye.'

136A.16
1 There is some will talk of lords and knights,
2 Doun a doun a doun a doun
3 And some of you can good.
4 But I will tell you of Will Scarlet,
5 Little John and Robin Hoods,
6 Doun a doun a doun a doun.

136A.17
1 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
2 That thou canst conquer me?
3 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
4 I'll fight before I'll fye.'

136A.18
1 'With all my heart,' said Little John,
2 'To that I will agree;
3 For he is the flower of shepherd-swains,
4 The like I never did see.'

136A.19
1 'I am glad of that,' cries Little John,
2 That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look
3 Will one jot be dismaid.

136A.20
1 'Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
2 Thou stands too long to prate;
3 Here is twenty pounds in good red gold;
4 And you of a noble blood;

136A.21
1 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
2 That thou canst conquer me?
3 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
4 I'll fight before I'll fye.'

136A.22
1 'With that to thrust Little John like mad
2 The Shepherd he begun;
3 'Hold, hold,' cried bold Robin Hood,
4 And I'll yeeld the wager won.

136A.23
1 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
2 That thou canst conquer me?
3 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
4 I'll fight before I'll fye.'

136A.24
1 'With all my heart,' said Little John,
2 'To that I will agree;
3 For he is the flower of shepherd-swains,
4 The like I never did see.'

136A.25
1 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
2 Also of Little John,
3 How a shepherd-swain did conquer them;
4 The like did never none.

136A.26
1 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore;
2 Striving for victory;
3 'I will know,' saies John, ere we give ore,
4 Whether thou wilt fight or fye.

136A.27
1 The Shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
2 With his hook under the chin;
3 'Beshrew thy heart,' said Little John,
4 Thou basely dost begin.

136A.28
1 Nay, that's nothing,' said the Shepherd;
2 'Either yield to me the day,
3 Or I will bang thee back and sides,
4 Before thou goest thy way.

136A.29
1 'With that to thrust Little John like mad
2 The Shepherd he begun;
3 'Hold, hold,' cried bold Robin Hood,
4 And I'll yeeld the wager won.

136A.30
1 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
2 That thou canst conquer me?
3 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
4 I'll fight before I'll fye.'
The Child Ballads

137A.14 1 Then downe they flung their packes eche one, 2 And stayde till Robin came; 3 Quod Robin, I saide ye had better stayde; 4 Good sooth, ye were to blame.

137A.15 1 'And who art thou? by S. Crispin, I vowe 2 'Tis quickly crackle thy head!' 3 Cried Robin, Come on, all three, or one; 4 It is not so soon done as said.

137A.16 1 My name, by the roode, is Robin Hood, 2 And this is Scarlett and John; 3 It is three to three, ye may plainlie see, 4 Soe now, brave fellows, laye on.

137A.17 1 The first peddlers blowe brake Robins bowe 2 That he had in his hand, 3 And Scarlett and John, they eche had one 4 That they unneath could stand.

137A.18 1 'Now holde your handes,' cride Robin Hood, 2 'For ye have got oken staves; 3 But tarrie till wee can get but three, 4 And a fig for all your braves.'

137A.19 1 Of the peddlers the first, his name Kit o 2 Said, We are all content; 3 Soe eche toake a stake for his weapon, to make 4 The peddlers to repent.

137A.20 1 Soc to it they fell, and their blowes did ring well 2 Upon the others backes; 3 And gave the peddlers cause to wish 4 They had not cast their packes.

137A.21 1 Yet the peddlers three of their blowes were so free 2 That Robin began for to rue; 3 And Scarlett and John had such loade laide on it 4 As most had cause to knowe.

137A.22 1 At last Kits oke caught Robin a stroke 2 That made the sunne looke blue. 3 And Scarlett and John had such loade laide on 4 As you shall understand.

137A.23 1 'Now holde your handes,' cride Little John, 2 And soe did Scarlett eke; 3 'Our maister is slaine, I tell you plaine, 4 He presentlie powrde some deale.

137A.24 1 'Now, heaven forefend he come to that ende,' 2 Said Kit, 'I love him well; 3 But let him learne to be wise in turne, 4 And not with pore peddlers mell.'

137A.25 1 'In my packe, God wot, I a balsame have got 2 That soothe his hurts will heale,' 3 And into Robin Hoods gaping mouth 4 He presentlie powrde some deale.

137A.26 1 'Now fare you well, tis best not to tell 2 How ye three peddlers met; 3 Or if ye doe, pritheee tell asoe 4 How they made ye swinke and swet.'

137A.27 1 Poor Robin in sound they left on the ground, 2 And hied them to Nottingham, 3 While Scarlett and John Robin tended on, 4 Till at length his senses came.

137A.28 1 Noe sooneuen, in haste, did Robin Hoods taste 2 Then at length his senses came. 3 And Scarlett and John, who were looking on 4 Their master as he did lie,

137A.29 1 And scarlett and John, who were looking on 2 Their master as he did lie, 3 Had their faces besmeard, both eies and beard, 4 Therewith most piteously.

137A.30 1 Thus ended that fray; soe beware alwaye 2 How ye doe challenge foes; 3 Looke well aboute they are not to stoute, 4 Or you may have worst of the blowes.

138A.1 1 COME listen to me, you gallants so free, 2 All you that loves mirth for to hear, 3 And I will you tell of a bold outlaw, 4 That lived in Nottinghamshire.

138A.2 1 As Robin Hood in the forest stood, 2 All under the green-wood tree, 3 There was he ware of a brave young man, 4 As fine as fine might be.

138A.3 1 The youngster was clothed in scarlet red, 2 In scarlet fine and gay, 3 And he did frisk it over the plain, 4 And chantied a rondelay.

138A.4 1 As Robin Hood next morning stood, 2 Amongst the leaves so gay, 3 There did he espy the same young man 4 Come dropping along the way.

138A.5 1 'This is the scarlet he wore the day before, 2 It was clean cast away; 3 And every step he fetcht a sigh, 4 'Aack and a well a day!' 5 'Ye are bolde outlawes, I see by cause 2 I would have ye for to knowe; 3 This is my owne land by right.

138A.6 1 'I have no money,' the young man said, 2 'But five shillings and a ring; 3 And that I have kept this seven long years, 4 For my merry men and me.'

138A.7 1 'Stand off, stand off,' the young man said, 2 'What is your will with me?' 3 'You must come before our master straight, 4 Under yon green-wood tree.'

138A.8 1 As Robin Hood in the forest stood, 2 All under the green-wood tree, 3 There was he ware of a brave young man, 4 As fine as fine might be.

138A.9 1 'What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood, 2 'Come tell me, without any fail:' 3 'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man, 4 'My name is Allin a Dale.'

138A.10 1 'Yesterday I should have married a maid, 2 But she is now from me tane, 3 And chosen to be an old knights delight, 4 Whereby my poor heart is slain.'

138A.11 1 'What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood, 2 'Come tell me, without any fail:' 3 'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man, 4 'My name it is Allin a Dale.'

138A.12 1 'What wilt thou give me,' said Robin Hood, 2 'In ready gold or fee, 3 To help thee to thy true-love again, 4 And deliver her unto thee?'

138A.13 1 'I have no money,' then quoth the young man, 2 'No ready gold nor fee; 3 But I will swear upon a book, 4 Thy true servant for to be.'

138A.14 1 'How many miles is it to thy true-love? 2 Come tell me without any guile:' 3 'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man, 4 'It is but five little mile.'

138A.15 1 Then Robin he hasted over the plain, 2 He did neither stint nor lin, 3 Untill he came unto the church 4 Where Allin should keep his wedding.
The Text of

138A.16
1 'What dost thou do here?' the bishop he said,
2 'I prethee now tell to me.'
3 'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,
4 'And the best in the north country.'

138A.17
1 'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,
2 'That musick best pleaseth me.'
3 'You shall have no musick,' quoth Robin Hood,
4 'Till the bride and the bridgroom I see.'

138A.18
1 With that came in a wealthy knight,
2 Which was both grave and old,
3 And after him a finklin lass,
4 Did shine like glistening gold.

138A.19
1 'This is no fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,
2 'That you make here;
3 For since we are come unto the church,
4 The bride she shall chuse her own dear.'

138A.20
1 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
2 And blew blasts two or three;
3 When four and twenty bowmen bold
4 Came leaping over the lee.

138A.21
1 And when they came into the church-yard,
2 Marching all on a row,
3 The first man was Allin a Dale,
4 To give bold Robin his bow.

138A.22
1 'This is thy true-love,' Robin he said,
2 'Young Allin, as I hear say;
3 And twenty pound in thy purse,
4 To spend att ale and wine.'

138A.23
1 'That shall not be,' the bishop he said,
2 'For thy word shall not stand;
3 They shall be three times askt in the church,
4 As the law is of our land.'

138A.24
1 Robin Hood pulld off the bishops coat,
2 And put it upon Little John;
3 'By the faith of my body,' then said Robin,
4 This cloath doth make thee a man.'

138A.25
1 When Little John went into the quire,
2 The people began for to laugh;
3 He that did this quarrel first begin
4 With the forresters that were slain.

138A.26
5 'Who gives me this maid,' then said Little John,
6 Quoth Robin, That do I,
7 And he that doth take her from Allin a Dale
8 Full dearly he shall her buy.

138A.27
1 And thus having ended this merry wedding,
2 The bride lookt as fresh as a queen,
3 And so they returnd to the merry green wood,
4 Amongst the leaves so green.

139A.1
1 ROBIN HOOD hee was and a tall young man,
2 Derry derry down
3 And fifteen winters old,
4 And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,
5 Of courage stout and bold.
6 Hey down derry derry down

139A.2
1 Robin Hood he would and to fair Nottingham,
2 With the general for to dine;
3 There was he ware of fifteen forresters,
4 And a drinking bear, ale, and wine.

139A.3
1 'What news? What news?' said bold Robin Hood;
2 'What news, fain wouldst thou know?
3 Our king hath provided a shooting-match.'
4 'And I'm ready with my bow.'

139A.4
1 'We hold it in scorn,' then said the forresters,
2 'That ever a boy so young
3 Should bear a bow before our king,
4 That's not able to draw one string.'

139A.5
1 'T'le hold you twenty marks,' said bold Robin Hood,
2 'By the leave of Our Lady,
3 That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod,
4 And I'le cause a hart to dye.'

139A.6
1 'We'le hold you twenty mark,' then said the forresters,
2 'By the leave of Our Lady,
3 Thou hist not the marke a hundred rod,
4 Nor causers a hart to dye.'

139A.7
1 Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,
2 And a broad arrow he let flye,
3 He hit the mark a hundred rod,
4 And he caused a hart to dy.

139A.8
1 Some said hee brake ribs one or two,
2 And some said hee brake three;
3 The arrow within the hart would not abide,
4 But it glanced in two or three.

139A.9
1 The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
2 And the hart lay on the ground;
3 'The wager is mine,' said bold Robin Hood,
4 If 'twere for a thousand pound.'

139A.10
1 'The wager's none of thine,' then said the forresters,
2 'Although thou beest in haste;
3 Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
4 Lest wee thy sides do baste.'

139A.11
1 Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,
2 And his broad arrows he let flye,
3 Till fourteen of these fifteen forresters
4 Vpon the ground did dye.

139A.12
1 He that did this quarrel first began
2 Went tripping over the plain;
3 But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,
4 And hee fetcht him back again.

139A.13
1 'You said I was no archer,' said Robin Hood,
2 'But say so now again;
3 With that he sent another arrow
4 That split his head in twain.

139A.14
1 'You have found mee an archer,' saith Robin Hood,
2 'Which will make your wives for to wring,
3 And you shall be married at this same time,
4 And is gone to the merry green wood.'

139A.15
1 'I'll hold you twenty marks,' said bold Robin Hood,
2 Itt gogled on his crowne;
3 'When I come into Nottingham,' said Robin,
4 'My hood it will lightly downe.'

139A.16
1 'But Robin did on this old mans hooe,
2 He lope over stocke and stone;
3 But those that saw Robin Hood run
4 Hee shold bee a luer old man.

139A.17
1 [Then Robin set his] horse to his mount,
2 A loud blast cold hee blow;
3 Ffull three hundred bold yeomons
4 Came raking all on a row.

139A.18
1 But Robin he lope, and Robin he threw,
2 He lope over stocke and stone;
3 And christs cursse on his heart,' said Robin,
4 'That spares the sheriffe and the sergiant!'
140B.2 | Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
| 1 With a link a down and a day,  
| 2 And there he met a silly old woman,  
| 4 Was weeping on the way.

140B.3 | ‘What news, what news, thou silly old woman?  
| 1 What news hast thou for me?’  
| 3 Said she, ‘There’s three squires in Nottingham town  
| 4 To-day is condemned to die.

140B.4 | ‘O have they parishes burnt?’ he said,  
| 2 ‘Or have they ministers slain?  
| 3 Or have they robbed any virgin,  
| 4 Or with other men’s wives have lain?’

140B.5 | They have no parishes burnt, good sir,  
| 2 Nor yet have ministers slain,  
| 3 Nor have they robbed any virgin,  
| 4 Nor with other men’s wives have lain.’

140B.6 | ‘What have they done?’ said bold Robin Hood,  
| 2 ‘I pray thee tell to me’:  
| 3 ‘It’s for slaying of the king’s fallow deer,  
| 4 Bearing their long bows with thee.’

140B.7 | ‘Dost thou not mind, old woman,’ he said,  
| 2 ‘Since thou made me sup and dine?  
| 3 By the truth of my body,’ quoth bold Robin Hood,  
| 4 ‘You could not tell it in better time.’

140B.8 | Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
| 2 With a link a down and a day,  
| 3 And there he met a silly old palmer,  
| 4 Was walking along the highway.

140B.9 | ‘What news, what news, thou silly old man?  
| 2 What news, do I thee pray?  
| 3 Said he, Three squires in Nottingham town  
| 4 Are condemned to die this day.

140B.10 | ‘Come change thy apparel with me, old man,  
| 1 Come change thy apparel for mine:  
| 3 Here is forty shillings in good silver,  
| 4 Go drink it in beer or wine.’

140B.11 | ‘O thine apparel is good,’ he said,  
| 2 ‘And mine is ragged and torn;  
| 3 Wherever you go, wherever you ride,  
| 4 Laugh neer an old man to scorn.’

140B.12 | ‘Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,  
| 2 Come change thy apparel with mine;  
| 3 Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,  
| 4 Go feast thy brethren with wine.’

140B.13 | Then he put on the old man’s hat,  
| 2 It stood full high on the crown;  
| 3 ‘The first bold bargain that I come at,  
| 4 To wear the bags of bread.

140B.14 | Then he put on the old man’s cloak,  
| 2 Was patched black, blew, and red;  
| 3 He thought no shame all the day long  
| 4 To wear the bags of bread.

140B.15 | Then he put on the old man’s breeks,  
| 2 Was patched from hump to side;  
| 3 ‘By the truth of my body,’ said bold Robin Hood,  
| 4 ‘I’d laugh if I had any list.’

140B.16 | Then he put on the old man’s hose,  
| 2 Were patched both beneath and afoam;  
| 3 Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,  
| 4 It’s a good habit that makes a man.

140B.18 | Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
| 2 With a link a down and a day,  
| 3 And there he met with the proud sheriff,  
| 4 Was walking along the town.

140B.19 | ‘O save, O save, O sheriff,’ he said,  
| 2 ‘O save, and you may see!  
| 3 And what will you give to a silly old man  
| 4 To-day will your hangman be?’

140B.20 | ‘Some suits, some suits,’ the sheriff he said,  
| 6 ‘Some suits I’ll give to thee;  
| 7 Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen  
| 8 To-day’s a hangman’s fee.’

140B.21 | Then Robin he turns him round about,  
| 2 And jumps from stock to stone;  
| 3 ‘By the truth of my body,’ the sheriff he said,  
| 4 ‘That’s well jumpt, thou nimbile old man.’

140B.22 | ‘I was neer a hangman in all my life,  
| 2 Nor yet have ministwrs slain,  
| 3 Nor have they robbed any virgin,  
| 4 Nor with other men’s wives have lain.’

140B.23 | ‘I’ve a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,  
| 2 And a bag for barley and corn;  
| 3 A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,  
| 4 And a bag for my little small horn.

140B.24 | ‘I have a horn in my pocket,  
| 2 I got it from Robin Hood,  
| 3 And still when I set it to my mouth,  
| 4 For thee it blows little good.’

140B.25 | O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,  
| 2 Of thee I have no doubt;  
| 3 I wish that thou give such a blast  
| 4 Till both thy eyes fall out.

140B.26 | The first loud blast that he did blow,  
| 2 He blew both loud and amain,  
| 3 A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood’s men  
| 4 Came shining over the plain.

140B.27 | The next loud blast that he did give,  
| 2 He blew both loud and amain,  
| 3 And quickly sixty of Robin Hood’s men  
| 4 Came shining over the plain.

140B.28 | ‘O who are you,’ the sheriff he said,  
| 2 ‘Come tripping over the lee?’  
| 3 ‘The’re my attendants,’ brave Robin did say,  
| 4 ‘They are mine, but none of thine,  
| 5 And you shall have all their gay cloathing,  
| 6 To be in a beggar-man’s stead.

140C.6 | ‘No church have they robb’d,’ this lady replied,  
| 2 ‘Nor parish-priest have they slain;  
| 3 No maids have they forc’d against their will,  
| 4 Nor with other men’s wives have lain.’

140C.7 | ‘What have they done then?’ said jolly Robin,  
| 2 ‘Come tell me most speedily;  
| 3 ’O! it is for killing the king’s fallow deer,  
| 4 And they are all condemned to die.’

140C.8 | ‘Get you home, get you home,’ said jolly Robin,  
| 2 ‘Get you home most speedily,  
| 3 And I will unto fair Nottingham go,  
| 4 For the sake of the squires all three.’

140C.9 | Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,  
| 2 For Nottingham town goes he,  
| 3 O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,  
| 4 He came creeping along the highway.

140C.10 | ‘What news, what news, thou old beggar-man?  
| 2 What news, come tell unto me:  
| 3 ‘O there is weeping and wailing in fair Nottingham,  
| 4 For the death of the squires all three.’

140C.11 | This beggar-man had a coat on his back,  
| 2 ‘Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;  
| 3 Bold Robin Hood thought ’twas no disgrace  
| 4 To be in a beggar-man’s stead.

140C.12 | ‘Come, pull off thy coat, you old beggar-man,  
| 2 And you shall put on mine;  
| 3 And forty good shillings I’ll give thee to boot,  
| 4 Besides brandy, good beer, ale and wine.’

140C.13 | Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,  
| 2 Unto Nottingham town he came;  
| 3 ‘O there did he meet with great master sheriff,  
| 4 And likewise the squires all three.

140C.14 | ‘One boon, one boon,’ says jolly Robin,  
| 2 ‘One boon I beg on my knee:  
| 3 That, as for the deaths of these three squires,  
| 4 Their hangman I may be.’

140C.15 | Soon granted, soon granted,’ says great master sheriff,  
| 2 Soon granted unto thee;  
| 3 And you shall have all their gay cloathing,  
| 4 ‘And all their white money.’

140C.16 | ‘I will have none of their gay cloathing,  
| 2 Nor none of their white money;  
| 3 But I’ll have three blasts on my bugle-horn,  
| 4 That their souls to heaven may flee.’

140C.17 | Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,  
| 2 Where he blew loud and shrill,  
| 3 Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood’s men  
| 4 They came marching all down the green hill.

140C.18 | ‘Whose men are they all these?’ says great master sheriff,  
| 2 ‘Whose men are they?’ tell unto me:  
| 3 ‘O they are mine, but none of thine,  
| 4 And they’re come for the squires all three.’

140C.19 | ‘O take them, O take them,’ says great master sheriff,  
| 2 ‘O take them along with thee;  
| 3 For there’s never a man in all Nottingham  
| 4 Can do the like of thee.’

141A.1 | WHEN Robin Hood in the green-wood livd,  
| 2 Derry derry down  
| 3 Vnder the green-wood tree,  
| 4 Tidings there came to him with speed,
141A.17
4 That yet was hangd on the tree.
3 For my noble master nere had man
2 Grant me one boon, says he;
1 Now seeing that I needs must die,
4 Thus he said gallantly:
2 And saw no help was nigh,
1 When hee was forth from the castle come,
4 Guarded on every side.
2 But the gates was opened wide,
1 He was no sooner from the palmer gone,
4 On yonder gallows-tree.
3 Will Stutly hanged must be this day,
2 'And for ever wo is me!
1 'Alack, alass,' the palmer said,
2 When must Will Stutly die,
4 I pray thee, palmer old,
1 But when he was to the gallows come,
2 'Thou shalt on the gallows die,
1 'O no, O no,' the sheriff he said,
4 Two of them did Stutly slay.
1 I, and to-morrow hanged must be,
2 Of every man to die.
4 'Wee here in ambush stay,
2 And ready to bid adiew,
1 But when he was to the gallows come,
2 'Thou must goe two foote on a staffe,
1 'Thou must goe two foote on a staffe,
4 As any in my companie.'
142B.1 1 Come, give me now a bag for my bread, 2 And another for my cheese, 3 And one for a penny, when as I get any, 4 That nothing I may lose.
142B.2 1 Now Little John is a begging gone, 2 Seeking for some relief; 3 But of all the beggars he met on the way, 4 Little John he was the chief.
142B.3 1 But as he was walking himself alone, 2 Four beggars he chanced to spy, 3 Some deaf, and some blind, and some came behind; 4 Says John, Here's brave company!
142B.4 1 'O what is here to do?' then said Little John, 2 'Why rings all these bells?' said he; 3 'What dog is a hanging?' come, let us be ranging, 4 That we the truth may see.'
142B.5 1 Here is no dog a hanging,' then one of them said, 2 'Good fellow, we tell unto thee; 3 But here is one dead will give us cheese and brede, 4 And it may be one single peny.'
142B.6 1 We have brethren in London,' another he said, 2 'So have we in Coventry, 3 In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over, 4 But none a crookt carril like thee.'
142B.7 1 'Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carel, 2 And take that knock on the crown;' 3 No mercy he'll show unto me, I know, 4 But nere a crookt carril like thee.
142B.8 1 Robin Hood dressd himself in shepherd's attire, 2 And under the green-wood tree, 3 A hundred brave bow-men bold 4 And all his company.
142B.9 1 Then Robin took the Bishop by the hand, 2 And bade him for Robin Hood pray. 3 He turnd him about, and Robin so stout 4 Stand under the green-wood tree.
142B.10 1 'If thou be Robin Hood,' said the old wife, 2 And dress it by the highway-side; 3 And if that I taken be, 4 For joy of that company.
142B.11 1 'Now have at you all,' then said Little John, 2 'If you be so full of your blows; 3 'That's ranging within yonder wood?' 4 Lift up my leg and see.'
142B.12 1 'Then woe is me,' the Bishop he said, 2 'That ever I saw this day!' 3 He turnd hum about, but Robin so stout 4 Calld him, and bid him stay.
142B.13 1 Robin Hood took his mantle from 's back, 2 And spread it upon the ground, 3 And out of the Bishops portmantle he 4 Soon told five hundred pound.
142B.14 1 Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand, 2 And bound him fast to a tree, 3 And made him sing a mass, God wot, 4 To him and his yeomantree.
142B.15 1 Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand, 2 And he called with furious mood, 3 The Bishop of Hereford was to come by, 4 When he robbed him of his gold.
144A.6
1 'O what is the matter?' then said the Bishop,
2 'Or for whom do you make this ado?
3 Or why do you kill the king's vassal,
4 When your company is so few?'

144A.7
1 'We are shepherds,' said bold Robin Hood,
2 'And we keep sheep all the year,
3 And we are disposed to be merry this day,
4 And to kill of the king's fat deer.'

144A.8
1 'You are brave fellows!' said the Bishop,
2 'And the king of your doings shall know;
3 Therefore make haste and come along with me,
4 For before the king you shall go.'

144A.9
1 'O pardon, O pardon,' said bold Robin Hood,
2 'O pardon, I thee pray!
3 For it becomes not your lordship's coat
4 To take so many lives away.'

144A.10
1 'No pardon, no pardon,' says the Bishop,
2 'No pardon I thee owe;
3 Then Robin he took the bishop's cloak,
4 I want the bishop's cloak.'

144A.11
Then Robin set his back against a tree,
1 He put his horn in to his mouth,
2 And he spread it on the ground,
3 Till four and twenty of bold Robins men
4 Came riding up all in a row.

144A.12
1 'Come, sing us a mass,' says bold Robin Hood,
2 'Come, sing us a mass all anon;
3 Come, sing us a mass,' says bold Robin Hood,
4 'Take a kick in the a--se, and be gone.'

144A.13
1 'You are brave fellows!' said the Bishop,
2 'Or for whom do you kill the king's fallow deer.
3 Make hast, make hast, and go along with me,
4 For of the king of your doings shall know.'

144B.2
1 'Cause kill us a venison,' says Robin Hood,
2 'And we'll dress it by the high-way side,
3 And we will watch narrowly for the Bishop,
4 And you shall have the harvest.'

144B.3
1 'Now who is this,' says the Bishop,
2 'That makes so boldly here?
3 To kill the king's poor small venison,
4 And of so few of his company here?'

144B.4
1 'We are shepherds,' says Robin Hood,
2 'And do keep sheep all the year;
3 And we thought it fit to be merry on a day,
4 And kill one of the king's fallow deer.'

144B.5
1 'Thou art a bold fellow,' the Bishop replies,
2 'And your boldness you do show;
3 Make hast, make hast, and go along with me,
4 For of the king of your doings shall know.'

144B.6
1 He leant his back unto a brace,
2 His foot against a thorn,
3 And out from beneath his long shepherd's coat
4 He pulled a blowing-horn.

144B.7
1 He put his horn in to his mouth,
2 And a snell blast he did blow,
3 Till four and twenty of bold Robins men
4 Came riding up all in a row.

144B.8
1 'Come, give us a reckoning,' says the Bishop,
2 'For I think you drink wondrous large.'
3 'Come, give me your purse,' said bold Robin Hood,
4 'And I will pay all your charge.'

144B.9
1 He pulled off his long shepherds coat,
2 And spread it on the ground,
3 And out of the Bishops long trunk-hose,
4 He pulled a hundred pound.

144B.10
1 'O master,' quoth Little John,
2 'It's a very bony sight for to see;
3 It makes me to favour the Bishop,
4 The Bishop he is fond of me.'

144B.11
1 'Come, sing us a mass,' says bold Robin Hood,
2 'Come, sing us a mass all anon;
3 'Come, sing us a mass,' says bold Robin Hood,
4 'Take a kick in the a--se, and be gone.'

145A.1
1 NOW list you, lithe you, gentlemen,
2 'I'll bring mony to pay for me;
3 And bowes and arrowes keene,
4 On my queenes part I will be.'

145A.2
1 In somer time when leauses grow Greene,
2 And flowers are fresh and gay,
3 Then Robin Hood he deckt his men
4 Ecche one in braue array.

145A.3
1 'Shee sends you heere her gay gold ring
2 A trew token for to bee;
3 And shee trusts to sett you free.'

145A.4
1 'And I loose that wager,' says bold Robin Hode,
2 'I'le bring mony to pay for me;
3 And wether that I win or loose,
4 On my queenes part I will be.'

145A.5
1 'Thou hast hane a shooting for your sake,
2 The greatest in Christenheit;
3 And her part you must needs take
4 Against her prince, Henery.

145A.6
1 'Thou art a knight full good;
2 Well it is knowen
3 That's a princely wager,' quoth Queene Katherine,
4 'I'le make my selfe a prize.'

145A.7
'Vpon St Georg<e>s day.
2 'Vpon St Georg<e>s day.
3 'Vpon St Georg<e>s day.  
4 'Vpon St Georg<e>s day.'

145A.8
1 The queene is to her palace gone,
2 To her page thus shee can say:
3 Come hither to me, Dickie Patrington,
4 And trusty and trew this day.

145A.9
1 'Thou must bring me the names of my archers
2 All strangers must they bee,
3 Yea from North Wales to Westchester,
4 And alsole to Courantirrie.'

145A.10
1 Robin Hood we must call Loxly,
2 And Little John the Millers sonne;
3 Thus wee then must change their names,
4 They must be strangers every one.

145A.11
1 Comend mee to Robin Hood, says Queene Katherine,
2 And marke, page, what I say;
3 In London they must be with me
4 [Vpon St George's day.]

145A.12
1 'These words hath sent by me;
2 And.to London you must be with her
3 Ypon St Georg<e>s day.

145A.13
1 'Vpon St Georg<e>s day att noon
2 Att London needs must you bee;
3 Shee wolde not misse your companie
4 For all the gold in Cristinity.

145A.14
1 'Shee hath hane a shooting for your sake,
2 The greatest in Christenheit;
3 And her part you must needs take
4 Against her prince, Henery.

145A.15
1 'Shee sends you heere her gay gold ring
2 A trew token for to bee;
3 And, as you are [a] banish man,
4 Shee trusts to sett you free.'

145A.16
1 'And I loose that wager,' says bold Robin Hode,
2 'I'le bring mony to pay for me;
3 And wether that I win or loose,
4 On my queenes part I will be.'

145A.17
1 In sommer time when leauses grow Greene,
2 And flowers are fresh and gay,
3 Then Robin Hood he deckt his men
4 Ecche one in braue array.

145A.18
1 He deckt his men in Lincolne Greene,
2 Himselcke in scarlet red;
3 Fayre of theire brest then was it seene
4 When his siluer armes were spread.

145A.19
1 With hattis white and fethers blacke,
2 Bowes and arrows keene,
3 And thus he jetted to louly London,
4 To present Queene Katherine.

145A.20
1 But when they cam to lously London,
2 They kneeld upon their knee;
3 Sayes, God you saue, Queene Katherine,
4 And all your dignite!

145A.21
1 I will loose that wager,' says bold Robin Hood,
2 'I'le bring mony to pay for me;
3 And wether that I win or loose,
4 On my queenes part I will be.'

145A.22
1 Then come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,
2 Thou art a knight full good;
3 Well it is knowen from the peddygre
4 Thou came from Gawiins blood.
1. 'Come hither, Bishop of Hereford,' quoth Queen Katherine—
2. A good preacher. I wott was hee———
3. 'And stand thou heere vpon an odd side,
4. On my side for to bee.'

2. 'I like not that,' says the bishop then,
2. 'By falkeine of my body,
3. For if I might have my owne will,
4. On the kings I wold bee.'

3. 'What will thou best at against vs,' says Loxly then,
2. 'And stake it on the ground?'
3. 'That will I doe, fine fellow,' he says,
2. 'And it drawes to fife hundred pound.'

4. 'There is a bett,' says Loyly then;
2. 'Wee'le stake it merrily;'
3. But Loyly knew full well in his mind
4. And whose that gold shold bee.

5. Then Robine rounded w
2. 'The third three payes for all;'
3. Then Robine rounded with our queene,

6. Loyly pult forth a broad arrow,
2. He shot it vnder hand,
3. s vnto .
4. . . .
5. . . .
6. . .
7. . .

8. For once he vndid mee;
3. I thought thou had beene bold Robin Hood,
4. I wold not hawe betted one penny.

9. 'Is this Robin Hood?' says the bishopp againe;
2. And he opened his armes;
3. He made me say a masse against my will,
4. Att two a clocke in the afternoone.

10. 'He bounde me fast vnto a tree,
2. Soe did he my merry men;
3. He borrowed ten pound against my will,
4. But he neuer paid me againe.'

11. 'What and if I did?' says bold Robin Hood,
2. 'Of that masse I was full faine;
3. In recompence, before king and queene
4. Take halfe of thy gold againe.'

12. 'I thanke thee for nothing,' says the bishopp againe,
2. 'What is in thy purse?' said Robin Hood,
3. 'By my silver miter,' said the bishop then,
2. 'Thou seest our game the worse?'
1. 'What wilt thou bet,' said Robin Hood,
2. 'I'le not bet one peny.

13. 'Come hither to mee, Sir Richard Lee,
2. 'A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine cries,
3. Is there any knight of your privy counsel
4. Of Queen Katherine's part will be?

14. 'Come hither to mee, thou lovely page,
2. Tell mee, sweet page,' said hee,
3. Is there any knight of your privy counsel
4. To tell mee of Robin Hood.'

15. 'This is my business and the cause,
2. Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
3. To inquire of one good yeoman or another
4. To tell mee of Robin Hood.

16. 'I'le get my horse betime in the morn,
2. By it be break of day,
3. And when he came to Robin Hoods place,
4. And all thy yeomen gay.'

17. 'I'le lay my bow,' said Clifton then,
2. While it was three and none;
3. 'That must I now know here:'
4. 'I'le cleave the willow wand.'

18. Thus gan Queen Katherin say,
2. While it was three and three;
3. 'Measure no mark for us, most sovereign leige,
4. See, I shoot at sun and moon.'

19. 'Whom that the queenes archers shot about,
2. It is a seemly sight to see
3. And stand thou heere upon a odd side,
4. On my side for to bee.'

20. 'Come hither Tepus,' said the king,
2. Marching in battle ray,
3. And after follows bold Robin Hood,
4. And all his yeomans gay.

21. Robin Hood took his bagge from his side,
2. And threw it down on the green;
1. With that the queens archers led about,
2. While it was three and three;
3. 'That will I doe, fine fellow,' he says,
2. 'As fast as she can wed;'
1. 'What if he did soe?' says King Henery,
2. 'Tell mee, sweet page,' said hee,
3. Is there any knight of your privy counsel
4. To tell mee of Robin Hood.'

22. Robin took his mantle from his back———
2. From that masse I was full faine;
3. In recompence, before king and queene
4. Take halfe of thy gold againe.

23. 'This is my business and the cause,
2. Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
3. To inquire of one good yeoman or another
4. To tell mee of Robin Hood.'

24. 'I'le get my horse betime in the morn,
2. By it be break of day,
3. And when he came to Robin Hoods place,
4. And all thy yeomen gay.'

25. 'I'le lay my bow,' said Clifton then,
2. While it was three and none;
3. 'That run on Dallom lee;
4. Three hundred tun of beer.'

26. Robin took his mantle from his back———
2. From that masse I was full faine;
3. In recompence, before king and queene
4. Take halfe of thy gold againe.

27. 'Come hither to mee, thou lovely page,
2. Tell mee, sweet page,' said hee,
3. Is there any knight of your privy counsel
4. To tell mee of Robin Hood.'

28. 'This is my business and the cause,
2. Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
3. To inquire of one good yeoman or another
4. To tell mee of Robin Hood.'

29. 'I'le get my horse betime in the morn,
2. By it be break of day,
3. And when he came to Robin Hoods place,
4. And all thy yeomen gay.'

30. 'I'le lay my bow,' said Clifton then,
2. While it was three and none;
3. 'That run on Dallom lee;
4. Three hundred tun of beer.'

31. Robin took his mantle from his back———
2. From that masse I was full faine;
3. In recompence, before king and queene
4. Take halfe of thy gold againe.

32. 'Come hither to mee, thou lovely page,
2. Tell mee, sweet page,' said hee,
3. Is there any knight of your privy counsel
4. To tell mee of Robin Hood.'

33. 'This is my business and the cause,
2. Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
3. To inquire of one good yeoman or another
4. To tell mee of Robin Hood.'

34. 'I'le get my horse betime in the morn,
2. By it be break of day,
3. And when he came to Robin Hoods place,
4. And all thy yeomen gay.'
The Text of

145C.7
1 'With their bent bows all in their hand.
2 These archers were ready at Robin Hoods call,
3 And there let us kill a stout buck or a do.
4 For our master, Robin Hood.'

145C.8
1 'Come, merrily let us now valiantly go
2 With speed unto the green wood,
3 And there let us kill a stout buck or a do.
4 For our master, Robin Hood.'

145C.9
1 At London must now be a game of shooting,
2 Where archers should try their best skill,
3 It was so commanded by their gracious king;
4 The queen then thought to have her will.

145C.10
1 Her little foot-page she sent with all speed,
2 To find out stout Robin Hood,
3 Who in the North bravely did live, as we read,
4 With his bow-men in the green wood.

145C.11
1 When as this young page unto the North came,
2 He said under a hill at his inn;
3 Within the fair town of sweet Nottingham,
4 He there to enquire did begin.

145C.12
1 The page then having enquired aright
2 The way unto Robin Hoods place,
3 As soon as the page had obtained of him sight,
4 He told him strange news from her Grace.

145C.13
1 'Her Majestie prays you to haste to the court,'
2 And therewithal shewd him her ring;
3 We must not delay his swift haste to this sport,
4 Which then was proclaimed by the king.

145C.14
1 Then Robin Hood hies him with all speed he may,
2 With his fair men attired in green,
3 And towards fair London he then takes his way;
4 His safety lay all on the queen.

145C.15
1 Now Robin Hood welcome was then to the court,
2 Queen Katharine so did allow;
3 Now listen, my friends, and my song shal report
4 How the queen performed her vow.'

145C.16
1 The king then went marching in state with his peers
2 To Finsbury field most gay,
3 Where Robin Hood follows him, void of all fears,
4 With his lusty brave shooters that day.

145C.17
1 The king did command that the way should be
2 Straight mete with a line that was good;
3 The answer was made to him presently,
4 By lusty bold Robin Hood.

145C.18
1 'Let there be no mark measured,' then said he soon,
2 'I,' so said Scarlet and John,
3 'For we will shoot to the sun or the moon;
4 We scorn to be outreacht with none.'

145C.19
1 'What shall the wager be?' then said the queen,
2 'Pray tell me before you begin.'
3 'Three hundred tunns of good wine shall be seen,
4 And as much of strong bear for to win.

145C.20
1 'Three hundred of lusty fat bucks, sweet, beside,
2 Shall now be our royal lay';
3 Quoth Robin Hood, What ere does betide,
4 I'le bear this brave purchase away.

145C.21
1 'Full fivescore,' saith the king, 'it shall be';
2 Then straight did the bow-men begin,
3 And Robin Hoods side gave them leave certainly
4 A while some credit to win.

145C.22
1 The royal queen Katharine aloud cried she,
2 Is here no lord, nor yet knight,
3 That will take my part in this bold enmity;
4 Sir Robert Lee, pray do me right.

145C.23
1 Then to the bold Bishop of Herefordshire
2 Most mildly spoke our good queen;
3 But he straight refused to lay any more,
4 Such ods on their parties were seen.

145C.24
1 'What wilt thou bet, seeing our game is the worse?'
2 Unto him then said Robin Hood;
3 'Why then,' quoth the bishop, all that's in my purse;
4 Quoth Scarlet, That bargain is good.

145C.25
1 'A hundred good pounds there is in the same,'
2 The bishop unto him did say;
3 Then said Robin Hood, Now here's for the game,
4 And to bear this your money away.

145C.26
1 Then did the kings archer his arrows command,
2 Most bravely and with great might,
3 But brave Jolly Robin shot under his hand,
4 And then did hit the mark right.

145C.27
1 And Clifton he then, with his arrow so good,
2 The willow-wood cleaved in two;
3 The Miller's young son came not short by the rood,
4 His skill he most bravely did show.

145C.28
1 Thus Robin Hood and his crew won the rich prize,
2 From all archers that there could be;
3 Then loudly unto the king Queen Katharine cries,
4 Forgive all my company!

145C.29
1 The king then did say, that for forty daies,
2 Free leave then to come or go,
3 For any man there, though he got the praise,
4 'Be he friend,' quoth he, 'or be he foe.'

145C.30
1 Then quoth the queen, Welcome thou art, Robi
2 And welcome, brave bow-men all three;
3 Then straight quoth the king, I did hear, by the rood,
4 That slain he was in the countrey.

145C.31
1 'Is this Robin Hood?' the bishop did say,
2 'Is this Robin Hood certainly?
3 He made me to say him mass last Saturday,
4 To Robin and his yeomendry.

145C.32
1 'Well,' quoth Robin Hood, 'in requital thereof,
2 Half thy gold I give unto thee;'
3 'Nay, nay,' then said Little John in a scoff,
4 'Twill serve us wherby North Countrey.'

145C.33
1 Then Robin Hood pardon had straight of the king,
2 And so had they every one;
3 The fame of these days most loudly does ring,
4 Of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.

145C.34
1 Great honours to Robin Hood after were done,
2 As stories for certain do say;
3 The king made him Earl of fair Huntington,
4 Whose fame will never decay.

145C.35
1 Thus have you heard the fame of these men,
2 Good archers they were every one;
3 We never shall see the like shooters again
4 As Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.

146A.1
1 COME you gallants all, to you I do call,
2 With a hey down down a down down
3 That now is within this place,
4 For a song I will sing of Henry the king,
5 How he did Robin Hood chase.

146A.2
1 Queen Katherine she a match then did make,
2 As plainly doth appear,
3 For three hundred tun of good red wine,
4 And three hundred tun of beer.

146A.3
1 But yet her archers she had to seek,
2 With their bows and arrows so good;
3 But her mind it was bent, with a good intent,
4 To send for bold Robin Hood.
4 He would go seek Robin Hood.

2 The king is gone to merry Sherwood;

1 Queen Katherine she answered bold Robin
to speak with king Henery.'

3 'If it please your Grace, I am come to this
place,

4 For fear of some treachery.

3 But Robin away, for he durst not stay,

2 And so did king Henery;

4 And so then to Lancaster.'

3 To Carlile wee'l hie with our company,

2 'Let any man follow that dare;

4 And take him, or never give ore.

2 He was vexed wondrous sore;

3 He [went] straight to Newcastle town,

2 And into Yorkshire he did hie,

3 And the king did follow, with a hoop and a

2 And into Yorkshire he did hie,

3 With his mantle of green, most brave to be
seen,

2 Bold Robin he then drew nigh;

1 But when that Robin Hood he came there,

4 'On us have remorse!'

4 I am resolvd to try.'

2 'That you both do tell a lye;

3 Not so much as one poor cup of drink,

1 'For I have been wandring all this day,

4 Nor bit of bread to eat.'

3 Cross you my hand with a silver groat,

3 Two lusty priests, clad all in black,

2 Was accoutered in his array;

1 Like to a fryer, bold Robin Hood

3 For Robin Hood disguised himself,

1 But such a tale as this before

4 'On us have remorse!'
4 And never a Frenchman will I spare.
2 That at my mark I may stand fair,
1 'Master, tye me to the mast,' saith he,
4 There were nothing but a lubber lost.
2 For thou art nought but braggs and boast;
1 'Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
4 Is every bit lost and forlorne.
1 'O woe is me,' said the master then,
4 That sayld towards them most valourously.
2 More of a day then two or three;
1 They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
3 If I had them in Plomton Park,
4 In mine own country where I was borne,
2 'This day that ever I came here!
1 'O woe is me,' said Simon then,
4 For in truth he is of no part worthy.
2 'Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea;
1 'It will be long,' said the master then,
4 Said Simon, 'Nothing shall goe wrong.'
3 'And if that you thus furnish me,'
1 'Simon, wilt thou be my man?
2 And good round wages I'le give thee;
1 'The one halfe of the ship,' said Simon then,
4 On you that are my fellowes all.'
2 'I'le give to my dame and children small;
1 'Doom the Frenchmans heart the arow gain.
3 And the forrester beat them all three.
2 And a noble house-keeper was he,
1 The father of Robin a forester was,
4 And never a Frenchman will I spare.'
1 Then streight [they] did board the Frenchmans ship,
2 They lying all dead in their sight;
3 They foure within the ship were warre
12 Thousand pound of money bright.
1 'The one halfe of the ship,' said Simon then,
2 'I'le give to my dame and children small;
3 The other halfe of the ship I'le bestow
4 On you that are my fellowes all.'
1 'It shall be so, as I have said;
3 For you have won her with your own hand,
4 And the owner of it you shall bee.
2 'I’le give to my dame and children small;
3 And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,
1 'Simon, wilt thou be my man?
2 And good round wages I'le give thee;
1 'Doom the Frenchmans heart the arow gain.'
4 The dead corps into the sea doth throw.
3 And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,
2 His father, without any trouble,
1 When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
4 We have forty long miles to ride.
1 'When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
2 'This day that ever I came here!
1 'O woe is me,' said Simon then,
4 For in truth he is of no part worthy.
2 'Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea;
1 'It will be long,' said the master then,
4 Said Simon, 'Nothing shall goe wrong.'
3 'And if that you thus furnish me,'
1 'Simon, wilt thou be my man?
2 And good round wages I'le give thee;
1 'The one halfe of the ship,' said Simon then,
4 On you that are my fellowes all.'
2 'I'le give to my dame and children small;
3 The other halfe of the ship I’le bestow
4 On you that are my fellowes all.'
The Child Ballads

149A.24
1 'Go fetch my bow, my longest long bow,
2 And broad arrows, one, two, or three;
3 For when it is fair weather we'll into Sherwood,
4 Some merry pastime to see.'

149A.25
1 When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
2 He thundered his bugle so clear,
3 And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold
4 Before Robin Hood did appear.

149A.26
1 'Where are your companions all?' said Robin Hood,
2 'For still I want forty and three;' 
3 Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
4 All under a green-wood tree.

149A.27
1 As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by;
2 The queen of the shepherds was she;
3 And her gown was of violet as green as the grass,
4 And her buskin did reach to her knee.

149A.28
1 Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
2 And her countenance free from pride;
3 A bow in her hand, and quiver and arrows
4 Hung dangling by her sweet side.

149A.29
1 Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,
2 And her skin was as smooth as glass;
3 Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too;
4 Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!

149A.30
1 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away?
2 O whither, fair lady, away?
3 And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck;
4 To morrow is Titbury day.

149A.31
1 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
2 A little to yonder green bower;
3 There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
4 Of a brace or a lease in an hour.

149A.32
1 And as we were going towards the green bower,
2 Two hundred good bucks we esp'y d;
3 She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
4 And she shot him through side and side.

149A.33
1 'By the faith of my body,' said bold Robin Hood,
2 I never saw woman like thee;
3 And comst thou from east, ay, or comst thou from west,
4 Thou needst not beg venison of me.

149A.34
1 'However, along to my bower you shall go,
2 And taste of a foresters meat;
3 And when we come thither, we found as good cheer
4 As any man needs for to eat.

149A.35
1 For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
2 Cream clouted, with honey-combs plenty;
3 And the savourers they were, beside Little John,
4 Good yeomen at least four and twenty.

149A.36
1 Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir;
2 And he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood:
3 Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight
4 Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood.

149A.37
1 For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife.
2 'So 'tis, sir,' Clorinda reply'd;
3 'But oh,' said bold Robin, 'How sweet would it be
4 If Clorinda would be my bride!'

149A.38
1 She blush'd at the motion; yet, after a pause
2 Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart;
3 Then let's send for a priest,' said Robin Hood,
4 'And be married before we do part.'

149A.39
1 But she said, It may not be so, gentle sir,
2 For I must be at Titbury feast;
3 And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
4 I'll make him the most welcome guest.

149A.40
1 Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little John.
2 For I'll go along with my dear;
3 Go bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
4 And meet me to-morrow just here.

149A.41
1 Before we had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
2 Eight yeomen, that were too bold,
3 Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck;
4 A truer tale never was told.

149A.42
1 'I will not, faith!' said bold Robin: 'Come, John,
2 Stand to me, and we'll beat em all:'
3 Then both drew their swords, an so cut em and slast em
4 That five of them did fall.

149A.43
1 The three that remaind call'd to Robin for quarter,
2 And pitiful John begg'd their lives;
3 When John's boon was granted, he gave them good counsel,
4 And so sent them home to their wives.

149A.44
1 This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
2 When the baggageps bated the bull,
3 The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
4 And now let's dance into the town.

149A.45
1 For I saw them fighting, and fell'd the while,
2 And Clorinda sung, Hey derry down,
3 The pumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
4 And some singing Arthur-a-Bradly.

149A.46
1 Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
2 And all that were in it laug'd madly;
3 For some were a bull-back, some dancing a morris,
4 And some singing Arthur-a-Bradly.

149A.47
1 And there we see Thomas, our justices clerk,
2 And Mary, to whom he was kind;
3 For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary, Madam,
4 And kist her full sweetly behind.

149A.48
1 And so may your worship's. But we went to dinner,
2 With Thomas and Mary and Nan;
3 They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her
4 Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

149A.49
1 When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson
2 Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste;
3 He brought his mass-book, and he bade them take hands,
4 And he joynd them in marriage full fast.

149A.50
1 And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
2 Went hand in hand to the green bower,
3 The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
4 And 'twas a most joyfull hour.

149A.51
1 And when Robin came in the sight of the bower,
2 'Where are my yeomen?' said he;
3 And Little John answered, Lo, yonder they stand,
4 All under the green-wood tree.

149A.52
1 Then a garland they brought her, by two and by two,
2 And plac'd them upon the bride's head;
3 The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,
4 Till the bride and the groom were a-bed.

149A.53
1 And what they did there must be counsel to me,
2 Because they lay long the next day,
3 And I had haste home, but I got a good piece
4 Of the bride-cake, and so came away.

149A.54
1 Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye
2 That marryd they were with a ring;
3 And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden,
4 And now let us pray for the king:

149A.55
1 That he may get children, and they may get more,
2 To govern and do us some good;
3 And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
4 And sing em in merry Sherwood.

150A.1
1 A BONNY fine maid of a noble degree,
2 With a hey down down a down down
3 Maid Marian call'd by name,
4 Did live in the North, of excellent worth.

150A.2
1 For favour and face, and beauty most rare,
2 Queen Hellen shee did excell;
3 For Marian then was prais'd of all men
4 That did in the country dwell.

150A.3
1 'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,
2 Whose beauty was clear and bright,
3 That could surpass this country lass,
4 Beloved of lord and knight.

150A.4
1 The Earl of Huntingdon, nobly born,
2 That came of noble breed,
3 To Marian went, with a good intent,
4 By the name of Robin Hood.

150A.5
1 With kisses sweet their red lips meet,
2 For she and the earl did agree;
3 In every place, they kindly imbrace,
4 With love and sweet unity.

150A.6
1 But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
2 That soon they were forced to part,
3 To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,
4 With a sad and sorrowfull heart.

150A.7
1 And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind,
2 For the absence of her friend;
3 With finger in eye, shee often did cry,
4 And his person did much commend.

150A.8
1 Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
2 She drest her self like a page,
3 And ranged the wood to find Robin Hood,
4 The bravest of men in that age.

150A.9
1 With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,
2 Thus armed was Marian most bold,
3 Still wandering about to find Robin out,
4 Whose person was better then gold.

150A.10
1 But Robin Hood, hee himself had disguis'd,
2 And Marian was strangely attir'd,
3 That they prov'd foes, and so fell to blow's,
4 Whose valour bold Robin admir'd.

150A.11
1 They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went,
2 At least an hour or more,
3 That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,
4 And Marian was wounded sore.

150A.12
1 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood,
2 'And thou shalt be one of my string,
3 To range in the wood with bold Robin Hood,
4 To hear the sweet nightingall sing.'

150A.13
1 When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
2 Her self shee did quickly discover,
3 And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
4 Like to a most loyall lover.
I wish he was in hell.'

2 'And all that wish him well;

1 'God save the king,' said Robin Hood,

Near to this place his royal Grace

The king himself did say;

And Robin thought he had

Where Robin Hood prepar

From Fountain-abbey they did ride,

They shewed such brave archery,

They swore they would spend their bloods.

For a clergyman was first my bane,

They swore they would spend their bloods.

And very naked truth.

And for that cause the outlaws were come,

And for that cause the outlaws were come,

And from that day, for evermore,

And for that cause the outlaws were come,

And for that cause the outlaws were come,

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And for that cause the outlaws were come,

And for that cause the outlaws were come,

And for that cause the outlaws were come,
The Child Ballads

152A.1
1 To have a hearty bout.
2 With hearts all firm and stout,
3 Forth from the green-wood they are gone,
4 Thus in disguise, to the exercise
1 One shall wear white, another red,
4 They shall not us perceive.
3 We'll dress us all so several
2 Behind us we will leave;
1 Our mantles, all of Lincoln green,
3 Come listen to me, how it shall be
2 Come, let us thither gang;
4 At yon brave archery.
3 Come on't what will, I'll try my skill
2 'Thy words does not please me;
1  'O thou smells of a coward,' said Robin Hood,
4 Us archers to beguile.'
3 The sheriff, I wiss, devises this
2 Yon match is a wile;
3 'Master,' said he, 'Be ruld by me,
2 David of Doncaster:
2 Under the green-wood tree:
1 Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
4 For his own proper right.
3 Those outlaws stout, without [all] doubt,
2 That when such matches were,
1 For within his mind he imagined
4 To pass might well be brought.
1 So away the sheriff he returnd,
2 And by the way he thought
3 Of the words of the king, and how the thing
4 To pass might well be brought.
1 For within his mind he imagined
2 That when such matches were,
3 Those outlaws stout, without [all] doubt,
4 Would be the bowmen there.
1 So an arrow with a golden head
2 And shaft of silver white,
3 Who won the day should bear away
4 For his own proper right.
1 Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
2 Under the green-wood tree:
3 'Come prepare you then, my merry men,
4 We'll go you sport to see.'
1 With that steel forth a brave young man,
2 David of Doncaster:
3 'Master,' said he, 'Be ruld by me,
4 From the green-wood we'll not stir.'
1 To tell the truth, I'm well informed
2 You may fetch it as a while,
3 The sheriff, I wiss, devises this
4 Us archers to beguile.'
1 'O thou smells of a coward,' said Robin Hood,
2 'Thy words does not please me;
3 Come on't what will, I'll try my skill
4 At yon brave archery.'
1 O then bespoke brave Little John:
2 'Come, let us thither gang;
3 Come listen to me, how it shall be
4 That we need not be kend.
1 Our mantles, all of Lincoln green,
2 Behind us we will leave;
3 We'll dress us all so several
4 They shall not us perceive.
1 One shall wear white, another red,
2 One yellow, another blue;
3 Thus in disguise, to the exercise
4 We'll gang, whatevr ensue.
1 Forth from the green-wood they are gone,
2 With hearts all firm and stout,
3 Resolving [then] with the sheriff's men
4 To have a hearty bout.
4 That exercise most rare.
3 He practisd all his youthfull prime
2 With him might well compare;
1 No archer living in his time
4 He shooting loved so deare.
3 He kept three hundred bowmen bold,
2 For wine and costly cheere;
1 His great revennues all he sould
4 Than any in his dayes.
3 And greater favor with his prince
2 His carriage won him prayse,
4 Lord Robert Hood by name.
3 Instiled Earle of Huntington,
2 Was once a man of fame,
4 I know will please you well.
3 Which being rightly understood,
2 Which I to you will tell,
4 Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
2 Was murderd by letting of blood;
1 Thus he that never feard bow nor spear
3 And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
2 To Flanders, France, and Spain,
1 Some got on board and crossd the seas,
4 It was not a time to stay.
3 No archer was like him so good;
2 Lies under this little stone.
1 Robin, Earl of Huntington,
3 To this very day, and read it you may,
2 Which, reader, here you have;
4 Of that which never feard bow nor spear
3 That he his downefall wrought.
2 To whom he mony ought,
1 The abbot of S
3 Wherein their practises were such
2 Though nere so strongly armd,
1 None rich durst travell to and fro,
4 That they wrought mickle woe.
3 Three hundred common men durst not
1 One hundred men in all he got,
2 With whom, the story sayes,
3 With them who stood him upon,
4 With ease encounter three.
1 And thery might not compare;
3 He practisd all his youthfull prime
4 That exercise most rare.
3 But thery might not compare;
3 His charmes were such
2 That all the world did fall
4 They, who through this world do dwell,
3 Three hundred common men durst not
1 One hundred men in all he got,
2 With whom, the story sayes,
3 With them who stood him upon,
4 With ease encounter three.
 Or else, with love and courtsey,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
And in sight of th’ proudest foe.

And all the country stood in dread  
Of Robin Hood and his men;  
For stouter lads were liv’d by bread,  
In those days nor since then.

The abbot which before I nam’d  
Sought all the means he could,  
To have by force this rebell tame,  
And his adherents bold.

Therefore he arm’d five hundred men,  
With furniture compleat,  
But the outlawes slew halfe of them,  
And made the rest retreate.

The long bow and the arrow keene  
They were so us’d unto  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.

With banquetting and merriment,  
And, having usd them well,  
He to their lord them safely sent,  
And wild them them to tell.

That if he would be pleas’d at last  
To beg of our good king  
For none of them neede stand in feare,  
But, to speak true of Robbin Hood,

He were might pardon what was past,  
And him to favour bring.

He would surrender backe agen  
The money which before  
Was taken by him and his men,  
From him and many more.

Poor men might safely passe by him,  
And some that way would chuse,  
For well they knew that to helpe them  
He evermore did use.

Where he knew a miser rich,  
That did the poore oppresse,  
To feele his coyne his hand did itch;  
But where he knew a miser rich,

To try what strength and skill affords  
To live no man knew how.  
Nor would he iniure husbandmen,  
Or else, with love and courtsey,  
But to speak true of Robbin Hood,

To know what means he could to passe  
The abbot which before I nam’d  
Some of these outlawes fled away  
To the king did yeeld,  
That made their horses kick and fling,

And downe their riders lay.  
And some that way would chuse,  
For well they knew that to helpe them  
He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;

A letter to his Grace  
Which was brought to the king, and read  
And, with the gallant gray-goose wing,  
And with the gallant gray-goose wing,  
And, with the gallant gray-goose wing,

And, with the gallant gray-goose wing,  
That they were loath on him to try  
That whosoere would take upon  
That whosoere would take upon  
That whosoere would take upon

To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.

They shewd to them such play,  
That made their horses kick and fling,  
And downe their riders lay.

Full glad and faine the bishop was,  
For all his thousand men,  
To seeke what means he could to passe  
From out of Robbins ken.

Two hundred of his men were kil’d,  
And fourscore horses good;  
Thirty, who did as captives yeeld,  
And fourscore horses good;  
Thirty, who did as captives yeeld,

A letter to his Grace  
Which was brought to the king, and read  
And downe their riders lay.  
And downe their riders lay.  
And downe their riders lay.

Who like a potent emperor,  
Went to defeate the Pagans curst;  
Sirnamed Cuer de Lyon,  
Who like a potent emperor,  
Went to defeate the Pagans curst;  
Sirnamed Cuer de Lyon,

He shot upon an arrow-head,  
One evening cunningly;  
Which else were ransomed,  
Were carryed to the greene wood.  
Which else were ransomed,  
Were carryed to the greene wood.

The mizers kept great store of men,  
And his adventurous crew ,  
So that, through dread of Robbin then  
So that, through dread of Robbin then,

Sought all the meanes he could  
To seeke what meanes he could to passe  
To seeke what meanes he could to passe  
To seeke what meanes he could to passe

The bishop, sore enrag’d then,  
Did, in King Richards name,  
Muster a power of northerne men,  
The bishop, sore enrag’d then,  
Did, in King Richards name,  
Muster a power of northerne men,  
The bishop, sore enrag’d then,  
Did, in King Richards name,  
Muster a power of northerne men,

To try what strength and skill affords  
To try what strength and skill affords  
To try what strength and skill affords  
To try what strength and skill affords

Who were resolvd to sticke to him,  
Or to the king did yeeld,  
For they supposed, if he were tane,  
Or to the king did yeeld,  
For they supposed, if he were tane,

He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;  
For being vext to thinke upon  
For none of them neede stand in feare,  
For none of them neede stand in feare,

Some of these outlawes fled away  
And, as he once before had done,  
That whosoere would take upon

To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.

And twenty markes a man;  
That made their horses kick and fling,  
And downe their riders lay.  
And downe their riders lay.  
And downe their riders lay.

So that bold Robbin and his traine  
Did live unhurt of them,  
Vntill King Richard came againe  
So that, through dread of Robbin then,

The rest set spurres to horse, and fled  
And, with love and courtesie,  
So that, through dread of Robbin then,  
So that, through dread of Robbin then,

Which afterwards were ransomed,  
For his healths sake to bleede.  
And, as he once before had done,  
And, as he once before had done,

To do the common wealth.  
To do the common wealth.  
To do the common wealth.  
To do the common wealth.  
To do the common wealth.

For, being vext to thinke upon  
He shot upon an arrow-head,  
One evening cunningly;  
Which else were ransomed,  
Were carryed to the greene wood.

To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.  
To th’ towne of Warrington.

He shot upon an arrow-head,  
One evening cunningly;  
Which else were ransomed,  
Were carryed to the greene wood.  
Which else were ransomed,  
Were carryed to the greene wood.

And he his courage rouses;  
To feele his coyne his hand did itch;  
But where he knew a miser rich,  
But where he knew a miser rich,

And some that way would chuse,  
To feel his coyne his hand did itch;  
But where he knew a miser rich,  
But where he knew a miser rich,

He wish’d well unto the king,  
He wish’d well unto the king,  
He wish’d well unto the king,  
He wish’d well unto the king,

And prayd still for his health,  
And prayd still for his health,  
And prayd still for his health,  
And prayd still for his health,

He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;  
He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;  
He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;  
He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;  
He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;

Some of these outlawes fled away  
And, as he once before had done,  
That whosoere would take upon

A letter to his Grace  
Which was brought to the king, and read  
And downe their riders lay.  
And downe their riders lay.  
And downe their riders lay.

And, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.

And, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.

And, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.

And, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.

And, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.

And, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.

And, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.

And, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
That still they kept the forest green,  
In sight of th’ proudest foe.
The Text of

154A.93
1 The fryer, as some say, did this
2 To vindicate the wrong
3 Which to the clergie he and his
4 Had done by power strong.

154A.94
1 Thus dyed he by trechery,
2 That could not dye by force;
3 Had he livd longer, certainly,
4 King Richard, in remorse,

154A.95
1 Had unto favour him receavd;
2 He braves men elevated;
3 'Tis pitty he was of life bereavd
4 By one which he so hated.

154A.96
1 A treacherous leech this fryer was,
2 To let him bleed to death;
3 And Robbin was, me thinkes, an asse,
4 To trust him with his breath.

154A.97
1 His corpes the priores of the place,
2 The next day that he dy'd,
3 Caused to be buried, in mean case,
4 Close by the high-way side.

154A.98
1 And over him she caused a stone
2 To be fixed on the ground;
3 An epitaph was set thereon,
4 Close by the high-way side.

154A.99
1 The date o th' yeaare, and day also,
2 Shee made to be set there,
3 That all who by the way did goe
4 Might see it plaine appeare.

154A.100
1 That such a man as Robbin Hood
2 Was buried in that place;
3 This epitaph, as records tell,
4 Close by the high-way side.

154A.101
1 It seems that although the clergie he
2 Had put to mickle woe,
3 And how he lived in the greene wood,
4 Although he was their foe.

154A.102
1 This woman, though she did him hate,
2 Yet loved his memory;
3 And thought it wondrous pity that
4 His fame should with him dye.

154A.103
1 This story seemes to be;
2 These outlawes lived thus,
3 Least his fame should be buried cleane
4 But time all things outweares.

154A.104
1 A thing impossible to us
2 For certainely, before nor since,
3 Had any outlawes been so venturous
4 But times are chang'd, we see.

154A.105
1 This outlawes to prevent.
2 Of civil government,
3 If neede be, have a hundred ways
4 Such outlawes to prevent.

154A.106
1 In those dayes men more barbarous were,
2 And lived lesse in awe;
3 'Tis pitty he was of life bereavd
4 More to offend the law.

154A.107
1 No roaring guns were then in use,
2 That dy'd, or pluckt them downe;
3 That in those dayes non equaild them,
4 Specially Robbin Hood.

154A.108
1 So that, it seemes, keeping in caves,
2 These outlawes lived thus,
3 And thought it wondrous pity that
4 More prosperous than he could.

154A.109
1 Let us be thankfull for these times
2 Of plenty, truth, and peace,
3 And leave our great and horrid crimes,
4 Least they cause this to cease.

154A.110
1 I know there's many fained tales
2 Of Robbin Hood and 's crew;
3 But chronicles, which seldom failes,
4 Reports this to be true.

154A.111
1 I th' raigne of Richard the first.
2 For, if 'twere put to th' worst,
3 And a' the bells of merry Lincoln
4 The dead corpse did her meet.

154A.112
1 And she has taine out a little pen-knife,
2 To intice the young thing in:
3 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
4 Whan they play at the ba.

154A.113
1 'Never a bit,' says the jew's daughter,
2 'How will I come up?  How can I come up?
3 'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
4 To trust him with his breath.

154A.114
1 'How will I come up?  How can I come up?
2 'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
3 Thei'd beate a multitude with staves,
4 And pu'd an apple red and green.

154A.115
1 'How will I come up?  How can I come up?
2 'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
3 And how he lived in the greene wood,
4 And at the back o merry Lincoln
5 The morn I will you meet.'


The Child Ballads

155B.5
1 And out and cam the thick, thick bluide,
2 And out and cam the thin,
3 And out and cam the bonny herts bluide;
4 Thair was nae life left in.

155B.6
1 Scho laid him on a dressing-borde,
2 And drest him like a swine,
3 And laughing said, Gae out and play
4 With your sweet play-feres nine.

155B.7
1 Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
2 Bade him lie still and slee;
3 Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
4 Was fifty fadom deep.

155B.8
1 Than bells wer rung, and mass was sung,
2 And every lady went hame,
3 Than ilka lady had her yong sonne,
4 Bot Lady Helen had nane.

155B.9
1 Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
2 And sair, sair gan she weip,
3 And she ran into the Jewis castel,
4 Than ilka lady had her yong sonne,

155B.10
1 'My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
2 I pray thee to me speik:'
3 'O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
4 Gin ye your sonne a'.'

155B.11
1 Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
2 And knelt upon her kne,
3 'My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,
4 I canna speak to thee.'

155B.12
1 'The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
2 How can I speak to thee?
3 The Jew's penknife sticks in my heart,
4 The lead is wondrous heavy, mither.'

155B.13
1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
2 The well is wondrous deip;
3 'Ah never a bit of it,' she says,
4 Wi yere apples red and green!

155C.1
1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys
2 War playing at the ba,
3 Then up and started sweet Sir Hew,
4 The flower amang them a'.

155C.2
1 He hit the ba a kick wi's fit,
2 And kept it wi his knee,
3 That up into the Jew's window
4 He gart the bonny ba flee.

155C.3
1 'Cast doun the ba to me, fair maid,
2 Cast doun the ba to me,'
3 'O neer a bit o the ba ye get
4 Till ye cum up to me.

155C.4
1 'Cum up, sweet Hew, cum up, dear Hew,
2 Cum up and get the ba;
3 'I canna cum, I darna cum,
4 Without my play-feres twa.'

155C.5
1 'Cum up, sweet Hew, cum up, dear Hew,
2 Cum up and play wi me;
3 'I canna cum, I darna cum,
4 Without my play-feres three.'

155C.6
1 She's gane into the Jew's garden,
2 Where the grass grew lang and green;
3 She put a penknife in his heart,
4 The fairest o them a'.

155C.7
1 She wyld him into ac chamber,
2 She wyld him into awa,
3 She wyld him to her ain chamber,
4 She wyld him to her ain chamber,
5 The fairest o them a'.

155C.8
1 She laid him on a dressing-board,
2 Where she did sometimes dine;
3 She put a penknife in his heart,
4 And dressed him like a swine.

155C.9
1 Then out and cam the thick, thick bluide,
2 Then out and cam the thin;
3 Then out and cam the bonny heart's bluide,
4 Where a' the life lay in.

155C.10
1 She rowd him in a cake of lead,
2 Bad him lie still and slee;
3 She cast him in the Jew's draw-well,
4 Was fifty fadom deep.

155C.11
1 She's taken her mantle about her head,
2 Her pike-staff in her hand,
3 And prayed Heaven to be her guide
4 Unto some uncouth land.

155C.12
1 His mother she cam to the Jew's castle,
2 And there ran thryse about;
3 'O sweet Sir Hew, giff ye be here,
4 I pray ye to me speak.'

155C.13
1 She cam into the Jew's garden,
2 And there ran thryse about;
3 'O sweet Sir Hew, giff ye be here,
4 I pray ye to me speak.'

155C.14
1 She cam unto the Jew's draw-well,
2 And there ran thryse about;
3 'O sweet Sir Hew, giff ye be here,
4 I pray ye to me speak.'

155C.15
1 'How can I speak, how dare I speak,
2 How can I speak to thee?
3 The Jew's penknife sticks in my heart,
4 I canna speak to thee.'

155C.16
1 'Gang hame, gang hame, O mither dear,
2 And shape my winding sheet,
3 And at the back o Mirthy-land town
4 There you and I shall meet.'

155C.17
1 When bells was rung, and mass was sung,
2 And a' men bound for bed,
3 Every mither had her son,
4 But sweet Sir Hew was dead.

155D.1
1 A the boys of merry Linkim
2 War playing at the ba,
3 An up it stands him sweet Sir Hugh,
4 The flower amang them a'.

155D.2
1 He keppit the ba than wi his foot,
2 And catchit it wi his knee,
3 And even in at the Jew's window
4 He gart the bonny ba flee.

155D.3
1 'Cast out the ba to me, fair maid,
2 Cast out the ba to me!
3 'Ah never a bit of it,' she says,
4 Till ye cum up to me.

155D.4
1 'Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
2 Come up and get the ba!
3 'I winna come up, I canna come up,
4 Without my bonny boys a'.'

155D.5
1 'Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
2 Come up and speak to me!
3 'I winna come up, I winna come up,
4 Without my bonny boys three.'

155D.6
1 She's taen her to the Jew's garden,
2 Where the grass grew lang and green,
3 She put a penknife in his heart,
4 To wyle the bonny boy in.

155D.7
1 She's wyld him in thro ac chamber,
2 She's wyld him in thro awa,
3 She's wyld him till her ain chamber,
4 The flower out ower them a'.

155D.8
1 She's laid him on a dressin-board,
2 Where she did sometimes dine;
3 She stack a penknife to his heart,
4 And dressd him like a swine.

155D.9
1 She rowd him in a cake of lead,
2 Bade him lie still and slee;
3 She threw him in the Jew's draw-well,
4 'Twas fifty fathom deep.

155D.10
1 Than bells was rung, and mass was sung,
2 An' a' man bound to bed,
3 Every lady got hame her son,
4 But sweet Sir Hugh was dead.

155E.1
1 YESTERDAY was brave Hallowday,
2 And, above all days of the yeer
3 The schoolboys all got leave to play,
4 And little Sir Hugh was there.

155E.2
1 He kicked the ball with his foot,
2 And kepped it with his knee,
3 And even in at the Jew's window
4 He gart the bonnie ba flee.

155E.3
1 Out then came the Jew's daughter:
2 'Will ye come in and dine?
3 'I winna come in, and I canna come in,
4 Till I get that ball of mine.

155E.4
1 'Throw down that ball to me, maiden,
2 Throw down the ball to me!
3 'I winna throw down your ball, Sir Hugh,
4 Till ye come up to me.'

155E.5
1 She pu'd the apple frae the tree,
2 It was baith red and green;
3 She gave it unto little Sir Hugh,
4 With that his heart did win.

155E.6
1 She wiled him into ac chamber,
2 She wiled him into twa,
3 She wiled him into the third chamber,
4 And that was warst o 't a.

155E.7
1 She took out a little penknife,
2 Hang low down by her spare,
3 She twined this young thing o his life,
4 And a word he neer spak mair.

155E.8
1 And first came out the thick, thick blood,
2 And syme came out the thin,
3 And syme came out the bonnie heart's blood,
4 There was nae mair within.

155E.9
1 She laid him on a dressing-table,
2 She dressed him like a swine;
3 Says, Lie ye there, my bonnie Sir Hugh,
4 Wi yere apples red and green!

155E.10
1 She put him in a case of lead,
2 Says, Lie ye there and sleep!
3 She threw him into the deep draw-well,
4 Was fifty fathom deep.

155E.11
1 A schoolboy walking in the garden
2 Did grievously hear him moan;
3 He ran away to the deep draw-well,
4 And fell down on his knee.

155E.12
1 Says, Bonnie Sir Hugh, and pretty Sir Hugh,
2 I pray you speak to me!
3 If you speak to any body in this world,
4 I pray you speak to me.

155E.13
1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
2 And every body went hame,
3 Then every lady had her son,
4 But Lady Helen had nane.

155E.14
1 She rolled her mantle her about,
2 And sore, sore did she weep;
3 She ran away to the Jew's castle,
4 When all were fast asleep.

155E.15
1 She cries, Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
2 I pray you speak to me!
3 If you speak to any body in this world,
4 I pray you speak to me.
155E.16
1 'Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
2 I'll tell ye where to seek;
3 Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
4 He's in the well sae deep.'

155E.17
1 She ran away to the deep draw-well,
2 And she fell down on her knee,
3 Saying, Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
4 I pray ye speak to me!
5 If ye speak to any body in the world,
6 I pray ye speak to me.

155E.18
1 'Oh the lead it is wondrous heavy, mother,
2 The well it is wondrous deep;
3 The little penknife sticks in my throat,
4 And I downa to ye speak.

155E.19
1 'But lift me out o this deep draw-well,
2 And bury me in yon churchyard;
3 And I'll lie still and sleep.

155E.20
1 'Put a Bible at my head,' he says,
2 'And a Testament at my feet,
3 And pen and ink at every side,
4 And I'll lie still and sleep.

155E.21
1 'And go to the back of Maitland town,
2 Bring me my winding sheet;
3 For if my mother should chance to know,
4 'I dare not come, I will not come,'
5 'I dare not come, nor I will not come,'
6 'I dare not come, I will not come,'
7 'I dare not come, nor I will not come.'
8 Without my playfellows all;
9 For if my mother should chance to know,
10 She'd cause my blood to fall.'

155E.22
1 She took an apple out of her pocket,
2 And trundled it along the plain,
3 And who was readiest to lift it
4 Was little Sir Hugh again.

155E.23
1 She took him by the lily-white hand,
2 And called for a golden cup
3 And threw him into a deep draw-well,
4 Which enticed the little boy in.

155E.24
1 The old Jew's daughter she came out,
2 She took him by the lily-white hand,
3 And led him into the hall,
4 And six took him by the feet,
5 The Testament at his feet,
6 She shewed him a gay gold ring,
7 She shewed him a cherry as red as blood,
8 Which enticed the little boy in.

155E.25
1 She took him by the lily-white hand,
2 And led him into the hall,
3 And laid him on a dresser-board,
4 And that was the worst of all.

155E.26
1 She took him by the lily-white hand,
2 And led him into the hall,
3 And pinned him with a pin,
4 She stuck him like a sheep;
5 The Testament at his feet,
6 She'd cause my blood to fall.'

155E.27
1 'I winna come in, and I canna come in,
2 Without my playmates all;
3 And that was the worst of all.

155E.28
1 She laid the Bible at his head,
2 The Prayer-Book at his feet,
3 She stuck him like a sheep.

155E.29
1 Six pretty maids took him by the head,
2 And six took him by the feet,
3 And threw him into a deep draw-well,
4 And that was eighteen fathoms deep.

155E.30
1 'The lead is wondrous heavy, mother,
2 The well is wondrous deep;
3 A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
4 And nae word more can I speak.'

155E.31
1 He tossed the ball so high, so high,
2 He tossed the ball so low,
3 He tossed it over the Jew's garden,
4 Where the Jews are sitting a row.

155E.32
1 'O spare my life! O spare my life!
2 Without my playfellows all;
3 For if my mother should chance to know,
4 She'd cause my blood to fall.'

155E.33
1 'O put the Bible at my head,
2 And the Testament at my feet,
3 And when my mother calls for me,
4 You may tell her I'm gone to sleep.'

155E.34
1 'Come hither, come hither, my pretty Sir Hugh,
2 Without my playfellows all;
3 For if my mother should chance to know,
4 She'd cause my blood to fall.'

155E.35
1 'I durst not come, I durst not go,
2 Without my play-fellows all;
3 And get your ball again.'

155E.36
1 'The lead is wondrous heavy, mother,
2 The well is wondrous deep;
3 A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
4 And nae word more can I speak.'

155E.37
1 He tossed the ball so high, so high,
2 Without my play-fellows all;
3 For if my mother should chance to know,
4 She's cause my blood to fall.'

155E.38
1 'The lead is wondrous heavy, mother,
2 The well is wondrous deep;
3 A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
4 And nae word more can I speak.'

155E.39
1 He tossed the ball so high, so high,
2 He tossed the ball so low,
3 He tossed it over the Jew's garden,
4 Where the Jews are sitting a row.

155E.40
1 'O spare my life! O spare my life!
2 Without my playfellows all;
3 For if my mother should chance to know,
4 She'd cause my blood to fall.'
155L.1
1 When eleven o'clock was past and gone,
2 And all the school-fellows came home,
3 Every mother had her own child
4 But young Sir Hugh's mother had none.

155L.10
1 She went up Lincoln and down Lincoln,
2 And all about Lincoln street,
3 With her small wand in her right hand,
4 Thinking of her child to meet.

155L.11
1 She went till she came to the old Jew's gate,
2 She knocked with the ring:
3 Who should be so ready as the old Jew herself
4 To rise and let her in!

155L.12
1 'What news, fair maid? what news, fair maid?
2 What news have you brought to me?
3 
4 

155L.13
1 'Have you seen any of my child today,
2 Or any of the rest of my kin?
3 No, we've seen neither of your child today,
4 Nor none of the rest of your kin.'

155L.1
1 IT rains, it rains, in merry Scotland,
2 It rains both great and small,
3 And all the little children in Merry-Cock land
4 They have need to play at ball.

155L.2
1 They tossed the ball so high,
2 They tossed the ball so low,
3 Amongst all the Jews' cattle,
4 And amongst the Jews below.

155L.3
1 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,
2 Dressed all in green;
3 'Come, my sweet Saluter,
4 And fetch the ball again.'

155L.4
1 'I durst not come, I must not come,
2 Unless all my little playfellows come along;
3 For if my mother sees me at the gate,
4 She'll cause my blood to fall.

155L.5
1 'She showed me an apple as green as grass,
2 She showed me a gay gold ring;
3 She show'd me a cherry as red as blood,
4 And amongst the Jews below.

155L.6
1 She led him on through one chamber,
2 And so she did through nine,
3 Until she came to her own chamber,
4 Where she was wont to dine,
5 And she laid him on a dressing-board,
6 And sticket him like a swine.

155L.7
1 Then out it came the thick, thick blood,
2 And out it came the thin,
3 And out it came the bonnie heart's blood,
4 There was no more within.

155L.8
1 DOWN in merry, merry Scotland
2 It rained both hard and small;
3 Two little boys went out one day,
4 All for to play with a ball.

155L.9
1 They tossed it up so very, very high,
2 They tossed it down so low;
3 They tossed it into the Jew's garden,
4 Where the flowers all do blow.

155L.10
1 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,
2 Dressed in green all:
3 'If you come here, my fair pretty lad,
4 You shall have your ball.'

155L.11
1 She showed him an apple as green as grass;
2 The next thing was a fig;
3 The next thing a cherry as red as blood,
4 And that would 'tice him in.

155L.12
1 She showed him an apple as green as grass;
2 The next thing was a fig;
3 The next thing a cherry as red as blood,
4 And that would 'tice him in.

155L.13
1 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,
2 Dressed all in green;
3 'Come, my sweet Saluter,
4 And fetch the ball again.'

155L.14
1 'Seven foot Bible
2 At my head and my feet;
3 If my mother pass by me,
4 Pray tell her I'm asleep.'

155L.1
1 IT was on a May, on a midsummer's day,
2 Him on another close by,
3 And leads him from hall to hall,
4 And rolls it along the plain;

155L.2
1 He knocked it up, and he knocked it down,
2 He knocked it o'er and o'er;
3 The very first kick little Harry gave the ball,
4 Where the Jews sate all of a row.

155L.3
1 She came down, the youngest duke's daughter,
2 She was dressed in green;
3 'Come back, come back, my pretty little boy,
4 And play the ball again.'

155L.4
1 'I wont come back, and I daren't come back,
2 Without my playfellows all;
3 And if my mother she should come in,
4 She'd make it the bloody ball.'

155L.5
1 She took an apple out of her pocket,
2 And rolled it along the plain;
3 Little Harry Hughes picked up the apple,
4 And sorely rued the day.

155L.6
1 She picks him by the lily-white hand,
2 And leads him from hall to hall,
3 Until she came to a little dark room,
4 That no one could hear him call.

155L.7
1 She sat herself on a golden chair,
2 Him on another close by,
3 And there's where she pulled out her little penknife,
4 That was both sharp and fine.

155L.8
1 Little Harry Hughes had to pray for his soul,
2 For his days were at an end,
3 She sticked him like a swine,
4 And first the blood came very thick, and then came very thin.
1 'That was a vile sin,' then said the King,
2 'God may forgive it thee!'
3 'Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
4 'And I wish it so may be.'

156A.15
1 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,
2 'God may forgive it thee!
3 'Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
4 'And I wish it so may be.'

156A.16
1 'Do you see yonders little boy,
2 A tossing of that ball?
3 That is Earl Martial's eldest son,
4 And I love him the best of all.

156A.17
1 'Do you see yonders little boy,
2 A catching of the ball?
3 That is King Henry's son,' she said,
4 'And I love him the worst of all.

156A.18
1 'His head is like unto a bull,
2 His nose is like a boar;'
3 'No matter for that,' King Henry said,
4 'I love him the better therefore.'

156A.19
1 The King pulld of his fyary's coat,
2 And appeard all in red;
3 She shriekd and she cry'd, she wrong her hands,
4 And said she was betrayd.

156A.20
1 The King lookd over his left shoulder,
2 And a grim look lookd he,
3 And said, Earl Martial, but for my oath,
4 Then hanged shouldst thou be.

156A.21
1 OUR queen's sick, an very sick,
2 She's sick an like to die;
3 She has sent for the friars of France,
4 To speak wi her speedilie.

156A.22
1 'I'll put on a friar's robe,
2 An ye'll put on another,
3 An we'll go to Madam the Queen,
4 Like friars baith thegither.'

156A.23
1 'God forbid,' said Earl Marshall,
2 'That ever the like shud be,
3 But an ye be ony ither men,
4 Ye sall be hangt hie.'

156A.24
1 The King put on a friar's robe,
2 Earl Marshall on another;
3 They're on to the Queen,
4 Like friars baith thegither.

156A.25
1 'Gin ye be the friars of France,
2 As I trust well ye be——
3 But an ye be ony ither men,
4 Ye sall be hangt hie.'

156A.26
1 The King he turnd him roun,
2 An by his troth sware he,
3 An we will to Queen Elenor go,
4 Like friars baith thegither.

156A.27
1 The King lookd over his left shoulder,
2 And appeard all in red;
3 'No matter for that,' King Henry said,
4 'I love him the better therefore.'

156A.28
1 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
2 An a very great sin 'twas tee,
3 But an ye be ony ither men,
4 'Wi mendiment,' said Earl Marishall,
5 'An ye be ony ither men.'

156A.29
1 'His head is like unto a bull,
2 'Gin ye be the friars of France,
3 That I beguile Madam the Queen!
4 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
5 'God forbid,' said Earl Marshall,'
6 'And I love him the worst of all.
7 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
8 'That ever the like shud be,
9 'But an ye be ony ither men,
10 'Ye sall be hangt hie.'

156A.30
1 The King he turnd him roun,
2 An by his troth sware he,
3 An we will to Queen Elenor go,
4 Like friars baith thegither.

156A.31
1 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
2 An we will to Queen Elenor go,
3 That I beguile Madam the Queen!
4 'I wish it so may be.'

156A.32
1 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
2 'But pardon me it may be.'
3 'Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
4 'And I wish it so may be.'

156A.33
1 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
2 'God may forgive it thee!'
3 'Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
4 'And I wish it so may be.'

156A.34
1 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
2 'God may forgive it thee!'
156C.11
1 'The next sin ever I did,
2 An a very great sin 'twas tee,
3 I kept poison in my bosom seven years,
4 To poison him King Henrie.'

156C.12
1 'O that was a sin, and a very great sin,
2 But pardoned it may be;
3 'All that with amendment,' said Earl Marischal,
4 But a quacking heart had he.

156C.13
1 'The next great sin that e'er I did,
2 I'll tell you it presentlie;
3 I poisoned the Lady Rosamond,
4 And a very good woman was she.

156C.14
1 'See ye not yon twa bonny boys,
2 As they play at the ba?
3 The eldest of them is Marischal's son,
4 And I love him best of a';
5 The youngest of them is Henrie's son,
6 And I love him none at a

156C.15
1 'For he is headed like a bull, a bull,
2 He is backed like a boar;
3 'Then by my sooth,' says King Henrie,
4 'I love him the better therefor.'
5 'I love him best o the twa.'

156C.16
1 The King has cast off his friar's coat,
2 Put on a coat of gold;
3 The Queen she turned her face about,
4 She could not face behold.
5 The King then said to Earl Marischal,
6 'That winna I do for thee,
7 Except ye swear by your sceptre and crown
8 Ye'll do me nae injurie.'
9 'I swear by the rude, quoth King Henry,
10 'No indeed!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,
11 'That is playing at the ba?
12 And an angry man was he;
13 'See ye there my seven sons,
14 I'll tell you it presentlie;
15 I kept poison seven years in my bosom,
16 To poison the King himsel.'

156C.17
1 The King then said to Earl Marischal,
2 To the Earl Marischal said he,
3 Were it not for my sceptre and sword,
4 Earl Marischall, ye should die.
5 'I like him best o the twa.'
6 'Gin I hadna sworn by the crown and sceptre
7 I like him warst awa:'
8 'And by my sooth,' says King Henrie,
9 'I like him best of a'.
10 'The first sin that I did sin,
11 'The neist sin that I did sin,
12 'The next great sin that I did sin,
13 I poisoned the Lady Rosamond,
14 And a very good woman was she.
15 'Like twa French priests thegither.'
16 'Now you'll put on a priest's robe,
17 And I'll put on another,
18 And we'll go in before the Queen,
19 Like friars both together.
20 'But O forbid,' said the Earl Marischal,
21 'That I this deed should see!
22 For if I beguile Eleanor our queen,
23 I'll put on another,
24 And we'll go in before the Queen,
25 Like friars both together.
26 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
27 'And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
28 And I pray ye pardon me;
29 'Amen, and amen!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,
30 And a wearied man was he.'

156C.18
1 The Queen fell sick, and very, very sick,
2 She was sick, and like to die,
3 And she sent for a friar oure frae France,
4 High hanged ye should be.
5 'I like him best mysel!'
156F.10
1 'O, if you are two Fryars of France,
2 It's you that I wished to see;
3 But if you are two English lords,
4 You shall hang on the gallowes-tree.'

156F.11
1 'O we are not two English lords,
2 But two Fryars of France we bee,
3 And we sang the Song of Solomon,
4 As we came over the sea.'

156F.12
1 'Oh, the first vile sin I did commit
2 Tell it I will to thee;
3 I fell in love with the Earl Marshall,
4 As he brought me over the sea.'

156F.13
1 'Oh, that was a great sin,' quoth the King,
2 'But pardoned it must bee;
3 'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,
4 With a heevie heart spake hee.

156F.14
1 'Oh, the next sin that I did commit
2 I will to you unfolde;
3 Earl Marshall had my vigin dower,
4 Beneath this cloth of golde.'

156F.15
1 'Oh, that was a vile sin,' said the King,
2 'May God forgive it thee!
3 'Amen! Amen!' groaned the Earl Marshall,
4 And a very frightned man was hee.

156F.16
1 'Oh, the next sin that I did commit
2 Tell it I will to thee;
3 I poisoned a lady of noble blood,
4 For the sake of King Henrie.'

156F.17
1 'Oh, that was a great sin,' said the King,
2 'But pardoned it shall bee;
3 'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,
4 And still a frightned man was hee.

156F.18
1 'Oh, the next sin that ever I did
2 Tell it I will to thee;
3 I have kept strong poison this seven long years,
4 To poison King Henrie.'

156F.19
1 'Oh, that was a great sin,' said the King,
2 'But pardoned it must bee;
3 'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,
4 And still a frightned man was hee.

156F.20
1 'O don't you see two little boys,
2 Playing at the football?
3 O yonder is the Earl Marshall's son,
4 And I like him best of all.

156F.21
1 'O don't you see yon little boy,
2 Playing at the football?
3 O that one is King Henrie's son,
4 And I like him worst of all.

156F.22
1 'His head is like a black bull's head,
2 His feet are like a bear;
3 What matter? what matter?' cried the King,
4 'He's my son, and my only heir.'

156F.23
1 The King plucked off his fryar's gowne,
2 And stood in his scarlet so red:
3 The Queen she turned herself in bed,
4 And cried that she was betrayde.

156F.24
1 The King lookt oer his left shoulder,
2 And a grim lookt hee;
3 'Earl Marshall,' he said, 'But for my oath,
4 Thou hastd swung on the gallowes-tree.'

156G.1
1 The queen of England she is seek,
2 And seek and like to bee;
3 She has sent for friers out of France,
4 To bespeek his speedly.'

156G.2
1 The king has cald on his merrymen,
2 By thirtys and by threes;
3 Earl Marshall should have been the formost
4 Man, but the very last man was he.

156G.3
1 'The queen of England ss:h:xe is seek,
2 And seek and like to bee;
3 And she has sent for friers out of France,
4 To bespeek hir speedly.'

156G.4
1 'But I will put on a frier's weeg,
2 And ye'l put on another,
3 And we'll away to Queen Helen gaits,
4 Like friers both together.'

156G.5
1 'O no, no,' says Earl Marshall,
2 'For this it must not be;
3 For of the queen get word of that, high
4 Hanged I will be.'

156G.6
1 'But I will swear by my septer and crown,
2 And by the seas so clear,
3 I will swear by my septer and crown,
4 Earl Marshall, thou's no de.

156G.7
1 So he has put on a frier's wig,
2 And the king has put on another,
3 And they are away to Queen Helen gaits,
4 Like friers both together.

156G.8
1 When they came to Queen Helen gaits,
2 They tirdled at the pin,
3 There was non so ready as the queen herself
4 To open and let them in.

156G.9
1 'O are you two Scottish dogs?—
2 And hanged you shall be—
3 Or are [you] friers come out of France,
4 To bespeek me speedily?

156G.10
1 'We are not two Scottish dogs,
2 Nor hanged we shall be;
3 For we have not spoken a wrong word
4 Since we came over the sea.'

156G.11
1 'Well then, the very first that ever I sインド
2 I freely confess to thee;
3 Earl Marshall took my maidenhead
4 Below yon greenwood tree.'

156G.12
1 'That is a sin, and very great sin,
2 But the Pope will pardon thee;
3 'Amen, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,
4 But a feart, feart heart had he.

156G.13
1 'The very next sin that ever I sインド
2 I freely confess to thee;
3 Earl Marshall took my maidenhead
4 Below yon greenwood tree.'

156G.14
1 'That is a sin, and very great sin,
2 But the Pope forgiveth thee;
3 'Amen, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,
4 And a feert, feert heart had he.

156G.15
1 'The very next sin that ever I sインド
2 I freely confess to thee;
3 I poisioned one of my court's ladies,
4 Was far more fairer than me.

156G.16
1 'That is a sin, and a very great sin,
2 But the Pope forgiveth thee;
3 'Amen, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,
4 But a feert, feert heart had he.

156G.17
1 'Do you see yon bony boys,
2 Playing at the baw?
3 The oldest of them is Earl Marshall's,
4 And I like him best of all.'

156G.18
1 'That is a sin, and very great sin,
2 But the Pope forgiveth thee;
3 'Amen, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,
4 But a feert, feert heart had he.

156G.19
1 'Do ye see two bony [boys],
2 Playing at the baw?
3 The youngest of them is King Hendry's,
4 And I like him worst of all.

156G.20
1 'Because he is headed like a bull,
2 And his nose is like a boat,
3 'What is the matter?' says King Henry,
4 'For he shall be my heir.'
4 I never bade a better bode’, said he.
3 For tho you’d bid an hundred pound,
1 ‘Hold out your hand,’ said Wallace then,
4 Where that I might proud Wallace see.’
3 If you would take me to the place
1 The English captain swore by th’ rood,
4 A crooked carle although I be.’
3 ‘Tis I was born in fair Scotland,
1 Where was you born, thou crooked carle,
2 So did he threefold oer a tree,
1 ‘If eer I come this way again,
4 And evn as fast as I could gang.’
2 And evn this day, as I have none,
1 ‘B ut had I money me upon,
2 ‘For he’s oer good a kind Scotsman.
3 ‘O God forbid!’ said Wallace then,
2 For they’ve ordained him to be slain:’
1 ‘And they are seeking Wallace there,
3 But betwixt me and the English blood
2 ‘That our kind Scots might live by their own! ’
1 ‘HAD we a king,’ said Wallace then,
4 And s<w>ore she was betraid.
3 She wrung hir hands, and tore hir hair,
1 Now he put off his frier’s wig,
2 He hit the proud captain alang the chafft-blade,
3 Till that he never chewed more;
3 He stickd the rest about the board,
4 And left them all a sprawling there.
1 He struck the captain oer the chafts,
2 And drest himself [in] red;
3 She put her hand into her pocket,
1 ‘B e look lowd down to a linn;’
3 They now are seeking Gude Wallace,
2 ‘What tydins hae ye in the south countrie?’
3 ‘What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?’ he says,
4 ‘For it is twa days till an end
3 If ‘twere as muckle and ten times mair,
2 ‘I'm feard your money be not gude;’
3 If ye have ony tidings to tell,
1 ‘I have no tidings you to tell,
3 ‘I am a true Scot born and bred,
2 ‘That our kind Scots might live by their own! ’
1 ‘When he cam up among them a’,
3 ‘I’'m sure he is a true Scotsman.
3 ‘I will down to yon wee ostler-house,
2 ‘For this is the day ye are to dee;’
3 As she was at the well washing.
3 ‘I’'m sure he is a true Scotsman.
1 The captain sware by the root of his sword,
2 ‘For this is the day ye are to dee;’
3 ‘I’'m sure he is a true Scotsman.
1 ‘A’ these big gentlemen to see.’
2 ‘For he’s oer good a kind Scotsman.
3 ‘O God forbid!’ said Wallace then,
2 ‘For this is the day ye are to dee;’
4 ‘What tydins hast thou to tell unto me? ’
1 ‘HAD we a king,’ said Wallace then,
1 ‘There’s nocht in my purse,’ quo Gude
3 ‘Ye trust sae mickle in God’s might,
2 ‘He hanged them all out-oer a grain;’
1 ‘He’s taen the captain alang the chaps,
4 ‘And ay well mot ye fare and see! ’
3 ‘And they are seekin for Gude Wallace,
2 ‘For this is the day ye are to dee;’
1 ‘They are seekin for Gude Wallace,
4 ‘And ay the less we do fear thee.’
1 ‘Weel may ye save, fair lady!’ he says,
3 ‘Then would I to that hostler’s house,
1 ‘Come out, come out,’ said they, ‘Wallace!’
4 ‘And ay well mot ye fare and see!’
1 ‘What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?’ he says,
3 ‘Between me and my soverign blude
1 ‘B e look lowd down to a linn;’
4 ‘And left them all a sprawling there.
1 ‘I put off my frier’s wig,
3 ‘If ye have ony tidings to tell,
1 ‘What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?’ he says,
4 ‘And ay the less we do fear thee.’
1 ‘They are seekin for Gude Wallace,
3 ‘I’'m sure he is a true Scotsman.
2 ‘And ay they’re damning him to hang;’
2 ‘I’m feard your money be not gude;’
2 ‘He hanged them all out-oer a grain;’
3 ‘Between me and my soverign blude
3 ‘She powd out twenty shillings and three:
4 ‘And ay the less we do fear thee.’
1 ‘The captain, being weel buke-learnd,
3 ‘The rest he stickd where he stude,
4 ‘The Child Ballads’
1 ‘When he cam up among them a’,
4 ‘And they are seekin for Gude Wallace,
3 ‘I will down to yon wee ostler-house,
1 ‘There’s nocht in my purse,’ quo Gude
3 ‘I will down to yon wee ostler-house,
4 ‘And ay the less we do fear thee.’
157C.10
1 Get up, get up, gudewife,’ he says,
2 ‘And get me to some dinner in haste;
3 For it will not be three long days
4 Sin I a bit o meat did taste.

157C.11
1 The dinner was na weel readie,
2 Nor was it on the table set,
3 Till fifteen Englishmen
4 Were a’ lighted about the yett.

157C.12
1 ‘Come out, come out now, Gude Wallace!
2 ‘This is the day that thou maun die.’
3 ‘I lien the nac sae little to God,’ he says,
4 ‘A’lho I be but ill wordie.’

157C.13
1 The gudewife had an auld gudeman;
2 By Gude Wallace he stilly stood;
3 Till ten o the fifteen Englishmen
4 Before the door lay in their bluide.

157C.14
1 ‘Haud out your hand,’ quo Gude Wallace,
2 For ay that traitor I lang to see.’
3 That wad find me out Gude Wallace;
4 A crookit carle altho I be.’

157C.15
1 ‘O I would een gie twenty shillins
2 A crookit carle altho I be.’
3 ‘O I was born in fair Scotland,
4 An how may this your dwellin be?’

157C.16
1 ‘O whare was ye born, ye crookit auld carle?
2 ‘Aye the poor man for to see.’
3 ‘And gin ye have any tidings to tell,
4 I pray ye tell them unto me.’

157C.17
1 ‘I have nae tidings for to tell,
2 And as few will I let ye ken;
3 But down into yon little alehouse
4 And there sits fifteen Englishmen.

157C.18
1 ‘What news, what news, ye gentle knight?
2 What news hae ye this day to me?’
3 ‘No news hae I this day to thee,
4 Was washing there her lilie hands.

157C.19
1 ‘A guinea this day ye’ll gie to me.’
2 ‘Ye’ll give a poor man some supplie;
3 ‘Neither meat nor drink get he;
4 ‘Do you think he’ll let me know?’

157C.20
1 ‘What news, what news, ye well-fared maid?
2 ‘Waiting Wallace for to see.’
3 ‘And gin ye have any tidings to tell,
4 I pray ye tell them unto me.’

157C.21
1 ‘I have nae tidings for to tell,
2 And as few will I let ye ken;
3 But down into yon hosteler-ha
4 And there sits fifteen Englishmen.

157C.22
1 ‘O wil ye len me ane pennie,
2 Or will ye len me a bare bawbee,
3 I would go to yon hosteler-ha
4 All for these Englishmen to see.’

157C.23
1 ‘O weel may ye wash!’ said fair Willie,
2 ‘What news hae ye this day to me?’
3 ‘No news, no news, ye gentle knight,
4 No news hae I this day to thee,
5 But fifteen lords in the hostage-house
6 Waiting Wallace for to see.’

157C.24
1 ‘If I had but in my pocket
2 The worth of one single pennie,
3 I would go to the hostage-house,
4 And there the gentlemen to see.’

157C.25
1 ‘What news, what news, ye silly auld man?
2 ‘Waiting Wallace for to see.’
3 ‘And gin ye have any tidings to tell,
4 They said to him, Great Domincie!’

157C.26
1 ‘Where was ye born, ye crookit carle? Where was ye born, or in what country? ’
2 ‘In merry Scotland I was born,’
3 ‘A crookit carle alio I be.’

157C.27
1 ‘Here’s fifteen shillings,’ one of them said,
2 ‘Here’s other fifteen I’ll give to thee,
3 If you will tell me where the traitor Willie Wallace is,
4 Or where away thou thinks he’ll be.’

157C.28
1 ‘Pay down, pay down your money,’ he said,
2 ‘Pay down, pay down richt speedilie,
3 For if your answer be not good,
4 You shall have the downfall of Robin Hood’ [said he].

157C.29
1 Struck the captain on the jaw,
2 He swore that he would chaw nae mair cheese;
3 He’s killed all the rest with his good broadsword,
4 And left them wallowing on their knees.

157C.30
1 ‘Come out, come out, Willie Wallace,’ they said.
2 ‘Come out, come out, and do not flee,
3 For we have sworn by our good broadswords
4 That this is the nicht that you sall die.’

157C.31
1 ‘He’s killed five with his good broadsword,
2 He’s drown five in the raging sea,
3 And he’s taen other five to the merry greenwood,
4 And hanged them oer the highest tree.

157C.32
1 WALLACE in the high highlans,
2 Neither meat nor drink get he;
3 Said, fa me life, or fa me death,
4 Now to some town I maun be.

157C.33
1 He’s put on his short claiding,
2 And on his short claiding put he;
3 Says, Fa me life, or fa me death,
4 Now to Perth-town I maun be.

157C.34
1 He steped oer the river Tay,
2 I wat he steped on dry land;
3 He was aware of a well-fared maid,
4 Washing there her lilie hands.

157C.35
1 ‘What news, what news, ye well-fared maid? What news hae ye this day to me?’
2 ‘No news, no news, ye gentle knight,
3 No news hae I this day to thee,
4 But fifteen lords in the hostage-house
5 Waiting Wallace for to see.’

157C.36
1 ‘If I had but in my pocket
2 The worth of one single pennie,
3 I would go to the hostage-house,
4 And there the gentlemen to see.’

157C.37
1 ‘Shut the door to the hostage-house,
2 ‘He’s drown five in the raging sea,
3 And he’s taen other five to the merry greenwood,
4 And hanged them oer the highest tree.

157C.38
1 ‘What news, what news, ye silly auld man?
2 ‘What news hae ye this day to gie?’
3 ‘No news, no news, ye belted knight,
4 ‘Do you think he’ll let me know?’

157C.39
1 ‘Ye’ll lend me your clouted cloak,
2 That covers you frae head to shie,
3 And I’ll go to the hostage-house,
4 Asking there for some supplie.’

157C.40
1 Now he’s gone to the West-muir wood,
2 And there he’s pullit a trusty tree;
3 And then he’s on to the hostage gone,
4 Asking there for charitie.

157C.41
1 ‘Go cover the table,’ said Willie Wallace,
2 ‘Go cover the table, get me some meat,
3 For it is three days and rather mair
4 Since I did either drink or eat.’

157C.42
1 ‘He’s killed five with his good broadsword,
2 He’s drown five in the raging sea,
3 And he’s taen other five to the merry greenwood,
4 And hanged them oer the highest tree.

157C.43
1 ‘Come out, come out, Willie Wallace,’ they said.
2 ‘Come out, come out, and do not flee,
3 For we have sworn by our good broadswords
4 That this is the nicht that you sall die.’

157C.44
1 ‘He’s killed five with his good broadsword,
2 He’s drown five in the raging sea,
3 And he’s taen other five to the merry greenwood,
4 And hanged them oer the highest tree.

The Text of
157G.6  
1 That verra nicht at seven
2 Brave Wallace he came in,
3 And he came to his ladie's bower,
4 Withoout dread or din.

157G.7  
1 When she beheld him Wallace,
2 She star'd him in the face;
3 'Ohon, alas!' said that ladie,
4 'This is a woful case.

157G.8  
1 'For I this nicht have sold you,
2 This nicht you must be tae,
3 And I'm to be wedded to a lord,
4 The best in christendemem.

157G.9  
1 'Do you repent,' said Wallace,
2 The ill 'you've dane to me?'
3 'Ay, that I do,' said that ladie,
4 And will do till I die.

157G.10  
1 'Ay, that I do,' said that ladie,
2 'And will do ever still,
3 And for the ill 'I'll dane to you,
4 Let me burn upon a hill.'

157G.11  
1 'Now God forfend,' says brave Wallace,
2 'I should be so unkind;
3 Whatever I am to Scotland's faes,
4 I'm aye a woman's friend.

157G.12  
1 'Will ye gie me your gown, your gown,
2 Your gown but and your kirtle,
3 Your petticoat of bonny brown,
4 Or think it is yoursell.'

157G.13  
1 'I'll take a pitcher in ilka hand,
2 And do me to the well;
3 They'll think I'm one of your maidens,
4 And belt about my middle.

157G.14  
1 She has gien him her gown, her gown,
2 Her petticoat and kirtle,
3 Her broadest belt, wi silver clasp,
4 To bind about his middle.

157G.15  
1 He's taen a pitcher in ilka hand,
2 And dane him to the well;
3 They thought him one of her maidens,
4 They kend it was nae hersell.

157G.16  
1 Said one of the southeron foragers,
2 See ye yon lusty dame? I would gie muckle to thee, neebor,
3 To bring her back agen.

157G.17  
1 Then all the southerons followd him,
2 And sure they were but four;
3 But he has drawn his trusty brand,
4 And slew them pair by pair.

157G.18  
1 He threw the pitchers frae his hands,
2 And to the hills fled he,
3 Until he cam to a fair may,
4 Washin on yon lea.

157G.19  
1 'What news, what news, ye weel-far'd may?
2 What news hae ye to gie?'
3 'Ill news, ill news,' the fair may said,
4 'Il'll news I hae to thee.

157G.20  
1 'There is fyfen English sogers
2 Into that thatched inn,
3 Seeking Sir Wallace; I fear that he is slain.'

157G.21  
1 'Have ye any money in your pocket?
2 Pray lend it unto me,
3 And when I come this way again,
4 Repaid ye weel shall be.'

157G.22  
1 She's put her hand in her pocket,
2 And taen out shillings three;
3 Until he cam to a fair may,
4 And thanked the weel-far'd may.
The Text of

157H.5
1 'The English did surround my house,
2 And forced me thertill;
3 But for your sake, my dear Wallace,
4 I could burn on a hill.'

157H.6
1 Then he gae her a loving kiss,
2 The tear dropped from his eye;
3 Says, Fare ye well for evermair,
4 Your face nae mair I'll see.

157H.7
1 She dressed him in her ain clathing,
2 And frae her house he came;
3 Which made the Englishmen admire,
4 To see this stalwart dame.

157H.8
1 He is to Saint Johnston gane,
2 And there he played him well;
3 For there he saw a well-far'd may,
4 Was washing at a well.

157H.9
1 'What news, what news, ye well-far'd may?
2 What news have ye to me?
3 What news, what news, ye well-far'd may, All from your north countrie?'
4 'I am a true Scotsman bred and born,
3 And he answered him with a grand domineer.'

157H.10
1 'What news, wnat news, ye well-far'd may?
2 You are welcome, traitors, out of England;
3 For there he saw a well-far'd may,
4 As she was at the well washing.

158A.1
1 She dressd him in her ain clathing,
2 And forced me theretill;
3 And he's gaen awa to the wee ale-house,
4 To be in his chamber with his ladye,
5 Then to be pleading with traitors out of England,
6 Kneeling low upon their knee.

158A.2
1 'O hold thy tongue, Spencer!' she said,
2 'I doe not come to plead with thee;
3 Darest thou ryde a course of war
4 With a knight that I shall put to thee?'

158A.3
1 'But euer alack!' then Spencer sayd,
2 'I think I haue deserued Gods curse;
3 Ffor I haue not any armour heere,
4 Nor yet I haue noe iusting-horse.'

158A.4
1 'Thy shanke, quoeth shee, Beneath the knee
2 Are very small above the shinne
3 Ffor to doe any such honourable deeds
4 As the Englishmen say thou has done.

158A.5
1 'Thy shankes beene small aboute thy shoone,
2 And soe the beene aboute thy knee;
3 Thou art to slender euery way
4 Any good jester for to bee.'

158A.9
1 'Comend me to the English kinne,
2 And tell this now from mee;
3 There shall neuer peace be kept in my land,
4 While open warres kept there may bee.'
158A.25
1 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
2 'For one staffe of the English countrie!  
3 Without you I’d bind me three together,'  
4 Quoth hee, 'They’ll be to weake for mee.'

158A.26
1 With that bespeak he the Ffrench knight,  
2 Sayes, Bind him together the whole thirtye,  
3 For I hate him more streight in my to hands,  
4 Then is in all Spencers bodie.

158A.27
1 'But proue att parting,’ Spencer sayes,  
2 French knight, here I tell itt thee;  
3 For I will lay thee five to four  
4 The bigger man I proue to bee.'

158A.28
1 But the day was sett, and together they mett,  
2 With great mirth and melancholye,  
3 With minstrels playing, and trumpets sounding,  
4 With drummes striking loud and hye.

158A.29
1 The second race that Spencer run,  
2 I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,  
3 Such a race was never run before;  
4 About twelve or thirteen score.

158A.30
1 But he run thorrrow the Ffrench campe;  
2 Such a race was never run before;  
3 He killed of King Charles his men  
4 Att hand of thirteenth or fourteen score.

158A.31
1 But he came backe againe to the King,  
2 And kneeld him downe vpon his knee;  
3 Saies, A knight I haue slaine, and a steed I haue e woone,  
4 The best that is in this countrie.

158A.32
1 'But nay, by my faith,’ then said the King,  
2 Spencer, soo itt shall not bee;  
3 'I’le haue that traitors head of thine,  
4 To enter plea at my iolowe.’

158A.33
1 But Spencer loooket him once about,  
2 He had true brethren left but four;  
3 He killed ther of the Kings gard  
4 About twelve or thirteen score.

158A.34
1 'But hold thy hands,’ the King doth say,  
2 Spencer, now I doe pray thee;  
3 And I will goe into little England,  
4 Vnto that cruelle kinge with thee.’

158A.35
1 'Nay, by my faith,’ Spencer sayd,  
2 My liege, for soo itt shall not bee;  
3 For an you sett foot on English ground,  
4 You shall be hanged vpon a tree.

158A.36
1 Why then, comend [me] to that English kinge,  
2 And tell him thus now from mee,  
3 That there shall neuer be open warres kept in my land  
4 Whilst peace kept that there may bee.’

158B.1
1 OUR king lay at Westminster,  
2 as of tymes he had done  
3 And he sent for Hugh Spencer,  
4 to come to him anon.

158B.2
1 Then in came Hugh Spencer,  
2 low kneeling on his knee:  
3 'What’s the matter, my liege,  
4 you sent so speedily for me?'

158B.3
1 'Why you must go ambassador  
2 to France now, to see  
3 Whether peace shall be taken,  
4 eee, or open wars must be.’

158B.4
1 'Who shall go with me?’  
2 says Hugh Spencer, he:  
3 'That shall Hugh Willoughby  
4 and John of Atherly,  
5 O then,’ says Hugh Spencer,  
6 'we’ll be a merry company.’

158B.5
1 When they came before the French king,  
2 they kneeled low on the knee:  
3 'O rise up, and stand up,  
4 whose men soer you be.'

158B.6
1 The first that made answer  
2 was Hugh Spencer, he:  
3 'We are English embassadours,  
4 come hither to see  
5 Whether peace shall be taken,  
6 aye, or open wars must be.’

158B.7
1 Then spoke the French king,  
2 and he spoke courteously:  
3 The last time peace was broken,  
4 it was neer along of me.

158B.8
1 For you sunk my ships, slew my men,  
2 and thus did ye;  
3 And the last time peace was broken,  
4 it was neer along of me.

158B.9
1 Then in came Queen Maude,  
2 and full as ill was she:  
3 'A chamber of presence  
4 is better for thee.  
5 Then amongst English shepherds,  
6 low bending on the knee.’

158B.10
1 The first that made answer  
2 was Hugh Spencer, he:  
3 'We are English shepherds,  
4 Queen Maude, I tell thee,  
5 But we’re knights, and knights fellows,  
6 the worst man in our company.’

158B.11
1 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
2 and full as ill was she:  
3 Thou shouldst be Hugh Spencer,  
4 thou talkst so boldly.

158B.12
1 And if thou beest Hugh Spencer,  
2 as well thou seemst to be,  
3 I’ve oft heard of thy justling,  
4 and some of it would fain see.

158B.13
1 I have a steed in my stable  
2 that thou canst not ride;  
3 I have a spear in my keeping  
4 that thou canst not guide;  
5 And I have a knight in my realm  
6 that thou darest not abide.

158B.14
1 Then Spencer askd Willoughby  
2 and John of Atherly  
3 Whether he should take this justling in hand,  
4 aye, or let be.

158B.15
1 O then spoke Hugh Willoughby  
2 and John of Atherly  
3 If you won’t take it [in] hand,  
4 why turn it unto we.

158B.16
1 'It shall neer be said in England,’  
2 says Hugh Spencer, he:  
3 'That I refrained a good justling  
4 and turned it to ye.

158B.17
1 ‘Alas,’ says Hugh Spencer,  
2 ‘Full sore may I moan,  
3 I have nought here but an ambler,  
4 my good steed’s at home.’

158B.18
1 Then spoke a French knight,  
2 and he spoke courteously:  
3 I have thirty steeds in my stables,  
4 the best of them take to thee.

158B.19
1 'Gramercy,’ says Spencer,  
2 aye, and gramercy;  
3 If euer thou comest to England,  
4 well rewarded shalt thou be.’

158B.20
1 The first steed they brought him,  
2 he was a milk-white;  
3 'Take that away,’ says Spencer,  
4 'For I do not him like.’

158B.21
1 The next steed they brought him,  
2 he was a good dun;  
3 'Take that away,’ says Spencer,  
4 'For he’s not for my turn.’

158B.22
1 The next steed they brought him,  
2 he was a dapple-grey;  
3 'Take that away,’ says Spencer,  
4 'For he is not used to the way.’

158B.23
1 The next steed they brought him,  
2 he was a coal-black;  
3 His eyes burnt in his head,  
4 as if fire were in flax;  
5 'Come saddle me that horse,’ says Spencer,  
6 'For I’ll have none but that.’

158B.24
1 When that horse was sadddled,  
2 and Spencer got on;  
3 With his spear at his foot,  
4 O he was portly man!

158B.25
1 'Now I am on that steede-back  
2 that I could not ride;  
3 That spear in my keeping  
4 that I could not guide,  
5 Come shew me that French knight  
6 that I dare not abide.’

158B.26
1 'It is a sign by thy sharp shin,  
2 ay, and thy cropped knee,  
3 That are no fit match  
4 to justle with me;  
5 'Why it makes no matter,’ says Spencer,  
6 'you hear no brags of me.’

158B.27
1 The first time they rode together,  
2 now Sir Hugh and he,  
3 He turmd him in his saddle  
4 like an apple on a tree.

158B.28
1 The next time they rode together,  
2 now Sir Hugh and he,  
3 He lit upon his breast-plate,  
4 and he broke his spear in three.

158B.29
1 'A spear now,’ says Spencer,  
2 æ spear now get me;’  
3 ' thou shalt have one,’ says Willoughby,  
4 'if in France one there be.’

158B.30
1 'O tye two together,  
2 and the stronger they’l be,  
3 For the French is the better,  
4 and the better shall be;  
5 'Why it makes no matter,’ says Spencer,  
6 'you hear no brags of me.’

158B.31
1 The next time they rode together,  
2 now Sir Hugh and he,  
3 He threw him fifteen foot from his saddle,  
4 and he broke his back in three:  
5 'Now I have slain thy justler,  
6 Queen Maude, I tell thee.’

158B.32
1 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
2 and full as ill was she:  
3 If thou shalt have one,’ says Willoughby,  
4 'in France one there be.’

158B.33
1 'It shall neer be said in England,’  
2 says Hugh Spencer, he:  
3 'That I neer shall be in England,’  
4 says Hugh Willoughby;

158B.34
1 'It shall neer be said in England,’  
2 says John of Atherly,  
3 'That a queen of another nation  
4 eer had her will of we.’
Like wild-fire in a slack;

His e'en was glancin in his head

He was the raven-black;

'A bridle for charitie!'

O bridles brak, and great horse lap,

As ever the dew drap down.

He was the penny-brown;

The nexten steed that he drew out,

Its gude lord shall hae three.'

O every brand that you sall have,

'That sight fain would I see.'

Would fight an hour wi you;

'Thut race.'

And I'le lead the vawward, lord,

'Throw the English countrye.'

For as it befell in Edward the Thirds dayes,

This thirty winters and four,

In my coate-armor thou shalt bee,

'Take thee Worster,' sayd the K

And free lands too,

And than had latten him be.'

And its gude lord sall have three.'

'That's enouge for thee.'

And than had latten him be.'

And I'le lead the vawward,

But I'le giue thee lands and rent.

'Take thee Worster,' sayd the K

And its gude lord sall have three.'

But I'le giue thee lands and rent.

And I'le lead the vawward,

And I'le giue thee lands and rent.

And I'le lead the vawward,

And I'le giue thee lands and rent.

And I'le lead the vawward,
For Mary, that myld may

159A.41
1 Our English archers bent their bowes
2 Shortlye and anon;
3 They shot ouer the Scottish oast
4 And scantilye toucht a man.

159A.42
1 ‘Hold downe your hands,’ said the Bishopp of Durham,
2 ‘My archers good and true!’
3 The second shotte that the shott,
4 Full sore the Scottes iit rure.

159A.43
1 ‘And se overall I.’ said my Lord of Ffleurwilliams,
2 ‘In this faire morning gay.’
3 ‘And soe will I,’ said my Lord Ffluiwilliams,
4 ‘For Mary, that myld may.’
The Text of

161A.11
1 Syr Harry Perssy cam to the walles,
2 The Skottysch ooste for to se,
3 And sayd. And thou hast brente
4 Northomerlonde,
5 Full sore it rewth me.

161A.12
1 'Where schall I byde the?' sayd the Dowglas,
2 'Or where wylte thou com to me?'
3 'At Otterborne, in the hygh way,
4 'Theron myf to thow well logeed be.'

161A.13
1 'The yerle of Mentaye, thou arte my eme,
2 For here bygynnes no peysse.
3 'Araye yow, lordyng
4 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'

161A.14
1 'Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
2 For all Ynglonde so haylle.
3 He durst not loke on my brede banner
4 To chose ther geldyng
5 Among the holtes on hye.

161A.15
1 'The Baron of Grastoke ys com out of the west,
2 Wyth many a noble knyght;
3 That never a fote wold flee;
4 Thus was the Dowglas slayne.
5 The Perssy was grevyd sore,
6 Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,
7 For soth a myght full weel knowe;
8 And thysses schotte strowght.

161A.16
1 'He schall be wyth the Dowglas,
2 Wyth many a noble knyght;
3 Ych on other so faste thee behet,
4 That ether of other was fayne;
5 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
6 For to God I make myne avowe
7 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
8 'Or ellys take he schal be slayned.
9 For I see by thy bryght basset,
10 The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,
11 That never a fote wold flee;
12 Thus was the Dowglas slayne.
13 Men of armes byganne to joyne,
14 Ther the fawght the day, and all the nyght,
15 'That day that he cowde dye.'
16 All they loge at yo wyll;
17 They to schall be wyth the Dowglas,
18 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
19 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
20 That never a fote wold flee;
21 By syde stode starr
22 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
23 And the cressawnt
24 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
25 For soth and sertenly,
26 'I wyll holde that I haue hyght.
27 Men of armes byganne to joyne,'
28 To batell make yow bowen
29 And thrysse they schowte on hyght,
30 That they mayd the Dowglasse dryne,
31 Vpon Sent Androwe lowde can they crye,
32 By thys myght man nyght.
33 'Or ellys take he schal be slayned.'
34 'Nay by my trowth,' the Dowglas sayed,
35 'My lorde yo pryde!
36 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
37 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
38 And the cressawnt
39 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
40 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
41 On the other hand fayre schall be;
42 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
43 And the cressawnt
44 That they mayd the Dowglasse dryne,
45 Vpon Sent Androwe lowde can they crye,
46 For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
47 'Or ellys take he schal be slayned.'
48 Sayd Syr Harry Perssy.
49 The skottyshe knyght hoved vpon the bent,
50 To chose ther geldyng
51 Among the holtes on hye.
52 The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,
53 That ether of other was fayne;
54 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
55 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
56 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
57 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
58 And the cressawnt
59 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
60 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
61 Sayd Syr Harry Perssy.
62 The dowglasse dryne,
63 And the cressawnt
64 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
65 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
66 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
67 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
68 And the cressawnt
69 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
70 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
71 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
72 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
73 And the cressawnt
74 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
75 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
76 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
77 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
78 And the cressawnt
79 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
80 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
81 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
82 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
83 And the cressawnt
84 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
85 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
86 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
87 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
88 And the cressawnt
89 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
90 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
91 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
92 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
93 And the cressawnt
94 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
95 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
96 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
97 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
98 And the cressawnt
99 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
100 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
101 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett
102 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,
103 And the cressawnt
104 They swapped together whyll that the swette,
105 For soth wyll yow be boothe.'
161A.62 1 There was slayne upon the Scottes syde, 2 For soth as I yow saye, 3 Of foure and forty thousand Scottes 4 Went but eyghtene awaye.
161A.66 1 The boy's taen out his little penknife, 2 Sent out his horse to grass; 3 And he that had a bonnie boy, 4 His ain servant he was.
161A.69 1 Then was ther a Scottys prisoner tayne, 2 Syr Hewe Montgomery was hys name; 3 But the Jardines wald not with him ride, 4 Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was here.'
161B.10 1 'O yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said, 2 'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low;' 3 'Whom shall I yield,' said Earl Percy, 4 'Now I see it maun be so?'
161B.11 1 'O yield thee to your braken-bush, 2 That grows upon yon lillye lee; 3 . . . . 4 . . . .
161B.12 1 'I wanna yield to a braken-bush, 2 Nor yet will I unto a brier; 3 And I would yield to Earl Douglas, 4 Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was here.'
161B.13 1 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery, 2 He struck his sword's point in the ground, 3 And Sir Hugh Montgomery was a courteous knight, 4 And he quickly brought him by the hand.
161B.14 1 This deed was done at Otterburn, 2 About the breaking of the day; 3 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush, 4 And Percy led captive away.
161C.1 1 'Ift fell about the Lammas tide, 2 When the mair-men win their hay, 3 The Douglas bound him to ride 4 Into England, to drive a prey.'
161C.2 1 He chose the Gordons and the Grahams, 2 With them the Linseys, light and gay; 3 But the Jardines wald not with him ride, 4 And they rue it to this day.
161C.3 1 And he has burnt the dales of Tyne, 2 And part of Bamborough shire, 3 And three good towers on Reidswire hills, 4 He left them all on fire.
161C.4 1 And he marched up to Newcastle, 2 And rode it round about: 3 'O wha's the lord of this castle? 4 Or wha's the lady o?'
161C.5 1 But up spake proud Lord Percy then, 2 And O but he spake hie! 3 I am the lord of this castle, 4 My wife's the lady gay.
161C.6 1 'If thou'rt the lord of this castle, 2 Sae weel it pleases me, 3 And for to meet the Douglas there 4 He rode right furiouslie.'
161C.7 1 He took a lang spear in his hand, 2 Shod with the metal free, 3 And for to meet the Douglas there 4 He rode right furiouslie.
161C.8 1 But O how pale his lady lookd, 2 Frae aff the castle-wa, 3 When down before the Scotch spear 4 She saw proud Percy fa.
161C.9 1 'Had we twa been upon the green, 2 And never an eye to see, 3 I wad hae had you, flesh and fell, 4 But your sword sall gae wi me.'
161C.10 1 'But gae ye up to Otterbourne, 2 And, wait there dayis three, 3 And, if I come not at three dayis end, 4 A fause knight ca ye me.'
161C.11 1 'The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn; 2 'Tis pleasant there to be; 3 But there is nought at Otterbourne 4 To feed my men and me.
161C.12 1 'The deer runs wild on hill and dale, 2 The birds fly wild from tree to tree; 3 But there is neither bread nor kale 4 To fend my men and me.
161C.13 1 'Yet I will stay at Otterbourne, 2 Where you shall welcome me; 3 And, if ye come not at three dayis end, 4 A fause lord I'll ca thee.'
161C.14 1 'Thither will I come,' proud Percy said, 2 'By the might of Our Ladye;' 3 'There will I bile thee,' said the Douglas, 4 'My troth I plight to thee.'
161C.15 1 They lighted high on Otterbourne, 2 Upon the bent sae brown; 3 They lighted high on Otterbourne, 4 And threw their pallions down.
161C.16 1 And he that had a bonnie boy, 2 Sent out his horse to grass; 3 And he that had not a bonnie boy, 4 His ain servant he was.
161C.17 1 But up then spake a little page, 2 Before the peep of dawn: 3 'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord, 4 For Percy's hard at hand.'
161C.18 1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud! 2 Sae loud I hear ye lie: 3 For Percy had not men yestreen 4 To dight my men and me.
161C.19 1 'But I have dreamed a dreary dream, 2 Beyond the Isle of Sky; 3 I saw a dead man win a fight, 4 And I think that man was I.'
161C.20 1 He beltet on his guid braid sword, 2 And to the field he ran; 3 But he forgot the helmet good, 4 That should have kept his brain.
161C.21 1 When Percy with the Douglas met, 2 I wat he was fu' fain; 3 They swakked their swords, till sair they swat, 4 And the blood ran down like rain.
161C.22 1 But Percy with his good broad sword, 2 That could so sharply wound, 3 Has wounded Douglas on the brow, 4 Till he fell to the ground.
161C.23 1 Then he calld on his little foot-page, 2 And said, Run speedilde, 3 And fetch my ain dear sister's son, 4 Sir Hugh Montgomery.
161C.24 1 'My nephew good,' the Douglas said, 2 'What recks the death of one! 3 Last night I dreamed a dreary dream, 4 And I ken the day's thy ain.
161C.25 1 'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep; 2 Take thou the vanguard of the three, 3 And hide me by the braken-bush, 4 That grows on yonder lilye lee.
161C.26 1 'O bury me by the braken-bush, 2 Beneath the blooming brier; 3 Let never living mortal ken 4 That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'
161C.27 1 He lifted up that noble lord, 2 Wi the saut tear in his ee; 3 He hid him in the braken-bush, 4 That his merrie men might not see.
161C.28 1 The moon was clear, the day drew near, 2 The spears in flinders fl ew, 3 But mony a gallant Englishman 4 Ere day the Scotsmen swem.

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The Text of


1 THE Gordons good, in English blood
2 They steeped their hose and shoon;
3 The Lindsay chiếu fire about,
4 Till all the fray was done.

161A.6
1 The Percy and Montgomery met,
2 That either of other were fain;
3 They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
4 And aye the blood ran down between.

161A.21
1 'Nether in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
2 Who-so-euer cors on his crowne,' sayd the
3 Be my troth, doughtte Doglas,' he says,
4 And do the battell off the and of me.'

161A.20
1 'Nowe Crist, sayd the lorde P
to no man of a woman born.'
2 'Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
3 The swapte toghethar tyll
2 lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;
1 At laste a squyar off Northomberlond
2 and avowe to God mayd he
3 Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat
2 ænd to your bo'ys lock ye tayk good hed
1 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,
2 And all that eu
3 Yet bydys the yerle Doglas vppon the bent,
2 a captayne good yenough.
3 In the magg of Tividale.
1 The blewe a mort vppone
2 yerly on a Monnyn-day;
3 In the hyls abone,
2 That day, that day, that dreffuld day!
1 The Percy and Montgomery met,
2 They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
3 For to kyll thear dear.
2 'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,' he
3 'Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat
1 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,
2 And all that eu
3 The Gordons good, in English blood
2 ænd to your bo'ys lock ye tayk good hed
1 That day, that day, that dreffuld day!

161A.19
1 'Now shaw neuer se in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he says,
2 'Ye ther mor behynde.
3 But whylle I may my weppone welde,
4 'I wylle not [fayle] both hart and hanche.'

161A.18
1 'Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne,' sayd the lorde P
2 'who-so-euer ther-to says nay!'
3 'Be my troth, doughtte Doglas agayn,
4 'It shal neuer be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he says,
5 'To Kyng Henry the Fourth for sham.'

161A.17
1 Then said the dougtet Dogglas agayn;
2 lyght.
1 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,
2 And all that eu
3 'Tell me whos men ye ar,' he says,
4 'or whos men that ye be:
3 'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,' he
2 The doughtte Doglas agayn,
3 'Be my troth,' sayd
2 a boldar barne was nev
1 The Gordons good, in English blood
2 ænd to your bo'ys lock ye tayk good hed
1 That day, that day, that dreffuld day!

161A.16
1 'Nowe Crist, sayd the lorde P
2 yt was a myghtti sight to se;
3 'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,' he
2 That either of other were fain;
3 They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
4 And aye the blood ran down between.

161A.15
1 'Now shaw neuer se in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he says,
2 'Ye ther mor behynde.
3 But whylle I may my weppone welde,
4 'I wylle not [fayle] both hart and hanche.'

161A.14
1 'The dougtet Dogglas on a stede,
2 and sawe
5 In the magg of Tividale.
1 The blewe a mort vppone
2 yerly on a Monnyn-day;
3 In the hyls abone,
2 That day, that day, that dreffuld day!

161A.13
1 'Leave of the brytyng of the dear,' he sayd,
2 And to your bo'ys lock ye tayk good hed;
3 'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,' he
2 That either of other were fain;
3 They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
4 And aye the blood ran down between.

161A.12
1 'The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,
2 withoute a pale;
3 The wear borne alonge be the watter a Twyde,
4 of Jamy our Skottish kynge.

161A.11
1 'This begane in Chyviat the hylys abone,
2 yerly on a Monnyn-day;
3 Be that it drewe to the oware off none,
4 And aye the blood ran down between.

161A.10
1 At the laste a squyar off Northomberlond
2 lokyde at his hand full ny;
3 He was war a the dougtetie Doglas commyng, and
4 with him a myghtye men.

161A.9
1 He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
2 this day to met me hear;
3 But I wysste he wolde flyyayle, verament;
4 a great off the Persè went.

161A.8
1 The blewë a mort vpnone the bent,
2 the semblynd on sydys shear;
3 To the querry then the Persè went,
4 to se the brytylyng of the deare.

161A.7
1 This begane in Chyviat the hylys abone,
2 yerly on a Monnyn-day;
3 Be that it drewe to the oware off none,
4 And a hondrhith fart harteses ded ther lay.

161A.6
1 'Nether in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
2 Who-so-euer cors on his crowne,' sayd the
3 Be my troth, doughtte Doglas,' he says,
4 And do the battell off the and of me.'

161A.5
1 'The Persè owt off Northombarlond,
2 and avowe to God mynde he
3 That he wold hunte in the mountayns
4 Of Chyviat within days thre,
5 In the magger of dougët Dogles,
6 and all that euer with him be.

161A.4
1 'The Persè owt off Northombarlond,
2 and avowe to God mynde he
3 That he wold hunte in the mountayns
4 Of Chyviat within days thre,
5 In the magger of dougët Dogles,
6 and all that euer with him be.

161A.3
1 'The Persè owt off Northombarlond,
2 and avowe to God mynde he
3 That he wold hunte in the mountayns
4 Of Chyviat within days thre,
5 In the magger of dougët Dogles,
6 and all that euer with him be.

161A.2
1 The fattishte hartes in all Cheviat
2 he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away;
3 'Be my feth,' sayd the dougtet Doglas agayn,
4 'I wyll let that hontying yt that I may.'

161A.1
1 THE Persè owt off Northombarlond,
2 and avowe to God mynde he
3 That he wold hunte in the mountayns
4 Of Chyviat within days thre,
5 In the magger of dougët Dogles,
6 and all that euer with him be.

161.1
1 THEN out an spak a little wee boy,
2 And he was near o Percy’s kin:
3 Methinks I see the English host
4 A coming brancking us upon.

161D.2
1 Wi nine waggons scaling wide,
2 And seven banners bearing high;
3 It was do any living gude
4 To see their bonny colours fly.

161E.1
1 'O YIELD thee to yon branckhush,
2 That grows upon yon lilly lie;
3 For there lies aneth yon branckhush
4 'What aft has conquered mae than thee.'
162A.39 1 ‘To have savvyde thy lyffe, I wolde hauve partyd e with
my lundres for yeares thee,
3 For a better man, of hart nare of hande, was
4 was nat in all the north contry.’

162A.40 1 ‘All that se a Skottishe knyght, was called Ser Hewe the Mongommbyr;
2 He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght, he
3 spentyd a spear, a trusti tre.

162A.41 1 He rod vppone a corsiare
2 throughe a hondrith archery:
3 He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,
4 He bar a bende bowe in his hand,
5 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.42 1 ‘And now why shall I saye myn owne.
2 dynt yt was both sad and sar
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.43 1 ‘To have savvyde thy lyffe, I wolde hauve partyd e with
my lundres for yeares thee,
3 For a better man, of hart nare of hande, was
4 was nat in all the north contry.’

162A.44 1 ‘All that se a Skottishe knyght, was called Ser Hewe the Mongommbyr;
2 He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght, he
3 spentyd a spear, a trusti tre.

162A.45 1 This battell begane in Chyviat
2 to th
3 He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,
4 he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.

162A.46 1 This battell begane in Chyviat
2 to th
3 He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,
4 He rod vppone a corsiare
5 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.47 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.48 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.49 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.50 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.51 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.52 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.53 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.54 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.

162A.55 1 ‘Tha evens to be dyght so g<r>ay;
2 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
3 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
4 æs good as eu
5 he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu
6 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
7 and take yoyme this day to meete me heere.
The Text of

162B.21
1 'Ere thus I will outbraued bee,
2 one of vs tow shall dye;
3 I know thee well, an erle thou art;
4 Lord Pearcy, soo am I.

162B.22
1 'But trust me, Pearcye, pittye it were,
2 and great offence, to kill
3 Then any of these our guiltesse men,
4 for they haue done none ill.

162B.23
1 'Let thoo and I the battel trye,
2 and set our men aside:
3 'Accurst bee [he!]' Erle Pearcye sayd,
4 'By whome is it denied.'

162B.24
1 Then stet a gallant squire forth—
2 Witherington was his name—
3 Who said, 'I wold not haue it told
4 to Henery our king, for shame.'

162B.25
1 'That ere my capitaine foughnt on foote,
2 and I stand looking on.
3 You bee two Erles,' quoht Witherington,
4 and I a squier alone;

162B.26
1 'I'de do the best that doe I may,
2 while I haue power to stand;
3 While I haue power to weeld my sword,
4 I'de fight with hart and hand.'

162B.27
1 Our English archers bent their bowes;
2 their harts were good and trew;
3 At the first flight of arrowes sent
4 the made a cruell fight.

162B.28
1 To driue the deere with hound and horne,
2 Dauglas bade on the bent;
3 Two captains moued with mickle might,
4 their sprees to shiuers went.

162B.29
1 They closed full fast on euyre side,
2 noe slacknes there was found,
3 But many a gallant gentleman
4 lay gasping on the ground.

162B.30
1 O Christ! it was great greeue to see
2 how eche man chose his spere,
3 And how the blood out of their brests
4 did gush like water cleare.

162B.31
1 At last these two stout erles did meet,
2 like capitaines of great might;
3 Like lynos woode they layd on lode;
4 the made a cruell fight.

162B.32
1 The fought untill they both did sweat,
2 with swords of tempered steele,
3 Till blood dowe the their cheekeis like raine
4 the trickling dowe did feel.

162B.33
1 'O yeeld thee, Pearcye!' Douglas sayd,
2 and in faith I will thee bringe
3 Where thou shalt high advanced be
4 by Iames our Scottish king.

162B.34
1 'Thy ransom I will freely giue,
2 and this report of thee,
3 Thou art the most couragious k
4 that ever I did see.'

162B.35
1 'Noe, Douglas!' quoht Erle Percy then,
2 'Thy profer I doe scornne;
3 I will not yeeld to any Scott
4 that euery yett were born!'

162B.36
1 With that there came an arrow keene,
2 out of an English bowe,
3 Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest
4 a deepe and deadlye blow.

162B.37
1 Who never sayd more words then these:
2 Fight on, my merry men all!
3 For why, my life is at [an] end,
4 lord Pearcy sees my fall.
The Child Ballads

163A.8
1 ‘Oh no, oh no,’ says John the Gryme,
2 ‘That thing maun never be;
3 The gallant Grymes were never bate,
4 We’ll try that we can dee.’

163A.9
1 As I cam on, an farther on,
2 An doun an by Harlaw,
3 They fell fu close on ilka side;
4 Sic fun ye never saw.

163A.10
1 They fell fu close on ilka side,
2 Sic fun ye never saw;
3 For Hielen swords gied clash for clash,
4 At the battle o Harlaw.

163A.11
1 The Hielenmen, wi their lang swords,
2 They laid on us fu sair,
3 An they drave back our merry men
4 Three acres breadth and mair.

163A.12
1 Brave Forbès to his brither did say,
2 Noo brither, dinna ye see?
3 They beat us back on ilka side,
4 An we se be forced to flee.

163A.13
1 ‘Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
2 That thing maun never be;
3 Tak ye your good sword in your hand,
4 Wi swords baith sharp and lang.

163A.14
1 ‘Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
2 The clans they are ower strang,
3 An they drive back our merry men,
4 Wi swords baith sharp an lang.

163A.15
1 Brave Forbès drew his men aside,
2 Said, Tak your rest a while,
3 Until I to Drumminmor send,
4 To tuss my coat o mail.

163A.16
1 The servan he did ride,
2 An his horse it did na fail,
3 For in two hours an a quarter
4 He brocht the coat o mail.

163A.17
1 Then back to back the britheris twa
2 Gaed in amo the thrang,
3 An they hewed doun the Hielenman,
4 Wi swords baith sharp and lang.

163A.18
1 Macdonell, he was young an stout,
2 Had on his coat o mail,
3 An he has gane oot throw them a,
4 To try his han himself.

163A.19
1 The first ae straik that Forbès strack,
2 He garrt Macdonell reel,
3 An the neist ae straik that Forbès strack,
4 The great Macdonell fell.

163A.20
1 An siccan a hierarchie
2 I’m sure ye never saw
3 As wis amo the Hielenman,
4 When they saw Macdonell fa.

163A.21
1 An when they saw that he was deid,
2 They turnd an ran awa,
3 An they buried him in Leggett’s Den,
4 A large mile frae Harlaw.

163A.22
1 They rade, they ran, an some did gang,
2 They were o sma record;
3 But Forbès an his merry men,
4 They slew them a the road.

163A.23
1 On Monaday, at mornin,
2 The battle it began,
3 On Saturday, at gloamin,
4 Ye’d scarce kent wha had wan.

163A.24
1 An sic a weary buryn
2 I’m sure ye never saw
3 As wis the Sunday after that,
4 On the muirs aneach Harlaw.

163A.25
1 Gin ony body speer at you
2 For them ye took awa,
3 Ye may tell their wives and bairnies
4 They’re sleepin at Harlaw.

163B.1
1 AS I cam thro the Garrioch land,
2 And in by Over Ha,
3 There was sixty thousand Highland men
4 Marching to Harlaw.

163B.11
1 The Highland men, with their broad sword,
2 Pushd on wi might and power,
3 Till they bore back the red-coat ladis
4 Three furlongs long, and more.

163B.15
1 Lord Forbès callis his men aside,
2 Says, Take your breath awhile,
3 Until I send my servant now
4 To bring my coat o mail.

164A.1
1 As our king lay musing on his bed,
2 He bethought himself upon a time
3 Of a thing that was due from France,
4 Had not been paid for so long a time.

164A.2
1 He called for his lovely page,
2 His lovely page then called he,
3 Saying, You must go to the king of France,
4 To the king of France, sir, ride speedilie.

164A.3
1 O then went away this lovely page,
2 This lovely page then went away he;
3 And when he came to the king of France,
4 Law he fell down on his bended knee.

164A.4
1 ‘My master greets you, worthy sir;
2 Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
3 And I will send you three tennis-balls,
4 That with them he may learn to play.’

164A.5
1 ‘Your master’s young and of tender years,
2 Not fit to come into my degree,
3 And I will send him his tribute home,
4 Or in French land you soon will him see.’

164A.6
1 O then returned this lovely page,
2 This lovely page then returned he,
3 And when he came to our gracious king,
4 Low he fell down on his bended knee.

164A.7
1 ‘What news, what news, my trusty page?
2 What is the news you have brought to me?’
3 ‘I have brought such news from the king of France
4 That you and he will never agree.’

164A.8
1 ‘He says you’re young and of tender years,
2 Not fit to come into my degree,
3 And he will send you three tennis-balls,
4 That with them you may learn to play.’

164A.9
1 ‘Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,
2 And Derby Hills that are so free;
3 No married man nor no widow’s son;
4 For no widow’s curse shall go with me.’

164A.10
1 They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,
2 And Derby Hills that are so free;
3 No married man, nor no widow’s son;
4 Yet there was a jovial bold company.

164A.11
1 O then we marched into the French land,
2 With drums and trumpets so merrily;
3 And then bespoke the king of France,
4 ‘Lo, yonder comes proud King Henry.’

164A.12
1 The first shot that the Frenchmen gave,
2 They killd ten thousand of the Frenchmen
3 We killd our Englishmen so free;
4 For no widow’s curse shall go with me.’

164A.13
1 And then we marched to Paris gates,
2 With drums and trumpets so merrily;
3 O then bespoke the king of France,
4 ‘The Lord have mercy on my men and me!’

164A.14
1 ‘O I will send him his tribute home,
2 Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
3 And the finest flower that is in all France
4 To the Rose of England I will give free.’

165A.1
1 BUT word is come to Warrington,
2 And Busye Hall is laid about;
3 Sir John Butler and his merry men
4 Stand in full great doubt.

165A.2
1 When they came to Busye Hall
2 It was the merke midnight,
3 And all the bridges were vp drawen,
4 And neuer a candle-light.

165A.3
1 They there made them one good boate,
2 All of one good bull skinn.
3 William Savage was one of the first
4 That euer came ither.

165A.4
1 Hee sayled ore his merrymen,
2 By two and two together,
3 And said itt was as good a bote
4 As ere was made of letter.

165A.5
1 ‘Waken yoi, waken you, deare ffather!
2 God waken you within!
3 For heere is your vnckle Stanlye
4 Come your hall within.’

165A.6
1 ‘If that be true, Ellen Butler,
2 These tydings you tell mee,
3 A hundred pound in good redd gold
4 This night will not borrow mee.’

165A.7
1 Then came downe Ellen Butler
2 And into her fathers hall,
3 And then came downe Ellen Butler,
4 And shee was laced in pall.

165A.8
1 ‘Where is thy ffather, Ellen Butler?
2 Haue done, and tell itt mee;’
3 ‘My ffather is now to London ridden,
4 As Christ shall haue port of mee.’

165A.9
1 ‘Now nay, now nay, Ellen Butler,
2 For soe itt must not bee;
3 Ffor ere I goe ffor the hall,
4 Your ffather I must see.’

165A.10
1 The sought that hall then vp and done
2 Theras John Butler lay;
3 The sought that hall then vp and done
4 Theras John Butler lay.

165A.11
1 Faire him Ffall, little Holcroft;
2 Soe merrilye he kept the dore,
3 Till thar his head from his shoulders
4 Came tumbling done the floore.

165A.12
1 ‘Yeeleth thee, yeeleth thee, John Butler!’
2 Yeeleth thee now to mee!’
3 ‘I will yeeleth me to my vnckle Stanlye,
4 And neere to ffaile Peeter Lee.’

165A.13
1 ‘A preist, a preist,’ saies Ellen Butler,
2 ‘To housle and to shrieue;
3 A preist, a preist,’ saies Ellen Butler,
4 ‘While thar my ffather is a man alie!’

165A.14
1 Then bespaek him William Savage,
2 A shames death may hee dye!
3 Sayes, Hee shall haue no other preist
4 But my bright sword and mee.

165A.15
1 The Ladye Butler is to London rydden,
2 Shee had better haue beene at home;
3 Shee might haue beged her owne married lord
4 Att her good brother John.

165A.16
1 And as shee lay in leeue London,
2 And as shee lay in her hold,
3 Shee dreamed her owne married lord
4 Was swiminge in blood soe red.
The Text of

166A.17 1 Shee called vp her merry men all,
2 Long ere itt was day,
3 Saiies, Wee must ryde to Busye Hall,
4 With all speed that wee may.

166A.18 1 Shee mata with three Kendall men,
2 With tyding by the way;
3 Tylerings, tydings, Kendall men,
4 I pray you tell itt mee!

166A.23 1 He prayes to serue madam
2 Ffor thee I must neuer see;
3 Ffor will, fryar, John Butler,
4 Ffor thee I will neuer come yee.

166A.31 1 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,
2 In all the spee speed might bee,
3 And when shee came before her prince,
4 Shee kneeld low doone on her knee.

166A.22 1 'A boone, a boone, my leege!' shee sayes,
2 And shee came before her prince,
3 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,
4 For thee I will neuer come yee.

166A.37 1 'A boone, a boone, my leege!' shee sayes,
2 And shee come before her prince,
3 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,
4 For thee I will neuer come yee.

166A.4 2 To claime his right, was his delight;
1 Att Milford Hauen he entered in;
3 This certaine truth I will not laine;
4 Swore they shold neuer flourish againe.

166A.11 1 Then came in an egle gleaming gay,
2 He kneeld him downe vpon his knee;
3 Saith, Well greteth you my lord the rose,
4 He haed sent you greetings here by me.

166A.9 1 The sen messenger the rose did send
2 To the eges nest, and beld him hye:
3 'To my father, the old egle, I doe [me] comend,
4 His aide and helpe I craue speedelye.'

166A.11 1 Then the messenger came before thold egle,
2 He kneeld him downe vpon his knee;
3 Saith, Well greteth you my lord the rose,
4 He haed sent you greetings here by me.

166A.12 1 Safe from the seas Christ hath him sent,
2 Now he is entered England within,
3 'Let vs thanke God,' the old egle did say,
4 'He shall be the flower of all his kine.

166A.14 1 Then Sir Rice ap Thomas drawes Wales with him;
2 A worthy sight itt was to see,
3 How the Welchmen rose welthly slaine,
4 Of men and mony att my need,

166A.16 1 And through a garret of the wall,
2 Over severne these words said hee;
3 'Att these gates no man enter shall;'
4 But hee kept him out a night and a day.

166A.18 1 Then entered this town the noble lord,
2 The Erle Richmond, the rose soe reed;
3 The Erle of Oxford, with a sword,
4 Wold hau e smytt of the baliiffes head.

166A.15 1 Att that time was balyyf in Shrewesbury
2 One Master Mitton, in the towne;
3 The gates were strong, and he mad them fast,
4 And portcullis he let downe.

166A.20 1 'Wee see not great pity,' sayd Erle Richmond,
2 'Such lowell saies, Lord, let vs come at the seaport.
3 'Shall you be the rood the were saylers good,
4 Or what wold you haue of mee?'

166A.21 1 Why, what witt thou say,' saies Erle Richmond,
2 'When I have put King Richard downe?'
3 'Why, then be he as true to you, my lord,
4 Of the time that I was borne.'

166A.22 1 'Were itt not great pity,' sayd Erle Richmond,
2 'That such a man as this shold dye,
3 They swore by the rood the were saylers good,
4 And rich merchants they cold not bee.

166A.23 1 'Thou shalt not be harmed in any case';
2 'He pardone[d] him presently;
3 They stayd not past a night and a day,
4 How Erle Richmond tooke his hatt in his hand,

166A.24 1 But [at] Atherston these lords did meete;
2 A worthy sight itt was to see;
3 How Erle Richmond toke his hatt in his hand,
4 And said, Cheshire and Lancashire, welcome to me!

166A.25 1 But now is a bird of the egle taken;
2 From the white bore he cannot flee;
3 The young egle makes great moane,
4 And prays to God most certainy.

166A.26 1 'O stedfast God, veramant,' he did say,
2 'Three persons in one god in Trimynte,
3 Saaue my sonne, the young egle, this day
4 Ffor all false craft and trecherlye!'
167A.9  'Thou shalt have six hundred men,' saith our king,
1 And chuse them out of my realme soe ffree;
2 And what martiners and boyes,
3 To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

167A.10  I'll goe speake with sir Andrew, saith Charles, my lord Haward.
1 'Vpon the sea, if hee be there;
2 I will bring him and his shipp to shore,
3 Or before my prince I will never come neere.'

167A.11  The first of all my lord did call,
1 A noble gunner hee was one;
2 This man was three score yeeres and ten,
3 And Peeter Simon was his name.

167A.12  'Peter,' saith hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,
1 To speake out an enemy; God be my speed!'
2 Before all others I have chosen thee;
3 Of a hundred gunners thoust be my head.'

167A.13  'My lord,' saith hee, 'if you have chosen mee
2 Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
3 Hange me att your maine-mast tree,
4 If I misse my marke past three pence bread.'

167A.14  The next of all my lord he did call,
1 A noble bowman hee was one;
2 In Yorekeshire was this gentleman borne,
3 And William Horsley was his name.

167A.15  'Horsley,' says hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,
1 To speake out an enemy; God be my speede!
2 Before all others I have chosen thee;
3 Of a hundred bowmen thoust be my head.'

167A.16  'My lord,' saith hee, 'if you have chosen mee
2 Of a hundred bowmen to be the head,
3 Hang me at your mainestree art,
4 If I misse my marke past twelve pence bread.'

167A.17  With pikes, and gunnes, and bowmen bold,
1 This noble Haward is gone to the sea
2 On the day before midsummer-euen,
3 And out at Thames mouth sayled they.

167A.18  They had not sayled dayes three
1 Vpon their iourney they tooke in hand,
2 But there they mett with a noble shipp,
3 And stoutely made itt both stay and stand.

167A.19  'Thou must tell me thy name,' saith Charles, m y lord Haward,
1 'Or who thou art, or from whence thou came,
2 And where thy dwelling is;
3 Whom to whom and where thy shipp does belong.'

167A.20  'My name,' saith hee, 'is Henery Hunt,
1 With a pure heart and a penitent mind;
2 Land my shipp they doe belong
3 Unto the New-castle that stands vpon Tine.'

167A.21  'Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,
1 As thou sayled by day and by night,
2 Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?
3 Men calls him Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'

167A.22  But ever he sighed, and sayd, Alas!
1 'Fell well, my lord, I know that right;
2 He robed me of my merchents ware,
3 And I was his prisoner but yearestern.'

167A.23  As I was sayling yppon the sea
1 And [a] Burdeaux voyage as I did flame,
2 He clasped me to his archborde,
3 And robed me of all my merchents-ware.

167A.24  And I am a man both poore and bare,
1 And every man will have his owne of me,
2 And I am bound towards London to flame,
3 To complain to my prince Henerye.
To guide a great ship on the sea.

167B.2 1 'A hundred men,' the king then said,
2 'Out of my realm shall be chosen,
3 Besides sailors and ship-boys,
4 To guide a great ship on the sea.

167B.3 1 'Bow-men and gunners of good skill
2 Shall for this service chosen be,
3 And they at thy command and will
4 In all affairs shall wait on thee.'

167B.4 1 Lord Howard calld a gunner then
2 Who was the best in all the realm;
3 His age was threescore years and ten,
4 And Peter Simon was his name.

167B.5 1 My lord calld then a bow-man rare,
2 Whose active hands had gained fame,
3 A gentleman born in Yorkshire,
4 And William Horsly was his name.

167B.6 1 'Horsly,' quoth he, 'I must to sea,
2 To seek a truytor, with great speed;
3 Of a hundred bow-men brave,' quoth he,
4 'I have chosen thee to be the head.'

167B.7 1 'If you, my lord, have chosen me
2 Of a hundred men to be the head,
3 Upon the main-mast I le hanged be,
4 If twelve-score I miss one shillings breadth.'

167B.8 1 Lord Howard then, of courage bold,
2 Went to the sea with pleasant cheer,
3 Not curbd with winters piercing cold,
4 Though it was the stormy time of the year.

167B.9 1 Not long he had been on the sea,
2 No more in days then number three,
3 Till one Henry Hunt he there espied,
4 A merchant of Newcastle was he.

167B.10 1 To him Lord Howard calld out amain,
2 And strictly charged him to stand;
3 Demanding then from whence he came,
4 Or where he did intend to land.

167B.11 1 The merchant then made him answer soon,
2 With heavy heart and careful mind,
3 'My lord, my ship it doth belong
4 Unto Newcastle upon Tine.'

167B.12 1 'Came thow shew me,' the lord did say,
2 'As thou didst sail by day and night,
3 A Scottish rover on the sea,
4 His name is Andrew Barton, knight.'

167B.13 1 Then to him the merchant said and gafe,
2 With grieved mind and well a way,
3 'But over well I know that wight,
4 I was his prisoner but yesterday.

167B.14 1 As I, my lord, did pass from France,
2 A Burdewy voyage to take so far,
3 I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
4 Who robbed me of my merchant-ware.

167B.15 1 'And mickle debts, God knows I owe,
2 And every man did crave his own;
3 And I am bound to London now,
4 Of our gracious king to beg a boon.'

167B.16 1 To him Lord Howard calld out amain,
2 And strictly charged him to stand;
3 Demanding then from whence he came,
4 Or where he did intend to land.

167B.17 1 Lord Howard then, of courage bold,
2 Went to the sea with pleasant cheer,
3 Not curbd with winters piercing cold,
4 Though it was the stormy time of the year.

167B.18 1 But when he saw his sisters sonne slaine,
2 He caused his body to be taken downe,
3 And smote of Sir Andrew Bartton,
4 For the good service he hath done mee.

167B.19 1 But when hehe ear him bring:
2 And looke thy shooting stout be made a knight.'

167A.1 1 The sight of these wold doe you good,
2 And on his body hee had it on,
3 Every man that looked at him
4 Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none.

167A.2 1 'Such a Newyeeres gift I haue brought to yo
2 'Thou shalt haue fife hundred pound all in gold
3 'Thou shalt haue fife hundred pound all in gold
4 'Ffor thy shooting stout be made a knight.'

167A.3 1 But att Sir Andrew hee shott then;
2 Hee made sure to hit his marke;
3 Vnder the spole of his right arme
4 Hee smote Sir Andrew quite throw the hart.

167A.4 1 'Horsly,' quoth he, 'I must to sea,
2 To seek a truytor, with great speed;
3 Of a hundred bow-men brave,' quoth he,
4 'I have chosen thee to be the head.'

167A.5 1 'If you, my lord, have chosen me
2 Of a hundred men to be the head,
3 Upon the main-mast I le hanged be,
4 If twelve-score I miss one shillings breadth.'

167A.6 1 But when the cold not heare his whistle blow,
2 Said to the lords of high degree,
3 Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
4 Unto Newcastle upon Tine.'

167A.7 1 'An 't please Your Grace, we cannot sail
2 To France no voyages to be sure,
3 But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
4 And robs us of our merchant-ware.'

167A.8 1 'If I shold be hanged att yo
2 'Yo
3 And about his middle three hundred crownes:
4 Besids the rest were maimed and slaine.

167A.9 1 'A hundred men,' the king then said,
2 'Out of my realm shall be chosen,
3 Besides sailors and ship-boys,
4 To guide a great ship on the sea.

167A.10 1 'Bow-men and gunners of good skill
2 Shall for this service chosen be,
3 And they at thy command and will
4 In all affairs shall wait on thee.'

167A.11 1 Lord Howard calld a gunner then
2 Who was the best in all the realm;
3 His age was threescore years and ten,
4 And Peter Simon was his name.

167A.12 1 My lord calld then a bow-man rare,
2 Whose active hands had gained fame,
3 A gentleman born in Yorkshire,
4 And William Horsly was his name.

167A.13 1 'Horsly,' quoth he, 'I must to sea,
2 To seek a truytor, with great speed;
3 Of a hundred bow-men brave,' quoth he,
4 'I have chosen thee to be the head.'

167A.14 1 'If you, my lord, have chosen me
2 Of a hundred men to be the head,
3 Upon the main-mast I le hanged be,
4 If twelve-score I miss one shillings breathad.'
167B.43
1 Then did he on Gordon call,
2 Unto top Castle for to go,
3 And bid his beams he should let fall,
4 'For I greatly fear an overthrow.'
167B.44
1 The lord called Horsly now in haste,
2 'Look that thy word stand now in stead,
3 For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
4 If thou miss twelve score one Shilling breadth'
167B.45
1 Then up [the] mast-tree swerved he,
2 This stout and mighty Gordion
3 But Horsly, he most happily
4 Shot him under the collar-bone.
167B.46
1 Then called he on his nephew then,
2 Said, Sisters sons I have no mo;
3 Three hundred pound I will give thee,
4 If thou wilt to top-Castle go.
167B.47
1 Then stoutly he began to climb,
2 From off the mast scord to depart;
3 But Horsly soon prevented him,
4 And deadly pierced him to the heart.
167B.48
1 His men being slain, then up amain;
2 Did this proud pyrate climb with speed,
3 For armour of proof he had put on,
4 And did not dint of arrow dread.
167B.49
1 'Come hither, Horsly;' said the lord,
2 'See thine arrow aim aright;
3 Great means to thee I will afford,
4 And if you speed, I'll make you a knight.'
167B.50
1 Sir Andrew did clumb up the tree,
2 With right good will and all his main;
3 Then upon the breast hit Horsly he,
4 And the arrow return again.
167B.51
1 Then Horsly spied a private place,
2 With a perfect eye, in a secret part;
3 His arrow swiftly flew apace,
4 And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.
167B.52
1 'Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,'
2 A little I am hurt, yet not slain;
3 'I'll stand with thee, and bleed a while,
4 And come and fight with you again.'
167B.53
1 'And do not,' he said, 'Fear English rogues,
2 And of your foes stand not in awe;
3 But stand fast by St. Andrews cross,
4 Until you hear my whistle blow.'
167B.54
1 They never heard his whistle blow,
2 Which made many all sore afraid;
3 Then Horsly said, My lord, aboard,
4 For now Sir Andrew Barton's dead.
167B.55
1 This boarded they this gallant ship,
2 With right good will and all their main;
3 Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
4 Besides as many more were slain.
167B.56
1 The lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
2 And quickly thence cut off his head:
3 'I should forsake England many a day,
4 If thou ever left as thou art dead.'
167B.57
1 Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
2 With nimble clock and triumphing;
3 The pyrates head he brought along
4 For to present unto our king:
167B.58
1 Who softly then to him did say,
2 Before he knew well what was done,
3 'Where is the knight and pyrate gay?
4 That I my self may give the doom.'
167B.59
1 'You may thank God,' then said the lord,
2 'And four men in the ship,' quoth he,
3 'That we are safely come ashore,
4 Sith you had never such an enemy:'
167B.60
1 'That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,
2 William Horsly, and Peters son;
3 Therefore reward them for their pains,
4 For they did service at their turn.'
167B.61
1 To the merchant then the king did say,
2 'In lue of what he hath from the tane,'
3 To give to the a noble a day,
4 Sir Andrews whistle and his chain:
167B.62
1 'To Peter Simon a crown a day,
2 And half-a-crown a day to Peters son,
3 And that was for a shot so gay,
4 Which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.
167B.63
1 'Horsly, I will make thee a knight,
2 And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell;
3 Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,
4 For this title he deserveth well.
167B.64
1 'Seven shillings to our English men,
2 Who in this fight did stoutly stand,
3 And twelve pence a-day to the Scots, till they
4 Come to my brother kings high land.'
168A.1
1 KING JAMIE hath made a vow,
2 Keep it well if he may!
3 That he will be at lovely London
4 Upon Saint James his day.
168A.2
1 'Upon Saint James his day at noone,
2 At faire London will I be,
3 And all the lords in merrie Scotland,
4 They shall dine there with me.'
168A.3
1 Then bespeak good Queene Margaret,
2 The tears fell from her eye:
3 'Leave off these warres, most noble king,
4 Keep your fidelite.'
168A.4
1 'The water runnes swift and wondrous deep,
2 From bottom unto the brimme;
3 My brother Henry hath men good enough;
4 England is hard to winne.'
168A.5
1 'Away, quothe he, 'with this silly foolie!
2 In prison fast let her lie:
3 For she is come of the English bloud,
4 And for these words she shall dye.'
168A.6
1 With that bespeak Lord Thomas Howard,
2 The queenes chamberlaine that day:
3 'If that you put Queene Margaret to death,
4 Scotland shall rue it alway.'
168A.7
1 Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
2 'Away with this foolish mome!
3 He shall be hanged, and the father be burned,
4 So soone as I come home.'
168A.8
1 At Flooden Field the Scots came in,
2 Which made our English men faine;
3 At Bramstone Greene this battaille was seene,
4 There was King Jamie slaine.
168A.9
1 Then presently the Scots did flee,
2 Their cannons they left behind;
3 Their ensignes gay were won all away,
4 Our soldiars did beate them blinde.
168A.10
1 To tell you plainly, twelve thousand were slaine
2 That to the fight did stand,
3 And many prisoners tooke that day,
4 As he best in all Scotland.
168A.11
1 That day made many [a] fatherlesse child,
2 And many a widow poore,
3 And many a Scottish gay lady
4 Say diering in her bower.
168A.12
1 Jack with a feather was lapt all in leather,
2 His boastings were all in vaine;
3 He had such a chance, with a new morrice 
4 dance,
5 He never went home againe.
169A.1
1 THERE dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,
2 Ionnè Armestrong men did him call,
3 He had neither lands nor rents coming in,
4 Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

169A.2
1 He had horse and harness for them all,
2 Goodly steeds were all milke-white;
3 O the golden bands an about their necks,
4 And their weapons, they were all alike.

169A.3
1 Newses then was brought unto the king
2 That there was sicke a won as hee,
3 That livèd lyke a bold out-law,
4 And robbèd all the north country.

169A.4
1 The king he writ an a letter then,
2 A letter which was large and long;
3 He signèd it with his owne hand,
4 And he promised to doe him no wrong.

169A.5
1 When this letter came Ionnè untill,
2 His heart it was as blythe as birds on the tree:
3 'Ne'er will I sen tire my sone,
4 My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.

169A.6
1 'And if wee goe the king before,
2 I would we went most orderly;
3 Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,
4 Laced with silver laces three.

169A.7
1 'Every won of you shall have his velvet coat,
2 Laced with silver lace so white;
3 O the golden bands an about your necks,
4 Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.'

169A.8
1 By the morrow morning at ten of the clock,
2 Towards Edenbourgh gon was hee,
3 And with him all his eight score men;
4 Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!

169A.9
1 When Ionnè came before the king,
2 He fell downe on his knee;
3 'O pardon, my sovereign liege,' he said,
4 'I grantit never a traytors lyfe,
5 But Ionnè he had a bright sword by his side,
6 And it was made of the mettle so free,
7 That had not the king, stęp his foot aside,
8 But he had smitten his head from his faire bodd.

169A.10
1 'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,
2 For thy eight score men thus thou wert wone;
3 For rather then men shall say we were hange'd,
4 My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.'

169A.11
1 But Ionnè looke'd over his left shoulder,
2 Good Lord, what a grievous lookèd hee!
3 Saying, asking grace of a graces face——
4 Why there is none for you nor me.

169A.12
1 But Ionnè had a bright sword by his side,
2 And it was made of the mettle so free,
3 That had not the king, stęp his foot aside,
4 He had smitten his head from his faire bodd.

169A.13
1 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,
2 And see that none of you be taine;
3 For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,
4 And then will I come and fight again.

169A.14
1 Then, God wott, faire Edenbourgh rose,
2 And the boyen poor Ionnè rounde,
3 That fowser core and tenn of Ionnè's best men
4 Lay gasing all upon the ground.

169A.15
1 Then like a mad man Ionnè laide about,
2 And like a mad man then fought hee,
3 Untill a falce Scot came Ionnè behinde,
4 And runn him through the faire boddie.

169A.16
1 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,
2 And see that none of you be taine;
3 For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,
4 And then will I come and fight again.

169A.17
1 Newses then was brought to young Ionnè Armestrong,
2 As he stood by his nurses knee,
3 Who vowed if ere he live'd for to be a man,
4 O the treacherous Scots revenged hee'd be.
'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
King Henry came to her, and sat on her bed:

'Grant me my life, my liege, my king,'  
She wept and she wailed, and she wrung her hands sore;

'Grant me my life, and a horse good,  
Or thou se thy brother ride up and down.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But with sighing and sobbing she's fallen in a swoon.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
Gif I had lived but seven years more,

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But at this bonie babe's christening there was meikle joy and mirth,

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their mufflers, and black were their shoes,

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their stockings, and black were their shoes,

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their cloves, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their gloves, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight thou mayst soon be!
But had I kend, or I came from hame,'  
But black were their shoes, and black were their shoes.
170C.5
1 And black were the ladies, and black were their fans,  
2 And black were the gloves that they wore on their hands,  
3 And black were the ribbons they wore on their heads,  
4 And black were the pages, and black were the maids.
5 . . . . .

170C.6
1 The trumpets they sounded, the cannons did roar,  
2 But the flower of fair England shall flourish no more.
3 . . . . .

170D.1
1 QUEEN JEANIE was in travail for six weeks or more,  
2 Till the women grew tired and fain would give o'er;  
3 'O women, O women, good wives if ye be,  
4 Go send for King Henrie, and bring him to me!'

170D.2
1 King Henrie was sent for, he came with all speed,  
2 In a gown of green velvet from the heel to the head;  
3 'King Henrie, King Henrie, if kind you will be,  
4 Send for a surgeon, and bring him to me!'  

170D.3
1 The surgeon was sent for, he came with all speed,  
2 In a gown of black velvet from the heel to the head;  
3 He gave her rich caudle, but the death-sleep slept she,  
4 Then her right side was opened, and the babe was set free.

170D.4
1 The babe it was christened, and put out and nursed,  
2 While the royal Queen Jane lay cold in the dust.
3 . . . . .

170D.5
1 So black was the mourning, and white were the wands,  
2 Yellow, yellow the torches they bore in their hands;  
3 The bells they were muffled, and mournful did play,  
4 While the royal King Henrie came weeping away.

170D.6
1 Six knights and six lords bore her corpse through the grounds,  
2 Six dukes followed after, in black mourning gowns;  
3 The flower of Old England was laid in cold clay,  
4 Whilst the royal King Henrie came weeping away.

170E.1
1 'Y'ee midwives and women-kind, do one thing for me,  
2 Send for my mother, to come and see me.'

170E.2
1 Her mother was sent for, who came speedilie:  
2 'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'

170E.3
1 'O mother, dear mother, do one thing for me;  
2 O send for King Henrie, to come and see me.'

170E.4
1 King Henry was sent for, who came speedilie:  
2 'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'

170E.5
1 'King Henry, King Henry, do one thing for me;  
2 O send for a doctor, to come and see me.'

170E.6
1 The doctor was sent for, who came speedilie:  
2 'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'  

170E.7
1 'O doctor, oh doctor, do one thing for me;  
2 Open my left side, and let my babe free.'

170E.8
1 He opened her left side, and then all was o'er,  
2 And the best flower in England will flourish no more.

170F.1
1 QUEEN JANE lies in labour six weeks or more,  
2 Till the women were tired, go see her no more:  
3 'Oh women, oh women, if women you be,  
4 You'll send for King Henry, to come and see me.

170F.2
1 'Oh King Henry, King Henry, if King Henry you be,  
2 You'll send for the doctor, to come and see me:  
3 Oh doctor, oh doctor, if a doctor you be,  
4 You'll open my right side, and save my baby.'

170F.3
1 They chamberd her, they chimered her, they dug her grave,  
2 They buried her body, and christend her babe.

170F.4
1 QUEEN JEANIE was in labour full three days and more,  
2 Till a' the good women was forced to gie her more,  
3 'O women, dear women, if women you be,  
4 Will ye send for King Henry, to come and see me?'

170G.1
1 'Wi weeping and wailing, lamenting full sore,  
2 And black were the ladies, and black were their hands,  
3 'King Henry, King Henry, if kind you will be,  
4 Open my left side and let my babe free.'

170G.2
1 'O King Henry, King Henry, King Henry,' quo she,  
2 'Will ye send for my mother . . .

170G.3
1 'O King Henry, King Henry, King Henry,' quo she,  
2 'Will ye send for King Henry, to come and see me:'

170G.4
1 'Stand up, stand up, ye midwives and women-kind,  
2 Send for a surgeon, and bring him to me!'  

170G.5
1 'O women, O women, good wives as ye be,  
2 Go send for King Henry and bring him to me.'

170H.1
1 Queen Jane, O! Queen Jane, O! what a lady was she!  
2 And six weeks and a day in labour was she;  
3 Queen Jane was in labour for six weeks and more,  
4 Till the women grew weary and fain would give her more.

170H.2
1 'O women, O women, good wives as ye be,  
2 O send for King Henry and bring him to me.'

170H.3
1 King Henry came to her, he came in all speed,  
2 In a gown of red velvet, from the heel to the head;  
3 'Hanging and drawing, O kind you will be,  
4 Send for a surgeon, and let him come to me.'

170H.4
1 The doctor was sent for, he came with all speed,  
2 In a gown of black velvet from the heel to the head;  
3 The doctor was sent for and to her he came:  
4 'Dear lady, fair lady, your eyes they look dim.'

170H.5
1 'Dear doctor, dear doctor, will you do this for me?  
2 Open my right side, and save my babe.'

170H.6
1 The doctor gave a caudle, the death-sleep slept she,  
2 Then her right side was opened and the babe was set free;  
3 The babe it was christened, and put out and nursed,  
4 But the royal Queen Jane lay cold in the dust.

170I.1
1 QUEEN JEANIE was in labour for seven weeks in summer,  
2 The women all being tired and quite gave her over:  
3 'O women, dear women, if women you be,  
4 Send for my mother to come and see me.'

170I.2
1 Her mother was sent for and instantly came,  
2 Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:  
3 'O mother, dear mother, if mother you be,  
4 Send for my father to come and see me.'

170I.3
1 The father was sent for and instantly came,  
2 Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:  
3 'O father, dear father, if father you be,  
4 Send for King Henry to come and see me.'

170I.4
1 King Henry was sent for and instantly came,  
2 Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:  
3 'O, King Henry, King Henry, if Henry you be,  
4 Send for the doctor to come and see me.'

170I.5
1 The doctor was sent for and instantly came,  
2 Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:  
3 'O doctor, dear doctor, if doctor you be,  
4 Open my left side and let the babe free.'

170I.6
1 Her left side was opened, the young prince was found:  
2 'O doctor, dear doctor, lay me down on the ground.'

170I.7
1 Her bones were all broken and laid at her feet,  
2 And they anointed her body with the ointment so sweet,  
3 And ay as they weeped they wrung their hands sore,  
4 For the fair flower of England will flourish no more.

171A.1
1 . . . . .
2 . . . . .
3 'For if your boone be askable,  
4 Soone granted it shalbe.'

171A.2
1 'If it be not touching my crowne,' he said,  
2 'Nor hurting poore cominalyte.'
3 'Nay, it is not touching your crowne,' shee says,  
4 'Nor hurting poore cominalyte.'

171A.3
1 'But I begg the death of Thomas Cromawell,  
2 For a false traitor to you is hee.'
3 'Then feitch me hither the Earle of Darby  
4 And the Earle of Shrewsbury.'

171A.4
1 'And bidde them bring Thomas Cromawell;  
2 Let's see what he can say to mee;'  
3 'Thomas, how is it with you?' he said,  
4 Then mother the death of him did say,  
5 'Nor hurting poore cominalyte.'

171A.5
1 'How now? how now? the king did say,  
2 'Thomas, how is it with thee?'
3 'Hanging and drawing, O king!' he said;  
4 'You shall never get more from me.'

172A.1
1 'On the tenth day of December,  
2 The fourth yeere of King Edwards raigne,  
3 Att Musleboorrowe, as I remember,  
4 Two goodly hosts there mett on a plains.

172A.2
1 All that night they camped there,  
2 Soe did the Scots, both stout and stubborn;  
3 But "wallow," it was their song,  
4 For wee haue taken them in their owne turne.
173A.10 1 As they came into Edinburgh town,
2 The city for to see,
3 The bailie’s wife and the provost’s wife
4 Said, Och an alace for thee!
173B.11 1 Gie never alace for me,’ she said,
2 ‘Gie never alace for me;
3 It’s all for the sake of my poor babe,
4 This death that I maun die.’
173B.12 1 As they gaed up the Tolbuith stair,
2 The stair it was sae hie,
3 The bailie’s son and the provost’s son
4 Said, Och an alace for thee!
173B.13 1 ‘Gie never alace for me,’ she said,
2 ‘Gie never alace for me!
3 It’s all for the sake of my puir babe,
4 This death I maun die.
173B.14 1 ‘But bring to me a cup,’ she says,
2 ‘A cup bot and a can,
3 And I will drink to all my friends,
4 And they’ll drink to me again.
173B.15 1 ‘Here’s to you all, travellers,
2 Who travels by land or sea;
3 Let na wit to my father nor mother
8 The death that I must die.
173B.16 1 ‘Here’s to you all, travellers,
2 That travels on dry land;
3 Let na wit to my father nor mother
4 Or what I would win my bread.
173B.17 1 ‘Little did my mother think,
2 First time she tied my head,
3 What I was to travel through,
4 Or what death I would die.
173B.18 1 ‘Little did my mother think,
2 First time she tied my head,
3 What I was to travel through,
4 Or what death I would die.
173B.19 1 ‘Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries,
2 This night she’ll hae but three;
3 She had Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,
4 And Mary Carmichael, and me.
173B.20 1 ‘Yestreen I wash Queen Mary’s feet,
2 And bore her till her bed;
3 This day she’s given me my reward,
4 This gallows-tree to tread.
173B.21 1 ‘Cast off, cast off my goun,’ she said,
2 ‘But let my petticoat be,
3 And they nae wit to my father nor mother
4 That I will drink to me again.
173B.22 1 By and sum the king himself,
2 Lookd up with a pitiful ee:
3 ‘Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton,
4 This day thou wilt dine with me.’
173B.23 1 ‘Hold your tongue, my sovereign liege,
2 And let your folly be;
3 An ye had a mind to save my life,
4 Ye should na shame me here.’
173C.1 1 THERE lived a lord into the west,
2 And he had dochters three,
3 And the youngest o them is to the king’s court,
4 To learn some courtesie.
173C.2 1 She was not in the king’s court
2 A twelvemonth and a day,
3 Till she was neither able to sit nor gang,
4 Wi the gaining o some play.
173C.3 1 She went to the garden,
2 To pull the leaf aff the tree,
3 To tak this bonnie babe frae her breast,
4 But alas it would na do!

The Child Ballads

172A.3 1 Over night they carded for our English mens' coats;
2 They shossed before their nets were spann;
3 A white for sixpence, a red for two groates;
4 Now wisdome wold hae stayd till they had been woone.
172A.4 1 Wee feared not but that they wold fight,
2 Yett it was turnt into owne paine;
3 Tho against one of vs that they were eight,
4 Yett with their owne weapons wee did them a beat.
172A.5 1 On the twelfth day in the mornre
2 The made a face as the wold fight,
3 But many a proud Scott there was downe borne,
4 And many a ranke coward was put to flight.
172A.6 1 But when they heard our great gunnes cracke,
2 Then was their harts turned into their hose;
3 But when they heard our great gunnes cracke,
4 Tho against one of vs that they were eight,

WORDS’s game to the kitchen,
And word’s game to the ha,
That Marie Hamilton gangs wi bairn
To the hiehest Stewart of a’.

He’s courted her in the kitchen,
He’s courted her in the ha,
He’s courted her in the leigh cellar,
And that was worst of a’.

She’s tyed it in her apron
And she’s thrown it in the sea;
Says, Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe!
You’n neer get mair o me.

Down them cam the auld queen,
Goud tassels tyeing her hair;
O Marie, where’s the bonny wee babe
That I heard gae sair?

Last niet there was four Maries,
The nicht there’l be but three;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
And word is up to Madame the Queen,
Word is to the kitchen gane,
Word is to the ha,

‘O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,
And set it on the sea;
‘O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,
And set it on the sea;

‘Hold your tongue, madame,’ she said,
‘Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton,
‘Hold your tongue, my sovereign liege,
‘Hold your tongue, my sovereign liege,

Here’s a health to the jolly sailors,
That sail upon the main;
Here’s a health to the jolly sailors,

She put not on her black clothing,
She put on the glistering gold,
She put not on her black clothing,
She put on the glistering gold,

Last night I washd the queen’s feet,
And gently laid her down;
And last night I washd the queen’s feet,
And gently laid her down;

Here’s to you all, travellers,
To shine through Edinbro town.
Here’s to you all, travellers,

She’s tyed in her crown
Came through the Cannogate
She’s tyed in her crown
Came through the Cannogate

Here’s a health to the jolly sailors,
That sail upon the main;
Here’s a health to the jolly sailors,

Last night there was four Maries,
The nicht there’l be but three;
Last night there was four Maries,
The nicht there’l be but three;

Here’s to you all, travellers,
To shine through Edinbro town.
Here’s to you all, travellers,

Here’s a health to the jolly sailors,
That sail upon the main;
Here’s a health to the jolly sailors,

When she cam down the Cannogate,
The Cannogate sae free,
When she cam down the Cannogate,
The Cannogate sae free,
173C.4
1 She rowed it in her handkerchief,
2 And threw it in the sea:
3 ‘O sink ye, swim ye, wee wee babe!
4 Ye’ll get nae mair o’ me.’

173C.5
1 Word is to the kitchen gane,
2 And word is to the ha,
3 That Mary Myle she goes wi child
4 To the highest Steward o’ a.

173C.6
1 Down and came the queen herself,
2 The queen herself so free:
3 ‘O mary Myle, whare is the child
4 That I heard weep for thee?’

173C.7
1 ‘O hold your tongue now, Queen,’ she says,
2 ‘O hold your tongue so free!
3 For it was but a shower o the sharp sickness,
4 I was almost like to die.’

173C.8
1 ‘O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Myle,
2 O busk, and go wi me;
3 O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Mile,
4 It’s Edinburgh town to see.’

173C.9
1 ‘I’ll no put on my robes o black,
2 No nor yet my robes [o brown;]
3 But I’ll put on my golden weed,
4 To shine thro Edinburgh town.’

173C.10
1 When she went up the Cannongate-side,
2 The Cannongate-side so free,
3 Oh there she spied some ministers’ lads,
4 For it’s all for the sake of my innocent babe
5 That I came here to die.’

173C.11
1 ‘Dinna cry och and alace for me!
2 Dimna cry och [o] b’alace for me!
3 For it’s all for the sake of my innocent babe
4 I came here to die.’

173C.12
1 When she went up the Tolbooth-stair,
2 The lap cam aff her shoe;
3 Before that she came down again,
4 She was condemned to die.

173C.13
1 ‘O all you gallant sailors,
2 That sail upon the sea!
3 There she saw many a cobler’s lady,
4 That I heard weep by thee?’

173C.14
1 ‘O all you gallant sailors,
2 That sail upon the sea;
3 Let neither my father nor mother know
4 The death I am to die!

173C.15
1 ‘Little did my mother know,
2 The hour that she bore me,
3 What lands I was to travel in,
4 What death I was to die.

173C.16
1 ‘Little did my father know,
2 When he held up my head,
3 What lands I was to travel in,
4 What was to be my deed.

173C.17
1 ‘Yestreen I made Queen Mary’s bed,
2 Kembed doun her yellow hair;
3 Is this the reward I am to get,
4 To tread this gallow’s-stair?’

173D.1
1 THERE lives a knight into the north,
2 And he had daughters three;
3 The ane o them was a barber’s wife,
4 The other a gay ladie.

173D.2
1 And the youngest of them is to Scotland gane,
2 The queen’s Mary to be;
3 And a’ that they could say or do,
4 Forbidden she woudna be.

173D.3
1 The prince’s bed it was sae saft,
2 The spices they were sae fine,
3 That out of it she couldna lye
4 While she was scarce fifteen.

173D.4
1 She’s gane to the garden gay
2 To pu of the savin tree.
3 But for that she could say or do,
4 For ye’ll get nae mair of me.

173D.5
1 She’s rowed it in her handkerchief,
2 She threw it in the sea;
3 Says, Sink ye, swim ye, my bonnie babe!
4 For ye’ll get nae mair o me.

173D.6
1 Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,
2 Wi the gold strings in her hair.
3 ‘O where’s the little babie,’ she says,
4 ‘That I heard greet sae sair?’

173D.7
1 ‘O hold your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
2 Let all those words go free!
3 It was myself wi a fit o the sair colic,
4 I was sick just like to die.’

173D.8
1 ‘I rowed it in my handkerchief,
2 And threw it in the sea;
3 I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
4 It would get nae mair o me.’

173D.9
1 ‘I rowed it in my handkerchief,
2 And threw it in the sea;
3 I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
4 It would get nae mair o me.’

173D.10
1 ‘O wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton,
2 And an ill deid may you die!
3 For if ye had savied the babie’s life
4 It might hae been an honour to thee.

173D.11
1 ‘Busk ye, busk ye, Marie Hamilton,
2 O busk ye to be a bride!
3 For I am going to Edinburgh town,
4 Your gay wedding to bide.’

173D.12
1 ‘You must not put on your robes of black,
2 Nor yet your robes of brown;
3 But you must put on your yellow gold stuffs,
4 To shine thro Edinburgh town.’

173D.13
1 ‘I will not put on my robes of black,
2 Nor yet my robes of brown;
3 But I will put on my yellow gold stuffs,
4 To shine thro Edinburgh town.

173D.14
1 As she went up the Parliament Close,
2 A riding on her horse,
3 There she saw many a cobler’s lady,
4 Sat greeting at the cross.

173D.15
1 ‘O what means a’ this greeting?
2 I’m sure its nae for me;
3 For I’m come this day to Edinburgh town
4 Weel wedded for to be.’

173D.16
1 When she gaed up the Parliament stair,
2 She gied loud lauchters three;
3 But ere that she came down again,
4 She was condemned to die.

173D.17
1 ‘O little did my mother think,
2 The day she prinned my gown,
3 That I was to come sae far frae home
4 To be hangid in Edinburgh town.

173D.18
1 ‘O what’ll my poor father think,
2 As he comes thro the town,
3 To see the face of his Molly fair
4 Hanging on the gallows-pin!’

173D.19
1 ‘Here’s a health to the marineres,
2 That plough the raging main!
3 That I come here to die.’

173D.20
1 ‘Here’s a health to the sailors,
2 That sail upon the sea!’
3 Let neither my mother nor father ken
4 That I came here to die!’

173E.1
1 ‘Yestreen she had four Maries,
2 This night she’ll lue but three;
3 There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
4 And Mary Carmichael, and me.’

173E.2
1 ‘O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
2 Let all those words go free!
3 For since I have come to Edinburgh town,
4 It’s hanged I shall be,
5 And it shall neer be said that in your court
6 I was condemned to die.’

173E.3
1 ‘My father was the Duke of York,
2 My mother a lady free,
3 Myself a dainty damsell,
4 Queen Mary sent for me.

173E.4
1 ‘Yestreen I washd Queen Mary’s feet,
2 Kam’d down her yellow hair,
3 And lay a’ night in the young man’s bed,
4 And I’ll rue t for evermair.

173E.5
1 ‘The queen’s kalle was aye sae free,
2 Her spice was aye sae fell,
3 Till they gert me gang to the young man’s bed,
4 And I’d a’ the wyte myself.

173E.6
1 ‘O where’s the bairn, Lady Maisry,
2 Was a’ gowd to the hair;
3 There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
4 That I heard greeting sair?’

173E.7
1 ‘There is no bairn here,’ she says,
2 ‘Nor never thinks to be;
3 ‘Twas but a stoun of sair sickness
4 That ye heard seizing me.’

173E.8
1 ‘Here’s the bairn, Lady Maisry,
2 That I heard late yestreen.’

173E.9
1 They sought it out, they sought it in,
2 They sought it but and ben,
3 But between the bolster and the bed
4 They got the baby slain.

173E.10
1 ‘Come busk ye, busk ye, Lady Maisdry,
2 Come busk, and go with me;
3 For I will on to Edinburgh,
4 And try the verity.’

173E.11
1 She would not put on the black, the black,
2 Nor yet wad she the brown,
3 But the white silk and the red scarlet,
4 That shind’ frae town to town.

173E.12
1 As she gaed down thro Edinburgh town
2 The burghers’ wives made mene,
3 That sic a dainty damsell
4 Sae rare ever he died for sin.

173E.13
1 ‘Make never meen for me,’ she says,
2 ‘Make never meen for me;
3 Seek never grace frae a graceless face,
4 For that ye’ll never see.’

173E.14
1 As she gaed up the Tolbooth stair,
2 A light laugh she did gie;
3 But lang ere she came down again
4 She was condemned to die.
A you that are in merchants-ships, and cross the roaring faem, and wake me wuth my father and mother, that I'm coming hame.

173F.7 Hold your hands, ye justice o peace, hold them a little while.

173F.8 Give me some o your gowd, parents, some o your white monie, or leave thee the head o you hill, Yon greenwood gallows-tree.

173F.9 Ye'll get nane o your gowd, daughter, nor nane o your white monie; for we hae travelld mony a mile, this day to see you die.

173E.22 I bade you nurse my bairn well, and nurse it carefully, and gowd shou'd been your hire, Maisyr, and my body your fee.

173E.23 He's ta'en out a purse o gowd, another o white monie, and he's taugh'd down ten thousand crowns, says, true love, gang wi me.

173F.1 My father was the Duke of York, and of my well won fee, or what death I should dee.

173E.1 My mother a lady free, my sel a dainty demoiselle, and my body your fee.

173E.2 Some o your white monie, or nane o our well won fee; nor none of our white monie; to save me frae the head o yon hill, Han on a gallow-pin.

173G.2 To save me frae the head o yon hill, and of your well won fee, an make na meen for me; an make na meen for me.

173E.3 To save me frae the high hill, and of your well won fee, of your well won fee.

173G.3 O dinna tell in my country, or tell in my country, For they hae nane to gie.

173E.4 The queen was drest in scarlet fine, and put gowd in her hair; an the queen was drest in scarlet fine, For we maun ride to Holyrood.

173G.4 The gallows-tree to tread! an the queen was drest in scarlet fine, And the gallows-tree to tread!

173F.10 Wae worth ye, Lady Mary, for an ye wudna kept the bonny bab, ye might ha sent t'o me.'

173F.11 Lay na the wate on me, madam, lay na the wate on me! For an ye wudna kept the bonny bab, And a' his witcherie!

173F.12 Get up, Lady Beaton, get up, Lady Seton, and Lady Livingston three, an will we on to Edinburgh, an this gay lady.'

173E.19 Ye comes to the Cannongate, the burg'rs wives they cried, hon oohon, ochree!... four.

173F.13 As she came to the Cannongate, the burg'rs wives they cried, Hon ohon, ochree!... four.

173F.9 She pat a hand to her bed-head, an in flinders she gard free.

173F.14 Oh aften hae I dressed my queen, an shame maun be my share! An shame maun be my share!

173E.21 A the king thocht mair o Marie, and wae be to that weirdless wicht, wi ribbons on her breast; That sail upo the faeme, That sail upo the faeme.

173E.3 An the king thocht mair o Marie, and wae be to that weirdless wicht, wi ribbons in her hair; And a' my well won fee, and a' my well won fee.

173G.1 O MARY HAMILTON to the kirk is gane, wi ribbons in her hair; And the king thocht mair o Marie, An the king thocht mair o Marie.

173G.2 Mary Hamilton's to the preaching gane, wi ribbons on her breast, An the king thocht mair o Marie, An the king thocht mair o Marie.

173G.3 Syne word is thro the palace gane, I heard it tauld yestreen, the king loes Mary Hamilton, and the king loes Mary Hamilton, Mair thair he loes his queen.

173G.4 A sad tale tho the town is gaen, a sad tale on the morn, Oh Mary Hamilton has born a babe, Oh Mary Hamilton has born a babe.

173G.5 And down then cam the auld queen, Goud tassels tied her hair; 'What did ye wi the wee wee bairn That I heard greet sae sair?'

173G.6 There neer was a ba'm into my room, An as little designs to be; 'Twas but a stitch o my sair side, 'Twas but a stitch o my sair side.

173G.7 Rise up now, Marie,' quo the queen, 'Rise up, an come wi me, an come wi me.

173G.8 The queen was drest in scarlet fine, her maidens all in green, an every town that they cam thro; Took Marie for the queen.

173G.9 But little wist Marie Hamilton, as she rode oure the lea, and we will on to Edinburgh, and we will on to Edinburgh.

173G.10 When she cam to the Netherbow Port, She laughed loud laughters three; But when she reached the gallows-tree, For anדר pine ride to Holyrood.

173G.11 Oh aften hae I dressed my queen, an put gowd in her hair; The gallows-tree is my reward, For they hae nane to gie.

173G.12 Oh aften hae I dressed my queen, an put gowd in her hair; The gallows-tree is my reward, For they hae nane to gie.

173G.13 There's a health to all gallant sailors, that sail upon the sea! Oh never let on to my father and mither for the death that I maun dee!

173G.14 An I charge ye, all ye mariners, when ye sail owre the main, let neither my father nor mither know But that I'm comin hame.

173G.15 Oh little did my mither ken, that day she cradled me, what lands I was to tread in an the death that I maun dee!

173G.16 There's a health to all gallant sailors, that sail upon the sea! Oh never let on to my father and mither for the death that I maun dee!

173H.1 'WHAN I was a babe, and a very little babe, syne word is thro the palace gane, 'WHAN I was a babe, and a very little babe, for an ye wudna kept the bonny bab, for an ye wudna kept the bonny bab.'

173H.2 A sad tale tho the town is gaen, an the death that I maun dee!

173H.3 'There neer was a ba'm into my room, The king loes Mary Hamilton, and the king loes Mary Hamilton, Mair thair he loes his queen.

173H.4 'There neer was a ba'm into my room, The king loes Mary Hamilton, and the king loes Mary Hamilton, Mair thair he loes his queen.

173I.1 'O happy, happy is the maid, 'That's born of beauty free! It was my dimpling rosy cheeks 'That's been the dule o me.'

173I.2 'But my mither was a proud woman, and was be to that weirdless wicht, and a' his witcherie!'
But what I am coming hame!
That sail ayont the faem,
'O a' ye mariners, far and near,
'To be hangd in Edinbruch town!
And this is the reward I now get,
There was Mary Beatoun, Mary Seaton,
'Three she'll hae but three;
'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
Upon the gallows-tree.
But sair she's striven for me to hang
She micht hae pardond me;
'But wae be to the Queen hersel,
Nor heed their witchin' ee.
Nor gie your luve to courtly lords,
O tak example frae me,
She was condemnd to die.
But it's me wi a sair and sick colic,
Says, Mary Hamilton, whare is the babe
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,
'To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
The king is to the Abbey gane,
Then he listend to the priest.
Ye's get nae mair o me.'
And set it on the sea:
And word is to the ha,
'The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton
'And the king the only man.
And slowly rode she out the way,
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
And the bonny babe's mist and awa.
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
That Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
'Tis there they got a bonnie lad-bairn,
But let me consider me:
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
'That Marie Hamilton was wi bairn,
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,
'The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton
'The lands I was to travel in,
'Let neither my father nor mother get wit
'Three she'll hae but three;
'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
Marily Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
'As the sun shone up the stair,
And the queen and a' her lands.
'The lands I was to travel in,
'Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This day wad be spilt for me!
Or the death I was to die!
'They socht the bed baith up an doon,
Let na my father and mither ken
But neither my father nor mother get wit
'To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton
And the bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
And the king the only man.
And slowly rode she out the way,
For if my father and mother got wit
That Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Then he listend to the priest.
'The lands I was to travel in,
'Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This day wad be spilt for me!
Or the death I was to die!
'The lands I was to travel in,
'Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This day wad be spilt for me!
Or the death I was to die!
'They socht the bed baith up an doon,
Let na my father and mither ken
But neither my father nor mother get wit
'To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton
And the bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
And the king the only man.
And slowly rode she out the way,
For if my father and mother got wit
That Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Then he listend to the priest.
'The lands I was to travel in,
4 Lying lapperin in his blood.
3 And there they fand a braw lad-bairn
2 And in below the bed,
1 They socht the chamber up and doun,
4 It might hae been an honour to thee.'
3 'If ye had saved that braw child's life,
2 And an angry man was he:
1 Doun and cam the king himself,
4 That was like to gar me die.'
2 Nor ever intends to be;
1 'There was never a babe into my room,
3 'O what did ye do wi the braw lad bairn
2 Wi the goud links in her hair:
4 Hinging under a gallows-tree!'
173.1
1 LITTLE did my mother think,
2 That day she cradled me,
3 What land I was to travel in,
4 Or what death I should die!

173.2
1 She had na been in the king's court
2 A twelvemonth an a day,
3 When word is thro the kitchen gaen,
4 An likewise thro the ha.
5 That Mary Moil was gane wi child
6 To the highest steward of a'.

173.3
1 She rowd it into a basket
2 An flang 't into the sea,
3 Saying, Sink ye so soon, my bonny babe,
4 Ye'se neer get mair o me.

173.4
1 She rowd it into a basket
2 An flang 't into the faem,
3 Saying, Sink ye so soon, my bonny babe,
4 I'se gang a maiden hame.

173.5
1 O whan the news cam to the king
2 An angry man was he;
3 He has taen the table wi his foot,
4 An in flinders gart it flie.

173.6
1 'O woe be to you, ye ill woman,
2 An ill death may ye die!
3 Gin ye had spared the sweet baby’s life,
4 It might have been an honour to thee.

173.7
1 'O buk ye, buk ye, Mary Moil,
2 O buk, and gang wi me,
3 For aften the morn at ten o clock
4 A rare sight ye sall see.

173.8
1 She wadna put on her gown o black,
2 Nor yet wad she o brown,
3 But she wad put on her gown o gowd,
4 To glance thro Embro town.

173.9
1 O whan she cam to the Netherbow Port
2 She gied loud laughters three,
3 But when she cam to the gallowes-foot
4 The tear blinded her ee.

173.10
1 Saying, O ye mariners, mariners,
2 That sail upon the sea,
3 Let neither my father nor mother get wit
4 What has become o me?

173.11
1 'Let neither my father nor mother ken
2 Nor my bauld brethren three,
3 For muckle whiles they be the gude red bluid
4 That wad be shed for me.

173.12
1 'Aft hae I laced Queen Mary’s back,
2 Aft hae I kaimed her hair,
3 And a' the reward she’s gie to me' s
4 The gallowes to be my heir.

173.13
1 'Yestreen the queen had four Marys,
2 The night she' l hae but three;
3 There was Mary Seatoun, and Mary Beaton,
4 An Mary Carmichael, an me.

173.14
1 'My father was the Duke of York,
2 My mother a gay ladye,
3 And I myself a daintie dame;
4 The queen she sent for me.

173.15
1 'But the queen's meat it was sae sweet,
2 Her clothing was sae rare,
3 It made me long for a young man's bed,
4 Or what death I should die!

173.16
1 'Now busk ye, busk ye, Marie Carmichael,
2 And set it on the sea;
3 'Gae buss ye, buss ye bra,
4 And set it on the sae.

173.17
1 'Yestreen the queen had four Marys,
2 The night she' l hae but three;
3 There was Mary Seatoun, and Mary Beaton,
4 An Mary Carmichael, an me.

173.18
1 'My father was the Duke of York,
2 My mother the gay ladie,
3 And near the Tolbooth stair,
4 To ride to Edinburgh town.

173.19
1 'It is not sae wi me;
2 Nor bear ill tales o me,
3 'It is not sae wi me, Queen Mary,' she says,
4 And slowly went she to that milk-steed,
5 To ride to Edinburgh town.

173.20
1 'O say not so, Queen Mary,
2 Nor bear ill tales o me,
3 For this is but a sore sickness
4 That oft times troubles me.'
But I'll put on a shining braw garb,
'I'll not put on my robes of black,
'There was Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaten,
'Yestreen the queen [had] four Maries,
There was Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaten,
And wha will lace her middle sae jimp
The tear blinded her eie.
A loud laugh laughed she;
'The tear blinded her eie;
And I thought I was gawen to dee.'
The Text of

174A.1
1. 'Ride hoody, hoody, gentlemen,
Ride hoody now wil me,
For here, I'm sure, a wearier bride
Rode in your company.'

174A.2
1. Little wisie Marie Hamilton,
2. When she rode on the brown,
3. That she was gawn to Edinbourgh,
4. And a' to be put down.

174A.3
1. 'Tho itt beseemed him not soe well,
2. He wold haue sitt him downe in the cheare,
3. For if the king had risen forth of his place,
4. Chamberlaine vnto the queene was hee.'

174A.4
1. 'And tho itt beseemed him not soe well,
2. Was as wel beloued as euer was hee;
3. But you haue heard, and soe haue I too,
4. A man may well by gold to deere.'

174A.5
1. 'You hanged vnder a cloud by night.
2. Ffor thou hast eu-
3. Where aft we played in the long simmer nichts,
4. Till it reaches my ain countrie.'

174A.6
1. 'WOE worth thee, woe worth thee, false
2. Where aft we played in the long simmer nichts,
3. Where aft we played in the long simmer nichts,
4. Till it reaches my ain countrie.'

174A.7
1. 'I heare a bird sing in my eare
2. And sayes, We wilbe on yo
3. And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
4. And lett the gentleman it see.'

174A.8
1. 'Marry, I'le giue you councell,
2. Bring him here this letter from mee,
3. And say, I pray him earnestlye
4. That hee will ryde in my companye.'

174A.9
1. 'I heare a bird sing in my eare
2. And sayes, We wilbe on yo
3. And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
4. And lett the gentleman it see.'

174A.10
1. 'I lea the world out of my heare,
2. But nay, now nay, my lady gay,
3. For socie it must not bee;
4. Death will strike me, and I must dye.'

174A.11
1. 'But come to the court yett, [good] my lord,
2. And say, I pray him earnestlye
3. That hee will ryde in my companye.'

174A.12
1. 'I lea the world out of my heare,
2. But nay, now nay, my lady gay,
3. For socie it must not bee;
4. Death will strike me, and I must dye.'

174A.13
1. 'I lea the world out of my heare,
2. But nay, now nay, my lady gay,
3. For socie it must not bee;
4. Death will strike me, and I must dye.'

174A.14
1. 'I lea the world out of my heare,
2. But nay, now nay, my lady gay,
3. For socie it must not bee;
4. Death will strike me, and I must dye.'

174A.15
1. 'I lea the world out of my heare,
2. But nay, now nay, my lady gay,
3. For socie it must not bee;
4. Death will strike me, and I must dye.'

174A.16
1. 'I lea the world out of my heare,
2. But nay, now nay, my lady gay,
3. For socie it must not bee;
4. Death will strike me, and I must dye.'

175A.1
1. 'Listeny liuely lordings all,
2. And eu
3. But or that she came down again
4. When the gou-

175A.2
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.3
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.4
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.5
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.6
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.7
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.8
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.9
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.10
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.11
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.12
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.13
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.14
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.15
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.16
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.17
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.18
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.19
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.20
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.21
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'

175A.22
1. 'Tha
2. And layd greene rushes in his way;
3. But she is
4. The worthy king for to betray.'
175A.23
1 'But I will give you counsell, father,
2 If you will take counsell att mee;
3 For if you would take my counsell, father,
4 Against the crowne you should not bee,'  

175A.24
1 'But fyfe upon thee, Francis Norton!
2 I saye fife upon thee!
3 When thou was younge and tender af age
4 I made full much of thee.'  

175A.25
1 'But your head is white, father,' he sayes,
2 'And your beard is wonderous gray;
3 Itt were shame for your countrye
4 If you should rise and flee away.'  

175A.26
1 'But fyfe upon thee, thou coward Fransicris!
2 Thou never tookst that of mee!
3 When thou was younge and tender of age
4 I made too much of thee.'  

175A.27
1 'But I will goe with you, father,' quoth hee;
2 'Like a naked man will I bee;
3 That strikes the first stroke against the crowne,
4 An ill death may hee dye!'  

175A.28
1 But then rose vpp Master Norton, that esquier,
2 With him a full great company;
3 And then the erles they kommen downe
4 To ryde in his companye.  

175A.29
1 Att Wethersby the murthered their men,
2 Upon a fulll faire day;
3 Thirteen thousand there were seene
4 To stand in battel ray.  

175A.30
1 The Erle of Westmoreland, he had in his
2 The dun bull in sight most hye,
3 And three doogs with golden collers
4 Were sett out royallye.  

175A.31
1 The Erle of Northumberland, he had in his
2 The halfe moone in sight soe hye,
3 As the Lord was crucifyed on the crosse,
4 And set forth pleasantly.  

175A.32
1 And after them did rise good Sir George Bowes,
2 After them a spoile to make;
3 The erles returned backe againe,
4 Thought euer that knight to take.  

175A.33
1 This barron did take a castle then,
2 Was made of lime and stone;
3 The vttermost walls were ese to be woon;
4 The erles haue woon them anon.  

175A.34
1 But tho they woone the vttermost walls,
2 Quickly and anon,
3 The vttermost walls were ese to be woon;
4 This barron did take a castle then,  

175A.35
1 And then bespake the good ladye,
2 And I am sworne into my bill
3 Thither to bring my Lord Pearcy.'  

175A.36
1 'What makes you be soe sad, my lord,
2 And let all this talking bee;
3 For if you wold take my councell, father,
4 I made you both tree and teene!'  

175A.37
1 'Now list and lithe, you gentlemen,
2 For he hath lost both land and goods
3 To Edenborrow castle I'le carry thee.
4 Thou must refraine good companye.'  

175A.38
1 'Marry, I am wo, woman,' he sayes,
2 'That any freind fares worse for mee;
3 For where one saith it is a true tale,
4 Then two will say it is a lyre.  

175A.39
1 And euen to tell him the veretye.
2 Tha man yonde, thou good laydye,
3 'But who beene yonder, my good ladye,
4 'Euen soe I doe, my goodlye ladye,' she sayd;  

175A.40
1 Ladds with mony are counted men,
2 Men without mony are counted none;
3 But hold thee, my lord, therfore I left a many a child
4 Amonge my tennants all trulye,  

175A.41
1 'Tha is he, who is yonde, thou good laydye,
2 Nor newt shall give to his neere;
3 'And the dun bull vanished awaye;
4 And many a widdow to looke wanne;'  

175A.42
1 'And then bespake the good ladye,
2 And the chamberlaine goe with mee,
3 As woe and wonder be them amonge!
4 Driuen out of his countrye.'  

175A.43
1 'Now hold thy tounge, thou goodlye ladye,
2 Tha is he, who is yonde, thou good laydye,
3 'Yond is Lo

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176A.13
1 'But who beene yonder, my good ladye,
2 That walks eoe royallye on yonder greene?'
3 'Yonder is Lord Hunsden, lamy,' she sayd<],
4 'Alas, hee'le doe you both tree and teene!'  

176A.14
1 'But who is yonde, thou good laydye,
2 Tha is he, who is yonde, thou good laydye,
3 'Yond is Sir William Drurye, lamy,' shee sayd,
4 'And a keen captive hee is, and tryde.'  

176A.15
1 'If you will not come your selfe, my lord,
2 You'le come hither to my right hand,
3 Indeed, my lord, I’le lett you see,'  

176A.16
1 'If you will give me noe trust, my lord,
2 Nor noe credence you will giue mee,
3 And you'le come hither to my right hand,
4 But the woffull warres which I began.'  

176A.17
1 'Therfore I left a many a child fetherlase,
2 And many a widdow to looke wanne;
3 And therfore blame nothing, lodey,
4 But the woffull warres which I began.'  

176A.18
1 'If you will give me noe trust, my lord,
2 Nor noe credence you will giue mee,
3 As woe and wonder be them amonge!
4 Driuen out of his countrye.'  

176A.19
1 'Now hold thy tonge, my ladye,
2 'And be the faith in my bodye,
3 For where one saith it is a true tale,
4 Tha man yonde, thou good laydye,' she sayd;  

176A.20
1 'If you will not come your selfe, my lord,
2 You'le lett your chamberlaine goe wic mee,
3 Three words that I may to him speake,
4 And soone he shall come againe to thee.'  

176A.21
1 'When James Swynard came that lady before,
2 Shee let him seee thorow the wene of her ring
3 How many there was of English lords
4 To wayte there for his master and him.  

176A.22
1 'But who beene yonder, my good ladye,
2 That walks soo royallye on yonder greene?'
3 'Yonder is Lord Hunsden, lamy,' she sayd<],
4 'Alas, hee'le doe you both tree and teene!'  

176A.23
1 'And who beene yonder, thou gay ladye,
2 That walks soo royallye he beside?'  

176A.24
1 'How many miles is itt, thou good ladye,
2 Betwixt yond English lord and mee?'  

176A.25
1 'I neuer was on English ground,
2 Nor neuer see itt with mine eye,
3 But as my Witt and wisedome serues,
4 And as [the] booke it telleth mee.  

176A.26
1 'My mother, shee was a witch woman,
2 And part of itt shee learned mee;
3 Shee wold let me see out of Lough Leuen
4 What they dyd in London cytte.'  

176A.27
1 'But who is yonde, thou good ladye,
2 That comes yonder with an osterne face?'
3 'Yond’s Sir John Forster, lawry,' shee sayd;
4 'Methinks thou shouldest better know him then I.'  

176A.28
1 He pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,
2 And, Lord, he wopt sco tenderlye;
3 He is gone to his master againe,
4 And euen to tell him the veretye.  

176A.29
1 'Now hast thou beene with Marry, lamy,' he sayd,
2 'Euen as thyl touuge will tell to mee;
3 But if thou trust in any womans words,
4 Thou must refuse to good companye.'  

176A.30
1 'If itt be noes words, my lord,' he sayes;
2 'Yonder the men shee letts me see,
3 How many English lords there is
4 Is wayting there for you and mee.'
When-eu
3 Ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone enoughe.
2 And you may happen think itt soone enoughe.
3 Hee had
2 Now fifty mile vpon the sea,
1 When they had sayled fifty myle,
4 For to beguile thousands such as you and mee.'
1 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,
4 And soone wee shall ouertake thee.'
2 You will lett my chamberlaine go w
1 'And you will not goe yo
2 Then blamed sore
3 For sudden sicknesse yonder lady has tane,
2 'And I will goe in thy companye,
1 'Goe backe againe, Douglas!' he sayd,
3 And as one Martinfield did P
1 Now hath Armstrong taken noble Nevill,
4 Thy name is called the Lo
3 A greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,
2 And hee and you is of the third degree;
1 'Yonder I see the Lo
3 A harold of armes vpon the sea,
2 To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,
3 He hath taken the Lo
2 And gaue itt to
4 Till againe in Lough Leuen I bee.'
1 'Hold vpp thy head, Iamye,' the erle sayd,
2 'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;
3 Thou dwellest soe far on the west border,
4 On Bramaball More shee caused my flye.
3 I tooke a lake, and turned my backe,
2 Such was the Queene of England free;
3 I rue the last time I turnd my backe;
1 'Thy councell is not good, Martinfeeld;
4 And then haue told it vnto mee.
1 Thou neu
2 Before
3 Thou neu
2 Not one day and monthes three,
3 But they were ware of a Noble shippe,
4 And wee'le be marriners vpon the sea.
4 Before that euer I mett with thee.
3 Thouueloovest to floute mee?
2 That thou needest to
2 Not a month and dayes three,
1 They had not beene in Humes Castle
4 Saying, Banished men, welcome to mee!
1 When he came to Humes Castle,
2 To all his noble companye;
3 Sayes, I must into Scottland fare;
2 To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,
3 He hath taken the Lo
2 And as one Martinfield did P
1 Now hath Armstrong taken noble Nevill,
4 And all the geere belongs to mee.'
1 'A
2 'Thou knowest my spurres be bright and sharpe,
3 And Willye Armestronge hath my spurres
2 Before ye I mett w
1 'Hold vp thy head, Iamye,' the erle sayd,
2 'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;
3 Hume wilbe soe good
1 They of these yeeres three:
4 And see how thow wold take w
3 He did itt but to proue thee w
1 'Hold vpp thy head, Iamye,' the erle sayd,
2 'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;
3 He did itt but to proue thee w
4 And see how thow wold take with death truley.'
1 'M
3 
2 Not one day and monthes three,
3 But they were ware of a Noble shippe,
4 And wee'le be marriners vpon the sea.
4 And see how thow wold take w
3 He did itt but to proue thee w
1 'Hold vpp thy head, Iamye,' the erle sayd,
2 'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;
3 He did itt but to proue thee w
4 And see how thow wold take with death truley.'
1 'How long shall fortune faile me now,
3 And Willye Armestronge hath my spurres
2 Before ye I mett w
1 'Hold vp thy head, Iamye,' the erle sayd,
2 'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;
3 He did itt but to proue thee w
4 And see how thow wold take w
3 He did itt but to proue thee w
1 'Hold vpp thy head, Iamye,' the erle sayd,
2 'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;
3 He did itt but to proue thee w
4 And see how thow wold take with death truley.'
And for to fare in his companye.

To try you.

 Called Iohn of Carnabye.

And sonnes four in his companye;

He call'd in then Lord Charlotten.

First he called in Martinfield,

Secondly he called to his companye.

And charles neville is there masters name.

And Charles Neill itt is my name,

Three nights at this dukes Neill did lye,

Three times at this dukes Neill did lye,

Then the herald of armes came before noble

Then the heathen soldan made a letter,

Then these two noblemen labored together,

And yealt and ward were both derf and dire.

And yealt and ward were both derf and dire.

He brought me forth the headless crosse,

Then he horses name,

And yealt and ward were both derf and dire.

Then Neill rode to the Headlesse Crosse,

And yealt and ward were both derf and dire.

Then he horses name,

Then Neill rode to the Headlesse Crosse,

And yealt and ward were both derf and dire.

Then Neill rode to the Headlesse Crosse,

Then he horses name,

Then Neill rode to the Headlesse Crosse,

Then he horses name,

Then Neill rode to the Headlesse Crosse,

Then he horses name,
1778A.77
1 Hee tooke the head vpon his sword-poynt,
2 And carriedit amongst his host soe faire;
3 When the saw the soldans head,
4 They thanked God on their knees there.

1778A.78
1 Seuen miles from the citye the queene him mett,
2 With procession that was soe faire;
3 Shee tooke the crowne beside her heade,
4 And wold haue crowned him king there.

1778A.79
1 'Now nay! Now nay! my noble dame,
2 For soe, I wott, itt cannott bee;
3 I haue a ladye in England faire,
4 And weddedit againe I wold not bee.'

1778A.80
1 The queene shee called for her penman,
2 For this worthy gift you haue givien to me;
3 If euery Grace doe stand in neede,
4 Champion to your Highness againe I'le bee.'

178A.1
1 IT befell at Martynnas,
2 When wether waxed colde,
3 Captaine Care said to his men,
4 We must go take a holde.

178A.2
1 'Huilie, master, and wether you will,
2 And wether ye like it best';
3 'To the castle of Crecynbroghe,
4 And there we will take out resite.'

178A.3
1 'I knowe wher is a gay castle,
2 Is builded of lyme and stone;
3 Within their is a gay ladye,
4 Her lord is ride and gone.'

178A.4
1 The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,
2 She loked vpp and downe;
3 There was she ware of an host of men,
4 Come riding to the towne.

178A.5
1 'Se yow, my meri men all,
2 And see yow what I see?'
3 Yonder I see an host of men,
4 I muse who they bee.'

178A.6
1 She thought he had ben her wed lord,
2 As he comd riding home;
3 Then was it traite
4 As I do to-daye,

178A.7
1 'Busk and bowne, my merry men all,
2 Even and go ye with me;
3 For I dreded that my haal was on fyre,
4 My ladie slayne or day.'

178A.8
1 'Busk and bowne, my merry men all,
2 Even and go ye with me;
3 For I dreded that my haal was on fyre,
4 My ladie slayne or day.'

178A.9
1 Then bespake the eldest sonne,
2 That was both whitt and redde;
3 O mother dere, gueue ouer your housse,
4 Or elles we shalbe deade.

178A.10
1 'I will not gueue ouer my hous,' she saith,
2 'Not for feare of my lyffe,
3 It shalbe talked throughout the land,
4 The slaughtar of a wyffe.'

178A.11
1 'Fetch me my pestilell,
2 And charge me my gonne;
3 That I may shot at yonder bloody butcher,
4 The lord of Easter-towne.'

178A.12
1 Styfely vpon her wall she stode,
2 And lett the pellettes flee;
3 But then she myst the bloody bucher,
4 And she swez thre other.

178A.13
1 '[I will] not gueue ouer my hous,' she saith,\
2 'Neitherr for lord nor lowe;
3 Nor yet for traitour Captaine Care,
4 The lord of Easter-towne.'

178A.14
1 'I desire of Captaine Care,
2 And all his bloodie band;
3 That he would save my eldoste sonne,
4 The care of all my lande.'

178A.15
1 'Lap him in a shete.' he sayth,
2 'And let him downe to me,
3 And I shall take him in my armes,
4 His waran shall I be.'

178A.16
1 The captayne sayd unto him selfe;
2 Wyth sped, before the rest,
3 He cut his tonge out of his head,
4 To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande.'

178A.17
1 He lapt them in a handkerchef,
2 And knot it of knotes three,
3 And cast them ouer the castell-wall,
4 At that gay ladye.

178A.18
1 'Fye vpon the, Captayne Care,
2 And all thy blody band!
3 For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,
4 The ayre of all my land.'

178A.19
1 Then bespake the youngste sonne,
2 That say on the nurses knee;
3 She loked upp and downe;
4 It smolddereth me.

178A.20
1 'I wold geue my gold,' she saith,
2 'And so I wolde my fiee;'\
3 For a blade of the westryn wind,
4 To drye the smoke from thee.

178A.21
1 'Fye vpon the, John Hamleton,
2 That euer I paid the hyre!
3 For thou hast broken my castell-wall,
4And knylded in the fyre.'

178A.22
1 The lady gate to her close parler,
2 The fire fell aboute her head;
3 She toke vp her children thare,
4 Seth, Babes, we are all dead.

178A.23
1 Then bespake the hyre steward,
2 That is of hye degree;
3 Saith, Ladie gay, you are in close,
4 Wether ye like it best.'

178A.24
1 Lord Hamleton dremed in his dream,
2 In Caruall where he laye,
3 His halle were all of fyre,
4 Her ladie slayne or daye.

178A.25
1 'Busk and bowne, my merry men all,
2 Even and go ye with me;
3 For I dreded that my haal was on fyre,
4 My ladie slayne or day.'

178A.26
1 He busked him and bownd hym,
2 And like a worthi knight;
3 And when he saw his hall burning,
4 His harte was no dele lighte.

178A.27
1 He sette a trumpett till his mouth,
2 He blew as it pleesd his grace;
3 Twenty score of Hamletons
4 Was light about the place.

178A.28
1 'Had I knowne as much yeernightere
2 As I do to daye,
3 Captaine Care and all his men
4 Should not haue gone so quyte.'

178A.29
1 'Fye vpon the, the Captaine Care,
2 And all thy blody bande;
3 Thou haste slayne my lady gay,
4 More worth thou all thy lande.'

178A.30
1 'If thou hadst ought eny ill will,' he saith,
2 'Thou shoulde haue taken my lyffe,'\
3 And haue saved my childefe thre,
4 All and my lousome wyffe.'

178B.1
1 'FFA/TH, master, whither you will,
2 Whereas you like the best;
3 Vnto the castle of Bittons-borrow,
4 And there to take your rest.'

178B.2
1 'But yonder stands a castle faire,
2 Is made of lyme and stone;
3 Yonder is in it a fayre lady,
4 Her lord is ridden and gone.'

178B.3
1 The lady stood on her castle-wall,
2 She looked vpp and downe;
3 She was ware of an hoast of men,
4 Came rydinge towards the towne.

178B.4
1 'See you not, my merry men all,
2 And see you not what I do see?'
3 Methinks I see a hoast of men;
4 I muse who they should be.'

178B.5
1 She thought it had beene her louly lord,
2 He had come rydinge home;
3 It was the traitor, Captaine Care,
4 The lord of Westerton-towne.

178B.6
1 They had noe sooner super sett,
2 And after said the grace,
3 But the traitor, Captaine Care,
4 Was light about the place.

178B.7
1 'Guee ouer thy hous, thou lady gay,
2 I will make thee a band;
3 All night wyth-in mine armes thou stye,
4 To-morrow be the heyre of my land.'

178B.8
1 'I le not guee over my house,' she saith,
2 'Neither for ladds nor man,
3 Nor yet for traitor Captaine Care,
4 Vntill my lord come home.'

178B.9
1 'But reach me my pistoll pece e,'\
2 And charge you well my gunne;
3 'I le shouete at the bloody bucher,
4 The lord of Westerton.'

178B.10
1 She stood vppon her castle-wall
2 And let the bulletts fiee,
3 And where shee mist .

178B.11
1 But then bespake the little child,
2 That sate on the nurses knee;
3 Saies, Mother deere, giue ore this house,
4 For the smoake it smoothers me.

178B.12
1 'I wold giue all my gold, my childe,
2 Soe wold I doe all my fee,
3 For one blast of the westryn wind
4 To blow the smoke from thee.'

178B.13
1 But when shee saw the fier
2 Came flaming ore her head,
3 Shee tooke then vpp her children thare,
4 Sayes, Babes, we all beeone dead!

178B.14
1 But Adam then he fired the house,
2 A sorrowfull sight to see;
3 And when he saw his hall burni
4 His harte was no dele lighte.

178B.15
1 Then Captaine Care he rode away,
2 He said noe longer at that tindle;
3 He thought that place it was to warme
4 Soe neere for to abide.
178B.16
1 He callid vnto his merry men all,
2 Bidd them make hast awa;
3 For we hau slaine his children three,
4 All and his lady gay.

178B.17
1 Worde came to loulie London,
2 To London wheras her lord lay,
3 His caste and his hall was burned,
4 All and his lady gay.

178B.18
1 Soe hath he done his children three,
2 More deare vnto him
3 Then either the siluer or the gold,
4 That men soe faine wold win.

178B.19
1 But when he looket this writing on,
2 Lord, in is hart he was woe!
3 Saies, I will find thee, Captaine Carre,
4 Wether thou ryde or goe!

178B.20
1 Buske yee, bowne yee, my merrymen all,
2 With tempered swords of steele,
3 For till I haue found out Captaine Carre,
4 My hart it is nothing weele.

178B.21
1 But when he came to Dractons-borrow,
2 Soe loyre it was day,
3 And ther he found him Captaine Carre;
4 That night he ment to stay.

178C.1
1 'LUK ye to yon hie castel,
2 'Thou calld vnto his merry men all,
3 'And either the siluer or the gold,
4 'And mony were the fair ladys

178C.2
1 She ca’d to her merry men a’,
2 'Bring me my five pistols and my lang gun;
3 The first shot the fair lady shot,
4 She shot seven of Gordon’s men.

178C.3
1 He turned round about his back,
2 And sware he woud ha his desire,
3 And if that castel was built of gowd,
4 All and his lady gay.'

178C.4
1 Up then spak her daughter deere,
2 She had nae mair than she:
3 'Gie up your house, now, mither deere,
4 The reek it skomishes me.'

178C.5
1 'I’d rather see you birnt,’ said she,
2 'And doun to ashes fa,
3 'And freits will follow them;
4 ‘And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,

178C.6
1 'I’ve four and twenty kye
2 Gaiing upo the muir;
3 'I’d gie em for a blast of wind,
4 Tho you should burn mysel therein,
5 'I cannae luik in that boony face,

178C.7
1 Up then spak her little young son,
2 Sits on the nourrice knee:
3 'Gie up your house, now, mither deere,
4 'I winnae cum down to thee;
5 'I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,

178C.8
1 'I’ve twenty four ships
2 A sailing on the sea,
3 I’ll gie em for a blast of southern wind,
4 Fu fast out-owr the plain,
5 'I cannae luik in that boony face,

178C.9
1 'I’d rather see you birnt,’ said she,
2 'And grund as sma as flour,
3 'Eer I gie up my noble house,
4 To been some mans delyte.
5 'I’ll no gie ower my bonny house,

178D.1
1 If fell about the Martinmas,
2 When the wind blew shrile and cauld,
3 Said Edom o Gordon to his men,
4 We maun draw to a baid.

178D.2
1 'And what an a hald sall we draw to,
2 My merry men and me?
3 We will gae to the house of the Rhodes,
4 To see that fair lady.

178D.3
1 She had nae sooner bucket her sell,
2 Nor putten on her gown,
3 Till Edom o Gordon and his men
4 Were closed about the town.

178D.4
1 They had nae sooner sitten down,
2 Nor sooned said the grace,
3 Till Edom o Gordon and his men
4 Were closed about the place.

178D.5
1 The lady ran up to her tower-head,
2 As fast as she could drie,
3 To see if by her fair speeches
4 She could with him agree.

178D.6
1 As soon he saw the lady fair,
2 And hir yates all locked fast,
3 He fell into a rage of wrath,
4 And his heart was aghast.

178D.7
1 'Cum down to me, ye lady fair,
2 Cum down to me; let’s see;
3 This night ye’s by my ain side,
4 The morn my bride sail be.’

178D.8
1 'I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,
2 I winnae cum down to thee;
3 'I winnae gie up my house, my dear,
4 'I’ll no gie ower my bonny house,

178D.9
1 'Gi up your house, ye lady fair,
2 Gi up your house to me,
3 Or I will burn youresel therein,
4 Bot and her babies three.’

178D.10
1 'I winnae gi up, you fals Gordon,
2 To nae skit traitor as thee,
3 You should burn mysel therein,
4 Bot and her babies three.’

178D.11
1 'Set fire to the house,’ quoth fals Gordon,
2 'Sin better may nae bee;
3 'And mony were the mudie men
4 'And some they raid, and some they ran,
5 'And some they raid, and some they ran,

178D.12
1 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!
2 I paid ye weil your hire;
3 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!
4 I paid ye weil your hire;
5 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!

178D.13
1 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!
2 For I paid you weil your hire;
3 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!
4 For I paid you weil your hire;
5 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!

178D.14
1 'Ye paid me well my hire, lady,
2 Ye paid me well my hire,
3 'Ye paid me well my hire,
4 For the reek it worries me.’

178D.15
1 O then bespake her youngest son,
2 Sat on the nurses knee,
3 'Dear mother, gie owre your house,’ he says,
4 'Dear mother, gie owre your house,’ he says,
5 'Dear mother, gie owre your house,’ he says.

178D.16
1 'I winnae gi up my house, my dear,
2 To nae skit traitor as he,
3 'To nae skit traitor as he,
4 'To nae skit traitor as he,
5 'To nae skit traitor as he,

178D.17
1 O then bespake her dochter dear,
2 She was baith jimp and sma;
3 'O mother dear, gie owre yer house,
4 'O mother dear, gie owre yer house,
5 'O mother dear, gie owre yer house,

178D.18
1 They rowd her in a pair of shiets,
2 And towd her owre the wa;
3 But on the point of Edom’s speir
4 She gat a deadly fa.

178D.19
1 O bonny, bonny was hir mouth,
2 And chirry were her cheiks,
3 And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,
4 Whereon the reid bluid drieps!

178D.20
1 Then wi his speir he turnd hir owr;
2 O gin hir face was wan!
3 He said, You are the first that eer
4 We maun draw to a hald.

178D.21
1 He turnd hir owr and owr again;
2 O gin hir skin was white!
3 He said, I might ha spard thy life
4 To been some mans delyte.

178D.22
1 'Busk and boon, my merry men all,
2 For ill dooms I do guess;
3 I cannae luk in that boony face,
4 As it lyes on the grass.

178D.23
1 'Them luiks to freits, my master deir,
2 Then freits will follow them;
3 Let it neir be said brave Edom o Gordon
4 Was daunted with a dame.’

178D.24
1 O then he spied hir ain deir lord,
2 As he came owr the lee;
3 'We will draw to some hauld.
4 'We will draw to some hauld.

178D.25
1 'Put on, put on, my mighty men,
2 As fast as ye can drie!
3 'Put on, put on, my mighty men,
4 As fast as ye can drie!

178D.26
1 But mony were the madie men
2 Lay gasping on the grien;
3 But mony were the madie men
4 Lay gasping on the grien;

178D.27
1 But mony were the madie men
2 Lay gasping on the grien;
3 But mony were the madie men
4 Lay lemainess at heme.

178D.28
1 And some they raid, and some they ran,
2 Fu fast out-owr the plain;
3 But lang, lang eir he could get up
4 They were a’ deid and slain.

178D.29
1 And round and round the waes he went,
2 Their ashes for to view;
3 At last into the flames he flew,
4 And bad the world adieu.

178E.1
1 IT fell about the Martinmas time,
2 When the wind blew shrile and cauld,
3 Said Captain Gordon to his men,
4 We’ll a’ draw to som hauld.

178E.2
1 'And whatena hauld shall we draw to,
2 To be the nearest hame?’
3 ‘We will draw to the ha o bonny Cargarff;
4 The laird is na at hame.’

178E.3
1 The lady sat on her castle-wa,
2 Beheld both dale and down;
3 And she beheld the fause Gordon
4 Come halycon to the town.

178E.4
1 ‘Now, Lady Cargarff, gie owre yer house,
2 Gie owre yer house to me;
3 Now, Lady Cargarff, gie owre yer house,
4 Or in it you shall die.’

178E.5
1 ‘I’ll no gie owre my bonny house,
2 To lord nor yet to loun;
3 I’ll no gie owre my bonny house
4 To the traitors of Auchindown.’

178E.6
1 ‘Now, Lady Cargarff, gie owre yer house,
2 Gie owre yer house to me;
3 Now, Lady Cargarff, gie owre yer house,
4 Or in it you shall die.’
The Text of

178E.7
1 'I would gie a' my goud, my child,
2 Sae would I 'a my fee,
3 For ae blast o the westlan win,
4 To blaw the reek frae thee.

178E.8
1 Then up and spak her eldest heir,
2 He spak wi muckle pride:
3 'Now, mother dear, keep weel yer house,
4 And I'll fight by yer side.'

178E.7
1 'O mother,' spoke the lord Thomas,
2 'As he sat on the nurse's knee,
3 'O hold the tongue, thou fair Annie,
4 And tow me down the wa!'

178E.6
1 'O row me in a pair o sheets,
2 She was baith jimp and sma,
3 Out then spake fair Annie,
4 That runs by Galston Town.'

178E.5
1 'O row me in a pair o sheets,
2 She was baith jimp and sma:
3 The fire was at her goud garters,
4 The laird and I hae a deadly feud,
5 'Go doun, go doun, mother,' he said,
6 'I'll kep thee in a feather-bed,
7 And thy warraner I will be.'

178E.4
1 'Syne gin ye winna come doun,' he said,
2 'Lye still, lye still, my fair Annie,
3 I'll tye the bands around my waist,
4 And save the saikless babie's life,
5 'I've four-and-twenty brave milk kye,
6 And cuist in yon sea-faem,
7 All gin my youngest son Johnnie
8 And dree your death wi me.'

178E.3
1 'I would gie a' my goud, my child,
2 Sae would I 'a my fee,
3 For ae blast o the westlan win,
4 To blaw the reek frae thee.

178E.2
1 'Seven years I served thee, fair ladie,
2 You gave me meat and fee:
3 But now I am Adam o Gordon's man,
4 And to ony lord nor loun,
5 'Come doun and speak to me;
6 I'll kep thee in a feather-bed,
7 And thy warraner I will be.'

178E.1
1 'It's fause now fa thee, Jock my man!
2 'And I wad gie the black,' she said,
3 All gin my youngest son Johnnie
4 And charge to me a gun.'
178G.32
1 'Syne out and spak her auldest son,
2 As he was gaun to die:
3 'Send doun your charmer-maid, mother, mother,
4 She gaes wi barn to me.'

178G.33
1 'Gin ye were not my eldest son,
2 And heir o a' me land,
3 'T d'ye a sheet around thy neck,
4 And hang thee with my hand.'

178G.34
1 'I would gie my twenty guine milk-kye,
2 That feed on Shallow lee.
3 A' for ae blast o the norland wind,
4 To blaw the lowe frace me.'

178G.35
1 Oh was na it a pitie o bonnie castell,
2 That was biggit wi stane and lime!
3 But far mair pity o Lady Ann Campbell,
4 That was brunt wi her bairns nine.

178G.36
1 Three o them were married wives,
2 And three o them were bairns,
3 And three o them were leal maidens,
4 That neer lay in men's arms.

178G.37
1 And now Lord Loudon he's come hame,
2 And a sorrow man was he:
3 'He micht hae spared my lady's life,
4 And wreikit himself on me!'

178G.38
1 'But sin we've got thee, bauld Gordon,
2 Wild horses shall thee tear,
3 For murdering o my ladie bricht,
4 Beside my children dear.'

178H.1
1 It fell about the Martinmas time,
2 When the wind blew shill and calld,
3 That Adam McGordon said to his men,
4 Where will we get a hall?

178H.2
1 'There is a hall here near by,
2 Well built with lime and stone;
3 There is a laddy there within
4 As white as the . . bone.'

178H.3
1 Seven year and more this lord and I
2 Has had a deadly feud,
3 And now, since her good lord's frace hame,
4 His place to me she'll yield.'

178H.4
1 She looked oer her castle-wall,
2 And so she looked down,
3 And saw Adam McGordon and his men
4 Approaching the wood-end.

178H.5
1 'Stel up, stel up my yett,' she says,
2 'And let my draw-bridge fall;
3 There is meickle treachery
4 Walking about my wall.'

178H.6
1 She had not the sentence past,
2 Nor yet the word well said,
3 When Adam McGordon and his men
4 About the walls were laid.

178H.7
1 She looked out at her window,
2 And then she looked down,
3 And then she saw Jack, her own man,
4 Lifting the pavement-stane.

178H.8
1 'Awa,awa, Jack my man!
2 Seven year I paid you meat and fee,
3 But now I am Adam McGordon's man,
4 I must either do or die.'

178H.9
1 'I yield, I yield, O lady fair,
2 Seven year ye paid me meat and fee;
3 And now ye yield the pavement-stane
4 To let in the low to me.'

178H.10
1 'If ye be Adam McGordon's man,
2 As I true well ye be,
3 Prove true unto your own master,
4 And work your will to me.'

178H.11
1 'Come down, come down, my lady Campbell,
2 Come down into my hand;
3 Ye shall hae all night by my side,
4 And the morn at my command.'

178H.12
1 'I winna come down,' this lady says,
2 'For neither laird nor lown,
3 Nor yet him young Lesmore,
4 To fase Edom of Achendoun.'

178H.13
1 'I wald give all my kine,' she says,
2 'So wald I fifty pound.
3 That Andrew Watty we here;
4 He would charge me my gun.'

178H.14
1 'I would charge me my gun,
2 And put in bullets three,
3 That I might shoot that cruel traitor
4 That works his will on me.'

178H.15
1 He shot in, and [h]e shot out,
2 The value of an hour,
3 Until the hall Craigne North
4 Was like to be blown in the air.

178H.16
1 'He fired in, and she fired out,
2 The value of hours three,
3 Until the hall Craigne North
4 The reik went to the sea.

178H.17
1 'O the frost, and ae the frost,
2 The frost that freezes fell!
3 I cannot stay within my bowers,
4 The powder it blaws sae bald.'

178H.18
1 But then spake her eldest son,
2 He was both white and red.
3 'O mither dear, yield up your house!
4 We'll all be burnt to dead.'

178H.19
1 Out then spake the second son,
2 He was both red and fair;
3 'O brother dear, would you yield up your house,
4 And you your father's heir!'

178H.20
1 Out then spake the little babe,
2 Stood at the nurse's knee;
3 'O mither dear, yield up your house!
4 The reik will worry me.'

178H.21
1 Out then speaks the little nurse,
2 The babe upon her knee;
3 'O lady, take from me your child!
4 I'll never crave my fee.'

178H.22
1 'Hold thy tongue, thou little nurse,
2 Of thy prating let me bee;
3 For be it death or be it life,
4 Thou shall take share with me.'

178H.23
1 'I wald give a' my sheep,' she says,
2 'T'shat . . . yon . . . s'hal,
3 I had a drink of that wan water
4 That runs down by my wa.'

178H.24
1 It fell about the Martinmas time,
2 Fun the wind blue loud and calld,
3 Said Edom of Gordon to his men,
4 We man dra till a hall.

178H.25
1 An fatten a hall will we dra tell,
2 My merry men a,
3 We will to the house of Rothes,
4 An see that gay lady.'

178H.26
1 The lady lokked our castell-wa,
2 Beheld the day ga doun,
3 An she saa Edom of Gordon,
4 Fase Edom of Achenbourn.

178H.27
1 'Gee out yer house, my lady dear!
2 Gee our yer house to me;
3 The night ye's be my leall leman
4 The morn my lady free.'

178H.28
1 'Then gie me our bonny house,
2 To feelard nor yet to loun,
3 Nor will I gie our bonny house
4 To fase Edom of Achendoun.'

178H.29
1 Bat ye get me Cluny, Gight, or Glack,
2 Or get him young Lesmore,
3 An I ell gie our bonny house
4 To any o' a' the four.'

178H.30
1 'Ye's neither get Cluny, Gight, nor Glack,
2 Nor yet him young Lesmore,
3 An ye man gee our yer bonny house,
4 Wienton ony o a' the four.'

178H.31
1 The ladie shot out of a shot-windou,
2 It didne hurt his head,
3 It only grased his knee
4 . . . . . .

178H.32
1 'Ye hast, my merry men a',
2 Gather hathorn an fence,
3 . . . . . .
4 To see gin this lady will burn.'

178H.33
1 'Wai worth ye, Joke, my man!
2 I paid ye well yer hair,
3 An ye tae en out the quiné-stane,
4 To me laten in the fire.'

178H.34
1 'Ye paid me well my meatt, lady,
2 Ye paid me well my hire,
3 But nou I am Edom of Gordon's man,
4 Mane eater dee'd or dree.

178H.35
1 'Ye paid me well my meatl, lady,
2 Ye paid me well my hire,
3 But nou I am Edom of Gordon's man,
4 To ye mane lat the fire.'

178H.36
1 Out spak her daughter,
2 She was bath jimp an smaa;
3 'Ye take me in a pair of shets,
4 Lat me out the castell-wa.'

178H.37
1 The pat her in a pair of shets,
2 Lute her oure the castell-wa;
3 On the point of Edom of Gordon's lance
4 She got a deadly faa.

178H.38
1 Cherry, cherry was her cheeks,
2 An bonny was her eyen;
3 . . . . . .
4 . . . . . .

178H.39
1 He turned her about,
2 . . . . . .
3 'I might has spared that bonny face
4 To ha ben some man's delight.'

178H.40
1 'Chirry is yer chik,
2 An bonny is yer eyen;
3 Ye're the first face I ever saa dead
4 I wist liveng agen.'

178H.41
1 Out spak one of his men,
2 As he staid by a stane;
3 'Lait it never be sade brave Edom of Gordon
4 Was dantoned by a dame.'

178H.42
1 Out spake the bonny barn,
2 Ti sat on the nurce's knee;
3 'Gee out yer house, my mider dear,
4 The reak it smotheres me.'

178H.43
1 'I wad gee a' my silks,' she says,
2 'That lays in mony a fall,
3 To haa ye on the head of Mont Gannell,
4 To get three gasps of the call.'
179A.1
1 That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,
2 With that he raised a mighty cry;
3 The cry it came down Roohope burn,
4 And spread through Weardale hastily.

179A.16
1 That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,
2 With that he raised a mighty cry;
3 The cry it came down Roohope burn,
4 And spread through Weardale hastily.

179A.35
1 Thir Weardale men, they have good hearts,
2 They are as still as any tree;
3 For, if they'd every one been slain,
4 Never a foot back man would flee.

179A.36
1 And such a storm amongst them fell
2 As I think you never heard the like,
3 For he that bears his head so high,
4 He oft-times falls into the dyke.

179A.37
1 And now I do entreat you all,
2 As many as are present here,
3 To pray for [the] singer of this song,
4 For he sings to make thine your cheer.

179A.38
1 'I trust to God, no more they shal,
2 Except it be one for a great chance;
3 For God will punish those
4 With a great heavy pestilence.

179A.39
1 Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,
2 They never think to be oethroned;
3 Three banners against Weardale men they bare,
4 As if the world had been all their own.

179A.40
1 Thir Weardale men, they have good hearts,
2 They are as still as any tree;
3 For, if they'd every one been slain,
4 Never a foot back man would flee.

180A.1
1 AS I did walke my selfe alone,
2 And by one garden green,
3 I heard a young prince make great moane,
4 Which did turne my hart to teene.

180A.2
1 And fast after them he did hye,
2 But yet the bailif shrinked nought,
3 Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon;
4 And neither forgot sword, jack, nor spear.

180A.3
1 'O Lord!' he then said unto me,
2 'Thou marrys none to me;
3 'Marry I would, if thou wold see?
4 Thine blood that wee will see.'
How shold I pardon thee, saith the king, And thou'le remaine a traitor still? For ever since that I was borne. For thou hast sought my blood to spill.

I'll make a vow for England's sake, 'Till thou dost know that I will slay. I kill'd the sheriffs sonne of Carlile, Here I will tell you in this place;

Thou hast made me an unkind woman, And for ever will I remaine. I have slain the Bishopp of St Andrew, 'Tis as free as euer God forgaue his death,

I thanke you for your pardon, king, 'Tis for ever my manhood I did trye; If I be false to England, 'Tis as free as euer God forgaue his death,

He was a braw gallant, And wherefore did ye so? And when that they did see him come, They have slain the Earl of Murray,

You shall not alie remaine. And her brother he, 'I will both harry and burne.' But then they called lusty Browne; He was a braw gallant,

'Tis as free as ever God forgaue his death, And there the made them wonderous fast, 'Tis as free as ever God forgaue his death, And there Browne sett on Douglas againe,

Wee Highlands, and ye Lawlands, That wold haue slaine our king, There they have slain the Earl of Murray, He was the flower amang them a'.

For her blood is very neshe; And the bonny Earl of Murray, For oh he was the Queen's love! And the bonny Earl of Murray, And the bonny Earl of Murray,

And her bread it's to bake, He was a braw gallant, He was a braw gallant, And he playd at the ring;

And as free as euer God forgaue his death, And the bonny Earl of Murray, And the bonny Earl of Murray, And the bonny Earl of Murray,

And thou'le remaine a traitor still? And they laid him on the green. And they laid him on the green. And they laid him on the green.

I was a braw gallant, Away they went some twenty score. He was a braw gallant, Away they went some twenty score. He was a braw gallant, Away they went some twenty score.

You shall not alie remaine. Away they went some twenty score. You shall not alie remaine. Away they went some twenty score.

Bring me his taker,' quothe he. Bring me his taker,' quothe he. Bring me his taker,' quothe he. Bring me his taker,' quothe he.

If I live a twelve month to an end, A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

Thou hast made me an unkind woman, A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

And thou'le remaine a traitor still? A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

For her blood is very neshe; A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

And as free as euer God forgaue his death, A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

And her brother he, 'I will both harry and burne.' A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

And her bread it's to bake, A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

And her bread it's to bake, A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

And her bread it's to bake, A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

And her bread it's to bake, A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.

And her bread it's to bake, A' for the love of Young Logie. You shall not alie remaine. A' for the love of Young Logie.
The Text of

182A.17
1 The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
2 The tother at the Queen’s Ferry,
3 And she’s gotten a father to her bairn,
4 The wanton laird of Young Logie.

182A.1
1 I will sing, if ye will harken,
2 An ye were list to hear me;
3 I’ll tell ye of a merry passage
4 Of the wanton laird of Young Logie.

182A.2
1 Young Logie’s laid in Edinburgh chapel,
2 Carmichael’s keeper of the key;
3 I heard a moy lamenting sair,
4 All for the laird of Young Logie.

182A.3
1 ‘Lament, lament na, May Margret,
2 And o your weeping let me be;
3 For ye maun to the king your sell,
4 And ask the life of Young Logie.’

182A.4
1 May Margaret has kilted her green cleeding,
2 And she’s curled back her yellow hair,
3 And she’s away to the king herself,
4 And adieu to Scotland for ever mair!

182A.5
1 When she came before the king,
2 She fell low down on her knee;
3 ‘It’s what’s your will wi me, May Margret,
4 And what makes all this courteys?’
5 ‘Naething, naething, my sovreign liege,
6 But grant me the life of Young Logie.’

182A.6
1 ‘O no, O no, May Margret,
2 No, in sooth it maun na be;
3 For the morn, or I taste meat or drink,
4 Hee hanged shall Young Logie be.’

182A.7
1 She has stolen the king’s reeding-comb,
2 But an the queen her wedding-knife,
3 And she has sent it to Carmichael,
4 To cause Young Logie come by life.

182A.8
1 She sent him a purse of the red gold,
2 Another of the white money,
3 And sent him a pistole into each hand,
4 And bade him shoot when he got fra.

182A.9
1 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,
2 There he loth his volleey flee,
3 Which made the king in his chamber start,
4 And hee in the chamber where he lay.

182A.10
1 ‘Goe out, gae out, my merrie men,
2 And gair Carmichael come speake wi me,
3 For I’ll lay my life the pledge of that,
4 That yon’s the volleey of Young Logie.’

182A.11
1 When Carmichael came before the king,
2 He fell low down on his knee;
3 The very first word that the king spake,
4 ‘How dois the laird o Young Logie?’

182A.12
1 Carmichael turnd him round about,
2 A wait the salt tear blint his eye;
3 ‘There came a tacken frea the king
4 Has taen the laird awa frae me.’

182A.13
1 ‘Hast thou playd me that, Carmichael?
2 Hast thou playd me that?’ quo he;
3 ‘The morn the Justice Court’s to stand,
4 And Logie’s place ye maun supply.’

182A.14
1 Carmichael’s away to May Margre<ct>’s bower,
2 Een as fast as he may dree;
3 ‘It s if Young Logie be within,
4 Tell him to come to speak to me.’

182A.15
1 May Margret’s turnd her round about,
2 A wait a loud laught gae she;
3 ‘The eeg is chepped and the bird is flown,
4 And seek ye the laird of Young Logie.’

182A.16
1 The one is shepped at the pier o Leith,
2 The other at the Queen’s Ferry,
3 And she has gotten a father to her bairn,
4 The wanton laird of Young [Logie].

182B.1
1 O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,
2 Listen to what I tel to thee;
3 The king has taiken a poor prisoner,
4 The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

182B.2
1 When news came to our guidly queen,
2 Sche sicht, and said right mournfullie,
3 ‘O what will cum of Lady Margret?
4 Wha beirs sick luve to Ochiltrie.’

182B.3
1 Lady Margret tore her yellow hair
2 When as the queen tald the sain:
3 ‘I wis that I had neir bin born,
4 Nor neir had knawn Ochiltrie’s naim!’

182B.4
1 ‘Fie, na!’ quoth the queen, ‘That maunna be;
2 Fie, na! that maunna be;
3 ‘I fynd ye out a better way
4 To saif the lyfe of Ochiltrie.’

182B.5
1 The queen sche triptip the stair,
2 And lowlie knielt upon hir knie:
3 ‘The first boon which I cum to craive
4 Is the life of gentel Ochiltrie.’

182B.6
1 ‘O iff you had askd me castels or towirs,
2 I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrrie;
3 Bot a the monie in fair Scotland
4 Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie!’

182B.7
1 Lady Margret tore her yellow hair
2 When as the queen tald the sain:
3 ‘I’ll tak a knove and end my lyfe,
4 And be in the grave as soon as him!’

182B.8
1 ‘Ah, na! Fie, na!’ quoth the queen,
2 ‘Fie, na! Fie, na! this maunna be;
3 ‘I’ll set ye on a better way
4 To loose and set Ochiltrie frie.’

182B.9
1 ‘Peace be to our royal queen,
2 Whaten a joyfou shute gae he!
3 And an the queen her wedding-knife,
4 To cause Young Logie come by life.

182B.10
1 ‘Fie, na! Fie, na!’ quoth the queen,
2 ‘Fie, na! Fie, na! this maunna be;
3 ‘I’ll set ye on a better way
4 To loose and set Ochiltrie frie.’

182B.11
1 And sche’s gien him a purse of gowd,
2 And another of whyt monie;
3 Sche’s gien him twa pistoles by’s syde,
4 Saying to him, Shutte, when ye win frie.

182B.12
1 And when he cam to the queen’s window,
2 Whaten a joyfou shuts gae he!
3 ‘Peace be to our royal queen,
4 And peace be in her company.’

182B.13
1 ‘O whaten a voyce is that?’ quoth the king,
2 ‘Whaten a voyce is that?’ quoth he;
3 ‘Whaten a voyce is that?’ quoth the queen;
4 ‘I think it’s the voyce of Ochiltrie.

182B.14
1 ‘Call to me a’ my gaolours,’
2 Call thaim by thirhte and by thrie;
3 Whairfoir the morn, at twelv a clock,
4 It’s hangit schall they ilk ane be.’

182B.15
1 ‘O dindna ye send your keys to us?
2 Ye sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie,
3 And wi thaim sent a strait command
4 To set at lairge young Ochiltrie.’

182B.16
1 ‘Ah, na! Fie, na!’ quoth the queen,
2 ‘Fie, my dear luve, this maunna be!
3 And iff ye’re gawn to hang thaim a;
4 Indeed ye maun begin wi me.’

182B.17
1 The tane was sipit at the pier of Leith,
2 The quirer at the Queen’s Ferrie,
3 And now the lady has gotten hir luve,
4 The winson laird of Ochiltrie.

182C.1
1 THE young laird of Logie is to prison cast;
2 Carmichael’s the keeper of the key;
3 Lady Margaret, the queen’s cousin, is very sick,
4 And it’s all for love of Young Logie.

182C.2
1 She’s into the queen’s chamber gone,
2 She has kneeld low down on her knee;
3 Says she, You must go to the king yourself;
4 It’s all for a pardon to Young Logie.

182C.3
1 The queen is unto the king’s chamber gone,
2 She has kneeld low down on her knee;
3 ‘O what is the matter, my gracious queen?
4 And what means all this courteys?’

182C.4
1 ‘Have not I made thee queen of fair Scotland?
2 The queen of England I trow thou be;
3 Have I not made thee my wedded wife?
4 Will you grant a pardon for Young Logie?’

182C.6
1 The king he turnt him right around about,
2 I think an angry man was he:
3 ‘The morrow, before it is twelve o’clock,
4 O hangt shall the laird of Logie be.

182C.7
1 The queen she’s into her chamber gone,
2 Amongst her maries, so frank and free;
3 ‘You may weep, you may weep, Margaret,’ she says,
4 ‘For hanged must the laird of Logie be.’

182C.8
1 She has torn her silken scarf and hoo,
2 And so has she her yellow hair:
3 ‘Now fare you well, both king and queen,
4 And adieu to Scotland for ever mair!’

182C.9
1 She has put off her goun of silk,
2 And so has she her gay clothing;
3 ‘Go fetch me a knife, and I’ll kill myself,
4 Since the laird of Logie is not mine.’

182C.10
1 Then out bespoke our gracious queen,
2 And she spoke words most tenderlie;
3 ‘Now hold your hand, Lady Margaret,’ she said,
4 ‘And I’ll try to set Young Logie free.’

182C.11
1 She’s up into the king’s chamber gone,
2 And among his nobles so free;
3 ‘Hold away, hold away!’ says our gracious king,
4 ‘No more of your pardons for Young Logie.

182C.12
1 ‘Had you but askd me for houses and land,
2 I would have given you castles three;
3 Or anything else shall be at your command,
4 But only a pardon for Young Logie.’

182C.13
1 ‘Hold your hand now, my sovereign liege,
2 And of your anger let it be;
3 For the innocent blood of Lady Margaret
4 It will rest on the head of thee and me.’

182C.14
1 The king and queen are gone to their bed,
2 But as he was sleeping so quietly.
3 She has stole the keys from below his head,
4 And has sent to set Young Logie free.

182C.15
1 Young Logie he’s on horseback got,
2 Of chains and fetters he’s got free;
3 As he passd by the king’s window,
4 There he has fired vollies three.

182C.16
1 The king he awaken’d out of his sleep,
2 Out of his bed came hastilie;
3 Says, I’ll lay all my lands and rents
4 That yonder’s the laird of Logie free.’
182C.17
1 The king has sent to the prison strong,
2 He has call’d for his keepers three;
3 Says, ‘How does all your prisoners?’
4 And how does the young Laird of Logie?

182C.18
1 ‘Your Majesty sent me your wedding-ring,
2 With your high command to set him free;
3 Then tomorrow, before that I eat or drink,
4 I surely will hang you keepers three.’

182C.19
1 Then out bespoke our gracious queen,
2 And she spoke words most tenderlie;
3 ‘If ever you begin to hang a man for this,
4 Your Majesty must begin with me.’

182C.20
1 The one took shipping at [the pier of] Leith,
2 And the other at the Queen’s Ferrie;
3 Lady Margaret has gotten the man she loves,
4 I mean the young Laird o Logie.

182D.1
1 Twixt the Staywood Bass and Langside Hill,
2 They broke the house in at the riggin.
3 But and the lads o Stefenbiggin,
4 It is the lads o the Kirkhill,
5 ‘I think, my lads, we’ve done a noble deed;
6 For my crowse crawing.
7 Crasing, crasing,
8 An hour before the dawning.
9 Auchindown was in a bleeze,
10 As I came in by Auchindown,
11 ‘For every finger o the Galiard’s hand,
12 ‘For my crowse crawing,
13 ‘But since it is my gracious queen,
14 ‘Here’s the boniest horse in a’ Nithside,
15 ‘May Margaret sits in the queen’s bouir,
16 ‘Head me, hang me,
17 ‘Head me, hang me,
18 ‘I think, my lads, we’ve done a noble deed;
19 ‘Head me, hang me,
20 ‘I think, my lads, we’ve done a noble deed;
The Text of

185A.1
1 'To give thee leave, my fool,' he says,
2 'Thou speaks against mine honour and me;
3 Unless thou give me thy truth and thy right hand
4 Thou'lt steal false name but them that sta from thee.'

185A.2
1 'There is my truth and my right hand;
2 My head shall hing on Hairibie,
3 I've never crossed Carlele sands again,
4 If I steal frae a man but them that sta frae me.'

185A.3
1 'I'm come to plain of your man Fair Johnie Armstrong,
2 And syne thy billie Willie,' you he;
3 'How they have been in my house th
4 And there is thirty Armstrongs and three!'

185A.4
1 'What's this comd on me!' quo Dickie,
2 'What meakle wae's the whole of us;
3 'Where here is but ae innocent fool,
4 And the deil bless all your companie.'

185A.5
1 'Thou speaks against mine honour and me;
2 'Thou'lt steal false name but them that sta from thee.'
3 'I wish I had a mense for my own three kye!'
185A.43
1 When John wakend out of his dream,
2 I wate a dreary man was he:
3 'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?
4 The shame gae in thy company!

185A.44
1 'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?
2 The shame go in thy company!
3 For I should live this hundred year,
4 I shal never fight with a fool after thee.'

185A.45
1 Then Dickie come home to lord and master,
2 Even as fast as he may drie:
3 Now Dickie, I shall neither eat meat nor drink
4 Till high hanged that thou shalt be!

185A.46
1 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie,
2 That was no the promise ye might be,
3 For I'd never gae to Liddesdale to steal
4 Till that I sought my leave at thee.

185A.47
1 'But what gart thou steal the Laird's-Jock's horse?
2 And, limmer, what gart thou steal him?' quo he;
3 'For lang might thou in Cumberland dwelt
4 Or the Laird's Jock had stolin ought frae thee.'

185A.48
1 'Indeed I wate ye leed, my lord,
2 And even so loud as I hear ye lie;
3 I wan him frae his man, Fair John Armstrong
4 Or else he's gae to Mattan fair wi me:'

185A.49
1 'Where did thou get Fair Johnie Armstrong's horse?
2 He tied his hands behind his back;
3 They guided him, fitness on each side,
4 And they brought him over the Liddelrack.

185A.50
1 'Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
2 'Tis neither Caroline nor it is true,
3 Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, calld
4 I shal never fight with a fool after thee.'

185A.51
1 'And I'le give thee fifteen pound for the good horse,
2 All in gold and good monie;
3 'I'le give thee thirty pound for the good horse,
4 For I have a better of my own, and onie better can be.'

185A.52
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 And I'le give [thee] one of my best milk-kye,
3 She has given him thirty pound for the good horse,
4 And the nevir a word o lear had he.

185A.53
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 Against the truce of Border tide,
3 Or answered by the border law?
4 Tho it were builded of marble-stone.

185A.54
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 And I'le give [thee] one of my best milk-kye,
3 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?
4 I trow they were of his ain name,

185A.55
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 Against the truce of Border tide,
3 Or answered by the border law?
4 I think he'le carry booth thee and me.

185A.56
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 And I'le give [thee] one of my best milk-kye,
3 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?
4 Sae he thrust the lance thro his fause bodie.

185A.57
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 And I'le give [thee] one of my best milk-kye,
3 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?
4 For fear that they should stamp and nie.

185A.58
1 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie,
2 'Trow ye aye to make a fool of me?' quo he:
3 'I'le either have thirty pound for the good horse,
4 Or else he's to Mattan Fair with me.'

185A.59
1 He has given him thirty pound for the good horse,
2 All in gold and good monie;
3 He has given her three score of English pounds
4 For the three auld coerlets was tane of her bed.

185A.60
1 Then Dickie lap a loup on high,
2 And I wate a loud laughter leagh he:
3 'I wish the neck of the third horse were brokwen,
4 For I have a better of my own, and onie better can be.'

185A.61
1 Then Dickie comd hame to his wife again;
2 Judge ye how the poor fool he sped;
3 He has given him three score of English pounds
4 For I have a' these takens to lett you see.'

185A.62
1 'Hae, take thee there twa as good kye,
2 I trow, as I hear ye may drie;
3 And yet here is a white-footed naigg;
4 I think he'le carry booth thee and me.

185A.63
1 'But I may no longer in Cumberland dwell;
2 The Armstrongs the'le hang me high;
3 Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,
4 And Burgh under Stanemuir there dwels Dickie.

186A.1
1 O HAVE ye na heard o the fause Sakelde?
2 O have ye na heard o the keen Lord Scoop?
3 How they haec taen bauld Kinmont Willie,
4 On Hairbee to hang him up?

186A.2
1 Had Willie had but twenty men,
2 But twenty men as stout as he,
3 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont taen,
4 Wi eight score in his companie.

186A.3
1 They band his legs beneath the steed,
2 They tied his hands behind his back;
3 They guarded him, fitness on each side,
4 And they brought him over the Liddelrack.

186A.4
1 They led him thro the Liddel-rack,
2 And also thro the carlisle sands;
3 And five and five like a mason-gang,
4 And a' of them were of his ain name,

186A.5
1 'Why trespass ye on the English side?
2 Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo he;
3 'Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
4 As well I wot that there is none,'

186A.6
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 Against the truce of Border tide,
3 Or answered by the border law?
4 And the nevir a word o lear had he.

186A.7
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 Against the truce of Border tide,
3 Or answered by the border law?
4 And the nevir a word o lear had he.

186A.8
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 Against the truce of Border tide,
3 Or answered by the border law?
4 And the nevir a word o lear had he.

186A.9
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 Against the truce of Border tide,
3 Or answered by the border law?
4 And the nevir a word o lear had he.

186A.10
1 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,
2 Against the truce of Border tide,
3 Or answered by the border law?
4 And the nevir a word olear had he.
The Text of

186A.28 1 And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
  2 The wind began full loud to blaw;
  3 But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
  4 When we came beneath the castel-wa.

186A.29 1 We crept on knees, and held our breath,
  2 Till we placed the ladders against the wa;
  3 And the ready was Buccleuch himself
  4 To mount the first before us a.

186A.30 1 He has taen the watchman by the throat,
  2 He flung him down upon the lead.
  3 'Hadh there not been peace between our lands,
  4 Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.

186A.31 1 'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo Buccleuch;
  2 'Let's waken Lord Scroope right mellrile!'
  3 Then loud the Warden's trumpets blew
  4 'O whae dare meddle wi me?'

186A.32 1 Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
  2 And raised the scone aue and a',
  3 And cut a hole thro a sheet of lead,
  4 And so we wane to the castell-ha.

186A.33 1 They thought King James and a' his men
  2 Had won the house wii bo and speir;
  3 It was but twenty Scots and ten
  4 That put a thousand in sic a stear!

186A.34 1 Wi coulters and wi forehammers,
  2 We gared the bars bang mellrile,
  3 Until we came to the inner prison.
  4 Where Willie o Kinnmott he did lie.

186A.35 1 And when we cam to the lower prison,
  2 Where Willie o Kinnmott he did lie,
  3 'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kintmott Willie,
  4 Upon the mor that thou's to die.'

186A.36 1 'O I sleep saft, and I wake ayl
  2 'Tis lang since sleeping was fleddy frae me;
  3 Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns
  4 And a' gude fellows that speer for me.'

186A.37 1 Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
  2 The starkest men in Teviotdale:
  3 'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
  4 And see whar the gate it lies o'er.

186A.38 1 'Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
  2 My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he cried;
  3 'I'll pay you for my lodging-maille
  4 When first we meet on the border-side.'

186A.39 1 Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
  2 We bore him down the ladder lang;
  3 At every stride Red Rowan made,
  4 I wot the Kinnmott's aim playd clang.

186A.40 1 'O mony a time,' quo Kintmott Willie,
  2 'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
  3 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
  4 I seen my legs have neer bestrode.

186A.41 1 'And mony a time,' quo Kintmott Willie,
  2 'I've pricked a horse oure o'er the furs;
  3 But since the day I backed a steed
  4 I never wore sic cumbersome spurs.'

186A.42 1 We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
  2 When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
  3 And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
  4 Cam wi the keen Lord Scroope along.

186A.43 1 Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
  2 Even where it flowd frae buck to tram,
  3 And he has plunged in wi a' his band,
  4 And safely swam them thro the stream.

186A.44 1 He turned him on the other side,
  2 And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:
  3 'If ye like na my visit in merry England,
  4 In fair Scotand come visit me!'
187B.3 They banishd him neer to return.
3 But his misdeeds they were sae great,
1 Now Hobie was a English man,
4 Since England banishd thee, to me.'

3 Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,
4 The weight o their braid swords to feel.
2 Weel harnessd a' wi best o steel;
3 My barns, my byres, and my faulds, a' weel
1 'NOW Liddisdale has ridden a raid,
3 Thou hast feitched vs home good Iohn oth Side,
1 He sayes, Blest be thou, Hobby Noble,
4 For faine hee cold noe more eate.
3 But when Iohn o the Side he there did see,
4 'I count him lighter than a flee.'
187C.19
1 Up spack Hobby Noble and says,
2 O man, I think thou may lay some weight o’ the prisoner upo me;
3 ‘I’ wat weel no,’ says the Laird’s Jack,
4 ‘For I do not count him as hayv as ane poor fllie.’

187C.20
1 So now they have set him upo horse back,
2 And says, O noow so wisnonly as thou dost ride,
3 Just like a bride, wee beth thy feet
4 Unto a side.

187C.21
1 Now they are away wee him as fast as they can heye,
2 Till they are come to Cholar foord brae head;
3 And they met an ald man,
4 And says, Will the water ride?

187C.22
1 ‘I wat well no,’ says the ald man,
2 ‘For I have lived here this thirty years and three,
3 . . . .
4 And I think I never saw Tyne running so like a sea.’

187C.23
1 Up speaks the Laird’s Watt and says——
2 The greatest coward of the companie——
3 . . . .
4 ‘Now, dear billies, the day is come that we must a’ die.’

187C.24
1 Up speaks the Laird’s Jack and says, Poor cowardly thief,
2 They will never one die but him that’s fee;
3 . . . .
4 Set the prisner on behind me.

187C.25
1 So they have tain the water by ane and two,
2 Till they have got safe swumd through.

187C.26
1 Be they wan safe a’ through,
2 There were twenty men pursuuing them from New Castle town.

187C.27
1 Up speaks the land-sergeant and says,
2 If ye be gone with the rog, cast me my irons.

187C.28
1 ‘I wat weel no,’ says the Laird’s Jack,
2 ‘For I will keep them to shew my good grey mre;
3 . . . .
4 For I am sure she has bought them dear.’

187C.29
1 ‘Good sooth,’ says the Laird’s Jack,
2 ‘The greatest coward of the three;
3 A hundred o th best i Christenty,
4 And says, John of the Side and set him free.

187C.30
1 So now they have set him upo horseback,
2 And away as fast as they could hye,
3 Till they brought him into Liddisdale,
4 And now they have set him down at his own fireside.

187C.31
1 And says, now John,
2 The day was come that thou was to die,
3 But thou is full as weel sitting at thy own fireside.
4 . . . .

187C.32
1 And now they are fallin to drink,
2 And they drank a whole week one day after another,
3 And if they be not given over,
4 They are all drinking on yet.

187D.1
1 LIDDISDAILE has riddin a raid.
2 But they had better ha staid at hame;
3 For Michael o Wingfield he is slain,
4 And Jock o the Side they hae taen.

187D.2
1 Dinah’s down the water gane,
2 Wi a’ her coats untill siting at thy own fireside.
3 . . . .
4 To Mangerton came she.

187D.3
1 . . . .
2 How now? how now? What’s your will wi me?
3 . . . .
4 . . . .

187D.4
1 To the New Castle he’s gane.
2 They have cuttin their yad’s tales,
3 They’ve cut them a little abune the hough,
4 And they nevir gave oer s . . . d running
5 Till they came to Hathery Haugh.

187D.5
1 And when they came to Chollerton ford
2 Tyne was mair running like a sea.
3 . . . .
4 . . . .

187D.6
1 And when they came to Swinburne wood,
2 Quickly they ha fallen a tree;
3 Twenty snags on either side,
4 And on the top it had lang three.

187D.7
1 ‘My mare is young, she wul na swim,’
2 . . . .
3 . . . .
4 . . . .

187D.8
1 ‘Now Mudge the Miller, lie on thee!’
2 Tak thou mine, and I’ll tak thine,
3 And the deel hang down thy yad and thee.’

188A.1
1 LATE in an evening forth as I went,
2 ‘Twas on the dawning of the day;
3 I heard two brothers make their moan,
4 I listend well what they did say.

188A.2
1 . . . .
2 . . . .
3 We were three born brethren,
4 There’s one of us condemn to die.

188A.3
1 Then up bespak Jock the laird:
2 ‘If I had but a hundre men,
3 A hundre o th best i Christenty,
4 I wad go on to fair Dumfries, I wad loose my brother and set him free.’

188A.4
1 So up bespak then Dicky Ha,
2 He was the wisest o the three:
3 ‘A hundre men we’ll never get,
4 Neither for gold nor fee,
5 But some of them will us betray;
6 They’ll neither fight for gold nor fee.

188A.5
1 ‘Had I but ten well-wight men,
2 Ten o the best i Christenty,
3 I wad gae on to fair Dumfries,
4 I wad loose my brother and set him free.’

188A.6
1 ‘Jocky Ha, our cousin,’ s be the first man’
2 (For leugh o Liddisdale cracked he);
3 ‘An ever we come till a pinch,
4 He’ll be as good as oon three.’

188A.7
1 They mounted ten well-wight men,
2 Ten o the best i Christenty;
3 . . . .
4 . . . .

188A.8
1 There was horsing and horsing of haste,
2 And cracking o whips out oer the lee,
3 Till they came to fair Barngliss,
4 And they ca’d the smith right quietly.

188A.9
1 He has shod them a’ their horse,
2 He’s shod them sicer and honestly,
3 And he as turnd the Cawkers backwards oer
4 Where foremost they were wont to be.

188A.10
1 And there was horsing, horsing of haste,
2 And cracking of whips oer the lee,
3 Until they came to the Bonsaw wood,
4 Where they held their council privately.
188A.11 1 Some says, We'll gang the Annan road, 2 It is the better road, said they; 3 Up bespake then Dicky Ha, 4 The wisest of that company.

188A.12 1 'Annan road's a publick road, 2 It's no the road that makes for me; 3 But we will through at Hoddom ford, 4 It is the better road,' said he.

188A.13 1 And there was horsing, horsing o haste, 2 And cracking of whips out oer the lea, 3 Until they came to fair Dumfries, 4 And it was newly strucken three.

188A.14 1 Up bespake then Jocky Ha, 2 For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he: 3 'I have a mare, they ca her Meg, 4 She is the best i Christendom; 5 An ever we come till a pinch, 6 She'll bring awa both thee and me.'

188A.15 1 'But five we'll leave to had our horse, 2 And five will watch, guard for to be; 3 Who is the man,' said Dicky then, 4 'To the prison-door will go with me?'

188A.16 1 Up bespake then Dicky Ha, 2 For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he: 3 'I am the man,' said Jock; 4 'To the prison-door I'll go with thee.'

188A.17 1 They are up the jail-stair, 2 They stepped it right soberly, 3 Until they came to the jail-door; 4 They ca'd the prisoner quietly.

188A.18 1 'And a' Liddesdale were here the night, 2 There they've a' taen the flood, 3 But up bespake than Dicky Ha, 4 'The diel o there,' quo Dicky than, 5 'This night I'm come to borrow thee.'

188A.19 1 But up bespake the prisoner then, 2 And O but he spake woefully! 3 'Today had been a justice-court, 4 ... 5 And a' Liddesdale were here the night, 6 The morn's the day at I'se to die.'

188A.20 1 'What is thy crime, Archie, my billy? 2 What is the crime they lay to thee? 3 'I brake a spear i the warden's breast, 4 For saving my master's land,' said he.

188A.21 1 'I am your brother Dicky,' he says; 2 'This is my billy, and I without. 3 If that be the crime they lay to thee, 4 Work thou within, and me without, 5 And thro good strength I'll borrow thee.'

188A.22 1 'I cannot work billy,' he says, 2 'I cannot work, billy, with thee. 3 For fifteen stone of Spanish iron 4 Lyes fast to me with lock and key.'

188A.23 1 When Dicky he heard that, 2 'Away, thou crabbly chiel!' cried he; 3 'He's taen the door aye with his foot, 4 And fast he followit with his knee. 5 Till a' the bones and the dugs hung on, 6 O' th' prison-floor he made them flee.

188A.24 1 'Thou's welcome, welcome, Archie, my billy, 2 Thou're aye right dear welcome to me; 3 There shall be straiksa this day,' he said, 4 'This day or thou be taen from me.'

188A.25 1 He's got the prisoner on o his back, 2 He's gotten him iron and aw, 3 ...
Or to the bottom thou had gone.

Else thou had never attempted such,

Or thy dad some warlock has been;

"For they'll be good soon to my gray mare."

"O shame a ma!" cries Jokie Ha,

"For I wot they cost me right dear;"

"Throw me my irons, Dickie!" he cries,

"For I'm the prisoner, and I must die."

"A smith, a smith!" Dickie he cries,

"A smith, a smith, right speedilie,

"Twice walked on a pleasant green——

"Twice the first morning of May——

"Twice shall be dunts ere we twine."

"If ye'll work therein as we thereout,

"If ye be found at jail-house door,

"I sleep not aft, I lie not saft;

"O dinna ye hear proud Annan roar,

"Come through, come through, Lieutenant Gordon!

"Some gar ride, and some gar run,

"Seven years have I loved my love,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"Awa, awa, my brethren dear,

"I wadna venture after them,

"They'll be good shakles to my plough."

"The devil drown my mare and thee!

"Ohon, alas! my brother dear,

"Some gar ride, and some gar run,

"Awa, awa, my brethren dear,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"Awa, awa, now Johnny Ha,

"Awa, awa, now Johnny Ha,

"O dinna ye hear proud Annan roar,

"O dinna ye hear proud Annan roar,

"Some gar ride, and some gar run,

"Come through, come through, Lieutenant Gordon!

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"Some gar ride, and some gar run,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"Some gar ride, and some gar run,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,

"A refreshment we maun hae,
188D.17
1 That would have tried what's done by thee.
2 There's not a man in the king's army
3 O now let all your taunting be!
4 I wot they bragged right crouselie,
5 And whan they got to the other side,
6 Tho it was roaring like the sea,
7 'Take you my mare, I'll take your horse,
8 And Devil drown my mare and thee!'  

188E.1
1 'I have a mare, she's called Meg,
2 The best in all our low country;
3 If she gang barefoot till they are done,
4 An ill death may your lordship die!'  

188E.2
1 They broke through locks, and they broke
2 through bars,
3 And they broke through everything that cam in
4 their way,
5 Until they cam to a big iron gate,
6 And that's where brother Archie lay.
7 [Little John says]

188E.3
1 'O brother Archie speak to me,
2 For we are come to set ye free.
3...'

188E.4
1 'Such a thing it canna be,
2 For there's fifty pund o guude Spanish iron
3 Ateewn my neckbane and my knee.
4...'

188E.5
1 AS I walked out one morning in May,
2 Just before the break of day;
3 I heard two brothers a making their moan,
4 And I listened a while to what they did say.
5 I heard, etc.

188E.6
1 'We have a brother in prison,' said they,
2 'Oh in prison lieth he!'
3 If we had but ten men just like ourselves,
4 The prisoner we would soon set free.

188E.7
1 'Oh, no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,
2 'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!
3 For in it there was baith meat and drink,
4 And corn unto our geldings gay.
5 Fala la diddle, etc.

188E.8
1 'We are stout-hearted men and true,
2 As England it did often say;
3 But now we may turn our backs and fly,
4 For the iron 'twill do to shoe the horses,
5 The blacksmith rides in our companie.

188E.9
1 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff said he,
2 'You're the damndest rascal that ever I see!
3 I thank ye for nothing,' Bold Dickie says he,
4 'And you're a damned fool for following me.'  

188E.10
1 'Oh no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,
2 'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!
3 For the iron 'twill do to shoe the horses,
4 The blacksmith rides in our companie.'
4 As when his ain five band him on the brae.
2 Wi his ain bowstring they band him sae;
4 He brake it oer Jers a Wigham’s head.
3 In the midst of Conscouthart Green,
2 But he did more than a laddies deed;
1 Then Hobie he had but a laddies sword,
4 Away brave Noble he could not win.
3 That had he been as wight as Wallace was
1 There was heaps of men now Hobie before,
2 And the worst clock of this companie
1 'Yet follow me, my feiries five,
4 That away brave Noble could not gae.
2 But, ever alas! it was not sae;
1 Now Hobie thought the gates were clear,
3 And we will on to Conscowthart Green,
2 See they shaft their arrows on the wa!
3 Warn Willeva and Spear Edom,
1 'Then Hobie Noble is that deer;
4 Is seen into the Waste this day.'
The Child Ballads

190A.25
1 'Gar warn the water, braiid and wide!'  
2 Gar warn it sune and hastilie!  
3 They that winna ride for Telfer's dye,  
4 Let them never look in the face o me!  

190A.26
1 'Warn Wat o Harden and his sons,  
2 Wi them will Borthwick water ride;  
3 Warn Gaudlands, and Allianthagh,  
4 And Gilmansleugh, and Commonside.  

190A.27
1 'Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,  
2 And warn the Curros o the Lee;  
3 As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,  
4 Warn doughty Willie o Gorrinbry.  

190A.28
1 The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,  
2 Sae starkly and sae stealielie,  
3 And aye the ower-word o the thrang  
4 Was, Rise for Bransome readylie!  

190A.29
1 The gear was driven the Frostleylee up,  
2 Frae the Frostleylee unto the plain,  
3 When Willie has lookd his men before,  
4 And saw the kye right fast driving.  

190A.30
1 'Whae drives thir kye,' can Willie say,  
2 'To make an outspeckle o me?'  
3 'It's I, the Captain o Bewcastle, Willie;  
4 I winna layne my name frae thee.'  

190A.31
1 'I winna let the kye gae back,  
2 Neither for thy love nor yet thy fear;  
3 But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye  
4 In spite of every Scott that's here.'  

190A.32
1 'I'le make thee repent thy speeches foul,  
2 To see whom he could see or spye;  
3 'Turn, and yield thyself unto me;  
4 For stealing o the bishop's mare.'  

190A.33
1 But Willie was stricken ower the head,  
2 And through the knapskape the sword has gane;  
3 As it befell upon one time,  
4 But Willie on the grund lay slain.  

190A.36
1 But he's taen aff his gude steel cap,  
2 Thrice he's waver'd in the air.  
3 His mickle sword from his hand did flee,  
4 His hands bound fast upon his back.  

190A.37
1 'Refuge! refuge! auld Wat can cry;  
2 'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!  
3 We'll neer see Tievit side again,  
4 Or Willie's death revenged sall be.'  

190A.38
1 'O mony a horse ran masterless,  
2 And mony a comely cheek was pale.  
3 Every man was taxt of his crime,  
4 And saw the kye right fast driving.  

190A.40
1 The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,  
2 And broken was his right leg-hane;  
3 If he had lived this hundred years,  
4 He had never been loved by woman again.  

190A.41
1 'Hae back the kye!' the Captain said;  
2 'Dear kye, I trust to some they be;  
3 For gin I suld live a hundred years  
4 There will neer fair lady smile on me.'

190A.42
1 Then word is gane to the Captain's bride,  
2 Even in the bower where that she lay,  
3 That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,  
4 Into Tievitlcle he had led the way.  

190A.43
1 'I'ld lourde have had a winding-sheet,  
2 And helped to put it ouer his head,  
3 Ere he had been disgraced by the border Scot,  
4 Whan he ower Liddel his men did led.'  

190A.44
1 There was a wild gallant among us a',  
2 His name was Watty wi the Wudspurs,  
3 Cried, On for to take Sir Hugh in the Grime,  
4 If any man will ride with us!  

190A.45
1 When they cam to the Stanegirthside,  
2 They dangled wires and burst the door;  
3 They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,  
4 And set them forth our lads before.  

190A.46
1 There was an auld wyfe all in Garlard  
2 'Then cry'd' the good wives all in Garlard  
3 His mickle sword from his hand did flee,  
4 And set them forth our lads before.  

190A.47
1 'It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,  
2 I'ld make thee repent thy speeches foul;  
3 'Wha layn me my name free thee;  
4 And I will loose out the Captain's kye.'  

190A.48
1 'Turn, O turn, thou false bishop,  
2 And rid after this same scrime;  
3 Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishop's mare,  
4 The victory will soon be try'd.'

190A.49
1 'No, soft, Lord Screw, that may not be!  
2 To see whom he could see or spy;  
3 Thy humours all to fulfill;  
4 For stealing the good Lord Bishop's mare.'

191A.10
1 The good Lord Bishop is come to the town,  
2 And on the bench is set so high;  
3 And every man was taxt to his crime,  
4 At length he called Sir Hugh in the Grime.  

191A.11
1 'Here am I, thou false bishop,  
2 Thy humours all to fulfill;  
3 I do not think my fate a great  
4 But thou mayst put it into thy own will.'

191A.12
1 The quest of jury-men was call'd,  
2 The best that was in Garlard town;  
3 Eleven of them spoke all in a breast,  
4 'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou'st no gang down.'

191A.13
1 Then another questry-men was call'd,  
2 The best that was in Rumary;  
3 Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,  
4 'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou'st no gang down.'

191A.14
1 Then came down my good Lord Boles,  
2 Falling low upon his knee;  
3 'Five hundred measures of gold I'le give,  
4 To grant Sir Hugh in the Grime to me.'

191A.15
1 'Peace, peace, my good Lord Boles,  
2 And of your speeches set them by!  
3 If there be twelve Grimes all of a name,  
4 Then by my own honour they all should dye.'

191A.16
1 Then came down my good Lady Ward,  
2 Falling low upon her knee;  
3 'Five hundred measures of gold I'le give,  
4 To grant Sir Hugh in the Grime to em.'

191A.17
1 'Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward,  
2 None of your proffers shall him buy!  
3 For if there be twelve Grimes all of a name,  
4 By my own honour they all should dye.'

191A.18
1 Sir Hugh of the Grime's condemn'd to dye,  
2 And of his friends he had no lack;  
3 Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,  
4 His hands bound fast upon his back.  

191A.19
1 Then he lookt over his left shoulder,  
2 To see whom he could see or spy;  
3 Then was he aware of his father dear,  
4 Came tearing his hair most pittifull.

191A.20
1 'Peace, peace, my father dear,  
2 And of your speeches set them by!  
3 Though they have bereaved me of my life,  
4 They cannot bereave me of heaven so high.'

191A.21
1 He lookt over his right shoulder,  
2 To see whom he could see or spy;  
3 There was he aware of his mother dear,  
4 Came tearing her hair most pittifull.

191A.22
1 'Pray have me remembred to Peggy, my wife;  
2 As she and I walkt over the moor,  
3 She was the cause [of the loss of] my life,  
4 And with the old bishop she plaid the whore.'

191A.23
1 'Here, Johnny Armstrong, take thou my sword,  
2 That is made of the mettle so fine,  
3 And when thou comest to the border-side,  
4 Remember the death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.'

191B.1
1 OUR lords are to the mountains gane,  
2 A hunting o the fallow deer,  
3 And they hae gripet Hughie Graham,  
4 For stealing o the bishop's mare.

191B.2
1 And they hae tided him hand and foot,  
2 And led him up thro Stirling town;  
3 The lads and lasses met him there,  
4 Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loun!'

191B.3
1 'O lowse my right hand free,' he says,  
2 'And put my braed sword in the same;  
3 He's no in Stirling town this day  
4 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.'
191B.4
1 Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
2 As he sat by the bishop's knee;
3 Five hundred white stots I'll give you,
4 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

191B.5
1 'O haud your tongue,' the bishop says,
2 'And wi your pleading let me be!
3 For the ten Grahams were in his coat,
4 Higbie Graham this day shall die.

191B.6
1 Up then bespop the fair Whitefoord,
2 As she sat by the bishop's knee:
3 'Five hundred white pennies I'll see you,
4 If ye'll gie Higbie Graham to me.

191B.7
1 'O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
2 And wi your pleading let it be!
3 Althon ten Grahams were in his coat,
4 It's for my honour he maun die.

191B.8
1 They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,
2 He looked to the gallows-tree;
3 Yet never colour left his cheek,
4 Nor ever did he blink his ee.

191B.9
1 At length he looked round about,
2 To see whatever he could spy,
3 And there he saw his auld father,
4 He and he was weeping bitterly.

191B.10
1 'O haud your tongue, my father dear,
2 And wi your weeping let it be!
3 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
4 If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me.

191B.11
1 'And ye may gie my brother John
2 My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
3 Though his hands they were tied behind his back.
4 'If I be guilty,' said Hughie the Græme,
5 He derry derry down
6 For stealing of the bishop's mare.

191B.12
1 'And ye may gie my brother James
2 My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
3 And bid him come at fours o'clock,
4 And see his brother High cut down.

191B.13
1 'Remember me to Maggy my wife,
2 The niest time ye gang oer the moor;
3 Tell her, she staw the bishop's mare,
4 Though he was weeping bitterly.

191B.14
1 'And ye may tell my kith and kin
2 I never did disgrace their blood,
3 And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
4 'Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
5 The last time we came ower the muir
6 'Twas thou bethree of my life,
7 And wi the bishop thou playd the thore.

191B.15
1 'Hold your tongue now, good Lady Moor,
2 And of your weeping let it be!
3 Tearing of his golden hair.
4 They cannot bereave me of the heavens so high.

191B.16
1 'O hold your tongue, ye Lady Black,
2 And of your talkitive let it be!
3 'Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
4 Sir Hugh in the Grime lookd out at the door,
5 He looked over his shoulder,
6 And for to see what he might see;
7 'And if it be not full enough,
8 I'll heap it up with my own hand.'

191D.1
1 Lady Home he is a hunting gane,
2 Over the hills and dales so far,
3 And wi your pleading let me be!
4 Sir Hugh in the Grime lookd out at the door,
5 He looked over his shoulder,
6 And for to see what he might see;
7 'If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me.'

191D.2
1 Hugh in the Grime was taken then
2 And carried to Carlisle town;
3 The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
4 Saying, 'The name of Grime shall never go down!'

191D.3
1 O then a jury of women was brought,
2 Of the best that could be found;
3 Eleven of them spoke all at once.
4 Saying, 'The name of Grime shall never go down!'

191D.4
1 And then a jury of men was brought,
2 More the pity for to be!
3 Eleven of them spoke all at once.
4 Saying, Hugh in the Grime, you are guilty.

191D.5
1 Hugh in the Grime was cast to be hang'd,
2 Many of his friends did for him lack.
3 For fifteen foot in the prisin he did jump,
4 With his hands tyed fast behind his back.

191D.6
1 Then bespop we our good Lady Ward,
2 As she set on the bench so high;
3 'Peck of white pennies I'll give to my lord,
4 If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me.'
The Child Ballads

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192A.9
1 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,
2 Till a’ the lords gaed thro the floor;
3 They thought the music was sae sweet,
4 And they forgot the stable-door.

192A.10
1 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,
2 Till a’ the nobles were sound asleep,
3 Than quietly he took aff his shoon,
4 And safely down the stair did creep.

192A.11
1 Syne to the stable-door he hies,
2 Wi tred as light as light coud be,
3 And when he opned and gaed in,
4 There he fand thant gude steads and three.

192A.12
1 He took the halter frae his hoose,
2 And of his purpose did na fail;
3 He slipt it oer the Wanton’s nose,
4 And tied it to his gray mare’s tail.

192A.13
1 He ca’d her out at yon back geate,
2 And did na fail to find the way,
3 For she was at Lochmaben geate,
4 Fu lang three hours ere ‘twas day.

192A.15
1 When she came to the harper’s door,
2 There she gane mony a nicher and sneer;
3 ‘Rise’, quo the wife, ‘Thou lazy lass,
4 Let in thy master and his mare.’

192A.16
1 Then up she rose, pat on her claes,
2 And lookit out through the lock-hole;
3 ‘O, by my sooth,’ then quoth the lass,
4 ‘Our mare has gotten a braw big foal!’

192A.18
1 ‘Come had thy peace, thou foolish lass,
2 The moon’s but glancing in thy ee;
3 ‘I’ll wad my hail fee against a groat,
4 It’s bigger than eer our foal wilt be.

192A.19
1 ‘But on the morn, at fair day light,
2 When they had ended a’ thir feater,
3 King Henry’s Wanton Brown was stawn,
4 And eke the poor old harper’s mare.

192A.20
1 ‘Allace! allace!’ says the silly blind harper,
2 ‘Allace, allace, that I came here!
3 In Scotland I’ve tint a braw cowte-foal,
4 In England they’ve stawn my gude mare gray.’

192A.21
1 ‘Come had thy tongue, thou silly blind harper,
2 And of thy allacing let me be;
3 For thou shalt get a better mare,
4 And weel paid shall thy cowte-foal be.’

192B.1
1 HARD ye tell of the silly blind harper?
2 Long he lived in Lochmaben town;
3 He’s a-wait to fair Carlisle,
4 To steal King Henry’s Wanton Brown.

192B.2
1 He has mounted his auld gray mare,
2 And ridden oer both hills and mire,
3 Till he came to fair Carlisle town,
4 And askt for stabling to his mare.

192B.3
1 ‘Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,
2 ‘Some of thy harping let us hear;’
3 ‘By my sooth,’ says the silly blind harper,
4 ‘I would rather hae stabling to my mare.’

192B.4
1 The king looked oer his left shoulder
2 And called to his stable-groom:
3 ‘Gae stable up the harper’s mare,
4 And just beyond the Wanton Brown.’

192B.5
1 Ay he carped, and ay he harped,
2 Till a’ the lords gaed thro the floor;
3 But and the music was sae sweet,
4 The groom forgot the key o the stable-door.

192B.6
1 Ay he harped, and ay he carped,
2 Till a’ the lords fell fast asleep,
3 And, like a fause deceivever as he was,
4 He quickly down the stair did creep.

192B.7
1 He pull a colt-halter out o his hoe,
2 On purpose as I shall to you tell;
3 He slipped it oer the Wanton’s nose,
4 And tyed it to his gray mare’s tail.

192B.8
1 ‘My blessing light upon my wife!’
2 I think she be a daisy flower;
3 She told me to ken my ain gray mare,
4 When eer I felt her by the ewer.’

192B.10
1 ‘Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,
2 Some of thy harping let us hear;’
3 ‘Oh and alas!’ says the silly blind harper,
4 ‘Oh and alas that eer I came here!

192B.11
1 ‘Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,
2 Some of thy harping let us hear;
3 And thy brown foal shall be well payed,
4 And thon’s hae a fair better gray mare.

192B.12
1 Ay he harped, and ay he carped,
2 And some of his harping he let them hear,
3 And his brown foal was it well payed,
4 And he got a better gray mare.

192B.13
1 His mare’s away to Lochmaben,
2 Wi mony a nicher and mony a sneer;
3 His wife cries, Rise up, you lazy lass,
4 Let in your master and his mare.

192B.14
1 The lazy lass was loth to rise;
2 She looked through a little hole;
3 By my troth, cries the lazy lass,
4 ‘Our mare has gotten a bonie foal.’

192B.15
1 ‘Rise up, rise up, thou lazy lass,
2 And, een as the sun it shines sae clear,
3 ‘I’ll wager my life against a groat
4 The foal was better than ever he rade on.

192C.1
1 ‘IT’S hae ye heard tell o the auld harper
2 That lang lived in Lochmaben town,
3 How he maun awa to England fair,
4 To steal King Henry’s Wanton Brown?’

192C.2
1 Out then bespake his gude auld wife,
2 I wat she spak out very wiselie;
3 ‘Ye’ll ride the mare to England fair,
4 But the foal ye’ll leave at hame wi me.

192C.3
1 ‘Ye’ll hide your halter in o your hose,
2 And o your purpose ye’ll na fail;
3 ‘Ye’ll cast a hook on the Wanton’s nose,
4 And tie him to the gray mare’s tail.

192C.4
1 ‘Awa then rade the auld harper,
2 And o your harping let me hear;
3 ‘And by my sooth,’ quoth the silly poor harper,
4 I’d rather hae stabling for my mare.’

192C.5
1 ‘Light down, light down, ye auld harper,
2 And some o your harping let me hear;
3 ‘O williwau!’ quo the auld harper,
I'd rather hae stabling to my mare.

Indeed, my liege, and by your grace,

Come in, come in, ye harper-man,

He's taen his harp into his hand,

And aye he harpit, and aye he harpit,

And o' his purpose did not fail;

And she came o'er Lochmaben heights,

The silly poor harper's wife,

And he coo's a warp on Wanton's rose,

And tyed her to his ain mear's tail.

He ca'd her through by the ayte-yett,

Out then spak the silly poor harper,

Rise up, rise up, ye servant-lass,

Win up, win up, ye harper-man,

Ye clatter, ye clatter, ye servant-lass,

Ye'll do you down thro mire and moss,

O Parcy Reed, to fight for thee;

I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,

THE Liddesdale Crosiers hae ridden a race,

And they will slay both us and thee.'

For they have lost a gallant gay,

They'll gar the house of the Troughend fa.

And two of them ye may leave to me.'

Now every one of you may take one,

For thou wilt find, O Parcy Reed,

For yonder's the five Crosiers coming,

For they have lost a gallant gay,
193A.12  1 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,
2 O Parcy Reed, for to fight with thee;
3 For thou wilt find, O Parcy Reed,
4 That they will slay both me and thee.'

193A.13  1 'O stay, O stay, O Willie Hall,
2 O stay, O man, and fight for me!
3 If we see the Troungend again,
4 The half of my land I will give thee.'

193A.14  1 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,
2 O Parcy Reed, for to fight with thee;
3 For thou wilt find, O Parcy Reed,
4 That they will slay both me and thee.'

193A.15  1 'Now foull fa ye, ye traitors all,
2 That ever ye should in England won!
3 You have left me in a fair field standin,
4 And in my hand an uncharged gun.'

193B.1  1 'O fare thee well, my wedded wife!
2 O fare you well, my children five!
3 And fare thee well, my daughter Jane,
4 That I love best that's born alive!'
I loved ye best ye were born alive.
And fare ye weel now, my sons five!
I surely had been man alive.
For hae ye been wi me this day
And fare ye weel now, my sons five!
'O fare ye weel, my married wife!
That sits into the Troughend ha
Ye've put the sword into the sheath
I wish England ye may never win;
I winna turn and fight with thee;
'I winna turn, I canna turn;
If that ye will stand true to me,
If every man ye will take one,
If they be five and we be four,
And they've put water in his lang gun;
And some do ca me Laird Troughend,
And some do ca me Parcy Reed,
And the faus, fause Ha's o Girsenfield,
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee.;
And the nurice she knet the knot,
The laird o Cnelunn wears my bow,
That the people may not see.'
Now, a' ye gentlemaids,
For he married me for love,
That gard lord Waristoun die.
'Tak aff, tak aff my hood,
'Tak aff, tak aff my hood, be;
'Tak aff, tak aff my hood, be;
That gowd brocade.
His mind to satisfy,
Whae ever rides the Border side
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4 And bonny lady's overthrow.
3 He had the wyte o his ain death,
2 For slighting o his lady so;
1 'But Warriston was sair to blame,
6 I was sae sorry to see dee.
5 But I never saw a woman's face
4 And sailed far beyond the sea,
3 And headed her baith neat and fine.
2 Loot not the sun upon her shine,
1 They've taen her out at nine at night,
3 And hae me to yon heading-hill,
2 When there are nane to gaze and see,
1 'Ye'll take me out at night, at night,
4 Strike aff this dowie head o mine.
3 And take me to yon heading-hill,
4 Whateer ye ask it's granted be.'
3 'Ask on, ask on, my bonny Jean,
3 Says, 'I grant you your life, lady,
2 And aye as he steps in the fleer;
3 I that is worthy o the death,
2 O borrowd shall I never be;
3 But I woud gie them ane by ane,
2 As fair women as fair can be;
1 Seven daughters I hae left at hame,
4 If I had you at hame wi me!
3 Says, 'Ohon, alas! my bonny Jean,
4 And life's now nae pleasure to me.'
2 O borrowd shall I never be;
1 'Borrow me, mother, borrow me?
3 'I woud gie my white monie and gowd,
2 I wyte a sorry woman was she:
1 In it came her mother dear,
2 And get me some gude company,'
3 But before the light was brought,
4 Warriston he was gart dee.
194C.14

1 They'v taen the lady and fause nourke,
2 In prison strong they hae benn them;
3 The nourke she was hard o heart,
4 But the bonny lady fell in swoon.

194C.15

1 In it came her brother dear,
2 And aye a sorry man was he:
3 'I would gie a' the lands I heir,
4 O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.
194C.16

1 'O borrow me, brother, borrow me?
2 O borrowd shall I never be;
3 For I gart kill my ain gude lord,
4 And life is nae pleasure to me.'
194C.17

1 In it came her mother dear,
2 I wyte a sorry woman was she;
3 'I would gie my white monie and gowd,
4 O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.
194C.18

1 'Borrow me, mother, borrow me?
2 O borrowd shall I never be;
3 For I gart kill my ain gude lord,
4 And life's now nae pleasure to me.'
194C.19

1 Then in it came her father dear,
2 I wyte a sorry man was he;
3 Says, 'Ohon, alas! my bonny Jean,
4 I had you at hame wi me!
194C.20

7 Seven daughters I hae left at hame,
2 As fair women as fair can be;
3 But I would gie them ane by ane,
4 O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.
194C.21

1 'O borrow me, father, borrow me?
2 O borrowd shall I never be;
3 That I am worthy of the death,
4 It is but right that I should dee.'
194C.22

1 Then out is speaks the king himself,
2 And aye as he steps in the fleet;
3 Says, 'I grant you your life, lady,
4 Because you are of tender year.'
194C.23

1 'A boon, a boon, my liege the king,
2 The boon I ask ye'll grant to me;
3 'Ask on, ask on, my bonny Jean,
4 Whatever ye ask it's granted be.'
194C.24

1 'Causie take me out at night, at night,
2 Lat not the sun upon me shine,
3 And take me to yon heading-hill,
4 Strike aff this dowie head o mine.
194C.25

1 'Ye'll take me out at night, at night,
2 When there are nane to gaze and see,
3 And hae me to yon heading-hill,
4 And ye'll gar head me speedilie.'
194C.26

1 They've taen her out at nine at night,
2 Loot not the sun upon her shine,
3 And take me to yon heading-hill,
4 Strike aff this dowie head o mine.
194C.27

1 Then out it speaks the king himself,
2 I wyte a sorry man was he:
3 'I've travelld east, I've travelld west,
4 And sailed far beyond the sea,
5 But I never saw a woman's face
6 I was sae sorry to see dee.
194C.28
196A.3 1 Said, 'Stay this night until we sup,  
2 The morn untill we dine;  
3 Will a token of good greement  
4 'twixt your good lord and mine.'

196A.4 1 'We'll turn again,' said good Lord John;  
2 'But no,' said Rothiemay,  
3 'My steed's trapand, my bridle's broken,  
4 I fear the day I'm fey.'

196A.5 1 When mass was sung and bells was rung,  
2 And all men bound for bed,  
3 Then good Lord John and Rothiemay  
4 In one chamber was laid.

196A.6 1 They had not long cast off their cloaths,  
2 And were but now asleep,  
3 When the weary smoke began to rise,  
4 Likewise the scorching heat.

196A.7 1 'O waken, waken, Rothiemay!  
2 O waken, brother dear!  
3 And give them to my lady fair,  
4 That are so long and small,  
5 My flesh roasting also,  
6 Ye cannot get away.'

196A.8 1 'How can I loup, or how shall I loup?  
2 How can I loup to thee?  
3 When the blood is boiling in my body,  
4 And my feet burnin frae me?  
5 'Ye's hae a flirtit o the gude red gowd,  
6 Well straitet wi a wan;  
7 And if that winna please you well,  
8 I'll heep it wi my han.'

196A.11 1 'I'll gie you a Strathboggie lands,  
2 And the laigh lands o Strathbrae,  
3 The burning o the bonny house o fause Frendraught,  
4 Lord John and Rothiemay.

196B.13 1 'Now there's the rings frae my fingers,  
2 And the broach frae my breast-bone;  
3 Ye'll gae that to my gude ladye  
4 . . . . .
5 . . . . .
6 . . . . .

196B.15 1 'How can I loup, or how shall I loup?  
2 How can I loup to thee?  
3 When the blood is boiling in my body,  
4 And my feet burnin frae me?  
5 'Ye's hae a flirtit o the gude red gowd,  
6 Well straitet wi a wan;  
7 And if that winna please you well,  
8 I'll heep it wi my han.'

196C.2 1 When they were in their saddles set,  
2 And ready to ride away,  
3 The lady sat down on her bare knees,  
4 Beseeching them to stay.

196C.3 1 'Ye's hae a firlot o the gude red gowd,  
2 Well straitet wi a wan;  
3 And if that winna please you well,  
4 I'll heep it wi my han.'

196C.4 1 Then out it spake the gude Lord John,  
2 And said to Rothiemay,  
3 'It is a waman that we're come o,  
4 And a woman we'll obey.'

196C.5 1 When a' man was well drunken,  
2 And a' man bound for bed,  
3 The doores were lockt, the windows shut,  
4 And the keys were casten by.

196C.6 1 'I'll gie you a Strathboggie lands,  
2 And the laigh lands o Strathray,  
3 The burning o the bonny house o fause Frendraught,  
4 Lord John and Rothiemay.

196C.10 1 'O mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!  
2 As ye walk on the green;  
3 The keys are in the deep draw-well,  
4 The doors were lockt the streen.'
4 And never a foot from you I’ll flee.’

3 I’ll catch you in my arms twa,

3 At length his little page he saw,

1 ‘O help me, help me, Lady Frennet!

2 I saw him in battle slain,

2 I wish you’d sink for sin;

3 ‘It’s ye’ll deal that among the poor,

2 ‘You may play on your shield;

3 ‘How can I come to thee?

2 ‘And back and every side;

3 ‘For first you killd my own good lord,

2 ‘And leapt the stanks so deep:

3 ‘For I could lay my lugs in pawn

2 ‘And a light laugh hae he;

1 ‘Then out it speaks his lady gay,

3 ‘For yet they are too naked men

2 ‘And a light laugh hae he.

3 ‘And my twa legs burnt to my knee?’

2 ‘Him spoiled let me see;

3 ‘For the cause is won

4 ‘Spulyie him, spulyie him,’ said Craigievar,

4 ‘The rest will ride the thinner.’

3 ‘I could lay my lugs in pawn

3 ‘And the wiser man was he.

3 ‘For I could lay my lugs in pawn

3 ‘And yet my spirit speaks to thee.’

2 ‘Him spoiled let me see;

3 ‘And the wiser man was he.

1 ‘Baddindalloch has no feud at me,

3 ‘For word is come, the cause is won

3 ‘For I could lay my lugs in pawn

1 ‘Take him, take him, brave Gordons,

1 ‘O spoil him! spoil him!’ cried Craigievar,

2 ‘O stay my lord wi me;

4 ‘The rest will ride the thinner.

1 ‘SPulyie him, spulyie him,’ said Craigievar,

4 ‘When though the window’s dreggih and hi?

1 ‘Spulyie him, spulyie him,’ said Craigievar,

4 ‘I’ll catch you in my arms tua,

1 ‘O spoil him! spoil him!’ cried Craigievar,

4 ‘And never a foot from you I’ll flee.’

4 ‘This day lies on the field.’

2 ‘This day lies on the field.’

3 ‘The Highland men, they’re clever men

3 ‘The Highland men, they’re clever men

4 ‘This day they ride the rear.

2 ‘The garters frae his knee,

4 ‘This day they ride the rear.

2 ‘The garters frae his knee,

3 ‘For the day will never dawn

2 ‘The garters frae his knee,

1 ‘O were I like yon trutle-dove,

3 ‘Then you killd my own good lord,

1 ‘O were I like yon trutle-dove,

2 ‘And leapt the castle-wa;

1 ‘O were I like yon trutle-dove,

3 ‘For word is come, the cause is won

3 ‘For word is come, the cause is won

3 ‘For word is come, the cause is won

1 ‘O spoil him! spoil him!’ cried Craigievar,

2 ‘The garters frae his knee,

1 ‘O spoil him! spoil him!’ cried Craigievar,

1 ‘O spoil him! spoil him!’ cried Craigievar,
199B.13
1 His fingers they were sae sair swell'd
2 The rings would not come a'ff;
3 They cut the grips o' his ears,
4 Took out the gowd signets.

199B.14
1 Then they rake on, and further on,
2 Till they come to the Crabstone,
3 And Craigievair, he had a mind
4 To burn a' Aberdeen.

199B.15
1 Out is speaks the gallant Montrose,
2 Grace on his fair body!
3 'We winna burn the bonny burn,
4 We'll even laet it be.'

199B.16
1 Then out it speaks the gallant Montrose,
2 'Your purpose I will break;
3 We winna burn the bonny burn,
4 We'll never build its make.

199B.17
1 'I see the women and their children
2 Climbing the crags sae hie;
3 We'll sleep this night in the bonny burn,
4 And even laet it be.'

199A.1
1 IT fell on a day, and a bonny simmer day,
2 When green grew ait and barley,
3 That there fell out a great dispute
4 Between Argyll and Airly.

199A.2
1 Argyll has raised an hunder men,
2 An hunder harnessd rarely,
3 And he's a'w a' by the back of Dunkell,
4 To plunder the castle of Airly.

199A.3
1 Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower-window.
2 And o'h, but she looks weary!
3 And there she spy'd the great Argyll,
4 Come to plunder the bonny house of Airly.

199A.4
1 'Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,
2 And kiss me fairly.'
3 'O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,
4 But though I had an hundred mair,
3 There durst nae a Campbell in a' Argyll
2 As he is wi Prince Charlie,
1 'Gif my gude lord war now at hame,
2 And see that ye fire clearly;
3 And laid her down by the bonny burn-side,
4 And it stands at the planting sae bonny.

199A.5
1 He hath taken her by the left shoulder,
2 Says, Dame where lies thy dowry?
3 He hath taken her by the middle sae small,
4 That shines on the bowling-green of Airly.

199A.6
1 They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,
2 They hae sought it maist severely,
3 Till they fand it in the fair plumb-tree
4 That stands at the planting sae bonny.

199A.7
1 He hath taken her by the middle sae small,
2 And O but she grat sairly!
3 And laid her down by the bonny burn-side,
4 Till they plundered the castle of Airly.

199A.8
1 'Gif my gude lord war here this night,
2 As he is with King Charlie,
3 Neither you, nor any other Scottish lord,
4 Distur awow to the plundering of Airly.

199A.9
1 'Gif my gude lord war now at hame,
2 As he is with his king,
3 There durst not a rebel on a' Scotch ground
4 But to come and plunder bonnie Airly.

199A.10
1 'Ten bonny sons I have born unto him,
2 The eleventh neer saw his daddy,
3 'Seven, seven sons hae I born unto him,
2 And the eight neer saw his dady,
3 And altho I were to have a hundred more,
4 The should a' draw their sword for Prince Charlie.'

199A.11
1 O GLEYD Argyll has written to Montrose
2 To see gin the fields they were fairly,
3 And to see whether he shou'd stay at hame,
4 'Or come to plunder bonnie Airly.

199A.12
1 Then great Montrose has written to Argyll
2 And that the fields they were fairly,
3 And not to keep his men at hame,
4 But to come and plunder bonnie Airly.

199A.13
1 The lady was looking o'er her castle-wa,
2 She was carrying her courage sae rarely,
3 And there she spied him gleyd Arguill,
4 Coming over the mountains sae rarely.

199A.14
1 'Wae be to ye, gleyd Argyll!
2 And are ye there sae rarely?
3 Ye might hae kept your men at hame,
4 And not come to plunder bonnie Airly.'

199A.15
1 'O wae be to ye, Lady Ogilvie!
2 And are ye there sae rarely?
3 Gin ye had bowed when first I bade,
4 I never wad hae plunderd bonnie Airly.

199A.16
1 'But ye'll take me by the milk-white hand,
2 And ye'll lift me up sae rarely,
3 And ye'll throw me out of yon [ain] castle-wa,
4 Let me never see the plundering of Airy.'

199A.17
1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 And he's lifted her up sae rarely,
3 And he's thrown her out of her ain castle-wa,
4 And she never saw the plundering of Airly.

199A.18
1 Now gleyd Argyll he has gane hame,
2 Awa frae the plundering of Airly,
3 And there he has met him Captain Ogilvie,
4 Coming over the mountains sae rarely.

199A.19
1 'O wae be to ye, Captain Ogilvie!
2 And are you there sae rarely?
3 Gin ye wad hae bowed when first I bade,
4 I neer wad hae plunderd bonnie Airly.'

199A.20
1 'But gin I had my lady gay,
2 bot and my sister Mary,
3 One fig I wad na gie for ye a',
4 Nor yet for the plundering of Airly.'

199A.21
1 THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
2 And wow but they sang sweetly!
3 They sang sae sweet and sae very compleat
4 That down came the fair lady.

199A.22
1 She was carrying her courage sae rarely,
2 As he is with Prince Charlie,
3 There durst not a rebel on a' Scotch ground
4 Set a foot on the bonnie green of Airly.

199A.23
1 'I ask but one favour of you, Argyle,
2 And I hope you'll grant me fairly
3 To take me to some doak dowey glen,
4 That I may na see the plundering of Airly.'

199A.24
1 He has taen her by the lef shoulder,
2 And o'h but she looked weary!
3 And he had led her down to the top of the town,
4 Bade her look at the plundering of Airly.

199A.25
1 'Fire on, fire on, my merry men all,
2 And see that ye fire clearly,
3 For I vow and I swear by the broad sword I
4 That I winna kiss the fause Argyll.

199A.26
1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 And he's lifted her up sae rarely,
3 And he's thrown her out of her ain castle-wa,
4 And she never saw the plundering of Airly.

199A.27
1 'Come down stairs now, Madam,' he says,
2 'Now come down and kiss me fairly;
3 'I'll neither come down nor kiss you,' she says,
4 'Tho you shou'dna leave a standing stane in Airly.'

199A.28
1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 And he's lifted her up sae rarely,
3 And he's thrown her out of her ain castle-wa,
4 And she never saw the plundering of Airly.

199A.29
1 'If I may tell it to your lord,' he says,
2 'You may tell it to Lord Airly,
3 That one kiss o his gay lady
4 Wad hae sa'ld all the plundering of Airly.'

199A.30
1 'If the great Sir John had been but at hame,
2 And the eight neer saw his dady,
3 And altho I were to have a hundred more,
4 That should a' drawn their sword for Prince Charlie.'

199A.31
1 Whatever shall betide me.'

The Child Ballads

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The Text of

200A.5 1 'Come to your bed,' says Johny Faa, 2 'Oh come to your bed, my deary; 3 For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword, 4 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

200A.6 1 I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa, 2 I'll go to bed to my deary; 3 For I vow and I swear, by what past yestreen, 4 That your lord shall nae mair come near me.

200A.7 1 I'll mak a hap to my Johnny Faa, 2 I'll mak a hap to my deary; 3 And he's got a ' the coat goes round, 4 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

200A.8 1 And when our lord came hame at een, 2 And spair'd for his fair lady, 3 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd, 4 'She's away with the gypsy laddie.'

200A.9 1 'Gae saddle to me the black, black steed, 2 Gae saddle and make him ready; 3 Before that I either eat or sleep, 4 I'll gae seek my fair lady.'

200A.10 1 And we were fifteen well-made men, 2 Altho we were nae bonny; 3 And we were a' put down for ane, 4 A fair young wanton lady.

200B.1 1 The gypsies they came to my lord Cassilis' yett, 2 And O but they sang bonne! 3 They sang sae sweet and sae complete 4 That down came our fair ladie.

200B.2 1 She came tripping down the stairs, 2 And all her maidies before her; 3 As soon as they saw her weel-fa'd face, 4 They coost their glamourie owre her.

200B.3 1 She gave to them the good wheat bread, 2 And they gave her the ginger; 3 But she gave them a far better thing, 4 The gold ring off her finger.

200B.4 1 'Will ye go with me, my hinny and my heart? 2 Will ye go with me, my dearie; 3 And I will swear, by the coat that I wear, 4 That your lord shall nae mair come near thee.'

200B.5 1 'Sae take from me my silk mantel, 2 And bring to me a plaidie, 3 For I will travel the world owre 4 Along with the gypsy laddie.

200B.6 1 I could sail the seas with my Jockie Faa, 2 I could sail the seas with my dearie; 3 I could sail the seas with my Johny Faa, 4 And with pleasure could drown with my dearie.

200B.7 1 They wadered high, they wadered low, 2 They wadered late and early, 3 Untill they came to an old tenant's-barn, 4 And by this time she was weary.

200B.8 1 'Last night I lay in a weel-made bed, 2 And my noble lord beside me, 3 And now I must ly in an old tenant's-barn, 4 And the black crew glowing owre me.'

200B.9 1 'O hold your tongue, my hinny and my heart, 2 O hold your tongue, my dearie, 3 For I will swear, by the moon and the stars, 4 That thy lord shall nae mair come near thee.'

200B.10 1 They wadered high, they wadered low, 2 They wadered late and early, 3 Untill they came to that wan water, 4 And by this time she was weary.

200B.11 1 'Aften have I rode that wan water, 2 And my lord Cassilis beside me, 3 And now I must set in my white feet and wade, 4 And carry the gypsy laddie.'
200D.13
1 'Ye’ll saddle to me the good black steed,
2 Tho the brown it was never so bonny;
3 Before that ever I eat or drink,
4 I shall have back my lady.'
'Till I overtake my lady.'
3 For I'll ride all night, and I'll ride all day,
2 The grey is neer so speedy;
1 'Go saddle me my best black mare;

She's gone, she's gone,' said his old servantman,
Enquiring for his lady,
3 But she gave to them a far better thing,
2 They gave to her the nutmeg,
1 When they came to the Shaw burn,

A cloud o mist them weel conceald, 4 As close as e'er might be.

1 'Go saddle me my bonny brown,
2 And I will travel night and day
4 Till I find out my lady.

2 'For the black was neer so speedy, 
3 But she gave to them a far better thing,
2 Made of the Spanish leather, 
3 To follow the roving gypsies, oh!
1 'Would you forsake your house and home? 
2 Would you forsake your baby? 
3 Would you forsake your own true love, 
4 And go with the gipsy Davy?'

4 To find out the roving gypsies.
3 The rest gae round the hill.
2 As daylight did appear,
3 They spied an aged father,
2 Sir David he did cry,
3 'And it's fare you well, my dearest dear,
2 And it's fare you well for ever,
1 'Do you come on land or sea?
2 You are nane o Montrose's men, 
1 'If you're Sir David Lesly,
2 Nor eer intend to be; 
1 'No, we are nane o Montrose's men, 
2 They war twa bonnie lasses; 
3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae, 
4 And theekit it oer wi rashes. 

3 Seated with her gipsey lad,
1 Wi him three thousand valiant men, 
2 A noble sight to see! 
1 Wi him three thousand bonny Scots, 
2 At Hairheadwood it ended; 
3 The Scots outoer the Græmes they ran, 
4 I love the gipsey Davy.'

5 Lumpy dumpy linky dinky day
4 And away we'll go together.'

4 'She's gone with the gipsey Davy.'

3 They brought her down her high-heeled shoes,
2 Made of the Spanish leather,
3 And she took off her low-heeled shoes,
4 And away they went together.

4 And overtook his lady.
3 And away they went to the Misty Mount, 
1 Riding by the river-side, 
2 The grass was wet and dewy; 
3 Seated with her gipsey lad, 
4 And overtook his lady.'

4 To biek forenent the sin.
3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae, 
4 And theekit it oer wi rashes.

3 To follow the roving gypsies. oh
2 A noble sight to see!
3 And if you don't go with me now,
2 And it's fare you well for ever,
1 'Would you forsake your house and home? 
2 You are nane o Montrose's men, 
1 'If you're Sir David Lesly,
2 Nor eer intend to be; 
1 'No, we are nane o Montrose's men, 
2 They war twa bonnie lasses; 
3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae, 
4 And theekit it oer wi rashes.

3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae, 
4 And overtook his lady.

3 A cloud o mist them weel conceald,
4 As close as e'er might be. 

1 'Why did you leave your houses and your lands?
2 Why did you leave your babies?
3 Why did you leave your decent married man, 
4 To follow the roving gypsies?'

1 'I will go with the roving gypsies.'
3 'What care I for my houses and my lands?
2 What cares I for my babies?
3 What cares I for my decent married man?
4 I will go with the roving gypsies.'

4 Till I find out my ladie. 
3 I will go where the green grass grow, 
2 And blankets by bonins; 
1 'Last night she slept in a fair feather-bed,
2 All so black and brawny, oh 
1 'A band of gypsies, all in a road,
2 All so black and brawny, oh
3 'A cloud o mist them weel conceald,
4 As close as e'er might be. 

1 'Do you come on land or sea?
2 You are nane o Montrose's men, 
1 'If you're Sir David Lesly,
2 Nor eer intend to be; 
1 'No, we are nane o Montrose's men, 
2 They war twa bonnie lasses; 
3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae, 
4 And theekit it oer wi rashes.

3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
4 And overtook his lady.

3 'A cloud o mist them weel conceald,
4 As close as e'er might be. 

1 'Why did you leave your houses and your lands?
2 Why did you leave your babies?
3 Why did you leave your decent married man, 
4 To follow the roving gypsies?'

1 'I will go with the roving gypsies.'
3 'What care I for my houses and my lands?
2 What cares I for my babies?
3 What cares I for my decent married man?
4 I will go with the roving gypsies.'

4 Till I find out my ladie.
3 I will go where the green grass grow,
2 And blankets by bonins; 
1 'Last night she slept in a fair feather-bed,
2 All so black and brawny, oh 
1 'A band of gypsies, all in a road,
2 All so black and brawny, oh
3 'A cloud o mist them weel conceald,
4 As close as e'er might be. 

1 'Do you come on land or sea?
2 You are nane o Montrose's men, 
1 'If you're Sir David Lesly,
2 Nor eer intend to be; 
1 'No, we are nane o Montrose's men, 
2 They war twa bonnie lasses; 
3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae, 
4 And theekit it oer wi rashes.

3 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
4 And overtook his lady.

3 'A cloud o mist them weel conceald,
4 As close as e'er might be. 

1 'Why did you leave your houses and your lands?
2 Why did you leave your babies?
3 Why did you leave your decent married man, 
4 To follow the roving gypsies?'

1 'I will go with the roving gypsies.'
The Child Ballads

203A.10
1 'O were ye ever a soldier?'  
2 Sir David Lesly said;  
3 'O yes; I was at Solway Flow,  
4 Where we were all betray'd.

203A.11
1 Up spak his lady, at his bak where she lay,  
2 'Get up, get up, Braikley, and be not afraid;  
3 'The’r but young hir’d widifus wi belted plaida's.'

203A.12
1 'Cum kiss me, mi Peggy, I'le nae langer stay,  
2 For I will go out and meet Invery.

203A.13
1 'But hau thy tongue, Peggy, and mak nae sic din,  
2 For yon same hir’d widifus will prove themselves men.'

203A.14
1 She called on her marys, they cam to her hand;  
2 Cries, Bring me thy rocks, lassies, we will them command.

203A.15
1 'Get up, get up, Braikley, and turn bak thy ky,  
2 Or me an mi women will them defy.

203A.16
1 'Cum forth then, mi maidens, and show them some play;  
2 We’ll ficht them, and shortly the cowsards will fly.

203A.17
1 'Gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane,  
2 He woud nae ly i his bed and see his ky taen.

203A.18
1 'Their four-and-twenty milkip-whit calv5s, tw1l o them ky,  
2 In the woods o Glentanner, it’s ther thei a’ ly.

203A.19
1 'Their goat i the Etnach, and sheep o the brae,  
2 An a’ will be plundered by young Invery.'

203A.20
1 'Now hau thy tongue, Peggy, and gie me a gun,  
2 Ye’ll see me gae furth, but I’ll never cum in.

203A.21
1 'Call mi brother William, mi unkl also,  
2 Ye’ll see me gae furth, but I’ll never cum in.'

203A.22
1 When Braikley was ready and stood i the closs,  
2 He was the bravest baronne that eer mounted the hill.

203A.23
1 When all wer assembld o the castell green,  
2 No man like brave Braikley was ther to be seen.

203A.24
1 . . . .  
2 'Turn bak, brother William, ye are a bridegroom;

203A.25
1 'Wi bonnie Jean Gordon, the maid o the mill;  
2 O sinch and sobbin she’ll soon get her fill.'

203A.26
1 'I’m no coward, brother, ‘tis kend I’m a man;  
2 I’ll ficht i your quarral as lang’s I can stand.

203A.27
1 'I’ll ficht, my dear brother, wi heart and gude will,  
2 And so will young Harry that lives at the mill.

203A.28
1 'But turn, mi dear brother, wi heart and gude will,  
2 What’ll cum o your lady, gin Braikley thei slay?

203A.29
1 'What’ll cum o your lady and bonnie young son;  
2 O what’ll cum o them when Braikley is gone?'

203A.30
1 'I never will turn: do you think I will fly?  
2 But here I will ficht, and here I will die.'

203A.31
1 'Strik dogs,’ cries Invery, and ficht till ye’re slay,  
2 For we are four hundered, ye are but four men.

203A.32
1 'Strik, strik, ye proud boastyer, your honour is gone,  
2 Your lands we will plunder, your castell we’ll burn.'

203A.33
1 At the head o the Etnach the battel began,  
2 At Little Aucholzie thei killd the first man.

203A.34
1 First they killd ane, and soon they killd twa,  
2 They killd gallant Braikley, the flour o them a.

203A.35
1 They killd William Gordon, and James o the Knox,  
2 And brave Alexander, the flour o Glenmuick.

203A.36
1 What sinch and moaning was heard i the glen,  
2 For the Baronne o Braikley, who basely was slayn!

203A.37
1 'Cam ye bi the castell, and was ye in there?  
2 Saw ye perty Peggy tearing her hair?'

203A.38
1 'Yes, I cam by Braikley, and I gaed in there,  
2 And there [saw] his ladie braiding her hair.

203A.39
1 'She was riant, and dancin, and singin for joy,  
2 And vowin that nicht she woude feast Invery.

203A.40
1 'She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcomd him in,  
2 Was kind to the man that had slayn her baronne.'

203A.41
1 Up spake the son on the nourice’s knee,  
2 'Gin I live to be a man, revenged I’ll be.'

203A.42
1 'Sir, I will not a traitor prove;  
2 Monroes has plundered me;  
3 I’ll do my best to banish him  
4 Away frae this country.'

203A.43
1 'Gin ye be hir’d widifus, ye may gang by,  
2 For ye'll get me out, but I’ll never cum in.'

203A.44
1 'Are ye sleeping, Baronne, or are ye wakin?  
2 He woud nae ly i his bed and see his ky taen.

203A.45
1 'What’ll cum o your ladie and bonnie young son,  
2 For the Baronne o Braikley is dead and awa.

203B.1
1 'Baron of Brackley, are ye in there?  
2 'T’ll be slayn with a spear.'

203B.2
1 If they be gentlemen, let them cum in;  
2 But if they be reavers, we’ll gae there to be taen.

203B.3
1 'Rise up, John,’ she said, and turn in yer kye,  
2 For they’ll hae them to the Hieland, and you they’ll deff.'

203B.4
1 'Had your still, Catharine, and still yer young son,  
2 For ye’ll get me out, but I’ll never cum in.'

203B.5
1 'I had a man, as I hae nae nane,  
2 She called on her women and bade them come in:  
3 'Tack a’ yer rocks, lasses, and we’ll come.'

203B.6
1 'O ye’re sleeping, Baronne, or are ye wakin?  
2 'Are ye sleeping, Baronne, or are ye wakin?'  
3 'Wi bonnie Jean Gordon, the maid o the mill;  
4 'We’ll ficht them, we’ll slight them, we’ll do

203B.7
1 'You’re sharp swords at your yetts, will gar your
2 'Call mi brother William, mi unkl also,  
3 'Call mi brother William, mi unkl also,  
4 'Turn bak, brother William, ye are a

203B.8
1 'But turn, mi dear brother, wi heart and gude will,  
2 And so will young Harry that lives at the mill.

203B.9
1 'But turn, mi dear brother, wi heart and gude will,  
2 What’ll cum o your lady, gin Braikley thei slay?'

203B.10
1 'We’ll ficht them, we’ll slight them, we’ll do
2 'But turn, mi dear brother, wi heart and gude will,  
3 'I’ll ficht, my dear brother, wi heart and gude will,  
4 'I’ll ficht, my dear brother, wi heart and gude will,

203B.11
1 First they killd ane, and soon they killd twa,  
2 They killd gallant Braikley, the flour o them a.

203B.12
1 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knox,  
2 They sawed young Peggy tearing her hair.'

203B.13
1 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knox,  
2 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knox.

203B.14
1 First they killed ane, and then they killed twa,  
2 Then they killed the brave baron, the flower o them a.'
203B.15
1 They came by Breachell, and was ye in there?
2 Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?

203B.16
1 ’O came ye by Breachell, and was ye in there?
2 Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?’
3 She kept him till morning, syne bad him be gane.
4 And showed him the road that he woud na be gane.

203C.17
1 ’O fye on ye, lady! how could ye do sae?
2 You opend your yate to the faus Inverey.’

203C.18
1 She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcomed him in;
2 She welcomed the villain that slew her baron.

203C.19
1 She kept him till morning, syne bad him be gane.
2 And showed him the road that he woud na be gane.

203C.20
1 ’Tho Birss and Aboyne,’ she says, ’lyin in a tour,
2 Oer the hills of Glentannor you’ll skip in an hour.’

203C.21
1 There is grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha,
2 But the Baron of Braikly is dead and awa.

203D.18
1 ’Baron o Breachell, are ye within?
2 The sharp sourde is at yer gate, Breachell, we’ll gar yer blood spin.’

203D.19
1 ’If I had a man,’ she says, ’as it looks I had none,
2 He wnid sat in the house and see my kye tanne.
3 But lasses tak down yer rocks, and we will defend
4 . . .

203D.20
1 ’O kiss me, dear Peggy, and gee me down my gun,
2 I may well go out, but I’ll never come in.’

203D.21
1 Out spak his brither, says, Gee me yer hand;
2 I’ll fight in yer cause sae lang as I may stand.

203D.22
1 Whan the Baron o Breachell came to the closs,
2 A braver baron neir red upon horse.

203D.23
1 . . . .
2 I think the silly heard widifas are grown fighte n men.
3 And it was told to my gude lord
4 Whan Earl Douglas loved me.

203D.24
1 There cam a man into this house,
2 And amit Lockhart was his name,
3 And it was told to my gude lord
4 That I was in the bed wi him.

203D.25
1 We was at Glenmuik, lads, we was in there,
2 We saw Cathrin Gordon rivin her hair.
3 She kept him till morning, syne bad him be gane.
4 And showed him the road that he woud na be gane.

203D.26
1 ’Wi the tear in her eye, seven bairns at her foot,
2 The eighth on her knee . . .

203D.27
1 The killed Peter Gordon, Peter Gordon of the Knock.
2 The miller and his three sons, that lived at Glenmuik.
3 She welcomd the villain that slew her baron.
4 And I mysel in cramasie.

203D.28
1 Whan we came through Glasgow tour,
2 We war a comely sight to see;
3 My gude lord in velvet green,
4 And I mysel in cramasie.

203D.29
1 Whan we cam to Douglas tour,
2 We war a fine sight to behold;
3 My gude lord in cramasie,
4 And I mysel in shining gold.

203D.30
1 Whan that my auld son was born,
2 And set upon the nurse’s knee,
3 I was as happy a woman as eer was born,
4 And my gude lord he loved me.

203D.31
1 But oh, an my young son was born,
2 And set upon the nurse’s knee,
3 And I mysel war dead and gane,
4 For a maid again I’ll never be!

203D.32
1 There cam a man into this house,
2 And Jamie Lockhart was his name,
3 And it was told to my gude lord
4 That I was in the bed wi him.

203D.33
1 When the Baron of Braikly rade through the close,
2 A galleran baron near mounted a horse.

203D.34
1 Tho there came wi Inverey thirty and three,
2 There was none wi bonny Braikly but his brother and he.

203D.35
1 Twa galleran Gordons did never sword draw;
2 But against four and thirty, wae’s me, what was twa?

203D.36
1 Wi swords and wi daggers did them surround,
2 And they’ve pierc’d bonny Braikly wi mony a wound.

203D.37
1 Frae the head of the Dee to the banks of the Spey,
2 The Gordons may mourn him, and bann Inverey.

203D.38
1 ’O came ye by Breackley, and was ye in there?
2 Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?’

203D.39
1 ’We was at Glenmuik, lads, we was in there,
2 We saw Cathrin Gordon rivin her hair.

203D.40
1 ’Wi the tear in her eye, seven bairns at her foot,
2 The eighth on her knee . . .

203D.41
1 The killed Peter Gordon, Peter Gordon of the Knock.
2 The miller and his three sons, that lived at Glenmuik.
The Child Ballads

204A.15
1 That morning before I did go,
2 My bonny palace for to leave,
3 I went into my gude lord’s room,
4 But alas! he wad na speak to me.

204A.16
1 'Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!
2 Fare thee well, my ever dear to me!
3 Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!
4 Be kind to the three babes I’ve born to thee.'

204B.1
1 WALLY, waly up the bank!
2 And waly, waly down the brae!
3 And waly, waly to yon burn-side,
4 Where me and my love wunt to gae!

204B.2
1 As I lay sick, and very sick,
2 And sick was I, and like to die,
3 And Blacklawyard put in my love’s ears
4 That he staid in bower too lang wi me.

204B.3
1 As I lay sick, and very sick,
2 And sick was I, and like to die,
3 And walking into my garden green,
4 I heard my good lord lichtie me.

204B.4
1 Now woe betide ye, Blacklawyard!
2 I’m sure an ill death ye must die;
3 Ye’ll part me and my ain good lord,
4 And his face again I’ll never see.

204B.5
1 'Come down stairs now, Jamie Douglas,
2 Come down stairs and drink wine wi me;
3 I’ll set thee into a chair of gold,
4 And not one farthing shall it cost thee.

204B.6
1 'When cockle-shells turn silver bells,
2 And muscles grow on every tree,
3 When frost and snaw turn fiery baas,
4 That he staid in bower too lang wi me.

204B.7
1 'What’s needs me value you, Jamie Douglas,
2 More than you do value me?
3 The Earl of Mar is my father,
4 The Duke of York is my brother gay.

204B.8
1 'But when my father gets word o this,
2 I tow a sorrow man he’ll be;
3 He’ll send four score o his soldiers brave
4 To take me hame to mine ain country.

204B.9
1 As I lay owre my castell-wa,
2 I beheld my father comin to me,
3 Wi trumpets sounding on every side;
4 But they werena music at a’ for me.

204B.10
1 'And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!
2 And fare ye weel, my children three!
3 And fare ye weel, my own good lord!
4 For my face again ye shall never see.

204B.11
1 'And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!
2 And fare ye weel, my children three!
3 And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!
4 But my youngest son shall gae wi me.'

204B.12
1 'What ails ye at yer youngest son,
2 Sits smilin at the nurse’s knee?’
3 I’m sure he never knew any harm,
4 Except it was from his nurse or thee.'

204B.13
1 . . . . . .
2 . . . . . .
3 And when I was into my coaches set,
4 He made his trumpets a’ to soun.'

204B.14
1 I’ve heard it said, and it’s oft times seen,
2 The hawk that flies far frae her nest;
3 And a’ the world shall plainly see
4 It’s Jamie Douglas I maun die.

204B.15
1 I’ve heard it said, and [it’s] oft times seen,
2 The hawk that flies from tree to tree!
3 And a’ the world shall plainly see
4 It’s for Jamie Douglas I maun die.

204C.1
1 O WALLY, wally up yon bank!
2 And wally down yon brae;
3 And wally, wally up yon burn-side,
4 Where me and my lord wunt to gae!

204C.2
1 I leand me on yon saugh sae sweet,
2 And wally, wally up yon saugh sae sour,
3 And my gude lord has forsaken me,
4 And he swears he’ll never loe me more.

204C.3
1 There came a young man to this town,
2 And Jamieロックhart was his name;
3 Fause Blackwood lilted in my lord’s ear
4 That I was in the bed wi him.

204C.4
1 'Come up, come up, Jamie Douglas,
2 Come up, come up and dine wi me,
3 And I’ll set thee in a chair of gold,
4 And use you kindly on my knee.'

204C.5
1 'When cockle-shells turn silver bells,
2 And mussels hing on every tree,
3 When shine and snaith turn fiery baas,
4 That he staid in bower too lang wi me.

204C.6
1 When my father and mother they got word
2 That my good lord had forsaken me,
3 They sent fourscore of his soldiers brave
4 To bring me hame to my ain country.

204C.7
1 That day that I was forc’d to go,
2 My pretty palace for to leave,
3 I went to the chamber were my lord lay,
4 But alas! he wad na speak to me.

204C.8
1 'O fare ye weel, Jamie Douglas!
2 And fare ye weel, my children three!
3 I hope your father will prove mair kind
4 To you than he has been to me.

204C.9
1 'You take every one to be like yoursel,
2 You take every one that comes unto thee;
3 But I could swear by the heavens high
4 That I never knew another man but thee.

204C.10
1 'O foul fa ye, fause Blackwood,
2 And an ill death now may ye die!
3 For ye was the first occasioner
4 Of parting my gude lord and me.'

204C.11
1 When we gaid in by Edinburgh town,
2 My father and mither they met me,
3 Wi trumpets sounding on every side;
4 But alas! they could ne cherish me.

204C.12
1 'Hold your tongue, daughter,’ my father said,
2 'And with your weeping let me be;
3 And we’ll get out a bill of divorce,
4 I’ll get a far better lord to thee.'

204C.13
1 'O hold your tongue,’ father, she says,
2 And with your talking let me be;
3 I wad na gie a kiss a my ain lord’s lips
4 For a’ the men in the west country.'

204C.14
1 Oh an I had my baby born,
2 And set upon some nourice knee,
3 And I myself were dead and gone!
4 For a maid again I will never be.

204D.1
1 I FELL sick, and very, very sick,
2 Sick I was, and like to die,
3 A friend o mine cam frae the west,
4 Do ye think I love you as weel as he?’

204D.2
1 'Hold your tongue, my dochter dear,
2 And of your weeping let abe;
3 A bill of divorcement I’ll send to him,
4 A far better match I’ll get for thee.'

204D.3
1 'What care I for you, Jamie Douglas?
2 Not a small pin I value thee;
3 'For my father he is the Earl of York,
4 They will send fourscore of his soldiers bold
5 For to tak me hame to my ain country.'

204D.4
1 When I was set in my coach and six,
2 Taking fareweel o my babies three,
3 ‘I beg your father’s grace to be kind,
4 For your face again I’ll never see.'

204D.5
1 As I was walking up London streets,
2 My father was coming to meet me,
3 Wi trumpets sounding on every side;
4 But that was na music at a’ for me.

204D.6
1 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,
2 And with your folt leet abe;
3 ‘There’ll never man sleep in my twa arms,
4 Sin my gude lord has forsaken me.’

204D.8
1 When we gaid in by Edinburgh town,
2 My father and mither they met me,
3 Wi trumpets sounding on every side;
4 But that was na music at a’ for me.

204D.10
1 As I was sitting at my bower-window,
2 What a blythe sicht did I see!
3 I saw four score of his soldiers bold,
4 And I wish that they were coming for me.

204D.11
1 Out bespeak the foremost man,
2 And what a weel-spoken man was he!
3 ‘If the Marquis o Douglas’s lady be within,
4 You’ll bid her come down and speak to me,'
And they begd me to come back again.

When I in my coach was set,
To bring me to my own countrie.
They sent three score of soldiers bold
When my father and mother got word
Then I'll come doun and dine with thee.'
When frost and snaw turns fiery ba's,
And mussells grow on every tree,
When cockle-shells grow sillar bells,
As all the lords in the haill cuntree.

I drew me near to my stair-head,
When I was sick, and very sick,
Thou wast the first occasioner
I had a nurse, and she was fair,
And of your folly let abee;
Of parting my gay lord and me.

My loving father came to meet me,
As we came in by Edinburgh town,
And quickly, quickly came he down;
And of your scoffing let me bee;
And I wish an ill death may thou die;
For the Pord of Murray's my father dear,
More than he needs to care for me?
But Blackliewoods sounded in my luve's ears
And I micht hae been his own lady gay.

O wae be to thee, Blackwood,
When my father he heard of this,
For the Pord of Murray's my father dear,
And I had wit what I wit now,
For aw the lords in the north countrie.'

But gin I had wist or I had kisst
When she was set into her coach
And gowd grows oer yon lily lea,
When I came unto my lord's room-door,
And I micht hae been his own lady gay.

'When cockle-shells grow silver bells,
And waly by yon river-side,
And waly, waly doun the brae!
When lairds and lords cam to this toun,
The cymbals sounded on every side,
And of your weeping pray let abee;
And alace! the gave no comfort to me.

And a far better lord I'll provide for thee.'

'Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
And of your scoffing let me bee;
I would hae staid at Lord Torchard's yetts,
And it's not to his ain nurse and me.'

'Cheer up your heart, my loving daughter,
When I was sick, and very sick,
I tak my auld son in my arms,
When I saw my lord and me.
And a' the warld may plainly see
When I was in my coach was set,
When she was set into her coach
And the hawk she flies far from her nest;
When our Blacklywood told it in my lord's ears
I'm sure he's never done any harm
And 'tis not o nay penny it will cost thee.'

'When cockle-shells grow silver bells,
And very sick, just like to die,
A gentleman, a friend of mine own,
He's far from me this day that I luve best.
And of your flattery pray let abee;
And an ill death may you die!
And of your flattering let me bee;
And I might hae been his lady gay.'

O wae be to thee, Blackwood,
When I had staid at Argyle's yetts,
I wud neer hae crossed the waters o Tay;
When I was in my coach was set,
And I wish a mair better lord I'll get for thee.'

And I would hae a kess of my own lord's mouth
And went to my chamber pleasantly.
And I had a nurse, and she was fair,
And Blackwood's heark gave my heart to break;
And a parther two, and a parther three.'

And of your weeping pray let abee;
And I would hae staid at Argyle's yetts,
And I thocht that I was just like thyself,
And a parther two, and a parther three.'

When she was set into her coach
And I wish an ill death may thou die;
And a parther two, and a parther three.'

And I wish a mair better lord I'll get for thee.'

When I in my coach was set,
When I was in my coach was set,
They sent three score of his soldiers brave
And they begd me to come back again.
4 And it fades away like the morning dew.
2 A little while, when it is new;
4 They're far away that I love best.'
2 And of your folly I pray let be;
4 It was not music at all for me.
2 And slowly, slowly I came down,
4 They're far away that I love best.'
1 'When cockle-shells grow silver bells,
3 And Blackly whispered in my lord's ear
2 And slowly, slowly came he down,
4 To guard me home to my own country.
3 I'll send a bill of divorce to the Earl of March,
3 But I'll set you on a chair of gold.
4 When she came to my lord's door,
4 And a better husband I'll you supply.'
1 'Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
3 'An I had known what I know now,
2 And my bonnie palace for to see;
3 For I had stayed in fair Orange Green,
4 And I soon will see my own country.
3 For a chair of gold I will set thee in,
4 And a better husband I'll you supply.'
1 'When I rose up then in the morn,
3 You are the first, and I hope the last,
4 He made his drums and trumpets sound.
3 When frost and snaw will warm us a',
4 She'll set ye on a chair of gold,
2 'Aye and an ill death may you die!
3 'Now haud your tongue, my father dear,
4 He came on purpose to visit me;
4 And court ye kindly on my knee.'
3 After I saw me sit in my coach,
4 For onie man or woman's son.
2 And of your weeping pray let be;
4 But they were not music at all for me.
1 'When I rose up then in the morn,
3 'For Jamie's divorcement I'll send over;
3 She'll set you on a chair of gold,
4 To guard me home to my own country.
3 'O hold your tongue, my father dear,
3 When he saw me sit in my coach,
4 That he was owre lang in the room wi me.
6 He was owre lang in the room wi me.
4 To guard me home to my own country.
4 He caused his drums and trumpets sound.
2 And slow, slow, slow I came down,
3 And when she saw me sit in my coach,
3 And when he saw me sit in my coach,
2 And slowly, slowly I came down,
4 For onie man or woman's son.
3 I'll set you on a chair of gold,
2 And very sick, just like to die,
4 He was too long in chamber with me.
1 It was not music at all for me.
3 But I could swear, by the heavens clear,
The Text of

204A.7
1 An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill deid may ye die?
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.11
1 'Now wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.1
1 'Go, little page, and tell your lord,
2 Gin he will cum and dine wi me,
3 I'll set him on a seat of gold,
4 I'll serve him on my bended knee.'

204A.14
1 'Then up he drew in battle rank——
2 I wat he had a bonny train——
3 But the first time that bullets flew
4 Ay he lost twenty o his men.

204A.8
1 'An as for Burly, him I know;
2 He's a man of honour, birth, an fame;
3 Gie him a sword into his hand,
4 He'll fight thyself an other ten.'

204A.8
1 'An as for Burly, him I know;
2 He's a man of honour, birth, an fame;
3 Gie him a sword into his hand,
4 He'll fight thyself an other ten.'

204A.9
1 But up spake wicked Claverse then——
2 I wat his heart it raise fu hie——
3 And he has cry'd, that a' might hear,
4 'Man, ye hae sair deceived me.'

204A.10
1 'I never kend the like afoare,
2 Na, never since I came frae hame,
3 That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
4 An yet come of a noble Graeme.'

204A.11
1 'But up bespake his cornet then,
2 'Since that it is your honour's will,'
3 Myself shall be the foremost man
4 That shall gie fire on Loudoun Hill.

204A.12
1 'Your command I'll lead them on,
2 But yet wi nae consent o me;
3 For weel I ken I'll neer return,
4 And mony mae as weel as me.'

204A.13
1 'Then up he drew in battle rank——
2 I wat right soon an suddenly;
3 He gave command amang his men,
4 And sent them back, and bade them flee.

204A.15
1 'Your command I'll lead them on,
2 But yet wi nae consent o me;
3 For weel I ken I'll neer return,
4 And mony mae as weel as me.'

204A.16
1 'Your command I'll lead them on,
2 But yet wi nae consent o me;
3 For weel I ken I'll neer return,
4 And mony mae as weel as me.'

204A.17
1 'Now wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.4
1 'When cockle-shells turn siller bells,
2 When mussels grow on ilka tree,
3 When frost and snow sail warm us a',
4 Then I sail dyne wi my ladie.

204A.5
1 'Then he set up the flag o red,
2 An mounted by the break o day,
3 We'll ca our horse hame masterless,
4 And chased them into Glasgow town.

204A.9
1 'But up spake wicked Claverse then——
2 I wat his heart it raise fu hie——
3 And he has cry'd, that a' might hear,
4 'Man, ye hae sair deceived me.'

204A.10
1 'I never kend the like afoare,
2 Na, never since I came frae hame,
3 That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
4 An yet come of a noble Graeme.'

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1 'But up bespake his cornet then,
2 'Since that it is your honour's will,'
3 Myself shall be the foremost man
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1 'Your command I'll lead them on,
2 But yet wi nae consent o me;
3 For weel I ken I'll neer return,
4 And mony mae as weel as me.'

204A.13
1 'Then up he drew in battle rank——
2 I wat right soon an suddenly;
3 He gave command amang his men,
4 And sent them back, and bade them flee.

204A.14
1 'Then back he came the way he gaed,
2 I wat right soon an suddenly;
3 He gave command amang his men,
4 And sent them back, and bade them flee.

204A.15
1 'Then up he drew in battle rank——
2 I wat right soon an suddenly;
3 He gave command amang his men,
4 And sent them back, and bade them flee.

204A.16
1 'Then up he drew in battle rank——
2 I wat right soon an suddenly;
3 He gave command amang his men,
4 And sent them back, and bade them flee.

204A.17
1 'Now wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.5
1 'Then he set up the flag o red,
2 A' set about wi bonny blue:
3 'Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
4 See that ye stand by ither true.'

204A.9
1 'Then he set up the flag o red,
2 A’ set about wi bonny blue:
3 'Since ye’ll no cease, and be at peace,
4 See that ye stand by ither true.'

204A.10
1 They stelled their canons on the height,
2 And showed their shot down in the how,
3 'An can beat our Scots lads even down,
4 Thick they lay slain on every know.

204A.11
1 As eer you saw the rain down fa,
2 Or yet the arrow frae the bow,
3 Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
4 An they lay slain on every know.

204A.12
1 'O hold your hand,' the Monmouth cry’d,
2 'Gie quarters to yon men for me;
3 But wicked Claverhouse swore an oath
4 His cornet’s death revengd sub be.

204A.13
1 'O hold your hand,' Monmouth cry’d,
2 'If ony thing you’ll do for me;
3 Hold up your hand, you cursed Graeme,
4 Else a rebel to our king ye’ll be.'

204A.14
1 Then wicked Claverhouse turnd about——
2 I wot an angry man was he——
3 And he has lift up his hat,
4 And cry’d, 'God bless his Majesty!'

204A.15
1 Than he’s a’ woa to London town,
2 Ay even as fast as he can dree.
3 Fause witnesses he has wi him taen,
4 An taen Monmouth’s head frae his body.

204A.16
1 Alang the brae beyond the brig,
2 Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
3 But lang we’ll mind, and sair we’ll rue,
4 The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

204A.17
1 'O Billie, billie, bonny billie,
2 Will ye go to the wood wi me?
3 We’ll ca our horse hame masterless,
4 An gie him a sword into his hand,

204A.18
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.19
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.20
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.21
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.22
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.23
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.24
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.25
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.26
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.

204A.27
1 'An wae betide ye, black Fastness,
2 Ay, and an ill dead met ye die!
3 Ye was the first and foremost man
4 Wha parted my true lord and me.
[Verse 1]

A good people give attention to a story you shall hear:

Between the king and my lord Delamere,
A quarrel arose in the Parliament House,
Concerning the taxes to be put in force.
With my fal de ral de ra.

[Verse 2]

I wonder, I wonder that James, our good king,
I neither curse my king, nor kingdom, crown or throne;
And while I pray success may crown our king
But I wish every honest man may enjoy his own.

[Verse 3]

The very first blow, as we understand,
To kill or be killed it was their intent.
A stage then was built, and to battle they went,
For to kill or to be killed, it was either’s full intent.

[Verse 4]

The Duchess of Devonshire was standing
Before she had the half o’t read,
He gave a smirkling smile;
I say, ‘No,’ says brave Devonshire, ‘I’ve fought him as a man;
Since he’s dead, I will keep the trophies I have won.
For he for me in your armour, while I fought him bare,
And the same you must win back, my liege, if ever you them wear.

[Verse 5]

God bless all the nobles we have in our land,
I neither curse my king, nor kingdom, crown or throne,
And so many hard taxes, as I have heard them say,
So many hard taxes upon the poor should bring;
I wonder, I wonder that James, our good king,
I neither curse my king, nor kingdom, crown or throne.

[Verse 6]

He knelt on his knee, and he gave him the wound,
That with the Dutch lord fell dead on the ground:
The king called his soldiers, and thus he did say:
Call Devonshire down, take the dead man away.
He answered, My liege, I’ve killed him like a man,
And it is my intent to see what clothing he’s got on.
He said to the king, as he sat on the throne,
And he says, ‘Thou proud Jack,’ to my lord Delamere.

[Verse 7]

Then up starts a Dutch lord, as we hear,
Says Lord Delaware to his Majesty full soon,
And he sprang from the stage to a soldier in the ring,
Saying, ‘Oh, fie upon treachery! there’s been treachery we bring.
Upon her dear husband she cast her lovely eye:
And there they acted like just and honest men.
And I say, ‘Oh, king, ’twas your intention to have took me
And the same you must win back, my liege, if ever you them wear.

[Verse 8]

The Child Ballads

329
"'Tis your head that I demand.'

With a pole-axe in his hand:

O then stood up an old gray-headed man,

I have fought the battles valiantly

'Oh, why am I a traitor?' said he;

Till he came to Westminster Hall,

And his nose it began to bleed.

. . . . .

There's fifty pounds in my richt pocket,

'His wife heard him say so,

When they came into fair London town,

Who is my wedded wife——

They had not rode a mile but one,

'There's fifty pounds in my richt pocket,

And mounted his bonny grey steed;

'You are my wedded wife——

They had not rode a mile but one,

The tears did trickling fall.

'The tears did trickling fall.

'The king wrote a letter to my lord

And his nose it began to bleed.

'The ring upon his finger burst,
208F.4
1 He calld upon his saddle-groom
2 To saddle his milk-white steed,
3 For I unto London must go,
4 For me there is much need.

208F.5
1 Out then speaks his gay lady,
2 In child-bed where she lay:
3 'Make your will, make your will, my knight,
4 For fear ye rue the day.'

208F.6
1 I'll leave unto my eldest son
2 My houses and my lands;
3 I'll leave unto my youngest son
4 Full forty thousand pounds.

208F.7
1 I'll leave unto my gay lady,
2 And to my loving wife,
3 The second part of my estate,
4 To maintain a lady's life.

208F.8
1 He kiss'd her on the pillow soft,
2 In child-bed where she lay,
3 And bade farewell, neer to return,
4 Unto his lady gay.

208F.9
1 He put his foot in the stirrup,
2 His nose began to bleed;
3 The ring from 's finger burst in two
4 When he mounted on his steed.

208F.10
1 He had not rode a mile or two
2 Till his horse stumbled down;
3 'A token go'od,' said Lord Arnwater,
4 'I'll never reach London town.'

208F.11
1 But when into Westminster Hall,
2 Amongst the nobles all,
3 'A traitor, a traitor, Lord Arnwater,'
4 They did him call.

208F.12
1 'A traitor? a traitor how call ye me?
2 And a traitor how can I be
3 For keeping seven thousand valiant men
4 To fight for brave Jamie?'

208F.13
1 Up then came a brave old man,
2 With a broad ax in his hand:
3 'Your life, your life, Lord Arnwater, your life's at my command.'

208F.14
1 'My life, my life, my brave old man,
2 My life I'll give to thee,
3 And the coat of green that's on my back
4 You shall have for your fee.

208F.15
1 There's fifty pounds in one pocket,
2 Pray deal't among the poor;
3 There's fifty and four in the other pocket,
4 Pray deal't from door to door.

208F.16
1 'There's one thing more I have to say,
2 This day before I die;
3 To beg the lords and nobles all
4 To be kind to my lady.'

208G.1
1 THE king has wrote a long letter,
2 And sealed it with his han,
3 And he has sent it to my lord Dunwater,
4 To read it if he can.

208G.2
1 The very first line he lookit upon,
2 It made him to laugh and to smile;
3 The very next line he lookit upon,
4 The tear from his eye did fall.

208G.3
1 'As for you, my dearest son,
2 My houses and my land;
3 And as for you, my youngest son,
4 Ten thousand pound in hand.

208G.4
1 'As for you, my gay lady,
2 You being my wedded wife,
3 The third of my estate I will leave to you,
4 For to keep you in a lady's life.'

208H.1
1 THE king he wrote a letter,
2 And sealed it with gold,
3 And sent it to Lord Derwentwater,
4 To read it if he could.

208H.2
1 The first three lines he looked upon,
2 They made him to smile;
3 And the next three lines he looked upon
4 Made tears fall from his eyes.

208H.3
1 O then bespoke his gay lady,
2 As she on a sick-bed lay:
3 'Make your will, my lord,
4 Before you go away.'

208H.4
1 'O there is for my eldest son
2 My houses and my land,
3 And there is for my youngest son
4 Ten thousand pounds in hand.

208H.5
1 'There is for you, my gay lady,
2 My true and lawful wife,
3 The third part of my estate,
4 To maintain you a lady's life.'

208H.6
1 Then he called to his stable-groom
2 To bring him his gray steed;
3 For he must to London go,
4 The king had sent indeed.

208H.7
1 When he put his foot in the stirrup,
2 To mount his grey steed,
3 His gold ring from his finger burst,
4 And his nose began to bleed.

208H.8
1 He had not gone but half a mile
2 When it began to rain;
3 'Now this is a token,' his lordship said,
4 'That I shall not return again.'

208H.9
1 When he unto London came,
2 A mob did at him rise,
3 And they called him a traitor,
4 Made the tears fall from his eyes.

208H.10
1 'A traitor, a traitor!' his lordship said,
2 'Is it for keeping eight score men
3 To fight for pretty Jimmee?'
4 'A traitor, a traitor!' his lordship said,
2 'My life, my life,' his lordship said,
3 'My life I will give to thee,
4 And the black velvet coat upon my back,
5 'Take it for thy fee.'

208H.11
1 Then he laid his head upon the block,
2 He did such courage show,
3 And asked the executioner
4 To cut it off at one blow.

208H.12
1 KING GEORGE he did a letter write,
2 And sealed it up with gold,
3 And sent it to Lord Derwentwater,
4 To read it if he could.

208H.13
1 He sent his letter by no post,
2 He sent it by no page,
3 But sent it by a gallant knight
4 As eer did combat wage.

208H.14
1 The first line that my lord look'd on
2 Struck him with strong surprise;
3 The second, more alarming still,
4 Made tears fall from his eyes.

208H.15
1 He called up his stable-groom,
2 Saying, Saddle me well my steed,
3 For I must up to London go,
4 Of me there seems great need.

208H.16
1 'I'll leave to thee, my eldest son,
2 My houses and my land;
3 I'll leave to thee, my younger son,
4 Ten thousand pounds in hand.

208H.17
1 'I'll leave to thee, my lady gay,
2 My lawful married wife,
3 A third part of my whole estate,
4 To keep thee a lady's life.'

208H.18
1 He knelt him down by her bed-side,
2 And kissed her lips so sweet;
3 The words that pass'd, alas! presaged
4 They never more should meet.

208H.19
1 Again he calld his stable-groom,
2 Saying, Bring me out my steed,
3 For I must up to London go,
4 With instant haste and speed.

208H.20
1 He took the reins into his hand,
2 Which shook with fear and dread;
3 The rings from off his fingers dropt,
4 His nose gush'd out and bled.

208H.21
1 He had but ridden miles two or three
2 When stumbling fell his steed;
3 'Ill omens these,' Derwentwater said,
4 'That I for James must bleed.'

208H.22
1 As he rode up Westminster street,
2 In sight of the White Hall,
3 The lords and ladies of London town
4 A traitor they did him call.

208H.23
1 'A traitor!' Lord Derwentwater said,
2 'A traitor how can I be,
3 Unless for keeping five hundred men
4 Fighting for King Jenny?'

208H.24
1 Then started forth a grave old man,
2 With a broad-mouthed axe in hand:
3 'Thy head, thy head, Lord Derwentwater,
4 Thy head's at my command.'

208H.25
1 'My head, my head, thou grave old man,
2 My head I will give thee;
3 Here's a coat of velvet on my back
4 Will surely pay thy fee.'

208H.26
1 'But give me leave,' Derwentwater said,
2 'To speak words two or three;
3 Ye lords and ladies of London town,
4 Be kind to my lady.'

208H.27
1 'Here's a purfy of fifty sterling pounds,
2 Pray give it to the poor;
3 Here's one of forty-five beside
4 You may doe from door to door.'

208H.28
1 He laid his head upon the block,
2 The axe was sharp and strong,
3 . . .
4 . . .

208H.29
1 The king has written a broad letter,
2 An sealed it our with gould,
3 And sent it to Lord Durnwater,
4 To read it if he could.

208H.30
1 When Lord Durnwater saw the letter,
2 A light laughter lough he;
3 Bat or he read it to an end
4 The tear blinded his eye,
5 An sigh'd him good Lord Durnwater,
6 I am near the day to die.
The Text of

209A.7
1 But tho he was chained in fetters strange,  
2 O aim and steel sac heavy,  
3 There was na ane in a’ the court  
4 Sae bra a man as Geordie.

209A.9
1 ‘I hae seen seven sons to my Geordie dear,  
2 The seventh neer saw his daddie;  
3 O pardon, pardon, noble King,  
4 And gie me back my dearie!

209A.11
1 The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,  
2 And they were stark and steady,  
3 And ay the word amang them a’  
4 Was, Gordons, keep you ready!

209A.13
1 Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,  
2 Some gae her dollars many,  
3 And she’s telled down five thousand pound,  
4 And she’s gotten again her dearie.

209A.15
1 He claspit her by the middle sma,  
2 And he kist her lips sae rosy:  
3 ‘The fairest flower o woman-kind  
4 Is my sweet, bonie lady!’

209B.1
1 ‘THERE was a battle i the north  
2 And they have killed Sir Charlie Hay,  
3 ‘I will leave my young famely  
4 For to be your fee.’

209B.3
1 Then up and startit a wi bit boy,  
2 A bonnie boy that’s ready,  
3 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills,  
4 My dear Lord Darnwater.’

209B.5
1 When he came to fair London city,  
2 An he’s gane in to his biggin,  
3 ‘It’s I hae se’en uncles in the north,  
4 An ye’s get wi you yer Geordie.’

209B.7
1 ‘An I will live to my eldest daught<er]  
2 Of me,  
3 An I will live to my e<l>dest son,  
4 The tua part of my land.

209B.9
1 When she cam to the Parliament Closs,  
2 There amang our nobles many,  
3 ‘If Geordie’s neck war on a block,  
4 And the gallows makin ready.

209B.11
1 ‘O wad ye hae his lands or rents?  
2 I wad neer take John for Geordie.’

209B.13
1 ‘O haud yer tongue, ye foolish man,  
2 Your speech it’s a’ but folly;  
3 For an ye wad wait till the day ye die,  
4 ‘I will leave my young famely’

209B.15
1 ‘An I will live to my eldest daught<er]  
2 Of me,  
3 An I will live to my e<l>dest son,  
4 The third part of my land,

209B.17
1 ‘I hae ele’en bairns i the wast,  
2 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills,  
3 For if Geordie’s neck war on a block,  
4 I wad neer se in my ladie.

209B.19
1 ‘I hae ele’en bairns i the wast,  
2 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills,  
3 For if Geordie’s neck war on a block,  
4 I wad neer se in my ladie.

209B.21
1 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills,  
2 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills,  
3 For if Geordie’s neck war on a block,  
4 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills.’

209B.23
1 ‘When I stane i the west port,  
2 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills,  
3 For if Geordie’s neck war on a block,  
4 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills.’

209B.25
1 ‘O haud yer tongue, ye foolish man,  
2 Your speech it’s a’ but folly;  
3 For an ye wad wait till the day ye die,  
4 ‘I hae se’en weel gawn mills.’
4 That I might hae got his fair lady.'
2 And O but he spoke bauldly!
2 But she telld the red guineas many,
1 Some telld shillings, and some telld crowns,
2 Away ye shall hae yer Geordie.
2 For the life of my bonny Geordie.'
2 And the Laird of bonny Pernonnie;
1 'I have born the Laird of Gight,
4 For the life of my bonny Geordie.
3 And I will bear them all oer again
2 Amang the nobles many,
3 She dealt the crowns with duckatoons,
2 And they seem very bonnie,
1 'I have seven children in the north,
2 Go saddle to me the bonny;
1 'Go saddle the black, go saddle the brown,
1 'What news? what news, my bonny boy?
3 And I could bear them a’ over again
2 And I have white rigs many,
1 'Where will I get a man or boy,
3 He has written a broad letter,
2 It’s wo be to him daily!
2 For if Geordie’s neck had been on the block
2 It’s wo be to him daily!
2 'The brown was neer sae bonny;
3 'O I will run into the north,
3 'Why don’t I get a man to ride for Geordie?
2 She was both glad and cheery;
1 When she came to the Parliament Close,
2 The boats was not yet ready;
3 The cloth was spread, and supper set,
2 'The brother of his lady.
2 'The thrush on the briar neer sang so clear
2 Herself upon another;
4 To take to his fair lady.
3 Nae bird sang sweeter in the bush
2 And on behind her Geordie.
3 'That will run into the north,
3 That will run into the north,
3 'A pox upon your nasty face!
3 'Was Geordie’s head upon the block,
3 The napkin’s tied on Geordie’s face,
2 And Geordie in her hand, O,
1 'I neither murdered nor yet have I slain,
1 As she went up the tolbooth-stair,
3 She dealt the red gold them among,
2 She’ll no need to sew me mony;
4 And the ladies dancing merry.
4 To save the life of Geordie.
3 That will win both goud and money,
2 The nobles there stood many,
3 'Such lovers true shall not parted be,’
4 The very stars in the firmament
2 And I have neer enjoyd his ladie.
3 For I will neither eat nor drink
4 Until I see my Geordie.’
3 'He bids ye sew his linen shirts,
4 He had neer enjoyd his ladie.
3 For if Geordie’s neck had been on the block
3 'We will a’ the royal family,
2 'That I am a worthy ladie.’
4 To take to his fair lady.
3 'The very ground I walk upon
3 And I could gie them a’ to you
4 The brother of his lady.
4 The very ground I walk upon
3 That will run into the north,
2 'That I might hae got his fair lady.’
3 For I will neither eat nor drink
2 And Geordie in her hand, O,
4 That I might hae got his fair lady.’
2 And Geordie in her hand, O,
2 And O but he spoke bauldly!']
3 'I wish his head had been on the block,
4 Away ye shall hae yer Geordie.
2 'The brother of his lady.
3 They’ve saddled the black, they’ve saddled the brow,
2 She was both sad and sorrie:
3 'Such lovers true shall not parted be,’
2 Amang the poor folks many,
4 And bade them pray weel for Geordie.
3 For I will neither eat nor drink
2 And I have white rigs many,
2 Among the nobles many;
4 And taen her word frae Geordie.
2 Among the nobles many;
1 'Where will I get a man or boy,
1 'I have seven children in the north,
4 And she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
2 Some goe her cuctas many,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 'Go saddle the black, go saddle the brown,
2 Go saddle to me the bonny;
3 For I will neither eat nor drink
4 Until I see my Geordie.’
1 'Where will I get a man or boy,
2 The Laird of Gigh he’s kill’d a man,
4 And fetch to me your lady.’
2 And the Laird of Geight he’s kill’d a man,
4 And fetch to me your lady.’
1 She turnd about . . .
2 And O but she spoke boldly!
3 'A pos on your nassy face!
4 Will ye e’er be compared to my Geordie?’
1 She set him on a milk-white steed,
2 Herself upon another;
3 The thursh on the norr seang so clear
4 As she sang behind her Geordie.
1 THERE was a battle i the north
2 Among the nobles many;
3 The Laird of Gigh he’s kill’d a man,
4 And there’s none to die but Geordie.
1 ‘What news? what news, my bonny boy?
2 What news hae ye frae Geordie?’
3 ‘He bids ye sew his linen shirts,
2 For he’s sure he’ll no need many.’
1 ‘Gar print me ballants weel,’ she said,
2 ‘Gar print me ballants many,
1 ‘Where would I get a pretty little boy,
2 That would carry this letter to Stirling town,
3 That would run into the north,
2 That would fain win gold and money,
1 ‘Where would I get a man or boy,
2 She was both sad and sorrie;
3 ‘O I’ll away to fair Edinburgh town
4 And She’ll no need to sew me mony;
2 He was both blythe and merry;
3 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 It’s wo be to him daily!
2 For if Geordie’s neck had been on the block
2 It’s wo be to him daily!
2 ‘That I might hae got his fair lady.’
1 ‘I neither murdered nor yet have I slain,
2 I never murdered any;
3 But I stole fyfteen o the king’s bay horse,
2 ‘That I might hae got his fair lady.’
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her cuctas many,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her cuctas many,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
2 Some goe her gold, some goe her crowns,
3 An she’s telld down five hundred pound,
4 An she’s taen away her Geordie.
1 ‘I have seven children in the north,
209G.6
1 Out and spoke the king himself,
2 'Who's aught this weary lady?'
3 Out and spoke a pretty little page,
4 'She's the Earl o Cassilis lady.'
5
209G.7
1 'Has he killed? or has he slain?
2 Or has he ravished any?
3 'He stole three goldings out o yon park,
4 And sold them to Balleny.'

209G.8
1 'Pleading is idle,' said the king,
2 'Pleading is idle with any,'
3 But put you down five hundred pund,
4 And take you hame your Geordie.'

209G.9
1 Some gave marks, and some gave crowns,
2 Some gave dollars many;
3 She's paid down the five hundred pund,
4 And she's relieved her Geordie.

209G.10
1 The lady smiled in Geordie's face:
2 'Geordie, I have bocht thee;
3 But down in yon green there had been bludy breeks
4 Or I had parted wi thee.'

209H.1
1 'WILL ye go to the Hielen, my bonny lad?
2 Will ye go to the Hielen, Geordie?
3 Though y'ay tak the high road and I tak the low,
4 I will be in the Hielen afor ye.'

209H.2
1 He hadna been in the high Hielen
2 A month but barely twa, O,
3 Till he was laid in Prison strong.
4 For hunting the king's deer and rae, O.

209H.3
1 'O where will I get a bonny, bonny boy,
2 That will run my errand caurrie,
3 And gae quick on to the bonny Bog o Gight,
4 Wi a letter to your lady!'

209H.4
1 'Here am I, a bonny, bonny boy,
2 That will run your errand caurrie,
3 And will gae on to the bonny Bog o Gight,
4 Wi a letter to your lady.'

209H.5
1 When she did get this broad letter,
2 A licht, licht laugh gaes she, O;
3 Before she read it to an end
4 The saut tear was in her ee, O.

209H.6
1 'O has he robbed? or has he stown?
2 Or has he killed ony?
3 Or what is the ill that he has done,
4 That he's gaun to be handg sae shortly?'

209H.7
1 'He hasna robbed, ha hasna stown,
2 He hasna killed ony,
3 But he has hantled the king's deer and rae,
4 And he will be handg shortly.'

209H.8
1 'Come saddle to me the bonny brown steed,
2 For the black never rade sae bonny,
3 And I will gae on to Edinboro town
4 To borrow the life o my Geordie.'

209H.9
1 The first water-side that she cam to,
2 The boatman wasna ready;
3 She gae another skipper half-a-crown,
4 To boat her oer the ferry.

209H.10
1 When she cam on to Edinboro town,
2 The poor stood thick and mony;
3 She deald them money roun and roun,
4 Bade them pray for the life o her Geordie.

209H.11
1 Then out it spak an English lord,
2 And vow, but he spake bonny;
3 'If ye pay down ten thousand crowns,
4 Ye'll get the life o your Geordie.'

209H.12
1 Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,
2 Some gae her guineas rarely,
3 Till she paid down ten thousand crowns,
4 And she got the life o her Geordie.

209H.13
1 I will be in the Hielen afore ye.'
2 'For I had but ae brother to mysell,
3 Some gae her marks, some gae her crouns,
4 And so will they thy love Geordie.'

209H.14
1 'Then out it spak an Irish lord,
2 O wae befa his body!
3 'It's a pity the knicht didna lose his head,
4 That I micht hae gotten his lady.'

209H.15
1 But out it spak the lady hersel,
2 'And vow, but she spak bonny;
3 'The pock-marks are on your Irish face.
4 You could not compare wi me Geordie!'

209H.16
1 When she was in the saddle set,
2 And on aither her Geordie
3 The bird on the bush neer sang sae sweet,
4 As she sung to her love Geordie.

209H.17
1 'First I was mistress o bonny Auchindown,
2 And I was lady o a' Carmie,
3 But now I have come to the bonny Bog o Gight,
4 The wife o my true-love Geordie.

209H.18
1 If I were in the high Hielen,
2 I would hear the white kye lowing;
3 But I'd rather be on the bonny banks o Spey,
4 To see the fish-boates rowing.'

209I.1
1 I chose my love at the bonny yates of Gight,
2 Where the birks an the flowers spring bonny,
3 But pleasures I had never one,
4 But crosses very mony.

209I.2
1 'First I was mistress of Pitfan
2 And madam of Kincraigie,
3 And now my name is bonny Lady Anne,
4 And I am Gight's own lady.'

209I.3
1 'He does not use me as his wife,
2 Nor cherish me as his lad,
3 But by day he saddles the grey,
4 And rides off to Bignet's lad.'

209I.4
1 Bignet he got word of this,
2 That Gight lay wi his lad;
3 He swore a vow, and kept it true,
4 To be revenged on 's body.

209I.5
1 'Where will I get a bonny boy
2 Will run my errand shortly,
3 That would run on to the bonny yates o Gight
4 Wi a letter to my lad?'

209I.6
1 Gight has written a broad letter,
2 And sealed it soon and ready,
3 And sent it on to Gight's own yates,
4 For to acquaint his lady.

209I.7
1 fair, the first of it she looked on,
2 O dear! she smiled bonny;
3 But as she read it till an end
4 The tears were thick an mony.

209I.8
1 'Come saddle to me the black, black horse;
2 The brown is twice as bonny;
3 And I will gae on to the bonny Bog o Gight
4 Wi a letter to my lad.'

209I.9
1 She mae her lady's voice,
2 He was blythe and merry:
3 Every one sat hat on head,
4 Though ye tak the high road and I tak the low,
5 That I'll get my ain love Geordie!

209I.10
1 When he heard his lady's voice,
2 He was blythe and merry:
3 And yonder a boy rins bonny,
4 To boat her oer the ferry.
5 She gae anither skipper half-a-crown,
6 That he's gaun to be hang'd sae shortly?'

209I.11
1 The weather it is clear, and the wind blaws fair,
2 And yonder a boy rins bonny,
3 And she is awa to the Gallows Wynd,
4 To get her nain love Geordie.
5 She droppit down, and she dropt in a swoon,
6 She was baith red and rosy;
7 Till she paid down ten thousand crouns,
8 And tak you hame your Geordie.'

209I.12
1 As she came up the Gallows Wynd,
2 The people was standing many;
3 The psalms was sung, and the bells was rung,
4 And silks and cords hung bonnie.

209I.13
1 The napkin was tied on Geordie's face,
2 And the hangman was just readie;
3 'Hold your hand, you bludy wretch!
4 O hold it from my Geordie!'

209I.14
1 The first line that she lookit on,
2 She was baith red and rosy;
3 They cutted his head from his fair bodie,
4 And so will they thy love Geordie.'

209I.15
1 When she came to the tolbooth-gate,
2 Amang the puir folk many,
3 When she cam to the canny Cannygate,
4 Till I relieve my Geordie.'

209I.16
1 She put her hand in her pocket,
2 She was baith red and rosy;
3 She dealt them money roun and roun,
4 To boat her oer the ferry.
5 She paid down the five hundred pound,
6 She's paid down the five hundred pund,
7 She's the Earl o Cassilis lady,'
4 And my love he's ca'd Geordie.

3 Now I am the Lady o Gight,
  That birds in the air, that fly together pair and
  The sun and moon and firmament above
  Than she behind her Geordy.

2 And aye behind her Geordy,
 4 And how I borrowed Geordy.'

2 And that baith seen and shortly,
 4 Ye'll neer be like my Geordy.

3 Says, Woe be to you, gleid Argyle!

2 A proud look and a saucy;

1 She looked oer her left shoulder,
 4 I should enjoyd his lady.

3 I wish that Gight had lost his head,

2 Says, Woe be to your body!

1 But out it speaks him gleid Argyle,

3 And she told down that noble sum;

4 Some gave guineas many.

3 Some gave her dollars, some her crowns,

2 Among the nobles many;

1 She turnd her right and round about
 4 And a' to borrow Geordy.

2 And dear! it set her bonny;

1 She's taen the hat out of his hand,

3 If ye'll tell down ten thousand crowns,

2 Says, Ann, I'm soory for you;

1 The queen, looking oer her shott-window,

3 Who is come to plead her own lord's cause,

1 Out then spake a friend, her own,

3 That speaks to us so boldly here,

1 Out it speaks the first Lord Judge:

4 Can plead a word for Geordy?

2 And vow, but she spake wordy!

4 For there'll be nae mercy for you.

3 You must prepare yourself for death,

1 In it comes First Lord Judge,

4 And rides to Bignet's lady.'

3 But day by day he saddles the grey,

2 Nor honourd me as his lady,

1 'He never ownd me as his wife,

4 But sorrows thick and mony.

3 But pleasures I had never one,

1 He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,

2 Or has he killed ony?

3 'What news, what news, my little boy?

2 Riding the leys sae bonny,

4 Woud ye compare wi Geordie?

3 O ill befa your wizzend snout!

2 'Ye need neer wish my body;

1 Out it speaks the lady hersell,

3 'Now since it all I must confess,

2 See ye be true and steady;

3 And if your sins they be but sma,

2 The baith great and mony:

1 'He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,

3 But day by day he saddles the grey,

4 And rides to Bignet's lady.'

3 But when she saw his een fast bound,

2 And three blinks to her Geordie;

1 She gae a blink out-ower them a',

3 And ilka ane stood hat on head,

4 And bade them pray for Geordy.

3 She dealt the gowd right liberallie,

1 When she came to the pier o Leith,

3 She gae the boatman a guinea o gowd

2 I wat she didna tarry;

1 When she came to the boat of Leith,

4 And ridden the Queen's Ferry.

2 I wyte she didna tarry,

1 When she came near to Edinbro town,

3 And I'll awa to Edinbro town,

2 The brown rade neer so smartly;

3 That will run to the yates of Gight,

2 That Gight lay wi his lady,

1 When Bignet he got word of that,

3 But day by day he saddles the grey,

4 And brings to me my lady?

1 Out it speaks the king himsell,

4 The morn we'll head your Geordie.'

1 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,

4 Mourn for the death o Geordie.'

3 But day by day he saddles the grey,

2 Nor honourd me as his lady,

1 'He never ownd me as his wife,

4 Ye'll cross-examine Geordie.'

2 O wae be to his body!

1 'Now all my life I'll wear the black,

4 To ly till lords were ready.

3 'Here comes a page frae Edinbro town;

1 'Ye'll bid her saddle the grey, the grey,

3 O ill befa your wizzend snout!

2 'Ye need neer wish my body;

1 Out it speaks the lady hersell,

3 'Now since it all I must confess,

2 See ye be true and steady;

3 And if your sins they be but sma,

2 The baith great and mony:

1 'He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,

3 But day by day he saddles the grey,

4 And rides to Bignet's lady.'

3 But when she saw his een fast bound,

2 And three blinks to her Geordie;

1 She gae a blink out-ower them a',

3 And ilka ane stood hat on head,

4 And bade them pray for Geordy.

3 She dealt the gowd right liberallie,

1 When she came to the pier o Leith,

3 She gae the boatman a guinea o gowd

2 I wat she didna tarry;

1 When she came to the boat of Leith,

4 And ridden the Queen's Ferry.

2 I wyte she didna tarry,

1 When she came near to Edinbro town,

3 And I'll awa to Edinbro town,

2 The brown rade neer so smartly;

3 That will run to the yates of Gight,

2 That Gight lay wi his lady,

1 When Bignet he got word of that,

3 But day by day he saddles the grey,

4 And brings to me my lady?

1 Out it speaks the king himsell,

4 The morn we'll head your Geordie.'

1 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,

4 Mourn for the death o Geordie.'

3 'Now since it all I must confess,

2 My crimes' baith great and mony:

3 A woman abused, five orphan babes,

4 I killed them for their money.'

2 O wae be to his body!

1 'Now all my life I'll wear the black,

4 To ly till lords were ready.

3 'Here comes a page frae Edinbro town;

1 'Ye'll bid her saddle the grey, the grey,

3 O ill befa your wizzend snout!

2 'Ye need neer wish my body;

1 Out it speaks the lady hersell,

3 'Now since it all I must confess,

2 See ye be true and steady;

3 And if your sins they be but sma,

2 The baith great and mony:

1 'He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,

3 But day by day he saddles the grey,

4 And rides to Bignet's lady.'
The Text of

210A.1
1 Ye'll call for one, the best o clerks,
2 Ye'll call him soon and shortly,
3 As he may write what I indite,
4 A' this I've done for Geordie.'

210A.2
1 Down cam his auld mither,
2 greetin fu sair,
3 And down cam his bonny wife,
4 wringin her hair.

210B.3
1 Saddled and briddled
2 and boosted rade he;
3 Toom hame cam the saddle,
4 but never cam he.

210C.1
1 Hie upon Hielands,
2 and laugh upon Tay,
3 Bonnie George Campbell
4 rode out on a day.

210C.2
1 He saddled, he briddled,
2 and gallant rode he,
3 And hame cam his guid horse,
4 but never cam he.

210C.3
1 Out cam his mother dear,
2 greeting sae sair,
3 And out cam his bonnie bryde,
4 riving her hair.

210C.4
1 'The meadow lies green,
2 the corn is unshorn,
3 But bonnie George Campbell
4 will never return.'

210C.5
1 Saddled and briddled
2 and boosted rade he;
3 A plume in his hat set,
4 a sword at his knee.

210C.6
1 But toom cam his saddle,
2 all bloody to see,
3 Oh, hame cam his guid horse,
4 but never cam he!

210D.1
1 High upon Highlands,
2 and low upon Tay,
3 Bonnie George Campbell
4 rode out on a day.

210D.2
1 'My meadow lies green,
2 my corn is unshorn,
3 My barn is to build,
4 and my corn is unshorn,
5 The meadow lies green,
6 but never cam he.
7 And hame came horse, hame came sadle,
8 and gallant rode he;
9 Saddled and bridled
10 But never cam he.
11 And booted rode he,
12 and briddled
13 'Till I see how his hand can save his head.'
14 And sure I am that cannot be.
15 Old Grahame is into the stable gone,
16 Where stood thirty good steeds and three;
17 He's taken his own steed by the head,
18 And home rode he right wantonly.

211A.8
1 Old Grahame is into the stable gone,
2 Where stood thirty good steeds and three;
3 He's taken his own steed by the head,
4 And home rode he right wantonly.

211A.9
1 When he came home, there did he espy,
2 A loving sight to spy or see,
3 There did he espy his own three sons,
4 Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was he.

211A.10
1 There did he espy his own three sons,
2 Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was he:
3 'Where have you been all day, father,
4 That no counsel you would take by me?'

211A.11
1 'Nay, I have been in Carlisle town,
2 Where Sir Robert Bewick there met me;
3 He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,
4 And a baffled man by thou I be.

211A.12
1 'I'll cry in thy name, and call thee a lad,
2 And bully to his son cannot be;
3 For his son Bewick can both write and read,
4 And sure I am that cannot thee.

211A.13
1 'I'll put thee to school, but thou would not learn,
2 I bought thee books, but thou would not read;
3 But my blessing thou's never have
4 Till I see with Bewick thou can save thy head.'

211A.14
1 'Oh, pray forbear, my father dear;
2 That ever such a thing should be!
3 Shall I venture my body in field to fight
4 With a man that's faith and troth to me?'

211A.15
1 'What's that thou sayst, thou limmer loon?
2 Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
3 If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
4 Here is my glove thou shalt fight me.'

211A.16
1 Christy stoopd low unto the ground,
2 Unto the ground, as you'll understand:
3 'O father, put on your glove again,
4 The wind hath blown it from your hand.'

211A.17
1 'What's that thou sayst, thou limmer loon?
2 Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?
3 If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
4 Here is my hand thou shalt fight me.

211A.18
1 Christy Grahame is to his chamber gone,
2 And for to study, as well might be,
3 Whether to fight with his father dear,
4 Or with his bully Bewick he.

211A.19
1 'If it be [my] fortune my bully to kill,
2 As you shall boldly understand,
3 In every town that I ride through,
4 They'll say, There rides a brotherless man!

211A.20
1 'Nay, for to kill my bully dear,
2 I think it will be a deadly sin;
3 And for to kill my father dear,
4 The blessing of heaven I neer shall win.

211A.21
1 'O give me your blessing, father,' he said,
2 'And pray well for me to thrive;
3 If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
4 I swear I'll neer come home alive.'

211A.22
1 He put on his back a good plate-jack,
2 And on his head a cap of steel,
3 With sword and buckler by his side;
4 O gin he did not become them well!

211A.23
1 'O fare thee well, my father dear!
2 And fare thee well, thou Carlisle town!
3 If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
4 I swear I'll neer eat bread again.'

211A.24
1 Now well I'll leave talking of Christy Grahame,
2 And talk of him again believe;
3 But we will talk of bonny Bewick,
4 Where he was teaching his scholars five.
He's tyed his horse unto a tree.

His steel cap from his head flang he;

Sure as little shall there be on mine.'

I know that thou hast none on thine;

He flang his cloak from [off] his shoulders,

Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

And sworn-brethren will we be;

'Tis home again I'll never gae.'

As God's will's, man, it all must be;

Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

And of all that care, man, let us be!

Away, away, O bully Bewick,

With a man that's faith and troth to me?

That eer such a word should spoken be!

Come over this ditch and fight with me.'

But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art,

We'll take three men of either side

And of all that talk, man, let us be!

Away, away, O bully Grahame.

That so boldly this way does come;

To handle their swords without any doubt,

Now when he had learn't them well to fence,

To take their swords away from us, and

And walkd his father's close about.

To see what farleys he could see;

There he spy'd a man with armour on,

As he came riding over the lee.

I wonder much what man yon be

That so boldly this way does come; I

Think it is my highest friend,

I think it is my bully Grahame.

O welcome, O welcome, bully Grahame!

O man, thou art my dear, welcome!

O man, thou art my dear, welcome!

O I love thee best in Christendom.'

Away, away, O bully Bewick,

And of thy bullyship let me be!

The day is come I never thought on;

Bully, I'm come here to fight with thee.

O no! not so, O bully Grahame!

That e'er such a word should spoken be!

I was thy master, thou was my scholar:

So well as I have learn'd thee.'

My father he was in Carlisle town,

Had Christy Grahame been at my back,

But bury my bully Grahame on the sun-side,

Arise, arise, O son!' he said,

Now Grahame gave Bewick an ackward stroke,

Where he lap thirty good foot and three;

The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep;

Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,

Now they fell to it with two broad swords,

Now he had learnt them well to fence,

Now when he had learn't them well to fence,

To take their swords away from us, and
212C.3
1 'O ye may go down to yon ale-house,
2 And there do sit till the dawing;
3 And call for the wine that is very, very fine,
4 And I'll come and clear up your lawing.'

212C.4
1 So he's gane down to yon ale-house,
2 And he has sat till the dawing;
3 And he's call'd for the wine that's very, very fine,
4 But she ne'er cam to clear up his lawing.

212C.5
1 Lang or the dawing he oure the window looks,
2 To see if his true-love was coming;
3 And there he spied twelve weel armed boys,
4 Coming over the plainstanes running.

212C.6
1 'O landlad, landladly, what shall I do?
2 For my life it's not worth a farthing!
3 'O young man,' said she, 'Tak counsel by me,
4 And I'll be your undertaking.'

212C.7
1 'I will clothe you in my own body-clothes
2 And I'll dress you up in my ain body-clothes
3 'O I'm the Duke o Athole's nurse,
4 And I will be your undertaking.

212C.8
1 'I AM the Duke o Athole's nurse,
2 My part does well become me,
3 And I was at the young man busy baking.

212C.9
1 'I had nae stranger here last night
2 Or were they lang gone or the dawing?
3 'O had you any strangers here last night?
4 We are now come to clear up his lawing.'

212C.10
1 'O I had a stranger here late last night,
2 But he was lang gone or the dawing;
3 He ca'd for a pint o the very, very best,
4 And I'm sorry for to leave ye.'

212C.11
1 'O ye may go down to yon ale-house,
2 And stop till it be dawing;
3 If he was lang gone or the dawing:
4 We are now come to clear up his lawing.

212C.12
1 'O I am the Duke of Athole's nurse,
2 My bonnie lassie's sae delaying;
3 But anither woman has my heart,
4 And I spared na the sack, tho it was dear,

212D.3
1 'So loudly at the door they rapt,
2 So loudly are they calling,
3 'O had you a stranger here last night,
4 Or is he within your dwelling?'

212D.4
1 'O I had a stranger here last night,
2 But he was gone or dawing;
3 He ca'd for a pint, and he paid it or he went,
4 And I had nae mair to do wi his lawing.'

212D.5
1 He spar'd na the sack, tho it was dear,
2 The gude beer and the brandy,
3 The bells o the court were ringing.
4 'I had nae stranger here last night
2 Or were they lang gone or the dawing?
3 'O had you any strangers here late last night?
4 We are now come to clear up his lawing.'

212D.6
1 He spar'd na the sack, tho it was dear,
2 The wine nor the sugar-candy,
3 . . . .
4 And I will clothe you in my own body-clothes
2 And I'll dress you up in my ain body-clothes
3 'O I'm the Duke o Athole's nurse,
4 And I will be your undertaking.

212D.7
1 He's dune him to the shot-window,
2 To see an she was coming,
3 And he drank the bonnie lassy's health
4 That was coming to pay the lawin.

212D.8
1 He spared na the sack, tho it was dear,
2 The wine nor the sugar-candy,
3 'O I'm the Duke o Athole's nurse,
4 And the young man busy baking.

212D.9
1 He's gane to the landlady o the house,
2 Says, 'O can you supply me?
3 For ye'll soon get a sight o your Johnie;
4 'I had nae stranger here last night
2 Or were they lang gone or the dawing?
3 'O had you any strangers here late last night?
4 We are now come to clear up his lawing.'

212D.10
1 'O ye may go down to yon ale-house,
2 And stop till it be dawing;
3 If he was lang gone or the dawing:
4 We are now come to clear up his lawing.'

212D.11
1 'O I am the Duke of Athole's nurse,
2 And the place does well become me;
3 But I would gie a' my half-year's fee
4 Just for a sight o my Johnie.

212C.13
1 He's done him to a shott-window,
2 Across the plain coming running.
3 And there he spied ten armed men,
4 And I'll come and clear up your lawing.'

212C.14
1 If ye'll gae down to yon ale-house,
2 And stop till it be dawing,
3 And ca for a pint o the very, very best,
4 And I'll come and clear up your lawing.'

212D.12
1 'O I had nae stranger here last night
2 That drank till the day was dawing;
3 But anither woman has my heart,
4 Has sent nine men to slay me.'

212C.15
1 He leand him ower his saddle-bow
2 To see if his dear he did repair,
3 And ay he drank the bonnie lassy's health
4 That was coming to pay the lawin.

212C.16
1 'If ye'll gae down to yon tavern-house,
2 And drink till the day be dawing;
3 At ilka pint's end ye'll drink my health out
4 That's to clear your lawing fairly.'

212E.1
1 'I AM the Duke o Athole's nurse,
2 My part does well become me,
3 And I was at the young man busy baking.

212E.2
1 'Keep well, keep well your half-year's fee,
2 For ye'll soon get a sight of your Johnie;
3 But anither woman has my heart,
4 And I'm sorry for to leave ye.'

212E.3
1 'ye'll dowe ye doun to yon changehouse,
2 And ye'll drink till the day be dawin;
3 At ilka pint's end ye'll drink my health out,
4 And I'll come and pay for the lawin.'

212E.4
1 'O he ranted and he sang,
2 And drank till the day was dawin,
3 And ay he drank the bonnie lassy's health
4 That was coming to pay the lawin.

212E.5
1 He spared na the sack, tho it was dear,
2 The wine nor the sugar-candy,
3 . . . .
4 He spared na the sack, tho it was dear,
2 The wine nor the sugar-candy,
3 'O I'm the Duke o Athole's nurse,
4 And I will be your undertaking.

212E.6
1 He's dune him to the shot-window,
2 To see an she was coming,
3 And he drank the bonnie lassy's health
4 That was coming to pay the lawin.

212E.7
1 He's dune him to the ladlandly,
2 To see if his dear he did repair,
3 She's buskit him up into women's claiths
4 And set him till a baking.

212E.8
1 Sae loudly as they rappit at the yett,
2 Sae loudly as they callit,
3 'Had ye onie strangers here last nicht,
4 That drank till the day was dawin?'

212F.7
1 'Ye'll spare not the wine, altho it be fine,
2 Nae Malago, tho it be rarely,
3 But ye'll aye drink the bonnie lassie's health
4 That's to clear your lawing fairly.'

212F.8
1 Then he's done him down to yon tavern-house,
2 And drank till day was dawing,
3 And ay he drank the bonnie lassie's health
4 That was coming to clear his lawing.

212F.9
1 And aye as he bireld, and aye as he drank,
2 The gude beer and the brandy,
3 He spar'd na the wine, altho it was fine,
4 The sack nor the sugar candy.

212F.10
1 'It's a wonder to me,' the knight he did say,
2 'My bonnie lassie's sae delaying;
3 She promised, as sure as she loved me ane,
4 She would be here by the dawing.'

212F.11
1 He's done him to a shott-window,
2 A little before the dawing,
3 And there he spied his nine brothers bauld,
4 Were coming to betray him.

212F.12
1 'Where shall I rin? where shall I gang?
2 Or where shall I gang hide me?
3 She that was to meet me in friendship this day
4 Has sent nine men to slay me!'

212F.13
1 He's gane to the landlady o the house,
2 Says, 'O can you supply me?
3 For she that was to meet me in friendship this day
4 Has sent nine men to slay me.'

212F.14
1 She gae him a suit o her ain female claife
2 And set him to the baking;
3 The bird never sang mair sweet on the bush
4 Nor the knight sung at the baking.

212F.15
1 As they came in at the ha-door,
2 Sae loudly as they rappit
3 And when they came upon the floor,
4 Sae loudly as they chappit!

212F.16
1 'O had ye a stranger here last night,
2 Who drank till the day was dawing?
3 Come show us the chamber where he lyes in,
4 We'll shortly clear his lawing.'

212F.17
1 'I had nae stranger here last night
2 That drank till the day was dawing;
3 But anither woman has my heart,
4 And there's naething to clear o his lawing.'

212F.18
1 A lad among the rest, o being a merry mood,
2 To the young knight fell a-talking;
3 The wife took her foot and gae him a kick,
4 Says, Be busy, ye jilt, at your baking.

212F.19
1 They stubb'd the feather-beds round and round,
2 The curtains they spared nae riving,
3 They stabbed the house baith but and ben,
4 And there he spied twelve weel armd boys,

212F.20
1 'If ye'll come there and clear your lawing,
2 And I will clothe you in my own body-clothes
3 'O I'm the Duke o Athole's nurse,
4 And I will be your undertaking.'
213A.5
1 'O go ye down to yon ale-house,
2 And I'll pay there your lawing;
3 And, if I be a man true,
4 I'll meet you in the dawning.'

213A.6
1 'I'll not go down to yon ale-house,
2 For you to pay my lawing;
3 There's four shillings for one supper,
4 I'll stay in 't till the dawning.'

213A.7
1 He's turned him right and round about
2 And rowd him in his brechan,
3 And he has gone to take a sleep,
4 In the lowlands of Buleighen.

213A.8
1 He was not well gone out of sight,
2 Nor was he past Miplstrethen,
3 Till four and twenty beltied knights
4 Came riding o'er the Leathen.

213A.9
1 'O have you seen Sir James the Rose,
2 The young heir of Buleighen?
3 For he has kild a gallant squire,
4 And we're sent out to take him.'

213A.10
1 'I have seen Sir James,' she says,
2 'For he past here on Monday;
3 If the steed be swift that he rides on,
4 He's past the gates of London.'

213A.11
1 But as they were going away,
2 Then she calld out behind them;
3 'If you do seek Sir James,' she says,
4 'I'll tell you where you'll find him.'

213A.12
1 'You'll seek the bank above the mill,
2 In the lowlands of Buleighen,
3 And there you'll find Sir James the Rose,
4 Lying sleeping in his brechan.

213A.13
1 'You must not wake him out of sleep,
2 Nor yet must you affright him,
3 Till you run a dart quite thro his heart,
4 And thro the body Pierce him.'

213A.14
1 They sought the bank above the mill,
2 And there they found Sir James the Rose,
3 A sleeping in his brechan.
4 'I have your sister to my wife,
5 As ye ha done before, O;
6 'I'll be hame by hours nine,
7 And frae the braes of Yarrow.'

213A.15
1 'I am not going to hawke,' he says,
2 'As I have done before, O;
3 'O I'll be hame by hours nine,
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow.'

213A.16
1 'Than' four he kild and five did wound,
2 That was an unmeet marrow;
3 'And he had weel nigh wan the day
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow.'

213A.17
1 'Bot' a cowardly 'loon' came him behind,
2 'As ye ha done before, O?
3 Or are ye going to yield your brand,
4 Upon the braes of Yarrow.'

213A.18
1 'I winna try hearts,' he says,
2 'Or will ye try the weel arm't sword,
3 'Will ye try hearts, or will ye try hans,
4 I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'

213A.19
1 'I will not go down to yon ale-house,
2 And I'll pay there your lawing;
3 And if you stay here till I die,
4 You'll get my watch and diamond ring;
5 And take me to Loch Largon.'

213A.20
1 Now they have taken out his heart
2 And stuck it on a stoc,
3 Then took it to the House of Marr,
4 And gave it to his dear.

213A.21
1 But when she saw his bleeding heart
2 She was like one distracted;
3 She smote her breast, and wrung her hands,
4 Crying, 'What now have I acted!'
The Text of

214C.2
1 ‘Thou took our sister to be thy bride,
2 And thou neer thought her thy narrow;
3 Thou stealed her frae her daddie’s back,
4 When she was the rose of Yarrow.’

214C.3
1 ‘Yes, I took thy sister to be my bride,
2 And I made her my narrow;
3 I stealed her frae her daddie’s back,
4 And she’s still the rose of Yarrow.’

214C.4
1 He is hame to his lady gane,
2 As he had done before; O;
3 Says, Madam. I must go and fight
4 On the dowie downs o Yarrow.

214C.5
1 ‘Stay at hame, my lord,’ she said,
2 ‘For that will cause much sorrow;
3 For my brethren three they will slay thee,
4 On the dowie downs o Yarrow.’

214C.6
1 ‘Hold your tongue, my lady fair,
2 For what needs a’ this sorrow?
3 For I’ll be hame gin the clock strikes nine,
4 From the dowie downs o Yarrow.’

214C.7
1 She wush his face, she kamed his hair,
2 As she had done before; O;
3 She dressed him up in his armour clear,
4 And he wot it was bot sorrow:
5 ‘Twas like the gold for yellow;
6 ‘I dreamd a dream now since the streen,
7 I wed you on a better lord
8 On the dowy banks o Yarrow.’

214C.8
1 ‘Come you here to hawk or hound,
2 Or drink the wine that’s so clear, O;
3 Or come you here to eat in my words,
4 I am sleeping sound on Yarrow.’

214C.9
1 ‘I came not here to hawk or hound,
2 Nor to drink the wine that’s so clear, O;
3 Nor come you here to eat in my words,
4 For I’m still the rose of Yarrow.’

214C.10
1 Then they a’ begoud to fight,
2 I wad they richt sore, O;
3 Till a cowardly man came behind his back,
4 And pierced his body thorough.

214C.11
1 ‘Gae hame, gae hame, it’s my man John,
2 I maun gae, tho I neer return
3 That my lord and I was pu’ing the heather green
4 An, man for man, I’ll try ye.’

214C.12
1 His man John he has gane hame,
2 As he had done before, O;
3 And told it to his gay lady,
4 That I soundly sleep on Yarrow.’

214C.13
1 I dreamd a dream now since the streen,
2 God keep us a’ frae sorrow!
3 Five he wounded and five he slew,
4 ‘Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
5 ‘Oh stay at hame, my dear,’ said he,
6 ‘Stay at hame, my lord,’ she said,
7 ‘Oh stay at hame, my man John,
8 On the dowy deans o Yarrow.’

214C.14
1 Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gaoed,
2 As she had done before, O;
3 And aye between she fell in a soune,
4 ‘I have as fair a flower,’ he said,
5 I’ll wed you on a better lord
6 ‘Or ir ye come to wield the brand,
7 ‘I’m fow of grief and sorrow——
8 On the dowy banks o Yarrow.’

214C.15
1 I kend there wad be sorrow;
2 ‘A better lord was never born
3 ‘I dreamd a dream now since the streen,
4 ‘Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
5 ‘I dreamd a dream——
6 ‘I’m fow of grief and sorrow——
7 ‘I dreamd a dream——
8 ‘I dreamd a dream——

214D.1
1 THERE were three lords drinking of wine
2 On the bonny bras of Yarrow;
3 There fell a combat them between,
4 Wha was the rose of Yarrow.

214D.2
1 Up then spak a noble lord,
2 And I wot it was bot sorrow;
3 ‘I have as fair a flower,’ he said,
4 ‘As ever sprang on Yarrow.’

214D.3
1 Then he went hame to his ain house,
2 For to sleep or the morrow,
3 But the first sound the trumpet gae
4 Was, Mount and haste to Yarrow.

214D.4
1 ‘O stay at hame,’ his lady said,
2 ‘Oh stay till the morrow;
3 And I will mount upon a steed,
4 And ride with you to Yarrow.’

214D.5
1 ‘Oh hawd your tongue, my dear,’ said he,
2 ‘And talk not of the morrow;
3 This day I have to fight again,
4 In the dowy deans of Yarrow.’

214D.6
1 As he went up yon high, high hill,
2 Down the dowye deans of Yarrow,
3 There he spy’d ten weel armd men,
4 There was nane o them his marrow.

214D.7
1 Five he wounded and five he slew,
2 In the dowye deans of Yarrow,
3 But an English-man out of a bush
4 Shot him at a lang sharp arrow.

214D.8
1 ‘Ye may gang hame, my brethren three,
2 Ye may gang hame with sorrow,
3 And say this to my fair lady,
4 That you’re not the rose o Yarrow?’

214D.9
1 ‘Sister, sister, I dreamt a dream——
2 You read a dream to gude, O!
3 That I was pu’ing the heather green
4 On the bonny breaes of Yarrow.’

214D.10
1 ‘Sister, sister, I’ll read your dream,
2 But alas! it’s unto sorrow;
3 Your good lord is sleeping sound,
4 He is lying dead on Yarrow.’

214D.11
1 She as pu’d the ribbons of her head,
2 As she did ay afore, O;
3 She as ty’d it round his middle jimp,
4 She as carried him frae Yarrow.

214D.12
1 Her hair it was five quarters lang,
2 The colour of it was yellow;
3 She as ty’d it round his middle jimp,
4 And she as carried him frae Yarrow.

214D.13
1 ‘O hawd your tongue!’ her father says,
2 ‘What needs a’ this grief and sorrow?
3 I’ll wed you on as fair a flower
4 As ever sprang on Yarrow.’

214D.14
1 ‘No, hawd your tongue, my father dear,
2 I’m low of grief and sorrow;
3 For a fairer flowr ne’er sprang
4 Than I’ve lost this day on Yarrow.’

214D.15
1 This lady being big wi bairn,
2 And fow of grief and sorrow,
3 She as died within her father’s arms,
4 And she as died lang or the morrow.

214E.1
1 LATE at een, drinkin the wine,
2 Or early in the mornin,
3 The set a combat them between,
4 To fight it out in the dawm.

214E.2
1 ‘O stay at hame, my noble lord!
2 O stay at hame, my narrow;
3 My cruel brother will you betray,
4 On the dowye houms o Yarrow.’

214E.3
1 ‘O fare ye weel, my lady gae!
2 O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
3 For I maun gae, tho I neer return
4 Fae the dowye houms o Yarrow.’

214E.4
1 She kissed his cheek, she kaimd his hair,
2 As she had done before, O;
3 She belted on his noble brand,
4 An he’s awa to Yarrow.

214E.5
1 O he’s gane up yon high, high——
2 I wat he gaed wi sorrow——
3 An in a den spied nine armd men,
4 I the dowye houms o Yarrow.

214E.6
1 ‘O ir ye come to drink the wine,
2 As ye haed done before, O?
3 Or ir ye come to wield the brand,
4 On the bonny banks o Yarrow?’

214E.7
1 ‘I’m no come to drink the wine,
2 As I haed done before, O;
3 But I’m no come to wield the brand,
4 On the dowye houms o Yarrow.’

214E.8
1 Four he hurt, an five he slew,
2 On the dowye houms o Yarrow,
3 Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
4 ‘An ran his body thorrow.’

214E.9
1 ‘Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
2 An tell your sister Sarah
3 To come an lift her noble lord,
4 ‘Who’s sleeping sound on Yarrow.’

214E.10
1 ‘Ye may gang hame, my brethren three,
2 Ye may gang hame with sorrow,
3 And say this to my fair lady,
4 That you’re not the rose o Yarrow.’

214E.11
1 She gaed up yon high, high——
2 I wat she gaed wi sorrow——
3 An in a den spid nine dead men,
4 On the dowye houms o Yarrow.

214E.12
1 She kissed his cheek, she kaimd his hair,
2 As off she did before, O;
3 She drank the red blood frae him ran,
4 On the dowye houms o Yarrow.

214E.13
1 ‘O hawd your tongue, my doughter dear,
2 For what needs a’ this sorrow?
3 I’ll wed you on a better lord
4 Than him you lost on Yarrow.’

214E.14
1 ‘O hawd your tongue, my father dear,
2 An dinna grieve your Sarah;
3 A better lord was never born
4 Than him I lost on Yarrow.

214E.15
1 ‘Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
2 For they hae bred our sorrow;
3 I wiss that they had a’ gane mad
4 Whan they cam first to Yarrow.’

214F.1
1 LATE in the eenin, drinkin the wine
2 Or early in the mornin,
3 The set a combat them between,
4 To fight it out in the dawnin.

214F.2
1 She’s kisied his lips, an she’s caimd his hair,
2 As shee did ay afore, O;
3 She’s belted him in his noble brown,
4 ‘Afore he gaed to Yarrow.

214F.3
1 Then he’s away oer yon high——
2 A wait he’s gane wi sorrow——
3 An in a den he spied nine armd men,
4 On the dowye houms o Yarrow.

214F.4
1 ‘If I see ye a’, ye’r nine for ane,
2 But ane’s [un>equal marrow
3 Yet as lang ‘s I’m able wield my brand,
4 I’ll fight an bear ye marrow.

214F.5
1 ‘There are twa swords into my sheath,
2 ‘The’re an equal narrow,
3 Now wale the best, I’ll take the warst,
4 An, man for man, I’ll try ye.’
4 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.
1 O she kissed his mouth, and she combd his hair,
2 I wat it was with sorrow——
4 He's sleeping sound in Yarrow.'

1 'Rise up, rise up, my daughter Ann,
2 Which bred to him great sorrow;
1 O he has killed them a' but one,
4 I'll fight and be your marrow.'

3 As lang 's I'm able to wield my bran,
1 'I see that you are nine for one,
5 ' ' ' ' '
4 On the bonny banks of Yarrow.
3 She drank the red bluid that frae him ran,
4 An he's red bluid to the garten.'

1 'Tak hame your ousen, father, and yer kye,
2 Amang this stuborn nation.
1 Then she's away oer yon high hill——
5 ' ' ' ' '
4 That gard him sleep on Yarrow.
3 But now he's a' clad oer wi red,
4 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.
1 'O hold yer tongue, my daughter dear,
2 I wot she gaed right sorrow,
1 As she gaed up yon high, high hill,
4 Before they came to Yarrow.'

2 I thought it wad be sorrow;
1 She kissd his lips, an combed his hair,
2 'An lat be till tomorrow!
3 Ye're bidden gae take up your luve,
1 'I have two swords by my side,
2 They cost me both gold and money;
3 I dreamd a dream now sin yestreen,
4 Than the one you've lost in Yarrow.'

5 ' ' ' ' '
3 She's kissed his lips, she's cairned his hair,
2 As she had done before, O,
1 'Gae hame, gae hame, my brother John,
4 'An lat be a' your sorrow!
2 'An tell your sister sorrow;
1 'O had your tongue, father,' she says,
3 'Or came ye here to wiel your brand,
4 And in a den she 'spoy'd ten slain men,
4 And he fought it in the morning.
1 'I dreamd a dream last night,' she says,
2 These words to me 's great sorrow;
2 These words to me 's great sorrow;
2 'For that will breed but sorrow;'
The Text of

214L.5
1 She’s ta’en farewell of him that day,
2 As she had done before, O,
3 She’s com’d back to her bonny bower,
4 But her love’s away to Yarrow.

214L.6
1 He wander’d up, he wander’d down,
2 His heart was full of sorrow;
3 There he spied nine gentlemen,
4 Watering their steeds in Yarrow.

214L.7
1 ‘O come away, young man,’ they said,
2 ‘I fear it is for sorrow;
3 She’s tied it to her horse’s mane,
4 In a heather-bush in Yarrow.’

214L.8
1 ‘Nine against one, weel do ye ken,
2 That’s no an equal bower;
3 Yet for my love’s sake I’ll venture my life,
4 In the dowie glens of Yarrow.’

214L.9
1 Five was wounded, and four was slain,
2 Amongst them a’ he had no marrow;
3 He’s mounted on his horse again,
4 Cries, I have won the bonny lass o’ Thorro!’

214L.10
1 Up then spake her father dear——
2 And he’s bred all her sorrow——
3 And wi a broad sword ran him through,
4 In the dowie glens of Yarrow.

214L.11
1 ‘I have dreamt a dream, father,
2 I doubt I have dreamt for sorrow;
3 I dreamt I was pouing the heather green
4 Wi my true love in Yarrow.’

214L.12
1 ‘O I will read your dream, daughter,
2 Although it be for your sorrow;
3 Go, and ye’ll find your love lying sound
4 In a heather-bush in Yarrow.’

214L.13
1 She’s call’d on her maidens then——
2 Her heart was full of sorrow——
3 And she’s away wi her maidens twa,
4 To the dowie dens o Yarrow.

214L.14
1 She wandered up, she wandered down,
2 In the dowie glens of Yarrow,
3 And there she spied her lobe lying sound,
4 In a heather-bush in Yarrow.

214L.15
1 She’s wash’d in the clear well-stand,
2 She’s dry’d him wi the holland,
3 And aye she sigh’d, and said, Alass!
4 For my love I had him chosen.

214L.16
1 His hair it was three quarters long,
2 Three quarters long and yellow;
3 And she’s rapt it round her middle small,
4 And brought it home to Thorro.

214L.17
1 ‘O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
2 And talk no more of sorrow;
3 I’ll soon wed you on a better match
4 Than your servant-lad in Galla.’

214L.18
1 ‘O you may wed a’ your seven sons,
2 I wish you may wed them in sorrow;
3 You may wed a’ your seven sons,
4 For the bonny lass o Thorro.’

214L.19
1 This lady being big wi child,
2 And her heart was full wi sorrow,
3 She die’t between her father’s arms,
4 In the bonny house of Thorro.

214L.20
1 THERE lived a lady in the south,
2 She thought she had not her marrow;
3 She was courted by nine gentlemen,
4 In the dowie dens in Yarrow.

214L.21
1 All their offers they proved in vain,
2 She thought that they were not her marrow;
3 She has forsaken a’ the nine,
4 Loved a servant-lad on Galla.

214L.22
1 up bespoke her father dear,
2 Who bred them a’ this sorrow;
3 You must go far, far to fight the nine,
4 In the dowie den in Yarrow.’

214L.23
1 She wash’d his face, she com’d his hair,
2 Her heart being full o sorrow,
3 With a rusted rapier down by his side,
4 To fight his foes in Yarrow.

214L.24
1 He’s ridden east, he’s ridden west,
2 He’s ridden into Yarrow,
3 And there he espied all the nine,
4 Watering their steeds in Yarrow.

214L.25
1 ‘Ye’re welcome, welcome, young man,’ they said,
2 ‘But I think ye are not our marrow;
3 ‘But I’ll fight ye all out, one by one,
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.’

214L.26
1 Four he has wounded, five he has slain,
2 He left then a’ sound in Yarrow;
3 He turned him round with rejo'ful looks,
4 Says, I won the lady of Thorro.

214L.27
1 Up then spoke her father dear,
2 Who bred them a’ this sorrow;
3 He’s ta’en out a broadsword and run him through,
4 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.

214L.28
1 ‘I dreamt a dream last night,’ she says,
2 ‘I fear it is for sorrow;
3 I dreamt I was pouing the heather green
4 With my true love in Yarrow.’

214L.29
1 ‘I’ll read your dream now, daughter dear,
2 ‘I fear it is for sorrow;
3 I dreamt I was pouing the heather green
4 With my true love in Yarrow.’

214L.30
1 ‘I dreamd I was pouing the heather green
2 And he’s bred all her sorrow——
3 He’s mounted on his horse again,
4 In the dowie glens o Yarrow.’

214L.31
1 ‘Up then spoke her father dear,
2 And he’s bred all her sorrow——
3 And wi a broad sword ran him through,
4 In the dowie glens of Yarrow.

214L.32
1 ‘O woe be to young women’s wit!
2 For the’ve bred to me meikle sorrow;
3 ‘But I’ll fight ye all out, one by one,
4 Watering their steeds in Yarrow.

214L.33
1 ‘O I meant to make my bed fu wide,
2 But you may make it narrow;
3 For now I’ve nane to be my guide
4 But a deid man drown’d in Yarrow.’

214L.34
1 An aye she screeched, and cried Alas!
2 Till her heart did break wi sorrow,
3 An aye she sighed, and said, Alas!
4 For my love I had him chosen.

214L.35
1 ‘Go hold your tongue,’ her father said,
2 ‘There’s little cause for sorrow;
3 ‘Ye may go seek your lover hame,
4 Or heard the roar o Yarrow.

214L.36
1 ‘Hand your ain tongue, my father dear,
2 I cannot help my sorrow;
3 A fairer flower neer sprang in May
4 Than ye ha’e lost in Yarrow.’

214L.37
1 Then she rode oer yon gloomy height,
2 An set him on her milk-white steed,
3 Ye may tell my true love, if ye please,
4 An bore him home from Yarrow.

214L.38
1 ‘Ye may tell my true love, if ye please,
2 An she’s sent nine men to slay me.
3 She promis’d for to meet me here,
4 On the scroggy braes o Yarrow.

214L.39
1 Her brother said, I’ll read your dream,
2 But it should cause nae sorrow;
3 Ye may go seek your lover hame,
4 For he’s sleepin sound in Yarrow.

214L.40
1 ‘O Ay he sat, and ay he drank,
2 But there was no much marrow;
3 ‘Ye may go seek your lover hame,
4 Mang the dowie dens o Yarrow.’

214L.41
1 ‘I meant to make my bed fu wide,
2 But you may make it narrow;
3 For now I’ve nane to be my guide
4 But a deid man drown’d in Yarrow.’

214L.42
1 ‘I meant to make my bed fu wide,
2 But you may make it narrow;
3 For now I’ve nane to be my guide
4 But a deid man drown’d in Yarrow.’

214L.43
1 ‘O AY he sat, and ay he drank,
2 An aye he counted the laying,
3 An aye he drank to the lass’s health,
4 Was to meet him in the dawnings.

214L.44
1 ‘Oh woe be to young women’s wit!’
2 ‘For the’ve bred me sickle sorrow;
3 She promis’d for to meet me here,
4 An she’s sent nine men to slay me.
214M.1
1 But there is two swords in my scabbard,
2 They cost me gold and money;
3 Take ye the best, and I'll take the worst,
4 And ane come man for man, I'll not fly yon'a.'

214M.5
1 Ay he stood, an ay he fought,
2 Till it was near the dawning,
3 Then up an rose her brother James,
4 An has slain him in the dawning.

214M.6
1 'O the last night I dreamed a dream,
2 God keep us a' frae sorrow!
3 I dreamed I was powing the heather green
4 In the dowie banks of Yarrow.'

214M.7
1 Up she goes on yon high, high hill,
2 An a wat she gaes with sorrow,
3 An in a den she spied nine slain men,
4 In the dowie banks of Yarrow.

214M.8
1 'O the last time I saw my love
2 He was a' clad o'er in tartan;
3 But an English lord lap from a bush,
4 An he's a' blood to the garning.

214M.9
1 She kist his mouth, an she's combed his hair,
2 As she had done before, O,
3 She drank the blood that from him ran,
4 In the dowie banks of Yarrow.

214M.10
1 'O hold your tongue now daughter,' he says,
2 'An breed to me no more sorrow;
3 For I'll wey you on a better match
4 Than you have lost on Yarrow.'

214M.11
1 'Hold your tongue now, father,' she says,
2 'An breed to me no more sorrow;
3 For a better rose will never spring
4 Than I have lost on Yarrow.'

214M.12
1 THE cock did craw, and the day did daw,
2 And the moon shone fair and clearly;
3 Sir James gade out o his castle-yett,
4 To meet fair Anne, his dearie.

214M.13
1 'O come down, come down, my true-love Anne,
2 And speak but ae word to me!
3 But a' kiss o your bonny mouth
4 Wad yield much comfort to me.'

214M.14
1 'O how can I come down?' she says,
2 'Or how can I win to thee?
3 You pu'd the birk wi your true luve,
4 Wi my true love on Yarrow.'

214M.15
1 'I'll read your dream, my sister dear,
2 'Tell me how he fareth!
3 You pu'd the birk wi your true luve,
4 He's kild, he's kild on Yarrow!'

214M.16
1 'O gentle wind, that blaweth south
2 Sat drinking wine in Yarrow;
3 She was courted by nine gentlemen
4 Among the banks of Yarrow.'

214M.17
1 'But gang doun, gang doun, to yon hostess' house,
2 And there take on yere lawing,
3 An, as I, as a woman kind and true,
4 I'll meet you at the dawning.'

214M.18
1 Then he gade thro the good green-wood,
2 And o'er the moor sae eerie,
3 And lang he stayd, and sair he sighd,
4 But he never mair saw his dearie.

214M.19
1 And ay he sat, and lang he drank,
2 And ay he counted his lawing,
3 Till fifteen men did him surround,
4 To slay him or the dawning.

214M.20
1 'O she promiss ane to meet me this night,
2 But I find she deceived me;
3 She promiss ane to meet me this night,
4 And she's sent fifteen to slay me!

214M.21
1 'There are twa swords in my scabbard,
2 They cost me gowd and money;
3 Take ye the best, and gie me the worst,
4 And man for man I'll try ye.'

214M.22
1 Then they fought on, and on they fought,
2 Till maist o them were fallen,
3 When her brother John cam him behind,
4 And slew him at the dawning.
215A.4  She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

215B.1  She sought him east, she sought him west,
        She sought him braid and narrow,
        Till in the clintin of a craig
        She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

215B.2  She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair,
        That hung down lang and yellow.
        And she tied it about sweet Willie's waist,
        As she had done before.

215B.3  O sister dear, I've dreamed a dream,
        I'm afraid it's unco sorrow;
        I dreamed I was pu'in the heather green,
        'Tis the colour it was yallow;

215B.4  An I getna Willie the writer.

215C.1  'WILLIE'S fair, an Willie's rare,
        An Willie's wondrous bonny;
        An Willie's promised to marry me,
        If eer he marry ony.'

215C.2  O sister dear, I'll read your dream,
        I'm afraid it will be sorrow;
        Ye'll get a letter ere it's een
        Your lover's drowned in Yarrow.'

215C.3  'O sister dear, I'll read your dream,
        I'm afraid it will be sorrow;
        Ye'll get a letter ere it's een
        Your lover's drowned in Yarrow.'

215C.4  She socht him up, she socht him doun,
        In muckle dule an sorrow;
        She tied it to his middle sma,
        In the dowie dens o Yarrow.

215C.5  Her hair it was three quarters lang,
        Its colour it was yallow;
        She tied it to his middle sma,
        In the dowie dens o Yarrow.

215C.6  'My bed it was made widestream,
        The night it shall be narrow;
        There's neer a man lie by my side
        Since Willie's drowned in Yarrow.'

215D.1  'WILLIE'S fair, and Willie's rare,
        An he is wondrous bonny;
        An Willie has promis to marry me,
        Gin ever he marry ony.'

215D.2  'Ye's get Jammie, or ye's [get] Johnnie;
        Ye's get the wale o a' my sons,
        An Willie has promist to marry me,
        What would ye do wi Willie?'

215D.3  'I winna hae ony o a' your sons,
        I winna hae bonny Peter;
        An Willie has promist to marry me,
        An Willie's wondrous bonny,
        Ye's get the flower o a' my sons,
        And willie says he'll marry me,
        What woud ye do wi Willie?'

215D.4  'O Willie is a bonny hand,
        And dear but it is bonny!'

215D.5  'You Jeffrey's but bare fifteen,
        And ye are scarcely twenty;
        There's nane wi him that can compare,
        What woud ye do wi Willie?'

215D.6  'Willy's fair, and Willie's rare,
        And Willie's wondrous bonny;
        There's nane wi him that can compare,
        Willie is fair and Willie is rare,
        And Willie is wondrous bonny,
        And willie says he'll marry me,
        But what care I for James or George,
        What woud ye do wi Willie?'

215D.7  'Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',
        I forgot something behind me;
        I forgot my mother's blessing,
        To gae to the bride-steel wi me.'

215D.8  'Your Peggy she's but bare fifteen,
        And ye are scarcely twenty;
        The water o Gamery is wide and braid;
        My heavy curse gang wi thee!'

215D.9  'Your Peggy she's but bare fifteen,
        And ye are scarcely twenty;
        The water o Gamery is wide and braid;
        And Willie's horse rade toomly.'

215E.10 Then they rode on, and further on,
         Till they came to the water o Gamrie;
         The wind was loud, the stream was proud,
         And wi the stream gaed Willie.

215E.11 Then they rode on, and further on,
        Till they came to the kirk o Gamrie;
        And every one on high horse sat,
        But Willie's horse rade toomly.

215E.12 When they were settled at that place,
        The people fell a mourning,
        And a council held amo them a',
        But sair, sair wept Kimmudy.
215E.13 1 Though your blessing goes na wi me.
2 I canna stay, nor I winna stay,
3 And on that steed I winna ride
4 To ride the water o Gamerie.'

215E.14 1 And let your bride tak Johnie!
2 That promised me fair wedding?
3 This day he vowed to meet me here,
4 But O he's lang o coming!

215E.15 1 'I canna stay, nor I winna stay,
2 For my blessing goes not wi thee.'
3 She's taen him in her arms twa
4 She found her ain sweet Willie.

215E.16 1 She's sought him up, she sought it down,
2 Till she was wet and weary;
3 And in the middle part o it,
4 There she got her deary.

215E.17 1 She's sought him up, she sought him down,
2 Until that she's gotten his body,
3 And she's said it on the green, green grass,
4 And flung her mantle oer him.

215F.1 1 'O STAY at hame, my ain son Willie,
2 To hae you on to Gamerie;
3 To bound [to] the bride-stool with me:
4 Sall be well made to thee.'

215F.2 1 And I'm sure, my dear, she'll welcome you
2 When ye met in wi bonny Maggie,
3 And I'm sure, my dear, she'll welcome you
4 When ye met in wi bonny Maggie.

215F.3 1 She's sought him up, sae did she doun,
2 Thro' the water o Gamerie.
3 In the deepest well in a' the burn,
4 To ride the water o Gamerie.

215F.4 1 Open your gates to me,
2 An whan he came to his love's gates,
3 And he rade in, and farther in,
4 Wad hae fleyt ten thousand men.

215F.5 1 They were saddled a', they were briddled a',
2 To hae me on to Gamerie;
3 And I'm sure, my dear, she'll welcome you
4 When ye met in wi bonny Maggie.

215F.6 1 He was red, he was white, he was my delight,
2 And Willie was wondrous bonny,
3 But now since Willie has dy'd for me,
4 Gin ere he married ony.

215F.7 1 He hadna my son there men enew
2 He's lighted at yon bonny kirk-style,
3 It's they have ridden up, and they have ridden
4 To ride the water o Gamerie.'

215F.8 1 I carena for your hens, mither,
2 This ae bare night wi me;
3 This ae night wi me;
4 This night, gin I can win.

215F.9 1 She's sought him up, she sought him down,
2 Till she was wet and weary;
3 And she's doun, sae did she doun;
4 Lyes in the water o Genrie.

215F.10 1 She's torn the ribbons frae her hair,
2 That were baith thick and many;
3 She's torn them a', lettin them fa',
4 And the wind sang his funeral knell.

215F.11 1 'O Willie was red, but O now he's white!
2 And Willie was wondrous bonny,
3 And she's doun, sae did she doun;
4 Gin ere he married ony.

215G.1 1 'O STAY at hame, my ain son Willie,
2 And let your bride tak Johnie!
3 O STAY at hame, my ain son Willie!
4 For my blessing gaes na wi me.

215G.2 1 I canna stay, nor I winna stay,
2 Nor will I come till I have seen
3 Hadna my son there men enew
4 Gin ere he married ony.

215G.3 1 'I have a steed in my stable
2 I carena for your hens, mither,
3 And on that steed I winna ride
4 To ride the water o Gamerie.'

215G.4 1 My son,' says she, 'is either hurt or slain,
2 As dung as woman could be;
3 My son,' says she, 'is either hurt or slain,
4 But Gamery it is wide and deep,

215G.5 1 'O much is the pity! O much is the pity!
2 Cried that joyful company;
3 'O much is the pity! O much is the pity!
4 And the wind sang his funeral knell.

215G.6 1 'I carena for your hens, mither,
2 That promised me fair wedding?
3 This day he vowed to meet me here,
4 But O he's lang o coming!'
216A.10
5 For my beets are fu o Clyde’s water,
6 And the rain rains o’er my chin.”

216A.11
1 ‘I hae nae lovers therout,’ she says,
2 ‘I hae nae love within;
3 My true-love is in my arms twa,
4 An nane will I lat in.”

216A.12
1 ‘Open your gates, Maggie, this ae night,
2 Open your gates to me;
3 For Clyde’s water is fu o flood,
4 My mither’s malison ’ll drown me.

216A.13
1 ‘Ane o my chamers is fu o corn,’ she says,
2 ‘An ane is fu o hay;
3 Anither is fu o Gentlemen,
4 An they winna move till day.’

216A.14
1 Out waked her May Meggie,
2 Out o her drousy dream;
3 ‘I dreamed a dream sin the yestreen,
4 God read a’ dreams to guid!’

216A.15
1 ‘Now lay ye still, my ae dochter,
2 An keep my back frae the call,
3 For it’s na the space of hafe an hour
4 Sen he gaf fra yer hall.’

216A.16
1 ‘An hey, Willie, an hoa, Willie,
2 Winne ye turn agen?’
3 But ay the louder that she crayed
4 He rode agenst the wind.

216A.17
1 He rod up yon high hill,
2 An doun yon dowie den;
3 The roaring that was in Clid’e’s water
4 Bat neuer mare was seen.

216A.18
1 He road in, an farther in,
2 Till he came to the chine;
3 An he road in, an farther in,
4 But neuer mare was seen.

216A.19
1 Thar was na mare seen of that guid lord
2 Bat his hat frae his head;
3 Thar was na mare seen of that guid lord
4 An he’s gane round and round about,
5 5 . . . .

216A.20
1 Thar waders went up o doun
2 Eadying Claid’s water
3 Hav don us wrang

216A.21
1 ‘GIE corn to my horse, mither,
2 Gie meat unto my man,
3 For I maun gang to Margaret’s bower
4 Before the nicht comes on.’

216B.2
1 ‘O stay at hame now, my son Willie,
2 The wind blaws cauld and sour;
3 The nicht will be bath mirk and late
4 Before ye reach her bower.’

216B.3
1 ‘O the nicht were ever sae dark,
2 Or the wind blaw never sae cauld,
3 I will be In my Margaret’s bower
4 Before twa hours be told.’

216B.4
1 ‘O gin ye gang to May Margaret,
2 Without the leave of me,
3 Clyde’s water’s wide and deep enough,
4 My malison drown thee!’

216B.5
1 He mounted on his coal-black steed,
2 And fast he rade awa.
3 But ere he came to Clyde’s water
4 Fu loud the wind did blaw.

216B.6
1 As he rode oer yon hich, hich hill,
2 And down yon dowie den,
3 There was a roar in Clyde’s water
4 Wad feard a hunder men.

The Text of
217A.11
1 'I am a lord of castles and towers,
2 With fifty ploughs of land and three,
3 And I have gotten the bonniest lass
4 That is in this country.'

217C.1
1 IT was on a day whan a lovely may
2 Was cawing out her father's kye,
3 And she spied a troop o' gentlemen,
4 As they war passing bye.

217C.2
1 'O show me the way, my pretty maid,
2 O show me the way,' said he;
3 'My steed has just now rode wrong,
4 And the way I canna see.'

217C.3
1 'O haud you on the same way,' she said,
2 'O haud ye on't again,
3 For, if ye haud on the king's hieway,
4 Rank rievers will do ye na harm.'

217C.4
1 He took her by the milk-white hand,
2 And by the gers-green sleeve,
3 And he has taiglet wi the fair may,
4 And snooded up the may's hair.

217C.5
1 Whan ance he got her guudwill,
2 Of her he craved na mair,
3 But he pou'd out a ribbon frae his pouch,
4 And snooded up the may's hair.

217C.6
1 He put his hand into his pouch,
2 And gave her guineas three:
3 'If I come na back in twenty weeks,
4 Ye need na look mair for me.'

217C.7
1 But whan the may did gang hame,
2 Her father did her blame;
3 'Where hae ye been, now, dame?' he said
4 'For ye've na been your lane.'

217C.8
1 'The night is misty and mirk, father,
2 Ye may come to the door and see;
3 The night is misty and mirk, father,
4 And there's na body wi me.'

217C.9
1 'But there cam o tood to your flock, father,
2 The like o him I never saw;
3 Or he had tane the lambie that he had,
4 I wad rather he had tane them aw.'

217C.10
1 'But he seemed to be a gentleman,
2 Or a man of some pious degree;
3 For whenever he spak, he lifted up his hat,
4 And he had [a] bonnie twinkling ee.'

217C.11
1 Whan twenty weeks were come and gane,
2 Twenty weeks and three,
3 The lassie began to grow thick in the waist,
4 And thocht lang for his twinklin ee.

217C.12
1 It fell upon a day whan bonnie may
2 Was cawing out the kye,
3 She spied the same troop o' gentlemen,
4 As they war passing bye.

217C.13
1 'O well may you save, my pretty may,
2 Weill may you save and see!
3 Weill may ye save, my lovely may!
4 Go ye wi child to me?'

217C.14
1 But the may she turnd her back to him,
2 She begoud to think meikle shame;
3 'Na, na, na, na, kind sir,' said she,
4 'I've a guudman o my ain.'

217C.15
1 'Sae loud as I hear ye lie, fair may,
2 Sae loud as I hear ye lie!
3 Dinya ye mind o you misty nhict
4 Whan I was in the bucht wi thee?'

217C.16
1 He lichted aff his hie, hie horse,
2 And he set the bonnie may on;
3 'Now caw out your kye, gud father,
4 Ye maun caw them out your lone.'
The Text of

217C.17
1 'For lang will ye caw them out,
2 And weary will ye be,
3 Or ye get your dochter again
4 And to lang for the twinkling ee.'

217D.13
1 'But when twenty weeks were come and gane,
2 Aye, twenty weeks and three,
3 This lassie begun to spit and to spew,
4 And to lang for the twinkling ee.'

217E.14
1 'It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,
2 She was ca’ ing out her father’s kye,
3 And by came a troop of gentlemen,
4 And they rode by and by.

217E.15
1 'O wha got the bairn wi thee, bonnie may?
2 O wha got the bairn wi thee?
3 . . .
4 . . .

217E.16
1 She turned herself right round about,
2 She began to blush and think shame,
3 And never a word this bonnie lassie spok
4 But ‘I have a good-man at hame.’

217E.17
1 'Thou lie, thou lie, my bonnie may,
2 Sae loud I hear thee lie!
3 Do ye mind o the weety and windy night
4 When I was in the ewe-bught wi thee?’

217E.18
1 'Light off, light off, the gentles of my men,
2 And set her on behind,
3 And ca’ out your kye, good father, yourself,
4 For she’ll never ca them out again.’

217E.19
1 He was the laird o twenty plough o land,
2 Aye, twenty plough and three,
3 An he’s tane her o the bonniest lass
4 Was in a’ the south countrie.

217F.1
1 BONNY MAY has to the ewe-bughts gane,
2 To milk her father’s ewes;
3 An aye as she milked her bonny voice rang
4 Far out among the knowes.

217F.2
1 'Milk on, milk on, my bonny may,
2 Milk on, milk on,’ said he;
3 'Milk on, milk on,' said he;
4 Far out amang the knowes.

217F.3
1 'Ride on, ride on, stout rider,
2 'Yere steeds’ buth stout and strang;
3 For out o the ewe-bught I daurna come,
4 For fear ye do me wrang.’

217F.4
1 But he’s tane her by the milk-white hand,
2 An by the green gown-sleeve,
3 An he’s laid her low on the dewy grass,
4 An at nane aerie spiered he leave.

217F.5
1 Then he’s mounted on his milk-white steed,
2 And set her on behind,
3 And ‘I have a good-man at hame.’
4 Was, Daughter, ye’ve tarried lang.

217F.6
1 'I’ve ridden east, an I’ve ridden west,
2 An I’ve ridden amang the knowes,
3 But the bonniest e'er I saw
4 Was milkin her daddie’s yowes.

217F.7
1 She’s tane the milk-pail on her heid,
2 An she’s gane langin hame,
3 An a her father said to her
4 Was, Daughter, ye’ve tarried lang.

217F.8
1 'Oh, wae be to your shepherds! father,
2 For they take nae care o the sheep;
3 Fro they begit the eewe-bught frae frae hame,
4 An they’ve trysted a man to me.

217F.9
1 'There came a toot unto the bucht,
2 An a waefu tod was he,
3 An, or ever he had tane that ae ewe-lamb,
4 I had rather he had tane ither three.’

217F.10
1 But it fell on a day, an a bonny summer day,
2 She was ca’ in out her father’s kye,
3 An bye came a troop o gentlemen,
4 Cam ridin siflwy bye.
1 O master, ye've tarry'd lang!
2 O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
3 'Now take ye that, my bonnie may,
2 And streak'd her yellow hair:
1 O he's taen out a purse o gowd,
4 And speerd at her sma leave.
3 He's lifted her over the fauld-dyke,
1 He's taen her by the middle jimp,
3 But I'm ane o the men about his house,
1 'But I am not the laird o the Oakland hills,
4 An ye may weel seem for to be.'
4 They winna bucht in for me.
3 The ewes hae taen a skipping out-oure the
2 Ye may gang to the door and see;
1 'This is a mark and a misty nicht,
4 'It's whare hae ye been sae lang?'
3 Up bespak her auld father,
1 Till up she raise, took up her milk-pails,
3 And at the end o yon ew-buchts
2 Till they cam to the brume,
1 He has trysted the pretty maid
3 Though your steed has neither corn nor hay,
2 What pity wad ye hae frae me?
1 'What pity wad ye hae, kind sir?
3 Have ye na pity on my puir steed,
1 'Have ye na pity on me, pretty maid?
4 And ride aft in his company.
3 But I am as brave a knicht,
2 Nor nane o his degree;
4 The glen-waters and the raging sea.'
217L.15
1 Or eer six months were past and gane,
2 Six months but other three,
3 This lassie begg'd for to fret and frown,
4 And lang for his blinking ee.

217L.16
1 It fell upon another day,
2 When ca'ing out her father's kye,
3 That by came the troop o gentlemen,
4 Sae merrily riding by.

217L.17
1 Then ane of them stopt, and said to her,
2 'Wha's aught that bairn ye're wi?'
3 The lassie began for to blush, and think,
4 To a father as good as ye.

217L.18
1 She turned her right and round about
2 And there she had the shame;
3 Then a' to him that she did say,
4 'I've a father to my bairn at hame.'

217L.19
1 Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-fare'd may,
2 Sae loud's I hear ye lie!
3 For dinna ye mind yon misty night
4 I was in the bught wi thee?

217L.20
1 I gave you a silver comb
2 To comb your yellow hair;
3 I bade you keep it for my sake,
4 For fear ye'd never get mair.

217L.21
1 I put my hand in my pocket,
2 I gae you guineas three;
3 I bade you keep them for my sake,
4 And pay the nourice's fee.'

217L.22
1 He's lappen aff his berry-brown steed
2 And put that fair maid on;
3 'Ca hame your kye, auld father,' he says,
4 'She shall never mair return.

217L.23
1 'I am the laird o the Rock-rock lays,
2 Hae thirty ploughs and three,
3 And this day will wed the fairest maid
4 That ever my eyes did see.'

217L.24
1 'O I'm not the earl o the Rock-rivers,
2 Nor ever thinks to be;
3 But keep frae the streams o the Rock-river,
4 That ever I saw in my day.

217L.25
1 'Ye winna want boys for meat, kind sir,
2 And ye winna want men for fee;
3 It sets not us that are young women
4 To show young men the way.'

217L.26
1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-fare'd maid,
2 Sae loud as I hear you lie!
3 For dinna ye mind yon misty night
4 I was in the bught wi thee?

217L.27
1 I gave you a silver comb
2 To comb your yellow hair;
3 I bade you keep it for my sake,
4 And pay the nourice's fee.'

217L.28
1 'I know you well by your lamar beads,
2 And by your gay gowd ring,
3 He lifted her up by the middle sae sma,
4 Says, Fair maid, take that, keep it for my sake.

217L.29
1 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
2 O the broom o the Cowdenknowes!
3 And this day will wed the fairest maid
4 That by came the troop o gentlemen,

217L.30
1 'I am the Earl o the Rock-rivers,
2 And set the lassie on;
3 'I am the Earl o the Rock-rivers,
4 To show young men the way.'

217L.31
1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-fare'd maid,
2 Sae loud as I hear you lie!
3 For dinna ye mind yon misty night
4 I was in the bught wi thee?

217L.32
1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-fare'd maid,
2 Sae loud as I hear you lie!
3 For dinna ye mind yon misty night
4 I was in the bught wi thee?

217L.33
1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-fare'd maid,
2 Sae loud as I hear you lie!
3 For dinna ye mind yon misty night
4 I was in the bught wi thee?
The Text of

217.3 1 She has tane the steed by the bridle-reins, 2 Has led him till the way, 3 And she has tane out three gowd rings, 4 Gien them to that bonnie may.

217.4 1 And he has tane her by the milk-white hand 2 And by the gerss-green sleeve, 3 And he laid her doun on the side o' yon hill, 4 At her daddie speird na leave.

217.5 1 Now she has hame to her father gane, 2 Her father did her blame; 3 'O whare hae ye been, my ae dochter? 4 For ye hae na been your lane.'

217.6 1 'O the night is mirk, and very, very, very, 2 Ye may gang to the door and see; 3 O there's nobody been wi me, father; 4 There's nobody been wi me.

217.7 1 'But there cam a tod to your bught, father, 2 The like o him I neer saw; 3 Afore you'd gien him the lamb that he took, 4 Ye'd rather hae gien them a'.

217.8 1 'O wae be to my father's sheep-hird, 2 An ill death may he dee! 3 For bigging the bucht sae nar the road, 4 Till the Lochinvar to me!'

217.9 1 She's tane her pig and her cog in her hand, 2 And she's gane to milk the kye; 3 But ere she was aware, the Laird o Lochinvar 4 Has born a bastard son:

217.10 1 'O pardon me, my sovereign liege, 2 An ill death may he dee! 3 For reports o this bastard son.'

217.11 1 'O that's ower lang awa, bonny lad, 2 Will ye never love me again? 3 And wae be to your rosy cheeks!

217.12 1 'O ye need na toil yourself, my dear, 2 Neither to card nor to spin; 3 For as ye look to other women, 4 There's nane but you for me.'

217.13 1 'There's comfort for the comfortless, 2 And your twa blinkin een!

217.14 1 'Ye likena me at a', bonny lad, 2 But he is in to his bonnie lassie gane, 3 But aye he bade her turn again, 4 And gang nae farther wi him.

217.15 1 'There's comfort for the comfortless, 2 And a' grown green again.'

217.16 1 'When heather-hills are nine times brunt, 2 O when will ye be hame? 3 And set this fair lady on; 4 Into sweet Berwick town.

217.17 1 'There's comfort for the comfortless, 2 And in the place where my love Johnny dwells, 3 The sun gaes never down.

217.18 1 'O that's ower lang awa, bonny lad, 2 'Till father not to mither, 3 And she's tane her pig and her cog in her hand, 4 Gien them to that bonnie may.

217.19 1 'O wish ye may be sound; 2 And has bolted the door behind, 3 She has tane the steed by the bridle-reins, 4 'Till sister nor to brither.

217.20 1 'But I will awa to Littlejohn's house, 2 Shule them o out the door; 3 For there's na tenant on a' my land, 4 Shall harbour an arrant hure.'

217.21 1 Then out and spak the house-keeper, 2 'Ye'd better lat her abee; 3 For an onie harm bfa this may, 4 'A' the wyte will be on me.'

217.22 1 'O he has turnd himself round about, 2 'Better do I loe her little finger 3 Than a' thy hail bodie. 4 And ye had a bonnie twinklin ee.'

217.23 1 'Gae saddle to me my six coach-mares, 2 Put a' their harness on, 3 And I will awa to Littlejohn's house 4 For reports o this bastard son.'

217.24 1 Now whan he cam to Littlejohn's house, 2 Littlejohn was at the door: 3 'Ye rascal, ye rogue, ye impudent dog, 4 Will ye harbour an arrant hure!'

217.25 1 'O pardon me, my sovereign liege, 2 And has bolted the door behind, 3 Mither, ye may milk the ewes as ye will, 4 For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair,

217.26 1 But he is in to his bonnie lassie gane, 2 And set this fair lady on; 3 For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair, 4 The lady o 't I'll mak thee.

217.27 1 'Ye did weel, ye did weel, my bonny may, 2 To keep the secret twist me and thee; 3 For I hae gotten the bonniest may 4 And it's over and over again.

217.28 1 'Come doun, come duun, now gentlemen a', 2 O thirty plows and three, 3 And made her lady of ha's and bowers, 4 Into sweet Berwick town.

217.29 1 'For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair, 2 Mither, ye may milk the ewes as ye will, 3 And he was as deep in love wi her 4 And you nae me again!'

217.30 1 'Better do I loe her little finger 2 That sic a tenant's dochter 3 For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair, 4 Into sweet Berwick town.

217.31 1 'O it's nabody's wills wi me, kind sir, 2 Better do I loe her little finger 3 And word is to the Lochinvar, 4 And me nae you at a'.

217.32 1 'And he would tak her wi him. 2 He bought her muff and gloves; 3 And he was as deep in love wi her 4 And you nae me again!'

217.33 1 'O she has turnd hersel round about, 2 And she's tane her pig and her cog in her hand, 3 And she's gane to milk the kye; 4 Into sweet Berwick town.

217.34 1 'O she has turnd hersel round about, 2 And she's gane to milk the kye; 3 But ere she was aware, the Laird o Lochinvar 4 Keep them for your lying in.'

217.35 1 'But there cam a tod to your bught, father, 2 The like o him I neer saw; 3 Afore you'd gien him the lamb that he took, 4 Ye'd rather hae gien them a'.

217.36 1 'There's comfort for the comfortless, 2 There's comfort for the comfortless, 3 There's none but you for me.'
I'll shape a weed for thee.'

Will ye live on fruit,' he said?

With his hat in his hand.

The maid then stood in her bower-door,

And kindly words will woman win,

For we're all come of woman,' he said,

he said, Slight none at all.

Another young man standing by,

I'm sure she's not a proper maid,

The gardener-lad he view'd them all,

And sweethearts many had,

Concerning those who fickle are,

I'll let you hear my mind

ALL ye young men, I pray draw near,

The new-fallen snow to be your smock;

Your gloves shall be the marygold,

The gardener-lad he view'd them all,

And your head shall be deck'd with jelly-flower,

You'll get a' the flowers in my garden,

She started up, a' dress'd in white,

Ye surely would me kill.

I'm sure she's not a proper maid,

Burd Ellen stands in her bower-door,

She's taen the fifteen lord's by the hand,

The Child Ballads

I'll give you till the day ye die;

The bravest knight in all my court,

I will live on fruit,' she says,

But I'll never marry thee;

For to be my bride.

She's made a' these lords fifteen

To gie it up right shamefully.

Five good ploughs but and a mill

I'll give you till the day ye die;

The bravest knight in all my court,

I'll give, your husband for to be.

Fifteen ploughs but and a mill

I gie thee till the day thou die;

And the fairest knight in a' my court

Chuse thy husband for to be.'
221A.7
1 ‘O are you come for sport, young man?
2 Or are you come for play?
3 Or are you come for a sight of our bride,
4 Just on her wedding day?’

221A.8
1 ‘I’m nootner come for sport,’ he says,
2 ‘Nor am I come for play;
3 But if I had one sight of your bride,
4 I’ll mount and ride away.’

221A.9
1 There was a glass of the red wine
2 Fill’d up them atween,
3 And ay she drank to Lauderdale,
4 Wha her true-love had been.

221A.10
1 Then he took her by the milk-white hand,
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,
3 And he mounted her high behind him there,
4 At the bridgroom he askt nae leave.

221B.11
1 Then the blade run down by the Cowden Banks,
2 And down by Cowden Braes,
3 And ay she gard the trumpet sound,
4 ‘O this is foul, foul play!’

221B.12
1 Now ‘a’ ye that in England are,
2 Or in England land,
3 Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,
4 Or ye’l get the scorn.

221B.13
1 They haik ye up and settle ye by,
2 Till on your wedding day,
3 And gie ye frogs instead o’ fish,
4 And play ye foul, foul play.

221B.14
1 THE gallant laird of Laimingdon
2 Cam frae the North Countree
3 To court a gallant lady,
4 And wi presents entered he.

221B.15
1 He neither stood for gould nor gear——
2 For she was a well-fared may——
3 And when he got her friends’ consent
4 He set the wedding-day.

221B.16
1 She’s sent unto her first fere love,
2 Gin he would come to see,
3 And he has sent word back again
4 Weel answer’d she be.

221B.17
1 He has sent a messenger
2 Right quietly tho’ the land,
3 Wi mony armed men,
4 To be at his command.

221B.18
1 The bridgroom lookt out at a high window,
2 Before the door and doon,
3 And there he spied her first fere love,
4 Come riding to the toun.

221B.19
1 She scofft and she scorned him,
2 Upto the wedding-day,
3 And said it had been the Fairy Court
4 That he had seen in array.

221B.20
1 But as he sat at yon table-head,
2 Amo yon gentlemen,
3 And he began to speak some words
4 That na ane there could ken.

221B.21
1 ‘There is a lass into this town——
2 She is a weel-far’d may——
3 She is another man’s bride today,
4 But she’ll play him foul play.’

221B.22
1 Up did start the bonny bridgroom,
2 His hat into his hand,
3 . . .
4 . . .

221B.23
1 ‘O came you here, young man, to fight?
2 Or came you here to flee?
3 Or cam you here to drink good wine,
4 And be good company?’

221B.24
1 They fill’d a cup o’ good red wine,
2 Drunk out between them twa:
3 ‘For one dance wi your bonny bride,
4 I shall gae hame my wa.’

221B.25
1 He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,
3 He’s mounted her high behind himself,
4 At her kin’s spired nae leave.

The Text of 354

221C.1
1 THERE leeft a may, an a weel-far’d may,
2 High, high up in yon glen; O
3 Her name was Katarine Janfarie,
4 She was courtit by monie men. O

221C.2
1 Up then cam Lord Lauderdale,
2 Up thræe the Lawland border,
3 And he has to court this may,
4 A’ mountit in gude order.

221C.3
1 He’s tell’d her father, he’s tell’d her mother,
2 An a’ the lave o her kin,
3 So many a gallant gentleman’s blood
4 And he’s away to see his bonnie bride.

221C.4
1 Out then cam Lord Faughanwood,
2 Out frae the English border,
3 An for to court this weel-far’d may,
4 A’ mountit in gude order.

221C.5
1 He tell’d her father, he tell’d her mother,
2 An a’ the rest o her kin,
3 But he neer tell’d the bonnie lass hersell
4 Till on her wadin-een.

221C.6
1 When they war a’ at denner set,
2 Drinkin the bluid-red wine,
3 ‘Twas up then cam Lord Lauderdale,
4 The bridgroom soud ha’e been.

221C.7
1 Up then spak Lord Faughanwood,
2 An he spak very sleye,
3 ‘O’r are ye come for sport?’ he says,
4 ‘Or are ye come for play?
5 Or are ye come for a kiss o our bride,
6 An the morn her waddin-day?’

221C.8
1 ‘O I’m no come for ought,’ he says,
2 ‘But for some sport or play;
3 An he has come to court this well-fared may——
4 Wee ans
5 ‘O this is foul, foul play!’

221C.9
1 They war four a twenty bonnie boys,
2 A’ chad the simple gray;
3 They said the wad take their bride again,
4 For the strang hand an the may.

221C.10
1 Some o them were fu willin men,
2 But they war na willin a’;
3 Sae four an twentie ladies gay
4 Bade them ride on their way.

221C.11
1 The bluid ran down by the Cadan bank,
2 An in by the Cadan brae,
3 An the gard the piper play
4 It was a’ for foul, foul play.

221C.12
1 A’ ye lords in fair Englond
2 That live by the English border,
3 Gang never to Scotland to seek a wife
4 Or than ye’ll get the scorn.

221C.13
1 They’ll keep up i temper guid
2 Until yer wadin-day,
3 ‘They’ll play ye the scorn.
4 ‘A, wae’s me for foul play!’

221C.14
1 They fill’d it to the brim:
2 She fill’d it to the ee:
3 And she fill’d it to the brim:
4 ‘Here’s a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,
5 My bridgroom shaud hae been.’

221C.15
1 ‘My blessing on your heart, sweet thing,
2 Wae to your wilfu will!
3 So many a gallant gentleman’s blood
4 This day as ye’r garret spilk.

221C.16
1 ‘A’, ye lords in fair Englond
2 That live by the English border,
3 And for to court this bonnie may
4 Her bridgroom hopes to be.

221C.17
1 ‘O came you here, young man, to fight?
2 Or came you here to fleece?
3 Or can you here to drink good wine,
4 And be good company?’

221C.18
1 ‘I’m nouther come for sport,’ he says,
2 ‘Nor am I come for play;
3 ‘But if ye take yer bride again
4 We will ca it foul play.’

221C.19
1 ‘O this is foul, foul play!’
2 She scofft and she scorned him,
3 And ay she drank to Lauderdale,
4 ‘A’, wae’s me for foul play!’

221C.20
1 ‘But as he sat at yon table-head,
2 Amo yon gentlemen,
3 And he began to speak some words
4 That na ane there could ken.

221C.21
1 There lives a lass into yon bank,
2 That live by the English border,
3 Her name is Kathrine Jamphray,
4 Well known by many a one.

221C.22
1 Than came the Laird of Laimingdon,
2 It’s frae the West Countrie,
3 And for to court this bonnie may,
4 Her bridgroom hopes to be.

221C.23
1 He asked at her father, sae did he at her mother,
2 And the chief of all her kin,
3 But still he ask’d the lass hersell,
4 Till he had her true love won.

221C.24
1 At length the Laird of Lachenware
2 Came from the English border,
3 And for to court this bonnie bride,
4 Was mounted in good order.

221C.25
1 He asked at her father, sae did he at her mother,
2 As I heard many say,
3 But he never loot the lassie wit
4 Till he had her true love won.

221C.26
1 They tae her on to Lachenware,
2 As they have thought it meet;
3 They tae her on to Lachenware,
4 The wedding to compleat.

221C.27
1 When they came to Lachenware,
2 And near-han by the town,
3 There was a dinner-making,
4 Wi great mirth and renown.

221C.28
1 Lamington has mounted twenty-four wiel-wigh t men,
2 Well mounted in array,
3 And he’s away to see his bonnie bride,
4 Just on her wedding-day.

221C.29
1 When she came out into the green,
2 Among her company,
3 Says, Lamington and Lachenware
4 This day shall fight for me.’
The Child Ballads

221E.7 1 Lochinvar, as his comrades
2 Sat drinking at the wine,
3 ['Tie on you,' said his comrades,
4 'Tak yer bride for shame.

221E.8 1 'Had she been mine, as she was yours,
2 An done as she has done to you,
3 I wad tak her on her bridal-day,
4 Fra a' her companie.

221E.9 1 'Fra a' her companie,
2 Without any other stay,
3 I wad gie them frogs insted o fish,
4 An tak their bride awa.'

221E.10 1 He gat fify young men,
2 They were gallant and gude,
3 An fitty maidens,
4 An left them on a lay.

221E.11 1 When he cam in by Callien bank,
2 An in by Callien brae,
3 He left his company
4 Dancing on a lay.

221E.12 1 He cam to the bridal-house,
2 An in entred he;
3 ..."

221E.13 1 'There was young man in this place
2 Loved well a comly may,
3 But the day she gaes anither man's bride,
4 An played him foul play.

221E.14 1 'Had it been me as it was him,
2 An don as she has don him tee,
3 I wad heen them frogs instead a fish,
4 An taen their bride awa.'

221E.15 1 The English spiered gin he wad fight;
2 It spak well in his mind;
3 ..."

221E.16 1 'It was no for fightin I cam here,
2 But to bear good fellowship;
3 Gae me a glass wi your bridalroom,
4 An so I go my way.'

221E.17 1 The glass was filled o guid red wine,
2 ...between them twa;
3 'Man, man I see yer bride,
4 An so I gae my way.'

221E.18 1 He was on guid horseback;
2 An whipt the bride him wi;
3 She grat an wrang her hands,
4 'It's guid to play.'

221E.19 1 'An this I dare well say,
2 For this day I gaed anither man's bride,
3 An it's been foul play.'

221E.20 1 But now sh's Lochinvar's wife,
2 ..."
3 He gaed them frogs instead o fish,
4 An tain their bride away.

221E.1 1 BONNY Cathrin Jaffray,
2 That proper maid sae faire,
3 She has loved young Lochinvar,
4 She made him no compare.

221E.2 1 He courted her the live-long winter-night,
2 Sae has he the simmer's day;
3 He left his company
4 And see what they will say.'

221E.3 1 But the lusty laird o Lamendall
2 Came frae the South Country,
3 An for to gain this lady's love
4 In entred hie.

221E.4 1 2...
3 He has gained her friends' consent,
4 An sett the wedding-day.

221E.5 1 The wedding-day being set,
2 An a' man to it ..."
3 She sent for her first fair love,
4 The wedding to come to.

221E.6 1 His father an his mother came,
2 They came a', but he came no;
3 It was a foul play.

221E.7 1 Lochinvar, as his comrades
2 Sat drinking at the wine,
3 ['Tie on you,' said his comrades,
4 'Tak yer bride for shame.

221E.8 1 'Had she been mine, as she was yours,
2 An done as she has done to you,
3 I wad tak her on her bridal-day,
4 Fra a' her companie.

221E.9 1 'Fra a' her companie,
2 Without any other stay,
3 I wad gie them frogs insted o fish,
4 An tak their bride awa.'

221E.10 1 He gat fify young men,
2 They were gallant and gude,
3 An fitty maidens,
4 An left them on a lay.

221E.11 1 When he cam in by Callien bank,
2 An in by Callien brae,
3 He left his company
4 Dancing on a lay.

221E.12 1 He cam to the bridal-house,
2 An in entred he;
3 ..."

221E.13 1 'There was young man in this place
2 Loved well a comly may,
3 But the day she gaes anither man's bride,
4 An played him foul play.

221E.14 1 'Had it been me as it was him,
2 An don as she has don him tee,
3 I wad heen them frogs instead a fish,
4 An taen their bride awa.'

221E.15 1 The English spiered gin he wad fight;
2 It spak well in his mind;
3 ..."

221E.16 1 'It was no for fightin I cam here,
2 But to bear good fellowship;
3 Gae me a glass wi your bridalroom,
4 An so I go my way.'

221E.17 1 The glass was filled o guid red wine,
2 ...between them twa;
3 'Man, man I see yer bride,
4 An so I gae my way.'

221E.18 1 He was on guid horseback;
2 An whipt the bride him wi;
3 She grat an wrang her hands,
4 'It's guid to play.'

221E.19 1 'An this I dare well say,
2 For this day I gaed anither man's bride,
3 An it's been foul play.'

221E.20 1 But now sh's Lochinvar's wife,
2 ..."
3 He gaed them frogs instead o fish,
4 An tain their bride away.

221E.1 1 BONNY Cathrin Jaffray,
2 That proper maid sae faire,
3 She has loved young Lochinvar,
4 She made him no compare.

221E.2 1 He courted her the live-long winter-night,
2 Sae has he the simmer's day;
3 He left his company
4 And see what they will say.'

221E.3 1 But the lusty laird o Lamendall
2 Came frae the South Country,
3 An for to gain this lady's love
4 In entred hie.

221E.4 1 2...
3 He has gained her friends' consent,
4 An sett the wedding-day.

221E.5 1 The wedding-day being set,
2 An a' man to it ..."
3 She sent for her first fair love,
4 The wedding to come to.

221E.6 1 His father an his mother came,
2 They came a', but he came no;
3 It was a foul play.

221E.7 1 Lochinvar, as his comrades
2 Sat drinking at the wine,
3 ['Tie on you,' said his comrades,
4 'Tak yer bride for shame.
4 And play you foul play.

3 Syne give you frogs instead of fish,
2 Aye till the wedding-day,
1 'She'll bring you on with tempting words,
4 Or else they will you scorn.
3 Neer come to Scotland for a maid,
2 Or borderers who were born,
1 'Huzza! huzza! you English men,
4 He gave a loud huzza.
3 And when he stepped upon the floor
3 Yet still he made the trumpet sound
2 And your bidding to obey,
1 'To be all at your command,
4 To be at your command.
3 For a hundred and fifty brave young lads,
1 'Get ye a quiet messenger,
4 From all her company.
3 To take her on her wedding-day
1 'But if I were young Lochinvar,
4 He has the victory won.
3 But the bonny laird of Lochinvar
2 And the blades flew in the sky,
1 Indeed it was nae mows——
2 And so they played their way.
4 And then I'll boun my way.'

4 The bridegroom for to see.
3 Then Lamington came to the town,
1 But when the wedding-day was fixed,
4 Till on her wedding-day.
3 He 'greed him with her friends all,
4 Thro presents entered he.
2 Came from the South Countrie,
1 The bonny laird of Lauderdale
4 And plays him foul play.
3 And now she goes another's bride,
2 But they changed her mind away,
4 Without any compare.
3 To take her on her wedding-day
1 'When Lochinvar got word o this,
4 He has the victory won.
3 But the bonny laird of Lochinvar
2 Lay gasping on the ground,
1 Many a wife- and widow's son
4 And lords of high renown.
3 Baith gentlemen and knichts was there,
2 They wee all sitten down;
4 A single man his lane.
3 And he's awa to the wedding-house,
2 Most pleasant to be seen,
1 He set them in array, I say,
4 The voice of foul play.
3 He set them upon milk-white steeds,
2 Upon that wedding-day;
4 And lords of high renown.
3 He has told the lass hersel,
2 Came frae the West Country,
1 At length the laird of Laughenwaur
4 By several gentlemen.  O
3 And she's been courted far an near
2 And in by Hyland braes,
1 'As I came in by Hyland banks,
4 And they'll play ye a foul play.
3 He gave to them the bonny bride,
2 And the blades flain in the skies,
1 Bridles brack, and weight horse lap,
4 And set the wedding-day.
3 She sent a letter to her former love,
2 And by the grass-green sleeve;
4 And set the wedding-day,
3 He 'greed him with her friends all,
2 Pulld her on horseback him behind,
4 And then I'll boun my way.'

4 The voice of foul play.
3 They splintered the spears in pieces now,
2 And the blades flew in the sky,
3 But the bonny laird of Lochinvar
4 Has gained the victory.
2 There were four and twenty ladies fair
3 All walking on the lea;
4 And bade them boun their way.

4 And set the wedding-day.
1 She loved him but owre weel,
2 And his love drew away;
3 Another man then courted her,
4 And set the wedding-day.

4 They set the wedding-day so plain,
2 As plain as it might be;
3 She sent a letter to her former love,
4 The wedding to come see.

4 Why spoke he so unkind?
3 There fifty from the bridal came——
2 And in by Hyland braes,
1 'As I came in by Hyland banks,
4 And they'll play ye a foul play.
3 He gave to them the bonny bride,
2 And by the grass-green sleeve;
4 And they'll play ye a foul play.
3 She sent a letter to her former love,
2 And by the grass-green sleeve;
4 And they'll play ye a foul play.
3 She sent a letter to her former love,
4 The wedding to come see.

4 Indeed I'll fight wi thee.'
221J.11
1 "O I am not come to fight," he sayd,  
2 But good fellowship to hae,  
3 And for to drink the wine sae red,  
4 And then I'll go away.'

221J.12
1 Then they filld him up a brimming glass,  
2 And drank it between them twa,  
3 Now one word of your bonnie bride,  
4 And then I'll go my wa.'

221J.13
1 But some were friends, and some were faes,  
2 Yet nae o them was free  
3 To let the bride on her wedding-day  
4 Gant out o their companie.

221J.14
1 But he took her by the milk-white hand,  
2 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
3 And set her on a milk-white steed,  
4 And at name o them speerd he leave.

221J.15
1 Then the blood ran down the Caflin bank,  
2 And owre the Caflin brae;  
3 The auld folks knew something o the sport,  
4 Which gart them cry, Fou! play!

221J.16
1 Ye lusty lads of Limberdale,  
2 Tho ye be English born,  
3 Come nae mair to Scotland to court a maid,  
4 For fear ye get the scorn.

221J.17
1 For fear that ye do get the scorn  
2 Upon your wedding-day;  
3 Least ye catch frogs instead of fish,  
4 Then ye'll ca't fow play.

221J.18
1 THERE was a lass, as I heard say,  
2 Lived low down in a glen;  
3 Her name was Catharine Johnson,  
4 Weel known to many men.

221J.19
1 Doun cam the laird o Lamingtoun,  
2 Doun frae the English border;  
3 And that's fair play;  
4 For fear ye get the scorn.

221J.20
1 He asked her father and mother,  
2 The chief of 'a' her kin,  
3 And then he ask the bonnie lass,  
4 And did her favour win.

221J.21
1 Doun cam an English gentleman,  
2 Doun frae the English border;  
3 He is for this bonnie lass,  
4 Her bridgroom for to be.

221J.22
1 He asked her father and mother,  
2 As I do them say,  
3 But he never ask the lass hersell,  
4 Till on her wedding-day.

221J.23
1 But she has wrote a lang letter,  
2 That is of England born,  
3 And he is for this bonnie lass,  
4 Her bridgroom for to be.

221J.24
1 He asked her father and mother,  
2 As I do understand,  
3 There were four-and-twenty belted knights  
4 Sat at a table round.

The Child Ballads 357

221K.8
1 'O where will I get a bonny boy  
2 Will win baith hose and sheen,  
3 And will run on to Lochinvar  
4 And come again to me?'

221K.9
1 'O here am I, a bonny boy  
2 That will win baith hose and sheen,  
3 And will run on to Lochinvar  
4 And come right seen again.'

221K.10
1 Where ye find the brigs broken,  
2 Bend your bow and swim;  
3 Where ye find the grass growing,  
4 Slack your bow and run.

221K.11
1 When ye come on to Lochinvar,  
2 Byde not to chap nor ca,  
3 But set your bent bow to your breast  
4 And lightly loup the wa.

221K.12
1 'Bid him mind the words ye last spake,  
2 When we sendered on the lee;  
3 You'r bidden saddle and ride full fast,  
4 Or for a sight of our bonny bride,  
5 And will run on to Lochinvar  
6 Was, 'Mount and come away.'

221K.13
1 Where he found the brigs broken,  
2 He bent his bow and swam;  
3 Where he found the grass growing,  
4 He slackt his bow and ran.

221K.14
1 When he came on to Lochinvar,  
2 Ge did not chap nor ca;  
3 He set his bennbow till his breast  
4 And lightly leapt the wa.

221K.15
1 'What news? what news, my bonny boy?  
2 What news have ye to me?'  
3 'Bad news, bad news, my lord,' he said,  
4 And she made the trumpet sound,  
5 'Bad news, bad news, my lord,' he said,  
6 And set your bent bow to your breast  
7 And lightly loup the wa.  
8 And set your bent bow to your breast  
9 And lightly loup the wa.'

221K.16
1 'O came ye here for sport?' they said,  
2 'Or came ye here for play?'  
3 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
4 'Or for a sight of our bonny bride,  
5 'O where will I get a bonny boy  
6 Or for a sight of our bonny bride,  
7 'O where will I get a bonny boy  
8 Or for a sight of our bonny bride,  
9 'O came ye here for sport?' they said,  
10 'Or came ye here for play?'  
11 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
12 'Or came ye here for play?'  
13 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
14 'Or came ye here for play?'  
15 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
16 'Or came ye here for play?'  
17 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
18 'Or came ye here for play?'  
19 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
20 'Or came ye here for play?'  
21 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
22 'Or came ye here for play?'  
23 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
24 'Or came ye here for play?'

221K.17
1 When he came to her father's yetts,  
2 There he alighted down;  
3 The cups of gold of good red wine  
4 For fear ye get the scorn.

221K.18
1 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
2 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
3 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
4 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
5 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
6 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
7 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
8 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
9 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
10 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
11 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
12 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
13 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
14 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
15 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
16 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
17 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
18 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
19 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
20 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
21 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
22 'Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
23 'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
24 'Now came ye here for sport?'
The Text of

222A.14
1 To keep I think nae sin.'
2 'And tho I've lood her lang and sair
3 This twelve month and a day.
4 To take her hand I'd scorn.'
3 And, gin her heart I coudna gain,
4 For a' her bonny face.
3 I'd take that lady hame again,
4 For there I'll neer find ease.'
4 And have my bride made thee.
3 Till I've carried you to Glenlion
2 Dundee you neer shall see
4 As I rode on my way.'
1 'Commend me to the lass that's kind,
4 For there I'll neer find ease.'
2 Nor eat sweet milk and cheese,
1 'I winna stay at Auchingour,
4 And there live at our ease.'
4 And hapd her round and rown.
3 Syne rowd her in a tartan plaid,
2 And neest her satten gown,
1 O first he's taen her silken coat,
4 Sta bonny Baby away.
3 And by it came him Glenlion,
2 Went out to take the air,
1 BONNY Barbara Livingston
3 And over hills and dales,
2 He staw her in her gown;
1 So they rade over hills and dales,
4 And staw the maiden fair.
3 Before he let her look again,
2 He staw her in her gown;
1 He jested them and jeer
4 As ye cam on your way?'
4 But bonny Baby spake nane.
3 And Johny catchd her in his arms,
4 Neer loot her touch the ground.
222A.17
1 Then out it spake her bonny Jean,
2 The youngiest of the three,
3 'O lady, dinna look sae sad,
4 But tell your grief to me.'
222A.18
1 'O wherefore should I tell my grief,
2 Since lax I cannot find?
3 I'mstown frae a' my kin and friends,
4 And my love I left behind.
222A.19
1 'But had I paper, pen, and ink,
2 Before that it were day,
3 I yet might get a letter sent
4 In time to Johny Hay.'
222A.20
1 O she's got paper, pen, and ink,
2 And candle that she might see,
3 And she has written a broad letter
4 To Johny at Dundee.
222A.21
1 And she has gotten a bonny boy,
2 That was bairn swift and strang,
3 Wi phalabeg and bonnet blue,
4 Her errand for to gang.
222A.22
1 'O boy, gin ye'd my blessing win
2 And help me in my need,
3 Run wi this letter to my love,
4 And bid him come wi speed.'
222A.23
1 'And here's a chain of good red gowd,
2 And gowdine threise,
3 And when you've well your errand done,
4 You'll get them for your fee.'
222A.24
1 The boy he ran oer hill and dale,
2 Fast as a bird could flee,
3 And ere the sun was twa hours height
4 The boy was at Dundee.
222A.25
1 And when he came to Johny's door
2 He knocked loud and sair;
3 Then Johny to the window came,
4 And loudily cry'd, 'Wha's there?'
222A.26
1 'O here's a letter I have brought,
2 Which ye maun quickly read,
3 And, gin ye wou'd your lady save,
4 Gang back wi me wi speed.'
222A.27
1 O when he had the letter read,
2 An angry man was he;
3 He says, Glenlion, thou shalt rue
4 This deed of villainy!
222A.28
1 O saddle to me the black, the black,
2 O saddle to me the brown,
3 O saddle to me the swiftest steed
4 That errand rade the live-lang night.
222A.29
1 'And arm ye well, my merry men a',
2 And follow me to the glen,
3 For I will neither eat nor sleep
4 Till I get my love again.'
222A.30
1 He's mounted on a milk-white steed,
2 The boy upon a gray,
3 And they got to Glenlion's castle
4 About the close of day.
222A.31
1 As Baby at her window stood,
2 The west wind saft did blaw;
3 She heard her Johny's well-keent voice,
4 Beneath the castle wa.
222B.8
1 When they were all at dinner set,
2 And placed the table round,
3 Every one took some of it,
4 But Barbara took none.

222B.9
1 She put it to her cheek, her cheek,
2 She put it to her chin,
3 She put it to her rosely lips,
4 But neer a bit gaed in.

222B.10
1 When day was gone, and night was come,
2 And 'a man bound for bed,
3 Glenlyon and that fair lady
4 To one chamber were laid.

222B.11
1 'O strip, O strip, my love,' he said,
2 'O strip and lay you down,'
3 'How can I strip? How can I strip,
4 To bed wi an unco man?'

222B.12
1 He's ta'en out his little pen-knife,
2 And he slit down her gown,
3 And cut her stays behind her back,
4 And forc'd her to lie down.

222B.13
1 'O day, dear sir! O day, dear sir!
2 O dear! if it were day,
3 And me upon my father's steed,
4 I soon shoud ride away.'

222B.14
1 'Your father's steed is in my stable,
2 Eating good corn and hay,
3 And ye are in my arms twa,
4 What needs you lang for day?'

222B.15
1 'If I had paper, pens, and ink,
2 And light that I may see,
3 I would write a broad, broad letter
4 To my love in Dundee.'

222B.16
1 They brought her paper, pen, and ink,
2 And light that she might see,
3 And she has written a broad letter
4 To her love in Dundee.

222B.17
1 And aye she wrote, and aye she grat,
2 The saut tear blinded her ee;
3 And aye at every verse's end,
4 'Haste, my bonny love, to me!'

222B.18
1 'If I had but a little wee boy,
2 Would work for meat and fee,
3 Would go and carry this letter
4 To my love in Dundee!'

222B.19
1 'O here am I, a little wee boy
2 Will work for meat and fee,
3 Will go and carry that letter
4 To your love in Dundee.'

222B.20
1 Upstarts the moron, the boy he ran
2 Oer mony a hill and dale,
3 And he wan on to bonny Dundee
4 About the hour o twall.

222B.21
1 There godery oer a window lay,
2 Beholding dale and down;
3 And he beheld a little wee boy
4 Come running to the town.

222B.22
1 'What news? what news, my little wee boy,
2 You run sae hastilie,'
3 Your love is stown by Glenlyon,
4 And langs your face to see.'

222B.23
1 'Gae saddle to me the black, the black,
2 Gae saddle to me the brown,
3 Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed
4 Will hae me to the town.

222B.24
1 'Get me my hat, dyed o the black,
2 My mourning-mantle tee,
3 And I will on to Glenlyon,
4 See my love ere she die.'

222B.25
1 First he tired the black, the black,
2 And then he tired the brown,
3 And next he tired the swiftest steed
4 Ere he wan to the town.

222B.26
1 But for as fast as her love rade,
2 And as fast as he ran,
3 Before he wan to Glenlyon
4 His love was dead and gane.

222B.27
1 Then he has kiss'd her cheek, her cheek,
2 And he has kiss'd her chin,
3 And he has kiss'd her comely mouth,
4 But no life was therein.

222B.28
1 'O were mat worth you, Glenlyon,
2 An ill death mat ye die!'
3 Ye've twind me and the fairest flower
4 My eyes did ever see.

222B.29
1 'But I will kiss your cheek, Barbara,
2 And I will kiss your chin,
3 And I will kiss your comely mouth,
4 But neiwr woman's again.'

222B.30
1 'Deal well, deal well at my love's lyke
2 The beer but and the wine,
3 For ere the morn at this same time
4 Ye'll deal the same at mine.'

222C.1
1 FOUR-AND-TWENTY ladies fair
2 Was playing at the ba,
3 And out cam Barbra Livingston,
4 The flower amang them a'.

222C.2
1 Out cam Barbra Livingston,
2 The flower amang them a',
3 The lusty laird o Linlyon
4 Has stown her clean awa.

222C.3
1 'The Hielanders is no for me, kind sir,
2 The Hielanders is no for me;
3 But, if you wad my favour win,
4 You'll tak me to Dundee.'

222C.4
1 'The Hielanders' ill for thee, my dear,
2 The Hielanders will be for thee;
3 To the lusty laird o Linlyon
4 A-married ye shall be.'

222C.5
1 When they came to Linlyon's yetts,
2 And lighted on the green,
3 Every ane spak Earse to her,
4 The tears cam trinking down.

222C.6
1 When they went to bed at nicht,
2 To Linlyon she did say,
3 'Och and alacne, a weary nicht!
4 Oh, but it's langet till day!'

222C.7
1 'Your father's steed in my stable,
2 He's eating corn and hay,
3 And you're lying in my twa arms;
4 What need ye long for day?'

222C.8
1 'If I had paper, pen, and ink,
2 And candle for to see,
3 I wud write a lang letter
4 To my love in Dundee.'

222C.9
1 They brocht her paper, pen, and ink,
2 And lichted on the green,
3 And they are on to bonny Lochell,
4 But neer a bit gaed in.

222C.10
1 When he cam to Linlyon's yetts,
2 And lichted on the green,
3 But lang ere he wan up the stair
4 His love was dead and gane.

222C.11
1 'Woe be to thee, Linlyon,
2 An ill death may thou die!
3 Ye've twind me and the fairest flower
4 To one chamber were laid.'

222D.1
1 BONNIE Annie Livingston
2 Was walking out the way,
3 By came the laird of Glendinning,
4 And he's stolen her away.

222D.2
1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
2 Himself upon a grey,
3 He's ta'en her to the Highland hills,
4 And stolen her quite away.

222D.3
1 When they came to Glendinning gate,
2 They lighted on the green,
3 There many a Highland lord spoke free,
4 But fair Annie she spoke none.

222D.4
1 When bells were rung, and mass begun,
2 And a' men bound for bed,
3 Annie Livingstone
4 Was in her chamber laid.

222D.5
1 'O gin it were but day, kind sir!
2 O gin it were but day!
3 O gin it were but day, kind sir,
4 That I might win away!'

222D.6
1 'Your steed stands in the stall, bonnie Ann,
2 Eating corn and hay,
3 And you are in Glendinning's arms;
4 What need ye long for day?'

222D.7
1 'O fetch me paper, pen, and ink,
2 A candle that I may see,
3 And I will write a long letter
4 To Jenny at Dundee.'

222D.8
1 When Jennie looked the letter on,
2 A loud laughter gave he;
3 But e'er he read the letter oer
4 The tear blinded his ee.

222D.9
1 'Gar saddle,' he cried, 'My war-horse fierce,
2 Warn a' my trusty clan,
3 To the lusty laird o Linlyon,
4 The flower amang them a'.

222D.10
1 When he came to Glendinning yet,
2 He lighted on the green,
3 But ere he wan up the stair
4 Fair Annie she was gane.

222D.11
1 The Highlands were not for thee, kind sir,
2 The Highlands were not for thee,
3 And they that would have thy favour won
4 Should have brought you home to me.

222D.12
1 'O I will kiss thy cherry cheeks,
2 And I will kiss thy chin,
3 And I will kiss thy rosey lips,
4 For they will neer kiss mine.'

222D.13
1 BONNY Baby Livingstone
2 Went out to view the hay,
3 And by there came a Hieland lord,
4 And he's stown Baby away.

222D.14
1 He's stown her clean away.
2 Himself upon another,
3 Went out to view the hay,
4 His love was dead and gane.

222D.15
1 'Woe be to thee, Linlyon,
2 An ill death may thou die!
3 Ye've twind me and the fairest flower
4 To his love in Dundee.'

222D.16
1 'Gar saddle,' he cried, 'My war-horse fierce,
2 Warn a' my trusty clan,
3 To the lusty laird o Linlyon,
4 The flower amang them a'.

222D.17
1 'Gar saddle,' he cried, 'My war-horse fierce,
2 Warn a' my trusty clan,
3 To the lusty laird o Linlyon
4 A-married ye shall be.'

222D.18
1 'O gin it were but day, kind sir!
2 O gin it were but day!
3 O gin it were but day, kind sir,
4 That I might win away!'

222D.19
1 'Gar saddle,' he cried, 'My war-horse fierce,
2 Warn a' my trusty clan,
3 To the lusty laird o Linlyon,
4 The flower amang them a'.

222D.20
1 'Gar saddle,' he cried, 'My war-horse fierce,
2 Warn a' my trusty clan,
3 To the lusty laird o Linlyon
4 The flower amang them a'.
The Text of ROB ROY frae the Hielands cam
Unto the Lawland border,
And he has stown a ladie fair,
To keep his Highland house in order.

225A.10
1 'Be content, be content,' 
2 Be content wi me, lady; 
3 Now ye are my wedded wife 
4 Until the day ye die, lady.

225A.11
1 'My father was a Highlan laird, 
2 McGregor was his name, lady; 
3 A' the country roun about 
4 They dreadit his great fame, lady.

225A.12
1 'He kept a hedge about his lands, 
2 A prickle to his foes, lady, 
3 An every ane that did him wrong, 
4 He took him by the nose, lady.

225A.13
1 'My father he delights in nout and goats, 
2 An me in horse and sheep, lady; 
3 You an twenty thousan pounds 
4 Makes me a man complete, lady.

225A.14
1 'You're welcome to this Highlan lan, 
2 It is my native plain, lady; 
3 Think nae mair of gauin back, 
4 But tak it for your hame, lady.'

225A.15
1 'I'm guain, [I'm guain,] 
2 I'm guain to France, lady; 
3 Whan I come back, 
4 I'll learn ye a dance, lady.

225A.16
1 'Set your foot, [set your foot,] 
2 Set your foot to mine, lady; 
3 Think nae mair of gauin back, 
4 But tak it for your hame, lady.'

225B.1
1 ROB ROY frae the Hielands cam 
2 Unto the Lawland border, 
3 And he has stown a ladie fair, 
4 To hau their house in order.

225B.2
1 He guarded the house round about, 
2 Himsel went in and found her out, 
3 She hung close by her mither; 
4 Wi dolefu cries and watery eyes 
5 They parted frae each ither.

225B.3
1 'Gang wi me, my dear,' he says, 
2 'Gang and be my honey; 
3 Gang and be my wedded wife, 
4 I loe ye best o onie.'

225B.4
1 'I winna gang wi you,' she says, 
2 'I winna be your honey; 
3 I winna be your wedded wife; 
4 Ye loe me for my money.'

225B.5
1 He gied na his na time to dress 
2 As ladies when they ly breed, 
3 But hurried her awa speed, 
4 And rowd her in his plaid.

225B.6
1 He gat her up upon a horse, 
2 Himsel lap on ahind her; 
3 And they're awa to the Hieland hills; 
4 Her friends they canna find her.

225B.7
1 As they gaed oorie the Hieland hills, 
2 This lady aftened fainted, 
3 Saying, Wae be to my cursed godw, 
4 This road to me invented!

225B.8
1 As they gaed oorie the Hieland hills, 
2 And at Buchanan tarried, 
3 He bought to her baith cloak and goun, 
4 Yet she wadna be married.

225B.9
1 Six held her up afore the priest, 
2 Four laid her in a bed, O, 
3 Maist mounfully she wept and cried 
4 When she by him was laid, O.

225B.10
1 'O be content, be content, 
2 Be content to stay, lady; 
3 For now ye are my wedded wife 
4 Unto your dying day, ladie.'
225B.11
1 'Rob Roy was my father calld,
2 M'Gregor was his name, ladie;
3 And in a' the country where he dwalt
4 He exceede ae in fame, ladie.

225B.12
1 'He was a hedge unto his friends,
2 A heackle to his faes, ladie;
3 And lika ane that did him wrang,
4 He beat him on the neis, ladie.

225B.13
1 'I'm as bold, I am as bold
2 As my father was afore, ladie;
3 Ilka ane that does me wrang
4 Sall feel my gude claymore, ladie.

225B.14
1 There neer was frae Lochlonmond west
2 That e'er I did him fear, ladie;
3 For, if his person did escape,
4 I seizd upon his gear, ladie.

225B.15
1 'My father delights in horse and kye,
2 In sheep and goats and a', ladie,
3 And thee wi me and thirty merks
4 To keep his house in order.

225C.1
1 ROB ROY'S from the Hiblands come
2 Unto our Lowland border,
3 And he has stolen a lady away,
4 They parted frae each other.

225C.2
1 Rob Roy's come to Blackhill's gate,
2 Twenty men their arms did carry,
3 And he has stolen a lady away,
4 On purpose her to marry.

225C.3
1 None knew till he surrounded the house,
2 No tidings came before him,
3 Or else she had been gone away,
4 She holding by her mother.

225C.4
1 All doors and windows guarded were,
2 None could the plot discover;
3 Himself went in and found her out,
4 Professing how he loved her.

225C.5
1 'Come go with me, my dear,' he said,
2 'Come go with me, my honey,
3 And you shall be my wedded wife,
4 I love you best of onie.'

225C.6
1 'I will not go with you,' she said,
2 'Nor will I be your honey;
3 I neer shall be your wedded wife,
4 You love me for my money.'

225C.7
1 But he her drew amongst his crew,
2 She holding by her mother;
3 With mournfu cries and watery eyes
4 They parted from each other.

225C.8
1 No time they gave her to be dressed
2 As ladies when they're brides, O,
3 But hurried her away in haste;
4 They rowd her in their plaidie.

225C.9
1 As they went over hills and rocks,
2 The lady oftentimes,
3 Says, Wae was it be, my cursed money,
4 This road to me invented!

225C.10
1 They passed away by Drymen town,
2 And at Buchanan tarried;
3 They bought to her a cloak and gown,
4 Yet she would not be married.

225C.11
1 But without consent they joined their hands;
2 By law ought not to carry;
3 The priest heazl it was so hot
4 On her will he would not tarry.

225C.12
1 Four held her up before the priest,
2 Two laid her in the bed, O;
3 Och, mournfu she weeped and cried
4 When she by him was laid, O.

225C.13
1 'Now you're come to the Highland hills,
2 Out of your native clyme, lady,
3 Never think of going back,
4 But take this for your name, lady.

225C.14
1 'Be content, be content,
2 Be content to stay, lady,
3 Now ye are my wedded wife
4 Unto your dying day, lady.

225C.15
1 'O Rob Roy was my father calld,
2 But M'Gregor was his name, lady;
3 In all the country far and near
4 None did exceed his fame, lady.

225C.16
1 'I'm as bold, I'm as bold,
2 I'm as bold as he, lady;
3 In France and Ireland I'll dance and fight,
4 And from them take the gree, lady.

225C.17
1 'He was a hedge about his friends,
2 But a heackle to his faes, lady,
3 And every one that did him wrong,
4 He took them owre the nose, lady.

225C.18
1 'I'm as bold, I'm as bold,
2 'I'm as bold and more, lady;
3 Every one that does me wrong
4 Shall feel my gude claymore, lady.

225C.19
1 'My father he has stots and ewes,
2 And he has goats and sheep, lady,
3 But you and twenty thousand punds
4 Makes me a man complete, lady.'

225D.1
1 ROB ROY from the Hiblands came
2 Unto our Scottish border,
3 And he has stown this lady fair,
4 As she lay by his side.

225D.2
1 He gae her nae time to dress herself
2 Like a lady that was to be married,
3 But he hoisd her out among his crew,
4 And rowd her in his plaidie.

225D.3
1 'Will ye go wi me, my dear?' he says,
2 'Will ye go wi me, my honey?
3 Will ye go wi me, my dear?' he says,
4 'For I love you best of ony.'

225D.4
1 'I winna be your dear,' she says,
2 'Nor'll I never be your honey;
3 I'll never be your wedded wife,
4 For you love me but for my money.'

225D.5
1 He hoisd her out among his crew,
2 She holding by her mother;
3 Wi warry eyes and murnfu cries
4 They parted frae each other.

225D.6
1 As they gaed oer yon high hill,
2 Wi watry eyes and murnfu sighs
3 Or else the lady would have been gone,
4 As they gaed oer yon high hill.

225D.7
1 He hoisd her out among his crew,
2 She holding by her mother;
3 Wi warry eyes and murnfu cries
4 As she lay by his side.

225D.8
1 'Be content, be content,
2 Be content wi me, ladie,
3 For now you are my wedded wife
4 Until the day ye die, ladie.

225D.9
1 'Rob roy was my father calld,
2 M'Gregor was his name, ladie,
3 And a' the country round about
4 Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.

225D.10
1 'You do not think yourself a match
2 For such a one as I, ladie;
3 But I been east and I been west,
4 And said the king of France, ladie.

225D.11
1 'And now we hear the bag-pipe play,
2 And we maun hae a dance, ladie,
3 And a' the country round about
4 Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.

225D.12
1 'Shake your foot, shake your foot,
2 Shake your foot wi me, ladie,
3 For now you are my wedded bride
4 Until the day ye die, ladie.

225D.13
1 'My father dealt in cows and eues,
2 Likewise in goats and sheep, ladie,
3 And a' the country round about
4 Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.

225D.14
1 'And ye have fifty thousand marks,
2 Makes me a man compleat, ladie.
3 Why mayn't I maid
4 May I not ride in state, ladie?

225D.15
1 'My father was a Highland laird,
2 Altro he be now ye dead, ladie,
3 And a' the country round about
4 Has heard of Roy's fame, ladie.'

225E.1
1 ROB ROY from the Hiblands cam
2 Unto our Scottish border,
3 And he has stown a lady fair,
4 To hau his house in order.

225E.2
1 And when he cam he surrounded the house;
2 Twenty men their arms did carry,
3 And he has stown this lady fair,
4 On purpose her for to marry.

225E.3
1 And when he cam he surrounded the house;
2 No tidings there cam before him;
3 Or else the lady would have been gone,
4 For still she did abhor him.

225E.4
1 Wi murnfu cries and watery eyes,
2 Fast hauing by her mother,
3 Wi murnfu cries and watery eyes
4 They parted frae each other.

225E.5
1 Nae time he gied her to be dressed
2 As lads do when they're bride, O,
3 But he hastened and hurried her awa,
4 And he rowd her in his plaid, O.

225E.6
1 They rade till they cam to Ballyshyne,
2 At Ballyshyne they tarried;
3 He bought to her a cotton gown,
4 Yet would she never be married.

225E.7
1 Three held her up before the priest,
2 Four carried her to bed, O,
3 Wi watery eyes and murnfu sighs
4 When she behind was laid, O.

225E.8
1 'O be content, be content,
2 Be content to stay, lady,
3 For you are my wedded wife
4 Unto my dying day, lady.
5 Be content, etc.

225E.9
1 'My father is Rob Roy called,
2 MacGregor is his name, ladie;
3 In all the country where he dwells,
4 He does succeed the fame, lady,
5 Be content, etc.

225E.10
1 'My father he has cows and eues,
2 And goats he has ane, ladie,
3 And you and twenty thousand merks
4 Will mak me a man compleat, lady.'
225F.1

1. ROB ROY frae the Highlands cam
2. Unto the Lawland border,
3. And he has stolen a lady away,
4. To haud his house in order.

225F.2

1. He's pu’d her out amang his men,
2. She holding by her mother;
3. With mournful cries and watery eyes
4. They parted frae each other.

225F.3

1. When they came to the heiagh hill-gate,
2. O it’s aye this lady fainted;
3. ‘O wae! what has that cursed monie
4. That’s thrown to me invented?’

225F.4

1. When they came to the heiagh hill-gate,
2. And at Buchanan tarried,
3. They fetched to her a cloak and gown,
4. Yet wad she not be married.

225F.5

1. Four held her up before the priest,
2. Four laid her on her bed,
3. With mournful cries and watery eyes
4. When she by him was laid.

225F.6

1. ‘I’ll be kind, I’ll be kind,
2. I’ll be kind to thee, lady,
3. And all the country for thy sake
4. Shall surely favoured be, lady.

225F.7

1. ‘Be content, be content,
2. Be content and stay, lady;
3. Now ye are my wedded wife
4. Until your dying-day, lady.

225F.8

1. ‘Rob Roy was my father called,
2. McGregor was his name, lady;
3. In every country where he was
4. He did exceed the fame, lady.

225F.9

1. ‘He was a hedge about his friends,
2. A terror to his foes, lady,
3. And every one that did him wrong,
4. He hit them oer the nose, lady.

225F.10

1. ‘Be content, be content,
2. Be content and stay, lady;
3. Now ye are my wedded wife
4. Until your dying-day, lady.

225F.11

1. ‘We will go, we will go,
2. We will go to France, lady,
3. Where I before for safety fled,
4. And there we’ll get a dance, lady.

225F.12

1. ‘Shake a fit, shake a fit,
2. Shake a fit to me, lady;
3. Now ye are my wedded wife
4. Until your dying-day, lady.

225G.1

1. ROB ROY from the Highlands cam
2. Unto the Lawland border,
3. To steal awa a gay ladie,
4. To haud his house in order.

225G.2

1. ‘Rob Roy was my father ca’d,
2. MacGregor was his name, ladie;
3. He led a band o heroes baud;
4. An I am here the same, ladie.

225G.3

1. ‘Be content, Be content,
2. Be content to stay, ladie;
3. For thou art my wedded wife
4. Until thy dying day, ladie.

225G.4

1. ‘He was a hedge unto his friends,
2. A heckle to his foes, ladie,
3. Every one that durst him wrang,
4. He that daurs dispute my word
5. Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie.’

225G.5

1. ‘Rob ROY is frae the Hielands come
2. Down to the Lowland border,
3. And he has stolen that lady away,
4. To haud his house in order.

225G.6

1. ‘I am as bold, I am as bold,
2. I am as bold, an more, ladie;
3. He that daurs dispute my word
4. Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie.’

225G.7

1. ‘Then be content, be content,
2. Be content with me, lady,
3. Where will ye find in Lennox land
4. Sae braw a man as me, lady.

225G.8

1. ‘Rob Roy he was my father called,
2. MacGregor was his name, ladie;
3. At the country, far and near,
4. Have heard MacGregor’s fame, lady.

225G.9

1. ‘He was a hedge about his friends,
2. A heckle to his foes, ladie;
3. If any man did him gainsay,
4. He hit them oer the nose, lady.

225G.10

1. ‘I am as bold, I am as bold,
2. I am as bold, and more, ladie;
3. Any man that doubts my word
4. May try my gude claymore, lady.

225G.11

1. ‘Then be content, be content,
2. Be content with me, lady,
3. For now ye are my wedded wife
4. Until the day ye die, lady.’

225G.12

1. ‘Rob Roy is frae the Highlands come
2. Unto the Scottish border,
3. And he has stolen a lady away,
4. To haud his house in order.

225G.13

1. ‘I’m as bold, I’m as bold,
2. I’m as bold, an more, ladie;
3. He that daurs dispute my word
4. Shall feel my guid claymore, lady.’

225G.14

1. ‘You need not fear our country cheer,
2. Ye’se hae good entertain, lady;
3. For ye shall hae a feather-bed,
4. Both lang and broad and green, lady.

225G.15

1. ‘Come, be content, come, be content,
2. Come, be content and stay, lady,
3. And never think of going back
4. Until yer dying day, lady.’

225G.16

1. ‘Come, dinna think to ly, lady;
2. ‘Come, be content and stay, lady,
3. And never think of going back
4. Until your dying day, lady.’

225G.17

1. ‘O dinna think, O dinna think,
2. ‘O dinna think, O dinna think,
3. ‘O dinna think, O dinna think,
4. Until yer dying day, lady.’

225G.18

1. ‘What think ye o my coal-black hair,
2. But and my twinkling een, lady,
3. A little bonnet on my head,
4. And cockup up aboon, lady?

225G.19

1. ‘O dinna think, O dinna think,
2. O dinna think to ly, lady;
3. O think nae ye yersell weel match’d
4. On sic a lad as me, lady?

225G.20

1. ‘O may not I, O may not I,
2. May not I succeed, lady?
3. My old father did so design;
4. O now but he is dead, lady.

225G.21

1. ‘My father was a hedge about his friends,
2. A heckle to his foes, lady,
3. And every one that does me wrong
4. Shall feel my good claymore, lady.

225G.22

1. ‘You need not fear our country cheer,
2. Ye’se hae good entertain, lady;
3. For ye shall hae a feather-bed,
4. Both lang and broad and green, lady.

225G.23

1. ‘Come, be content, come, be content,
2. Come, be content and stay, lady,
3. And never think of going back
4. Until your dying day, lady.’
4 Still thinking she would marry.
3 He bought to her both cloak and gown,
2 And in by Edingarry,
1 As they came in by Drimmen town
4 That has such roads invented!
3 Cried, Woe be to my cursed gold
4 That they could not resc
3 They guarded her on every side
1 Her mournful cries were often heard,
3 And they are to the Highlands gone,
2 Then jumped on behind her,
1 He placed her upon a steed,
3 With doleful cries and watry eyes
2 She holding by her mother;
1 He drew her out among his crew,
4 And rowd her in their plaids, O.
2 As ladies when thei'r brides, O,
1 They woud not stay till she was drest
4 Your love is for my money.'
226B.1 4 'My boon ye will grant to me:
  5 Sail I gae to Edinbruch city,
  6 And fesh hame a lady wi me?'
226B.2 1 'Ye may gae to Edinbruch city,
  2 And fesh hame a lady wi thee,
  3 But see that ye bring her but flatterie,
  4 And court her in grit poverty.'
226B.3 1 'My coat, mither, sail be o the plaiden,
  2 A tartan kilt o' my knee,
  3 Wi' hosens and brogues and the bonnet;
  4 I'll court her wi' nar flatterie.'
226B.4 1 When he cam to Edinbruch city,
  2 He playd at the ring and the ba,
  3 And was wont a bonnie young ladie,
  4 But Lizie Lindsay was first o them a'.
226B.5 1 Syne, dressd in his Hieland grey plaiden,
  2 His bonnet abune his ee-bree,
  3 He called on fair Lizie Lindsay;
  4 Says, Lizie, will ye fancy me?
226B.6 1 'And gae to the Hielands, my lassie,
  2 And gae to the Hielands wi me?
  3 O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,
  4 I'll feed you on curds and green whey.'
226B.7 1 'And ye'se get a bed o green bracken,
  2 My plaidie wi' will hap thee and me;
  3 Ye'se lie in my arms, bonnie Lizie,
  4 If ye'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'
226B.8 1 'O how can I gae to the Hielands,
  2 Or can I gae wi thee,
  3 When I dinna ken whare I'm gaing,
  4 Nor wha I hae to gae wi?'
226B.9 1 'My father, he is an auld shepherd,
  2 My mither, she is an auld dey;
  3 My name it is Donald Macdonald,
  4 My name I'll never deny.'
226B.10 1 'O Donald, I'll gie ye five guineas,
  2 To sit in hour in my room,
  3 Till I tak aff your ruddy picture;
  4 When I hae 't, I'll never think lang.'
226B.11 1 'I dinna care for your five guineas;
  2 It's ye that's the jewel to me;
  3 And every ane that did thee rang,
  4 That's coming to meet ye her lane.'
226B.12 1 'And ye'se get a bonnie blue plaiden,
  2 Wi' red and green strips thro it a;
  3 And I'll be the lord o your dwelling,
  4 And that's the best picture ava.'
226B.13 1 'And I am laird o a' my possessions;
  2 The king canna boast o na mair;
  3 And ye'se hae my true heart in keeping,
  4 There'll be na ither een hae a share.'
226B.14 1 'Sae gae to the Hielands, my lassie,
  2 O gae awa happy wi me;
  3 O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,
  4 And hird the wee lammies wi me.'
226B.15 1 'O how can I gae wi a stranger,
  2 Oure hills and oure glens frae my hame?
  3 If ye speak such a word to my dochter,
  4 Then Lizie laid doun her silk mantle,
  5 Sae rue na ye've come aff wi me,
  6 Fu's sott on the Canongate Port.
226B.16 1 'Doun cam Lizie Lindsay's ain father,
  2 A knicht o a noble degree;
  3 If ye do steal my dear daughter,
  4 Fu's sott on the Canongate Port.
226B.17 1 On his heel he turned round wi a bouncie,
  2 A light lutch he did gie;
  3 Thare's nae law in Edinbruch city
  4 That day that can dare to hang me.'
226B.18 1 Then up bespak Lizie's best woman,
  2 And a bonne young lass was she;
  3 'Had I but a mark in my pouchie,
  4 It's Donald that I wad gae wi.'
226B.19 1 'O Helen, wad ye leave your coffee,
  2 And a' your silk kirtles sae braw,
  3 And gang wi a bare-boughd pair laddie,
  4 And leave father, mither, and a'?
The Child Ballads
226E.21
1 He’s stript aff his fine costly robes,
2 And put on the single livery;
3 With no equipage nor attendance,
4 To Edinburgh city went he.

226E.22
1 Up raise then the bonny young lady,
2 And drew till her stockings and sheen,
3 And pack’d up her claise in fine bundles,
4 And awa wi young Donald she’s gane.

226E.23
1 The roads they were rocky and knabby,
2 The mountains were baith strait and stay;
3 When Lizzie grew weary wi travel,
4 For she’d travel’d a very lang way.

226E.24
1 ‘O turn again, bonny Lizzie, saith he;
2 ‘O turn again,’ said he;
3 ‘We’re but at day’s journe frae town,
4 O turn, and I’ll turn wi thee.’

226E.25
1 Out speaks the bonny young lady,
2 Till the saut tear blinded her ee;
3 Atho I’d return to the city,
4 There’s nae person woud care for me.

226E.26
1 When they came near the end o their journey,
2 To the house o their father’s milk-dey,
3 He said, Stay still there, Lizzie Lindsay,
4 ‘Till I tell my mither o thee.’

226E.27
1 When he came into the shielan,
2 She hailed him courteouslie;
3 Said, Ye’re welcome home, Sir Donald,
4 There’s been mony ane calling for thee.

226E.28
1 ‘O ca me na mair, Sir Donald,
2 But Donald M’Donald your son;
3 We’ll carry the joke a bit farther,
4 There’s a bonny young lady to come.’

226E.29
1 When Lizzie came into the shielan,
2 She looked as if she’d been a feel;
3 She sawna a seat to sit down on,
4 But only some sunks o green feall.

226E.30
1 ‘Now make us a supper, dear mither,
2 The best o your cruds and green whey;
3 And make us a bed o green rashes,
4 And covert wi huddins sae grey.’

226E.31
1 But Lizzie being wearied wi travel,
2 She lay till ‘twas up i the day:
3 ‘Ye might hae been up an hour sooner,
4 To milk baith the ewes and the kye.’

226E.32
1 Out then speaks the bonny young lady,
2 When the saut tear drapt frae her eye;
3 I wish that I had bidden at home,
4 I can neither milk ewes nor kyre.

226E.33
1 ‘I wish that I had bidden at home,
2 The Hielands I never had seen,
3 Altho I love Donald M’Donald,
4 The laddie wi Blythe the blinking een.’

226E.34
1 ‘Win up, win up, O bonny Lizzie,
2 And dress in the silks sae gay;
3 ‘I’ll show you the yetts o Kingcaussie,
4 Where I’ve played me mony a day.’

226E.35
1 Up raise the bonny young lady,
2 And drest in the silks sae fine;
3 And into young Donald’s arms
4 Awa to Kingcaussie she’s gane.

226E.36
1 Firth came the auld laird o Kingcaussie,
2 And hailed her courteouslie;
3 Says, Ye’re welcome, bonny Lizzie Lindsay,
4 Ye’re welcome home to me.

226E.37
1 ‘Tho lords o renown hae you courted,
2 Young Donald your favour has won;
3 ‘Ye’se in a’ the lands o Kingcaussie,
4 Donald M’Donald, my son.’

226E.38
1 ‘Will ye lea yere ain kintra,
2 Will ye leave the South Country ladies,
3 And drest in thd silks sae fine,
4 And away wi young Donald she’s gane.

226E.39
1 ‘I’d like to ken faer I am gaun first,
2 And answered him courteouslie;
3 Says, Ye’re welcome home, Sir Donald,
4 The roads they were rocky and knab.

226E.40
1 ‘O Lizie, ae favour I’ll ask you,
2 This favour I pray not deny;
3 Ye’ll tell me how braid your lands lie,
4 To Edinburgh city went he.

226E.41
1 ‘O Lizie, ae favour I’ll ask you,
2 This favour I pray not deny;
3 Ye’ll tell me how braid your lands lie,
4 Whan the saut tear drapt frae her eye;

226F.1
1 THERE was a braw ball in Edinburgh,
2 And many braw ladies were there,
3 But nae ane at a’ the assembly
4 Could wi Lizzie Lindsay compare.

226F.2
1 In cam the young laird o Kincassie,
2 An a bonny young laddie was he:
3 ‘Will ye lea yere ain kintra, Lizzie,
4 An gang to the Hielands wi me?’

226F.3
1 She turned her roun on her heel,
2 An a very loud laughter gaed she:
3 ‘I wad like to ken what I was ganging,
4 And wha I was gaun to gang wi.’

226F.4
1 ‘My name is young Donald M’Donald,
2 My name I will never deny;
3 My father he is an auld shepherd,
4 Sae weel as he can herd the kye!

226F.5
1 ‘My father he is an auld shepherd,
2 My mother she is an auld dame;
3 If ye’ll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
4 Ye’s neither want curds nor green whey.

226F.6
1 ‘If ye’ll call at the Canongate-Port,
2 At the Canongate-Port call ye;
3 I’ll give you a bottle of sherry,
4 And bear you company.’

226F.7
1 He ca’d at the Canongate-Port,
2 At the Canongate-Port called he;
3 She drank wi him a bottle o sherry;
4 And bore him guid company.

226F.8
1 ‘Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie?
2 Will ye go to the Hielands wi me?
3 ‘Will ye leave the South Country ladies,
4 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?’

226F.9
1 ‘Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie?
2 Will ye go to the Hielands wi me?
3 ‘Will ye leave the South Country ladies,
4 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?’

226F.10
1 ‘My name is young Donald M’Donald,
2 My name I will never deny;
3 My father he is an auld shepherd,
4 Sae weel as he can herd the kye!

226F.11
1 ‘O but I would give you ten guineas,
2 To have her one hour in a room,
3 To get her fair body a picture,
4 To keep me from thinking long.’

226F.12
1 ‘O I value not your ten guineas,
2 As little as you value mine;
3 But if that you covet my daughter,
4 Take her with you, if you do incline.’

226F.13
1 ‘Pack up my silks and my satins,
2 And pack up my hose and my shoon,
3 And likewise my clothes in small bundles,
4 And away wi young Donald I’ll gang.’

226F.14
1 They packed up her silks and her satins,
2 They packed up her hose and her shoon,
3 And likewise her clothes in small bundles,
4 And away wi young Donald she’s gane.

226F.15
1 When that they cam to the Hielands,
2 The braes they were baith lang and stey;
3 Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi ganging,
4 She had travell’d a lang summer day.

226F.16
1 ‘O are we near hame, Sir Donald?
2 O are we near hame, I pray?
3 ‘We’re no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,
4 Nor yet the half o the way.’

226F.17
1 They cam to a homely poor cottage,
2 An auld man was standing by:
3 ‘Ye’re welcome home, Sir Donald,
4 Ye’ve been sae lang away.’

226F.18
1 ‘O call me no more Sir Donald,
2 But call me young Donald your son,
3 For I have a bonnie young lady
4 Behind me for to come in.’
For it is far in the day.'

1 'You must get up, Lizzie Lindsay,
2 O make her a supper, mother,
3 These words were spoken in Gaelic,
4 Till this long night be done.'

3 And I will call you mother,
2 But call me Donald your son,
1 'You're welcome here, Sir Donald,
4 And out there came an old die.

2 And the mountains grew high and high,
4 To fall from Lizzie's eye.
3 Which caused many a tear
1 But the roads grew broad and broad,
4 High hanged I'll gar you be.'

3 'If you talk so to my daughter,
1 Then up spoke Lizzie's mother,
3 Will you go to the Highlands wi me, Lizzie?
1 'WILL you go to the Highlands wi me, Lizzie?
3 Saying, Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,
2 With all the keys in her hand,
1 It's down then came his auld mither,
4 I can neither make curds nor whey.'

3 'Although that our cottage be little,
2 Come in, come in,' said he;
1 'Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,
6 Milken the eus an the kay.'

4 Ye haa layen our lang in the day;
3 'Win up, Lissy Lindsy,
1 Lissy Lindsy bieng weary,
4 Besids a covering of gray.'

2 

1 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
2 And put on your satins so fine,
1 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
5 ' ' ' ' '

2 'You're welcome here, Sir Donald,
2 And put on your satins so fine,
1 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
6 Lissie she had nean.

5 The words wer spoken in Ears,
4 An caa me Donall, yer son:'
3 An I'll caa ye my mother,
2 And your fair ladie,
3 'Ye're welcome home, Sir Donall, ye're welcom
4 And bare him gued company.
3 She drank we him a bottel of cherry,
1 She would not have a gentleman,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
2 He wears the high-heeld shoes;
1 She would not have a Lowland laird,
4 For Duncan wears his trews.
3 She will marry Duncan Grahame,
227A.22
1 ‘O bonny Duncan Grahame,
2 ‘T am Donald, the Lord of Skye,
3 ‘Thou hast beds and bedding in your father’s house,
4 ‘You have got cows and ewes anew,

227A.23
1 ‘O fare you well, my father dear,
2 ‘You have got cows and ewes anew,

227A.24
1 ‘Hold your tongue, my mother dear,
2 ‘You have got cows and ewes anew,

227A.25
1 ‘Hold your tongue, my mother dear,
2 ‘You have got cows and ewes anew,

227A.26
1 ‘Hold your tongue, my mother dear,
2 ‘You have got cows and ewes anew,

227A.27
1 ‘Hold your tongue, my mother dear,
2 ‘You have got cows and ewes anew,

227A.28
1 ‘O fare you well, my father dear,
2 ‘You have got cows and ewes anew,

227A.29
1 ‘O fare you well, my father dear,
2 ‘You have got cows and ewes anew,

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228D.11
1 As they rode down yon pleasant glen,
2 For trees and hedges were right many,
3 There they met the Earl o Hume,
4 And his young son, were riding bonny.
4 Wi that her sair heart brak in twa.

3 Adieu, adieu to Earl Crawford!

2 For she'll not enter my yates again.

1 'Ye may gae tell her Lady Lillie,

3 'How comes it now, ye Earl Crawford,

2 They were a' sitting down to dine:

1 'What news, what news, ye Earl Crawford,

4 That sindered my gude lord and me.'
231A.7
1 Then Errol he has wed her,
2 And fairly brought her home;
3 There was nane peace between them twa
4 Till they sundered oer again.

231B.31
1 'O mother dear, gae make my bed,
2 And ye will make it saft and sound,
3 And turn my face unto the west,
4 That I nae mair may see the sun.'

231B.32
1 Her mother she did make her bed,
2 And she did make it saft and sound;
3 True were the words fair Lillie spake,
4 Her lovely eyes neer saw the sun.

231B.33
1 The Earl Crawford mounted his steed,
2 Wi sorrows great he did ride hame;
3 But ere the morning sun appeared
4 This fine lord was dead and gane.

231B.34
1 Then on ae night this couple died,
2 And baith were buried in ae tomb:
3 Let this a warning be to all,
4 As heir pride may not bring them low down.

230A.1
1 . . .
2 As they came in by the Eden side,
3 They heard a lady lamenting sair,
4 Bewailing the time she was a bride.

230A.2
1 . . .
2 A stately youth of blude and lane,
3 It should a been tauld for mony a lang year,
4 But ye never saw to bring him hame.

230A.3
1 And she has lookit to Fieldiesha,
2 So has she through Yirdandstane;
3 And turn my face unto the west,
4 But and Sir Gilbert Hay.

230A.4
1 And she had sung and faipit,
2 As bold as oney rae:
3 For I am as leal a maid yet
4 The slaughter o the laird of Mellerstain.

230A.5
1 And her staggard and she stood,
2 Three quarter of a year,
3 She was na in at the loan-head,
4 'You may take hame your daughter Kate,'
231B.14
1 Out spak the first lord,  
2 The best amang them a';  
3 'I never seed a lady come  
4 Wi sick matters to the law.'

231B.15
1 Out spak the neest lord,  
2 The best o the town,  
3 'Ye get fifteen well-fared maids,  
4 An put them in a roun,  
5 An Earell in the midst o them,  
6 An lat him chuse out ane.'

231B.16
1 They ha gotten fifteen well-fared maids,  
2 An pit them in a roun,  
3 An Earell in the midst o them,  
4 An bad him chuse out ane.

231B.17
1 He viewt them a' into a roun,  
2 Even up and down,  
3 An he has chosen a well-fared may,  
4 An meggie was her name.

231B.18
1 He took her by the hand,  
2 Afore the nobles a',  
3 An twenty times he kissed her mou,  
4 An led her thro the ha.

231B.19
1 'Look up, Meggie, look up, Margie,  
2 [Look up.], an think na shame;  
3 As lang as ye see my gaudy locks,  
4 Lady Earell's be yer name.'

231B.20
1 There were fifteen noblemen,  
2 An as mony laides gay,  
3 To see Earell proven a man  
4 . . .

231B.21
1 'Ye tak this well-fared may,  
2 And keep her three roun raiths o a year,  
3 An even at the three raiths' end  
4 I sill draw near.'

231B.22
1 They hae taen that well-fared may,  
2 An keep her three roun raiths o a year,  
3 And even at the three raiths' end  
4 Earell's son she bare.

231B.23
1 The gentlemen they ga a shout,  
2 The ladies ga a caa,  
3 Fair mat fa him Earell!  
4 But ran to his lady.

231B.24
1 He was na in at the town-head,  
2 Nor just at the end,  
3 Till the letters they were waiting him  
4 That Earell had a son.

231B.25
1 'Look up, Meggie, look up, Meggie,  
2 [Look up.], an think na shame;  
3 As lang as ye see my gaudy locks,  
4 Lady Earell's be yer name.'

231B.26
1 'I will gie my Meggie a mill,  
2 But an a piece o land,  
3 . . .
4 To foster my young son.

231B.27
1 'Fair is a' my merry men a',  
2 That I pay meat an gaire,  
3 To convey my Meggy hame,  
4 ?'

231B.28
1 . . .  
2 . . .  
3 Even in Lord Earell's coach  
4 They conveyed the lassie hame.

231B.29
1 'Take hame yer daughter, Lord Kinnaird,  
2 An take her to the glen,  
3 For Earell canna pleas her,  
4 Earell nor a' his men.'

231B.30
1 'Had I ben Lady Earell,  
2 Of sic a bonny place,  
3 I wad na gaen to Edinburgh  
4 My husband to disgrace.'

231C.1
1 ERROLL it's a bonny placd,  
2 It stands upon a plain;  
3 A bad report this lady's raised,  
4 That Erroll is nae a man.

231C.2
1 But it fell ance upon a day  
2 Lord Erroll went frae hame,  
3 And he is on to the hunting gane,  
4 Single man alane.

231C.3
1 But he hadna been frae the town  
2 A mile but barely twa,  
3 Till his lady is on to Edinburgh,  
4 To gain him at the law.

231C.4
1 O Erroll he kent little o that  
2 Till he sat down to dine,  
3 And as he was at dinner set  
4 His servant lost him ken.

231C.5
1 'Now saddle to me the black, the black,  
2 Go saddle to me the brown,  
3 And I will off to Edinburgh,  
4 Her errands there to ken.'

231C.6
1 She wasna well thro Aberdeen,  
2 Nor pass'd the well o Spa,  
3 Till Erroll he was after her,  
4 The verity to shaw.

231C.7
1 She wasna well in edinburgh,  
2 Nor even thro the town,  
3 Till Erroll he was after her,  
4 Her errands there to ken.

231C.8
1 When he came to the court-house,  
2 And lighted on the green,  
3 This lord was there in time enough  
4 To hear her thus compleen:

231C.9
1 'What needs me wash my apron,  
2 Or drie 't upon a door?  
3 What needs I eek my petticoat,  
4 Hings even down afore?

231C.10
1 'What needs me wash my apron,  
2 Or hing it upon a pin?  
3 For lang will gang but and ben  
4 Or I hear my young son's din.'

231C.11
1 'They ca you Kate Carnegie,' he says,  
2 'And my name's Gilbert Hay;  
3 I'll gar your father sell his land,  
4 Your tocher for to pay.'

231C.12
1 'To gar my father sell his land  
2 For that would be a sin,  
3 Tosuch a noughtless heir as you,  
4 That canno get a son.'

231C.13
1 Then out it speaks him Lord Brechen,  
2 The best an lord ava;  
3 Then out it speaks him Lord Brechen,  
4 His manhood for to shaw.

231C.14
1 Then out it speaks another lord,  
2 The best in a' the town;  
3 'Ye'll wy an fifteen maidens bright  
4 Before Lord Erroll come:'

231C.15
1 And he has chosen a tapster lass,  
2 A braw young son she bear.

231C.16
1 They haen gien to Meggie then  
2 Five ploughs but and a mill,  
3 And they haen gie her five hundred pounds,  
4 For to bring up her chill.

231C.17
1 There was no lord in Edinburgh  
2 But to Meggie gae a ring;  
3 And there was na a boy in a' the town  
4 But on Katie had a sang.

231C.18
1 'Kinnaird, take hame your daughter,  
2 And set her to the glen,  
3 For Erroll canna pleasure her,  
4 Nor name o Erroll's men.'
231E.2 1 ‘What need I wash my apron, 2 Or hing it on you door? 3 Or what need I truce my petticot? 4 It hangs even down before.’

231E.3 1 Errol’s up to Edinburgh gaen, 2 That bonny burrows-town; 3 He has chinist the barber’s daughter, 4 The top of a’ that town.

231E.4 1 He has taen her by the milk-white hand, 2 He has led her through the room, 3 And twenty times he’s kissit her, 4 Before his lady’s een.

231E.5 1 ‘Look up, look up now, Peggy, 2 Look up, and think nae shame, 3 For I’ll gie thee five hundred pound, 4 To buy thee a gown.

231E.6 1 ‘Look up, look up, now, Peggy, 2 Look up, and think nae shame, 3 For I’ll gie thee five hundred pound 4 To bear to me a son.

231E.7 1 ‘As thou was Kate Carnegie, 2 And I Sir Gilbert Hay, 3 I’ll g’r your father sell his lands, 4 Your tocher-gude to pay.

231E.8 1 ‘Now may he take her back again, 2 Do wi her what he can, 3 For Errol canna please her, 4 Nor ane o’ his men.’

231E.9 1 ‘Go fetch to me a pint of wine, 2 Go fill it to the brim, 3 For Errol canna please her, 4 The top of a’ that town.

231E.10 1 She’s down the back o the garden, 2 She has signed it to her dorty lips, 3 She has putten poison in, 4 She has taen the glass into her hand, 5 ‘Go fill it to the brim, 6 Your tocher-gude to pay.’

231F.1 1 She’s turned her right and round about, 2 Poured out a glass o wine; 3 Says, I’ll drink to my true love, 4 He’ll drink to me again.

231F.2 1 O Erroll stud into the fleer, 2 He was an angry man; 3 ‘See here’s a good gray-hun, 4 We’ll try what is the run.’

231F.3 1 Then Erroll stud into the fleer, 2 Steered no better bire, 3 Till that he saw his good gray-hun 4 Was burst and going free.

231F.4 1 ‘Bye ye be Kate Carnegie,’ he said, 2 ‘And I Sir Gilbert Hay, 3 I’ll g’r your father sell Kinnaird, 4 Your tocher-gude to pay.’

231F.5 1 ‘I now is on to Edinburgh, 2 A’ for to use the law, 3 And brave Erroll has followed her, 4 His yellow locks to sheu.

231F.6 1 ‘If I were lady of Erroll, 2 And hed as a face, 3 I would no go to Edinburgh, 4 My good lord to disgrace.’

232A.1 1 THE Earl of Wigtown had three daughters, 2 Oh and a wally, but they were unco bonnie! 3 The eldest of them had the far brawest house, 4 She has signed it to her dorty lips, 5 ‘If I were lady of Erroll, 6 My good lord to disgrace.’

232A.2 1 As she was a walking down by your river-side, 2 Oh and a wally, but she was unco bonnie! 3 There she espied her own footman, 4 With ribbons hanging over his shoulders safe bonnie.

232A.3 1 ‘Here’s a letter to you, madame, 2 Here’s a letter to you, madame; 3 The Earl of Hume is waiting on, 4 And he has his service to you, madame.’

232A.4 1 ‘I’ll have none of his service,’ says she, 2 ‘I’ll have none of his service,’ says she, 3 ‘For I’ve made a vow, and I’ll keep it true, 4 That I’ll marry none but ye, Ritchie.’

232A.5 1 ‘O say no so again, madame, 2 O say no so again, madame; 3 For I have neither lands nor rents 4 For to keep you on, madam.’

232A.6 1 ‘I’ll live where eer you please, Ritchie, 2 I’ll live where eer you please, [Ritchie,] 3 And I’ll be ready at your ca’, 4 Either late or early, Ritchie.

232A.7 1 As they went in by Stirling toun, 2 And a wally, but she was unco bonnie! 3 ‘A’ her silks were sailing on the ground, 4 But few of them knew of Ritchie Story.

232A.8 1 As they went in by the Parliament Close, 2 Oh and a wally, but she was unco bonnie! 3 ‘A’ her silks were sailing on the ground, 4 But few of them knew she was Ritchie’s lady.

232A.9 1 As they came in by her goodmother’s yetts, 2 Oh and a wally, but she was unco bonnie! 3 Her goodmother bade her kilt her coats, 4 And muck the byre with Ritchie Storie.

232A.10 1 ‘Oh, may not ye be sorry, madame, 2 Oh, may not ye be sorry, madame, 3 To leave a’ your lands at bonnie Cumbernaud, 4 And follow home your footman-laddie!’

232A.11 1 ‘What need I be sorry?’ says she, 2 ‘What need I be sorry?’ says she, 3 ‘For I’ve gotten my lot and my heart’s desire, 4 And what Providence has ordered for me.’

232B.1 1 COMARNAKD is a very bonny place, 2 And there is ladies three, madam, 3 But the fairest and rairest o them a’ 4 Has married Richard Storry.

232B.2 1 ‘O here is a letter to ye, madam, 2 Here is a letter to ye, madam; 3 The Earl of Hume, that gallant knight, 4 Has fallen in love wi ye, madam.’

232B.3 1 ‘There is a letter to ye, madam, 2 [There is a letter to ye, madam:] 3 That gallant knight, the Earl of Hume, 4 Desires to be yer servan true, madam.

232B.4 1 ‘I’ll hae nae o his letters, Richard, 2 I’ll hae nae o his letters, [Richard;] 3 I hae vowed, and will it true, 4 I’ll marry none but ye, Ritchie.

232B.5 1 ‘Say ne sae to me, lady, 2 Say ne sae to me, [lady.] 3 For I hae neither lands nor rents 4 To mountain ye, lady.’

232B.6 1 ‘Hunten Tour and Tillebarn, 2 The House o Athol is mine, Ritchie, 3 An ye sal hae them a’ 4 Whan ere ye incline, Ritchie.

232B.7 1 ‘For we will gaie to sea, Ritchie, 2 I’ll sit upon the deck, Ritchie, 3 And by your servant ere and late, 4 At any hour ye like, [Ritchie.]’

232B.8 1 ‘O manna ye be sad, sister, 2 An mann ye be sae sorry, 3 To leave the house o bonny Comarnad, 4 An follow Richard Storry?’

232B.9 1 ‘O what needs I be sad, sister, 2 An how can I be sorry? 3 A bonny lad is my deit, 4 And my lot has been laid afore me.’

232B.10 1 As she went up the Parliament Close, 2 Wi her laced shoon so fine, 3 Many ane bad the lady good day, 4 But few thought o Richard’s lady.

232B.11 1 As she gaed up the Parliament Close, 2 Wi her laced shoon so fine, 3 Mony ane hailed that gay lady, 4 But few hailed Richard Storry.

232C.1 1 THERE are three white hens i the green, 2 And O as she did murne! 3 ‘How can a workman crave his wage, 4 When he never wrougth a turn?’

232C.2 1 O ERROLL is a bonny place, 2 And stands upon yon plane, 3 But the lady lost the rights o it 4 Yeetreen or she came hame.

232C.3 1 She’s down the back o the garden, 2 And O as she did murne! 3 ‘How can a workman crave his wage, 4 When he never wrougth a turn?’

232C.4 1 O Erroll is a bonny place, 2 And lyes forament the sun, 3 And the apos be they grow red and white, 4 And peers o bonny green.

232C.5 1 ‘I nedwa wash my apron, 2 Nor hing it on my door; 3 But I may tuck my petticot, 4 Hangs even down before.

232C.6 1 ‘Oh, Erroll, Erroll, 2 Oh, Erroll if ye ken, 3 Why should I love Erroll, 4 Or any of his men?’

232C.7 1 ‘Oh, Erroll, Erroll, 2 Oh, Erroll if ye ken, 3 Why should I love Erroll, 4 Or any of his men?’
To be a suitor to you, madam.'

The earl of Aboyne has a noble design

Here is a letter for you, madam;

'Here is a letter for you, madam,

Wi ribbons on her shoulders bonnie.

And down by the banks of Eache bonnie,

As I came down by yon river-side,

Has fallen in love wi Richie Storie.

And the bonniest lass amang them a'

I have gotten my heart's delight;

How can I be sad or sorry?

'How can I be sad, sister?

'0 but ye be sad, sister,

To the house-end Richy brought his lady;

'0 are na ye sorry now, ladye,

'0 are na ye sorry now, ladye,

To forsake the Earl o Hume.

And follow Richie Storie, Annie?'

'0 what need I be sorrie, madame?

To leave the lands o bonnie Cumbernauld

And war ordained for me, madame.

Cumbernauld is mine, Annie,

The fairest and youngest o them a'

Has fa'n in love wi her footman-laddie.

'I want nane o his service, Ritchie,

Lived ye on yonder hill, Ritchie,

To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye;

To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye;

'To the Borders we maun gang, Ritchie,

'To the Borders we maun gang, Ritchie,

'To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye,

'To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye;

'To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye,

'To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye;

'To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye;

'To the Borders we'll na gang, ladye;
The Child Ballads

232G.15
1 He called for a priest wi speed,
2 A priest wi speed was soon ready,
3 And he was na married to the Earl o Hume,
4 But she blesses the day she got Richard Storry.

232G.16
1 A coach and six they did prepare,
2 A coach and six they did mak ready,
3 A coach and six they did prepare,
4 And she blesses the day made her Ritchie's lady.

232H.1
1 Blair-in-Athol's mine, Ritchie,
2 Blair-in-Athol's mine, Ritchie,
3 And bonny Dunkeld, where I do dwell,
4 And these shall a' be thine, Ritchie.

233A.1
1 AT Fyvie's yetts there grows a flower,
2 It grows baith braid and bonny;
3 There's a daisie in the midst o it,
4 And it's ca'd by Andrew Linnie.

233A.2
1 'O gin that flower war in my breast,
2 For the love I bear the laddie!
3 I wad kiss it, and I wad clap it,
4 And dant it for Andrew Linnie.

233A.3
1 'The first time me and my love met
2 Was in the woods o Fyvie;
3 He kissed my lips five thousand times,
4 And ay he ca'd me bonny,
5 And a' the answer he gat frae me,
6 Was, My bonny Andrew Linnie.

233A.4
1 'Love, I maun gang and leave thee!
2 Love, I maun gang and leave thee!
3 I'll never kiss a man again
4 Till I come back and see thee.
5 I'll never kiss a woman's mouth
6 As I am Andrew Lammie.

233A.5
1 'The first time me and my love met
2 Was in the woods o Fyvie;
3 He kissed my lips five thousand times,
4 And ay he ca'd me bonny,
5 And a' the answer he gat frae me,
6 Was, My bonny Andrew Linnie.

233A.6
1 But truing and trustworthy will I be,
2 As I am Andrew Linnie;
3 I'll never kiss a woman's mouth
4 Till I come back and see thee.
5 'Till I come back and see thee.'

233A.7
1 Synie he's come back frae Edinburgh
2 To the bonny hows o Fyvie,
3 And ay his face to the nor-east,
4 To look for Tiffie's Annie.

233A.8
1 'A hae a love in Edinburgh,
2 Sae hae I intill Leith, man;
3 I hae a love intill Montrose,
4 And these shall a' be thine, Ritchie.
5 'AT Fyvie's yetts there grows a flower,
6 It grows baith braid and bonny;
7 There's a daisie in the midst o it,
8 And it's ca'd by Andrew Linnie.'

233A.9
1 'I hae a love in Edinburgh,
2 Sae hae I intill Leith, man;
3 I hae a love intill Montrose,
4 And these shall a' be thine, Ritchie.
5 'AT Fyvie's yetts there grows a flower,
6 It grows baith braid and bonny;
7 There's a daisie in the midst o it,
8 And it's ca'd by Andrew Linnie.

233A.10
1 'My love possesses a' my heart,
2 As I am Andrew Linnie;
3 I wish I were but wi you,
4 My bonny Andrew Linnie.'

233A.11
1 'But Tiffie winna gie consent
2 To let your daughter marry;
3 And they would give one hundred merks
4 Than all the kye in Fyvie.
5 'I wish I were but wi you,
6 My bonny Andrew Linnie.'

233A.12
1 'The first time I and my love met
2 Was in the wood of Fyvie;
3 He kissed and he dawted me,
4 And call'd me his bonny Annie.'

233A.13
1 'What dule disturbd my dochter's sleep?
2 O tell to me, my Annie!
3 She sighed right sair, and said nae mair
4 But, O for Andrew Linnie!

233A.14
1 'What dule disturbd my dochter's sleep?
2 O tell to me, my Annie!
3 She sighed right sair, and said nae mair
4 But, O for Andrew Linnie!'
The Text of

233B.20 1 'Fyvie lands ly broad and wide,
2 And O but they ly bonny!
3 But I would not give my own true-love
4 For all the lands in Fyvie.

233B.21 1 'But make my bed, and lay me down,
2 And turn my face to Fyvie,
3 That I may see before I die
4 My bonny Andrew Lammie.'

233B.22 1 They made her bed, and laid her down,
2 And turnd her face to Fyvie;
3 She gave a groan, and died or morn,
4 So neer saw Andrew Lammie.

233B.23 1 Her father sorely did lament
2 The loss of his dear Nannie,
3 And wished that he had gien consent
4 To wed with Andrew Lammie.

233B.24 1 But ah! alas! it was too late,
2 For he could not recall her;
3 Through time unhappy is his fate,
4 Because he did controul her.

233B.25 1 You parents grave who children have,
2 In crushing them be canny,
3 Lest for their part they break their heart,
4 As did young Tifty's Nanny.

233C.1 1 AT Mill of Tifty lived a man,
2 In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;
3 He had a lovely daughter fair,
4 And was called bonny Annie.

233C.2 1 Her bloom was like the springing flower
2 That hails the rosy morning,
3 With innocence and graceful mein
4 Her beautous form adorning.

233C.3 1 Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter
2 Whose name was Andrew Lammie;
3 He had the art to gain the heart
4 Of Mill of Tifty's Annie.

233C.4 1 Proper he was, both young and gay,
2 His like was not in Fyvie,
3 Nor was ane there that could compare
4 With this same Andrew Lammie.

233C.5 1 Lord Fyvie he rode by the door
2 Where lived Tifty's Annie;
3 His trumpeter rode him before,
4 Even this same Andrew Lammie.

233C.6 1 Her mother called her to the door;
2 'Come here to me, my Annie;
3 Did e'er you see a prettier man
4 Than the trumpeter of Fyvie?'

233C.7 1 Nothing she said, but sighing sore,
2 Alas for Bonnie Annie!
3 She durst not own her heart was won
4 By the trumpeter of Fyvie.

233C.8 1 At night when all went to their bed,
2 All slept full soon but Annie;
3 Love so opprest her tender breast,
4 Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

233C.9 1 'Love comes in at my bed-side,
2 And love lies down beyond me;
3 Love has posset my tender breast,
4 And love will waste my body.

233C.10 1 'The first time me and my love met
2 Was in the woods of Fyvie;
3 His lovely form and speech so soft
4 Soon gaind the heart of Annie.

233C.11 1 He called me mistress; I said, No,
2 I'm Tifty's bonny Annie;
3 With apples sweet he did me treat,
4 And kisses soft and mony.

233C.12 1 'It's up and down in Tifty's den,
2 Where the burn runs clear and bonny,
3 I've 'tis gane to meet my love,
4 My bonny Andrew Lammie.'

233C.13 1 But now alas! her father heard
2 That the trumpeter of Fyvie
3 Had the art to gain the heart
4 Of Mill of Tifty's Annie.

233C.14 1 Her father soon a letter wrote,
2 And sent it on to Fyvie;
3 To tell his daughter was bewitcht
4 By his servant, Andrew Lammie.

233C.15 1 Then up the stair his trumpet
2 He call'd soon and shortly;
3 'Pray tell me soon what's this you've done
4 To Tifty's bonny Annie.'

233C.16 1 'Woe be to Mill of Tifty's pride,
2 For it has ruined many;
3 They'll not have 't said that she should wed
4 The trumpeter of Fyvie.

233C.17 1 'In wicked art I had no part,
2 Nor therein am I canny;
3 True love alone the heart has won
4 Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.

233C.18 1 'Where will I find a boy so kind
2 That will carry a letter canny,
3 Who will run to Tifty's town,
4 Give it to my love Annie?'

233C.19 1 'Tifty has daughters three
2 Who all are wonderous bonny;
3 But ye'll ken her o'er a' the rest;
4 Give that to bonny Annie.

233C.20 1 'Tis up and down in Tifty's den,
2 Where the burn runs clear and bonny,
3 There will thou come and I'll attend;
4 My love, I long to see thee.

233C.21 1 'Thou mayst come to the brig of Slugh,
2 And there I'll come and meet thee;
3 It's there we will renew our love,
4 Before I go and leave you.

233C.22 1 'My love, I go to Edinburgh town,
2 And for a while must leave thee;
3 She sighed sore, and said no more
4 But 'I wish that I were with you!'

233C.23 1 'I'll buy to thee a bridal gown,
2 My love, I'll buy it bonny;
3 But I'll be dead ere ye come back
4 To see your bonny Annie.'

233C.24 1 'If ye'll be true and constant too,
2 As I am Andrew Lammie,
3 I shall thee wed when I come back
4 To see the lands of Fyvie.'

233C.25 1 'I will be true and constant too
2 To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
3 But my bridal bed or then'll be made
4 In the green church-yard of Fyvie.'

233C.26 1 'The time is gone, and now comes on
2 My dear, that I must leave thee;
3 If longeth here I should appear,
4 Mill of Tifty he would see me.'

233C.27 1 'I now for ever bid adieu
2 To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
3 Or ye come back I will be laid
4 In the green church-yard of Fyvie.'

233C.28 1 He lied him to the head of the house,
2 To the house-top of Fyvie;
3 He blew his trumpet loud and shrill,
4 It was heard at Mill of Tifty.

233C.29 1 Her father lockd the door at night,
2 Laid by the keys fu canny;
3 And when he heard the trumpet sound
4 Said, Your cow is lowing, Annie.

233C.30 1 'My father dear, I pray forbear,
2 And reproach not your Annie;
3 I rather hear that cow to low
4 Than all the kye in Fyvie.

233C.31 1 'I would not for my braw new gown,
2 And all your gifts so many,
3 That it was told in Fyvie land
4 How cruel ye are to Annie.

233C.32 1 'But if you strike me I will cry,
2 And gentlemen will hear me;
3 Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
4 And he'll come in and see me.'

233C.33 1 At the same time the lord came in;
2 He said, What ails thee Annie?
3 'It's all for love now I must die,
4 For bonny Andrew Lammie.'

233C.34 1 'Pray, Mill of Tifty, give consent,
2 And let your daughter marry;' 3 'It will be with some higher match
4 Than the trumpeter of Fyvie.'

233C.35 1 'If she were come of as high a kind
2 As she's advanced in beauty,
3 I would take her unto myself,
4 And make her my own lady.'

233C.36 1 Fyvie lands are far and wide,
2 And they are wonderous bonny;
3 But I would not leave my own true-love
4 For all the lands in Fyvie.'

233C.37 1 Her father struck her wonderous sore,
2 As also did her mother;
3 Her sisters also did her scorn,
4 But woe be to her brother!

233C.38 1 Her brother struck her wonderous sore,
2 With cruel strokes and many;
3 He broke her back in the half-door,
4 For liking Andrew Lammie.

233C.39 1 'Alas! my father and my mother dear,
2 Why so cruel to your Annie?
3 My heart was broken first by love,
4 My brother has broke my body.

233C.40 1 'O mother dear, make me my bed,
2 And lay my face to Fyvie;
3 Thus will I lie, and thus will die
4 For my dear Andrew Lammie.

233C.41 1 'Ye neighbours hear, baith far and near,
2 And pity Tifty's Annie,
3 Who dies for love of one poor lad,
4 For bonny Andrew Lammie.

233C.42 1 'No kind of vice e'er stained my life,
2 Or hurt my virgin honour;
3 My youthful heart was won by love,
4 But death will me exoner.'

233C.43 1 Her mother than she made her bed,
2 And laid her face to Fyvie;
3 He tender heart it soon did break,
4 And never saw Andrew Lammie.

233C.44 1 Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
2 Said, Alas for Tifty's Annie!
3 The fairest flower's cut down by love
4 Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.

233C.45 1 'Woe be to Mill of Tifty's pride!
2 He might have let them marry;
3 I should have given them both to live
4 Into the lands of Fyvie.'
When Andrew home frae Edinburgh came,
With muckle grief and sorrow,
My love is dead for me to-day,
I’ll die for her to-morrow.

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When Andrew home frae Edinburgh came,
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I’ll die for her to-morrow.
235B.16
1 As she was a walking in her garden green,
2 Amang her gentlewomen,  
3 Sad was the letter that came to her,
4 Her lord was wed in Lunan.

235B.17
1 When he saw the letter sealed wi black,
2 He fell on `s horse weeping:
3 `If she be dead that I love best,
4 She has her heart a keepin.

235B.18
1 `My nobles all, ye'll turn your steeds,
2 That comely face [I] may see then;
3 Frae the horse to the hat, a must be black,
4 And mourn for bonny Peggy Irvine.'

235B.19
1 When they came near to the place,
2 They heard the dead-bell knellin,
3 And aye the turnin o the bell
4 Said, Come bury bonny Peggy Irvine.

235C.1
1 THE Earl of Aboyne he's careless an kin,
2 An he is new come frae London;
3 He sent his man him before,
4 To tell o his hame-comin.

235C.2
1 First she called on her chamberlaine,
2 Sin on Jeanie, her gentlewoman:
3 'Bring me a glass o the best claret win,
4 To drink my good lord's well-hame-comin.

235C.3
1 'My servants all, be ready at a call,
2 . . .
3 Wi the very best of meat,
4 For the Lord of Aboyne is comin.

235C.4
1 'My cooks all, be ready at a call
2 . . .
3 Wi the finest sippins, spare not the strings,
4 For the Lord of Aboyne is comin.

235C.5
1 'My maids all, be ready at a call,
2 . . .
3 The rooms I've the best all to be dress'd,
4 For the Lord af Aboyn is comin.'

235C.6
1 She did her to the closs to take him fra his
2 An she welcomed him frae London:
3 . . .
4 'Ye're welcome, my good lord, frae London!'

235C.7
1 'An I be sae welcome, he says,
2 . . .
3 'So I shall, madam, an ye's hae nae mar to say,
4 For I'll dine wi the Marquis of Huntly.

235C.8
1 'Ye need not, madam, .
2 I have asked him already;
3 He will not let ye a single mile ride,
4 For he is to dine with the Marquis o Huntly.'

235C.9
1 She called on her chamber-maid,
2 Sin on Jean, her gentlewoman:
3 'Ge make my bed, an tye up my head
4 Wee's me for his hame-comin!'
The Child Ballads

235D.13
1 That lady lookt out at her closet-window, 2 An she thought she saw him coming, 3 'Go fetch to me some fine Spanish wine, 4 That I may drink his health that's a coming.'

235D.14
1 Stately, stately steppit she doun 2 To welcome her lord from London, 3 An as she walked through the close 4 She's peed him from his horse.

235D.15
1 'Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, my dearest dear, 2 Ye're three times welcome from London!' 3 'I'll be as welcome as ye say, 4 Ye'll kiss me for my coming; 5 Come kiss me, come kiss me, my dearest dear, 6 Come kiss me, my bonny Peggy Harboun.'

235D.16
1 O she threw her arms aroun his neck, 2 To kiss him for his coming: 3 'If I had stayed another day, 4 I'd been in love wi another woman. 235D.17
1 She turned her about wi a very stingy look, 2 She was as sorry as any woman; 3 She threw a napkin out-oure her face, 4 Says, Gang kiss your where at London.'

235D.18
1 'Ye'll mount an go, my gallan grooms a', 2 Ye'll mount and back again to London; 3 Had I known this to be the answer my Meggy's gin me, 4 I had stayed some longer at London.'

235D.19
1 Go, Jack, my livery boy,' she says, 2 'Go ask if he'll take me wie him; 3 An he shall hae nae cumre o me 4 But myself an my waiting-woman.'

235D.20
1 'O the laus o London the're very severe, 2 They are not for a woman; 3 And ye are too low in coach for to ride, 4 I'm your humble servant, madam.

235D.21
1 'My friends they were a' angry at me 2 For marrying ane o the house o Harvey; 3 And ye are too low in coach for to ride, 4 For I am your humble servant, lady.

235D.22
1 'Go saddle for me my steeds,' he says, 2 'Go saddle them soon and softly, 3 For I was awa to the Bogs o the Geich, 4 An speak wi the Marquess o Huntly.'

235D.23
1 The guid Earl o Boyne's awa to London gone, 2 An his gallan grooms wi me him, 3 But his lady fair he's left behind 4 Both a sick an a sorry woman.

235D.24
1 Than was the letter she after him did send, 2 A' the way back again to London, 3 An in less than a twelvemonth her heart it did break, 4 For the loss o her lord at London.

235D.25
1 He was not won well to the Bogs o the Geich, 2 Nor his horses scarcely batit, 3 'Till the letters and the senes they came to his hand 4 That his lady was newly Strickit.

235D.26
1 'O is she dead? or is she sick? 2 O woe's me for my coming! 3 I'd rather lost a' the Bogs o the Geich 4 Or I'd lost my bonny Peggy Harboun.'

235D.27
1 He took the table wi his foot, 2 Made a' the room to tremble: 3 'I'd rather a lost a' the Bogs o the Geich 4 Or I'd lost my bonny Peggy Harboun.

235D.28
1 'O an alas! an O woe's me! 2 An wo to the Marquess o Huntly, 3 Wha caused the Earl o Boyne prove sae very unkin 4 To a true an a beautiful lady!'
235I.1
1 'Come kiss me, my dear, come kiss me,' he said,
2 'Come kiss me for my coming,'
3 For if I had staid another day in town,
4 Tomorrow I would have been married in Lunnon.'

235I.2
1 She turned about, as if she were a woman;
2 'Is it true that I’ve heard of you,
3 You may go back and kiss your whores in Lunnon.'

235I.3
1 A gallant knight was he,
2 He could neither gang nor ride,
3 For to be made ready,
4 Drums is a wealthy laddie;
5 And Drums may have a higher match
6 Than any shepherd’s daughter.'

235I.4
1 She’s turned about with an angry look,
2 'Make it soft and narrow;
3 For since my true lover has slighted me so,
4 I will die for him ere morrow.'

235I.5
1 THE Earl of Aboyne has up to London gone,
2 And all his nobles with him,
3 And all his hail court with him;
4 THE Lord Aboyn’s to London gone,
5 An it ill be Yule ere he come again;
6 Till three broad letters were sent after him
7 Till stays and gown and all did burst,
8 And it’s alane for bonny Peggy Irvine!

235I.6
1 THE Earl of Aboyne to London has gone,
2 And all his nobles with him;
3 For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.
4 For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.
5 For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.
6 'Come kiss me, my dear, come kiss me,' he said,
7 'Saddle and make him ready;
8 For I must away to the bonny Bog of Keith,
9 For to visit the Marquess of Huntley.'

235I.7
1 'Wae’s me, my dear! wae’s me!' he said,
2 'What news, what news, my own servant Jack?
3 To see if he saw him coming;
4 Go saddle and make him ready;
5 And she was an angry woman:
6 You may kiss with your sweethearts in London
7 She’s turned about wi a very saucy look,
8 'Stable-grooms all, pray be well employed,
9 'Go call on Jack, my waiting-man,' he said,
10 'Go call on Jack, my waiting-man,' he said,
11 'Go saddle me my steed,' he said,
12 'Go saddle and make him ready;
13 'Set your pots and your pans all a boiling;
14 'Set your pots and your pans all a boiling;
15 'Go ask if he’ll take me with him;'
There was a shepherd's daughter
For I was a barron's son;
And there is nane pleasure I could ha
To see ye gae out in an!

I'm a shepherd's ae dochter,
An ye't a barron's son;
And there is nane pleasure I could ha
To see ye gae out in an!

"Ye'r born owr high a man."
"I'm owr low to be your bride,
O say na sae again;
An lat the sheering be?"

"O will ye fancy me, fair maid?
O will ye fancy me?
O will ye fancy me, fair maid,
An lat the sheering be?"

"I wonna fancy you," she says,
"Nor let my shearing be;
For I'm owr low to be Lady Drum,
And your miss I'd scorn to be."

"I'm a brae maid"...
The Laird of Drum has three daughters,
1 THE Duke of Gordon has three daughters,
2 Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;
3 If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
4 All this I will dree.
5 An let a' your shearin abe? O
6 An let a' your shearin abe? O
7 An let a' your shearin abe? O
8 And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen.
9 And away with him she would gae.
10 And a' man bound for bed,
11 But now we are wad and in ae bed laid,
12 And you must be content wi me.
13 What could ken your mould frae mine?"
238A.1
1 'Wo to the hills and the mountains!
2 Wo to the frost and the snow!
3 My feet is sore with going barefoot,
4 No farther am I able to go.

238A.2
1 'O if I were at the glens of Foudlen,
2 Where hunting I have been,
3 I would find the way to bonny Castle Gordon,
4 Without either stockings or shoon.

238A.3
1 When she came to Castle Gordon,
2 And down upon the green,
3 The porter gave out a loud shout,
4 'O yonder comes Lady Jean!' 

238A.4
1 'O bonnie Jeanie, your portion's but sma
2 . . . and I get na Glenlogie, I'll die.'

238A.5
1 'O bonnie Jeanie, your portion's but sma
2 To lay your love on me, that's promis awa.

238A.6
1 Her cherry cheeks grew pale an wan; with the tear in her ee,
2 'Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'

238A.7
1 Ben came her father, steps to her boww;
2 'Dear Jeanie, you're acting the part of a [whore],

238A.8
1 'You're seeking ane that cares na for thee;
2 Ye's get Lord William, let Glenlogie be.'

238A.9
1 'O had you still, father, let your folly be;
2 Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'

238A.10
1 Ben came her mother, steps on the floor;
2 'Dear daughter Jeanie, you're acting the [whore].

238A.11
1 'Seeking of ane that cares na for thee;
2 For ye'll get Lord William, let Glenlogie be.'

238A.12
1 'O had your tongue, mother, and let me be;
2 An I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'

238A.13
1 O ben came her father's chaplain, a man of great skill,
2 And he has written a broad letter, and he has penned it well.

238A.14
1 H'as penned it well, an sent it awa,
2 To bonnie Glenlogie, the flower of them a'.

238A.15
1 When he got the letter, his tears did down fa
2 'She's laid her love on me, that was promis awa.'

238A.16
1 He cald on his servant wi speed, and bade him
2 saddle his horses, and bridle them a';
3 'For she has laid her love on me, altho I was promis awa.'

238A.17
1 The horses were saddled wi speed, but ere they
came he was four mile awa,
2 To Jean of Bethelny, the flowr of them a'.

238A.18
1 But when he came to her boww she was pale an
d wan,
2 But she grew red and ruddy when Glenlogie came in.

238A.19
1 'Cheer up, bonnie Jeannie, ye are flowr o them a';
2 I have laid my love on you, altho I was promis awa.'

238A.20
1 Her beauty was charming, her tocher down
taud;
2 Bonnie Jean of Bethelny was scarce fifteen yea
r auld.

238B.1
1 FOUR and twenty noblemen sits in the king's ha,
2 Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower among them a'.

238B.2
1 In came Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,
2 And she has chosen Glenlogie 'mong a' that was there.

238B.3
1 She turned to his footman, and thus she did say:
2 Oh, what is his name? and where does he stay?

238B.4
1 'His name is Glenlogie, when he goes from
2 Home, he bide?

238B.5
1 She called on her maidens to make her her bed,
2 But here comes Captain Ogilvie!

238B.6
1 'O bonnie Glenlogie, be constant and kind,
2 An, bonnie Glenlogie, I'll tell you my mind.
If I get na Glenlogie, I'll never have ane.

'O hold your tongue, father, and let me alane;
'I'll wed you to Dumfedline, he is better than he.

Says, Hold your tongue, Jeannie, let all your folly be;
'I'll wed you to Dumfledine, he is better than he.

'O hold your tongue, father, and let me alane;
If I getna Glenlogie, I'll never have ane.
238G.6
1 Her father wrote a broad letter wi speed,
2 And ordered his footman to run and ride;
3 He wrote a broad letter, he wrote it wi skill,
4 An sent it to Glenlogie, who had dune her the ill.

238G.7
1 The first line that he read, a light laugh gae he;
2 The next line that he read, the tear fell his ee;
3 ‘O what a man am I, an hae I a maik,
4 That such a fine ladye shoud die for my sake?

238G.8
1 ‘Ye’ll saddle my horse, an ye’ll saddle him sure;
2 An, when he is saddled, bring him to the green;
3 His horse was na saddled an brocht o the green,
4 When Glenlogie was on the road three miles hi s lane.

238G.9
1 When he came to her father’s, he saw naething there
2 But weeping an wailing an sobbing fu sair;
3 O pale an wan was she when Logie gaed in,
4 But red and ruddy grew she when Logie gaed ben.

238G.10
1 ‘O turn, Ladye Jeany, turn ye to your side,
2 For I’ll be the bridegroom, an ye’ll be the bride;
3 It was a blythe wedding as ever I’ve seen,
4 An bonny Jeany Melville was scarce seventeen.

238H.1
1 SIX and six nobles gaed to Belhelvie fair,
2 But bonnie Glenlogie was flowr o a’ there;
3 ‘Bonnie Jean o Belhelvie gaed tripping doun the stair,
4 Wi that Jeanie’s father cam stepping on the green.

238H.2
1 She said to his serving-man, as he stood aside,
2 ‘O what is that man’s name, and where does he bide?
3 ‘They call him Glenlogie when he goes frae home,
4 But he’s come o the grand gordons, and [h]is name is Lord John.’

238H.3
1 ‘Glenlogie, Glenlogie, be constant and kind;
2 ‘O cheer up, my dochter, turn ance frae the wa,
3 ‘O cheer up, my dochter, for I’ll gie ye my hand;
4 ‘Here take this letter, Glenlogie,’ said he.

238H.4
1 ‘Here take this letter, Glenlogie,’ said he.
2 ‘Come in, my pretty boy, wash and go dine:’
3 ‘Come in, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;’
4 ‘Here take this letter, Glenlogie,’ said he.

238H.5
1 ‘Here take this letter, Glenlogie,’ said he.
2 ‘The first ane line that he read, a low smile gave he;
3 ‘The next ane line that he read, the tear blinded his ee;
4 ‘The next ane line that he read, the Tear blinded his ee;

238H.6
1 ‘O saddle to me the black horse, saddle to me the brown,
2 Saddle to me the swiftest horse that eer rode.
3 ‘O saddle to me the black horse, saddle to me the brown,
4 But lang or the horses could be brought to the green.

238H.7
1 ‘Here take this letter, Glenlogie,’ said he.
2 ‘The first ane line that he read, a low smile gave he;
3 ‘The next ane line that he read, the tear blinded his ee;
4 ‘The next ane line that he read, the Tear blinded his ee;

238H.8
1 ‘O saddle to me the black horse, saddle to me the brown,
2 Saddle to me the swiftest horse that eer rode.
3 ‘O saddle to me the black horse, saddle to me the brown,
4 But lang or the horses could be brought to the green.

238H.9
1 ‘Here take this letter, Glenlogie,’ said he.
2 ‘The first ane line that he read, a low smile gave he;
3 ‘The next ane line that he read, the tear blinded his ee;
4 ‘The next ane line that he read, the Tear blinded his ee;

238H.10
1 ‘When he came to Glenlogie, it was ’wash and go dine.’
2 ‘Come in, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;’
3 ‘It was no my father’s fashion, and I hope it’ll no be mine;
4 ‘To run a lady’s hasty errand, then to go dine.

238H.11
1 ‘Here take this letter, Glenlogie,’ said he.
2 ‘The first ane line that he read, a low smile gave he;
3 ‘The next ane line that he read, the tear blinded his ee;
4 ‘The next ane line that he read, the Tear blinded his ee;

238H.12
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;

238H.13
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;

238H.14
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;

238H.15
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;

238H.16
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;

238H.17
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;

238H.18
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;

238H.19
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;

238H.20
1 ‘O turn you, bonnie Jeanie, O turn you to me,
2 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
3 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
4 ‘O wae’s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher’s oure;
1 And balow a bastard babie.

2 For the love of a bonie rantin laddie,

3 He kissed her cold lips, they were both white a

3 Ye'll show me the bower that Jeannie lies in:'

3 . . . . .

4 An it's a' for your stayin sae long on the fleed.

2 Sayin, It's a' for your stayin so long on the

1 Her maidens did meet him, a' wringin their

2 An that day Young Annochie cam in on the

4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 I winna be inhefted o five thousan poun;

4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 My heart is fixt on him, it winna remove;

1 'BUCHAN, it's bonnie, an there lies my love,

4 An he died in the chamber that Jeanie died in.

2 And show me the chamber Miss Jeanie died in;’

4 And he is my rantin laddie.'

4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 While they be ready, the sheets be

3 She shall lie in my arms till twelve o the day,

4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 And her mother she does slight her,

4 And their servants they neglect her.

3 But he is the Earl o bonie Aboyne,

1 'Here am I, ane o your father's servants,

3 Ye'll happy be, ye’ll happy be,

4 For they are frank and kind.

3 But or he read it to an end

1 'Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,

3 Wi your hat in your hand gie a bow to the

2 For he has sae mony,

1 'But gin I had ane o my father's servans,

1 'O wha is [this] daur be sae bauld

3 But this is a sad an a sorrowfu seat,

4 To see my apron risin.

3 But he blinket bonie!

1 'O ye get a servant at your command,

2 For love o a bonny rantin laddie,

3 With a gude claymor in every hand,

4 For to bring hame my lady.'

3 They were a company bonie,

4 As oft times ye've had many,

3 They cam in thro Buchanshire,

3 With a milk-white steed under every ane,

4 To bring hame my han.'

2 They shall lie in my arms till twelve o the day,

4 And their servants they neglect her.

4 And I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

1 'Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,

3 She will lie in my arms till twelve o the day,

3 With a gude claymor in every hand,

4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 As oft times I've had many,

3 That wad rin wi a letter to bonnie Glenswood,

4 Wi a letter to my rantin laddie!'

2 And show me the bower that Jeannie lies in:'

3 I will run on to bonny Aboyne,

3 That will gae to the wood o Glentanner,

2 For he has so mony,

2 For love of my [rantin] laddie.'

1 'Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,

2 An he never was a cadie,

2 He never was a caddie;

1 'Here am I, ane o your father’s servants,

2 Oft hae I playd at the cards an the dice

4 And rock my bastard baby.

4 And I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 Where will I get a little page,

2 As often I had many,

3 I would ride on to the Castle o Aboyne,

4 'AFT hae I played at cards and dice

2 The birks were blooming bonny,

3 Where woods are green and bonny,

3 With a milk-white steed under every ane,

2 Sae loud as he was laughin!

4 To be wi my rantin laddie.

1 Her maidens did meet him, a’ wringin their

1 'BUCHAN, it's bonnie, an there lies my love,

1 When he came near the banks of Dee,

1 'BUCHAN, it's bonnie, an there lies my love,

2 And he never was a cadie,

4 An I'll cause her to forsake him Young Annochie.'

4 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 My heart is fixt on him, it winna remove;

2 And my mother she neglects me,

3 She shall lie in my arms till twelve o the day,

4 And I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 And my mother she neglects me,

2 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

2 As oft times ye've had many,

3 Ye care little for the man that cares muckle for

3 With an oar o an ome,

2 Wi an oar o an ome,

2 Go raise to me my five hundred men,

2 Wi an car o an ome.

2 And her mother she does slight her,

3 Ye'll happy be, ye’ll happy be,

2 And he never was a cadie,
240C.14 1 'Where are ye going, my bonny boy? 2 Where are ye going, my caddie?' 3 I am going to the Castle o Aboyne, 4 Wi a letter to the rantin laddie.'

240C.15 1 'See yonder is the castle then, 2 My young and handsome caddie, 3 And I'll show him the Earl o Aboyne, 4 Tho they ca me the rantin laddie.'

240C.16 1 'O pardon, my lord, if I've done wrong; 2 Forgive a simple caddie, 3 O pardon, pardon, Earl o Aboyne, 4 I said but what she bade me.'

240C.17 1 'Ye have done no wrong, my bonny boy, 2 Ye've done no wrong, my caddie;' 3 Wi hat in hand he bowed low, 4 Gave the letter to the rantin laddie.

240C.18 1 When young Aboyne looked the letter on, 2 O but he blinkit bonny! 3 But ere he read four lines on end 4 The tears came trickling mony.

240C.19 1 'My father will no pity shew, 2 My mother still does slight me, 3 And a' my friends have turned from me, 4 And servants disrespect me.'

240C.20 1 'Who are they dare be so bold 2 To cruelly use my lassie? 3 But I'll take her to bonny Aboyne, 4 Where oft she did caress me.

240C.21 1 'Go raise to me five hundred men, 2 Be quick and make them ready; 3 Each on a steed, to haste their speed, 4 To carry home my lady.'

240C.22 1 As they rode on thro Buchanshire, 2 The company were many, 3 Wi a good claymore in every hand, 4 That glance'd wondrous bonny.

240C.23 1 When he came to her father's gate, 2 He called for his lady: 3 'Come down, come down, my bonny maid, 4 And speak wi your rantin laddie.'

240C.24 1 When she was set on high horseback, 2 Rowl in the Highland plaidie, 3 The bird i the bush sang not so sweet 4 As sung this bonny lady.

240C.25 1 As they rode on thro Buchanshire, 2 He cried, Each Lowland lassie, 3 Ye tell mo how they ca ye! 4 Ye tell me how they ca ye!

240C.26 1 'But take my advice, and make your choice 2 Of some young Highland laddie, 3 Lay your love on some lowland lass, 4 And soon will he prove fause t' ye.'

240C.27 1 As they rode on thro Garioch land, 2 He rode up in a fury, 3 And cried, Fall back, each saucy dame, 4 Let the Countess of Aboyne before ye.

240D.1 1 'AFT hae I played at he cards and the dice, 2 It was a' for the sake o my laddie, 3 But noo I sit in my father's kitchie-neuk, 4 Singing ba to a bonnie bastard babbie.'

240D.2 1 'What will I get a bonnie boy sae kin, 2 As will carry a letter cannie, 3 That will rin on to the gates o the Boyne, 4 Gie the letter to your rantin laddie.'

240D.3 1 'Here am I, a bonnie boy sae kin, 2 As will carry a letter cannie, 3 That will rin on to the gates o the Boyne, 4 Gie the letter to your rantin laddie.'

240D.4 1 'When ye come to the gates o the Boyne, 2 An low doon on yon cassie, 3 Ye'll tak aff your hat an ye'll mak a low bow, 4 Gie the letter to my rantin laddie.'

240D.5 1 'When ye come to gates o the Boyne, 2 Ye'll see lords an nobles monie; 3 But ye'll see among them, 4 He's my bonnie, bonnie rantin laddie.'

240D.6 1 'Is your bonnie love a laird or a lord, 2 Or is he a caddie, 3 That ye call him so very often by name 4 Your bonnie rantin laddie?'

240D.7 1 'My love's neither a laird nor a lord, 2 Nor is he a caddie, 3 But he is yerl o a' the Boyne, 4 An he is my bonnie rantin laddie.'

240D.8 1 When he read a line or two, 2 He smil'd eer sae bonnie; 3 But lang ere he cam to the end 4 The tears cam tricklin monie.

240D.9 1 'What will I find fifty noble lords, 2 An as monie gay ladies, 3 I wish I had hame my laddie.

240D.10 1 THE Laird of Leys is on to Edinburgh, 2 To shaw a fit o his follie; 3 He drest himself in the crimson-brown, 4 An he prov'd a rantin laddie.

240D.11 1 Ben came a weel-faird lass, 2 Says, Laddie, how do they ca ye? 3 'They ca me this, an they ca me that, 4 Ye wudna ken fat they ca me; 5 But when I'm at home on bonnie Deeside 6 They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'

240D.12 1 They sought her up, they sought her down, 2 They sought her in the parlour; 3 She couldna be got but whar she was, 4 In the bed wi The Rantin Laddie.

240D.13 1 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys, 2 Ye tell me how they ca ye! 3 Your gentle blood moves in my side, 4 An I dinna ken how they ca ye.'

240D.14 1 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys, 2 Ye tell me how they ca ye! 3 Your gentle blood moves in my side, 4 An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

240D.15 1 'They ca me this, an they ca me that, 2 Ye couldna ken how they ca me; 3 But when I'm at home on bonnie Deeside 4 They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'

240D.16 1 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys, 2 Ye tell me how they ca ye! 3 Your gentle blood moves in my side, 4 An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

240D.17 1 'Baron of Leys, it is my stile, 2 Alexander Burnett they ca me; 3 When I'm at hame on bonnie Deeside 4 My name is The Rantin Laddie.'

240D.18 1 'Gin your name be Alexander Burnett, 2 Alas that ever I saw ye! 3 For ye hae a wife and bairns at hame, 4 An alas for the lying sae near thee!'

240D.19 1 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that, 2 Or else I'll mourn and rue the day, 3 For I wish I had hame my laddie. 4 Wha wishd to know how they ca'd him.

240D.20 1 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys, 2 Ye tell me how they ca ye! 3 Your gentle blood moves in my side, 4 An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

240D.21 1 'Baron of Leys is my title is, 2 And Sandy Burnett they ca me.'

240D.22 1 'Tell down, tell down ten thousand crowns, 2 Or ye maun marry me the morn; 3 She paid the money on the morn; 4 And gien them a' the scorn.

240D.23 1 'My head's the thing I canna weel want; 2 My lady she loves me dearly; 3 Nor yet hae I means ye to maintain; 4 Alas for the lying sae near thee!'

240D.24 1 'Awa wi your jesting, sir,' she said, 2 'I trov you're a ranting laddie; 3 But something swells atween my sides, 4 And I maun ken how they ca thee.'

240D.25 1 'I wish I had hame my laddie.'

240D.26 1 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys, 2 Ye tell me how they ca ye! 3 Your gentle blood moves in my side, 4 An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

240D.27 1 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys, 2 Ye tell me how they ca ye! 3 Your gentle blood moves in my side, 4 An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

240D.28 1 'Baron of Leys, it is my stile, 2 Alexander Burnett they ca me; 3 When I'm at hame on bonnie Deeside 4 My name is The Rantin Laddie.'

240D.29 1 'Gin your name be Alexander Burnett, 2 Alas that ever I saw ye! 3 For ye hae a wife and bairns at hame, 4 An alas for the lying sae near ye!'
241C.17
1 'O wae's me now, O Scour the Brass,
2 And alas that ever I saw thee!
3 For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
4 And I kenna well fat to ca thee.'

241C.18
1 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
2 Whatever name best befa's me;
3 But when wi the Earl o Murray I ride
4 It's Scour the Brass they ca me.'

241C.19
1 'O wae's me now, O Cargill,
2 And alas that ever I saw thee!
3 For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
4 And I kenna well fat they ca thee.'

241C.20
1 'Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
2 Whatever name best befa's me;
3 But when I walk thro Saint Johnstone's town
4 Gude man o appearance o Cargill;

241C.21
1 'Oh, help, oh help, I can get nane,
2 I wat her heart might hae been fu sair;
3 Before that he was middle-waters,
4 The weary coble began to fill.'

241C.22
1 'Gae tell my father and my mother
2 It was naebody did me this ill;
3 This was about his dying words,
4 When he was choaked up to the chin.'

241C.23
1 'At kirk nor market I'se neer be at,
2 Neer set a foot upon the plain;
3 There's neer a ane shall say to anither,
4 Of the clean sheets and of the strae;

241C.24
1 'I was a-going my ain errands,
2 And throughout the night;
3 Which made their father's heart rejoyce,
4 In the kirk-shot o bonnie Cargill.'

241C.25
1 'Oh a' the keys o bonnie Stobha
2 I wat they at his belt did hing;
3 But a' the keys of bonnie Stobha
4 They now ly low into the stream.'

241C.26
1 'There's neer a clean sark gae on my back,
2 Of worthy birth and fame,
3 As time did them allow,
4 Matters were strangely carried.'
4 If I along with you should go?'

3 What have you to maintain me withal,
2 Likewise my little son also,
3 And by him I have a little son,
2 And a young ship-carpenter is he,
3 I would not for five hundred pounds
1 'If you might have had a king's daughter,
4 And all for the sake, love, of thee.'

1 'I might have had a king's daughter,
2 And she would have married me;
3 But I forsook her golden crown,
4 For to keep thee from cold.'

2 My little children three,
3 Wi me to sail the raging seas,
4 Where the stormy winds do blow.'

4 Ye'll neer see joy o me.'

1 'Awa, aye, ye former lovers,
2 Nor am I your brother John;
3 Or are ye James Herries, my first true-love,
4 Be deluding away my wife.'

3 'No, I do weep for my little son,
4 'Or do you weep for my fee?
3 'What, weep you for my gold?' he said,
4 And for the love of thee.'

1 'My husband is a carpenter,
2 And a young ship-carpenter is he,
3 And by him I have a little son,
4 Or else, love, I'd go along with thee.

2 My husband is a carpenter,
2 A carpenter of great fame;
1 I would not for five hundred pounds
4 That he should know the same.'

1 'If thou'lt thy husband forsake,
2 The oars shall gilded be also,
3 And seventeen mariners to wait on thee,
4 For to be, love, at your command.'

2 A gilded boat thou then shall have,
2 The eighth brought me to land,
1 She had not been upon the seas
4 That should have come along with me.'

1 She turnd her round upon the shore
1 She turned her round upon the shore
2 Her love's ships to behold;
3 Their topmasts and their mainyards
4 Were coverd oer wi gold.

2 'A gilded boat thou then shall have,
1 'I am not your father, I am not your mother,
3 I may be buried in Scottish ground,
4 On the banks o Italy.'

3 'So has she to her sleeping husband,
2 And kissd him cheek and chin;
3 But she has to her sleeping husband,
4 And dune the same to him.'

3 My little young son also?
3 And I am come to my true-love,
2 'Nor are ye James Herries, my first true-love,
4 On the banks o Italy.'

1 'My husband is a carpenter,
2 And I hae born him a young son;
3 For now I am another man's wife
4 For to keep thee from thy overthrow.'

1 'I have seven ships upon the sea;
2 When they are come to land,
1 'O gin I were at land again,
4 Then see a far countrie.'

2 'I have seven ships upon the seas,
1 'If I forsake my dear husband,
4 For to be, love, at your command.
3 They had not been long upon the sea
1 'WELL met, well met, my own true love,
2 From off the English shore,
1 She hadna sailed upon the sea
4 For to had her frae the cold.

4 They had not been long upon the sea
2 Before that she began to weep:
3 'What, weep you for my gold?' he said,
4 'Or do you weep for my fee?'

4 'If I should go with thee?'
1 'I have seven ships upon the sea;
3 If I'd forsake my dear husband,
3 I will forgive the<e[ what is past,
2 And one of them brought me to land,
3 And seventeen mariners to wait on thee,
4 And for the love of thee.'

2 'Or do you weep for some other young man
3 'No, I do weep for my little son,
4 For to keep thy feet from cold.'

1 'My husband is a carpenter,
2 My little children three,
3 What means hast thou to bring me to,
4 If I should go with thee?'

2 'I have seven ships upon the sea;
3 I would not for five hundred pounds
1 'I might have had a king's daughter,
4 And wealth in every hand.'

1 'If I forsake my husband and
2 My little children three,
3 What means hast thou to bring me to,
4 If I should go with thee?'

1 'If I along with you should go?
2 'I have seven ships upon the sea,
3 And seventeen mariners to wait on thee,
4 For to be, love, at your command.'

1 'If I along with you should go?
2 Likewise my little son also,
3 And by him I have a little son,
4 And for the love of thee.'

1 'WELL met, well met, my own true love,
2 And the ship-carpenter's wife was drownd,
3 But the mariner and she were drowned,
4 In the bottom o the sea.'

1 'Awa, aye, ye former lovers,
2 Nor land ye's nae mair see;
3 But for a while we'll stay at Rose Isle,
4 Where I was bred and born!'

4 'If I along with you should go?
2 Likewise my little son also,
3 What have you to maintain me withal,
4 If I along with you should go?'
243D.1 1 'O WHARE hae ye been, my dearest dear,
2 These seven long years and more?
3 'O I am come to seek my former vows,
4 That ye promised me before.'

243D.2 1 'Awi wi your former vows,' she says,
2 'Or else ye will breed strife;
3 Awi wi your former vows,' she says,
4 'For I'm become a wife.

243D.3 1 I am married to a ship-carpenter,
2 A ship-carpenter he's bound;
3 I wadna kendi my mind this nicht
4 For twa times five hundred pound.'

243D.4 1 She has put her foot on gude ship-board,
2 And on ship-board she's gane,
3 And the veil that hung o'er her face
4 Was awa gowd begane.

243D.5 1 She had na sailed a league, a league,
2 A league, but barely three,
3 Till she did mind on the husband she left,
4 And her wey young son ailsa.

243D.6 1 'O hound your tongue, my dearest dearest,
2 Let all your follies aye;
3 I'll show whare the white lillies grow,
4 On the banks of Italie.

243D.7 1 She has na sailed a league, a league,
2 A league but barely three,
3 Till grim, grim grew his countenance,
4 And gurrly grew the sea.

243D.8 1 'O hound your tongue, my dearest dearest,
2 Let all your follies aye;
3 I'll show whare the white lillies grow,
4 In the bottom of the sea.

243D.9 1 He's tane her by the milk-white hand,
2 And he's thrown her in the main;
3 Till altered grew his countenance,
4 And Draikie grew his ee.

243E.1 1 WHERE have you been, my long lost love,
2 This seven long years and mair?
3 'I've been seeking gold for thee, my love,
4 And riches of great store.

243E.2 1 'Now I'm come for the vows you promised me,
2 You promised me long ago;
3 'My former vows you must forgive,
4 For I'm a wedded wife.'

243E.3 1 'I might have been married to a king's daughter,
2 Far, far ayont the sea;
3 But I tailed the crown of gold,
4 And it's all for the love of thee.'

243E.4 1 If you might have married a king's daughter,
2 Yourself you have to blame;
3 For I'm married to a ship's-carpenter,
4 And to him I have a son.

243E.5 1 'Have you any place to put me in,
2 If I wish you should gang'?
3 'I've seven brave ships upon the sea,
4 All laden to the brim.

243E.6 1 'I'll build my love a bridge of steel,
2 All for to help her oor;
3 Likewise webs of silk down by her side,
4 To keep my love from the cold.'

243E.7 1 She took her eldest son into her arms,
2 And sweetly did him kess;
3 'My blessing go with you, and your father too,
4 For little does he know of this.'

243E.8 1 As they were walking up the street,
2 Most beautiful for to behold,
3 He cast a glamour o'er her face,
4 And it shone like the brightest gold.

243E.9 1 As they were walking along the sea-side,
2 Where his gellant ship lay in,
3 So ready was the chair of gold
4 To welcome this lady in.

243E.10 1 They had not sailed a league, a league,
2 A league but scarcely three,
3 Till altered grew his countenance,
4 And raging grew the sea.

243E.11 1 When they came to you sea-side,
2 She set her down to rest;
3 'Tis then she spied his cloven foot,
4 Most bitterly she wept.

243E.12 1 'O is it for gold that you do weep?
2 Or is it for fear?
3 Or is it for the man you left behind
4 When that you did come here?'

243E.13 1 'It is not for gold that I do weep,
2 O no, nor yet for fear;
3 But it is for the man I left behind
4 When that I did come here.

243E.14 1 'O what a bright, bright hill is yon,
2 That shines so clear to see?'
3 'O it is the hill of heaven,' he said
4 'Where you shall never be.'

243E.15 1 'O what a black, dark hill is yon,
2 That looks so dark to me?'
3 'O it is the hill of hell,' he said,
4 'Where you and I shall be.'

243E.16 1 'Would you wish to see the fishes swim
2 In the bottom of the sea,
3 Or wish to see the leaves grow green
4 On the banks of Italy?'

243E.17 1 'I hope I'll never see the fishes swim
2 On the bottom of the sea,
3 But I hope to see the leaves grow green
4 On the banks of Italy.'

243E.18 1 He took her up to the topmast high,
2 To see what she could see;
3 He sunk the ship in a flash of fire,
4 To the bottom of the sea.

243F.1 1 'O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
2 This long seven years and mair?
3 'O I'm come to seek my former vows
4 Ye granted me before.'

243F.2 1 'O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he
2 'Of your weeping now let me be;
3 I will shew you how the lilies grow
4 On the banks of Italy.'

243F.3 1 'I have seven ships upon the sea——
2 Laden with the finest gold,
3 And mariners to wait us upon;
4 All these you may behold.

243G.1 1 'I HAVE seven ships upon the sea,
2 Laden with the finest gold,
3 And mariners to wait us upon;
4 All these you may behold.

243G.2 1 'And I have shoes for my love's feet,
2 Beaten of the purest gold,
3 And linen wi the velvet soft,
4 To keep my love's feet from the cold.

243G.3 1 'O how do you love the ship?' he said,
2 'Or how do you love the sea?
3 And do you love the bold mariners
4 That wait upon thee and me?'

243G.4 1 'O I do love the ship,' she said,
2 'And I do love the sea;
3 But woe be to the dim mariners,
4 That nowhere I can see!'

243G.5 1 They had not sailed a mile awa,
2 Never a mile but one,
3 When she began to weep and mourn,
4 And to think on her little wee son.

243G.6 1 'O hold your tongue, my dear,' he said,
2 'And let all your weeping abee;
3 For I'll soon show to you how the lilies grow
4 On the banks of Italy.'

243G.7 1 They had not sailed a mile awa,
2 Never a mile but two,
3 Until she espied his cloven foot,
4 From his gay robes sticking thro.

243G.8 1 They had not sailed a mile awa,
2 Never a mile but three,
3 When dark, dark, grew his eerie looks,
4 And raging grew the sea.

243G.9 1 They had not sailed a mile awa,
2 Never a mile but four,
3 When the little wee ship ran round about,
4 And never was seen more.
Before ye had hanged James Hatley.'

I would rather hae fought among blood to
But up and spake a Scottish lord,
And O but he spake haughtily!
Up and spake an English lord,

Before ye had not hanged James Hatley.'

I would rather given my whole estates
And O but he spake haughtily!
Up and spake an English lord,

Before ye had hanged James Hatley.'

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And Fast the saut tear blindit his ee;
When Jamie O'Lee the tidings heard,
Then Phenix muntet a scaffold hie;

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And waiting for opportunitie,
When Jamie O'Lee he stepped back,
And wi his sword baith lang and sharp

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And let the breath remain in me,
When Jamie O'Lee the tidings heard,
And he's bowed low down on his knee:

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And let the breath remain in me,
When Jamie O'Lee the tidings heard,
And he's bowed low down on his knee:

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And o'er the barras he maun die.'
A Norland lord hath told it to me;
And it was lined wi the taffetie,
To speak a word for James Hatley.

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And o'er the barras he maun die.'
A Norland lord hath told it to me;
And it was lined wi the taffetie,
To speak a word for James Hatley.

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And o'er the barras he maun die.'
A Norland lord hath told it to me;
And it was lined wi the taffetie,
To speak a word for James Hatley.

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And o'er the barras he maun die.'
A Norland lord hath told it to me;
And it was lined wi the taffetie,
To speak a word for James Hatley.

The prince he drew his little brown sword——
And o'er the barras he maun die.'
A Norland lord hath told it to me;
And it was lined wi the taffetie,
To speak a word for James Hatley.
3 Whan the bonny ship heard o that,
An goud shall be your hire!

As made her hale an soun.

An as much o the good canvas
An laid the bonny ship roun,

They took four-and-twenty feather-beds
As mak her hale an soun.

An bring her safe to lan.

An will steer your bonny ship,
That will tak your helm in han,

He shoud get my dochter Ann.

An gin we win safe to shore
The third o my land,

An bring her safe to land,
That would steer my bonny ship,
Wad tak my helm in han,

An we'll a' sink in the sea.

'The win is loud, and the waves are proud,
An he kent na what to dee:

Young Allan grat and wrang his hands,

The Comely Cog of Dornisdale;
But an the Small Cordvine,

And there he saw the Burgess Black,
To see what he coud see,

But through an thro their bonny ship
A league but barely three,

Till I get more monnie.

Or what will ye wad wi me?

We's lay that three bye in time.

The Text of
And make her hale and sound.

And pick her weell, and spare her not,

For thro and thro our comely cog

Ye see not what I see;

Come down, come down, my gude master,

Your ship sails on the sand.

Says, Gae down, gae down, ye gude skipper,

Came sailing by his hand;

And the comely cog o Normanshore,

Lyes floating on the faem,

Nor nae meathe can I ken;

I cannot see nae day, nae day,

But, master, stay not lang.'

Till ye gang up to your tapmast,

And look for some dry land.

Till ye gang to the tall tapmast

That'll tak my helm in han, O

I'll take your helm in hand

Nor the third pairt o your lan,

An the third pairt o your lan,

An since he's rowt me safe to shore

He sail hae my daughter Ann.

O here am I, the bonnie wee boy

That took your helm in han

Till ye gied up to your high topmast

An look oot for some dry lan.

O where is he, the bonnie wee boy

That took my helm in han

Till I gied up to my high topmast

An look oot for some dry lan?

Some o them talked o their merchandise,

An some o their ladies fine, [O]

But Young Allan he talked o his bonny ship,

That cost him mony a poun.

What will I get a bonnie wee boy

That'll tak my helm in han, O

Till I gang up to my high topmast

An look oot for some dry lan?

He'll get half o my gowd, an half o my gear,

An the third pairt o my lan,

An since he's rowt me safe to shore

He sail hae my daughter Ann.

He's get half o my gowd, an half o my gear,

An the third pairt o my lan,

An since he's rowt me safe to shore

He sail hae my daughter Ann.

O here am I, the bonnie wee boy

That took your helm in han

Till ye gied up to your high topmast

An look oot for some dry lan.

I'll nae seek half o your good, nor half o your gear,

Nor the third pairt o your lan,

But since I've rowt you safe to shore

I sail hae your daughter Ann.'

The king he sits in Dumferline,

Birlin at the wine,

And callin for the best skipper

That ever sailed the faem.

Then out it spak a bonny boy,

Sat at the king's right knee;

'Earl Patrick is the best skipper

That ever sailed the sea.'

The king he wrote a braid letter,

And sealed it wi his ring,

And sent it to Earl Patrick,

The child ballads
246A.7  
1 But he has written a braid letter,  
2 Between the night and day,  
3 And sent it to his own sister  
4 By dun feather and gray.

246A.8  
1 When she had read Wise William's letter,  
2 She smilled and she laugh;  
3 Said, Very well, my dear brother,  
4 Of this I have eunch.

246A.9  
1 She looked out at her west window  
2 To see what she could see  
3 And there she spied Roudesdales  
4 Coming riding over the lea.

246A.10  
1 Says, Come to me, my maidens all,  
2 Come hither to me;  
3 For here it comes him Roudesdales,  
4 Who comes a-counting me.

246A.11  
1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 A sight of you give me;'  
3 'Go from my yetts now, Roudesdales,  
4 For me you will not see.'

246A.12  
1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 A sight of you I'll see;  
3 And bonny are the gowns of silk  
4 That I will give to thee.'

246A.13  
1 'If you have bonny gowns of silk,  
2 O mine is bonny tee;  
3 Go from my yetts now, Roudesdales,  
4 For me you shall not see.'

246A.14  
1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 A sight of you I'll see;  
3 And bonny jewels, brooches and rings  
4 I will give unto thee.'

246A.15  
1 'If you have bonny brooches and rings,  
2 O mine are bonny tee;  
3 Go from my yetts now, Roudesdales,  
4 For me you shall not see.'

246A.16  
1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 A sight of you I'll see;  
3 And bonny are the ha's and bowers  
4 That I will give to thee.'

246A.17  
1 'If you have bonny ha's and bowers,  
2 O mine are bonny tee;  
3 Go from my yetts now, Roudesdales,  
4 For me ye will not see.'

246A.18  
1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 A sight of you I'll see;  
3 And bonny are my lands so broad  
4 That I will give to thee.'

246A.19  
1 'If you have bonny lands so broad,  
2 O mine are bonny tee;  
3 Go from my yetts now, Roudesdales,  
4 For me ye will not see.'

246A.20  
1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 A sight of you I'll see;  
3 And bonny are the bags of gold  
4 That I will give to thee.'

246A.21  
1 'If you have bonny bags of gold,  
2 I have bags of the same;  
3 Go from my yetts now, Roudesdales,  
4 For down I will not come.'

246A.22  
1 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
2 One sight of you I'll see;  
3 Or else I'll set your house on fire,  
4 If better cannot be.'

246A.23  
1 Then he has set the house on fire,  
2 And all the rest it tuke;  
3 He turned his wight horse head about,  
4 Said, Alas, they'll ne'er get out!

246A.24  
1 'Look out, look out, my maidens fair,  
2 And see what I do see;  
3 How Roudesdales has fired our house,  
4 And now rides oer the lea.

246A.25  
1 'Come hitherwards, my maidens fair,  
2 Come hither unto me;  
3 For thro this reek, and thro this smeek,  
4 O thro it we must be!'

246A.26  
1 They took wet mantles them about,  
2 Their coffers by the band,  
3 And thro the reek, and thro the flame,  
4 Alive they all have wan.

246A.27  
1 When they had got out thro the fire,  
2 And able all to stand,  
3 She sent a maid to Wise William,  
4 To bruik Roudesdales's land.

246A.28  
1 'Your lands is mine now, Roudesdales,  
2 For I have won them free;  
3 'If there is a gude woman in the world,  
4 Your one sister is she.'

246B.1  
1 ROUDESDALES an Clerk William  
2 Sat birlin at the wine,  
3 An' the talk was them atween  
4 Was about the ladies fine, fine,  
5 Was about the ladies fine.

246B.2  
1 Says Roudesdales to Clerk William,  
2 I'll wad my lands wi thee;  
3 I'll wad my lands against thy head,  
4 An that is what I'll dee,

246B.3  
1 'There's no a leddy in a' the land,  
2 That's fair, baith ee an bree,  
3 That I winna wed without courtin,  
4 Wi' ae blink o my ee.'

246B.4  
1 Says William, I've an ae sister,  
2 She's fair, baith ee an bree;  
3 An you' ll no wed her without courtin,  
4 Wi' ae blink o your ee.'

246B.5  
1 He has wrote a broad letter,  
2 Between the nict an the day,  
3 An sent it to his ae sister  
4 Wi' the white feather an the gray.

246B.6  
1 The firsten line she luckit on,  
2 A licht laugher gae she;  
3 But eer she read it to the end  
4 The tear blindit her ee.

246B.7  
1 'Ooh wae betide my ae brothir,  
2 Wald wad his head for me,  
3 . . .  
4 . . .

246B.8  
1 Roudesdales to her bour has gane,  
2 An radit round aboot,  
3 An there he saw that fair ladie,  
4 At a window lookin oot.

246B.9  
1 'Come doon, come doon, you fair ladie,  
2 Ae sight o you to sed;  
3 For the rings are o the goud sae ried  
4 That I will gie to thee.'

246B.10  
1 'If yours are o the goud sae ried,  
2 Mine's o the silver clear;  
3 So get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
4 For you sall no be here.'

246B.11  
1 'Come doon, come doon, you lady fair,  
2 Ae sight o you to se;  
3 For the gouns are o the silk sae fine  
4 That I will gie to thee.'

246B.12  
1 'If yours are o the silk sae fine,  
2 Mone's o the bonnie broon;  
3 Sa get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
4 For I will no come doon.'
246B.13
1 'Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,
2 Ae seech o ye to see;
3 For the steeds are o the milke sae white
4 That I will gie to thee.'

246B.14
1 'If yours are o the milke sae white,
2 Mine’s o the bonnie broun;
3 Sae get you gone, you Redesdales,
4 For I wull no come doon.'

246B.15
1 'Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,
2 Ae seech o ye to see;
3 Or I will set your bour on fire
4 Atween your nurse an thee.'

246B.16
1 'You may set my bowr on fire,
2 As I doubt na you will dee,
3 But there’ll a come a sharp shour frae the wast
4 Will socken ’t speelidie.'

246B.17
1 He has set her bour on fire,
2 An quickly it did flame;
3 But there cum a sharp shour frae the wast
4 That put it oot again.

246B.18
1 Oot amang the fire an smoke
2 That bonnie lady cam,
3 Wi as muckle goud aboon her bree
4 As wald bocht an eardoom.

246B.19
1 'Oh wae betide ye, ill woman,
2 An ill, ill died may ye dee!
3 For ye hae won your brother’s head,
4 An I go landless free.'

246C.1
REDESDALE and Clerk William
2 Sat drinking at the wine;
3 They bave faaw a wagering atween
4 A thanhappie time.

246C.2
1 'What will ye wad,’ says Redesdale,
2 'O what will ye wad wi me
3 That there’s na a lady in a’ the land
4 As wald bocht an eardoom.'

246B.1
"'Wee beidie ye, ill woman,
2 An ill, ill died may ye dee!
3 For ye hae won your brother’s head,
4 An I go landless free.’"

247A.9
1 'He has na broken her bonny castel,
2 That was well biggit wi lime and stane,
3 Nor has he stoln her rich jewels,
4 For I wot she has them every one.

247A.10
1 'But tho he was my first true love,
2 An tho I had sworn to be his bride,
3 'Till I’ve on my shooting-gear
4 To show them ower the hill.'

247A.2
1 'Till the red bluide o his fair body
2 He set his horn to his mouth,
3 The lassie thought it was day when she sent her
4 But gin she had her wark well done

247A.3
1 'There’s a steed in my stable
2 Cost me baith gold and white money;
3 Ye’s get as muckle o my free lan
4 As he’ll ride about in a summer’s day.'

247A.4
1 'O SAW ye my father? or saw ye my mother?
2 Or saw ye my true-love John?
3 'I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
4 But I saw your true-love John.'

247A.5
1 'I winna gang to cards nor dice,
2 Nor yet will I to play;
3 But I will gang to a well made bed,
4 And sleep a while till day.'

247A.6
1 'My love Annie, my dear Annie,
2 I would be at your desire;
3 But wae mat fa the auld Matrons,
4 As she sits by the kitchen fire!’

247A.1
1 Keep up your heart, Willie,’ she said;
2 'Keep up your heart, dinna fear;
3 It’s seven years, and some guid mair,
4 Sin her foot did file the flear.'

247A.8
1 They hadna kissd nor love clapped,
2 As lovers when they meet,
3 Till up it raise the auld Matrons,
4 Sae well’s she spread her feet.

247A.1
O wae mat fa the auld Matrons,
2 Sae clever’s she took the gate!
3 And she’s gaen ower yon lang, lang hili,
4 Knockd at the sheriff’s yate.

247A.10
1 'Ye sleep, ye wake, my lord?’ she said;
2 'Are ye not your bower within?
3 There’s knight in bed wi your daughter,
4 I fear she’s gotten wrang.’

247A.11
1 'Ye’ll do ye down thro Kelso town,
2 Waken my wall-wight men;
3 And gin ye hae your wark well done
4 I’ll be there at command.’

247A.12
1 She’s done her down thro Kelso town,
2 Wakens my wall-wight men;
3 And gin ye hae your wark well done
4 He was there at command.

247A.13
1 He had his horse wi corn fodderd,
2 His men armed in mail;
3 He gae the Matrons half a merk
4 To show them ower the hill.

247A.14
1 Willie sleepd, but Annie waked
2 Till she heard their bridles ring;
3 She’s get as mieckle o my free lan
4 As he’ll ride about in a summer’s day.’

247A.15
1 'O save me, save me, my blessd lady,
2 Till I’ve on my shooting-gear;
3 I dinna fear the king himsell,
4 Tho he an’s men were here.’

247A.16
1 Then they shot in, and Willie out,
2 The arrows graz’d his brow;
3 The maid she wept and tore her hair,
4 Says, This can never do.

247A.17
1 Then they shot in, and he shot out,
2 The bow brunt Willie’s hand;
3 The maid she wept and tore her hair,
4 He is my eldest sister’s son.

247A.18
1 He set his horn to his mouth,
2 And has blawn loud and shrill,
3 And he’s cal’d on his brother John,
4 In Ringlewood he lay still.

247A.19
1 The first an shot that Lord John shot,
2 He wound fifty and fifteen;
3 He’s met wi some delay that causeth him to
4 He is my eldest sister’s son.

247A.20
1 'O some o you lend me an arm,
2 Some o you lend me twa;
3 And they that came for strife this day,
4 Take horse, ride fast awa.

247A.21
1 'But wae mat fa yon, auld Matrons,
2 An ill death mat ye die?
3 I’ll burn you on yon high hill-head,
4 Blaw your ashes in the sea.’
The Text of

250A.1
1 IN merry Scotland, in merry Scotland
2 There lived brothers three;
3 They all did cast lots which of them should go
4 A robbing upon the salt sea,

250A.2
1 The lot it fell on Henry Martyn,
2 The youngest of the three;
3 That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea,
4 To maintain his brothers and he.

250A.3
1 He had not a sailed a long winter’s night,
2 Nor yet a short winter’s day,
3 Before that he met with a lofty old ship,
4 Come sailing along that way.

250A.4
1 O when she came by Henry Martyn,
2 ‘I prithee now, let us go!’
3 ‘O no! God wot, that, that will I not,
4 O that will I never do.

250A.5
1 ‘Stand off! stand off!’ said Henry Martyn,
2 ‘For you shall not pass by me;
3 For I am a robber all on the salt seas,
4 To maintain us brothers three.

250A.6
1 ‘How far, how far,’ cries Henry Martyn,
2 ‘How far do you make it?’ said he;
3 ‘For I am a robber all on the salt seas,
4 To maintain us brothers three.

250A.7
1 For three long hours they melody fought,
2 For hours they fought full three;
3 At last a deep wound got Henry Martyn,
4 And down by the mast fell he.

250A.8
1 ‘Twas broadband to a broadband then,
2 And a rain and hail of blows,
3 But the salt sea ran in, ran in, ran in,
4 To the bottom them she goes.

250A.9
1 Bad news, bad news for old England,
2 Bad news has come to the king,
3 For a rich merchant’s vessel is cast away,
4 And all her brave seamen drown.

250A.10
1 Bad news, bad news through London street,
2 Bad news has come to the king,
3 That his merchant-goods were taken on board,
4 That are sunk in the watery main.

250B.1
1 THERE was three brothers in merry Scotland,
2 In merry Scotland there were three,
3 And each of these brothers they did cast lots,
4 To see which should rob the salt sea.

250B.2
1 Then this lot did fall on young Henry Martyn,
2 The youngest of these brothers three,
3 So now he’s turned robber all on the salt seas,
4 To maintain his two brothers and he.

250B.3
1 He had not sailed one long winter’s night,
2 One cold winter’s night before day,
3 Before he espied a rich merchant-ship,
4 Come bearing straight down that way.

250B.4
1 ‘Who are you? Who are you?’ said Henry Martyn,
2 ‘O how durst thou come so nigh?’
3 ‘I’m a rich merchant-ship for old England bound,
4 If you please, will you let me pass by.’

250B.5
1 ‘O no! O no!’ cried Henry Martyn,
2 ‘O no! that never can be,
3 Since I have turned robber all on the salt seas,
4 To maintain my two brothers and me.

250B.6
1 ‘Now lower your topsails, youaldman bold,
2 Come lower them under my lee;’
3 Saying, ‘I am resolved to pirate you here,
4 To maintain my two brothers and me.

250B.7
1 Then broadband to broadband to battle they went
2 For two or three hours or more;
3 At last Henry Martyn gave her a death-wound,
4 And down to the bottom went she.
251A.26 1  'O open the yeet, ye proud keepers, 2  Ye' ll open without delay, 3  Or here is a body by my back 4  Frae Scotland has brought the key.'
251A.27 1  'Ye'll open the yeets, ye proud keepers, 2  Ye' ll open without dealy, 3  Or here is a body by my back 4  Frae Scotland has brought the key.'
251A.28 1  'Ye'll open the yeets,' says Jock o Noth, 2  'Ye' ll open them at my call.' 3  Then wi his foot he has drove in 4  Three yards braid o the wall.
251A.29 1  As they gaed in by Drury Lane, 2  And down by the town's hall, 3  And there they saw young Johnny Moir 4  Stand on their English wall
251A.30 1  'Ye're welcome here, my uncle dear, 2  Ye're welcome unto me; 3  Ye'll loose the knot, and slack the rope, 4  And set me frae the tree.'
251A.31 1  'Is it for murder, or for theft? 2  Or is it for rooerie? 3  If it is for any heinous crime, 4  There's nae remeid for thee.'
251A.32 1  'It's nae for murder, nor for theft, 2  Nor yet for roberie; 3  A' is for loving a gay lady 4  They're gaun to gar me die.'
251A.33 1  'O wha's thy sword,' says Jock o Noth, 2  Ye brought frae Scotland wi thee? 3  I never saw a scotsman yet 4  But cou'd wield a sword or tree.'
251A.34 1  'A' is for loving a gay lady 2  Or I hae sworn a black Scot's oath 3  If it is for ony heinous crime, 4  There's nae remeid for thee.'
251A.35 1  'Bring back his blade,' says Jock o Noth, 2  'And freely to him it gie, 3  Or I hae sworn a black Scot's oath 4  I'll gar five million die.'
251A.36 1  'Now whar's the lady?' says Jock o Noth, 2  'Sae fain I woud her see;' 3  'She's lockd up in her ain chamber, 4  And there they saw young Johnny Moir
251A.37 1  So they hae gane before the king, 2  With courage bauld and free; 3  Their armour bright cast sic a light 4  That almost dim'd his ee.
251A.38 1  'O whar's the lady?' says Jock o Noth, 2  'Sae fain I woud her see;' 3  'She's lockd up in her ain chamber, 4  And there they saw young Johnny Moir
251A.39 1  'O take the lady,' said the king, 2  'Ye welcome are for me; 3  I never thought to see sic men, 4  And there they saw young Johnny Moir
251A.40 1  'If I had kend,' said Jock o Noth, 2  'Ye'd wonderrd sae muckle at me, 3  I woud hae brought ance larger far 4  That may now send some o them
251A.41 1  Likewise if I had thought I'd been 2  Sic a great fright to thee, 3  I'd brought Sir John o Erskine Park; 4  But cou'd wield a sword or tree.'
251A.42 1  'Wae to the little boy,' said the king, 2  'Brought tidings unto me.' 3  'Let all England say what they will, 4  High hang'd shall he be.'
251A.43 1  'O if you hang the little wee boy 2  Brought tidings unto me, 3  We shall attend his burial, 4  And there they saw young Johnny Moir
251A.44 1  'O take the lady,' said the king, 2  'And the boy shall be free;' 3  'A priest, a priest,' then Johnny cried, 4  'To join my love and me.'
251A.45 1  'A clerk, a clerk,' the king replied, 2  'To seal her tocher wi thee;' 3  Out it speaks auld Johnny then, 4  These words pronounced he:
251A.46 1  'I want nae lands and rents at hame, 2  I'll ask nae gows frae thee; 3  I am posses'd o riches great, 4  Hee fifty ploughs and thee; 5  Likewise fa' s heir to ane estate 6  At the foot o Benachie.
251A.47 1  'Hae ye ony masons in this place, 2  Or ony at your call, 3  That ye may now send some o them 4  To build your broken wall?'
251A.48 1  'Yes, there are masons in this place, 2  And plenty at my call; 3  But ye may gang frae whence ye came, 4  Never mind my broken wall.'
251A.49 1  They've taen the lady by the hand 2  And set her prison-free; 3  Wi drums beating, and fifes playing, 4  They spent the night wi glee.
251A.50 1  Now auld Johnny Moir, and young Johnny Moir, 2  And Jock o Noth, a' three, 3  The English lady, and little wee boy, 4  They spent the night wi glee.

The Child Ballads
The Text of

252A.10
1 'The master-cook may on ye call,
2 But anserd he will never be,
3 My eyes did ever see,
4 . . .

252A.11
1 For hee three cofferis fu o goud,
2 Ye r heen furdee nee see,
3 An I'll build a bonny ship for my love,
4 An set her to the sea,
5 And sail she east or sail she west
6 The ship sae be fair to see.'

252A.12
1 She has built a bonny ship,
2 And set her to the se;
3 The topmast war o the red goud,
4 The sails of tafete.

252A.13
1 She gae him a gay goud ring,
2 To see the day gae cown,
3 An he beheld that bonny ship
4 At hame again landed he.

252A.14
1 The day was fair, the ship was rare,
2 Whan that squar set to sea;
3 O a' the lords an lairds I see
4 To invite yon squar to dine.

252A.15
1 A lady looked our the castle-wa,
2 Beheld the day gae down,
3 That has my heart in hand
4 That ance bare love to ye.'

252A.16
1 'Come here, come here, my maries a',
2 Ye see na what I see;
3 The bonniest ship is come to land
4 An my love ai sal be.'

252A.17
1 'Gae buck ye, busk ye, my maries a',
2 Bur ye unco fine,
3 Till I gae down to yon shore-side,
4 An take wi me a dine;

252A.18
1 'O ye come up, gay young squar,
2 Busk ye unco fine,
3 The bonniest ship is come to land
4 An my love ai sal be.'

252A.19
1 'I thank ye for yer bread,
2 I thank ye for yer wine,
3 I that ye for yer courticie,
4 But indeed I hanna time.'

252A.20
1 'Canna ye fancy me?' she says,
2 'Canna ye fancy me?
3 O 'a the lords an lairds I see
4 There's nane I loo by ye.'

252A.21
1 'The'r far awa fra me,' he says,
2 'The'r far awa fra me,' she says,
3 When came a prosperous gale of wind
4 And set her love to the sea.

252A.22
1 'Here is a gay goud ring,
2 It will mind you on the ladie, Willie,
3 That has my heart in hand,
4 An my love ae sal be.'

252A.23
1 'Tha a ring on my finger
2 I loe thirce as well as thine,
3 Tho yours were o the guid red goud
4 An mine but simple tin.'

252A.24
1 The day was fair, the ship was rare,
2 When that squar set to sea;
3 When that day twal-month came an gae'd
4 At hame again lanned he.

252A.25
1 The lady's father looked our castle-wa,
2 To see the day gae cown,
3 An he beheld that bonny ship
4 Come hailing to the town.

252A.26
1 'Come here, my daughter,
2 Ye see na what I see;
3 The bonniest ship is come to land
4 My eyes did ever see.

252A.27
1 'Gae busk ye, my dochter,
2 G'se buck ye unco fine,
3 An I'll gae down to yon shore-side,
4 To invite the squar to dine;
5 I wad gae a' my rents
6 To ha ye married to him.'

252A.28
1 'The'r far awa fra me,' she says,
2 'Far awa fra me,
3 That has my heart in hand
4 An my love ai sal be.'

252A.29
1 'O will ye come, ye gai goud squar,
2 An take wi me a dine?
3 Ye sal eat o the guid white bread,
4 And drink the claret wine.'

252A.30
1 'I thank ye for yer bread,
2 I thank ye for yer wine,
3 I thank ye for yer courticie,
4 For indeed I hanna grait time.

252A.31
1 'O canna ye fancy me?' he says,
2 'O canna ye fancy me?
3 O 'a the lady I eer did see
4 There's nane I loo by ye.'

252A.32
1 'They are far awa fra me,' she says,
2 'The'r far awa fra me,
3 That has my heart in hand
4 That ance bare love to ye.'

252A.33
1 'Here it is, a gay goud ring,
2 It will mind ye on a gay hine chil
3 That has my heart in hand
4 And set her to the sea.'

252A.34
1 'O gat ye that ring on the sea sailing?
2 Or gat ye it on the land?
3 Or gat ye it on the shore laying,
4 On a claret wine.'

252A.35
1 'I got na it on the land,
2 I got na it on the sea sailing,
3 O gat ye it on the shore laying,
4 On a claret wine.'

252A.36
1 'O bonny was his cheek,
2 An lovely was his face!
3 'Allas!' says she, 'it is my true-love Willie,
4 On a drowned man's hand.'

252A.37
1 He turned him round about,
2 An sweetly she could smile;
3 She turned her round, says, My love Willie,
4 By what could ye be beguile?

252A.38
1 'A priest! a priest!' the old man cries,
2 'An lat this twa married be:'
3 Little did the old man kin
4 It was his ain kitchen-boy.

252B.1
1 EARL RICHARD had but ae daughter,
2 A maid of birth and fame;
3 She loved her father's kitchen-boy,
4 The greater was her shame.

252B.2
1 But she could neer her true-love see,
2 Nor with him could she talk,
3 In towns where she had wont to go,
4 Not fields where she could walk.

252B.3
1 But it fell anse upon a day
2 Her father went from home;
3 She's calld upon the kitchen boy
4 To come and clean her room.

252B.4
1 'Come ye sit down by me, Willie,
2 Come sit ye down by me;
3 There's nae a lord in a' the north
4 That I can love but thee.'

252B.5
1 'Let never the like be heard, lady,
2 Nor let it ever be;
3 For if your father get word o this
4 He will gar hang me hie.'

252B.6
1 'O ye shall neer be hangd, Willie,
2 Your bludle shall neer be drawd;
3 I'll lay my life in pledge o thine
4 Your body's neer get wrang.'

252B.7
1 'Excuse me now, my comely dame,
2 No langer here I'll stay;
3 You know my time is near expir'd,
4 And now I must away.

252B.8
1 'The master-cook will on ye call,
2 And answered he must be;
3 If I am found in bower with thee,
4 Great anger will there be.'

252B.9
1 'The master-cook will on you call,
2 But shall not answerd be;
3 I'll put you in a higher place
4 Than any cook's degree.

252B.10
1 I have a coffor full of gold,
2 Another of white monie,
3 And I will build a bonny ship,
4 And set my love to sea.

252B.11
1 'Silk shall be your sailing-clothes,
2 Gold yellow is your hair,
3 As white like milk are your twa hands,
4 Your body neat and fair.'

252B.12
1 This lady, with her fair speeches,
2 She made the boy grow bold,
3 And he began to kiss and clap,
4 And on his love lay hold.

252B.13
1 And she has built a bonny ship,
2 Set her love to the sea,
3 Seven score o brissk young men
4 To bear him companie.

252B.14
1 Then she's taen out a gay gold ring,
2 To him she did it gie:
3 'This will mind you on the ladie, Willie,
4 That's laid her love on thee.'

252B.15
1 Then he's taen out a piece of gold,
2 And he brake it in two;
3 'All I have in the world, my dame,
4 For love I give to you.'

252B.16
1 Now he is to his bonny ship,
2 And merrily taen the sea;
3 The lady lay oer castle-wa,
4 The tear blindered her ee.

252B.17
1 They had not saild upon the sea
2 A week but barely three
3 When came a prosperous gale of wind,
4 On Spain's coast lanned he.

252B.18
1 A lady lay oer castle-wa,
2 Beholding dame and down,
3 And she beheld the bonny ship
4 Come sailing to the town.

252B.19
1 'Come here, come here, my maries a',
2 Ye see not what I see;
3 'For here I see the bonniest ship
4 That ever saild the sea.

252B.20
1 'In her there is the bravest squire
2 That e'er my eyes did see;
3 All clad in silk and rich attire,
4 And comely, comely's he.'

252B.21
1 'O busk, O busk, my maries all,
2 O busk and make ye fine;
3 And we will on to you shore-side,
4 Invite you squire to dine.

252B.22
1 'Will ye come up to my castle
2 Wi me and take your dine?
3 And ye shall eat the gude white bread,
4 And drink the claret wine.'
252B.33
1 'I thank you for your bread, lady,
2 I thank you for your wine;
3 I thank you for your kind offer,
4 But now I have not time.'

252B.38
1 'Will ye come up to my castle
2 With me and take your dine?
3 And then to live on a small portion
4 Contented I would be.'

252B.25
1 'She's far awa frae me, lady,
2 She's far awa frae me
3 That has my heart a-keeping fast,
4 And my love still she'll be.'

252B.26
1 'But ladies they are unconstant,
2 When their loves go to sea,
3 And she'll be wed ere ye gae back;
4 My love, pray stay wi me.'

252B.27
1 'If she be wed ere I go back,
2 And prove sae false to me,
3 I shall live single all my life;
4 I'll neer wed one but she.'

252B.28
1 Then she's ta'en out a gay gold ring,
2 And gae him presentlie;
3 'Twilt mind you on the lady, young man,
4 Invite yon squire to dine.'

252B.29
1 'The ring that's on my mid-finger
2 Is far dearer to me,
3 Tho yours were o the gude red gold,
4 And mine the metal free.'

252B.30
1 He viewd them all, baith neat and small,
2 As they stood on the shore,
3 Thro the sail the mainsail to the wind,
4 Adieu, for evermore!

252B.31
1 He had not saith upon the sea
2 A week but barely three
3 Until there came a prosperous gale,
4 In Scotland landed he.

252B.32
1 But he put paint upon his face,
2 And oil upon his hair,
3 Likewise a mask above his brow,
4 Which did disguise him sair.

252B.33
1 Earl Richard lay o'er castle-wa,
2 Beholding dale and down,
3 And he beheld the bonny ship
4 Come sailing to the town.

252B.34
1 'Come here, come here, my daughter dear,
2 Ye see not what I see;
3 For her I see the bonniest ship
4 That ever saild the sea.

252B.35
1 'In her there is the bravest squire
2 That e'er my eyes did see;
3 O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,
4 Come, come here, come to me.

252B.36
1 'O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,
2 O busk, and make ye fine,
3 And we will on to the shore-side,
4 Invite you squire to dine.'

252B.37
1 'He's far awa frae me, father,
2 He's far awa frae me
3 Who has the keeping o my heart,
4 And I'll wed nae but he.'

252B.38
1 'Whoever has your heart in hand,
2 You lad's the match for thee,
3 And he shall come to my castle
4 This day and dine wi me.

252B.39
1 'Will ye come up to my castle
2 With me and take your dine?
3 And ye shall eat the gude white bread,
4 And drink the claret wine.'
252C.19
1 'Should I wed a lady of this country,  
2 In sooth I would be sair to blame,  
3 For the fairest lady in fair Scotland  
4 Would break her heart gin I gaed na hame.'

252C.20
1 'That lady may choose another lord,  
2 And you another love may choose;  
3 There is not a lord in this country  
4 That such a proffer could refuse.'

252C.21
1 'O ladie, should you your proffer take,  
2 You'd soon yourself have cause to rue,  
3 For the man that his first love forsakes  
4 Woud to a second neer prove true.'

252C.22
1 She has taen a ring frae her white finger,  
2 It might have been a prince's fee;  
3 Says, Wear this token for my sake,  
4 And give me that which now I see.

252C.23
1 'Take back your token, ye ladie fair;  
2 This ring you see on my right hand  
3 Was gien me by a ain true-love,  
4 Before I left my native land.

252C.24
1 'And tho yours woud buy it nine times oer  
2 I far more dearly prize my ain;  
3 Nor would I make the niffer,' he says,  
4 'For a' the gowd that is in Spain.'

252C.25
1 The ladie turnd her head away  
2 To dry the sat tears frae her eyne;  
3 She naething more to him did say  
4 But, I wish your face I neer had seen!

252C.26
1 He has set his foot on good ship-board,  
2 The ladie waved her milk-white hand,  
3 The wind sprung up and filld his sails,  
4 But, I wish your face I neer had seen!

252C.27
1 He soon came back to his native strand,  
2 He langd his ain true-love to see;  
3 He's pae the black mask ower his face,  
4 An bid yon lords to dine.'

252C.28
1 Says, Will ye leave your bonny ship  
2 And come with me this day to dine?  
3 And you shall eat the baken meat,  
4 An you'll come hame like lord or squire,

252C.29
1 'O I will leave my bonny ship,  
2 And glacky go with you to dine,  
3 And I woud gie thrice three thousand pounds  
4 That you fair daughter were but mine.'

252C.30
1 'O gin ye will part wi your bonny ship  
2 And wed a ladie of this country,  
3 I will gie you my ae daughter,  
4 Gin she'll consent your bride to be.'

252C.31
1 O he has blaket his bonny face  
2 And closs tuckd up his yellow hair;  
3 His true-love met them at the yate,  
4 But she little thought her love was there.

252C.32
1 'O will you marrie this lord, daughter,  
2 That I've brought hame to dine wi me?  
3 You shall be heir of a' my lands,  
4 Gin you'll consent his bride to be.'

252C.33
1 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
2 I wot the tears stood in her eye;  
3 Says, 'The man is on the sea sailling  
4 That fair wedding shall get of me.'

252C.34
1 Then Willie has washed his bonny face,  
2 And he's kaimd down his yellow hair;  
3 He took his true-love in his arms,  
4 And kindly has he kissed her there.

252C.35
1 She's looked in his bonny face,  
2 And tho her tears did sweetly smile,  
3 Then sayd, Awa, awa, Willie!  
4 How could you thus your love beguile?

252C.36
1 She kept the secret in her breast,  
2 Full seven years she's kept the same,  
3 Till it fell out at a christning-feast,  
4 And then of it she made good game.

252C.37
1 And her father laught aboon the rest,  
2 And said, My daughter, you'r nae to blame;  
3 For you've married for love, and no for land,  
4 So a' my gowd is yours to claim.

252D.1
1 THERE lived a lady in the north  
2 O muckle birth an fame;  
3 She's faun in love wi her kitchie-boy,  
4 The greater was her shame.  
5 . . . .

252D.2
1 'Maister cook, he will cry oot,  
2 An answered he maun be;'  
3 . . . .
4 . . . .

252D.3
1 'I hae a coffer o ried gowd  
2 My mither left to me,  
3 An I will build a bonnie ship,  
4 An send her ower the sea,  
5 An you'll come hame like lord or squire,  
6 An answered you maun be.'

252D.4
1 She has biggit a bonnie ship,  
2 Sent her across the main,  
3 An in less that sax months an a day  
4 That ship cam back again.

252D.5
1 'Go dress, go dress, my dochter Janet,  
2 Go dress, an mak you fine.  
3 An we'll go down to yon shore-side  
4 An bid yon lords to dine.'

252D.6
1 He's pued the black mask ower his face,  
2 Kaimed doun his yellow hair,  
3 A' no to lat her father ken  
4 That ere he had been there.  
5 . . . .

252D.7
1 'Oh, got you that by sea sailin?  
2 Or got you that by land?  
3 Or got you that on Spanish coast,  
4 Upon a died man's hand?'

252D.8
1 'I got na that by sea sailin,  
2 I got na that by land;  
3 But I got that on Spanish coast,  
4 Upon a died man's hand.'

252D.9
1 He's pued the black mask aff his face,  
2 Threw back his yellow hair,  
3 . . . .
4 . . . .

252D.10
1 'A priest, a priest,' the lady she cried,  
2 'To marry my love an me;'  
3 'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
4 'To sign her tocher free.'

252E.1
1 'O seal on you, my bonny babe,  
2 Ye see naething more to me;  
3 Nor woud I make the niffer,' he says,  
4 'For I hae but little time.'

252E.5
1 As ever saild the sea,  
2 And the master o her's the bonniest boy  
3 That ever my eyes did see.'

252E.6
1 She's taen her mantell her about,  
2 Her cane intil her han,  
3 And she's away to the shore-side,  
4 Till invite the square to dine.

252E.7
1 'O will ye come to our castell?  
2 Or will ye sup or dine?'  
3 'O excuse me, madam,' he said,  
4 'For I hae but little time.'

252E.8
1 The wind blew high,  
2 The mariners they did land at home again.

252E.9
1 The old man sat in the castell-wa,  
2 Beholding dale and down,  
3 And there he spied this goodly ship  
4 Come saillin to the town.

252E.10
1 'Look out, look out, my dochter dear,  
2 Ye see not what I see;  
3 For I do see as bonny a ship  
4 As ever sailed the sea.

252E.11
1 'The master o her's the bonniest boy  
2 That my eyes did ever see;  
3 And if I were a woman as I'm a man  
4 My husband he should be.'

252E.12
1 'Haud far awa frae me, fader,  
2 Haud far awa frae me,  
3 For I never had a lad but ane,  
4 And he's far awa at sea.

252E.13
1 There is a love-token awteen us twa,  
2 It'll be mair er it be less,  
3 An aye the langer he bides awa  
4 It will the mair encreass.'

252E.14
1 He's taen his mantell him about,  
2 His cane intil his hand,  
3 And he's awa to the shore-side,  
4 To invite the square to dine.

252E.15
1 'O will ye come to our castle?  
2 Or will ye sup or dine?'  
3 'Indeed I will, kind sir,' he said,  
4 'Tho I've but little time.'

252E.16
1 The lady sat on castle-wa,  
2 Beholdning dale and down,  
3 But he's put his veil upon his face,  
4 That she might not him ken.

253A.1
1 LADY MAISRY lives intill a bower,  
2 She never wore but what she would;  
3 Her gowans wrou o the silks sae fine,  
4 Her coats stood up wi bolts o gowld.

253A.2
1 Mony a knight there courted her,  
2 And gentlemen o high degree,  
3 But it was Thomas o Yonderdale  
4 That gaint the love o this ladie.

253A.3
1 Now he has hunted her till her bower,  
2 Baith late at night and the mid day,  
3 But when he stole her virgin rose  
4 Nae mair this maid he would come nigh.

253A.4
1 But it fell ance upon a time  
2 Thomas her bower he walkit by;  
3 There he saw her Lady Maisry,  
4 Nursing her young son on her knee.

253A.5
1 'O seal on you, my bonny babe,  
2 And lang may ye my comfort be!  
3 Your father passes by our bower,  
4 And now minds neither you nor me,'
253A.18
1 If Saturday be a bonny day,
2 And a blithe blink from his ee;
3 Until it entered the same room
4 Wherein was Sweet Willie.

253A.19
1 'Here's a letter, William,' he says,
2 'I'm sure it's not to me;
3 And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock
4 Instead of Sweet William.

253A.20
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.21
1 'O ye will break your lands, Thomas,
2 And part them in divisions three;
3 For the bride shall join with me.'
4 I mean my wedded wife shall be.'

253A.22
1 The bells they rang, the bird he sang,
2 As they rode in yon pleasant plain;
3 The bride she garned round about,
4 'Is this the promise ye did make
   To return right speedilie.'

253A.23
1 'Here's a letter, William,' he says,
2 'I'm sure it's not to me;
3 And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock
4 My grave for to fill.'

253A.24
1 If thou could speak, wee bird,' she says,
2 'As well as thou can furlee,
3 He'll wed nane but her.
4 I'm sair afraid he'll neer hae me.'

253A.25
1 When Lord Lundie got word o that,
2 And a blithe blink from his ee;
3 Until it entered the same room
4 Wherein was Sweet Willie.

253A.26
1 'O ye will break your lands, Thomas,
2 And part them in divisions three;
3 For ye're the ane I've call'd upon,
4 I'm sair afraid he'll neer hae me.'

253A.27
1 When she looked the letter upon,
2 And a blithe blink from his ee;
3 Until it entered the same room
4 Wherein was Sweet Willie.

253A.28
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.29
1 'O ye will break your lands, Thomas,
2 And part them in divisions three;
3 For ye're the ane I've call'd upon,
4 I'm sair afraid he'll neer hae me.'

253A.30
1 'Here's a letter, William,' he says,
2 'I'm sure it's not to me;
3 And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock
4 My grave for to fill.'

253A.31
1 'O ye will break your lands, Thomas,
2 And part them in divisions three;
3 For ye're the ane I've call'd upon,
4 I'm sair afraid he'll neer hae me.'

253A.32
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.33
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.34
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.35
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.36
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.37
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.38
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.39
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.40
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.41
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.42
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.43
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.44
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.45
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.46
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.47
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.48
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.49
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.50
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.51
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.

253A.52
1 Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
2 And at my bidding for to
3 For ye maun marry that Southland lord,
4 Instead of Sweet Willie.
The Text of

254B.7
1  'Set trysts, set trysts, my love Willie,
2  Set trysts, I pray, wi me;
3  Set trysts, set trysts, my love Willie,
4  When will our wedding be.'

254B.8
1  'On Wednesday, on Wednesday,
2  The first that ever ye see,
3  On Wednesday at twelve o'clock,
4  My dear, I'll meet wi thee.'

254B.9
1  When she came to her father's ha,
2  He hailed her courteously;
3  Says, 'I'll forgive offences past,
4  If now ye'll answer me.'

254B.10
1  'Will ye marry yon young prince,
2  Queen of England to be?
3  Or will you marry Lord William's son,
4  Be loved by name but he?'

254B.11
1  'I will marry yon young prince,
2  Father, if it be your will;
3  But I woud rather I was dead and gane,
4  My grave I would win till.'

254B.12
1  When she was in her saddle set,
2  She skyred like the fire,
3  And whether the wind blew east or west
4  They gae a sundry knell.

254B.13
1  On every tippet o her horse mane
2  There hang a siller bell,
3  And whether the wind blew east or west
4  For whom she'd nae desire.

254B.14
1  And when she came to Mary's kirk
2  She hailed her courteously;
3  There her young bridegroom she did meet,
4  For whom she'd nae desire.

254B.15
1  She looked ower her left shoulder,
2  The tear blinded her ee;
3  But looking ower her right shoulder,
4  A blythe sight saw she then.

254B.16
1  There she saw Lord William's son,
2  And mony a man him wi,
3  Wi targe braid and glittering spears
4  All marching ower the lee.

254B.17
1  The minister looked on a book
2  Her marriage to begin;
3  'If there is naething to be said,
4  These two may join in ane.'

254B.18
1  'O huly, huly, sir,' she said,
2  'O stay a little wee;
3  I hae a friend to welcome yet
4  That's been a dear friend to me.'

254B.19
1  O then the parson he spake out,
2  A wise word then spake he;
3  'You might hae had your friends welcomed
4  Before ye'd come to me.'

254B.20
1  Then in it came the bride's first love,
2  And mony a man him wi;
3  'Stand back, stand back, ye jelly bridegroom,
4  Bride, ye maun join wi me.'

254B.21
1  Then out it speaks him Lord Lundie,
2  An angry man was he;
3  'Lord William's son will hae my daughter
4  Without leave asked of me.'

254B.22
1  'But since it's sae that she will gang,
2  And proved sae false to thee,
3  I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
4  Nae portion shall I gie.'

254B.23
1  Then out it speaks the bride's first love,
2  And [a] light laugh then gae he;
3  'I've got the best portion now, my lord,
4  That ye can gie to me.'

254B.24
1  'Your gude red gold I value not,
2  Nor yet your white monie;
3  I hae her by the hand this day
4  That's far dearer to me.'

254B.25
1  'So gie the prince a coffer o gold
2  When he goes to his bed;
3  And bid him clap his coffer o gold,
4  And I'll clap my bonny bride.'

254C.1
1  LORD WILLIAM has gane oer the sea
2  For to seek for ae;
3  Lord Lundie had but ae daughter,
4  And he'd wed nane but her.

254C.2
1  Upon a book they both did read,
2  And in ae bed did lie;
3  'But if my father get word o this,
4  I'll soon be taen away.'

254C.3
1  'Your father's gotten word of this,
2  Soon married then ye'll be;
3  Set trysts, set trysts wi me, Janet,
4  And I'll clap my bonny bride.'

254C.4
1  'Set trysts, set trysts wi me, Janet,
2  When your wedding-day's to be;
3  'On Saturday, the first that comes,
4  Must be my wedding-day.'

254C.5
1  'Bad news, bad news is come, Janet,
2  Bad news is come to me;
3  Your father's gotten word of this,
4  Soon married then ye'll be.'

254C.6
1  'O will ye marry the young prince, daughter,
2  The queen of England to be?
3  Or will ye marry Lord William,
4  And die immediately?'

254C.7
1  'O I will marry the young prince, father,
2  Because it is your will;
3  But I wish it was my burial-day,
4  For my grave I could gang till.'

254C.8
1  When they gaed in into the kirk,
2  And ae seat they sat in;
3  'The minister took up the book,
4  The marriage to begin.'

254C.9
1  'Lay down the book, O dear, kind sir,
2  And wait a little wee;
3  I have a lady to welcome yet,
4  She's been a good friend to me.'

254C.10
1  Out then spake the minister,
2  An angry man was he;
3  'You might have had your ladies welcomed
4  Before ye came to me.'

254C.11
1  She looked o'er her left shoulder,
2  And tears did blind her ee;
3  But she looked o'er her right shoulder,
4  And in by Mary stile.

254C.12
1  And in ther came him Lord William,
2  His armour shining clear,
3  And in it came Lord William,
4  And many glittering spears.

254C.13
1  'Stand by, stand by, ye bonny bridegroom,
2  Stand by, stand by,' said he;
3  'Stand by, stand by, ye bonny bridegroom,
4  Bride, ye maun join wi me.'

254C.14
1  'Let the young prince clap his coffer of gold
2  When he gans to his bed;
3  Let the young prince clap his coffer of gold,
4  But I'll clap my bonny bride.'

254C.15
1  Out it spake him Lord Lundie,
2  And an angry man was he;
3  'My daughter will marry him Lord William,
4  It seems, in spite of me.'

254C.16
1  'T WAS on an evening fair I went to take the air,
2  I heard a maid making her moan;
3  Said, Saw ye my father? Or saw ye my mother?
4  Or saw ye my brother John?
5  Or saw ye the lad that I love best,
6  And his name it is Sweet William?

254C.17
1  'I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
2  Nor saw I your brother John;
3  But I saw the lad that ye love best,
4  And his name it is Sweet William.

255A.1
1  'O was my love riding? or was he running?
2  Or was he walking alone?
3  Or says he that he will be here this night?
4  Or dear, but he tarries long!'
257A.1
1 Then she has taen him Sweet Willie,  
2 Riven him frae gair to gair,  
3 And on ilk seat o Mary’s kirk  
4 O Willie she hang a share;  
5 Even abeen his love Meggie’s dice,  
6 Hang’s head and yellow hair.

257A.18
1 His father made moan, his mother made moan,  
2 But Meggie made muckle mair;  
3 His father made moan, his mother made moan,  
4 But Meggie reave her yellow hair.

256A.1
1 ‘My luve she lives in Lincolshire,  
2 I wot she’s neither black nor broun,  
3 But her hair is like the thread o gowd,  
4 Aye an it war weel kaim’d doun.’

256A.2
1 She’s pued the black mask owre her face,  
2 An blinkit gaily wi her ee;  
3 ‘o will you to my weddin come,  
4 An will you bear me gude companie?’

256A.3
1 ‘I winna to your weddin come,  
2 Nor [will] I bear you gude companie,  
3 Unless you be the bride yoursell,  
4 An will you bear me gude companie?’

256A.4
1 ‘For me to be the bride mysel,  
2 An you the bauldest woman to—  
3 Cheer up your heart, Sweet Willie,’ she said,  
4 ‘For that’s the day you’ll never see.’

256A.5
1 ‘Gin you war on your saddle set,  
2 An gaily ridin on the way,  
3 You’ll hae nae mair mind o Alison  
4 Than she war dead an laid in clay.’

256A.6
1 ‘I wad like to see the woman or man,  
2 What want ye here wi me?’  
3 ‘Gie her what ye like, Patrick,  
4 Mak na her your ladie.’

256A.7
1 ‘Burd Bell, she’s the bauldest woman  
2 Of high or low degree,  
3 I wad like to see that woman or man,  
4 And spied baith dale and down.

256A.8
1 ‘I’ve biggrt to you a bonnie bour,  
2 And stately there did stand;  
3 It was na very lang after this  
4 That wad tak the bairn frae my foot.’

257A.5
1 ‘O gin ye ha’e a lass-bairn, Burd Bell,  
2 A lass-bairn though it be,  
3 Twenty ploughs bot and a mill  
4 Will mak ye lady free.

257A.6
1 ‘But gin ye ha’e a son, Burd Bell,  
2 Ye’se be my wedded wife,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

257A.7
1 The knichts they knock their white fingers,  
2 The ladies sat and sang,  
3 Twas a’ to cheer bonnie Burd Bell,  
4 She was far sunk in pain.

257A.8
1 Ear Patrick is to his mither gane,  
2 As fast as he could hie:  
3 ‘An askin, an askin, dear mither,  
4 An askin I want frae thee.

257A.9
1 ‘Burd Bell has born to me a son;  
2 What sail to her wife?  
3 ‘Gie her what ye like, Patrick,  
4 Mak na her your ladie.’

257A.10
1 He has gane to bonnie Burd Bell,  
2 Hir heart was pressed wi care:  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

257A.11
1 ‘My father will dee, bonnie Burd Bell,  
2 My mither will do the same,  
3 And whan ye hear that they are gane  
4 ’tis the day this will come.’

257A.12
1 Earl Patrick’s bigghter to her a bour,  
2 And strawn it round wi sand;  
3 He coverd it wi silver on the outside,  
4 Wi gude red gowd within.

257A.13
1 It happened ance upon a day  
2 She was kaiming his yellow hiar,  
3 . . . .  
4 . . . .

257A.14
1 ‘Your father is dead, Earl Patrick,  
2 Your mither is the same;  
3 And what is the reason, Earl Patrick,  
4 Ye winna tak me hame?’

257A.15
1 ‘I’ve bigght to you a bonnie baur,  
2 I’ve strawn it round wi sand;  
3 I’ve komeit it wi silver on the outside,  
4 Wi gude red gowd within.  

257A.16
1 ‘If eer I marry another woman,  
2 Or bring another hame,  
3 I wish a hundred evils may enter me,  
4 And may I fa oure the brim!’

257A.17
1 It was na very lang after this  
2 That a duke’s dochter he’s wed,  
3 Wi a waggon fu of gowd  
4 . . . .

257A.18
1 Burd Bell lookit oure her castle-wa,  
2 And spied baith dale and down,  
3 And there she saw Earl Patrick’s aunt  
4 Come riding to the town.

257A.19
1 ‘What want ye here, Earl Patrick’s aunt?  
2 What want ye here wi me?  
3 ‘I want Earl Patrick’s bannie young son;  
4 His ride fan wad him see.’

257A.20
1 ‘I wad like to see that woman or man,  
2 Of high or low degree,  
3 That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
4 That I ance for bawd my knee.’

257A.21
1 ‘Burd Bell, she’s the bauldest woman  
2 That ever I did see;  
3 ‘It’s I’ll gang to bonnie Burd Bell,  
4 She was never bauld to me.’

257A.22
1 Burd Bell lookit oure her castle-wa,  
2 Behauing brave dale and down,  
3 And there she spied him Earl Patrick  
4 Slowly riding to the town.

257A.23
1 ‘What said ye to my great-grand-aunt  
2 But I will say to thee:  
3 I wad like to see the woman or man,  
4 Of high or low degree,  
5 That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
6 I ance for bawd my knee.’

257A.24
1 ‘I said nothing to your great-grand-aunt  
2 But I will say to thee:  
3 I wad like to see the woman or man,  
4 Of high or low degree,  
5 That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
6 I ance for bawd my knee.’

257A.25
1 ‘O dinna ye mind, Earl Patrick,  
2 The vows ye made to me,  
3 That a hundred evils was enter you  
4 If ye proved false to me?’

257A.26
1 He’s turnd him richt and round about,  
2 His horse head to the wind,  
3 The hundred evils entered him,  
4 And he fell oure the brim.

257B.1
1 TAKE warning, a’ ye young women,  
2 Of low station or hie,  
3 Lay never your love upon a maid  
4 Above your ain degree.

257B.2
1 Thus I speak by Burd Isbel;  
2 She was a maid sae fair,  
3 She laid her hand on Sir Patrick,  
4 She’ll rue it for evermair.

257B.3
1 And likewise, a’ ye sprightly youths,  
2 Of low station or hie,  
3 Lay never your love upon a maid  
4 Below your ain degree.

257B.4
1 And thus I speak by Sir Patrick,  
2 Who was a knight sae rare;  
3 He’s laid his love on Burd Isbel,  
4 He’ll rue it for evermair.

257B.5
1 Burd Isbel was but ten years auld,  
2 To service she has gane;  
3 And Burd Isbel was but fifteen  
4 When her young son came hame.

257B.6
1 It fell ance upon a day  
2 Strong travelling took she;  
3 None there was her bower within  
4 But Sir Patrick and she.

257B.7
1 ‘This is a wark now, Sir Patrick,  
2 That we twa neer will end;  
3 Ye’ll do you to the outer court  
4 And call some women in.’

257B.8
1 He’s done him to the outer court,  
2 And stately there did stand;  
3 Eleven ladies he’s cal’d in,  
4 Wi ae shake o his hand.

257B.9
1 ‘Be favourable to Burd Isbel,  
2 Deal favourable if ye may;  
3 Her kirkimg and her fair wedding  
4 Shall baith stand on ae day.

257B.10
1 ‘Deal favourable to Burd Isbel,  
2 Whom I love as my life;  
3 Ere this day month be come and gane,  
4 She’s be my wedded wife.’

257B.11
1 Then he is on to his father,  
2 Fell low down on his knee;  
3 Says, Will I marry Burd Isbel?  
4 She’s born a son to me.

257B.12
1 ‘O marry, marry Burd Isbel,  
2 Or use her as you like;  
3 Ye’ll gar her wear the silks sae red  
4 And sae may ye the white.

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257B.12
5 O woud ye marry Burd Isbel,
6 Make her your heart's delight?

257B.13
1 'You want not lands nor rents, Patrick,
2 You know your fortune's fee;
3 But ere you d' besta Burd Isbel
4 I'd rather bury thee.

257B.14
1 'Ye'll build a bower for Burd Isbel,
2 And set it round wi sand;
3 Make as much mirth in Isbel's bower
As in a' the land.'

257B.15
1 Then he is to his mother gane,
2 Fell low down on his knee:
3 'O shall I marry Burd Isbel?
4 She's born a son to me.'

257B.16
1 'O marry, marry Burd Isbel,
2 Or use her as you like;
3 Ye'll gar her wear the silks sae red,
4 And sae may ye the white.
5 O would ye marry Burd Isbel,
6 Make her wi me alive?

257B.17
1 'You want not lands nor rents, Patrick,
2 You know your fortune's fee;
3 But ere you marry Burd Isbel
4 I'd rather bury thee.

257B.18
1 'Ye'll build a bower to Burd Isbel,
2 And set it round wi glass;
3 Make as much mirth in Isbel's bower
As in a' the place.'

257B.19
1 He's done him down thro ha, thro ha,
2 Sae has he in thro bower;
3 The tears ran frae his twa grey eyes,
4 And loot them fast down pour.

257B.20
1 'My father and my mother baith
2 To age are coming on;
3 When they are dead and buried baith,
4 Burd Isbel I'll bring home.'

257B.21
1 The words that passd atween these twa
2 Ought never to be spoken;
3 The vows that passd atween these twa
4 Ought never to be broken.

257B.22
1 Says he, If I another court,
2 Or wed another wife,
3 May eleven devils me attend
4 At the end-day o my life.

257B.23
1 But his father he soon did die,
2 His mother nae lang behind;
3 Sir Patrick of Burd Isbel
4 He now had little mind.

257B.24
1 It fell ance upon a day,
2 As she went out to walk,
3 And there she saw him Sir Patrick,
4 Going wi his hound and hawk.

257B.25
1 'Stay stikl, stay still, now Sir Patrick,
2 O stay a little wee,
3 And think upon the fair promise
4 Last year ye made to me.'

257B.26
1 'Now your father's dead, kind sir,
2 And your mother the same;
3 Yet nevertheless now, Sir Patrick,
4 Ye're nae bringing me hame.'

257B.27
1 'If the morn be a pleasant day,
2 I mean to sail the sea,
3 To spend my time in fair England,
4 All for a month or three.'

257B.28
1 He hadna been in fair England
2 A month but barely ane
3 Till he forgot her Burd Isbel,
4 The mother of his son.
257C.13
1 ‘Oh is there ever a woman,’ she said,
2 ‘Of high station or mean,
3 Daar tak this bairn frae my knee?
4 For he is called mine.

257C.14
1 ‘Oh is there ever a woman,’ she said,
2 ‘Of mean station or he,
3 Daar tak this bairn frae my foot?
4 For him I bowed my knee.’

257C.15
1 His aunt went hailing to his door,
2 And hailing ben the floor,
3 And she has styled him, Patrick,
4 And [he] her, aunty dear.

257C.16
1 She says, I have been east and west,
2 And far beyond the sea,
3 But Isabel is the boldest woman
4 That ever my eyes did see.

257C.17
1 You surely dream, my aunty dear,
2 For that can never be;
3 Burd Isabel’s not a bold woman
4 She never was bold to me.’

258A.2
1 Glenhazlen’s on to Broughty Walls,
2 For to keep her father’s towers;
3 Burd Helen was left alone
4 It fell upon a Christmas Day
5 They stand two miles from town.

258A.3
1 ‘Glenhazlen’s on to Broughty Walls,
2 For all your noble train;
3 Unto Hazelan she was betrothed,
4 And hailing ben the floor,
5 She has styled him, Patrick,
6 And he her, Isabel dear.

258A.4
1 ‘Oh is there ever a woman,’ she said,
2 ‘Of mean station or he,
3 Daar tak this bairn frae my foot?
4 For him I bowed my knee.’

258A.10
1 It fell out ance upon a day
2 They went to take the air;
3 She threw herself upon the stream,
4 Against wind and despair.

258A.11
1 It was sae deep he couldna wide,
2 Boats werna to be found,
3 But he leapt in after himself,
4 And sunk down like a stone.

258A.12
1 Se kilted up her green claiding
2 A little below her knee,
3 And never rest nor was undrest
4 Till she reached again Dundee.

258A.13
1 ‘Oh is there ever a woman, I said,
2 Of high station or mean,
3 Daar tak this bairn from my foot?
4 For him I bowed my knee.

258A.14
1 They hunted her high, they hunted her low,
2 To see what might be seen,
3 Till once thou renounce all the men in the world
4 Go hunt her far from me!’

258A.15
1 ‘Oh no, no! Lord Thomas,’ she said,
2 ‘Such a thing would never be;
3 No relief will I grant unto thee
4 As she was riding her lane.

260A.1
1 Lord Thomas is to the hunting gone,
2 To hunt the fallow deer;
3 And he has drawn his hat over his face,
4 Against wind and despair.

260A.2
1 He has looked over his left shoulder,
2 To see what might be seen,
3 And there he saw Lady Margaret,
4 As he was riding alone.

260A.3
1 He called on his servants all,
2 By one, by two, by three;
3 ‘Go hunt, go hunt that wild woman,
4 Go hunt her far from me!’

260A.4
1 ‘I dreamed a dream since late yestreen,
2 I wish it may be good,
3 That our chamber was full of swine,
4 An our bed full of blood.’

260A.6
1 Some relief, some relief, thou tall young man!
2 Some relief I pray thee grant me!
3 For I am a lady deep wronged in love,
4 And chased from my own countrie.’

260A.7
1 ‘No relief, no relief, thou lady fair,
2 No relief will I grant unto thee
3 Till once thou renounce all the men in the world
4 My wedded wife for to be.’

260A.8
1 They hurried her along wi them,
2 Ower mony a rock and glen,
3 But, all that they could say or do,
4 From weeping would not refrain.

260A.9
1 ‘The Hiland hill are hie, hie hills,
2 The Hiland hills are hie;
3 They are no like the banks o Tay,
4 Or bonny town o Dundee.’

260A.10
1 ‘I learned this at Broughty Walls,
2 At Broughty near Dundee,
3 That if water were my prison strong
4 I would swim for libertie.’
The Text of

260A.14
1 Lady Margaret then called her servants all,
2 By one, by two, by three:
3 'Go fetch me the bottles of blude-red wine,
4 That Lord Thomas may drink with me.'

260A.15
1 They brought her the bottles of blude-red wine,
2 By one, by two, by three,
3 And with her fingers long and small
4 She poisoned them all three.

260A.16
1 She took the cup in her lilly-white hand,
2 Betwixt her finger and her thumb,
3 She put it to her red rosy lips,
4 But never a drop went down.

260A.17
1 Then he took the cup in his manly hand,
2 Betwixt his finger and his thumb,
3 He put it to his red rosy lips,
4 And so merrily it ran down.

260A.18
1 'Oh, I am wearied drinking with thee,
2 Margaret!
3 I am wearied drinking with thee!'
4 'And so was I,' Lady Margaret said,
5 'When thou hunted thy hounds after me.'

260A.19
1 'But I will bury thee, Lord Thomas,' she said,
2 'As if thou wert one of my own;
3 And when that my good lord comes home
4 I will say thou's my sister's son.'

260B.1
1 CLERK TAMAS lov'd her fair Annie
2 As well as Mary lov'd her son;
3 But now he hates her fair Annie,
4 And hates the lands that she lives in.

260B.2
1 'O, oh, alas!' said fair Annie,
2 'Alas! this day I fear I'll die;
3 But I will on to sweet Tamas,
4 And see gin he will pity me.'

260B.3
1 As Tamas lay over his short-window,
2 Just as the sun was gone down,
3 There he beheld her fair Annie,
4 As she came walking to the town.

260B.4
1 'O where are a' my well-wight men,
2 I was, that I pay meat and fee,
3 For to lat a' my hounds gang loose
4 To hunt this vile whore to the sea.'

260B.5
1 The hounds they knew the lady well,
2 And none o them they would her bite,
3 Save ane that is ca'd Gaudywhere,
4 I wat the like fa in my hand!

260B.10
1 'Yes, I'll forsake baith father and mither,
2 And sae will I my friends and kin;
3 Yes, I'll forsake my lands sae broad,
4 And come gin ye will take me in.'

260B.11
1 Then a thing gaed frae Tamas,
2 And there was naething byde him wi;
3 Then he thought lang for Arrandella,
4 It was fair Annie for to see.
262A.21 1 'O bluid is gude;' said Livingston,  
2 To bide it whoso may;  
3 If I be frae you plain fields,  
4 None knew the plight I lay,'  

262A.22 1 Then he rade on to plain fields  
2 As swift's his horse could hie,  
3 And ther he met the proud Seaton,  
4 Come boldly ower the lee.  

262A.23 1 'Come on to me now, Livingston,  
2 Or then take foot and flee;  
3 This is the day that we must try  
4 Who gains the victory.'  

262A.24 1 Then they fought with sword in hand  
2 Till they were bluidy men;  
3 But on the point o Seaton's sword  
4 Brave Livingston was slain.  

262A.25 1 His lady lay ower castle-wa,  
2 Beholding dale and down,  
3 When Blenchant brave, his gallant steed,  
4 Came prancing to the town.  

262A.26 1 'O where is now my ain gude lord  
2 He stays sae far frae me?  
3 There's nae a leech in Edinbro town  
4 That has nae gear to gie.'  

262A.27 1 'Ye'll take the lands o Livingston  
2 And deal them liberallie,  
3 To the auld that may not, the young that cannot,  
4 But I'll bring to your door.'  

262A.28 1 'Awa wi your leechees, lady,' he said,  
2 'Of them I'll be the waur;  
3 There's nae a leech in Edinbro town  
4 That can strong death debar.'  

262A.29 1 'Ye'll take the lands o Livingston  
2 And deal them liberallie,  
3 To the auld that may not, the young that cannot,  
4 But I'll bring to your door.'  

262A.30 1 'My mother got it in a book,  
2 The first night I was born,  
3 I would be wedded till a knight,  
4 And him slain on the morn.  

262A.31 1 'But I will do for my love's sake  
2 What ladies woudna thole;  
3 Ere seven years shall hae an end,  
4 Nae shoe's gane on my sole.'  

262A.32 1 'There's never lint gane on my head,  
2 Nor kame gane in my hair,  
3 Or ever coil nor candle-light  
4 Shine in my bower mair.'  

262A.33 1 When seven years were near an end,  
2 The lady thought lang,  
3 And wi a crack her heart did brake,  
4 And sae this ends my sang.  

263A.1 1 MY heart is lighter than the poll;  
2 My folly made me glad,  
3 As on my rambles I went out,  
4 Near by a garden-side.  

263A.2 1 I walked on, and father on,  
2 Love did my heart engage;  
3 There I spied a well-faird maid,  
4 Lay sleeping near a hedge.  

263A.3 1 Then I kissd her with my lips  
2 And stroked her with my hand:  
3 Unto my heart gives pain;  
4 I see a knight lies slain.'  

263A.4 1 This dreary sight that I hae seen  
2 Unto my heart gives pain;  
3 At the south side o your father's garden,  
4 I see a knight lies slain.'
264A.8
1 Huly, huly raise she up,
2 And slowly put she on,
3 And slowly came she to the door;
4 She was a weary woman.

264A.9
1 'Ye’ll take up my son, Willie,
2 That ye see here wi me,
3 And hae him down to yon shore-side,
4 And throw him in the sea.

264A.10
1 'Gin he sink, ye’ll let him sink,
2 Gin he swim, ye’ll let him swim;
3 And never let him return again
4 Till white fish he bring hame.'

264A.11
1 Then he’s taen up his little young son,
2 And rowd him in a band,
3 And he is on to his mother,
4 As fast as he could gang.

264A.12
1 'Ye’ll open the door, my mother dear,
2 Ye’ll open, let me come in;
3 My young son is in my arms twa,
4 And shivering at the chin.'

264A.13
1 'I taule you true, my son Willie,
2 When ye was gaun to ride,
3 That lady was an ill woman
4 That ye chose for your bride.'

264A.14
1 'O hold your tongue, my mother dear,
2 Let a’ your folly be;
3 I wat she is a king’s daughter
4 That sent this son to thee.

264A.15
1 'I wat she was a king’s daughter
2 I loved beyond the sea,
3 And if my lady hear of this
4 Right angry will she be.'

264A.16
1 'If that be true, my son Willie——
2 Your ain tongue winna lie——
3 'If that be true, my son Willie——
4 That leads you fair across the lee;'

264A.17
1 'He’s gane hame to his lady,
2 Nor was he drowned in the sea;
3 And rowd him in a band,
4 He spied his lady in rich array,
5 As she walked oer a rural plain.

264A.18
1 'What brought you here, my lady gay,
2 So far away from your own country?
3 'I’ve thought long, and very long,
4 And all for your face to see.'

264A.19
1 For some days she did with him stay,
2 Till it fell ance upon a day,
3 'Farewell for a time,' she said,
4 'For now I must bound home away.'

264A.20
1 He’s taen the keys intill her hand
2 She’s taen her young son in her arms,
3 And he has written a broad letter,
4 When he is newly come frae sea.'

264A.21
1 'Where hae ye put my ain gude lord,
2 This day he stays sae far frae me?'
3 'If ye be lady of this hall,
4 A fatal day to you and me.'

264A.22
1 'They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,
2 That leads you fair across the lee;
3 And now this knight has begun to fear
4 Some of your good bountieth give me.'

264A.23
1 'Come in, come in, my merry young men,
2 Come in and drink the wine wi me;
3 And a’ the better ye shall fare
4 For this gude news ye tell to me.'

264A.24
1 'That ye threw deep, deep in the sea;
2 She brought them fifty steps and three;
3 None of her friends there had her seen
4 When he is newly come frae sea:
5 And third a laird o lands sae free.'

264A.25
1 'Well fell’s me now, my ain gude lord;
2 These words do cherish me;
3 If it hadna come o yourself, my lord,
4 'Twould neer hae come o me.'

264A.26
1 'There is a fashion in this land,
2 And even come to this country,
3 That every lady should meet her lord
4 When he is newly come frae sea:
5 'A sight o him ye’ll never see.'

264A.27
1 'Was he brunt? or was he shot?
2 Or was he drowned in the sea?
3 Or what’s become o my ain gude lord,
4 That he will neer appear to me?
5 'He wasa brunt, nor was he shot,
6 Nor was he drowned in the sea;
7 He was slain in Dunfermling,
8 A fatal day to you and me.'

264A.28
1 'She’s brought them down to yon cellar,
2 She brought them fifty steps and three;
3 She birled wi them the beer and wine,
4 For this bad news ye’ve tauld to me.'

264A.29
1 Then she has lock’d her cellar-door,
2 For there were fifty steps and three;
3 'Lie there, wi my sad malison
4 For this good news ye tell to me.'

264A.30
1 She’s taen the keys intill her hand
2 And threw them deep, deep in the sea;
3 'Lie there, wi my sad malison
4 Till my gude lord return to me.'

264A.31
1 Then she sat down in her own room,
2 And sorrow lulld her fast asleep,
3 And there she spy’d her father’s ship,
4 When they were as drunk as drunk could be.

264A.32
1 'Some wi hawks, and some wi hounds,
2 That ye see here wi me,
3 These words do cherish me;
4 And third a laird o lands sae free.'

264A.33
1 John Thomson fought against the Turks
2 Three years into a far country,
3 And all that time, and something more,
4 'Twill ansa to me, for here I mean to tarry still.'

264A.34
1 'They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,'
2 Some of your good bountieth give me.'
3 Says, My love, beware fo these savages bold,
4 One of his foes he has her taen.'

264A.35
1 'For he has granted unto me;
2 If we did part in yonder plain;
3 Of one of the chieftains that lies there,
4 For now I must bound home away.'

264A.36
1 'It was all by my own free will;
2 'That leads you fair across the lee;
3 And now this knight has begun to fear
4 And seal’d it well with his own hand.

264A.37
1 'If ye be come from Grecian plains,
2 Yet thou didst deceive the brave;
3 And none o them has he with him yet
4 To see about his gay ladie.'

264A.38
1 'I hae a question at you to ask,
2 Some more news I will ask of thee;
3 And sent it on to fair Scotland,
4 For a twelvemonth and something mair.'

264A.39
1 'He has not taen me by force nor might,
2 And other some wi gay monie;
3 'If ye be lady of this hall,
4 And third a laird o lands sae free.'

264A.40
1 'There is a fashion in this land,
2 And even come to this country,
3 That every lady should meet her lord
4 When he is newly come frae sea:
5 'A sight o him ye’ll never see.'

264A.41
1 'They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,
2 That leads you fair across the lee;
3 And now this knight has begun to fear
4 Some of your good bountieth give me.'

264A.42
1 'I hae a question at you to ask,
2 Some more news I will ask of thee;
3 And none of them has he with him yet
4 To see about his gay ladie.'

264A.43
1 'She’s born a princess in her arms,
2 And nimbly walk’d by yon sea-strand,
3 And there she spy’d her father’s ship,
4 As she was sailing to dry land.

264A.44
1 'Cheer up your heart, my lily flower,
2 That time ye went frae me,
3 And dream’d my young son fill’d my arms,
4 Ere white fish he bring me!'
266A.2
1 'O what wad ye do, John Thomson,
2 Gin ye had me as I hae thee?'
3 'I wad tak ye to the gude green-wood,
4 And gie your ain hand weil the tree.'
5 . . . . .

266A.3
1 Johne Tamson peped and poorly spaik
2 Untill he did his ain men see;
3 'O by my sooth,' quoth Johne Tamson,
4 'Methinks I see a coming tree.'
5 . . . . .

266A.4
1 And they hae hanged that grim Soudan,
2 For a' his mirth and meikle pride,
3 And sae hae they that ill woman,
4 Upon a scrog-bush him beside.

266A.5
1 Off all the lords in faire Scotland
2 A song I will begin;
3 Amongst them all dweld a lord
4 Which was the un thrift lord of Linne.

266A.6
1 His father and mother were dead him froe,
2 And soe was the head of all his kinne;
3 To the cards and dice that he did run
4 He did neither cease no bl[i]rnn.

266A.7
1 'That Scots chieftain, our mortal foe,
2 So oft from field has made us flee,
3 Tell him I wish him silent sleep;
4 He set his horn to his mouth,
5 He meant them any injurie.
6 Put up a flag his men might see;
7 I'll strive to hide you if I can;
8 Ne'er a penny [left] but three,
9 His merry men were from him gone,
10 His gold and fee it waxed thinne,
11 'I draw you to record, my lord,
12 To the cards and dice that he did run
13 He drank the wine that was soe cleere,
14 Nor yet so well as lies at my feet.'
15 'I tell thee, my lord of Linne,
16 If ye had me, as I have thee?'
17 'What would ye do,' the Turk he cried,
18 'But that same weed ye've shaped for me,
19 'I'd hang you up in good greenwood,
20 And likewise with the claret wine.'
21 'Now welladay!' said the heire of Linne,
22 'Tell him I wish him silent sleep;
23 And if John Thomson ye do see,
24 'For now I have sold my lands soe broad,
25 That merry man is irke with mee;
26 But when that I was the lord of Linne,
27 On my land I liued merrily.'

266A.8
1 'Now welladay!' said Johne o the Scales,'
2 'This Turk they in his castle burnt,
3 And then bespake him Iohn o the Scales,
4 'I will sell it to thee twenty pound better cheepe
5 'For now I have sold my lands soe broad,
6 That I have not left me one penny!
7 God be with my father!' he said,
8 'On his land he liued merrily.'

266A.9
1 For kissing my beloved wife;
2 Forty pence I will lend thee;
3 Forty pence thou did lend me,
4 And the heire of Linne againe I wilbee.'
5 'Now welladay!' said Johne o the Scales,'
6 'Tell him I wish him silent sleep;
7 And if John Thomson ye do see,
8 'For now I have sold my lands soe broad,
9 That merry man is irke with mee;
10 But when that I was the lord of Linne,
11 Then on my land I liued merrily.'

266A.10
1 'For I haue sold my lands soe broad,
2 And haue not left me one penny;
3 I must goe now and take some read
4 Vnto Edenborow, and begg my bread.'
5 'Now welladay!' said the heire of Linne,
6 'I haue not beene in Edenborow
7 Not three quarters of a yeere,
8 But some did give him, and some said nay,
9 Some bid 'To the deele gang yee!
10 'Now welladay!' said the heire of Linne,
11 'For if we shold hang any landles feer,
12 The fine we wud begin with thee.'
13 'Now welladay!' said the heire of Linne,
14 'No[w] welladay, and woe is mee!'
For ye'll neer be heir o Linne.' 

But ye'll pay me when the seas gang dry, 

'Ye'se get a sheave o my bread, Willie, 

And a bottle o your wine, 

But ye'll pay me when the seas gang dry, 

For ye'll neer be heir o Linne.'
1 'I ha’e a coffer o gude red gowd,
2 Another o white monie;
3 I would see your ’a’, my gay lady,
4 To lye this night wi me.

1 'Ye warna my lord’s brother,
2 And him sae far frae hame,
3 Even before my ain bower-door
4 I’d gar hang you on a pin.'

1 He’s gane frae the lady’s bower,
2 Wi the saut tear on his en,
3 And he is to his foster-mother
4 As fast as gange could he.

1 There is a fancy in my head
2 That I’ll reveal to thee,
3 And your assistance I will crave
4 If ye will grant it me.

1 'I’ve fifty guineas in my pocket,
2 I’ve fiftie o them and three,
3 And if ye’ll grant what I request
4 Ye’se hae them for your fee.'

1 'Speak on, speak on, ye gude hynde squire,
2 What may your asking be?
3 And if ye’ll grant what I request
4 To come to bed to thee.'

1 'O I ha’e wargerd wi my brother,
2 When he went to the faem,
3 That I would gain his lady’s love
4 Ere six months they were gane.

1 'To me he laid his lands at stake
2 Tho he were on the faem
3 I woud gain his lady’s love
4 And sleep this night for me.'

1 'Now I have tried to gain her love,
2 But finds it winna do;
3 And your assistance I will crave
4 To take frae my ladie.'

1 'For I did lay my life at stake,
2 And them I hae for my fee.
3 Whan nine lang months were gane.
4 As fast as gang coud he.'

1 'The squire he thought to gain my love,
2 But finds it winna do;
3 That I would gain his lady’s love
4 To him the keys gae she.'

1 'The gude red gowd shall be your hire,
2 And sider’s be your fee;
3 Five hundred pounds o pennies round,
4 To take frae my ladie.'

1 'What is the thing that should be done
2 That this day has made me landless;
3 To my ha’s and my bowers;
4 To my ladie.'

1 'Ye say I am a landless lord,
2 But I think I am nane,
3 Without ye show some love-token
4 Awa frae her ye’ve tane.'

1 He drew the strings then o his purse,
2 And they were a’ bludie;
3 The ring but and the ring-finger
4 To him the keys gae she.

1 'There is a fancy in my head
2 That I would reveal to thee,
3 And your assistance I will crave
4 To take frae my ladie.'

1 'You’ll send your maids unto the hay,
2 Her men to shear the corn,
3 And she gab her sleep as soon a sleep
4 As the night that she was born.

1 'Forbid it,’ said the lady fair,
2 ‘Speak on, speak on, ye gude hynde squire,
3 ‘That I would gain his lady’s love
4 ‘And sleep this night for me.'
Then they did call this young hynde squire
To come right speiddile,
Likeways they called young Lady Maisry
To pay her down her fee.

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.

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.

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 Maisry was her name.

He had a very bonnie kitchen-boy,
And William was his name;
He never lay out o Lady Maisry's bower,
Till he brought her body to shame.

When e'en-birds sung, and e'en-bells rung,
And a' men were boun to rest,
The king went on to Lady Maisry's bower,
Just like a wandering ghast.

He has drawn the curtains round and round,
And there he has sat him down;
'To whom is this, Lady Maisry,' he says,
Tell now the truth to me.'

'It's no to a laird, and it's no to a lord,
Nor a baron of high degree?
'Is it to a laird? or is it to a lord?
Or till a man of mean?

'Go cut the heart out of his breast,
And set it at her bed-head;
It's aff she has tane her berry-broun goon,
If ye loved any man or no.'

'Go call to me my merry men all,
And set it at her bed-head;
She washed it wi the tears that fell from her eyes,
And next morning she was dead.

'There was nicht that could be heard,
And neer a word was said,
Till they got him baith fast and sure
Between twa feather-beds.

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.

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270A.7 1 When day was gone, and night was come, 2 About the evening tide, 3 This lady spied a sprightly youth 4 Stand straight up by her side.

270A.8 1 'From whence came ye, young man?' she said; 2 'That does surprise me sain; 3 My door was bolted right secure, 4 What way hae ye come here?'

270A.9 1 'O had your tongue, ye lady fair, 2 Lat a' your folly be; 3 Mind ye not on your turtle-doo 4 Last day ye brought wi thee?'

270A.10 1 'O tell me mair, young man,' she said, 2 'This does surprise me now; 3 What country hae ye come frae? 4 What pedigree are you?'

270A.11 1 'My mither lives on foreign isles, 2 She has nae mair but me; 3 She is a queen o wealth and state, 4 And birth and high degree.

270A.12 1 Likewise well skilld in magic spells, 2 As ye may plainly see, 3 And she transformd me to yon shape, 4 To charm such maids as thee.

270A.13 1 'I am a doo the live-lang day, 2 A sprightly youth at night; 3 This aye gars me appear mair fair 4 In a fair maiden's sight.

270A.14 1 'And it was but this verra day 2 That I came ower the sea; 3 Your lovely face did me enchant, 4 I'll live and dee wi thee.'

270A.15 1 'O Cow-me-doo, my luv sae true, 2 Instead of dancers to dance, mither, 3 And minstrells for to play, 4 As ye said, it shall be sae.'

270A.16 1 'O Cow-me-doo, my luv sae true, 2 Nor naething coud they say 3 Mind ye not on your turtle-doo 4 What way hae ye come here?'

270A.17 1 Then he has staid in bower wi her 2 For sax lang years and ane, 3 Till sax young sons to him she bare, 4 And the seventh she's brought hame.

270A.18 1 But aye as ever a child was born 2 He carried them away, 3 And brought them to his mither's care, 4 As fast as he could fly.

270A.19 1 Thus he has staid in bower wi her 2 For twenty years and three; 3 There came a lord o high renown 4 To court this faire ladie.

270A.20 1 But still his proffer she refused, 2 And a' his presents too; 3 Says, I'm content to live alane 4 Wi my bird, Cow-me-doo.

270A.21 1 Her father sware a solemn oath 2 Aman the nobles all, 3 'The morn, or ere I eat or drink, 4 This bird I will gar kill.'

270A.22 1 The bird was sitting in his cage, 2 And heard what they did say, 3 And when he found they were dismist, 4 Says, Wae's me for this day!

270A.23 1 'Before that I do linger stay, 2 And thus to be forforn, 3 I'll gang unto my mither's bower, 4 Where I was bred and born.'
The Text of

271A.1
1 IT was the worthy Lord of Learne,
2 He was a lord of a high degree;
3 He had noe more children but one sonne,
4 He sent him to school to learn curtesie.

271A.2
1 Learuen did see proceed with that child,
2 I tell you all in verie,
3 He learned more vpon one day
4 Then other children did on three,

271A.3
1 And then bespoke the schoole-master,
2 Vnto the Lord of Learne said hee,
3 I thinke thou be some stranger borne,
4 For the holy gost remaines with thee.

271A.4
1 He said, I am noe stranger borne,
2 Forsooth, master, I tell it to thee;
3 It is a gift of Almighty God
4 Which he hath given vnto mee.

271A.5
1 The schoole-master turned him round about,
2 His angry mind he thought to asswage,
3 For the child cold answer him soe quicklie,
4 And was of soe tender yeere of age.

271A.6
1 The child he caused a steed to be brought,
2 A golden bridale done him on;
3 He took his leaue of his schoolfellows,
4 And home the child that he is gone.

271A.7
1 And when he came before his father,
2 He fell lowe downe vpon his knee;
3 'My blessing, father, I wold aske,
4 If Christ wold grant you wold giue it me.'

271A.8
1 'My boy, thoust tarry and dwell with
2 Unto a shepard's house
3 Doe you not want a servant-boy,
4 Or else this sword shall be thy guide.'

271A.9
1 He pulld then forth a naked sword
2 That did soe finelie his body vppon,
3 For the child could answer him soe quicklie,
4 And then bespake that bonnie child.

271A.10
1 When he came before
2 He sold this Lord of Learne's his clothes
3 For five hundred pound to his pay [there],
4 That caused the child all this woe.

271A.11
1 Then to supper that they were set,
2 Lords and laides in theire degree;
3 The steward was set next the Duke of France;
4 An vnseemlie sight it was to see.

271A.12
1 Then bespoke the Duke of France,
2 Vnto the Lord of Learne said hee there,
3 Sayes, Lord of Learne, if thou'le marry my daughter[en],
4 I'le mend thy liuing fure hundred pound a yeere.

271A.13
1 When he that gorgeous apparel brought,
2 That did sooie fille his body vpon,
3 He laughed the bony child to scorne,
4 That was the bonny Lord of Learne.

271A.14
1 And then bespoke the shepard's wife,
2 Answered her that they were sett,
3 That shee would be his marryed wiffe
4 If he wold make her ladye of Learne.

271A.15
1 The Lord of Learne did apparell his child
2 With bruche, and ringe, and many a thinge;
3 The apparrell he had his body vpon,
4 The say was worth a squier's liuinge.

271A.16
1 The parting of the younge Lord of Learne
2 With his father, his mother, his fellows deere,
3 Wold hade made a manis hart for to change,
4 If a Jew borne that he were.

271A.17
1 The wind did sere, and the did sayle
2 Over the sea into Ffrance land;
3 He vsed the child soe hurdle,
4 He wold let him haue neuer a penny to spend.

271A.18
1 And meate he wold let the child have none,
2 Nor mony to buy none, trolie;
3 The boy was hungry and thirsty both;
4 Atas! it was the more pitty.

271A.19
1 He laid him downe to drinke the water
2 That was soo lowe beneath the brime;
3 He [that] was wont to haue drunken both ale and wine
4 Then was faine of the water soe thinne.

271A.20
1 And as he was drinking of the water
2 That ran soo low beneath the brime,
3 Soe ready was the false steward
4 To drowe the bony boy therin.

271A.21
1 'Hau mercy on me, worthy steward!
2 My life, he said, 'tend it to mee,
3 And all that I am heire vpon,'
4 Saies, 'I will giue vnto thee.'

271A.22
1 Mercy to him the steward did take,
2 And pulled the child out of the brime;
3 Euer alacke, the more pitty!
4 He took his clothes even from him.

271A.23
1 Saies, Doe thoue me of that veultu gwonne,
2 The crimson hosen beneath thy knee,
3 And doe me of thy corduiont shoone,
4 Are buckled with the gold soe feare.

271A.24
1 'Doe thoue me off thy golden chaine,
2 Thy shirtband wrought with glistening gold,
3 And doe mee of thy constent shoone,
4 "Thats srouned with many a golden searn.'

271A.25
1 Doe thoue me off thy vellett hatt,
2 With fether in that soe fine;f
3 All vnto thy silken shirt,
4 'Thats with many a golden searn.'

271A.26
1 The child before him naked stood,
2 With skin as white as lilly flower;
3 For [his] worthy lords bewtie
4 He might have beene a ladye's paramoure.

271A.27
1 He put vpon him a letter coter,
2 And breeches of the same beneath the knee,
3 And sent him fone froe,
4 Service for to craue, truly.

271A.28
1 He pulld then forth a naked sword
2 That hangie full low then by his side;
3 'Turne thy name, thou villaine,' he said,
4 'Or else this sword shall be thy guide.'

271A.29
1 'What must be my name, worthy steward?
2 I pray thee now tell it me:'
3 'Thy name shalbe Pore Disaware,
4 To tend sheppe on a lonely lee.'

271A.30
1 The bonny child he went him froe,
2 And looked to himselfe, truly;
3 Saw his apparrell soe simple vpon;
4 O Lord! he wepted tenderlye.

271A.31
1 Vnto a shepards house that child did goe,
2 And said, Sir, God you saue and see!
3 Doe you not want a servant-boy,
4 To tend your sheepe on a lonelie lee?

271A.32
1 'Where was thoute borne?' the shepard said,
2 'Where, my boy, or in what county?'
3 'Sir,' he said, 'I was borne in fayre Scotland,
4 That is soe farre beyond the sea.'

271A.33
1 'I have noe child,' the shepheard sayd;
2 'My boy, thou hast tarry and dwell with mee;
3 My liuinge,' he sayd, and end all my goods,
4 I make thee heire of after mee.'

271A.34
1 And then bespoke the shepards wife,
2 To the Lord of Learne thus did she say;
3 'Go to thy way to our sheepe,' she said,
4 'And tend them well both night and day.'

271A.35
1 It was a sore office, O Lord, for him
2 That was a lord borne of a great degree!
3 As he was tending his sheephe alone,
4 Neither sport nor play cold hee.

271A.36
1 Let vs leave talking of the Lord of Learne,
2 And let all such talking goe;
3 Let vs talke more of the false steward,
4 That caused the child all this wo.

271A.37
1 He sold this Lord of Learne's his clothes
2 For five hundred pound to his pay [there],
3 And bought himselfe a suite of apparel
4 Might well besee me a lord to weare.

271A.38
1 When he that gorgeous apparel brought,
2 That did sooie fille his body vpon,
3 He laughed the bony child to scorne,
4 That was the bonny Lord of Learne.

271A.39
1 He laughed that bony boy to scorne;
2 Lord! pitty it was to weare;
3 I have herd them say, and soe haue you too,
4 That a man may buy gold to deere.

271A.40
1 When that he had all that gorgeous apparel,
2 That did sooie fille his body vpon,
3 He went a woing to the Duke's daughter of France
4 And called himselfe the Lord of Learne.

271A.41
1 The Duke of Ffrance heard tell of this,
2 To his place that worthy lord was come, truly;
3 He entertaine him with a quart of red Renish wine,
4 Saies, Lord of Learne, thou art welcome to me.

271A.42
1 Then to supper that they were set,
2 Lords and laides in theire degree;
3 The steward was set next the Duke of France;
4 An vnseemlie sight it was to see.

271A.43
1 Then bespoke the Duke of Ffrance,
2 Vnto the Lord of Learne said hee there,
3 Sayes, Lord of Learne, if thou'le marry my daughter[en],
4 I'le mend thy liuing fure hundred pound a yeere.

271A.44
1 Then bespoke that lady faire,
2 Answered her that they were sett,
3 That shee would be his married wiffe
4 If he wold make her ladye of Learne.

271A.45
1 Then hand in hand the steward her heooke,
2 And plight that lady his troth alone,
3 That she should be his married wiffe,
4 And he wold make her the ladie of Learne.

271A.46
1 Thus that night it was gone,
2 The other day was come, truly;
3 The lady wold see the robbuke run,
4 To vp hills and dales and forrest free.

271A.47
1 Then shee was ware of the younge Lord of Learne
2 Tending sheepe vnder a bryar, truelie.
3 4 4 4 4

271A.48
1 And thus shee called vnto her maids,
2 And held her hands vp thus an hie;
3 Sayes, Feitch me yond shepards boy,
4 'I know why he doth mourne, trulye.'
271A.50
1 'Where wast thou borne, thou bonny boy?
2 Where or in what country?
3 'Madam, I was borne in faire Scotland,
4 That is soe far beyond the sea.'

271A.51
1 'What is thy name, thou bonny boy?
2 I pray thee tell it vnto mee;
3 My name,' he says, 'is Poore Disaware,
4 That tends sheepe on a lonelye lee.'

271A.52
1 One thing thou must tell mee, bonny boy,
2 And which I must needs ask of thee,
3 Dost not thou know the young Lord of Learne?
4 He is comen a woing into France to mee.'

271A.53
1 'Yes, that I doe, madam,' he said,
2 And then he wept most tenderlie;
3 'The Lord of Learne is a worthy lord,
4 If he were at home in his oigne country.'

271A.54
1 'What ayles thee to weepe, my bonny boy?
2 Tell me or ere I part thee froe;
3 'Nothing but for a freind, madam,
4 That's dead from me many a yeere agoe.'

271A.55
1 A loud laughter the ladie lought,
2 O Lord! shee smiled wonderous hie;
3 He dwelte in France since I was borne;
4 Such a shepards boy I did neuer see.

271A.56
1 'Wilt thou not leaue thy sheepe, my child,
2 And come vnto service vnto mee?
3 And I will give the meate and fee,
4 And my chamberlane thou shalt bee.'

271A.57
1 Then I will leave my sheepe, madam,' he sayd,
2 'And come into service vnto thee,
3 If you will give me meate and fee,
4 Your chamberlaine that I may bee.'

271A.58
1 When the ladye came before her father,
2 Shee fell low downe vpon her knee;
3 'Grant me, father,' the lady said,
4 'This boy my chamberlaine to be.'

271A.59
1 'But O nay, nay,' the duke did say,
2 'Soe my daughter it may not bee;
3 'Grant me, father,' the lady said,
4 'This boy my chamberlaine to be.'

271A.60
1 First night I was borne, a lord I was,
2 An earle after my father doth dye;
3 And as I am a true ladie
4 And forsworne I will not bee.'

271A.61
1 As the lawes of the realme they will thee beare,
2 'Thou vile traitor, I tell to thee,
3 That either you or I must die.
4 When I sent my child into that wild country.'

271A.62
1 'What is thy name, thou vagabond?
2 Haue done quickecklie, and tell it to me:
3 'My name,' he says, 'is Poore Disaware,
4 I tend sheepe on the lonelie lee.'

271A.63
1 'Thou art a thief,' the steward said,
2 'And soe in the end I will prooue thee;
3 . . . . . . .
4 . . . . . . .

271A.64
1 Then be-spake the ladie fayre,
2 Peace, Lord of Learne! I doe pray thee;
3 'Fior if noe looue you show this child,
4 Noe favor can you hauue of mee.'

271A.65
1 'Will you beleve me, lady fayre,
2 When the truth I doe tell yee?
3 An Aberdonie, beyond the sea,
4 His father he robbed a hundred three.'

271A.66
1 But then bespake the Duke of France
2 Vnto the boy soe tenderlie;
3 Saies, Boy, if thou loue horsasses well,
4 My stable-groome I will make thee.

271A.67
1 And thus that that did passe vpon
2 Till the twelve months did draw to an ende;
3 The boy applied his office soe well
4 Every man became his friend.

271A.68
1 He went forth earlye one morning
2 To water a gelding at the water soe free;
3 The gelding he hitt the child aboue his eye.
4 He hit the child about his eye.

271A.69
1 'Woe be to thee, thou gelding,' he sayd,
2 'And to the mare that folede thee!
3 Thou hast striken the Lord of Learne
4 A little tynie about the eye.'

271A.70
1 'First night after I was borne, a lord I was,
2 An earle after my father doth die;
3 My father is the worthy Lord of Learne,
4 And child he hath noe more but mee;
5 He sent me over the sea with the false steward,
6 And thus that he hath beguiled mee.'

271A.71
1 The lady [wa>s in her garden greene,
2 Walking with her mayds, trulie,
3 And heard the boy this mournig make,
4 And went to weeping, trulie.

271A.72
1 'Sing on thy song, thou stable groome,
2 I pray thee doe not let for mee,
3 And as I am a true ladie
4 I will tewe vnto thee.'

271A.73
1 'But nay, now nay, madam!' he sayd,
2 'Sooe that it may not bee;
3 I am tane sworne vpon a booke,
4 And forsworne I will not bee.'

271A.74
1 'Sing on thy song to thy gelding,
2 And thou dost not sing to mee;
3 And as I am a true ladie
4 I will euer be true vnto thee.'

271A.75
1 He sayd, Woe be to thee, gelding,
2 And to the mare that folede thee!
3 For thou hast strucken the Lord of Learne,
4 A little about mine eye.

271A.76
1 First night I was born, a lord I was,
2 An earle after my father doth die;
3 My father is the good Lord of Learne,
4 And child he hath noe more but mee;
5 My father sent me over the sea with the false steward,
6 And thus that he hath beguiled mee.

271A.77
1 'Woe be to the steward, lady,' he sayd,
2 'Woe be to him verily!
3 He hath beene about this twelve months day
4 For to deceuice both thee and mee.'

271A.78
1 'If you doo not my counsell keepe,
2 That I haue told you with good intent,
3 And if you doo it not well keepe,
4 Forwwe! my life is at an ende.'

271A.79
1 'I wilbe true to thee, Lord of Learne,
2 Or else Christ be not soe vnto me;
3 And as I am a tewe ladie
4 I leuer marry none but thee.'

271A.80
1 Shee sent in for her father, the Duke,
2 In all the speed that erie might bee;
3 'Put of my wedding, father Duke,' shee said,
4 'For the loue of God, this monthes three.'

271A.81
1 'Sicke I am,' the ladye said,
2 'O sicke, and verry like to die!
3 Put of my wedding, father Duke,
4 For the loue of God, this months three.'

271A.82
1 The Duke of France put of this wedding
2 Of the steward and the ladye monthes three,
3 For the ladie sicke shee was,
4 Sicke, sicke, and like to die.

271A.83
1 Shee wrote a letter with her owne hand,
2 In all the speede that erie might bee;
3 Shee sent [it] over into Scotland,
4 That is soe farr beyond the sea.

271A.84
1 When the messenger came before the old Lor
2 of Learne,
3 He kneele lowe downe on his knee,
4 And deliered the letter vnto him,
5 In all the speed that erie might bee.

271A.85
1 [The] first looke he looked the letter vpon,
2 Lo! he wept full bitterly,
3 The second looke he looked it vpon,
4 Said, False steward, woe be to thee!

271A.86
1 When the Ladye of Learne these tydings heard,
2 O Lord! shee wept soe biterlye:
3 'I told you of this, now good my lord,
4 When I sent my child into that wild country.'

271A.87
1 'Peace, Ladye of Learne,' the lord did say,
2 'For Christ his loure I doe pray thee;
3 And as I am a christian man,
4 Wroken vpon him that I wilbe.'

271A.88
1 He wrote a letter with his owne hand,
2 In all the speede that erie might bee;
3 He sent it into the lords in Scotland,
4 That were borne of a great degree.

271A.89
1 He sent for lords, he sent for knights,
2 'The best that were in the country,
3 To go with him into the land of France,
4 To seeke his sonne in that strange country.

271A.90
1 The wind was good, and they did sayle,
2 Five hundred men into France land,
3 There to seeke that bonny boy
4 That was the worthy Lord of Learne.

271A.91
1 They sought the country through and through,
2 Soe farr to the Duke's place of Ffrance land;
3 There they were ware of that bonny boy,
4 Standing with a porter's staffe in his hand.

271A.92
1 Then the worshipfull, the did bowe,
2 The serving-men fell on their knee,
3 They cast their hats vp into the ayre
4 For ioy that boy that they had seen.

271A.93
1 The Lord of Learne then he light downe,
2 And kist his child both cheeke and chinne,
3 And said, God blesse thee, my sonne and my heire!
4 The blisse of heauen that thou may winne!'
4 He being of so tender age.
2 His angry mood he could not swage;
1 The schoolmaster turned round about,
3 My father is the Lord of Lorn,
2 The child thus answered courteously;
1 He said he was no easterling born,
4 The Holy Ghost is with thee.'
1 'In faith thou art the honestest boy
4 Unto him tenderly,
2 Then other children did in three;
4 To learn some civility.
3 He sent [his son] unto the schoole,
2 He was a lord of high degree,
8 In their seats of gold full royallye.
7 To see these two children sett vpp
6 Throughout Scottland soe speedilie,
3 Seeing our children doe soe well agree,
2 To the Duke of France thus he did say,
1 But then bespake the old Lo
3 I had rather marry yo
1 But then bespake
3 Says, Lo
2 Vnto the right Lo
1 Then bespake the Duke of France,
3 She sayd I may praise my heauenly k
4 I-wis th
3 And quartered him in quarters many,
2 'Auoyd out of my company!
1 'Away, thou traitor!' the lady said,
4 Before my death to giue me a kisse.
2 He spake his words full lowd and hie;
4 Whether he was guiltie, and for to dye.
2 To goe vppon his death, trulie;
2 He kneeled down upon his knee;
1 He girt the saddle to the steed,
2 His body white as the lilly-flower,
1 But when the child was stript naked,
4 With many a golden seam.'
3 So put thee of thy s'lken shirt,
1 'Now put off thy fair cloathing
4 What ere betide my body.'
3 'Good steward, let me have my life,
2 'But nay, marry!' said the child,
1 'Yes, forsooth,' then said the child,
4 That thy name shall be.'
3 'Thy name shall be Poor Disawear,
2 And hose of the same above the knee,
1 He put him in an old kelter coat
4 A prince's paramour.
2 His body white as the lilly-flower,
1 But when the child was stript naked,
2 His white face shone through the sandle's
3 He took his leave of his fellows all,
4 And quickly he was gone.
1 And when he came to his father dear
2 He kneeled down upon his knee;
3 Sayes, Good Sir Steward, be as good to my child,
4 And God be their good speed.
2 They had not been in France land
4 And God be their good speed.
3 I can write him a lesson soon
2 For all he goes in rich array,
1 'There's nere a doctor in all this realm,
3 There's never a book in all Scotland
2 'And so lik
1 'I have brought tidings, father,' he said,
2 'Tell me the truth and do not lye,
3 'My dearest friend, lady,' he said,
1 'Where was thou born, thou bonny child?
2 Tell me the truth and do not lye,
3 Knost thou not the yong lord of Lorn,
1 'Yes, forsooth,' then said the child,
4 Why maketh he all this moan?'
2 And cried out pittifully,
1 And ever he sighed and made moan,
4 And knows not what's become of me.'
3 'Madam,' he saith, 'My head steward,
2 But meat and drink the child got none,
3 'Good steward, let me have my life,
2 'But nay, marry!' said the child,
1 'But nay, marry!' said the child,
2 'Yes, forsooth,' then said the child,
4 'Is dead many years agon.'
3 He went a wooing to the Duke's daughter,
4 The lady did a hunting go.
2 And also for to hunt the doe,
3 And with a hundred lusty men
1 'Thou art welcome, son,' he said,
2 The bridle of the best gold shone;
1 And when he came to his father dear
3 'Who shall go with him?' said the lady;
1 'Who shall go with him?' said the lady;
2 'Auoyd out of my company!
1 'Away, thou traitor!' the lady said,
4 Or where is thy country?'
3 'Where wast thou born, thou vagabone?
1 'Yes, forsooth,' then said the child,
2 And asked mercy pittifully;
1 The child ran to the river's side;
2 They had not been in France land
4 And God be their good speed.
3 'Madam,' he saith, 'My head steward,
2 And hose of the same above the knee,
1 He put him in an old kelter coat
4 A prince's paramour.
2 His body white as the lilly-flower,
1 But when the child was stript naked,
4 With many a golden seam.'
3 So put thee of thy s'lken shirt,
1 'Now put off thy fair cloathing
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1 'Now put off thy fair cloathing
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2 'Auoyd out of my company!
1 'Away, thou traitor!' the lady said,
**The Child Ballads**

271B.57
1 Thou art a false thief,' said the Lord of Lorn, 2 ‘No longer might I bear with thee; 3 By the law of France thou shalt be judged, 4 Whether it be to live or die.

271B.58
1 A quest of lords there chosen was, 2 To bench they came hastily, 3 But when the quest was ended 4 The false steward must dye.

271B.59
1 First they did him half hang, 2 And then put him down anon, 3 And then put him in bowling lead, 4 And then was sodden, brest and bone.

271B.60
1 And then bespake the Lord of Lorn, 2 With many other lords too; 3 ‘Sir Duke, if you be as willing as we, 4 We'll have a marriage before we go.'

271B.61
1 These children both they did rejoice 2 To hear the lord his tale so ended; 3 They had rather to day then to morrow, 4 So he would not be offended.

271B.62
1 But when the wedding ended was 2 There was delicious dainty cheer; 3 ‘I’ll tell you how long the wedding did last, 4 Full three quarters of a year.

271B.63
1 Such a banquet there was wrought, 2 The like was never seen; 3 The king of France brought with him then 4 A hundred tun of good red wine.

271B.64
1 Five set of musitians were to be seen, 2 That never rested night nor day, 3 Also Italians there did sing, 4 Full pleasantly with great joy.

271B.65
1 Thus have you heard what troubles great 2 Unto successive joyses did turn, 3 And happy news among the rest 4 Unto the worthy Lord of Lorn.

271B.66
1 Let rebels therefore warn 2 Ho! who's there? answered no man; 3 ‘I have made an oath, lady,' he said, 4 ‘I'll do for thee, my bonny child.'

271B.67
1 That in short time for love he dyed. 2 He hop'd it would be for her good, 3 Her parents' order he came by. 4 He brought her to her father's door.

271B.68
1 But as they did this great haste make, 2 He did complain his head did ache; 3 Her handkerchief she then took out, 4 And ty'd the same his head about.

271B.69
1 When she was got her love behind, 2 They pass'd as swift as any wind, 3 That in two hours, or little more, 4 But little dreamt he went to grave.

271B.70
1 Soon were they at her father's door, 2 And after she ne'er see him more; 3 ‘I'll set the horse up,' then he said, 4 And there he left this harmless maid.

271B.71
1 Her mother's hood and safeguard too, 2 Her father's horse, which well she knew, 3 ‘Pray, sir, did you not send for me, 4 And 'tis I,' she then replyed; 5 Who wondred much her voice to hear, 6 And was posset with dread and fear.

271B.72
1 ‘Thou art as cold as any clay; 2 ‘Thou hast strickn a lord of high degree.'

271B.73
1 ‘Wo worth thee, horse!' then said the child, 2 ‘That ere mare foal 3 ‘The great gelding up with his head 4 ‘Child, because thou lov'st horses well,

271B.74
1 ‘Why, my friend; 2 ‘The like was never seen; 3 ‘I have made an oath, lady,' he said, 4 ‘I'll do for thee, my bonny child.'

271B.75
1 ‘I'll do for thee, my bonny child, 2 And so thy oath shall sav'd be; 3 ‘He was so courteous and so true 4 ‘Thou hast strickn a lord of high degree.'

271B.76
1 ‘I’le put my wedding off months three.'

271B.77
1 ‘I'le do for thee, my bonny child, 2 In faith I will do more for thee; 3 For I will send thy father word, 4 And he shall come and speke with me.

271B.78
1 ‘I will do more, my bonny child, 2 In faith I will do more for thee; 3 And for thy sake, my bonny child, 4 ‘I’le put my wedding off months three.'

271B.79
1 The d-uke's daughter was in her garden green, 2 She heard the child make great moan; 3 She ran to the child all weeping, 4 ‘Child Ballads' 417

271B.80
1 She by no means could to him send 2 ‘Pray, sir, did you not send for me, 3 Who wondred much her voice to hear, 4 And was posset with dread and fear.

271B.81
1 ‘I can not to thee tell again.'

271B.82
1 ‘I'le do for thee, my bonny child, 2 In faith I will do more for thee; 3 For I will send thy father word, 4 And he shall come and speke with me.

271B.83
1 ‘I’le do for thee, my bonny child, 2 In faith I will do more for thee; 3 And for thy sake, my bonny child, 4 ‘I’le put my wedding off months three.'

271B.84
1 The lady she did write a letter, 2 Full pitifully with her own hand, 3 She sent it to the Lord of Lorn 4 ‘Where is he?' then to her he said; 5 ‘He's in the stable,' quoth the maid.

271B.85
1 ‘Twas he that then brought her away; 2 He did complain his head did ake; 3 ‘I have made an oath, lady,' he said, 4 ‘I dare not tell my tale again.'

271B.86
1 ‘I'le do for thee, my bonny child, 2 In faith I will do more for thee; 3 For I will send thy father word, 4 And he shall come and speake with me.

271B.87
1 ‘I will do more, my bonny child, 2 In faith I will do more for thee; 3 And for thy sake, my bonny child, 4 ‘I’le put my wedding off months three.'

271B.88
1 The lady she did write a letter, 2 Full pitifully with her own hand, 3 She sent it to the Lord of Lorn 4 ‘Where is he?' then to her he said; 5 ‘He's in the stable,' quoth the maid.

271B.89
1 ‘Where is he?' then to her he said; 2 ‘Who's there?' 'Tis I,' she then replyed; 3 Which made his hair stare on his head, 4 As knowing well that he was dead.

271B.90
1 The old lord cal’d up his merry men, 2 And all that he gave cloth and fee, 3 With seven lords by his side, 4 ‘Thou art as cold as any clay; 5 ‘I'll see the horse well littered.'

271B.91
1 The wind serv’d, and they did sail 2 So far into France land, 3 They were ware of the Lord of Lorn, 4 ‘Where is he?' then to her he said; 5 ‘He's in the stable,' quoth the maid.

271B.92
1 The old lord cal’d up his merry men, 2 And all that he gave cloth and fee, 3 With seven lords by his side, 4 ‘I can not to thee tell again.'

271B.93
1 The wind serv’d, and they did sail 2 So far into France land, 3 They were ware of the Lord of Lorn, 4 With a porter's staff in his hand.

271B.94
1 The wind serv'd, and they did sail 2 So far into France land, 3 They were ware of the Lord of Lorn, 4 ‘I can not to thee tell again.'
Our king he would a hunting ride,
By eight a clock of the day,
In summer time, when leaves grew green,
And birds were singing on every tree.

The king set a bugle-horn to his mouth,
That blew both loud and shrill,
And five hundred lords and knights
came riding over a hill.

\[273A.1\] A handkerchief she said she tyed
\[273A.2\] About his head, and that they tyed;
\[273A.3\] The seston they did speak unto,
\[273A.4\] That he the grave would then undo.

\[273A.11\] 'I never stole them' said our king,
\[273A.12\] 'I swear to thee by the rood;'
\[273A.13\] 'I am weary of thy company.

\[273A.14\] 'What news dost thou hear?' then said our king,
\[273A.15\] 'I pray what news do you hear?'
\[273A.16\] 'I hear no news,' answered the tanner,
\[273A.17\] 'But that cow-hides be dear.'

\[273A.21\] The tanner took the good cow-hide,
\[273A.22\] 'What news dost thou hear?' then said our king,
\[273A.23\] 'What news wilt thou ask?' then said our king,
\[273A.24\] 'Full quickly that I were gone,' quoth the tanner,

\[273A.25\] A good russet coat the tanner had on,
\[273A.26\] 'What boot wilt thou ask?' then said our king,
\[273A.27\] 'What boot wilt thou ask,' quoth the tanner,
\[273A.28\] 'Methinks thou shalt not have my cow-hide.'

\[273A.30\] 'Here's twenty [good] groats,' said the tanner,
\[273A.31\] 'The ready way I pray thee shew me;'
274A.7 5 'Water-stoups?' quo he.
6 'Ay, water-stoups,' quo she.

274A.8 1 'Far hae I ridden,
2 And farer hae I gane,
3 But siller spurs on water-stoups
4 I saw never nane.'

274A.9 1 Hame came our goodman,
2 And hame came he,
3 And he saw a sword,
4 Where a sword should na be.

274A.10 1 'What's this now, goodwife?
2 What's this I see?
3 How came this sword here,
4 Without the leave o me?'
5 'A sword?' quo she.
6 'Ay, a sword,' quo he.

274A.11 1 'Poor blind body,
2 And blindler mat ye be!
3 It's a new milking-maid,
4 My mither sent to me.'
5 'A maid?' quo he.
6 'Ay, a maid,' quo she.

274A.12 1 'What's this now, goodwife?
2 What's this I see?
3 How came this man here,
4 Without the leave o me?'
5 'A man?' quo she.
6 'Ay, a man,' quo he.

274A.13 1 'I went into the stable,
2 and there for to see,
3 And there I saw three horses stand,
4 by one, by two, and by three.

274A.14 1 I calld to my loving wife,
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quo she:
3 'O what do these three pair of breeches lie,
4 without the leave of me?'

274A.15 1 'Shame fa your cuckold face,
2 and Ill mat ye see!
3 It's but a porridge-spurtle,
4 My minnie sent to me.'
5 'A spurte?' quo she.
6 'Ay, a spurte,' quo she.

274A.16 1 I went into the pantry,
2 and there for to see,
3 I went into the parlour,
4 and a cuckold he came home.

274A.17 1 'Heyday! Godzounds! Pudding-bags with spurs on!
2 the like was never known!'
3 Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
4 and a cuckold he came home.

274B.1 1 I went into my closet,
2 and there for to see,
3 And there I saw three pair of breeches lie,
4 by one, by two, and by three.

274B.2 1 I calld to my loving wife,
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quo she:
3 'O what do these three pair of breeches do here,
4 without the leave of me?'

274B.3 1 'Heyday! Godzounds! Skimming-dishes with hat-bands on!
2 the like was never known!'
3 Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
4 and a cuckold he came home.

274B.4 1 I called to my loving wife,
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quo she:
3 'Pray what do these three hats do here,
4 without the leave of me?'

274B.5 1 'Heyday! Godzounds! Petticoats with waistbands on!
2 the like was never known!'
3 Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
4 and a cuckold he came home.

274B.6 1 I went into the dyairy,
2 and there for to see,
3 And there I saw three hats hang,
4 by one, by two, and by three.

274B.7 1 'Heyday! Godzounds! Milking-cows with bridles and saddles on!
2 the like was never known!'
3 Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
4 and a cuckold he came home.

274B.8 1 I went into the kichen,
2 and there for to see,
3 And there I saw three swords hang,
4 by one, by two, and by three.

274B.9 1 I calld to my loving wife,
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quo she:
3 'O what do these three cloaks do here,
4 without the leave of me?'

274B.10 1 I calld to my loving wife,
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quo she:
3 'O what do these three pair of boots lie,
4 without the leave of me?'

274B.11 1 I calld to my loving wife,
2 and 'Anon, kind sir!' quo she:
3 'O what do these three mantuas do here,
4 without the leave of me?'

274B.12 1 'Heyday! Godzounds! Mantuas with capes on!
2 the like was never known!'
3 Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
4 and a cuckold he came home.

274B.13 1 'Far hae I ridden,
2 And farer hae I gane,
3 But powder on a clocken-hen
4 'Heyday! Godzounds! Milking-maids with beards on!
2 the like was never known!'
3 Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
4 and a cuckold he came home.

275A.1 1 'Heyday! Godzounds! Petticoats with waistbands on!'
4 For the barring o the door, O.
3 But never a word would the auld bodies speak,
2 Or whether is it a puir?'
1 'O whether is this a rich man's house,
4 Just by the light o the door.
3 And they cam unto wee John Blunt's,
4 Was to rise and bar the door.
3 That the ane that spoke the foremost word
2 They made it unco sure,
4 It'll never be barred by me.'
1 'My hans are in my husseyskep,
4 Ye maun rise up and bar the door.
3 Says auld John Blunt to Janet the wife,
2 It blew into the floor;
1 The wind it blew frae north to south,
4 And bears a wondrous fame. O
3 He maks gude maut and he brews gude ale,
4 'Rise up, rise up, and bar the door.'
1 'Ye've eaten my meat, ye hae drucken my drink,
2 Ye'd make my auld wife a whore!'
3 'John Blunt, ye hae spoken the foremost word,
4 Ye maun rise up and bar the door.'
1 'Now whether is this a rich man's house,
2 Gied three skips on the floor:
3 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
2 And laid her on the floor,
1 They haurld auld Luckie out o her bed
4 Fu straught to Johnie Blunt's door.
3 'John Blunt, ye hae spoken the foremost word,
2 And laid her on the floor,
1 'Ye hae eaten my bread, ye hae drucken my ale,
3 But never a word she spake.
3 Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
2 'And since we hae got a house o our ain
1 And next they drank o the liquor sea strong,
2 And aye the auld wife said to hersel,
4 May the deil slip down wi that!'
2 'O dear, I am in the well!
3 'And since we hae got a house o our ain
2 And laid her on the floor,
1 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
1 'Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'Thou needst not doubt
1 'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae drucken my ale,
4 And bears a wondrous fame. O
4 'Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie,' he says,
2 Fu snell out oer the moor;
1 The wind blew in the hallan ae night,
2 As thro the hills they foor,
4 Should rise and bar the door.'
1 The maid bethought her of a wile
2 Before that you shall do the thing,
2 'If thou wert in hell I could sing thee out:'
3 'Now prithee sing thy self out of the well:'
2 'O,' said the friar, 'Then where shall I run?'
1 'O if I grant to you this thing,
3 'Good sir,' said she, 'There's no such matter;'
4 'The fryer did entreat her still
2 That she should help him out of the well;
2 And then by my master ye winna be seen.'
3 'Alas,' quoth she, 'I am in the well!'
1 'No matter,' quoth she, 'if thou wert in hell.
3 An ye'll scrape aff the auld man's beard,
2 And John Blunt was his name; O
1 There leeved a wee man at the fit o yon hill,
3 'Good man, you've spoken the foremost word,
2 Before you have what you require;
3 An angel of mony thou shalt me bring.'
1 'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae drucken my ale,
3 But never a word they spake,
4 For barring o the door.'
1 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
2 And laid her on the floor,
1 'Now whether is this a rich man's house,
2 Gied three skips on the floor:
3 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
2 And laid her on the floor,
1 'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae drucken my ale,
3 But never a word they spake,
4 For barring o the door.'
1 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
2 And laid her on the floor,
1 'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae drucken my ale,
3 But never a word they spake,
4 For barring o the door.'
1 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
2 And laid her on the floor,
1 'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae drucken my ale,
3 But never a word they spake,
4 For barring o the door.'
The Child Ballads

276B.11
1 'Ye said ye wad whistle me out o' hell;  
2 Now whistle your ain sel out o' the well.'
276B.12
1 She helped him out and bade him be gone;  
2 The friar he asked his money again.
276B.13
1 'As for your money, there is no much matter  
2 To make you pay more for jumbling our water.'
276B.14
1 Then all who hear it commend this fair maid  
2 For the nimble trick to the friar she played.
276B.15
1 The friar he walked on the street,  
2 And shaking his legs like a well-washed sheep.
277A.1
1 SHE wadna bake, she wadna brew,  
2 Hollin, green hollin  
3 For spoiling o her comely hue.
277A.2
1 She wadna pay, you for your kin,  
2 But I can pay my weather's skin.
277A.3
1 'I darena pay you, for your gentle kin,  
2 And cleekit a weather by the back-spald.
277A.4
1 She wadna spin, nor yet wad she card,  
2 And she cried for the sowens she left in the pot.
277A.5
1 'O what to do wi her I canna weel tell;  
2 But well sall I lay to my ain weather's skin.'
277A.6
1 He trudged away till they came to his hall-gate;  
2 Says he, Here, take in an old Sussex chap's mate.
277A.7
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277B.1
1 THERE was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,  
2 But weel I may skelp my weather's-skin.'
277B.2
1 He touk his clouty clok him about, his peakstaf  
2 An he is awa to yon toun-end, leak ony peare
277B.3
1 'THER is a wife in yone toun-end, an she has  
2 And she carried her back like a pedlar's pack.
277B.4
1 'It's neither your oxen nor you that I crave;  
2 An his brains.
277B.5
1 'O Robin, Robin, lat me be,  
2 For the spoiling o her gouden ring.
277B.6
1 'O welcome, good Satan, with all my heart!  
2 But it is your old wife, and she I will have.'
277B.7
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277B.8
1 'The auld Deil cam to the man at the plough,  
2 Runchy ae de aidie
3 Saying, I wish ye gude luck at the making o ye r sheugh.
277B.9
1 'O welcome, good Satan, with all my heart!  
2 But it is your old wife, and she I will have.'
277B.10
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277B.11
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277C.1
1 She wadna cake nor she wadna brew,  
2 For the spoiling o her comely hue.
277C.2
1 She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,  
2 And to her old husband he took her again.
277C.3
1 'I dare na thump you, for your proud kin,  
2 And cleekit a weather by the spauld.
277C.4
1 'It's I'll no thrash ye, for your proud kin,  
2 And has laid a sheep-skin on his wife's back.
277C.5
1 She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,  
2 For the spoiling o her gouden ring.
277C.6
1 She wadna wash nor she wadna wring,  
2 For the spoiling o her gouden ring.
277C.7
1 'I can baith wash an wring;  
2 And he lugged her along, like a pedlar's pack.
277C.8
1 'I can baith wash an wring;  
2 One of your family I must have now.
277C.9
1 'I can baith wash an wring;  
2 'One is not your eldest son that I crave.
277C.10
1 'I can baith wash an wring;  
2 But it is your old wife, and she I will have.'
277C.11
1 'I can baith wash an wring;  
2 'One is not your eldest son that I crave.
277D.1
1 THERE livd a laird down into Fife,  
2 And she carried her back like a pedlar's pack.
277D.2
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.3
1 'O Robin, Robin, lat me be,  
2 And he is awa to yon toun-end, leak ony peare
277D.4
1 He touk his clouty clok him about, his peakstaf  
2 An he is awa to yon toun-end, leak ony peare
277D.5
1 'I ha ben about this fish-toun this years tua or  
2 And she carried her back like a pedlar's pack.
277D.6
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.7
1 THERE livd a laird down into Fife,  
2 And she carried her back like a pedlar's pack.
277D.8
1 'I ha ben about this fish-toun this years tua or  
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2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
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277D.11
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.12
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.13
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.14
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.15
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.16
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.17
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
277D.18
1 'I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,  
2 But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'
She took him to her press, gave him a glass of
'Doll gaa we meall-poks, madinhead an a'!
She took the meall-poks by the strings an thrue
I am sorry for the doing o itt! are ye the pore
'O doll for the deaing o it! are ye the pear man?
'They wad ravie a' my meall-poks an die me
'Is ther ony dogs about this toun? madin, tell
The beggar was a cuning carle, an never a wor
'Hollie we me, sir,' she says, 'or ye'll waken
An ther she spayed a naked man, was rinen
The beager's bed was well [made] of gued
But in ahind the haa-dor, or att the kitchen-fire.
He tuke his hat in his hand an gied her juks
She tuke him to her press, gave him a glass of
'Spinels an forls is my trade,
Or what way do ye wine yer bread,
'She took the meall-poks by the strings an thrue
I am sorry for the doing o itt! are ye the pore
'O doll for the deaing o it! are ye the pear man?
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'O doll for the deaing o it! are ye the pear man?
'They wad ravie a' my meall-poks an die me
'Is ther ony dogs about this toun? madin, tell
The beggar was a cuning carle, an never a wor
'Hollie we me, sir,' she says, 'or ye'll waken
An ther she spayed a naked man, was rinen
The beager's bed was well [made] of gued
But in ahind the haa-dor, or att the kitchen-fire.
He tuke his hat in his hand an gied her juks
She tuke him to her press, gave him a glass of
'Spinels an forls is my trade,
Or what way do ye wine yer bread,
'She took the meall-poks by the strings an thrue
I am sorry for the doing o itt! are ye the pore
'O doll for the deaing o it! are ye the pear man?
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But in ahind the haa-dor, or att the kitchen-fire.
He tuke his hat in his hand an gied her juks
She tuke him to her press, gave him a glass of
'Spinels an forls is my trade,
Or what way do ye wine yer bread,
The Child Ballads

280B.5
1 It’s ye’ll tak aff the robes o red,
2 An ye’ll pit on the beggin-weed,
3 An ye’ll gang wi me an ye’ll beg your bread,
4 An ye’ll be the beggar’s dawtie.

280B.6
1 When they cam to yon borough-toon,
2 They bocht a loof an they baith sat doun,
3 They bocht a loof an they baith sat doun,
4 An the lassie ate wi her laddie.

280B.7
1 When they cam to yon grassy hill,
2 Where a spotted flock do feed their fill,
3 It’ll sit me doun an I’ll greet a while,
4 For the followin o my laddie.

280B.8
1 It’s ye’ll tak aff yer beggin-weed,
2 An ye’ll pit on the goons o red,
3 An ye’ll gang ba’ the road ye cam
4 For I canna bide yer greetin.

280B.9
1 ‘Betide me weel, betide me weel,
2 It’s wi the beggar an I’ll go,
3 An I’ll follow him through frost an snow,
4 An I’ll be the beggar’s dawtie.

280B.10
1 When they cam to yon haer ha,
2 He knockit loud an sair did ca;
3 She says, My dear, we’ll be foun in fa
4 For the knockin here sae loudly.

280B.11
1 Four-and-twenty gentlemen
2 Cam a’ to welcome the beggar in,
3 An as monie fair ladies gay
4 To welcome ’s bonnie lassie.

280B.12
1 When at he gied through the ha,
2 They a’ did laugh, they were like to fa,
3 Come weel, come weel, whaeter betide,
4 An ye’ll be aye my dawtie.

280B.13
1 The streem yez was the beggar’s bride,
2 An noo this nicht yez’ll lie by my side,
3 Come weel, come weel, whaeter betide,
4 For sic a bonnie lassie.

280C.1
1 DOWN in yonder garden gay,
2 Where many a laddie does repair,
3 Where many a laddie does repair,
4 Puing of flowers sae bonnie.

280C.2
1 ‘O do you see yon shepherd’s son,
2 Feeding his flock in yonder loan,
3 Feeding his flock in yonder loan
4 Vow but he feeds them bonnie!

280C.3
1 ‘O laddie, laddie, what is your trade?
2 Or by what means do you win your bread?
3 Or by what means do you win your bread?
4 O laddie, tell unto me.’

280C.4
1 ‘By making spindles is my trade,
2 Or whorles in the time o need,
3 And by which ways I do win my bread:
4 O laddie, do you lover?’

280C.5
1 ‘As Judas loved a piece of gold,
2 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
3 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
4 O laddie, I do love thee.

280C.6
1 ‘You must put off your robes of silk,
2 You must put on my cloutit claes,
3 And follow me hard at by back,
4 And ye’ll be my beggar-lassie.

280C.7
1 She’s put aff her robes of silk,
2 And she’s put on his cloutit claes,
3 And she’s followed him hard at his back,
4 And she’s been his beggar-lassie.

280C.8
1 O when they cam to [the] borrowstoun,
2 Vow but the lassie lookit doun!
3 Vow but the lassie lookit doun!
4 Following her beggar-laddie.

280C.9
1 O when they cam to Stirling toun,
2 He coth a loof and they baith sat doun,
3 He coth a loof and they baith sat doun,
4 And she’s eaten wi her beggar-laddie.

280C.10
1 ‘O do you see yon hie, hie hill,
2 Where the corn grows baith rank and tall?
3 If I was ther, I would greet my fill,
4 Where naebody wuld see me.’

280C.11
1 When they cam to his brother’s hall,
2 Vow but he chappit loud and shhill!
3 ‘Don’t chappel sea loud,’ the lassie said,
4 ‘For we may be fund faward wi.’

280C.12
1 Four-and-twenty gentlemen,
2 And twice as many gay ladies,
3 And twice as many gay ladies,
4 Came to welcome in the lassie.

280C.13
1 His brother led her thro the hall,
2 With laughter he was like to fall;
3 I said, I think we should beg it all,
4 For she is a bonnie lassie.

280C.14
1 ‘You must put aff your cloutit claes
2 You must put on your robes of silk,
3 You must put on your robes of silk,
4 For ye are a young knicht’s ladye.

280D.1
1 ‘TWAS in the pleasant month of June,
2 When woods and valleys a’ grow green,
3 And valiant ladies walk alane,
4 While Phoebus shines soe clearly.

280D.2
1 Out-ower yon den I spied a swain,
2 Wi a shepherd’s club into his han;
3 He was driving ewes out-ower yon knowes,
4 And valiant ladies, etc.

280D.3
1 ‘Oh, I could love you manifold,
2 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
3 As Jesse lovd the fields of gold,
4 So dearly could I love you.

280D.4
1 ‘In ha’s and chambers ye’ll be seid,
2 In silks and carmenies ye be clad;
3 An wi the finest ye’se be fed,
4 My dear, gin ye would believe me.’

280D.5
1 ‘Your ha’s and chambers ye’ll be clean sweep
clean,
2 Wi your flattering tongue now let me alane;
3 You are designed to do me wrang,
4 Awa, young man, and leave me.

280D.6
1 ‘But tell me now what is your trade,
2 When you’ve given over sheep and club?
3 The Child Ballads

280D.7
1 ‘By making besoms I win my bread,
2 And spin’dles and whorles in time o need;
3 Isn’t that a gentle trade indeed?
4 So dearly could I love you.

280D.8
1 ‘I could love you manifold,
2 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
3 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
4 So dearly could I love you.

280D.9
1 ‘I could love you manifold,
2 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
3 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
4 So dearly could I love you.

280D.10
1 When they came to his father’s gate,
2 Sae loudly as he rapped thereat;
3 ‘My dear,’ said she, ‘ye’ll be found in fault
4 For rapping there sae loudly.

280D.11
1 Then four-and-twenty gentlemen
2 Convoys the gentle beggar ben,
3 And aye as mony gay ladies
4 Convoys the bonny lassie.

280D.12
1 When they were come into the ha,
2 ‘I wish, dear brother, we had beggèd a’,
3 ‘For sic a bonnie lassie.’

280D.13
1 Then as he stood amang them a’,
2 He let his meal-pocks a’ down fa,
3 And in red gowd he shone oer them a’,
4 And she was a young knight’s lady.

280D.14
1 Yestreen she was the beggar’s bride,
2 As his wife she now stood by his side,
3 And for a’ the lassie’s ill misguide,
4 And keeping them together?

280D.15
1 ‘TWAS in the merry month of June,
2 When woods and gardens were all in bloom,
3 When woods and gardens were all in bloom,
4 And Ph’qbus shining clearly.

280D.16
1 Did you not see your shepherd-swin,
2 Feeding his flock upon the plain,
3 Feeding his flock all one by one,
4 And keeping them together?

280D.17
1 Did you not see yon bonny green,
2 Where dukes and lords and my love hath been,
3 Where dukes and lords and my love hath been,
4 And Ph’qbus shining clearly?

280D.18
1 ‘O shepherd, shepherd, tell me indeed
2 Which is the way you don win your bread,
3 Which is the way you don win your bread,
4 When feeding you give over?’

280D.19
1 ‘By making spindles I win my bread,
2 By turning whorles in time of need,
3 By turning whorles in time of need,
4 Say, lassy, can you lover?’

280D.20
1 ‘I could love you manifold,
2 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
3 As Jacob loved Rachel of old,
4 So dearly could I love you.

280D.21
1 ‘You must cast off these robes of silk,
2 And put about my shepherd’s cloak,
3 And you must walk down at my back,
4 Like a shepherd’s bonny lassie.

280D.22
1 She has cast off her robes of silk,
2 And put about his shepherd’s cloak,
3 And she has walk’d down at his back,
4 Like a shepherd’s bonny lassie.

280D.23
1 O they walk’d up, and they walk’d down,
2 Till this fair maiden she’s weary’d grown;
3 Says she, My dear, we’ll go to some town,
4 And there tak up our lodgings.

280D.24
1 O whan they cam to his father’s gate,
2 Sae loudly, loudly as he did rap;
3 Says she, My dear, we’ll be found in fault
4 For rapping here sae boldly.

280D.25
1 But when they cam to his father’s hall,
2 ‘O loud, loud laughter they laughed all;
3 Saying, Brother, I wish we had herded all,
4 Ye’ve got sic an a bonny lassie.

280D.26
1 Now this young couple they were wed,
2 And all the way the flowers were spread,
3 For in disguise they were married;
4 She’s now the young squire’s lady.”
The Text of

281A.1
1 A FAIR young may went up the street,
2 Some white-fish for to buy,
3 And a bonnie clerk’s sae in love wi her,
4 And he’s followed her by and by, by,
5 And he’s followed her by and by.

281A.2
1 'O where live ye, my bonnie lass,
2 I pray thee tell to me;
3 For gin the night were ever sae mirk
4 I wad come and visit thee.'

281A.3
1 'O my father he aye locks the door,
2 My mither keeps the key;
3 And gin ye were ever sic a wily wight
4 Ye canna win in to me.'

281A.4
5 But the clerk he had ae true brother,
6 And a wily wight was he;
7 And he had made a lang ladder,
8 Was thirty steps and three.

281A.5
1 He has made a clerk but and a creel,
2 A creel but and a pin;
3 And he’s away to the chimley-top,
4 And he’s letten the bonnie clerk in.

281A.6
1 The auld wife, being not asleep,
2 Heard something that was said;
3 ‘I’ll lay my life,’ quo the silly auld wife,
4 ‘There’s a man i our dochter’s bed.’

281A.7
1 The auld man he gat owre the bed,
2 To see if the thing was true;
3 But she’s ta’en the bonny clerk in her arms,
4 And covered him owre wi blue.

281A.8
1 ‘O where are ye gaun now, father?’ she says,
2 ‘And where are ye gaun sae late?
3 Ye’ve disturbed me in my evening prayers,
4 And O but they were sweet!’

281A.9
1 ‘O ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
2 And an ill death may ye die!
3 She has the muckle buik in her arms,
4 And she’s ta’en the bonny clerk in her arms,
5 And she’s coverd him owre wi blue.

281A.10
1 The auld wife being not asleep,
2 Then something mair was said;
3 ‘Ye may say as ye like, ye silly auld man,
4 Ye canna win in to me.’

281A.11
1 The auld wife, being not asleep,
2 To see if the thing was true;
3 But what the wrack took the auld wife’s fit?
4 For into the creel she flew.

281A.12
1 The man that was at the chimley-top,
2 Finding the creel was fu;
3 He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,
4 And fast to him he drew.

281A.13
1 ‘O help! O help! O hinny, now, help!
2 O help, O hinny, now!
3 For him that ye aye wished to
4 He’s carryin me of just now.’

281A.14
1 ‘O if the foul thief’s gott ye,
2 I wish he may keep his haud;
3 And three ribs o the auld wife’s side
4 Ye’ll never lie in your bed.’

281A.15
1 He’s towed her up, he’s towed her down,
2 He’s towed her through an through;
3 ‘O Gude assist!’ quo the silly auld wife,
4 ‘For I’m just departin now.’

281A.16
1 He’s towed her up, he’s towed her down,
2 He’s gien her a richt down-fa,
3 Till every rib i the auld wife’s side
4 Played nick-nack on the wa.

281A.17
1 O the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,
2 And I wish the blue may do weel;
3 And every auld wife that’s sae jealous o her dochter,
4 May she get a good keach i the creel!'
The Child Ballads

282A.9
1 'I'll hae you in by Barnisdale,
2 And down by Coventry,
3 And I'll guard you frae Jock the Leg
4 Till day that ye do see.'

282A.10
1 When they were in by Barnisdale,
2 And in by Coventry,
3 'Repeat, repeat,' said Jock the Leg,
4 'The words ye ance tauld me.'

282A.11
1 'I never said aught behind your back
2 But what I'll say to thee;
3 Are ye that robber, Jock the Leg,
4 Will take my pack frae me?'

282A.12
1 'O by my sooth,' said Jock the Leg,
2 'You'll find that man I be;
3 Surrender that pack that's on your back,
4 Or then be slain by me.'

282A.13
1 'He's ta'en his pack down frae his back,
2 Set it below you tree;
3 Says, I will fight for my good pack
4 Till day that I may see.

282A.14
1 Then they fought there in good greenwood
2 Till they were bloody men;
3 The robber on his knees did fall,
4 Said, Merchant, hold your hand.

282A.15
1 'An asking, asking,' said Jock the Leg,
2 'An asking ye'll grant me;
3 'Ask on, ask on,' said the good merchant,
4 For men to asking are free.'

282A.16
1 'I've duce little harm to you,' he said,
2 'More than you'd been my brother;
3 Give me a blast or my little wee horn,
4 And I'll give you another.'

282A.17
1 'A blast o your little wee horn,' he said,
2 'Of this I take no doubt;
3 I hope you will take such a blast
4 Ere both your eyes fly out.'

282A.18
1 He set his horn to his mouth,
2 And he blew loud and shrill,
3 And four-and-twenty bold bowmen
4 Came Jock the Leg until.

282A.19
1 'O ho, alas!' said the merry merchant,
2 'Alas! and woe is me!
3 'Ye'll take your pack upon your back,
4 Good billies we shall be.'

282A.20
1 'Ye'll wile out six o your best bowmen,
2 Yourself the seventh to be,
3 And put me one foot frae my pack,
4 My pack ye shall have free.'

282A.21
1 He wiled six o his best bowmen,
2 Himsel the seventh to be,
3 But [him] frae his pack they couldna get
4 And I'll give him his horse to hold.

282A.22
1 He's taen his pack down frae his back,
2 His broadsword in the other,
3 And he slew five o the best bowmen,
4 And the sixth he has dun over.

282A.23
1 Then all the rest they gae a shout,
2 As they stood by the tree;
3 Some said they would this merchant head,
4 Some said they'd let him be.

282A.24
1 But Jock the Leg he then replied,
2 To this I'll not agree;
3 He is the boldest broadsword-man
4 That ever I fought wi.

282A.25
1 'If ye could wield the bow, the bow
2 As I can do the brand,
3 I would hae ye to good greenwood,
4 To be my master's man.'

282A.26
1 'Tho I could wield the bow, the bow
2 As I can do the brand,
3 I would not gang to good greenwood,
4 To join a robber-band.'

282A.27
1 'O give me some of your fine linen,
2 To cleathe my men and me,
3 And ye'se hae some of my dun deers' skins,
4 Below you greenwood-tree.'

282A.28
1 'Ye'se hae nane o your fine linen,
2 To cleathe your men and thee,
3 And I'll hae nane o your stown deers' skins,
4 Below you greenwood-tree.'

282A.29
1 'Ye'll take your pack upon your back,
2 And travel by land or sea;
3 In brough or land, wherever we meet,
4 Good billies we shall be.'

282A.30
1 'I'll take my pack upon my back,
2 And go by land or sea;
3 In brough or land, wherever we meet,
4 A rank thief I'll call thee.'

283A.1
1 THE song that I'm going to sing,
2 I hope it will give you content,
3 Concerning a silly old man,
4 That was going to pay his rent.

283A.2
1 As he was riding along,
2 Along all on the highway,
3 A gentleman-thief overtook him,
4 And thus to him did say.

283A.3
1 'Well overtaken!' said the thief,
2 'Well overtaken!' said he;
3 And 'Well overtaken!' said the old man,
4 'If thou be good company.'

283A.4
1 'How far are you going this way?'
2 Which made the old man for to smile;
3 'By my faith,' said the old man,
4 'I'm just going two mile.'

283A.5
1 'I am a poor farmer,' he said,
2 'And I farm a piece of ground,
3 And my half-year's rent, kind sir,
4 Just come to forty pound.'

283A.6
1 'And my landlord has not been at home,
2 I've not seen him this twelvemonth or more,
3 Which makes my rent be large;
4 'I've to pay him just fourscore.'

283A.7
1 'Thou shouldst not have told any body,
2 For thieves there's ganging many;
3 If any should light on thee,
4 They'll rob thee of thy money.'

283A.8
1 'O never mind,' said the old man,
2 'Thieves I fear on no side,
3 For the money is safe in my bags,
4 On the saddle on which I ride.'

283A.9
1 As they were riding along,
2 The old man was thinking no ill,
3 As he was riding along,
4 And thus to him did say.

283A.10
1 But the old man provd crafty,
2 As in the world there's many;
3 He threw his saddle oer the hedge,
4 Saying, Fetch it, if thou 'tave any.

283A.11
1 The thief got off his horse,
2 With courage stout and bold,
3 To search for the old man's bag,
4 And gave him his horse to hold.

283A.12
1 The old man put 's foot i the stirrup
2 And he got on astride his horse,
3 To its side he clapt his stirrup up,
4 You need not bid the old man ride.

283A.13
1 'O stay!' said the thief. 'O stay!
2 And half the share thou shalt have;
3 'Nay, by my faith,' said the old man,
4 'For once I have bitten a knave.'
And along the course of Barbary
3 They were two merchant-men, a sailing for
2 With hey, with ho, for and a nony no
1 The grappling-hooks were brought at length,
4 To courage both all and some-a.
3 The braying trumpets lowde they cride
1 The roring cannons then were plide,
3 And euery man stood to his lot,
1 They hoist their sailes, both top and top,
4 I trow it be John Dory<-a’
2 And looke what thou canst spie-a’:
1 ‘Run vp, my boy, vnto the maine top,
2 And see if this French man-of-war thou canst
descry.’
2 ‘Amain, amain, you gallant Englishmen!’
3 ‘Come, you French swades, and strike down
your sails!’
1 ‘A sail, a sail, under your lee,
2 Yea, and another under her bough.’
2 ‘What will you give me if I sink that French
man-of-war Safee?’
1 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he;
3 When she came up with a French gallee.
2 ‘O we are merchant-men, sailing for
Safee.’
1 ‘All hail, all hail, you lusty gallants,
2 Of whence is your fair ship, and whither is she
bound?’
1 ‘O hail, O hail, you English dogs!’
2 ‘Come aboard, you French rogues, and strike
down your sail!’
1 ‘Is there never a seaman bold
2 In the Neather-lands
3 Is there never a seaman bold
4 In the Neather-lands
5 That will go take this false gallally,
6 And to redeem The Sweet Trinity?’
7 Sailing, etc.
3 John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted
1 And when John Dory to Paris was come,
2 We will take this Frenchman if we can.’
1 ‘O we are merchant-men, and bound for Safee;
2 For I have sunk the false gallaly,
3 For to stop the salt-water gaps.
2 The George Aloe to anchor came,
3 Wishing all happiness too all seamen both old
and young.
2 ‘And to redeem The Sweet Trinity?’
3 Is there never a seaman bold
4 In the Neather-lands
5 ‘Master, master, what will you give me
6 And I will take this false gallally,
7 And release The Sweet Trinity?’
8 Sailing, etc.
1 ‘Have mercy, have mercy, you brave
2 He struck the main-mast over the board.
1 ‘Is there never a seaman bold
2 In the Neather-lands
3 Is there never a seaman bold
4 In the Neather-lands
5 Which will bore fifteen good holes at once.
1 He had an augor fit for the [n>once,
2 The which will bore fifteen good holes at once.
3 When tidings to the George Aloe came
1 ‘Amain, amain, you gallant Englishmen!’
2 ‘The[n] come aboard, you French dogs, and strike down your sail!’
1 ‘Amain, amain, you gallant Englishmen!’
2 ‘Come, you French swades, and strike down your sails!’
1 ‘A sail, a sail, under your lee,
2 Yea, and another under her bough.’
2 ‘What will you give me if I sink that French
man-of-war Safee?’
1 ‘All hail, all hail, you lusty gallants,
2 Of whence is your fair ship, and whither is she
bound?’
1 ‘O we are merchant-men, and bound for Safee;’
2 ‘And we be French rebels, a roving on the sea.
2 And told her what he had done,
1 ‘I’ve met a fond fool by the way,
4 And I’ll pay you a whole year’s rent.
1 ‘I'll give thee gold, and I’le give thee fee,
2 In the Neather-lands
3 I'll give thee gold and I’le give thee fee,
4 In the Neather-lands
5 And it is called The Sweet Trinity,
6 And was taken by the false gallaly.
7 Sailing in the Low-lands
8 Sailing, etc.
1 ‘Is there never a seaman bold
2 In the Neather-lands
3 Is there never a seaman bold
4 In the Neather-lands
5 That will go take this false gallally,
6 And to redeem The Sweet Trinity?’
7 Sailing, etc.
3 Sir Walter Rawleigh has built a ship,
2 In the Neather-lands
3 Sir Walter Rawleigh has built a ship,
4 In the Neather-lands
5 And it is called The Sweet Trinity,
6 And was taken by the false gallaly.
7 Sailing in the Low-lands
8 Sailing, etc.
1 ‘O hail, O hail, you lusty gallants,
2 From whence is your good ship, and whither is she
bound?’
2 ‘What will you give me if I sink that French
galley?’
3 As ye sail, etc.
The Child Ballads

286B.4
1 Out spoke the captain, out spoke he;
2 'We'll gie ye an estate in the North Countrie.'
3 As we sail, etc.

286B.5
1 Then row me up ticht in a black bull's skin,
2 And have thrown him overboard, sink he or swim.'
3 As ye sail, etc.

286B.6
1 'Then some they ran with cloaks, and some they ran with caps,
2 To try if they could stab the salt-water draps.
3 As they sailed, etc.

286B.10
1 About, and about, and about went he,
2 Until he came back to The Goulden Vanitie.
3 As they sailed, etc.

286B.11
1 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he;
2 Then hang me, I'll sink ye as I sunk the French galleon.
3 As ye sail, etc.

286B.14
1 But they've thrown him overboard, and proved unto him far better than their word.
2 And have proved unto him far better than their word.
3 As they sailed, etc.

286C.7
1 The boy he swam round all by the
2 starboardside; They laid him on the deck, and it's there he soon died;
3 Then they sewed him up in an old cow's-hide, and they threw him overboard, to go down with the tide,
4 And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

287A.1
1 STRIKE up, you lusty gallants, with musick
2 and sound of drum,
3 For we have descreyed a rover, upon the sea is come;
4 His name is Captain Ward, right well it doth appear,
5 There has not been such a rover found out this thousand year.

287A.2
1 For he hath sent unto our king, the sixth of January,
2 Desiring that he might come in, with all his company:
3 'And if your king will let me come till I my tale have told,
4 I will bestow for my ransome full thirty tun of gold.'

287A.3
1 'O nay! O nay!' then said our king, 'O nay! thy ship may not be,
2 To yield to such a rover my self will not agree; If he hath deceived the French-man, likewise the King of Spain,
3 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,
5 Rainbow she is called, if you would know her name:
6 Now the gallant Rainbow she rows upon the sea,
7 Five hundred gallant seamen to bear her company.

287A.5
1 The Dutchman and the Spaniard she made them for to flye,
2 Also the bonny Frenchman, as she met him on the sea.
3 When as this gallant Rainbow did come where Ward did lye,
4 'Where is the captain of this ship?' this gallant Rainbow did cry.

287A.6
1 'O that am I,' says Captain Ward, 'There's no man bids me lye,
2 And if thou art the king's fair ship, thou art welcome unto me:'
3 'I'll teell thee what,' says Rainbow, 'our king is in great grief
4 That thou shouldst lye upon the sea and play the arrant thief.

287A.7
1 'And will not let our merchants ships pass as they did before;
2 Such tydings to our king is come, which grieves his heart full sore.'
3 With that this gallant Rainbow she shot, out of her pride,
4 Full fifty gallant brass pieces, chargèd on every side.

287A.8
1 And yet these gallant shooters prevailed not a pin,
2 Though they were brass on the out-side, brave Ward was steel within;
3 'Shoot on, shoot on,' says Captain Ward, 'your sport well pleaseth me,
4 And he that first gives over shall yield unto the sea.

287A.9
1 'I never wrongd an English ship, but Turk and King of Spain,
2 For and the jovial Dutch-man as I met on the main.
3 If I had known your king but one two years before,
4 I would have savd brave Essex life, whose death did grieve me sore.

288A.1
1 COME, sound up your trumpets and beat up your drums,
2 And let's go to sea with a valiant good cheer,
3 In search of a mighty vast navy of ships,
4 Which would a gone unto the seas and brought proud Ward to me.

288A.2
1 The queen she provided a navy of ships,
2 With sweet flying streamers, so glorious to see,
3 Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieutenants,
4 Some forty, some fifty, brass-stückes and three.

288A.3
1 They had not sailed past a week on the seas,
2 Not passing a week and days two or three,
3 But they were aware of the proud emperor,
4 Both him and all his proud company.

288A.4
1 When he beheld our powerful fleet,
2 Sailing along in their glory and pride,
3 He was amazed at their vast and fame,
4 Then to his warlike command<er>s he cry'd: 'Come again.

288A.5
1 These were the words of the old emperor:
2 Pray who is this that is sailing to me?
3 If he be king that weareth a crown,
4 Yet I am a better man than he.

288A.6
1 'It is not a king, nor lord of a crown,
2 Which now to the seas with his navy is come,
3 But the young Earl of Essex, the Queen's lieutenant,
4 Who fears no foes in Christendom.'

288A.7
1 'Oh! is that lord then come to the seas?
2 Let us tack about and be steering away;
3 I have heard so much of his father before
4 That I will not fight with young Essex today.'

288A.8
1 O then bespoke the emperor's son,
2 As they were tacking and steering away,
3 'Give me, royal father, this navy of sea-pins,
4 And I will go fight with Essex today.'

288A.9
1 'Take them with all my heart, loving son,
2 Most of them are of a capital size,
3 But should he do as his father has done,
4 Farewel thine honour and mine likewise.'
The Text of

288A.10
1 With cannons hot and thundering shot,
2 These two gallants fought on the main,
3 And as it was young Essex’s lot,
4 The emperor’s son by him was taen.

288A.11
1 ‘Give me my son,’ the emperor cry’d,
2 ‘Who you this day have taken from me,
3 And I’ll give to the three keys of gold,
4 The one shall be of High German’y.’

288A.12
1 ‘I care not for thy three keys of gold,
2 Which thou hast proffer’d to set him free,
3 But thy son shall to England sail,
4 And go before the queen with me.’

288A.13
1 Then have I fifty good ships of the best,
2 As good as ever were sent to the sea,
3 And eer my son into England sail,
4 They shall go all for good company.’

288A.14
1 They had not fought this famous battle,
2 They had not fought it hours three,
3 But some lost legs, and some lost arms,
4 And some lay tumbling in the sea.

288A.15
1 Essex he got this battle likewise,
2 Tho’ twas the hottest that ever was seen;
3 Home he returned with a wonderful prize,
4 And brought the emperor’s son to the queen.

288A.16
1 O then bespoke the prentices all,
2 Living in London, both proper and tall,
3 In a kind letter, sent straight to the queen,
4 For Essex’s sake they would fight all.

288B.1
1 ‘T—is, old England, old England, I bid thee adieu,
2 The drums and the trumpets command me frae shore;
3 And you lusty fellows, both valiant and true,
4 Will you venture with me where loud cannons roar?’

288B.5
1 ‘Remember old Benbow, and think on his blows;
2 Remember the dangers he felt upon seas;
3 Remember there is neither coffin nor grave
4 To the man that doth die where loud cannons roar.’

288B.6
1 ‘Remember proud Shawfield, that honoured knight,
2 Who came with his navy to the Spanish shore;
3 At the rock of Salem his life took a flight,
4 And with him there died some hundreds more.’

288B.7
1 ‘Our queen she has builded a navy of ships,
2 And they are arrayed all right gloriously;
3 With top and top-gallant, with captain, lieutenant,
4 Some fifty, some sixty, brass pieces and three.’

288B.8
1 ‘Well, since you’ll go, may my blessing advance,
2 And carry you safely from Flanders to Spain,
3 And when you’ve conquered that tyrant in France,
4 Then my blessing return you to old England again.’

288B.9
1 They had not sailed one hour upon sea,
2 Not one hour passing two or three,
3 Till up came the bold emperor,
4 The bold emperor of High German’y.

288B.10
1 ‘O who is this?’ the bold emperor cries,
2 ‘Who is this that comes sailing to me?
3 I’m sure he’s his king, or a king of crown,
4 I’m sure I am a far better fellow than he.’

288B.11
1 ‘I am neither a knight, nor a king of a crown,
2 But here, with my navy, on board I am come;
3 For I am Lord Essex, the Queen’s lieutenant,
4 Who never feared foe in all Christendom.’

288B.12
1 Out and spoke the bold emperor’s son,
2 All as they were mounting and hyeing away;
3 ‘O father, leave me my navy of ships,
4 And I’ll go fight with Lord Essex today.’

288B.13
1 ‘O son, I’ll lend thee my navy of ships,
2 And they are all of a capable size;
3 But if he be as good as his old father was,
4 Adieu to your honour, and mine likewise.’

288B.14
1 O they have fought on at a terrible rate,
2 Until it drew nigh to the cool of the day,
3 As and it fell in young Essex’s lot,
4 The bold emperor’s son he’s taen prisoner away.

288B.15
1 ‘O give me my son,’ the bold emperor cries,
2 ‘O give me my son thou hast taken from me,
3 And you shall have three keys of gold,
4 And one of them opens High German’y.

288B.16
1 ‘What value I thy three keys of gold,
2 Or any proud offer thou canst give to me?
3 For up to old England thy son he must go,
4 And stand before our queen’s high majesty.’

288B.17
1 ‘Tis I have fifteen ships of the best,
2 And other fifteen distant on sea;
3 Since up to old England my son he must go,
4 Then we’ll all go together for good company.’

289A.7
1 In all, the number that was on board
2 Was five hundred and sixty-four,
3 And all that ever came alive on shore
4 There was but poor ninety-five.

289A.8
1 The first bespoke the captain of our ship,
2 And a well-spoke man was he;
3 ‘I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,
4 And a widow I fear she must be.’

289A.9
1 The next bespoke the mate of our ship,
2 And a well-spoke man was he;
3 ‘I have a wife in fair Portsmouth,
4 And a widow I fear she must be.’

289A.10
1 The next bespoke the boatswain of our ship,
2 And a well-spoke man was he;
3 ‘I have a wife in fair Exeter,
4 And a widow I fear she must be.’

289A.11
1 The next bespoke the little cabin-boy,
2 And a well-spoke boy was he;
3 ‘I am a civvy for my mother dear
4 As you are for your wives all three.

289A.12
1 ‘Last night, when the moon shin’d bright,
2 My mother had sons five;
3 But now she may look in the salt seas
4 And find but one alive.’

289A.13
1 ‘Call a boat, call a boat, you little Plymouth boys,
2 Don’t you hear how the trumpet[s] sound?
3 For the want of our boat our gallant ship is lost,
4 And the most of our merry men is drowned.

289A.14
1 Whilst the raging seas do roar,
2 And the lofty winds do blow,
3 And we poor seamen do lie on the top,
4 Whilst the landmen lies below.

289B.1
1 ONE Friday morn when we set sail,
2 Not very far from land,
3 We there did espy a fair pretty maid
4 While we jolly sailor-boys were up into the top,
5 And the land-lubbers lying down below, below,
6 And the land-lubbers lying down below.

289B.2
1 Then up starts the captain of our gallant ship,
2 And a brave young man was he:
3 ‘I’ve a wife and a child in fair Bristol town,
4 But a widow I fear she will be.’

289B.3
1 Then up starts the mate of our gallant ship,
2 And a bold young man was he:
3 ‘Oh! I have a wife in fair Portsmouth town,
4 But a widow I fear she will be.’

289B.4
1 Then up starts the cook of our gallant ship,
2 And a gruff old soul was he:
3 ‘Oh! I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,
4 But a widow I fear she will be.’

289B.5
1 And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,
2 And a pretty little boy was he;
3 ‘Oh! I am more griev’d for my daddy and my mamma
4 Than you for your wives all three.’

289B.6
1 Then three times round went our gallant ship,
2 And three times round went she;
3 For the want of a life-boat they all went down,
4 And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

289C.1
1 ONE Friday morn as we’d set sail,
2 Our ship not far from land,
3 We there did espy a fair mermaid,
The Child Ballads

289C.1 4 With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, 
5 With a comb and a glass in her hand. 
6 While the raging seas did roar, 
7 And the stormy winds did blow, 
8 And we jolly sailor-boys were up, aloft, 
9 And the landlubbers were lying down below, 
10 And the landlubbers all down below, below, below, below.

289C.2 1 Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship, 
2 Who at once did our peril see; 
3 I have married a wife in London town, 
4 And tonight she a widow will be.

289C.3 1 And then up spoke the cabin-boy, 
2 And a fair-haired boy was he; 
3 'I've a father and mother in old Portsmouth, 
4 And a brave little boy was he;

289C.4 1 Now three times round goes our gallant ship, 
2 And three times round went she; 
3 For the want of a life-boat they all were 
4 Drowned, below, below, below, below.

289D.1 1 TWAS a Friday morning when we set sail, 
2 And our ship was not far from land, 
3 When there we spied a fair pretty maid, 
4 With a comb and a glass in her hand. 
5 Oh, the raging seas they did roar, 
6 And the stormy winds they did blow, 
7 While we poor sailors were lying down below, 
8 And the land-lubbers lying down below.

289D.2 1 Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship, 
2 And a mariner good was he; 
3 'I have married a wife in fair London town, 
4 And this night a widow she will be.'

289D.3 1 Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship, 
2 And a brave little boy was he; 
3 'I have married a wife in old Portsmouth, 
4 And a brave little boy was he;

289D.4 1 Then up spoke a seaman of our gallant ship, 
2 And a well-spoken man was he; 
3 'For want of a long-boat we shall all be 
4 Drowned, and shall sink to the bottom of the sea.'

289D.5 1 Then three times round went that gallant ship, 
2 And down like a stone sank she; 
3 The moon shone bright, and the stars gave their light, 
4 But they were all at the bottom of the sea.

289E.1 1 Up and spoke the bonny mermaid, 
2 Wi the comb and the glass in her hand; 
3 Says, Cheer up your hearts, my mariners all, 
4 For you'll never see dry land.

289E.2 1 Out and spoke the captain of our ship, 
2 And a fine little boy was he; 
3 'O I've a wife in fair London town, 
4 And a widow this night she shall be.'

289E.3 1 Out and spoke the mate of our ship, 
2 And a tight little man was he; 
3 'O I've a wife in Dublin city, 
4 And a widow this night she shall be.'

289E.4 1 Out and spoke our second mate, 
2 And a clever little man was he; 
3 'Oh I have a wife in Greenoch town, 
4 And a widow this night she shall be.'

289F.1 1 GREENLAND, Greenland, is a bonny, bonny place, 
2 Where there's neither grief nor flowr, 
3 Where there's neither grief nor tier to be seen, 
4 But hills and frost and snow.

289F.2 1 Up starts the Kemp on the ship, 
2 Wi a psalm-book in his hand: 
3 'Swoom away, swoom away, my merry old boys, 
4 For you'll never see dry land.'

289F.3 1 Up starts the gaucy cook, 
2 And a weil gaucy cook was he; 
3 'I wad na gae aw my pats and my kettles 
4 For aw the lords in the sea.'

289F.4 1 Up starts the Kemp on the ship, 
2 Wi a bottle and a glass intill his hand; 
3 'Swoom away, swoom away, my merry old sailors, 
4 For you'll never see dry land.'

289F.5 1 O the raging seas they row, row, row, 
2 The stormy winds do blow, 
3 As sure as he had gane up to the tap, 
4 As . . . low.

290A.1 1 I fell about the Martinmas time, 
2 When the gentlemen were drinking there wine, 
3 And a' the discourse that they had 
4 Was about the ladies they guide fine.

290A.2 1 It's up an spake a tall young man, 
2 The tallest o the companie; 
3 'The bonniest lass that ever I saw, 
4 She lives in the hie town hie.'

290A.3 1 'O I would give a guinea of gold, 
2 A guinea and a pint of wine, 
3 I would give it to the hostler's wife, 
4 As . . . low.

290B.1 1 'Wad you give a guinea of red gold, 
2 Sae wad I a pint of wine, 
3 To one of the hostler's-wives 
4 That wad wyle to me the bonnie lassie in thee.'

290B.2 1 Up then spake a brave gentleman, 
2 The best in the companie; 
3 'The bonniest lass that ever I saw, 
4 She dwells in the hie town hie.'

290B.3 1 'I wad give a guinea of golden red, 
2 And an ill death may she die! 
3 'An ye'll gie me a guinea of gold, 
4 I will wyle the bonnie lassie in to thee.'

290B.4 1 'Come in, come in, my bonnie, bonnie lass, 
2 Come in and speak with me; 
3 Come in and drink a glass of wine, 
4 That's new come aff the raging sea.'

290B.5 1 'My father's out upon the plain, 
2 And I am waiting his incoming; 
3 And I'm a girl so neat and trim 
4 That I'm afraid of your merry men.'

290B.6 1 'My merry men are all gone out, 
2 And they will not be in till nine, 
3 And, if ye would my favour win, 
4 Come in and drink a glass of wine.'

290B.7 1 Sae cunningly she wyl'd her in, 
2 And sae cunningly she led her round, 
3 Till she wyl'd her to the room where he was, 
4 And she locked the door the bonnie lass behind.

290B.8 1 First he kiss'd her cherry cheeks, 
2 And then he kiss'd her cherry chin, 
3 And then he kiss'd her ruby lips, 
4 Saying, Indeed ye're a weel-faund thing.

290B.9 1 'O since ye've got your will o me, 
2 And brought me unto public shame, 
3 I pray, kind sir, ye'll marry me, 
4 Or that ye'll tell me what's your name.'

290B.10 1 'If I tell my name to you, bonnie lassie, 
2 It's mair than ever I tell'd ane; 
3 But I will tell you, bonnie lassie; 
4 I am an earl's second son.'

290B.11 1 'I am an earl's second son, 
2 My father has more children than me; 
3 My eldest brother he hears the land, 
4 And my father he sent me to the sea.'
The Text of

290B.14
1 He put his hand into his pocket,
2 And he gave her sixty guineas and three,
3 Saying, Fare thee well, my lovely young creature,
4 Ye'll never get mair of me.

290B.15
1 As she went down through Edinburgh streets,
2 The bonnie bells as they did ring,
3 'Farewell, fareweel, my bonnie, bonnie lassie,
4 Ye've got the clod that winna clingle.'

290B.16
1 He hadna been ane week at the sea,
2 Not a week but only nine,
3 Till he made her, a captain sae brave,
4 And he made the bonnie lassie his wife.

290C.1
1 IN Edinburgh, on a summer evening,
2 Our gentlemen sat drinking wine,
3 And every one to the window went,
4 To view the ladies, they went so fine.

290C.2
1 They drank the wine, and they spilt the beer,
2 So merrily as the reel went round,
3 And a' the healths that was drunk there
4 Was to the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.

290C.3
1 Up then spoke a young squire's son,
2 And as he spoke it all alone;
3 'Oh, I would give a guinea of gold,
4 Or else a soldier, as I am.'

290C.4
1 The ostler's wife, on hearin this,
2 So nimibly down the stairs she ran,
3 And the first toun's-body that she met
4 Was the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.

290C.5
1 'Mistress, ye maun gang wi me
2 And make me your wedded wife?
3 'My eldest brother, he heirs the land;
4 Nor ae piece o a rash.'

290C.6
1 'To gang wi you I daurna stay,
2 My mither's wearnin for me in;
3 I am so proper and so tall
4 And a prey to all young men.'

290C.7
1 Wi sattin slippers on her feet,
2 So nimibly up the stair she ran,
3 And was so ready as this young squire
4 To welcome the bonny lassie in.

290C.8
1 He's j taen her by the milk-white hand,
2 He's gently led her through the room,
3 And aye she sighed, and aye she said,
4 It would be a pity to do me wrong.

290C.9
1 'Now, since you've taken your will o me,
2 I pray, kind sir, tell me your name,'
3 'Oh yes, my dear, indeed,' he said
4 'But it's more than I ever did to one.'

290C.10
1 'I am a squire and a squire's son,
2 My father has fifty ploughs o land,
3 And I am a man in the militia,
4 And I must away and rank up my men.

290C.11
1 'And Jamie Lumsdaine is my name,
2 From the North Country, love, I really came.'
3 About a twelvemonth after that,
2 He sent a letter owre the main,
3 And muckle writin was therein,
4 To the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.

290C.12
1 About a twelvemonth after that,
2 He himselfe cam owre the main;
3 He made her Duchess o Douglas Dale,
4 And to him she's a fine young son.

290D.1
1 ALL the soldiers in Edinburgh town
2 Were sitting drinking at the wine,
3 An all the toasts that were among them
4 Was a health to the lassie that goes sae fine.

290D.2
1 Up then spake an officer,
2 The bravest in the company;
3 'To every one I will give a guinea,
4 A guinea and a pint of wine.
5 To the ostler's wife I wald double it a',
6 If she'd entice that young lassie in.'

290D.3
1 The old wife tripped up the stair,
2 And aye she said, 'A good morrow, dame!'
3 And aye she said, an the maid replied,
4 'What is your will wi me, madam?'

290D.4
1 'It's not to do you any harm,
2 Or yet your body any ill,
3 But, if you would my favour gain,
4 Come up an taste one glass of wine.'

290D.5
1 'My father stands on the chair-head,
2 Just lookin for me to come in;
3 I am so proper and so tall
4 I'm much afraid of your merry men.'

290D.6
1 'My merry men, they are all gone out,
2 An they will not be in till dine;
3 So, if you would my favour gain,
4 Come up an taste a glass of wine.'

290D.7
1 The fair maid tripped up the stair,
2 The old wife bolted the door behind;
3 He's tane her in his arms twa,
4 Says, O but ye are a bonny thing!

290D.8
1 Twenty times he kissed her cheek,
2 Twenty times her bonny chin,
3 Twenty times her ruby lips!
4 'O but ye are a bonny thing!'

290D.9
1 'Noo, since ye've got your wills o me,
2 What is your name, I pray you tell;
3 . . . . . . . .
4 Where you dwell.'

290D.10
1 . . . . . . . .
2 'My eldest brother, he heirs the land;
3 I am forced to be a highwayman,
4 Or else a soldier, as I am.'

290D.11
1 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,
2 An aye the words spak them awtree,
3 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,
4 And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

290D.12
1 They had na been in Edinburgh
2 A month, a month but only nine,
3 When they have got the royal commission
4 For to march to Aberdeen.

290D.13
1 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,
2 An aye the words spak them awtree,
3 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,
4 And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

290D.14
1 They had na been in Aberdeen
2 A month, but only one,
3 When he got on the captain's coat,
4 An made her lady o his land.

290D.15
1 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,
2 An aye the words spak them awtree,
3 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,
4 An hersed the auld wife that brocht her in.

291A.3
1 'O cease! forbid, madam,' he says,
2 'That this shoud eer be done!'
3 How would I cuckold Lord Ronald,
4 And me his sister's son?'

291A.4
1 Then she's ta'en out a little penknife,
2 That lay below her bed,
3 Put it below her green stay's cord,
4 Which made her body blond.

291A.5
1 Then in it came Lord Ronald,
2 Hearing his lady's moan;
3 'What blood is this, my dear,' he says,
4 'That sparks on the fire-stone?'

291A.6
1 Young Childe Owlet, your sister's son,
2 Is now gane frae my bower;
3 If I hadna been a good woman,
4 I'd been Childe Owlet's whore.'

291A.7
1 Then he has taen him Childe Owlet,
2 Laid him in prison strong,
3 And all his men a council held
4 How they would work him wrong.

291A.8
1 Some said they woud Childe Owlet hang,
2 Some said they woud him burn;
3 Some said they would have Childe Owlet
4 Between wild horses torn.

291A.9
1 'There are horses in your stables stand
2 Can run right speedily,
3 And ye will to your stable go,
4 And wile out four for me.'

291A.10
1 They put a foal to ilka foot,
2 And ane to ilka hand,
3 And sent them down to Darling muir,
4 As fast as they could gang.

291A.11
1 There was not a kow in Darling muir,
2 Nor ae piece o a rash,
3 But drappit o Childe Owlet's blude
4 And pieces o his skin.

291A.12
1 There was not a kow in Darling muir,
2 Nor ae piece o a rash,
3 But drappit o Childe Owlet's blude
4 And pieces o his flesh.

291A.13
1 'WHEN will your marry me, William,
2 And make me your wedded wife?
3 Or take you your keen bright sword
4 And rid me out of my life.'

291A.14
1 'Say no more so then, lady,
2 Say you no more then so,
3 For you shall into the wild forest,
4 And amongst the buck and doe.

291A.15
1 'Where thou shalt eat of the hips and haws,
2 And the roots that are so sweet,
3 And thou shalt drink of the cold water,
4 That runs underneath [thy] feet.'

291A.16
1 Now she had not been in the wild forest
2 Passing three months and a day
3 But with hunger and cold she had her fill,
4 Till she was quite worn away.

291A.17
1 At last she saw a fair tyl'd-house,
2 And there she swore by the rood
3 That she would to that fair tyl'd-house,
4 For to get her some food.

291A.18
1 But when she came unto the gates,
2 Aloud, aloud she cry'd,
3 An alms, an alms, my own sister!
4 I ask you for no pride.

291A.19
1 Her sister callid up her merry men all,
2 By one, by two, and by three;
3 And bid them hunt away that wild doe,
4 As far as ere they could see.
292A.22
1 Whilst they both slept in their grave,
2 To them a kind burial gave,
4 When as death did give him rest.

292A.10
1 With that he fetch'd a heavy groar
3 I come, my love, without controule,
2 Now, now 'tis she takes her way;
4 Whose equal there's none can find.

292A.8
1 'And wish a thousand times that I
2 Had not let a virgin dye
3 And seaven times at her head,
4 And likewise stood at her feet,

292A.15
1 'Cruel her sister, was't for me
2 He bought for her a pettycoat,
3 And there I heard a pretty fair may
2 Afore that I could see,

293A.10
1 O break, my heart, with sorrow fill'd,
2 And prepare for us a tomb,
3 That they hunted her into the forest,
2 As the sun clearly shone,

293A.4
1 'Why could I ever cruel be
2 He is a ticht and a proper man,
3 As I gaed out in a may morning,
2 Fair may, pray tell to me.'

293A.8
1 'What for a man is Hasillgreen?
2 'What aileth thee now, bony maid
3 'He is a stout and a tall young man
2 As in a' the South Countrie.

293A.7
1 'O constancy, in her thou'rt lost!
2 And seaven times at her feet,
3 And whan he cam to Hazelyetts,
2 "I'll go give thee aw my lands and rents,

293A.6
1 He takes this pretty maid him behind
2 And fast he spurred the horse,
3 And there I heard a proper damsell
2 As the sun clearly shone,

293A.5
1 'What is it that I have done?
2 They hunted her so sore
3 She is a stout and a tall young man
2 'O hold your tongue now, son,' he sayes,

293A.4
1 'Now Hasillgreen is married,
2 And go along with me?
3 And they're away to Bigger town,
2 As in a' the South Countrie.

293A.3
1 'Oh what for a man is Hasillgreen?
2 Sweet heart, pray tell to me.'
3 'If Hasillgreen be married,
2 She's fled unto the Elizzium coast,

293A.2
1 'What is it that I have done?
2 They hunted her so sore
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man
2 As in a' the South Countrie.

293A.1
1 INTO a sweet May morning,
2 As the sun clearly shone,
3 'This maid has come right far from home
2 Fair may, pray tell to me.'

293B.7
1 'No more of this,' his father said,
2 'Of your mourning let abee;
3 'O bony mey, now for thy sake,
2 Fair may, pray tell to me.'

293B.6
1 Young Hazelgreen took her by the hand
2 And spurred on his horse,
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man,
2 'Ah wretched me!' he loudly cry'd,

293B.5
1 'Will ye gang wi me, fair maid?
2 As the sun clearly shone,
3 'I heard a propper damsell
2 'She is a stout and a tall young man,

293B.4
1 But he has tane her up behind,
2 And spurred on his horse,
3 'She is a stout and a tall young man
2 'What if I had not seen thee?

293B.3
1 'Will you let Hasillgreen alone,
2 And led her out and in:
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man
2 'Ah wretched me!' he loudly cry'd,

293B.2
1 'O whare is this Hazelgreen, maid?
2 'What for a man is Hasillgreen?
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man
2 'What is it that I have done?

293B.1
1 IT was on a morning early,
2 Before day-licht did appear,
3 'He is a stout and a tall young man
2 'O break, my heart, with sorrow fill'd,

293A.10
1 'O hold your tongue now, son,' he says,
2 'Let no more talking be;
3 'If Hasillgreen be married,
2 'I'll gie you aw my lands and rents,

293A.9
1 Young Hasillgreen ran hastilie
2 'Of your mourning let abee;
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.8
1 For John o Hazelgreen.'
2 "I'll gie you aw my lands and rents,
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.7
1 'O hold your tongue now, son,' he sayes,
2 As he gaed out in a may morning,
3 'It shall be thy bridal-een,
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.6
1 He takes this pretty maid him behind
2 And fast he spurred the horse,
3 And there I heard a proper damsell
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.5
1 'What is it that I have done?
2 They hunted her so sore
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.4
1 'Now Hasillgreen is married,
2 And go along with me?
3 And there I heard a proper damsell
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.3
1 'Oh what for a man is Hasillgreen?
2 Sweet heart, pray tell to me.'
3 'If Hasillgreen be married,
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.2
1 'What is it that I have done?
2 They hunted her so sore
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

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1 INTO a sweet May morning,
2 As the sun clearly shone,
3 'This maid has come right far from home
2 Fair may, pray tell to me.'

293A.10
1 'O hold your tongue now, son,' he says,
2 'Let no more talking be;
3 'If Hasillgreen be married,
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.9
1 Young Hasillgreen ran hastilie
2 'Of your mourning let abee;
3 'He is a ticht and a proper man
2 'You that my dear love have kill'd,

293A.8
1 'Tea'en this bony mey him behind,
2 And he is to the Place,
3 'Where there was mirth and merryness,
2 'She's thrice as wae for thee.

The Child Ballads
'And die for Hazelgreen.'

'I'll rather stay at home,' she says.

'I am a maid o'er mean;

'It's for to wed your eldest son

'If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,

'Why weep ye by the tide, lady?

'What like a man was Hazelgreen?

'If ye'll tell me where your love stays,

'To welcome his father free:

'Young Hazelgreen he is my love,

'Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,

'Now hold your tongue, my well-fard maid,

'I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen

'He has tane her on ahint him,

'For I will gaa we this young man,

'I am a maid o'er mean;

'And let your weeping alane;

'And welcome your lady hame.

'I must confess this is the maid

'And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!

'Now hold your tongue, young Hazelgreen,

'If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,

'Young Hazelgreen he is my love,

'And none has kissd my lovely lips,

'And do not banter so;

'And that your maid so blue;

'We will say I ha' bat lost ye.

'Who has done you the wrong,' she said,

'And left you here alane?

'But when he lookd oer his shoulder,

'And none has kissd my lovely lips,

'Now hold your tongue, my well-fard maid,

'And ever mair shall be;

'And ye sall be his bride, ladye,

'And she looked like ony queen:

'And ye sall be his bride, ladye,

'Or who has kissd your lovely lips,

'And ye sall be his bride.

'And a pair o silken shoon.

'And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!

'And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!

'If ye'll tell me where your love stays,

'And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!

'And welcome your lady hame.

'Says, Who has done you the wrong, fair maid,

'Unfor the gowd ye'll gie.'

'And your weight o gowd I'll gie.'

'I nae forsake young Hazelgreen

'Young Hazelgreen he is my love,

'And ever mair shall be;

'And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!

'And welcome your lady hame.

'My girl, ye do all maids surpass

'That ever I have seen;

'How will ye add affliction

'Or who has kissd your lovely lips,

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!

'Says, If I getna this lady,

'And ye sall be his bride.

'And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!

'And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And welcome your lady hame.

'As fair as any queen:

'Woe to Hazelgreen now he was bound,

'And he is one to Lissie's bed,

'And he is one to Lissie's bed,

'And she looked like ony queen:

'I nae forsake young Hazelgreen

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And your weight o gowd I'll gie.'

'As fair as any queen:

'How will ye add affliction

'Says, If I getna this lady,

'And she looked like ony queen:

'As fair as any queen:

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And welcome your lady hame.

'Unfor the gowd ye'll gie.'

'And your weight o gowd I'll gie.'

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And welcome your lady hame.

'And welcome your lady hame.
The Child Ballads

394A.10
1 'Wea matt worth yer well-fared face,
2 Alas that ever I saa ye!
3 The first an thing that ever ye gaa to me
4 Was the tempen chess of farie.'

394A.11
1 Dugall Quin read down the toun,
2 Upon Dumfarling’s horses,
3 An Lise Meanes followed him,
4 For a’ her father’s forces.

394A.12
1 'Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,
2 'An follou me our Boggie,
3 I’ll make ye lady of ning mills,
4 An lady of bonny Garloge.'

394A.13
1 She has folloued her trou-love
2 [An folloued him] our Boggie,
3 An she has marred Dugall Quin,
4 An lives belou Strathbogy.

395A.1
1 'I am as brown as brown can be,
2 My eyes as black as sloe;
3 I am as brisk as a nightingale,
4 And as wilde as any doe.'

395A.2
1 'My love has sent me a love-letter,
2 Not far from yonder town,
3 That he could not fancy me,
4 Because I was so brown.'

395A.3
1 'I sent him his letter back again,
2 For his love I valuer not,
3 Whether that he could fancy me
4 Or whether he could not.

395A.4
1 'He sent me his letter back again,
2 That he lay dangerous sick;
3 That I might then go speedily
4 To give him up his faith.'

395A.5
1 Now you shall hear what love she had
2 Then for this love-sick man;
3 She was a whole long summer’s day
4 In a mile a going on.

395A.6
1 When she came to her love’s bed-side,
2 Where he lay sick and weak
3 O then for laughing she could not stand
4 'Me did he send a love-letter
5 A whole twelvemonth and a day.'

395A.7
1 'I'll dance and sing on my love's grave
2 As other maidens may;
3 'In failth and troth come pardon me,
4 I am as brisk as a nightingale,
5 I will make ye lady of ning mills,
6 An Lisie Meanes followed him,
7 Upon Dumfarling's horses,
8 Was the tempen chess of farie.'

395B.6
1 'When that six months were overpassed,
2 Were gone and overpassed,
3 O then my lover, once so bold,
4 With love was sick at last.'

395B.7
1 'First sent he for the doctor-man:
2 'You, doctor, me must cure;
3 The pains that now do torture me
4 I can not long endure.'

395B.8
1 'Next did he send from out the town,
2 O next did send for me;
3 He sent for me, the brown, brown girl
4 Who once his wife should be.

395B.9
1 'O neer a bit the doctor-man
2 His sufferings could relieve;
3 O never an one but the brown, brown girl
4 Who could his life reprieve.'

395B.10
1 Now you shall hear what love she had
2 For this poor love-sick man,
3 How all one day, a summer’s day,
4 She walked and never ran.

395B.11
1 When that she came to his bedside,
2 Where he lay sick and weak
3 O then for laughing she could not stand
4 'When that six months were overpass’d,

395B.12
1 'You flouted me, you scouted me,
2 And many another one;
3 Now the reward is come at last,
4 'What wad ye do wi sae noble a lord,
5 The laddie and the lassie in ae chamber were laid;
6 He quickly stript her to the smock, and gently laid her bye,
7 Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

395B.13
1 'Prithee forget, forgive;
2 She strake him on the breast:
3 O then for laughing she could not stand
4 'Prithee, said he, 'Forget, forget,
5 Of all that you have done.'

395B.14
1 She had a white wand in her hand,
2 She took from off her hands,
3 O then for laughing she could not stand
4 'My faith and troth I give back to thee,
5 'She had a white wand all in her hand,
6 The rings she took from off her hands,
7 'My faith and troth I give back to thee,
8 'She had a white wand all in her hand,
9 The rings she took from off her hands,
10 'My faith and troth I give back to thee,
11 'She had a white wand all in her hand,
12 The rings she took from off her hands,
13 'My faith and troth I give back to thee,
14 'She had a white wand all in her hand,
15 The rings she took from off her hands,'

395B.15
1 'Prithee,' said he, 'Forget, forget,
2 Prithee forget, forgive;
3 O grant me yet a little space,
4 That I may be well and live.'

395B.16
1 'O never will I forget, forgive,
2 So long as I have breath;
3 I'll dance above your green, green grave
4 For a' his auld meal, and sae mony comes to tae,
5 'I'd rather be in Duffus land, selling at the ale,
6 For all that you have done.'

396A.4
1 Her mother she came to the door, the saut tears
2 On her cheek,
3 She couldnna see her daughter, it was for dust and reel;
4 It was for dust and reel, the swords they glanc'd sae high;
5 'And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

396A.5
1 'Wae to the dubs o Duffus land, that eer they
2 Before I was wi Lesly, for a' his auld meal;
3 For a' his auld meal, and sae mony comes to tae,
4 Says, Will ye go to Conland, the winter-time to lye?'

396A.6
1 'I’ll do as much for my true-love
2 As other maidens may;
3 I’ll dance and sing on my love’s grave
4 A whole twelvmewonth and a day.'

396B.6
1 'When that six months were overpassed,
2 Were gone and overpassed,
3 O then my lover, once so bold,
4 With love was sick at last.'

396B.7
1 'First sent he for the doctor-man:
2 'You, doctor, me must cure;
3 The pains that now do torture me
4 I can not long endure.'

396B.8
1 'Next did he send from out the town,
2 O next did send for me;
3 He sent for me, the brown, brown girl
4 Who once his wife should be.

396B.9
1 'O neer a bit the doctor-man
2 His sufferings could relieve;
3 O never an one but the brown, brown girl
4 Who could his life reprieve.'

396B.10
1 Now you shall hear what love she had
2 For this poor love-sick man,
3 How all one day, a summer’s day,
4 She walked and never ran.

396B.11
1 When that she came to his bedside,
2 Where he lay sick and weak
3 O then for laughing she could not stand
4 'When that six months were overpass’d,

396B.12
1 'You flouted me, you scouted me,
2 And many another one;
3 Now the reward is come at last,
4 'What wad ye do wi sae noble a lord,
5 The laddie and the lassie in ae chamber were laid;
6 He quickly stript her to the smock, and gently laid her bye,
7 Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

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1 'Prithee forget, forgive;
2 She strake him on the breast:
3 O then for laughing she could not stand
4 'Prithee, said he, 'Forget, forget,
5 Of all that you have done.'

396B.14
1 She had a white wand in her hand,
2 She took from off her hands,
3 O then for laughing she could not stand
4 'My faith and troth I give back to thee,
5 'She had a white wand all in her hand,
6 The rings she took from off her hands,
7 'My faith and troth I give back to thee,
8 'She had a white wand all in her hand,
9 The rings she took from off her hands,'

396B.15
1 'Prithee,' said he, 'Forget, forget,
2 Prithee forget, forgive;
3 O grant me yet a little space,
4 That I may be well and live.'

396B.16
1 'O never will I forget, forgive,
2 So long as I have breath;
3 I'll dance above your green, green grave
4 For a' his auld meal, and sae mony comes to tae,
5 'I'd rather be in Duffus land, selling at the ale,
6 For all that you have done.'

396A.4
1 Her mother she came to the door, the saut tears
2 On her cheek,
3 She couldnna see her daughter, it was for dust and reel;
4 It was for dust and reel, the swords they glanc’d sae high;
5 'And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

396A.5
1 'Wae to the dubs o Duffus land, that eer they
2 Before I was wi Lesly, for a' his auld meal;
3 For a' his auld meal, and sae mony comes to tae;
4 Says, Will ye go to Conland, the winter-time to lye?'

396A.6
1 'I’d rather be in Duffus land, selling at the ale,
2 Before I was wi Lesly, for a' his yellow hair;
3 And gart our captain sleep, and the lassie win away,
4 And she’ll go no more to Conland, the winter-time to lye.'

396A.10
1 'I’d rather be in Duffus land, draggin at the ware,
2 Before I was wi Lesly, for a’ his auld meal.
3 For a’ his auld meal, and sae mony comes to buy;
4 I’ll go no more to Conland the winter-time to lye.'

396A.11
1 'I’d rather be in Duffus land, draggin at the ware,
2 Before I was wi Lesly, for a’ his auld meal.
3 For a’ his auld meal, and sae mony comes to buy;
4 For she’ll go no more to Conland, this winter-time to lye.'

397A.1
1 'O EARL Rothes, an thou wert mine,
2 And I were to be thy ladie,
3 I wad drink at the beer, and tipple at the wine,
4 And be my bottle with any.'

397A.2
1 'Hold thy tongue, sister Ann,' he says,
2 'Thy words they are too many;
3 What wad ye do wi sae noble a lord,
4 When he has so noble a ladie?
298A.10
1 When bells war rung, and mass was sung,
2 And a' men boun for bed,
3 She’s kiled up her green clathing,
4 And met Jamie in the wud.

298A.11
1 When bells war rung, and mass was sunng,
2 About the hour o twa,
3 It’s up bespak her auld father,
4 Says, Peggy is awa!

298A.12
1 ‘Ga saddle to me the black, the black,
2 Ga saddle to me the grey;
3 But ere they wan to the tap o the hill
4 The wedding was a’bye.

299A.11
1 ‘Yestreen ye were my daddie’s dow,
2 But an my mammie’s dawtie;
3 This night I gang wi bairn to you,
4 Wae’s me that I eear saw thee!
5 ‘Yestreen ye were my daddie’s dow,
6 But an your mannemie’s dawtie;
7 But gin ye gang wi bairn to me,
8 Ye may rue that eear ye saw me.

299A.12
1 ‘O turn back, my bonny lass,
2 And turn back, my dearie;
3 For the Highland hills are ill to climb,
4 And the bludy swords would fear ye.’

299B.1
1 There cam a trooper frae the West,
2 And of riding he was weary;
3 He rappit at and clappit at,
4 In calling for his dearie.
5 By chance the maid was in the close,
6 The moon was shining clearly,
7 She oepned the gates and let him in,
8 Says, Ye’re welcome home, my dearie.

299B.2
1 She took the horse by the b rivle-reins
2 And led him to the stable,
3 She gavie him corn and hay to eat,
4 As much as he was able,
5 She up the stair and made the bed,
6 She made it for a lady,
7 Then she cost off her petticoat,
8 Said, Trooper, are ye ready?

299B.3
1 . . . . . . .
2 . . . . . . .
3 . . . . . . .
4 . . . . . . .
5 There’s braid and cheese for musqueteers,
6 And corn and hay for horses.
7 Sack and sugar for auld wives,
8 And lads for bonnie lassies.

299B.4
1 He cost off his gude buff coat,
2 His boots, likewise his beaver,
3 He drew his rapier frae his side,
4 And streekt him down beside her.
5 ‘Bonny lass, I trew I’m near thee,
6 I winna langer tarry.’
7 ‘When apples grow in the seas,
8 I winna langer tarry.’

299B.5
1 They had but spoken little a while
2 Till of speaking they were weary;
3 They sleepepd together in each other’s arms
4 Till the sun was shining clearly.
5 The very first sound the trumpet gave
6 Was, Troopers, are ye ready?
7 Away you must to London town,
8 Or else for Londonderry.

299B.6
1 She took the bottle in her hand,
2 The glass into the other,
3 She filled it up with blood-red wine,
4 Until it ran quite over.
5 She drank a health to her love on the stair,
6 Saying, When shall we two marry?
7 Or when shall we two meet again,
8 On purpose for to marry?

299B.7
1 ‘O when shall we two meet again?
2 Or when shall we two marry?
3 ‘When cockle-shells grow siller bells;
4 No longer must I tarry.’
The Child Ballads

300A.1
1 And she walk by the shore-side,
2 As blythe's a bird on tree,
3 Yet still she gaz'd her round about,
4 To see what she could see.

300A.2
1 But being fond o a higher place,
2 In service she thought lang;
3 She took her mantel she about,
4 Her coffer by the band.

300A.3
1 There was a maid, richly array'd,
2 So he's taen his auld grey cloak about him noo,
3 'When cockle-shells turn silver bells,'---
4 I will ca in an see ye.'

300A.4
1 And when she came to that castle
2 She tired at the pin,
3 And ready stood a little wee boy
4 To lat this fair maid in.

300A.5
1 'O who's the owner of this place,
2 o porter-boy, tell me,'---
3 'This place belongs unto a queen
4 o birth and high degree.'

300A.6
1 'I hae been porter at your yetts,
2 My dame, these years full three,
3 But see a ladie at your yetts
4 The fairest my eyes did see.'

300A.7
1 'I hae been porter at your yetts,
2 Lat her come in to me,
3 And I'll know by her courtesie
4 What makes this courtesie?'

300A.8
1 'When the queen's maids their visits paid,
2 Till it went thro the ha,
3 And pictures round it set;
4 Lady's daughter if she be.'

300A.9
1 'When cockle-shells turn siller bells,
2 O whan sall we be married?'
3 'When will us twa meet again?
4 And bonnie lads for lasses.'

300A.10
1 'Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,
2 Nor cows I canno milk,
3 'A serpent that lang wanted meat
4 To work this dreary wark.'

300A.11
1 'Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,
2 Nae ane lifts it for me;
3 'Whan the sun and moon dance on the green,
4 It's then that we'll be married.'

300A.12
1 'Can ye card nor spin,
2 Nor cows I canno milk,
3 'I never thought the queen, my friend,
4 To lat this fair maid in.'

300A.13
1 'O God forbid,' this youth then said,
2 'That ever I dric sic blame
3 As ever to touch the queen's bodie,
4 For I am wet and weary.'

300A.14
1 'O God forbid,' this youth then said,
2 'That ever I dric sic blame
3 As ever to touch the queen's bodie,
4 For I am wet and weary.'

300A.15
1 'When the queen's maids their visits paid,
2 Till it went thro the ha,
3 And pictures round it set;
4 Lady's daughter if she be.'

300A.16
1 'O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice——
2 'Some evil I shall work this man,
3 'I hae been porter at your yetts,
4 I will ca in an see ye.'

300A.17
1 'When the queen's maids their visits paid,
2 Till it went thro the ha,
3 And pictures round it set;
4 Lady's daughter if she be.'

300A.18
1 'When the queen's maids their visits paid,
2 Till it went thro the ha,
3 And pictures round it set;
4 Lady's daughter if she be.'

300A.19
1 'When the queen's maids their visits paid,
2 Till it went thro the ha,
3 And pictures round it set;
4 Lady's daughter if she be.'

300A.20
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.21
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.22
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.23
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.24
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.25
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.26
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.27
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.28
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.29
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'

300A.30
1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,
2 An asking I'll ask thee;
3 'O, if it be a lawful thing,
4 To put fire in her room.'
302A.11
1 ‘Will ye go seek him Young Bearwell,
2 On seas wherever he be?
3 And if I live and bruik my life
4 Rewarded ye shall be.’

302A.12
1 And if I live and bruik my life
2 Rewarded ye shall be.
3 That nae mair pain had she.
4 That nae mair pain had she.

302A.13
1 ‘Alas, I am too young a skipper,
2 So far to sail the faem;
3 Bit if I live the bruik my life
4 I’ll strive to bring him hame.’

302A.14
1 So he has saild east and then saild west,
2 By many a comely strand,
3 Till there came a blast of northern wind
4 And blew him to the land.

302A.15
1 He has tane up the harp in hand,
2 And unto play went he,
3 And Young Bearwell was the first man
4 In all that companie.

302A.16
1 As heaven was pleas’d, in a short time,
2 To ease her her sad pain,
3 Sas was it pleas’d, when she’d a son,
4 To hae a pap again.

302A.17
1 He married her on that same day,
2 Brought her to his ain hame;
3 A love foi son to him she bare,
4 When full nine months were gane.

302A.18
1 As heaven was pleas’d, in a short time,
2 To ease her her sad pain,
3 Sas was it pleas’d, when she’d a son,
4 To hae a pap again.

302A.19
1 ‘Will ye go seek him Young Bearwell,
2 On seas wherever he be?
3 And if I live and bruik my life
4 Rewarded ye shall be.’

302A.20
1 ‘Will ye go seek him Young Bearwell,
2 On seas wherever he be?
3 And if I live and bruik my life
4 Rewarded ye shall be.’

302A.21
1 ‘Will ye go seek him Young Bearwell,
2 On seas wherever he be?
3 And if I live and bruik my life
4 Rewarded ye shall be.’

303A.1
1 FAIR ANNIE had a costly bower,
2 Such tales of you are taul;
3 That she beheld him Young Bearwell,
4 As he came in the sands.

303A.2
1 One day when she was looking out,
2 When washing her milk-white hands,
3 That she beheld him Young Bearwell,
4 As he came in the sands.

303A.3
1 Says, Wae’s me for you, Young Bearwell,
2 Such tales of you are taul;
3 That she beheld him Young Bearwell,
4 As he came in the sands.

303A.4
1 ‘The leaves are thick in good greenwood,
2 Would hold you from the rain;
3 And if you stay in bower with me
4 As beyond Yorkisfauld.

303A.5
1 ‘O shall I bide in good greenwood,
2 . . . . . .
3 ‘O shall I bide in good greenwood,
4 As beyond Yorkisfauld.

303A.6
1 ‘If ye had tauld me that, Willie,
2 For mither she had nane;
3 And nane coud ken by his pale face
4 Wi gowd his gown did shine,

303A.7
1 ‘I will marry thee, Willie,
2 With cloathing that was clean.
3 And craig and cleugh was covered ower
4 In all that companie.

303A.8
1 ‘An asking, asking, father dear,
2 An asking ye’ll grant me;
3 That’s to get to the holy nunnery
4 In the holy nunnery lies she.’

303A.9
1 ‘An asking, asking, father dear,
2 An asking ye’ll grant me;
3 That’s to get to the holy nunnery
4 In the holy nunnery lies she.’

303A.10
1 ‘An asking, asking, father dear,
2 An asking ye’ll grant me;
3 That’s to get to the holy nunnery
4 In the holy nunnery lies she.’

303A.11
1 ‘An asking, asking, maiden porter,
2 An asking ye’ll grant me;
3 That’s to get to the holy nunnery
4 In the holy nunnery lies she.’

303A.12
1 ‘An asking, asking, maiden porter,
2 An asking ye’ll grant me;
3 That’s to get to the holy nunnery
4 In the holy nunnery lies she.’

303A.13
1 ‘An asking, asking, maiden porter,
2 An asking ye’ll grant me;
3 That’s to get to the holy nunnery
4 In the holy nunnery lies she.’

303A.14
1 ‘And ye must vow another vow,
2 Severly ye must work;
3 The well-warst vow that ye’re to vow,
4 Is never to gang to kirk.’

303A.15
1 ‘I will vow another vow,
2 Severly I will work;
3 The well-warst vow that I’m to vow
4 Is never to gang to kirk.’

303A.16
1 ‘For seven years now Fair Annie,
2 In the holy nunnery lay she,
3 And seven years Sweet Willie lay,
4 In languish like to die.

303A.17
1 ‘Is there nae duke no lord’s daughter,
2 My son, can comfort thee,
3 And save thee frae the gates o death?
4 Is there nae remedie?’

303A.18
1 ‘There is nae duke nor lord’s daughter,
2 Mother, can comfort me,
3 Except it be my love, Annie,
4 In the holy nunnery lies she.’

303A.19
1 They’ve dressd Sweet Willie up inilk,
2 Wi gowd his gown did shine,
3 And nane coud ken by his pale face
4 But he was a lady fine.

303A.20
1 ‘I’ll tell you when I’m in.
2 ‘A priest will I be syne.’
3 ‘A priest, a priest,’ said Sweet Willie,
4 Shoud drawn my love to you.

303A.21
1 So they gaed on, and farther on,
2 Till they came to the yate,
3 And there they spied a maiden porter,
4 Wi gowd upon her hat.

303A.22
1 ‘An asking, an asking, maiden porter,
2 An asking ye’ll grant me;
3 For to win in to the holy nunnery
4 Fair Annie for to see.’

303A.23
1 ‘Your asking’s nae sae great, lady,
2 But granted it shall be;
3 Ye’se won to the holy nunnery
4 Is never to gang to kirk.’

303A.24
1 ‘Be she duke’s or lord’s daughter,
2 It’s lang sin she came here.’
3 Fair Annie kent her true love’s face;
4 Says, Come up, my sister dear.

303A.25
1 Sweet Willie went to kiss her lips,
2 As he had wont to do;
3 But she softly whispered him,
4 I darena this avow.

303A.26
1 ‘Will ye to kirk this day?
2 ‘A priest will I be syne.’
3 ‘A priest, a priest,’ said Sweet Willie,
4 Shoud drawn my love to you.

303A.27
1 ‘I will marry thee, Willie,
2 With cloathing that was clean.
3 And craig and cleugh was covered ower
4 In all that companie.

303A.28
1 ‘If ye had tauld me that, Willie,
2 For mither she had nane;
3 And nane coud ken by his pale face
4 Wi gowd his gown did shine,

303A.29
1 ‘I will marry thee, Willie,
2 With cloathing that was clean.
3 And craig and cleugh was covered ower
4 In all that companie.

303A.30
1 ‘If ye had tauld me that, Willie,
2 For mither she had nane;
3 And nane coud ken by his pale face
4 Wi gowd his gown did shine,

303A.31
1 ‘I will marry thee, Willie,
2 With cloathing that was clean.
3 And craig and cleugh was covered ower
4 In all that companie.

303A.32
1 ‘If ye had tauld me that, Willie,
2 For mither she had nane;
3 And nane coud ken by his pale face
4 Wi gowd his gown did shine,
That's wrought him muckle care.

And that's to fight a proud giant,
The morn to war maun fare,

'King Honour is my father's name,
Or ye gain my love by weir.

'Far better bucklings ye maun bide
Replied the lady clear;

And twenty times before he ceasd
In her garden, sair mourning.

Young Ronald and his merry young men
These twa together lang they stood,
And love’s tale there they taul,

And there they spied that lady fair,
In her garden, sair mourning.

These two togeth'r lang they stood,
And love's tale there they taul,
Till her father and his merry young men
Ab'd ridden seven mile.

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.

Then flew the foul threave the west,
His make was never seen;
He had three heads upon a' hause,
Three heads on aebrown.

'Where is the man in a' my train
Will take this deed in hand?
And he shal hae my daughter dear,
And third part o my land.'

'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.'

I woudna for my life, Ronald,
This day I left you here;
Remember ye yon lady gay
For you shed mony a tear.

Fan he did mind on that lady
That he left him behind,
He hadna mair fear to fight
Nor a lion fae a chain.

The child Ballads

The tears ran frae his twa gray eyes,
Nae woman could come in his sight,
As lang's this ring your body's on,
I maun be at his will.'

'I hae been at Linne, mother,
From gude school-house, this day?'

'Where have ye been, my son, Ronald,
And lighted on the green,
There he held his mother dear,
When cocks did craw, and day did daw,

'Besides as muckle gude harness
That ye hae tauld to me,
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.'

He kissed her then, and took his leave,
His heart was all in pride,
And his boy by his side.

Where have ye been, my son, Ronald,
And lighted on the green,
He kissed her then, and took his leave,

There he spied his mother dear,
And when he unto Windsor came,
And his boy by his side.

'I hae been at Linne, mother,
And lighted on the green,
There he held his mother dear,
When cocks did craw, and day did daw,

'The way they rode alang.

'His saddle o the guid red gowd,
Then Ronald calld his stable-groom
Then in it came his father dear,

Nae woman could come in his sight,
As lang's this ring your body's on,
I maun be at his will.'

'He lifted 's hat, and thus he spake;
O pity have on me!'
Then spak the eich hight Hamilton,
And to the noble king said he,
My sovereign prince, sum counsell tak,
First of your nobles, syne of me.

I reedd you senden yon bra Outlaw till
And see gif your man cum will he,
Desire him cum and be your man,
And hald of yon forest frie.

And gif he refuseth to do that,
We'll conquer both his lands and he,
Or else we'll throw his castell down,
And mak a widow of his gaye ladie.

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.

Welcum James Boyd," said our nobil king,
A message came right speedilie.

To Edinburgh to cum and gang
To yon Outlaw, where dwelleth he.

Ask hym of quhom he haldis his lands,
And see gif your man cum will he;
To yon Outlaw, where dwelleth he.

What news? what news," said Halliday,
Tell Halliday with thee to cum,
Bid him cum quick and succour me;
Ane of you go to Halliday,
And bade them haste them speedilie:
Then messengers he called forth,
To Etrick [forest] hie will I me;
Gar ray my horse," said the nobil king,
Sae as he won it, sae will he keep it,
There the Outlaw keepis five hundred men,
There's on the fore side of that castell
There's the picture of a knight and [a] ladie bright,
There's a prittie castell of lime and stone,
Etrick forest is the fairest forest
What foreste is Etrick forest frie?

What news? what news," James Murray said,
And mae, if mae may be:'
What needs I tell? for well ye ken
The king's his mortal enemie.

The king was cuming full deir suld be.
What ever man saw with his ee;
O gif it stands not pleasauntlie!
The picture of a knight and a ladie bright,
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;
The like he nere saw with his ee;
And to the noble king said he;
Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,
And when he came before the king,
They saw the forest them before,
Of the fair castell he got a sight,
Of the fair castell he he cot a sight,
The like he nere saw with his ee;
And of all wild beastis great plentie.
And if he refuses to do that,
If he refuses to do that,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
To Edinburgh to cum and gang,
And hald of you yon forest frie.

The king has vowed to cast thy castell down,
And mak a widow of thy gaye ladie.
Then spak his ladie fair face,/
And shaw him a' the vertice.

He'll hang thy merrie men pair by pair
In ony frith where he may them see.
He'll hang my merry men pair by pair
In ony frith where he may them see.

Man, frae thy master unto me?
Man, frae thy master unto me?
And surely mae, if mae may be:
And surely mae, if mae may be:
And bring four in his cumpanie;
And bring four in his cumpanie;
To Edinburgh to cum and gang,
And hald of you yon forest frie.

What news? what news," James Murray said,
And mae, if mae may be:
What needs I tell? for well ye ken
The king's his mortal enemie.

The king was cuming full deir suld be.
What ever man saw with his ee;
O gif it stands not pleasauntlie!
The picture of a knight and a ladie bright,
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;
The like he nere saw with his ee;
And to the noble king said he;
Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,
And when he came before the king,
They saw the forest them before,
Of the fair castell he got a sight,
Of the fair castell he he cot a sight,
The like he nere saw with his ee;
And of all wild beastis great plentie.
And if he refuses to do that,
If he refuses to do that,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
To Edinburgh to cum and gang,
And hald of you yon forest frie.

The king has vowed to cast thy castell down,
And mak a widow of thy gaye ladie.
Then spak his ladie fair face,/
And shaw him a' the vertice.

He'll hang thy merrie men pair by pair
In ony frith where he may them see.
He'll hang my merry men pair by pair
In ony frith where he may them see.

The king was cuming full deir suld be.
What ever man saw with his ee;
O gif it stands not pleasauntlie!
The picture of a knight and a ladie bright,
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;
The like he nere saw with his ee;
And to the noble king said he;
Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,
And when he came before the king,
They saw the forest them before,
Of the fair castell he got a sight,
Of the fair castell he he cot a sight,
The like he nere saw with his ee;
And of all wild beastis great plentie.
And if he refuses to do that,
If he refuses to do that,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
To Edinburgh to cum and gang,
And hald of you yon forest frie.

The king has vowed to cast thy castell down,
And mak a widow of thy gaye ladie.
Then spak his ladie fair face,/
And shaw him a' the vertice.

He'll hang thy merrie men pair by pair
In ony frith where he may them see.
4 Surely while upward grows the trie;
3 He was made sheryff of Etrick forest,
2 With the blessing of his fair ladye;
1 The keys of the castell he gave the king,
4 But them by name I dinna knaw.'
3 I have mony steeds in the forest shaw,
2 . . . . . . .
4 My leige, are native steeds of mine.
3 The Tinnies and the Hangingshaw,
7 Now name thy landes whe'ere they be,
5 'Will your merry men amend their lives
4 Eer my merry men rebuk
9 If you be not traytour to the king,
3 'Grant mercy, mercy, royal king,
2 They fell before him on their knee:
1 'He'll hang your merry men pair by pair
3 'Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse,
2 And served him in his ain degree:
1 James came before the Outlaw keene,
2 And served him in his ain degree:
3 'Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,
2 'You and your brave companie;
1 'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,
4 'I hope your Grace will better be.
2 'You and your brave companie;
1 'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,
4 'I hope your Grace will better be.
2 'You and your brave companie;
1 'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,
4 'I hope your Grace will better be.
2 'You and your brave companie;
1 'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,
4 'I hope your Grace will better be.
2 'You and your brave companie;
1 'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,
The Text of

305B.29
1 'What news? what news, James,' he says,
2 'Fare you Outlaw and his company?' #
3 'Yon forest is as fine a land
4 As ever I did see....'
305B.30
1 'Yon Outlaw keeps as fine a court
2 As any king in Cristendie;
3 Yon lands they are here all his own,
4 And he pays you men meat and fee,
5 And as he wan them so will he lose them,
6 Contrair the kings of Cristendie.'
305B.31
1 'He hever was a king's subject,
2 And a king's subject he'll never be;
3 For he wan them in the fields fighting,
4 Where the king and his nobles durst not come to see.'
305B.32
1 The king has sworn a solemn oath,
2 And he has sworn by the Virgin Mary,
3 He would either be king of Etterick forest,
4 Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.
305B.33
1 'Gar warn me Perthshire and Angus both,
2 Fifeshire up and down, and Loudons three,
3 For I fear of them we have great need,
4 Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.'
305B.34
1 Then word is come to the Outlaw then,
2 'Our noble king comes o the morn,
3 Landless men ye will a' be.
4 His sister's son I'm sure was he,
5 'I'll meet him the morn wi five hundred men,
6 We'll a' die on the Newark lee.'
305B.35
1 'Ye must tak Etterick head
2 Een as hard as ye can drie;
3 Ye must gae to the Corhead and tell
4 Andrew Brown this frae me.'
305B.36
1 'The noble king comes in the morn,
2 And landless men we will a' be;
3 To see if he could with you agree,
4 If the steads thou can but rightly name to me.'
305B.37
1 The boy has taen Etterick head,
2 And een has hard as he may drie,
3 Till he came to the Corhead,
4 And he shouted out and cry'd well he.
305B.38
1 'What news? what news, my little boy?
2 What news has thy master to me?
3 The noble king comes in the morn,
4 And landless then ye will a' be.'
305B.39
1 'Ye must meet him on the morn,
2 And mak him some supply;
3 For if he came to the poor man's core
4 And when they came to the poor man's
5 And hundreds three in his company.
6 I wonder what the muckle Deel
7 Wi belt an pistle by his side;
8 Well mountit on a milk-white steed;
9 An Outlaw Murray an his merry men
10 Master and mait I fear they'll be.'
305B.40
1 'I'll meet him the morn wi five hundred men,
2 And fifty mair, if they may be;
3 And if he get the forest fair
4 We'll a' die on the Newark lee.'
305B.41
1 Word is gane to the Border then,
2 To . . . , the country-keeper I'm sure was he:
3 'The noble king comes in the morn,
4 And landless me ye will a' be.'
305B.42
1 'I'll meet him the morn wi five hundred men,
2 And fifty mair, if they may be;
3 And if he get the forest fair.
4 We'll a' die on the Newark lee.'
305B.43
1 Word is gane to Philiphaugh,
2 His sister's son I'm sure was be,
3 To meet him the morn wi some supply,
4 'For the noble king comes in the morn,
5 And landless me ye will a' be.'
305B.44
1 'In the day I daur not be seen,
2 For he took a' my lands frae me
3 And gifted me them back again;
4 Therefore against him I must not be;
5 For if I be found against him rebel,
6 It will be counted great treason-rie]